**Underpants Amy**by Mr. Flip

*Author's note: This story was inspired by two of my favorite stories on this site: DonnyLaja's "Unintentional Nudist" and Katie's "Surprise Assembly". Tami Smithers is mentioned in this story, but she is not the main character.*

**Underpants Amy - Day 1**

**May 1, Tuesday**

**Chapter 1 - Meeting on the Patio**

Eva was enjoying the nice spring Tuesday afternoon. She was sitting naked at the small picnic table on the secluded patio smoking a cigarette. Strictly speaking, she wasn't permitted to be here or to be smoking, but she had a little bit of a rebellious streak in her that caused her to push things to the limit. And sunny warm spring days like this were very rare in upstate New Hampshire, and she wanted to take full advantage. She loved the feel of the warm rays on her nude body.

Eva Cobb was a fourth-year student at Bancroft University in the small town of Crockett's Bridge, New Hampshire. She was kind of known as the campus nude, because she often wandered around naked in the hallways of Wakefield Hall where all of the art studios were located. She was the nude model for the figure drawing classes as well as some of the more advanced painting classes. The school allowed her to be naked only in this building, but on nice days like this, she sneaked into this patio area adjacent to Wakefield. Hardly anyone ever came out here, because the only access to it was from the faculty break room, which was also rarely used because it was down an out-of-the-mainstream hallway in the building. She also occasionally sat naked on the much more public front porch of Wakefield, because she was somewhat of an exhibitionist. She liked to show off her beautiful naked body to the world, but she felt uncomfortable when someone was obviously ogling her. Eva knew that this seemed to be a contradiction, but that's the way she really felt.

One of the people who she thought stared at her too much was Chancellor Calvin Knoxx, the head man at this prestigious institution. Eva thought Knoxx was a somewhat handsome man; he was about 6'2" tall and was in his mid-50's. But he seemed to show up at Wakefield Hall more often than really necessary, and he would sometimes sit down and talk with Eva on the front porch or on the hallway benches. Sometimes she would wear a light robe during these conversations, but usually she was completely naked, and she could feel his eyes drift to her breasts and pussy. In spite of this, the 21-year old Eva kind of liked the old coot; they had some interesting and funny conversations about a wide range of topics.

Eva had first met him almost four years ago after she was apprehended for streaking down a campus street during her first semester at Bancroft. The campus cops had given her some sweat clothes to wear and then brought her to Knoxx's office in Kameron Hall, the university's administration building.

At that time, there was no rule against streaking, but there was a general "acceptable conduct" rule that the campus cops said they were enforcing. The cops ushered her into Knoxx's office without a formal appointment, and she was surprised to see one of her instructors, Dr. Marie Whiteside, chatting with him. Eva was an art history major, and she was taking a first-year drawing class from Whiteside. Eva expected Whiteside to leave so that Knoxx could discipline Eva alone, but he invited the instructor to stay, because Whiteside knew Eva. But Eva could tell by the way Whiteside and Knoxx talked to each other that they were more than just colleagues. Even now four years later, she wasn't sure if they were having an affair, but the two were obviously close friends.

In that meeting, Eva was scared, because she thought she would be expelled, but she was surprised how informal, almost light-hearted, the meeting was. Knoxx didn't seem to know how to handle the situation, and so he just had her sit in his office and all three of them, Knoxx, Whiteside, and Eva, discussed it.

The only punishment that Knoxx imposed was that Eva would have to serve as the nude model for one of Whiteside's classes, once a week. Eva didn't consider that to be much of a punishment at all, because she soon realized that it was actually fun - and they even paid her $40 per hour for doing it. And within a few weeks, she was posing two or three times a week. And now almost four years later, she was doing ten hours per week.

But shortly after that first meeting, the university implemented an explicit no-streaking rule with expulsion as the punishment. Also, they formed a Discipline Committee to deal with offenders of that rule as well as other rules. Eva suspected that her streaking was the impetus for the new rule as well as the formation of the committee, but she didn't know for sure.

During a morning lecture today, she had noticed some other students glancing at her and whispering; she couldn't hear everything they were saying, but she did hear the words "streaking" and "captured". She didn't worry too much about it, because she wasn't involved this time. But she was still stunned when she saw the patio door open and a naked woman walked out into the patio. The other woman was a pretty dark-haired girl with Asian features; Eva had previously seen her around campus dressed in normal student clothes, but Eva did not know who she was. But now the other woman was just as naked as Eva was!

There was an awkward moment as they looked at each other, and Eva thought about just getting up and going back in the building. But the other girl was crying and said, "Hi, Eva, I'm Amy Suzuki. Could I please talk with you?"

Now, Eva could see that the other girl was really upset, and Eva put out her cigarette and said, "Sure. Please sit down. This is a private spot; we can talk here."

The two girls were very different in appearance. Eva had shoulder-length honey-blonde hair and lightly tanned skin, blue eyes, 36C breasts, and a shaved pussy. Eva guessed that Amy was of Japanese descent, although she hadn't detected any accent in their brief conversation so far. Amy had long dark hair that was almost black but had just a hint of brown in it; it trailed part way down her back. And she had dark brown eyes, 34C breasts, and a full pubic bush also of very dark hair. She was an inch or so taller than Eva but a tiny bit thinner. But both of the young ladies were strikingly beautiful - each in their own way.

Eva started to say, "Okay, what can I . . ." But Amy started to sob harder and talk at the same time, and all Eva could make out were things like "streaking . . . Wendy stole my clothes . . . security guard . . . handcuffs . . . took my panties . . . punishment . . . graduation . . . meeting with Chancellor."

Eva reached over and tried to comfort Amy by holding her hands, and Eva said, "Hey, hey, it's all right. Please just rest for a moment, and then slowly tell me the story."

It took a minute or so for Amy to regain more composure, and then she told Eva her story.

**Chapter 2 - Caught in the Act**

Last night, Amy had been studying with her friend, Wendy Chang, and afterwards, they decided to get a beer at a bar near campus. Both of them were seniors and were about to graduate. They were laughing and having a good time, and the conversation somehow turned to silly things that they could do before they left Bancroft. And Wendy says, "Well, we could streak naked across the campus quad."

Amy giggled and said, "Oh, I could never do that. I'd be too embarrassed if I got caught."

Wendy said, "Oh come on, you'd never get caught. There have been a bunch of streakers this year, and none of them have been caught. Even I streaked by the Student Union last October." The last part wasn't true, but Amy didn't know that.

Amy laughed, "Hey, Wendy, that must have been quite a sight to see your big bare boobs bouncing around. But you really didn't get caught?"

"No, nobody cared. Come on, if I can do it, you can, too!"

Amy giggled and said, "Okay, if you'll watch my clothes, I'll do it."

Wendy stood and said, "Oh goodie, let's go. But first I've got to go to the restroom. Wait for me at the front door."

Amy got up and walked to the door, and as Wendy walked back to the restroom, she smiled to herself, got out her cell phone, and made a call.

A few minutes later, the two left the bar and walked back to the main part of campus. It was about 11:30 and no one was around as they found a large bush next to the administration building, Kameron Hall.

Amy said, "Okay, this looks like a good spot." And she started to take off her clothes - jacket, T-shirt, sneakers, socks, jeans, and bra. As she stood there with only her brief flesh-toned panties on, she paused and asked, "Do you think I should wear my sneakers?"

Wendy said, "No, streaking means completely naked. Here, fold your clothes and put the sneakers on top. Okay, lose the panties, and run, you crazy lady!"

Amy slid the panties down her long legs, bent over, folded her clothes into a neat pile, and put the panties on top the shoes.

Amy was now totally naked, and she felt her nipples hardening and an excited tingle between her legs. And she said, "All right, Wendy, you watch my clothes while I run around the quad. I should be back in 5 minutes or less." And she peeked out from behind the bush to make sure no one was there, and she took off in a sprint around the big quad.

Now that she was alone, Wendy pulled out her cell phone again, made another phone call, and only said "Northwest corner of Kameron. You've got about 5 minutes to get here."

For a couple of minutes, Wendy smiled deviously as she watched the faint outline of the naked female running around the quad. When Amy was a hundred yards or so away, Wendy saw another figure approaching the scene and Wendy picked up the stack of clothes and started running away. But she didn't notice that Amy's panties had fallen from the stack and landed off to the side just under the bush.

Amy was startled to see Wendy running away, and yelled, "Hey, Wendy, where are you going? I need the flashlight."

But Wendy kept running with the pile of clothes under her arm. Amy was crying as she returned to the big bush, and she frantically looked around for the stack of clothes. It was very dark behind the big bush, and Amy tried feeling around for her clothes. But they were not where she had left them only a few minutes earlier. And she yelled again at Wendy, "Hey, you bitch, come back here with my clothes."

But just then two things happened simultaneously. She spotted her panties laying a little ways away, and she saw an approaching flashlight. She grabbed her panties and quickly pulled them on. Just as the panties were almost all the way up, a security guard appeared and shined the flashlight on her almost naked body.

He shouted, "Hold it right there. Campus security. Put up your hands where I can see them."

Amy immediately obeyed his order and raised her hands leaving her panties almost all the way up, but not quite. There was just a bit of pubic hair showing above the top of the bare-colored panties.

He said, "I'm Officer Olsen of the campus security force. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Amy was really scared now. She was almost naked and a bright light was shining in her face. "I'm Amy Suzuki; I'm a student here. We were just having some fun."

"Okay", he said, "What do you mean 'we'? I don't see anyone else here."

Amy said, "Well, my friend, Wendy was here a minute ago. Didn't you see her?"

He said, "No, but I did hear you yell at someone in a not-so-very-nice manner. Is she really your friend?"

She sighed and said, "I guess she wasn't as nice a person as I thought. But how did you find me back in here?"

He said, "I was just making my rounds when I saw someone running and then I heard you yelling." Actually, Wendy had called him on the phone and told him where to go.

He continued, "Okay, I'm going to have to detain you, because you were streaking and that is a serious offense here on campus. I'm going to come over there and cuff your hands. Please take it easy, okay?"

He walked over to her and said, "All right, please take your hands down now and put them behind your back. I'm going to use these FlexiCuffs to tie your hands; these are basically just big cable ties like electricians use. They won't hurt you, but you won't be able to get out of them until I undo them for you."

She did as ordered, and he attached the cuffs and turned her around to face him. He stepped back a little bit and then scanned her mostly naked body with his flashlight. He paused a bit to look at both of her bare boobs and her rock hard nipples. And he paused again to look at the panties with the pubic hair peeking out above the top rim.

He said, "You know, ma'am, as I said a minute ago, there is a university rule against streaking. We have been given strict rules that we must follow when we apprehend a streaker such as yourself. We are required to cuff them and bring them to the security office. And I'm sorry to tell you that we are also required to bring them in naked because they were streaking. So, I apologize but I'm going to have to remove your panties now."

Amy was stunned and took a small step back. But he came up to her, bent down, and slowly pulled her panties down. As she stepped out of them, he repeated, "Oh Miss Suzuki, I am really, really sorry about that, but rules are rules. I'll keep your panties in my pocket and they will be returned to you. But for now you must remain naked. Now, please come this way and we'll walk back to the security office. It's about a quarter mile from here, but it will only take us about 10 minutes."

Amy was in a daze as they walked silently to the security office. The cool spring air seemed to tighten her nipples even more than they were before. And the tingle in her pussy increased; she felt a bit of dampness down there.

They arrived at the brightly lit security office, and the guard yelled, "Hey, boss, come out here, we got ourselves a streaker over by Kameron. A very pretty streaker."

An older gentleman appeared from the back room and said, "Well, well, well. What do we have here? I'm Officer Sweeney, the late shift Officer in Charge." He looked the naked helpless girl up and down several times, but seemed to focus on her pussy.

Sweeney went on, "Okay, I need to tell you what the rules are and what's going to happen to you. I'm going to write up a report, and then we will take you home. But you are to remain naked the entire time that you are here and while you are home. Then, tomorrow morning, you will report naked to the Chancellor's office to hear your punishment. Unless you hear different from us or Dr. Knoxx, that meeting will be at 10 AM. The Chancellor's office is in the administration building, Kameron Hall, which you should have no trouble finding in broad daylight after finding it in the pitch black of nighttime. You should expect to be expelled from this fine university. This is the usual penalty for streaking, but only the Chancellor can make that call. But remember you are to remain naked until the completion of that meeting tomorrow morning. Okay, I'm going to take you into the back room and I'll type up a report. Any questions?"

Amy slumped her head and quietly asked, "Can you please remove these handcuffs?"

As Sweeney guided her by her elbow into the back room, he said, "Sorry, Miss, but the cuffs stay on for now."

Amy then asked, "But can I use the bathroom? I need to pee."

Again Sweeney said, "Sorry, again. But we don't have a female officer on duty tonight to escort you, and the rules say that detainees must be accompanied to the restroom by an officer of the same sex. So, you'll just have to hold it til you get home."

Amy thought, "Well, you two guys have got an eyeful of my totally naked body, and watching me sit on the toilet would only be a tiny step further embarrassing." But she just sighed as she started to sit down next to the desk in the back room, but Sweeney said, "Wait, please stand over there in front of the white wall while I take the pictures that will be part of the report."

Amy was stunned, but she did as he asked. Sweeney got the digital camera from the desk drawer, stood back, and took a full frontal photo of the nude girl plus a close-up of her face. Then, he had her turn so that he could take a nude profile photo of her. Amy was embarrassed at having mug shots taken of her just like they do for hardened criminals and she thought to herself, "But those hardened criminals get to keep their clothes on. My mug shots are all nude with my hands tied behind my back."

Sweeney guided her to the chair beside the desk, and she sat down with her bare bottom on the cold metal chair.

Sweeney said, "Okay, let's get started on the report. This should take only a few minutes. What is your name and address? If you're a student, what are your major and your home address? Also, your age."

Amy replied, "Amelia Suzuki, but everybody calls me Amy. I live in the dorm, 423 Blankenship Hall. I'm a senior majoring in journalism. My home address is 7245 East 40th Street, Warwick, Rhode Island. I'm 22 years old; I just turned 22 a few weeks ago."

Sweeney continued to ask questions. Telephone numbers? Previous offenses? Driver's license number? Etc.

Amy quickly answered as best she could. She gave him her cell phone and landline numbers. She said that her only previous offense was a jaywalking violation when she was a sophomore. But she didn't know her driver's license number, since her wallet had been stolen by Wendy.

Sweeney finally said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, that's all for this evening. We'll give you a ride back to the dorm. But since you're naked, where is your key to your dorm room? Can your roommate let you in?"

Amy shook her head and said, "No, my room key was taken with my clothes, and my roommate is out of town for a few days on a field trip. I do have a spare room key, but it's in my desk in my room."

Sweeney answered, "Oh dear, we'll have to find the master key somehow. We'll call your resident advisor. Who is your R.A.?"

Amy said, "Kelly Stubbins. Her phone number is 603-555-9367."

Sweeney made the phone call and after hanging up said, "Okay, Officer Olsen will take you home. Remember, you are to remain naked tonight and tomorrow morning, and then you are to report nude to the Chancellor's office at 10AM. And Miss Suzuki, let me say, I'm very sorry that this happened to you, but you made a very bad mistake tonight, and you'll be punished for that. Good night."

Olsen led Amy out the front door; Amy was in front and she could feel the security officer's eyes on her ass as they approached the patrol car. Amy was still naked and handcuffed as she was helped into the back seat of the car.

It only took a few minutes to drive to Blankenship Hall, and as they approached, Amy could see that there were many people in the lobby even though it was just after midnight. She thought, "This is going to be so humiliating. Walking naked and cuffed into that throng of people that I know." But there was nothing she could do about that.

The officer helped her out of car, and opened the lobby door for her. They stepped into the crowd of people. She noticed that it was mostly guys from the men's wing of the dorm, but there were a few girls, too, including some of her friends. She blushed a bright red as Olsen led her to the front desk. Olsen asked the overnight receptionist, "Please call Kelly Stubbins to come down and take charge of Miss Suzuki."

They had to wait a few minutes for Stubbins, and the time passed very slowly for Amy. She had tears in her eyes as her friends asked her what had happened. And she felt the men staring at her body with all of her endowments on full naked display. And she really needed to pee now; she tightened her legs together and slowly twisted about to hold it in.

Stubbins appeared with a smirk on her face. Amy had never really liked Kelly Stubbins and Kelly knew it. Stubbins said, "Okay, Suzuki, what the hell have you done now? Your antics have caused me to be awakened from a sound sleep, and I am pissed."

Everybody knew that Amy was not a troublemaker, but Stubbins was going to get as much mileage out of this incident as possible.

Olsen said, "Miss Stubbins, I'm going to uncuff Miss Suzuki now. And then I want you to let her into her room using your pass key. She is to remain naked tonight and in the morning. Then she'll report, still naked, to the administration building for a meeting with the Chancellor at 10 AM. But for now, there is no need to make an even bigger deal of out this than there already is. Do you understand?" And Olsen unhooked the cable ties so that Amy's hands were free.

Kelly said snidely, "Yes, officer, I understand. I will see that this lady and her pretty little ass are escorted to her room."

As Amy rubbed her wrists, Kelly grabbed her arm and said, "Come on, nudie, let's go." And she guided Amy over to the elevators.

Amy looked over her shoulder at Officer Olsen and with a smile on her face said, "Thanks, I guess."

Olsen smiled back at her and got one last look at that cute little butt.

They rode the elevator in silence up to the fourth floor. Followed by a silent walk down the hall to Amy's room. Stubbins unlocked the door, and as Amy stepped in, Kelly spanked Amy on her butt.

Amy yelped, "Hey, that wasn't necessary."

Kelly scowled, "Yes, it was, you stuck-up, goody-two-shoes, bitch. Now, I hope they throw the book at you." And she slammed the door.

Amy was now alone in her room still stunned by the events of the last hour. She thought, "Has it only been an hour, since I was a normal person? It seems like it's been forever, but it's really just starting." She had no idea what was going to happen next.

But the first thing she needed to do was to pee. She opened her closet door and grabbed her robe before remembering that she had to remain naked until the meeting in the morning. She sighed and reluctantly re-hung the robe on its hook. She needed to walk naked down the hall to the bathroom to do her business.

She sucked in her breath thrusting her breasts out, slowly opened the door, and looked out in the hallway. There were a few girls returning to their rooms after viewing the excitement in the lobby a few minutes before. But Amy couldn't wait any longer, and she stepped out and closed the door behind her making sure that it stayed unlocked. The girls in the hallway just said, "Hi, Amy" as the naked girl passed them on the way to the bathroom.

Amy was relieved to get her bladder emptied and she walked back to her room without any further incidents.

She sat down on her bed and buried her head in her hands. She said aloud to herself, "Oh shit, what have I done? If I get expelled in a few hours, I won't be able to graduate, and my job at the Boston area newspaper chain will go up in smoke." She had been so proud of herself for lining up that job a couple of months ago; journalism jobs were very tough to find during the current recession.

She wished that her roommate, Linda Hathaway, were here. They were good friends, and Amy wanted to talk with her. She also thought about her boyfriend, Josh Robertson, but they had broken up a few weeks ago, and so she couldn't talk with him either. So, Amy was alone in her thoughts.

After a minute or so, she realized that not only had Wendy stolen her clothes, but she had Amy's pocketbook, keys, cell phone, and watch as well. Amy really needed those things back.

And so she decided to call Wendy. She had thought that Wendy was her friend, but now she'd betrayed Amy badly. But Amy needed her keys and wallet. She was very angry at Wendy, but she would need to remain somewhat calm during this call.

Amy used her desk phone to dial Wendy. After several rings, Wendy answered. "Hi Wendy, it's me, Amy."

Wendy smirked and said, "Hey, how was your naked romp and your naked visit to the security office?"

Amy replied, "Wendy, I know you took my clothes, but I really need them back. The things I need the most are my purse with my wallet and keys plus my phone and watch, but I really would like my clothes returned, too."

Wendy said, "I can understand the phone and other things, but why do you need clothes. My understanding is that you are to remain naked and meet with the Dr. Knoxx tomorrow - oops, sorry, it's actually today, since it's now after midnight. But your skinny clothes don't fit me anyway. So, I guess I'll just give them all back to you. I'll drive over now. Meet me out front of Blankenship in let's say 5 minutes. And you had better be naked. Bye." And she hung up on Amy.

Amy waited a few minutes and then made the naked trip to the front entrance. She used the side stairway to avoid using the elevator, but she still had to make her way along the first floor hallway to get to the main front lobby. There were still some girls in that hallway, and they just smirked as Amy passed by. And of course, there were still several guys in the main lobby. They had been talking about the pretty naked girl who had been brought in by the campus cops a few minutes earlier, and they were pleasantly surprised to see her re-appear from the hallway door. They waved at her, and asked her to come over and talk with them. But Amy just said, "Sorry, I've got to meet someone out front." And she went out the front door and stood by the curb.

Amy could feel the guys looking at her through the glass doors, but fortunately, they decided not to come out and try to talk with her outside. Since she didn't have her watch, she didn't know exactly how much time passed, but it was definitely more than the 5 minutes that Wendy had said. It was a bit chilly outside, and Amy thought about going back inside to wait, but the guys were still in there. So, she decided to just tough it out.

Finally, after several uncomfortable minutes, Wendy drove up, stopped, and got out of her car.

"Hey there, naked one", Wendy said with an evil grin on her face.

Amy replied, "Wendy, did you set up this whole thing to get me caught?"

Wendy continued smiling and said, "Sure did."

Amy said, "But why? I thought we were becoming good friends. I would never have done such a thing to you."

Wendy said, "Oh, I don't know. I guess I just get a kick out of seeing girls being humiliated and naked in public, and you were such an easy mark. So, here are your clothes. I don't see your panties here, and I don't know what happened to them. Maybe I dropped them somewhere. But you won't be needing them anyway. Have fun at your meeting with Knoxx. Sleep tight." And she handed Amy the stack of clothes and the purse, and then she drove away.

Amy turned back into the lobby, and the guys spotted the stack of clothes. One of them said, "Hey, Amy, are you going to get dressed for us? I sure hope not. I like looking at your naked body." They laughed as Amy retraced her steps down the hallway and up the stairs to her room.

Back in her room, Amy looked at a clock; it was almost 1 o'clock in the morning. But she decided to call her father anyway. She needed to talk with someone, and his voice would be comforting.

She dialed her parents' number, and her father answered with a sleepy, "Hullo?"

"Hi, Daddy, I'm so sorry to wake you", she said.

"Oh, hi there, sweetie. Are you all right? Why are you calling in the middle of the night?", he said.

Amy said, "Oh Daddy, I did something really, really dumb, and I just need to talk with someone."

"Tell me what's happened, and I'll see if I can help. You . . .", he paused in mid-sentence as Amy heard some rustling on the other end of the line. He continued, "Your mother wants to talk with you. Here she is."

Amy's mother says, "Hi, honey, are you okay? Please tell me you are okay. Where are you?"

"Hi, Mom, yes, I'm fine, and I'm in my dorm room. But as I was telling Daddy, I made a really stupid mistake, and I just wanted to get some calm, level-headed advice from both of you", Amy said.

Her mother said, "O thank heavens, you're okay and in your room. I'll put your Dad back on the line. You know I'm a bit scatter brained, and he's much more level-headed than I am. I'll go downstairs and listen on the other phone. Here's Daddy."

He said, "Okay, I'm back. Let's wait a minute for your Mom to get on the other line. But you really are okay? You're not hurt at all?"

Amy said, "No, Daddy, I'm not hurt. At least, I'm not physically hurt. I . . ."

Her mother cut in, "Okay, I'm on the kitchen phone. Please Amy, tell us what happened."

Amy took a deep breath and almost blurted out, "I streaked naked across campus, they caught me, and I will probably be expelled." Her parents gasped. Amy continued, "Please let me tell you the story; just listen for a few minutes while I talk." And she described the incident. Wendy daring her and then stealing her clothes; the campus security guard handcuffing her and removing her panties; required nudity; humiliating exposure in the dorm lobby; meeting with the Chancellor in the morning. The whole story.

Her father was appalled and said, "You mean to tell me that the college police treat streakers like that. They handcuff them and keep them naked? And you said he removed your panties while your hands were cuffed behind you?"

Amy said, "Yeah, that's right. I had just slipped on my underpants, but he said he had to remove them, since I was streaking. And he pulled them down and that left me naked with my hands cuffed. It was so embarrassing."

He went on, "And you're still naked now, and you'll have to go naked to the meeting in the morning?"

Amy just said, "Uh-huh."

He said, "That's outrageous treatment! I'm going to call my lawyer."

Amy said, "Daddy, what should I do now?"

He calmed down a bit and said, "Let me call Mr. Marriott, and I'll call you back shortly. Just stay where you are for now."

Amy replied, "Okay. I'll hang up now and wait for your call. Bye-bye, Daddy. Bye-bye, Mom."

Amy put down the phone, picked up her iPod, and selected some soothing classical music to listen to while she waited.

It was about 1:45 AM when her father called back. He said, "I just talked with Ken Marriott, and he says that the university is overstepping its legal bounds here. He says you need legal assistance immediately, and he's going to drive up there in the morning. But he won't be able to get there til 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He wants you to try to delay the meeting with the Chancellor til approximately 4 PM so that he can be there with you. Do you think you can do that?"

Amy said, "I don't know, Dad. The campus cops didn't make it sound as if I had a lot of options here."

He said, "Okay. Why don't you do this? Go to the 10 o'clock meeting as scheduled, but tell the Chancellor that you want legal representation before he makes a decision about expelling you. Ask the Chancellor to set up a meeting in the afternoon with Marriott present. With the implied threat of legal action, he should agree to that. But in the meantime, please cooperate with them and just follow their silly rules. That means you'll have to go to the morning meeting in the nude. Can you do that?"

Amy said, "Yeah, it will be really embarrassing, but it sounds like the best way to handle it."

He said, "Good. Look, honey, you sound pretty shook up right now. Is there someone there you can talk with? Is your roommate Linda there now? How about Josh? Have you told him about this yet? Who's this Wendy person? What about the R.A. on your floor there in the dorm?"

Amy said, "No, that's why I called you, because there's really nobody here right now that can provide a good shoulder to cry on. Linda is out of town til Thursday on a field trip. And the R.A. is Kelly Stubbins, but she and I don't get along very well. I just met Wendy Chang a few months ago, and I thought she was becoming a good friend, but now that I know she instigated this whole thing, I won't be talking with her again."

Her Dad said, "What about Josh? He seems like he would be a good person to talk with."

Amy sighed and said, "Oh Daddy, I've held back telling you that Josh and I broke up a few weeks ago. We had an argument, and we decided to go our separate ways."

He said, "Oh, that's too bad. Well, your Mom and I are always here for you, and we'll do anything you want to help you. Now, you get a good night's sleep and try to tough it out til Mr. Marriott gets there tomorrow."

Amy said, "Okay. Oh, one more thing. Please don't tell Jason about this yet." Jason was her brother, 2 years younger, and a sophomore at Cornell. "I don't want him hearing yet that his big sister made such a stupid blunder. I'll call him when I know more."

He said, "Okay, we won't say anything yet to him. Now you go to bed, and remember that we both love you very much."

Amy had tears in her eyes as she signed off with, "And I love you and Mom so much, too. Thanks for your help. Bye-bye."

Amy hung up and looked at the clock. 2 AM. But all is not well in her world.

She stood in front of the full-length closet mirror and looked at her naked body. She had her own private view of it now, but tomorrow it is going to be on full public display. She would just have to be strong to get through this.

She looked at the long T-shirt that she usually wore to bed, but she remembered her Dad's advice about following the rules. Even though she was alone in her room, there was a slight chance that Kelly Stubbins might come in to check on her, and if Stubbins found her wearing even the T-shirt, she might report it to the campus cops or to Chancellor Knoxx. So, Amy flipped off the light and slid her naked body between the sheets of her bed. She was crying as she fell off to sleep.

**Chapter 3 - Meeting the Chancellor**

Amy woke up about 8 AM. She hadn't slept very soundly, because she knew the upcoming day would be a hard one. She decided to skip breakfast to avoid the inevitable embarrassment at the dining hall; she just nibbled on a Snickers bar that she had in her desk. She was trying very hard to put off having to walk naked on campus. She'd have to do it soon, but not til 9:45 or so.

She took a shower and made very sure to clean herself thoroughly "down there". She'd be on full display for the first time, which would be bad enough. But she wanted to avoid offensive odors as well. She put on lipstick and a bit of makeup and looked at herself in the mirror. "I guess that's as good as a naked girl can do", she thought to herself.

Then she spent about an hour doing homework which was designing a web site for her Modern Journalism class. Pretty routine stuff for her. And she waited for a phone call that might tell her about a change in the meeting time or location. But the phone didn't ring.

About 9:40, she started getting ready. Since she was required to be nude, there wasn't much to do. But she did wonder about her backpack. Was she allowed to wear it? She wasn't sure; so, she decided to just load it up with her purse and just the material for her 11 AM journalism class, and she decided that she would carry it in her hand rather than on her back. And she wondered about wearing shoes, but to be on the safe side, she decided against shoes - she wanted to follow the rules as closely as possible at least for this first meeting.

And then she summoned up all of her courage, and began the naked journey to the administration building. Fortunately, it was a nice spring day, but it was still a bit cool outside as she left the dorm. She felt her nipples harden and her butt cheeks tightened when she heard the whistles and catcalls from the guys sitting outside the dorm building.

She gathered more stares and whistles as she walked across campus to Kameron Hall. When she walked up the steps into the building, she realized that she didn't know exactly where the Chancellor's office was located. So, she had to look around for a building directory; she finally found it, but there was a crowd of some sort that had congregated in front of the directory and map. They gaped at her as she tried to look around and over them by standing on her tiptoes to read the map. Her face was beet red with embarrassment as she said, "Excuse me, can someone tell me where the Chancellor's office is located?" The mob parted to let her walk up to the map, and one of the boys in the group said, "Yes, it's on the seventh floor. Take the elevator up, turn left out of the elevator on the seventh floor, and go to the end of the hall." And he pointed out the route on the building map. She felt all of the eyes focused on her boobs and pussy as she stood there studying the map.

She said, "Thanks", and turned around to go to the elevator. Fortunately, she had the car to herself as the elevator went up to the 7th floor. As she approached the Chancellor's office, she realized that she had never met Dr. Knoxx. In the four years that she had been at Bancroft, she had never had an occasion or a reason to meet the Chancellor, but now here she was completely naked walking into his office to be punished.

Amy pushed open the big door and stepped into the plush waiting room with its nice deep carpet and leather chairs and benches. She thought, "Oh God, I feel so out of place here. Naked in such a nice place."

The room was empty except for the stern looking secretary. The nameplate on the desk read Lorene Duckworth, Administrative Assistant.

Mrs. Duckworth looked up and was shocked to see a nude girl standing in front of her desk. "May I help you, young lady?", she said with a scornful look on her face.

"Yes, I'm Amelia Suzuki, and campus security told me to report here at 10 AM for a meeting with Chancellor Knoxx."

The secretary looked at the Chancellor's calendar and confirmed that there was a discipline hearing scheduled for 10 AM. She looked at Amy again, scanning up and down, stopping at her pussy. She reached into a drawer and pulled out a roll of paper towels; she tore off two and handed them to Amy. "Please put these towels on the leather bench over there and sit down only on the towels; we don't want to get any 'leakage' stains on the new furniture. The Chancellor is running a bit behind, but he will see you in a few minutes."

Amy blushed in embarrassment, but she did as she was told. She sat there with her hands folded over her pussy and her arms partially covering her breasts. She knew it was an awkward looking way to sit, but it provided at least a bit of cover.

After a few minutes, the outer door opened and a man walked in with a briefcase. He said, "Good morning, Mrs. Duckworth. How are you today?"

The secretary said, "Good morning to you, Mr. Laird. I'm fine. Your schedule for the day is on your computer screen."

As he turned towards his office, he caught sight of the naked girl sitting on the bench and said, "Well, well, well. What do we have here?" And he came over in front of Amy.

He reached out his hand and said, "Please stand up so we can shake hands properly."

As Amy stood up, she felt the paper towel still stuck to her ass; evidently it had worked its way part way into her crack and got stuck there. She blushed as she brushed the towel away; it fell to the floor.

He shook her hand and said, "Hello, I'm Tyson Laird, Vice Chancellor for Legal Affairs for this fine university. And what is your name? And why in heavens name are you here naked?"

Amy continued to blush as his eyes looked her up and down, and she said, "I'm Amelia Suzuki; people just call me Amy. I was caught streaking last night, and I was told to come here for a meeting with the Dr. Knoxx this morning. It's nice to meet you."

Laird turned to Mrs. Duckworth and asked, "Lorene, am I scheduled to be part of the meeting with Ms. Suzuki?"

The secretary said, "No, Mr. Laird, but I suppose there's a chance that Dr. Knoxx will need you for part of it. He'll call you, if you're needed."

Laird turned back to Amy and said, "Well, Amy, if I may call you that, this may be our only interaction. If so, I wish you well. Otherwise, we will probably be seeing each other around campus. If you are still 'dressed' like this, I'm certain that I will notice you." He laughed loudly as he went into his office.

Amy turned and started to sit down, but she remembered the towels. She looked around and noticed that they had fluttered under the table next to the bench. She got down on her hands and knees, and as she reached way back under the table to retrieve the towels, she heard a door open behind her. And she heard a man's voice say, "Oh, this must be Miss Suzuki." She was well aware that her ass and slit were on prominent display to this man as well as Mrs. Duckworth.

Amy was blushing brightly as she stood up to face the man with the paper towel still in her right hand.

The man said, "Miss Suzuki, I'm Calvin Knoxx, the Chancellor of Bancroft University. I don't believe we've ever met before." He reached out is right hand, and Amy started to reciprocate but she hesitated when she realized she still held the paper towel. She quickly moved it to her left hand and used her right hand to shake hands with Knoxx.

She looked down and quietly said, "Nice to meet you."

He said, "Please come into my office. I apologize for the delay, and I'm glad to see that you were on time and are following the instructions given to you by the security officers last night."

Amy looked around for a trash can for the paper towel, and she spotted one by Mrs. Duckworth's desk as she started toward his office. She dropped the towel in the trash and moved into his office as he guided her by her elbow. She shivered at his light touch.

She glanced around his office and noticed that it was just as elegantly furnished as the waiting room. She now regretted throwing away the towel, because she should probably use it again.

And Knoxx thought of that, too, and said, "Sorry, I don't have any more towels in here. So, why don't you just stand there in front of my desk? I'll sit down while we talk."

She moved to the front of the desk as he went around and sat in his big leather chair facing her. She realized that her pussy was in prominent display just above the top edge of his desk, but there was nothing she could do except to blush some more.

He started, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, you were caught streaking naked on campus grounds last night. If I'm correct, you were apprehended just down here", and he pointed to the corner of the building behind him. She nodded as he continued, "Well, as you know, we have firm rules about this, and I'm going to have to expel you from this fine institution effective immediately. I see that you are a senior and you were scheduled to graduate in a few weeks, but now, sadly, due to your misbehavior you will not be receiving your diploma. You've had no disciplinary issues in your four years here, and your grades are very good. You were so close, and then you made this silly mistake. Unbelievable. What do you have to say for yourself, young lady?"

She gulped and took in a deep breath which thrust out her breasts and said, "I am very sorry that I streaked around the quad last night, and I take full responsibility for my actions. Since I am so close to graduating, I'd like to beg you to be lenient with me. Please punish me in some fashion, but please let me graduate."

He said, "I'm very sorry, but these rules are set in stone, and I have no choice here. As of today, you are no longer a student at Bancroft, and you will not graduate from here. So, I think we're done here; you are free to go. Please get dressed as soon as you return to your room, and then pack up and clear out your room by the end of the day. Any questions?"

With tears welling in her eyes, Amy said, "No, I don't have any questions. But I spoke with my father last night, and he would like you to speak with his lawyer before deciding to expel me. The lawyer is driving up from Warwick right now, and he will be here about 3 o'clock this afternoon. He would like to have a meeting with you and me later today."

The mention of a lawyer and the implied threat of a lawsuit caught Knoxx by surprise. He paused for a few seconds and then asked, "He's driving up from Warwick, Rhode Island, today? Who is he? Why would he come such a long way on such short notice?"

Amy said, "Yes, he's on his way here right now. His name is Ken Marriott; he's served as the lawyer for my father's accounting firm for several years and he has also served as my father's personal attorney for a few years now. He's coming because he's a good friend of my father's, and my father wants me to be treated fairly."

Knoxx looked her up and down again pausing to stare at her pubic bush. He thought to himself, "This is an intelligent young lady who did a stupid thing. Maybe we better take this slow."

He said to her, "Okay, let me go have a brief discussion with our legal counsel who is in the next office. I will be back in a few minutes. Please remain where you are."

Knoxx went out the door leaving Amy standing there. She looked around, and wondered if there were cameras recording and monitoring her right now; she suspected that there were. And the anxiety from this meeting made her aware that her bladder was full again, and she needed to pee. Why hadn't she done that before coming up here? But she was stuck.

A couple of minutes later, Knoxx returned with Tyson Laird in tow. Knoxx said, "I understand that you already met Mr. Laird a few minutes ago." Amy just smiled at Laird and nodded. Laird's eyes scanned her pretty naked body once again.

Knoxx continued, "Mr. Laird and I have decided that we should probably meet with you later today when your attorney has arrived. We want to make sure that everything is clear to both of you when we expel you. How about 5 PM back here in this same room?"

Amy was pleasantly surprised that the threat of legal action had gotten Knoxx to agree to a later meeting. She said, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx, 5 PM will be fine. Can I go now?"

Knoxx said, "Yes, but remember that you are still under the rules laid out for you last night. That is, you are to remain nude for the rest of this day and for this afternoon's meeting. Also, you are required to not cover yourself in any way including with your hands, because your current punishment for streaking is your embarrassment at being nude in public today. Be aware that we have observers around campus who will report to us if you attempt to cover yourself or hide out the rest of the day. Any infractions of those rules will not help your cause at this afternoon's meeting. Good day, Miss Suzuki, see you at 5 o'clock."

Amy grabbed her backpack, hurried out of the office, glanced briefly at Mrs. Duckworth who was smirking, and did not stop to see who the other people now seated in the waiting room were. As soon as she got to the outer hallway, she rushed past several people as she frantically searched for a women's restroom, because she was barely holding it in now. She spotted one near the elevator, but it had an out-of-order sign on it - the maid was currently cleaning it. What to do? She considered just barging into the restroom anyway, but decided against it. She looked at the men's restroom door, but rejected that option, too.

She was really desperate now. She didn't care that she was nude in public - she just needed to pee badly. She quickly turned her head this way and that. People were gaping at her, but she didn't care. She asked one lady, "Where is there another restroom?" But the lady just shrugged. And then Amy spotted the stairway door nearby. She thought, "Maybe there is a restroom on the next floor just below here?" She dashed through the door and down the stairs. She flung open the door leading onto the sixth floor and found herself in a busy area with several attendants at windows, and then she remembered, this is the admissions area where students come to arrange their class schedules. Probably these kids were setting up their summer school schedules. There was a line of students at each window, but she brushed passed them at the first window and yelled at the lady attendant, "Sorry, I'm in a real hurry. Where is the closest lady's room?"

The attendant said, "Seventh floor, just go up the stairs. Why are you naked?"

Amy ignored the last part and said, "The seventh floor restroom is closed for cleaning. Where's the next one?"

The attendant repeated, "Why are you parading around here naked? The next closest one is on the eighth floor."

Amy smiled and just waved at her. She raced back to the stairway causing another scene in the busy place. As she ran up the stairs two at a time, she heard the sixth floor door open again and some guy yelled up at her, "Nice ass, baby, nice ass!"

When she got to the 8th floor, she opened the door and was relieved to see a quiet hallway, and thankfully an open women's restroom. She rushed inside, found a stall, sat down, and let out a vicious stream of urine.

She thought, "Well, Knoxx was certainly right about embarrassment being part of the punishment. And I'll bet he never envisioned such a situation as I just had in the admissions center. How embarrassing!"

**Chapter 4 - Naked in Class**

Amy had to hurry to make it to her 11 AM class in Modern Journalism which was across the quad in Becker Hall. She arrived at the class room just as the instructor, Professor Haynesworth, was closing the door. He stopped her at the door and quietly says, "Chancellor Knoxx just called me and let me know about your punishment. I'm really sorry, but he has asked me to have you do some sort of presentation in front of class today. You are not allowed to use the lectern. I know that will be embarrassing for you, but that is what Dr. Knoxx wants. So, what I would like you to do is to go over the homework that I assigned. Basically, you'll just be doing my job for the next hour. You'll lead the discussion. I have prepared slides that you can use. Did you do the homework and are you ready to do this?"

Amy gulped and said, "Oh my, I didn't expect this, but yes, I did the homework and I'll lead the discussion."

Haynesworth said, "Good. Here are my slides. Please look them over quickly for the next couple of minutes, while I am explaining the situation to the class. There's a table on the other side of the room near my desk; you can use that to review the slides."

As Amy looked into the room, another late comer student squeezed passed her and the instructor. The student's hand brushed her butt rather hard from the crack over to her hip. Amy jumped. It was probably just an accident because there wasn't much space between her butt and the door jamb, but the guy had gotten in a good feel.

Amy blushed brightly as she walked naked across the front of the class room. There were about 20 of her classmates already seated.

Haynesworth went to the lectern and said, "Okay, everyone, we've got an unusual situation in class today. I won't try to sugarcoat this in any way; I'll just describe it to you as it was described to me on the phone a few minutes ago. It seems that Amy here was caught streaking last night, and she is being punished for doing that. She is required to remain nude in public all day today, and the administration has asked me to have her stand in front of you naked while she leads the discussion about the homework assignment. She just found out about this right now and she is reviewing the slides that I gave her. As I said, this is a very strange situation. I realize that it will be distracting, but let's all try to concentrate on the discussion, and help Amy get through this. We'll give her another minute or two to look over the slides, and then she'll begin. Whenever you're ready, Amy." He nodded at her as he sat down in the front row.

Amy looked up from the slides for a moment and scanned the room. These were all people that she knew pretty well, because this was an advanced class that only journalism majors like herself were required to take. She had studied with many of them. And now she was going to be standing nude in front of them for the next hour. She saw smiles on the faces of some of the students, both guys and girls, but there were scowls on the faces of several of the other women. This was going to be tough.

Amy glanced at the last few slides and then straightened up and walked to the front where there was a little stage with the slide projector on it. She stepped up onto the stage and turned toward the class. She started, "Okay. First, let me profusely apologize to you and Professor Haynesworth for putting you and myself in this awkward situation; it was a very stupid thing for me to do. But that's all I'm going to say about the incident or about my nudity today. So, let's get started with the first exercise that Professor Haynesworth gave us."

The hour passed fairly quickly once the discussion got rolling. Amy had to bend over to put each slide on the projector, and that gave the class a brief view of either her pretty rear end or her dangling breasts as she adjusted each slide. She described how she had attacked and answered each of the assigned questions, and then asked the other students to contribute additional ideas and techniques. At one point, a gnat landed on her right breast just above the nipple; as she brushed it away with her hand, the class giggled a bit. And then she could feel herself getting turned on by the situation; her nipples were hardening and her pussy was tingling. She tried very hard to keep her mind focused on the discussion, but it was difficult.

When the bell rang, Amy gave a deep sigh of relief. But she then faced the class and bowed deeply with her pretty breasts hanging on full display in front of her. She thought, "Now, why did I do that? Do I have some exhibitionist tendencies buried deep inside of me?"

Haynesworth stopped her as she was leaving and said, "Amy, thank you for doing that. You're a real trooper. Chancellor Knoxx told me that he is trying to expel you. I sure hope that doesn't happen with you so close to your goal of a degree in journalism. Do you know if you'll be here on Thursday?"

Amy closed her eyes and said, "No, Professor, I don't know yet. I'll find out more this afternoon. I really hope that I'm here for the final few weeks, but if not, let me say that I've enjoyed the class. At least, up until today." They both laughed nervously as she said the last part.

Amy made the long naked walk back across campus to the dorm. Several guys along the way tried to stop her and a few of them asked her out. But she just kept walking and said nothing. She even had to swipe away a hand that briefly squeezed a butt cheek. She said aloud to no one in particular, "O goodness, will this day never end?"

As she walked into her empty dorm room, she suddenly felt very alone. She really wanted to talk to her roommate Linda, but she was gone for another couple of days. Emboldened by her "success" at leading the discussion in class, she called another friend, Madeleine "Maddie" Conway.

"Hi, Maddie, this is Amy. Do you want to go to lunch?"

Maddie answered, "Oh, Amy. I've heard what happened to you last night. I'm so sorry. But I thought they would expel you from college. Why are you still here?"

Amy replied, "No, they haven't expelled me yet. I've got another meeting late this afternoon. I'll know more then. Let's talk over lunch. I really need to talk with a friend like you."

"Okay, I'll meet you down at the dining hall entrance in 5 minutes", Maddie said.

"Oh, good. Bye."

Amy walked out through the fourth floor lounge and rode the elevator down with 5 freshman guys who tried to corner her and ask embarrassing questions. Amy thought, "Well, I guess I'm not as used to being the naked center of attention as I thought after this morning's class."

She quickly stepped out of the elevator and scooted across the lobby to the dining hall door. Maddie wasn't there yet, and she didn't appear until 10 minutes later. She had to fend off even more advances from several guys as she was standing there in all her naked glory.

Maddie came running up and said, "Amy, Amy. I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, but just as I was closing the door, my parents called and I did my best to keep the conversation short. But let's go inside and eat now."

The two girls sat down with two other friends, Sharon and Rekha. While they were eating, Amy described her ordeals from last night and this morning. The other three girls were surprised at how well Amy seemed to be taking it. But as they were leaving, Amy said, "You know, guys, this may be my last meal at this college. If I'm not here tomorrow, just let me say that it's been a pleasure knowing you. And I hope we will keep in touch. But if I'm still here after the 5 PM meeting, I'll call each of you. Take care." She waved at them as she walked back to the dorm room.

She looked at the clock. 1 o'clock. She had to plan out the rest of the afternoon. Her schedule showed an Advanced English Literature class at 2 PM, and she needed to be back here at 3 PM in case the lawyer, Mr. Marriott, showed up that early. And then there was the dreaded meeting at 5 PM.

She still felt like talking to someone, but she didn't know who. So, she decided to slowly walk over to the quad and maybe she would meet a sympathetic friend along the way.

And that's when she thought about the often naked Eva Cobb, and Amy decided to see if she were in Wakefield Hall. Amy didn't know Eva, but she seemed to be a friendly sort in spite of being an exhibitionist.

Amy felt silly as she walked through the Wakefield hallways looking for Eva; she hoped that Eva would be sitting on one of the hallway benches, but she wasn't. Fortunately, there weren't many people in the hall, because classes were in session. Amy looked through the small windows on the classroom doors thinking that Eva might either be posing or attending a class, but again no luck.

She climbed the stairway to the second floor, and just before opening the second floor door, she looked out the stairwell window and saw Eva sitting in the patio kind of stretched out so that her naked body could soak in the wonderful warm rays of the sun.

Amy returned to the first floor, and after a bit of exploring, she found the door to the patio.

**Chapter 5 - Eva Talks with Amy**

Eva had listened closely to Amy's story, and she was starting to feel some sympathy for Amy's situation, because they had both been caught streaking, and they were both totally nude now. Also, Amy seemed like a smart woman with a nice personality who had done something very stupid.

But aloud she did ask, "Can I ask you a personal question? You look to be Japanese, but you speak perfect English. You don't seem to have any accent at all, or if you do, it's a normal New England accent. Where are you from?"

Amy said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I meant to say in my story that I'm from Warwick, Rhode Island. I was born and raised there. I get my Asian features from my father's side. His parents are from Japan, but they live in Hawaii now and that's where my father was born. My mother is from Stamford, Connecticut, and she met my Dad while she was a summer intern in Honolulu one year. My parents moved to New England to be close to my Mom's parents. My Dad owns an accounting firm in Warwick. So, I'm as American as you are, but I have a Japanese heritage that I'm very proud of."

Eva smiled and said, "You know, I'm from Rhode Island, too. Providence. So, we were kind of neighbors when we were growing up. We Rhode Islanders need to stick together."

Amy laughed and said, "Yeah, but I sure wish I were wiser. Just look at the mess that I'm in now. One stupid mistake may cost me my journalism degree and the new job near Boston. Ever since last night, I've been asking myself, 'Why did I do it?' It was just plain dumb, dumb, dumb."

Eva said, "I'm really sorry for you. You said something about a lawyer and another meeting with Knoxx. What's that all about?"

Amy said, "Yeah, my Dad's lawyer is driving up today; he's scheduled to be here between 3 and 4 o'clock. And then he and I are going to meet with Dr. Knoxx at 5 this afternoon. At this morning's meeting, I told Dr. Knoxx that I wanted legal representation in this matter, and I think that implied threat of a lawsuit convinced Dr. Knoxx and his lawyer, I think his name is Laird, to have another meeting with me."

The mere mention of Tyson Laird's name momentarily shook Eva; she thought that Laird was just plain creepy. But Eva just said, "Yes, the university legal counselor is Tyson Laird. But I sure hope that you and your lawyer can work out something so you can stay in school. I don't know anything about legal matters, but based on my experience with Knoxx and his crew, I would guess that there are two possible outcomes. One outcome might be that you'd be expelled, and that would be the end of it. The other one might be that they allow you to stay in school, but without any clothes. That second possibility is similar to my situation, but not exactly the same. But as I say, I'm not a lawyer; so, don't read too much into what I just said. However, since you are currently nude, you should be aware that Knoxx has observers around campus to make sure that I don't stray outside this building, which is the only spot I'm allowed to do my nudist thing. So, he will probably have someone watching you today; in fact, there's probably someone watching us right now while we're sitting here talking." Amy looked up and saw that there were several windows in Wakefield and the neighboring building that could see into this patio, but she didn't see anybody watching.

Amy said, "Yeah, Dr. Knoxx mentioned those observers in this morning's meeting. But, Eva, let me ask you a personal question. Are really a nudist? Would you go naked all the time if the college let you? Or are you just doing the nude posing to stay in school? Sorry, I guess that was more than just one question, but I am curious."

Eva replied, "Oh, that's okay. Yeah, I guess I am a nudist. I am certainly an exhibitionist; I like showing off my body. To me, posing naked in those classes is fun. So, yes, I suppose I would go nude all the time if Dr. Knoxx let me." She paused for a moment and added, "And the money they pay me for posing is great, too." They both laughed at this.

Amy continued, "But isn't public nudity against the law? There must be some legal reason that you've been allowed to be nude for the last few years - even if just around this building. I've been wondering ever since last night why the university is allowed to keep me naked even for such a short time compared to you."

Eva answered, "Well, as I said, I'm no lawyer. But I guess it's because I'm restricted to this building. However, there's been a new twist on the situation this school year. You've heard of that naked girl, Tami Smithers, over at Campbell-Frank College - you know the school over in Vermont that has sort of a loose affiliation with Bancroft." Amy smiled as she knew of the nude Smithers girl, but she let Eva continue. "Well, my understanding is that there is a Rhode Island law of some sort that allows nudity as a religious expression; something about Moonstone Beach. And that's how Tami is able to be nude all the time. I've met Tami, and she swears that she's a religious nudist, although I must confess that I don't believe her. I think she just likes to be naked all the time - just like me. Anyway, now that I know about that funny law, I might use it if push ever came to shove. That is, if they ever tried to force me to put on clothes in this building, I might just claim that I'm a Rhode Island religious nudist. And you said you're from Rhode Island, too." Amy just nodded and Eva giggled as she continued, "Well, isn't it odd that there are three beautiful women from little Rhode Island walking around nude up here in the cold north country?"

Amy chuckled, too, but then repeated the last part of her question, "But how can the university keep me naked for these several hours before the meeting with Dr. Knoxx? It can't just be the funny Rhode Island law, because there aren't that many of us Rhode Islanders here at Bancroft?"

Eva just shook her head, "Sorry, Amy, I just don't know how the campus cops and Knoxx can keep you naked since last night. Ask your lawyer about that when he gets here."

The two girls looked at each other without speaking for several seconds, but then Amy glanced up at the clock tower and said, "Oh, it's almost 2 o'clock, and I've got English Lit. I hope we can be friends even if I get kicked out of school."

Eva replied, "Yeah, I hope so, too. Please keep in touch; I'll help you however I can. Oh, why don't you call me this evening after the meeting? I'd really like to know how it turned out." She quickly scribbled her phone number down on a piece of paper, and Amy stuffed it into her backpack.

They hugged each other. Their breasts were pressed tightly together, and they each had tears in their eyes as they waved good-bye.

Wendy had been stealthily following Amy for the last couple of hours and then had watched this entire exchange from an empty classroom window on the third floor of the building next door. She hadn't been close enough to hear the conversation, but she was very glad to see her "victim" together with Bancroft's campus nude. She chuckled to herself as she walked off to her next class.

**Chapter 6 - Afternoon with the Lawyer**

Amy also was a late arriver for her Advanced English Literature class. This was not one of her favorite courses, and she didn't care for the instructor, Mrs. Hanford. So, like the morning class, the teacher pulled Amy aside just before closing the door and said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, I've heard about your late night escapade, and I think the Chancellor should toss you out on your ass. I don't understand why you are still here, but since you are, I am definitely going to put you on display like Dr. Knoxx told me to. See that desk up there on the stage? I want you to spend the next hour sitting on that desk, facing the class, with your legs spread wide apart. And I may think of some other poses to embarrass you over the next hour. But now, come, I'll show you where to sit."

Hanford grabbed Amy's elbow and led her up the short flight of stairs onto the stage. Amy climbed up on the desk and sat at the edge facing the class of a hundred or so students. She put her hands on the table near her butt cheeks, and she fidgeted as Hanford spread her knees wide apart. This was perhaps her most embarrassing position of the entire day; everyone could clearly see her pussy as well as her boobs. But she told herself that she could endure an hour of this shame.

Hanford gave a similar introduction as Professor Haynesworth had done earlier. But Hanford's had a more sinister tone to it. "Good afternoon, class. As you can see, we have a naked girl on the stage. Sadly, she is a member of this class, and we must put up with her gross display of her naked breasts and vagina. She is being punished for streaking naked last night, and Dr. Knoxx has told me to make sure that she is put in the most embarrassing situation possible for this class. Fortunately, she has very attractive endowments, and so we get a visual treat at the same time that she is being punished. We'll start out with her sitting on the desk, but we may get some ideas from today's poems for other poses as we go along. We are fortunate, because the poet that we are studying today has some sexually suggestive phrases in his poems. Okay, let's get going on the lesson."

Amy sat there like a statue listening to the boring lecture about that obscure English poet. Part way through the class, one of the poems mentioned pubic hair, and Hanford told Amy to stand up and then lift up strands of her pubic hair with each hand and hold them there. Later, the poem mentioned a woman's breast, and the instructor told Amy to twist a nipple with one hand and continue holding her pubic hair with the other. Amy blushed a bright red while following these instructions. Finally, the bell rang and the class was over. Amy's nipple was hardened and a bit sore from the 20 minutes of twisting she had done. Amy grabbed her backpack as she rushed off the stage and out the door with tears coming down her cheeks.

She slowly regained her composure as she walked back to the dorm to wait for her Dad's lawyer to arrive.

Amy spent about an hour studying in her room while waiting for the lawyer. As the clock approached 4 PM, she was getting anxious because the lawyer had not called, and time seemed to be running short. She had arranged the 5 PM meeting based entirely on what her father had said on the phone last night, and neither her Dad nor the lawyer had called today to confirm that the lawyer was on the way.

But just as the digital clock clicked over to 4:00, her telephone rang. She heaved a sigh of relief as she picked up the receiver, "Hello, this is Amy."

The voice on the phone said, "Hi, Miss Suzuki, this is Ken Marriott, your father's lawyer. I'm parked out in front of your dorm now. Should I just come up to your room, and we can talk there?"

Amy said, "Hi, Mr. Marriott, thank you so much for coming. No, this college is kind of old-fashioned; they don't allow men in the lady's wing of the dorm. Maybe we could talk in the lobby?"

Marriott said, "I really think we need some place private. Is there a conference room or something like that there in the dorm that we can use? Maybe a study room?"

Amy answered, "No, there's not. How about if I come down and we talk in your car?"

He said, "Okay, that will work. My car is the dark green BMW with Rhode Island plates. See you in a minute?"

Amy said, "Yes, I'll be right down, but I need to warn you ahead of time that I'll be naked; so, don't be alarmed. I'll explain when I get there. Bye."

Amy was glad that he had arrived to help her, but she was also apprehensive about meeting him in the nude. She had been thinking all day trying to remember if she had ever met this man before, perhaps at her father's office. If so, she couldn't remember him.

She grabbed her backpack and purse, and she used the side stairway to quickly get down to the parking lot. She saw a well-dressed man standing next to the green car. She smiled and extended her hand to greet him. But she could see his eyes quickly scan her from top to bottom as they shook hands.

He said, "Miss Suzuki, it's very nice to meet you, even under these unusual circumstances. Here please have a seat in my car." And he held the passenger side door open for her.

She felt the cool leather on her bare butt as she sat down in the car. She briefly thought about the incident with the paper towel on the leather bench in Knoxx's office, and she wondered if she would "leak" onto his nice leather car seat. But she said nothing as she settled in and closed the door.

After Marriott got back into the driver's seat, Amy said, "Please call me Amy; 'Miss Suzuki' sounds so formal. And I'll just call you Mr. Marriott. Is that okay?"

He replied, "Yes, Amy, that's fine. Even though these are legal proceedings, it is best if both of us are comfortable with each other." He realized that his wording could have a double meaning, but he didn't try to correct himself.

He continued, "Okay, where do we stand? Were you able to schedule a meeting for this afternoon or tomorrow morning?"

Amy said, "Yes, the meeting is at 5 o'clock in the Chancellor's office which is a short drive from here, 5 minutes at the most. So, we only have about 45 minutes to talk. Where do you want to begin?"

Marriott said, "Well, why don't you tell me a 15 or 20 minute version of the story, and that will give us some time to discuss our strategy."

Amy quickly told her story, but she left out some of the embarrassing incidents that had happened to her this morning and afternoon. Those things were probably not crucial to the legal discussion.

After listening to all of this, Marriott sighed and said, "Well, Amy, from what you said so far, I don't like our chances here. But let me ask a few questions. First, you briefly mentioned that you talked with someone named Eva Cobb. Did you say that she is naked, too? If so, what's that all about?"

Amy said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't make that part clear. Yes, Eva is permitted to be naked while she is in Wakefield Hall, which is where she poses nude for the art classes. She was also caught streaking four years ago when she was a freshman, but she didn't get expelled. She told me that there is some sort of Rhode Island law that permits nudity as part of a religion, and there is a girl at school over in Vermont who is using that law. That girl is a Rhode Island resident who claims that she's a religious nudist, and so that college permitted her to stay in school and allows her to be naked all the time."

He said, "Ah, maybe there's a sliver of an opening. Since you're from Rhode Island, maybe it can apply to you as well. I'm not familiar with that Rhode Island law; do you know any details?"

Amy said, "No, only what she said. Eva mentioned Moonstone Beach. Does that help?"

Marriott said, "Moonstone was a nude beach in Rhode Island, but I don't think it is any longer. But that probably doesn't matter if the law is still in effect. Are you willing to make a claim of religious nudity like this girl does?"

Amy shook her head and said, "No. I'm not really a very religious person. And anyway, making a claim of religious nudity would be a lie, and I don't want to lie."

He said, "Good. Truth in legal matters is important. So, who is this girl? What college is it? Have you ever met her?"

Amy replied, "Her name is Tami Smithers, and she's a freshman at Campbell-Frank College. I've never met her, but I saw her walking nude last November when I went over to Campbell-Frank for a talk given by David Brooks, the well-known columnist for the New York Times. I don't know how she managed it, because it was really cold and windy that day, and she was walking normally while the rest of us were almost running to get out of the cold. She was totally nude; she did not even have shoes or gloves on."

Marriott asked, "Um, where is Campbell-Frank exactly?"

"Lowell, Vermont. A little over an hour's drive from here."

Marriott persisted, "But she's going to Campbell-Frank, not Bancroft. So, what's the connection?"

Amy answered, "Well, I don't know what the legal connection is, if any, but there is a very close cooperation between the two schools. I've been there several times the last four years for seminars, speeches, that sort of thing. And their students come here for similar things. Eva used the phrase 'loose affiliation' to describe it."

Marriott thought for a moment before saying, "Okay, let's keep that Rhode Island law in our pocket, so to speak; we might be able to use it somehow. And I may look into the Bancroft affiliation with Campbell-Frank, if I think it's important."

He continued, "Now, let me get some details straight about the streaking incident and when the officer caught you. You said you had your panties on when the officer found you?"

She said, "Yes, I was just pulling them on when he shined his light on me."

He said, "Oh. So does that mean that the panties were off just before that?"

Amy just replied, "Yes".

Marriott went on, "So you really were streaking completely naked?"

"Yes, and I grabbed the panties and put them as the officer arrived."

Marriott replied, "Umm, as I said, I want you to tell the truth, and the Chancellor and/or his lawyer is probably going to ask this exact question: 'Miss Suzuki, were you streaking naked last night?' If so, you need to invoke the 5th Amendment by saying 'My attorney advises me not to answer that question on the grounds that it might incriminate me.' That's the legal way around such questions. Okay?"

As she nodded, he continued, "Okay, let's go through the streaking and capture step by step. Please tell me exactly what you did in those few minutes. I'll interrupt if I want more detail. Okay?"

Amy took a deep breath and said, "All right. Wendy and I hid behind the bush near the administration building, Kameron Hall. Nobody else was around at that point. I took off all of my clothes including shoes. Wendy stacked them neatly on the ground under the bush. I took off running completely naked around the quad. I . . ."

He stopped her and asked, "Were there any lights at all in the area? Street lights? Light from windows? Even moonlight?"

She thought for a moment and said, "Yes, I think there are a few street lights in and around the quad that were turned on but they seemed dim, now that I think about it; maybe the college dims them to save energy late at night. And there was some light from the moon. I don't remember about window lights. But mostly it was really dark. Oh, also Wendy had a flashlight, but she had turned it off."

He said, "Okay, continue."

She went on, "It took me about 5 minutes to make the complete circle of the quad. I didn't see or hear anybody until just as I was returning to the bush at the starting point. But just then, I noticed that Wendy was running away down the walkway and she disappeared around a corner of the building. She had taken the flashlight with her, and now that I think carefully, she had some things stuffed under her arm; those were probably my clothes and purse. I yelled at her, but she kept running. Since I was naked, I wanted to put on my clothes before running after her. But when I got back to the bush, I couldn't find my clothes. It was really dark behind that bush and I didn't have the flashlight; so, it was difficult to see in there. I felt around the area where I thought Wendy had stacked my clothes, but they weren't there and they were not nearby. I glanced up again in the direction that Wendy had gone, and I saw something light colored on the ground about 10 feet away. I scampered over and discovered that they were my flesh-colored panties. I grabbed them and slid them on. Just then the security guard arrived. He . . ."

He held up his hand and asked, "Think carefully now. How far up your legs were your panties when the guard got there? Were they completely covering your genitals? Was pubic hair showing? Had you pulled them all the way up? The reason I'm asking is that I want to know if the guard actually saw you naked."

Amy said, "Yes, he saw me naked, because he took me to the security office while I was naked."

He said, "No, that's not what I meant. What about the time that you were actually pulling up your panties? How much did he see then?"

Amy thought for a moment and said, "Things were happening very fast at that point, but as I remember, the panties were covering my vagina but there was still pubic hair showing when he flashed the light on me. I think I then pulled the panties all the way up before he detained me, but I'm not sure of that. So, he didn't see my genitals, but he did see my pubic hair. Oh, this is so embarrassing to talk about; my vagina and pubic hair are supposed to be private. But I guess we have to."

He said, "Amy, I am really sorry about this. But I need to know the details to develop a case. And I'm afraid that this will be discussed in the 5 o'clock meeting as well. And I'm sorry to say, but your pubic area is going to be in very public view, at least for the next hour or two. Okay, what happened after the cop shined his flashlight on you? Were you standing up at this point with your panties pulled all the way up?"

Amy went on, "Yes, I had put on my underpants while standing up, but now that I think about it more closely, I don't believe that my panties were pulled completely up by the time he detained me, because I seem to remember looking down and seeing pubic hair peeking above the top edge of my underpants. I think he said, 'Stop. Campus security. Put your hands up.' I did as I was told. And he came over to me, and he said he was going to have to handcuff me. He was very apologetic; he seemed like a nice guy, but he said he was just following the rules for detaining streakers. He told me to put my hands behind my back and I did. Then, he handcuffed me. And . . ."

He interrupted, "Were you able to tell what kind of handcuffs? Metal ones with a lock? Plastic cable ties? Do you know?"

She said, "Yes, they were plastic ones. He described them as being just large cable ties like electricians use. Is the type of cuffs important?"

He said, "Probably not, but I just want all the details. Go on."

She said, "So, at this point, I'm really scared. Here I am standing behind a dark bush wearing only panties; my hands are cuffed behind my back, and a cop is shining a flashlight in my face. Then, the cop apologized again and said that his orders for handling streakers are to bring them nude into the security office. And he bent down and slowly pulled my panties down my legs. After I stepped out of them, he picked them up and put them in his pocket. I think he said that they would be returned to me later."

He said, "Have your panties been given back to you yet?" Amy just shook her head. And he continued, "Okay, what happened next?"

She continued the story, "The guard and I walked over to the security office, which I guess is about a quarter mile away. It took us about 10 minutes, and I was walking naked with my hands tied behind my back. We didn't say anything or see anybody else during that walk, but I was still pretty shaken up. When we got to the office, there was another security guy there; I think he was the nighttime boss. He took some photos of me; you know, mug shots, except in the nude. Then he had me sit down, still naked, still cuffed, and he filled out a short report by asking me questions. I needed to go to the bathroom, but he said that wasn't permitted; he said to hold it, since it would only be a short time before I was back at the dorm. That security boss said I would have to remain nude and report to the Chancellor's office at 10 AM for the meeting. Then the first guard drove me back to the dorm. My hands were still cuffed as he led me naked into the dorm lobby. He didn't uncuff my hands until the R.A. - that stands for 'resident advisor' - came down to escort me up to my room. Is that all you need or do you want me to continue?"

He said, "No, that's probably a good spot to stop. I think I've got a pretty clear picture what happened to you. I think it was outrageous the way they handled the situation last night; that is, pulling your panties down and then keeping you unclothed and handcuffed all the way back to the dorm seems extreme. But if they have a written policy about it, then their actions were probably not illegal. However, we might want to threaten them with publicity or with a court injunction based on their behavior. But I think the Eva Cobb situation could be our ace in the hole, since she was streaking and was permitted to remain in school. And then, we can probably use the Rhode Island nudity law to present our case as being the same situation as Tami Smithers. I understand that you don't want to claim to be a religious nudist, but please don't immediately close off that avenue of discussion; use the 5th Amendment answer if you have to."

He hesitated for just a moment and added, "I'd like to see a copy of the no-streaking rule, along with other such rules, like maybe no-cheating, that the college might have. Do you have that?"

Amy replied, "Umm, yeah, it's on the university web site. I'll get you the URL for it."

Marriott frowned and said, "Well, we lawyers like things written on paper - official pieces of paper, if possible. Maybe something like a student handbook?"

Amy smiled and said, "Yeah, they gave me one of those when I first came here. I suppose it's in there, but I don't know for sure."

Marriott replied, "Good. Before we drive over there, can you run up and get it for me?"

Amy said, "Yes, I know where it is."

He went on, "Great. Now also, the details about the panties could be important. You said the color was flesh-tone?" She nodded, and he continued, "You've got Asian colored skin. Were the panties the same color as your skin or at least close to it?"

Amy nodded, "Yes, they were very close. I've got another pair of those panties up in the room. Do you think the color is important? If so, I can get them."

He replied, "It might be. Yes, it would probably a good idea to have them, just in case. Grab them when you go up to get the book. So, continuing my thought. If they never saw you completely naked before detaining you, then they might not be able to make a strong case for streaking. If he says that he did, then we could point out the color of the panties and suggest that he just thought you were naked. Be sure to answer the streaking question carefully. Okay?"

She nodded and said, "Sounds okay to me. Now that we've talked about it, what do you think my chances are?"

He said, "Well, I'm not as pessimistic as I was a few minutes ago, but I still think it's iffy. But maybe something will come up in the meeting that will help us. We've only got a few minutes left before we need to drive over to the admin building, but let's discuss some possible outcomes; I need to understand how strongly you feel about some of the possibilities. The most favorable outcome would be that they would just forget the whole thing and let you continue in school, but I think that is doubtful. From my point of view, the worst possible outcome would be that they would expel you today and you would have to leave campus immediately. How would you feel if that happened?"

Amy said, "That would be awful. It would mean that I would not graduate and probably would mean that my job offer would be withdrawn. And it might mean that something like a 'dishonorable discharge' would show up on my transcript, and they may not allow my credits to be transferred to another college. I might have to start college all over again. And it would devastate my parents. Education is very, very important to them, especially my Dad; they would be heart broken if I got expelled. No, I definitely don't want that. What do you think the other possible outcomes might be?"

Marriott said, "Well, they might expel you, but allow you to transfer your credits to another school. Another possibility is since they allowed Cobb to stay in school but naked, they might allow you to do that. I understand the two situations are different, because she's restricted to that one building and you'd be naked everywhere. How would you feel about those options?"

She said, "Since it's only 3 weeks til graduation, I really don't want to transfer to another college. And spending my last 3 weeks here naked would be awful, too, but based on today, I could probably endure it somehow."

He said, "The last option I can think of is that they would allow you to stay if you did some community service and/or attended some sort of counseling perhaps with a public admission of guilt and an apology."

She said, "That actually sounds pretty good to me if we can't get them to drop the whole thing."

He said, "Okay, I think we've got a game plan. We still have a couple of minutes. Anything else?"

She smiled and said, "Yes, let me go up and get the panties and the handbook, and then to the bathroom before the meeting starts. It will just take me a couple of minutes."

Marriott chuckled and said, "Yes, that's a good idea. While you're upstairs, I'll look for the men's restroom. Are there restrooms there in the lobby?"

Amy said, "Yes, I'll show you where to go. Ooops, I mean I'll show you where the men's room is." She laughed at her awkward wording.

They went in and did their business and came back to the car. Amy showed him the panties, and she shoved them into her backpack. She gave him the handbook, and he put it into his briefcase. As he drove, Amy gave him directions to Kameron Hall. They arrived in the visitor's lot a few minutes before 5.

**Chapter 7 - Afternoon Meeting in the Chancellor's Office**

Amy had allowed herself to become comfortable with Ken Marriott. He was easy to talk to, and she almost forgot that she was naked. But her apprehension returned when they got out of the car and walked into the busy administration building. Many of the staff were just leaving because the workday was just ending. She got lots of stares and catcalls. One guy even yelled, "Hey, Amy, will you marry me?"

They got on a crowded elevator. Amy almost suggested using the stairs instead, but she didn't want to be late for the important meeting. She thought, "Why are all these people going up? At 5 o'clock, people should be coming down." No obvious answer to that one. As they were riding up in the elevator, she felt a hand give her butt cheek a quick squeeze. She jumped a bit, but she didn't turn around to confront the guy. When the doors opened on the seventh floor, the mass parted and let her and Marriott through. But she felt another hand brush her hip as she was leaving. Such is the life of a naked girl.

They arrived at Knoxx's office right at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Duckworth was still at her desk, but she was collecting her things getting ready to leave. Amy went up to her, and said, "We're here for a meeting with Dr. Knoxx."

The secretary looked at her with disgust and said, "The Chancellor will be with you in moment. Please have a seat. Here's a towel you can use; please use it here and take it into the Chancellor's office with you." Amy blushed and grabbed the paper towel.

Marriott guided the naked girl over to the bench, and Amy carefully spread the towel out on the bench before sitting down. She was careful to keep her legs slightly apart and her arms at her sides; she had remembered Knoxx's no-hiding admonition.

About a minute later, the outer door opened and a crowd of men came in. Amy recognized Tyson Laird and Officer Olsen, the security guard from last night. There was another man with a uniform plus four well dressed middle aged men.

Laird went up to Mrs. Duckworth's desk, and asked, "Lorene, is Dr. Knoxx going to be long? We have an important discipline issue to deal with in this meeting."

Duckworth said, "Well, I reminded him of the meeting just a few minutes ago, and he said he would be out here at 5 o'clock." Laird looked at his watch; it was 5:05 PM.

Laird turned toward Amy, and he was just about to start talking with her when Knoxx's office door opened. A group of seven young men came out, and they stopped in their tracks when they spotted the pretty naked girl sitting there. Knoxx followed them out, and when he saw they were looking at Amy, he said, "Oh, Miss Suzuki, please stand up and let me introduce you to these guys. They are recruits for next year's soccer team. And, guys, this is Amy Suzuki; she is naked because she is being punished for streaking last night." In her head, Amy counted the number of people now in the small waiting room, 7 soccer players plus 5 men in suits plus 2 uniformed cops plus her lawyer plus the secretary = 15 males and one female all nicely dressed, and then there was herself - a very vulnerable naked young lady. Amy blushed a deep, deep red as she was introduced to and shook the hand of each of the soccer players; they were all 3 or 4 years younger than her, and she was deeply embarrassed. She didn't bother to remember their names; she just wanted to get the awkward moment over with. The boys said nothing, but they got an eyeful of the beautiful nude lady before Knoxx ushered them out the door.

Knoxx turned around and said, "Okay, everybody, please come in. Tyson, did you make the introductions yet?"

Laird said, "No, let's do that after we get seated in your office."

Amy turned around to pick up the towel, and she realized that it had fluttered to the floor again, but at least this time, it hadn't stuck in her ass crack like it did in the morning. She got down on her knees and reached under the bench to get the towel. She blushed and thought, "I'll bet they're enjoying a nice view of my ass and cunt." And indeed, the assembled group of men was looking right at her rear end.

The men stepped back and let the naked girl lead the way into Knoxx's office. She had her backpack in one hand and the paper towel in the other.

Amy remained standing in the office until all 8 men had entered. Knoxx pointed to the couch facing the desk and said, "Miss Suzuki and Mr. Lawyer, please have a seat there." Amy turned around, bent over, and spread the towel on the couch; the men got a nice view of her dangling boobs this time.

Knoxx pointed to the two folding chairs on one side of the office and told the security guys, "Gentlemen, please have a seat." And he pointed to the other 4 chairs on the opposite side of the office and waved Laird and the other 3 men to sit over there.

Knoxx sat in his desk chair and said, "Okay, let's get started. All of you probably already know the purpose of this meeting, but just to be clear, let me say that we're here to decide on Miss Suzuki's punishment for streaking naked on campus last night. She and I had a preliminary meeting this morning, and she expressed a desire to have legal representation present, and so we deferred the meeting til now."

He continued, "Okay, let's make the introductions. First, to all of you gentlemen who haven't met her yet, the only woman in this room is Amy Suzuki. She is a senior majoring in journalism, and she made a bad mistake last night when she streaked naked around the quad." Amy looked around the room, and she just nodded at the men.

"Okay, Miss Suzuki, please introduce the gentleman seated next to you."

Amy said, "This is Mr. Ken Marriott. He is a lawyer from Warwick, Rhode Island. He has done a lot of work for my father and my father's accounting business, and he has been gracious enough to come here today on short notice to help me with the legal aspects of my situation."

Marriott stood up, shook Knoxx's hand, and said, "It's nice to be here and to meet all of you. I hope we can agree to a satisfactory resolution to this unfortunate predicament that Amy finds herself in."

Knoxx then said, "And these four gentlemen on my right are Lucas Telford, Brandon Kirkpatrick, Gavin Farmer, and Tyson Laird. Along with myself, they make up the special committee that was formed to deal with some unusual student discipline issues. Mr. Laird is our legal counsel. Mr. Telford and Mr. Kirkpatrick are trustees of this institution, and Dr. Farmer is the director of the university foundation." Amy and Marriott got up and went over to shake the hands of these well-dressed men. When she returned to the couch, she again found that the paper towel had fallen on the floor; she blushed and quickly bent down to retrieve it and place it back on the couch before taking her seat.

Knoxx continued, "And finally on my left are Paul Greggson, our Chief of Security, and Officer Olsen, the security guard who apprehended Miss Suzuki last night." Again, Amy and her lawyer got up to shake hands with the men. This time the towel only slightly shifted positions on the couch, but Amy still had to bend over to reposition it before sitting down again.

Knoxx then started the discussion with, "Now that we're all acquainted, let's start for real. After meeting with you this morning, Miss Suzuki, I have discussed your issue with the committee members and these security men. And I am going to repeat what I told you earlier, the penalty for streaking at this university is to handcuff the offender, take him or her to the security office for brief questioning, keep the offender naked until meeting with me the next day, and then expel him or her. We've done all of those things to you and we are now going to expel you from this university. We are planning to take immediate action to get you off of this campus. We'll give you until noon tomorrow to depart. This will mean that you will not graduate with your class in a few weeks, and we will be very hesitant about allowing your academic credits and grades to be transferred to another college. We realize that this is harsh, but those are the rules and we have to set an example to deter others from doing something similar. Now, Miss Suzuki, I'll let you and Mr. Marriott respond how you want to."

Amy and Marriott looked at each other, and with tears welling in her eyes, she stood up and said, "Gentlemen, as I told Dr. Knoxx this morning, I am very, very sorry for streaking around the quad last night. I made a big, big mistake in judgment, and I should be held responsible for that. I'll repeat my plea for leniency, and if you won't change your mind, Mr. Marriott has some things for you to consider." Marriott gave her an encouraging smile as she re-adjusted the towel again before sitting down.

Knoxx looked at the 4 other committee members, and when they all shook their heads, he said, "Sorry, Miss Suzuki, but our decision stands. But you said that Mr. Marriott wanted to say something. So, I'll give him the floor now."

Marriott stood and said, "Good afternoon to all of you. I am very disappointed that you have not reconsidered your decision. I need to remind you that Amy has been a model student here for 4 years; she has never been in any kind of trouble before, and this is her first serious offense of any kind. Doesn't that mean anything?" He looked at Knoxx and the 4 men, and they all just shook their heads.

He went on, "Okay, gentlemen, let me lay it on the line. We are prepared to get a court injunction to stop this expulsion, and I think we have some legitimate issues that will help a judge overturn this expulsion. First, let me point out that Amy was not nude when she was apprehended last night."

The 4 committee members looked startled to hear this, and Knoxx said, "Please explain how that can be. She was naked when streaking, she is naked now, and she was naked all the time in between."

"No, that's not true", Marriott retorted. "She had on a pair of panties when Officer Olsen found her. So, she was not completely nude at that point."

Knoxx looked at Greggson and said, "Is that true?"

Greggson said, "Since I wasn't on scene when it happened, I don't know for sure. But Officer Olsen was, and so, let's have him answer that question. Scott, go ahead."

Olsen said, "Yes, technically speaking that's true. Miss Suzuki was just pulling up her panties when I found her behind the bush."

Knoxx said, "Okay, let's back up a little bit. She was streaking across the quad. Did you see her doing that?"

"Yes."

"Are you certain she was naked while streaking?"

Olsen gulped and replied, "It was pretty dark and there were only a few lights around. I dimly saw a female form running on the quad; the light reflected off her light colored skin, and that's how I knew it was a woman."

Knoxx repeated, "But was she naked?"

The young security man said, "I'm not absolutely certain, because it was so dark. I suppose she could have had her panties on."

Knoxx raised his voice, "What? Everybody told me that she was completely nude. And now you're saying she might have been running in her panties? Why couldn't you tell if she had panties on or not? What color were her panties?"

Olsen said, "They were flesh colored panties. I think the manufacturer's name for the color is 'bare'. I have them here in my pocket. Do you want to see them?"

"Yes, absolutely." And Olsen pulled Amy's panties from his pocket and handed them over to Knoxx. Knoxx held them up and spread them out as if showing a trophy from a panty raid, and he turned to show them around the room. Amy blushed as she saw her underwear being put on display like that.

Knoxx sighed and said, "Okay, I suppose there's a chance she wasn't naked. But let's ask her directly. Miss Suzuki, were you naked while running on the quad last night?"

Amy glanced at her lawyer and said, "My attorney has advised me not to answer that question because it might tend to incriminate me."

Knoxx stared at her and glanced over at Laird, the college's attorney, who said, "So, you're invoking the 5th Amendment?" She just nodded her head.

Knoxx went on, "Okay, I'll respect her right to do that. Let's take a different approach to the question. Mr. Olsen, when you saw Miss Suzuki pulling up her panties, how much of her genital area was visible when you first saw her?"

"I saw some pubic hair above the top of her panties."

Knoxx persisted, "So, the panties weren't pulled all the way up?"

"No, I guess not, but as you can see, they are bikini style panties that don't go up very far anyway."

Knoxx kept going, "Did you see her vagina as she was pulling up her panties?"

"No, sir. Just pubic hair."

Knoxx sighed and said, "Miss Suzuki, I'm going to ask you to re-create this for us. I'm going to ask you to pull on your panties like you did last night when Mr. Olsen found you. Is that all right with you, Mr. Marriott?"

Marriott and Amy looked at each other. Amy just shrugged, and Marriott said, "We have no objection."

Amy stood up and Knoxx handed her the panties. Facing the 7 men, she was now blushing brightly as she reached down and pulled the panties up. Then, she put her hands at her sides and turned to face each of the men. There was just a whisp of pubic hair showing above the top of the panties.

Knoxx asked her, "Is that how you usually wear this pair of panties? That is to say, don't you usually pull them up a little bit higher? Can you tug them up farther for us?"

This was really, really embarrassing for her; she was basically modeling bikini underwear for a bunch of ogling men. But she did as he asked and pulled them up tight. Now, the pubic hair was covered, but the fabric was creeping up into her vagina. She said, "No, this is not the way I normally wear them, because it's uncomfortable with them pulled up so high. My usual method is down just a bit, like this." And she slid the panties down to the previous location with some strands of pubic hair showing.

Knoxx, "Okay, Miss Suzuki. Thanks for the demonstration. But let me ask you, why were you pulling on your panties when Officer Olsen arrived?"

Amy glanced at her attorney and said, "My attorney has advised me not to answer that question because it might tend to incriminate me."

Knoxx let out a long exasperated breath and shook his head. He looked at Olsen and asked, "Officer, are you really certain that she was pulling on her panties when you found her?"

Olsen replied, "Well, after seeing this graphic demonstration, I suppose she could have had the panties on all along and they had worked their way down a little bit as she was running. And then she was just hiking them higher to cover herself a bit more since I was then standing in front of her. So, I guess the answer is no, I'm not really certain that she was pulling on her panties at that moment."

"Okay, I'll buy that", Knoxx said. "But there is still one loose end that I'd like tied up. We've established that Miss Suzuki had her panties on when you arrived. But she was naked and cuffed when you took her into the security office. When did she take off her panties so that she was completely naked?"

"Well, actually she didn't take off her panties", Olsen said.

Knoxx asked with a hint of exasperation in his voice, "Well, how did they come off?"

Olsen replied, "I took them off of her. After I cuffed her, I told her the rules that streakers must be taken naked to the security office, and I slid her panties down her legs because her hands were tied behind her back."

Knoxx and the four committee members gasped at this, because they hadn't realized that a university security man had removed her panties.

Knoxx voice rose another notch, "Was this consensual? Did she object?"

Olsen fidgeted in his chair and said, "Well, I apologized to her as I was explaining the rule and while I was pulling the panties down. She didn't resist or voice an objection, but I don't think you could really say that she consented to it, either."

Knoxx sighed and said, "Oh, dear. But I guess that clears up the panty issue. Miss Suzuki, can I please have your panties back?"

Marriott immediately objected, "Dr. Knoxx, is that really necessary? Why can't she continue to wear them?"

Knoxx said forcefully, "Well, Mr. Marriott, our rules say that the offending streaker must remain naked until the discipline meeting is over, and this meeting is far from over. So, Miss Suzuki, please take off your panties and hand them to me."

Amy stood up blushing and slid the panties down her long legs. Her brief respite from complete nudity had come to an end, and her pussy was in full view again for the assembled audience of men. Reluctantly, she handed the panties back to Knoxx. As she was taking her seat, she noticed that the damn towel had fluttered to the floor again, this time to the side of the couch. She bent over, picked it up, and spread it out on the couch again before sitting down. As she settled in, she glanced over at the young Officer Olsen's crotch, and she was certain that she saw a large bulge in his trousers. More embarrassment for the young lady.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Mr. Marriott. You've made your point about the panties. What else do you have?"

Marriott looked over at the 4 committee members and then at Knoxx and said, "Well, gentlemen, I understand that you have another naked student on campus besides Amy. I believe her name is Eva Cobb. It's my understanding that Miss Cobb was caught streaking just like Amy was, but you allowed her to remain on campus. That is, you did not expel her as your rules specify. Is that correct so far?"

Knoxx nodded and said, "Yes, that's right, but it's a different situation. She . . ."

Marriott interrupted, "Excuse me, sir, but I am just getting to that. Let me continue. We understand that Miss Cobb's nudity is restricted to that one building, Wakefield Hall, but nevertheless, she is permitted to be naked in public here at school after having been caught streaking. We are asking you to consider the same punishment as was given to Miss Cobb."

Knoxx responded, "Well, there's more to it than that, because Miss Cobb was caught almost four years ago, and our rules have changed since then. The current rules require expulsion."

Marriott paused for just a second and continued, "I understand that there is very close cooperation between Bancroft University and Campbell-Frank College. And at Campbell-Frank, there is a young woman named Tami Smithers who is a religious nudist, and that she is allowed to remain naked on campus because she is a resident of Rhode Island and that state has a law that permits religious nudity. Is that correct?"

Knoxx replied, "Yes, that is my understanding of her situation."

Marriott went on, "Well, Miss Suzuki here also comes from Rhode Island, and she might well want to take up the same religion as Miss Smithers did. I thought the committee should be aware of this."

Knoxx looked at him and then at Amy. He asked, "Well, Miss Suzuki, are you claiming to be a religious nudist, too?"

Amy quickly responded, "My attorney has advised me not to answer that question because it might tend to incriminate me."

Knoxx thought to himself, "Damn, this is one sharp young lady. Her attorney has us by the balls." But he persisted, "Well, Mr. Marriott, please remember that Miss Smithers goes to Campbell-Frank College, and they have their own rules and regulations that may be different than ours. So, what Miss Smithers is doing over there is irrelevant to this situation."

Marriott replied, "Dr. Knoxx, I think it is relevant, because of the affiliation between the two institutions. If I can show in court that Campbell-Frank and Bancroft cooperate on many different levels, then I think a judge would say that Miss Smithers's situation is relevant to this discussion."

Knoxx knew that Marriott had a point here, because the two schools were very closely connected in many different ways including shared board members (such as Brandon Kirkpatrick who was sitting in this room), financial contributors, class credits, and even very similar rules and regulations, in spite of what he had just said a moment ago. He rubbed his hand through his thinning hair, turned to the committee members, and said, "Gentlemen, can we adjourn to my conference room next door and discuss this situation in private?" They nodded, stood up, and turned to go into the next room.

Knoxx then turned to the two security officers and said, "Mr. Greggson, Mr. Olsen. I don't think we need you any more this afternoon. Thank you for coming. Have a good evening." He shook their hands and they left the office.

He told Amy and Marriott, "Please stay here while we are reviewing things next door. There is a water jug over there if you want a glass of water."

Amy and her lawyer were now alone in the room. He looked over at her, took her hand, and squeezed it. He said, "Amy, we scored some major points there. Thanks in part to your demonstration with the panties. I know that it was embarrassing for you, but it really helped. We've got them on the run, but we're not out of the woods yet. If they really press the issue and try to expel you, then we've got to be prepared to take it to court. And this might mean some embarrassing testimony from you. Possibly, you would have to repeat the panty demonstration for a judge or even a jury sometime. Also, we might have to call Eva Cobb or Tami Smithers to give testimony, and they might be very reluctant to do that. I really don't think it will come to courtroom testimony, but I just wanted to let you know the worst case scenario."

Amy was getting a warm feeling with Marriott holding her hands. Up til now, she had thought of him only in a professional sense, that is, as her lawyer. But now she was getting different vibes. He was a very attractive man; perhaps in his mid 30's, maybe 40 at the most. And here she was naked sitting beside him with their hands entwined. He didn't have a wedding ring on, but nowadays, that didn't mean much. As he squeezed her hand, she felt her nipples tighten up just a bit, and uh oh, there was a very slight damp feeling between her legs. Maybe she was going to leak onto the furniture after all. She had to put it out of her mind and concentrate on the important issue at hand.

Amy tried to regain her composure saying, "What does it mean to get an injunction?"

Marriott continued to hold her hands which were resting on her thighs only a few inches from her pussy. He said, "It basically means to stop the clock. Everything continues on as it did before and a decision on the issue is deferred. In your case, that would mean that you would get dressed and go back to class as if nothing had happened, and then sometime down the road the judge would decide if a trial was warranted or not. The problem is that "sometime down the road" might be one day or it might be five years; there's really no way of telling. And who knows what the result would be. Maybe the judge would agree with the university and just cancel out the last 3 weeks of your college life, which would mean taking away your degree. It's a big risk."

She said, "So, you're not recommending that approach."

Marriott said, "No, I think we should avoid it if we can."

They continued to hold hands inches from her seeping, naked vagina as they waited for the committee to return.

------------------

In the conference room, Knoxx said, "Okay, guys, what have we got here?"

Tyson Laird replied, "Cal, they made some strong points in there that weakened our case. Specifically, we allowed Eva Cobb to remain in school after nude streaking. But Amy Suzuki wasn't completely nude - or more accurately, we can't prove that she was nude streaking. Also, that Rhode Island law applies to both Smithers and Suzuki, and we can't selectively apply it in one case but not the other. And by 'we' I mean Bancroft and Campbell-Frank which as we all know are very closely intertwined. Also, I re-read our streaking punishment rules, and I believe that nude requires showing of genitals. If Suzuki was streaking with panties on, she was just topless, not nude. We probably worded the rule that way to avoid a sexual discrimination lawsuit from the feminists; they might say 'How can you treat men and women differently? A woman can be charged with streaking for showing her breasts, but a man can't? We can't have the two sexes treated differently! Equal protection for all!'"

Knoxx just smiled. He said, "Also, this will be certain to generate publicity. So far with Cobb and Smithers, we've been able to keep their nudity out of the press for the most part. But another such incident here at the same small college would probably make the news. And I sure don't want that."

Laird added, "A judge might well allow an injunction that would allow Suzuki to remain in school fully clothed and to graduate. Then, we would have gone to all this effort for nothing. Also, remember that she's going to be gone from here in 3 weeks anyway after she graduates. All they have to do is to delay it for 3 weeks and we've wasted our time and effort. Gentlemen, I believe we need to think of some kind of compromise. Any ideas?"

Telford spoke up for the first time, "How about we just do something very similar to the Tami Smithers situation? That is, tell Amy that she can remain in school, but she has to stay naked as long as she is here. We could require some additional things from her such as posing for Dr. Whiteside's art class or being a guinea pig of some sort at Wytham just like we do for Smithers over at Chalfont. It wouldn't be quite the same situation for Suzuki, since we would be requiring the nudity and forcing her to do the other things whereas Cobb and Smithers are supposedly doing them of their own free will. How does that sound?"

Knoxx nodded his head and said, "Good thought, Luke. In addition, why don't we see if we can leave ourselves some flexibility to have her do some other things as well? Maybe, like serving as an usher at a performance? Or maybe even performing on a stage in the nude, of course? Don't tell anyone, but I like looking at the pretty naked bodies of coeds like Suzuki and Eva. The more exposure the better. We don't have to spell out the details now; we could just add a phrase like 'or any other activities that the committee requires'. Okay?"

The men just nodded, and Laird added, "Remember that even if our interests are purely prurient like Calvin described, we need to present this whole thing as a punishment for this girl's streaking. Okay, I realize that we can't prove that she was actually streaking, but they may not realize our faux pas about topless not being the same as nude. But if we're careful, I think we can do it. Agreed?"

They all nodded their heads, and Knoxx said, "Good thinking, Luke, you got us on the right track. Now, let's go back in there and negotiate with them."

----------------------

The men returned to the office, and Knoxx re-started the discussion, "Okay, let's see what we can work out here. You've brought up some very good points, Mr. Marriott and Miss Suzuki. And so we have a proposal that we think will work for both of us. Our bottom line here is that Miss Suzuki needs to be punished for her streaking last night. We realize that there are extenuating circumstances, but we feel that punishment is important. And Miss Suzuki has said she needs to be responsible for her actions last night."

Amy's eyes started to tear up again, but she tried to put on a strong face. Marriott just nodded.

Knoxx went on, "Okay, we've modeled this proposal after Miss Cobb's and Miss Smithers's situations. We admit that the circumstances are a bit different, but please hear me out. Miss Suzuki can stay in school and graduate in a few weeks, but she must remain naked and she must perform some community service to the university during that time. And she must report for a daily meeting with the committee here in this office at 5 PM every day. The committee will figure out as time goes on what the community service tasks would be required. And I repeat; she will remain naked until graduation."

Marriott looked at Amy and thought for a moment before objecting, "But she wasn't naked when the guard found her; she had panties on. Why should she remain nude? She will probably agree to the community service and the daily meeting, but not the nudity. Do you agree to do the community service work, Amy?"

He looked at her, and she smiled and said, "Yes. That sounds appropriate."

But Knoxx interjected, "I don't think that is a strong enough penalty. We need to make a harsh punishment to remind her of her serious infraction of our rules and to deter other would be streakers."

There was silence for a moment as they all looked around the room at each other. Then, Laird said, "Well, panties seemed to be a central part of our discussion so far. So, let me suggest that since she was wearing only panties when she was caught, that she be required to wear only panties for the next 3 weeks rather than being completely naked. How does that sound?"

But Knoxx objected again, "But Ms. Whiteside will want another naked model as part of the community service aspect of this deal. Also, Wytham may want another subject for their research, and that requires nudity, too."

Laird then said, "Yeah, I agree with Dr. Knoxx about those things. So, how about this? She can wear panties most of the time, but the committee can specify times that she will be nude. Specifically, she will serve as a nude model in art class, and she will be nude for the daily meeting here. And we may specify other times as well."

Marriott said, "Oh, I don't feel comfortable with it being open ended like that. You mentioned something called Wytham a moment ago. What is that?"

Knoxx explained, "It's a medical research facility on the far side of campus. Specifically, sexual research."

Amy gasped slightly and said, "I've been here for 4 years, and I've never heard of this place."

Knoxx said, "Well, as I say, it is way over on the other side. It's kind of independent from the rest of the university, but it does use a bit of our real estate for its facilities. It's just on the other side of Nordling Avenue. Miss Cobb has been volunteering there for the last few years. I understand that you now know Miss Cobb, and so you can probably ask her more about what goes on there."

Amy gave Knoxx a surprised look and thought to herself, "How does he know that I know Eva? I just met her for the first time a few hours ago. He really must have his spies out there, just like Eva said."

But Amy didn't say anything. She just nodded and looked at Marriott. He said, "Amy, I'd like to talk with you privately for a moment. Can we use that other room, Dr. Knoxx?"

The lawyer and the naked girl got up from the couch and started for the conference room, but Amy realized that the stupid towel had stuck to her again. It was now wedged well up into her butt crack. She yanked it out blushing all the while. As she entered the conference room, she glanced down at the towel and noticed a wet spot on it. She thought, "Oh fuck, I really was getting turned on in there holding hands with Ken Marriott. Did he or any of the others detect that? I sure hope not. How embarrassing!" But she didn't say anything; she just spread out the towel on the conference room chair and sat down.

Marriott closed the door and said, "Well, let's talk about this. Frankly, I was hoping for a better outcome. But let's write down the possible outcomes that we discussed before and see where this one fits."

He pulled out a piece of paper and wrote the following:

*Best to worst outcomes*

*1. Dismissal of charges
2. Community service
3. Stay in school clothed with daily meeting
4. Stay in school naked with daily meeting
5. Expelled but transfer credits
6. Expelled lose all credits*

He said, "We didn't really talk about expulsion in two different ways, but since they hinted at it, let's write it down now. What they proposed is between #3 and #4 on this list. But let me change the numbering a bit and let the numbers indicate desirability on a scale of 1 to 10 with 10 being most desirable. Okay?" Amy nodded her consent.

He crossed out the numbers and replaced them like this:

*10. Dismissal of charges
9. Community service only
8. Stay in school clothed with daily meeting
3. Stay in school naked with daily meeting
2. Expelled but transfer credits
1. Expelled lose all credits*

He asked her, "Does that look about right to you?"

She thought for a moment and said, "Actually, the last one should be a zero. I just couldn't lose everything like that. The others look about right. I guess what they proposed is slightly better than being naked, but not a lot. So, let's call it a 4 on this scale." So, he squeezed in a new line so that it looked like this:

*10. Dismissal of charges
9. Community service only
8. Stay in school clothed with daily meeting
4. Stay in school panties-only with daily meeting, but naked sometimes
3. Stay in school naked with daily meeting
2. Expelled but transfer credits
0. Expelled lose all credits*

She looked it over again and nodded her head.

He said, "Okay, since they rejected our proposals of the first 3 lines, it seems like we have three options. First, we could just accept their proposal. Second, we could try to modify it slightly to make it more palatable to you. Third, we could reject it completely and go for an injunction. But before we talk about these, remember that it is you who has the final say - not me. It's you that will have to parade around in your underwear for the next 3 weeks; I'll be back in Warwick working on other things. So, even though this looks like just an interesting mental exercise now, it has immense implications for your life in the coming weeks. Okay?"

She looked at him and said, "Yes, I understand. I've had a taste of this for the last 18 hours or so, and in fact, I'm sitting here naked with you right now. So, yes, I really do get it. So, let's talk about our options. Walking around in just panties for the next few weeks would be really, really difficult for me, but I could probably do it. But do think there's a chance they might permit some additional clothing? Maybe a brassiere? Or even a swimsuit?"

He said, "We can certainly ask, but from their tone, I doubt that they'd accept that. Remember that Knoxx immediately complained when Laird presented the panties-only option."

She said, "Okay, but let's ask anyway. Now, tell me more about the chances of an injunction."

He said, "Well, as I said earlier, I think it's iffy. I looked online at a list of local judges for this area briefly this morning before I left Warwick. Most of them seem to be old-school and conservative, and so, they would probably side with the university. There is only one younger woman judge who would probably be more sympathetic toward you. It would be the luck of the draw which judge you'd get. Also, they might grant the injunction to allow you to stay in school but allow the university to set any additional terms such as requiring you to be naked, and in that case, the injunction would be a worse outcome than what the committee has already proposed."

Amy just smiled and said, "Sigh. That doesn't really sound very promising."

Marriott went on, "So, if you can live with this panties-only option, let's go back and see if they'll ease up just a little bit more. I'll ask about the swimsuit or a bra. But don't get your hopes up."

She nodded and stood up. This time the towel had stayed on the chair. She picked it up, and they returned to Knoxx's office.

The eyes of all 5 men were on the pretty nude girl as she stepped back into the office, placed the paper towel back on the couch, and sat down on it.

Marriott sat down beside her and said to the men, "Okay, gentlemen, we'd like to see if we can negotiate a little bit further. Amy would be willing to stay in school mostly unclothed with the daily meeting and some community service activities, but she would like to wear a bit more clothing. Specifically, how about a swimsuit instead of just panties?"

Knoxx immediately shook his head, "No, that's not acceptable. It's not enough of a punishment for her."

Marriott sighed and continued, "Okay, how about allowing her to wear a brassiere in addition to panties?"

Again the Chancellor vigorously shook his head, "No. As I said, we think she must be harshly punished, and that's not harsh enough."

Marriott looked at Amy. She just shrugged and mouthed, "Okay".

The lawyer said, "Okay, we'll accept your proposal of panties only, a daily meeting, community service, and occasional nudity."

Knoxx said, "Good. Miss Suzuki, I'd like to hear it from your lips. And do you have any questions?"

Amy said, "Yes, I accept your proposal. But I do have a few questions. Can I wear jewelry and makeup?"

The 5 men looked at each other and nodded. Knoxx said, "Yes, as long as it doesn't cover too much. Anything else?"

Amy asked, "What about wearing shoes or a cap?"

Without consulting the other 4 men, Knoxx quickly said, "No shoes". And then he turned to the men and said, "What about a cap?" They all just nodded. Knoxx told Amy, "Okay, wearing a cap is acceptable. Anything else?"

Amy quickly added, "Oh, an umbrella if it's raining?"

Knoxx said, "Okay, that's kind of like a cap. Anything else?"

Amy paused for a moment, because the next thing might be a bit confrontational. Then, she said, "Dr. Knoxx, my two instructors today told me that you had phoned them before my class and told them to make sure that I was completely exposed to the other students in the classroom. Or something to that effect. I realize that embarrassment and shame are part of my punishment, but I was wondering if I could ask you to avoid calling my other teachers with similar instructions. I don't think it's necessary for me to be displayed on a stage like I was in today's classes. Can I just go to my classes wearing only my panties and sit it in a normal seat with the rest of the students? I think it would be less disruptive to the class and that we'd all learn more if I sat in my usual spot."

She hadn't told Marriott about being displayed prominently during her two classes, and he gave her a startled look. But he said nothing, because Amy had phrased it so carefully; he just waited for Knoxx to respond.

Knoxx folded his hands on his desk and pondered for a moment. He then said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, I agree that we don't want to disrupt the classes any more than really necessary. So, let me do this. Let me call all of your teachers, including Mrs. Hanford and Mr. Haynesworth again, and I will ask them to just treat you like everyone else in the class. But if that normal treatment includes things like making a presentation in front of the class, then you will have to do that just like the other students. Does that work?"

Amy was relieved. She said, "Thank you, Dr. Knoxx. That will be fine."

Knoxx leaned over his desk as if to hurry the discussion along, "Anything else?"

Amy took a deep breath which thrust out her breasts and asked, "What about the commencement ceremony itself? Can I be fully clothed in a cap and gown just like the other graduates?"

Knoxx look at the committee members again and said, "That sounds okay to me. How about if we say that wearing clothes to the ceremony will be the end of her punishment period? Okay?" None of the 4 men objected, and Knoxx told Amy, "Okay, you can wear clothes to graduation. Anything else?"

Amy was very relieved, because this meant that she could count the days til graduation as she was enduring the panties-only penalty. She said, "No, I guess that's all. Oh, can I have my panties back now that we've agreed on this? Is it all right if I put them on now?"

Knoxx nodded and reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out her flesh-toned panties and handed them to her as she stood up. The towel had stuck to her butt again, and she had to brush it away. She took the panties, bent over, and slid them up her legs hiding her vagina and pubic area from their view. She wadded up the towel and tossed it in the nearby trash can.

She sat back down. Marriott said, "I'd like for you to put this in writing in time for tomorrow's meeting. I will stay in town so that Amy and I can review the document after the meeting tomorrow. Could you please include a list of the community service activities that Amy might have to do?"

Knoxx looked over at Brandon Kirkpatrick and said, "Brandon, since you've been taking notes here, can you please draft the agreement for tomorrow?" Kirkpatrick agreed.

Knoxx then said, "Okay, just a few closing remarks before we wrap this up. Miss Suzuki, when you come tomorrow, you will find a peg on the wall just outside the door to this office. You will take off your panties and hang them on that hook before coming into the office so that you'll be naked during the meeting as we agreed. You'll do that every day for the 5PM meeting. Your panties will be safe there, and you can put them on when you leave."

Amy sighed as she just said, "Okay."

Knoxx went on, "Also, tomorrow, please bring several pairs of panties that you plan to wear the next few weeks. You will model them for us at the 5 o'clock meeting and we will decide which ones are okay for you to wear. Remember that we are trying to teach you a lesson here, and part of your punishment is your embarrassment. So, we want fairly plain panties much like those you are wearing now, low-rise, flesh colored. White panties would also be acceptable, and some other colors might be okay, too, but no thongs or frilly ones. We will decide tomorrow which ones are okay. But remember, it is panties only, no brassieres. Your breasts must be exposed at all times. You won't attempt to cover yourself or hide out in any way. Okay?"

Amy thought to herself, "During all this discussion, I'd kind of forgotten about my boobs. He's right; my tits will be in full view for the next 3 weeks. I've always thought that my breasts were attractive, and my boyfriends have said so, too. So, I guess I'll find out now if the public-at-large thinks the same thing." Aloud, she just said, "Okay."

Knoxx looked at the clock and said, "Okay, everyone. It's just after 6 o'clock. So, I suggest that we adjourn now. We will all gather again here tomorrow at the same time. Good night to you all."

They all followed Amy out of the office. She felt better now that she had panties on, but only a tiny bit. And so her panties-only life began.

**Chapter 8 - Amy, Eva, and the Lawyer**

As Amy and her lawyer were riding down in the elevator, he asked her, "Do you want to get a bite to eat at the cafeteria? I'm starving."

Amy said, "Sure. It will be my first exposure in my new attire, and it will be comforting to have you there. There's a cafeteria two blocks down at the Student Union. Is that okay?"

He said, "Yes, that's fine. Oh, umm, do you think there is any chance that you could get Eva Cobb to join us? I'd like to compare notes with her. Maybe learn a bit more about the Rhode Island law."

Amy had only known this man for a few hours, but she trusted him. And she believed that his interest in meeting Eva Cobb was purely professional rather than to look at another pretty lady. But his voice had a slight suggestive tone to it that faintly hinted at more than just asking legal questions. Eva would have to be dressed here at the cafeteria, but Marriott would see how beautiful she was.

Amy said, "Okay, I'll try. Let me get out my cell phone and her number." She put down her backpack, got out the phone, and dialed Eva's number.

Eva answered, and Amy said, "Hi, Eva, this is Amy Suzuki."

Eva said, "Oh, hi there, Amy. How did your meeting go?"

"Okay, I guess. I'd like to tell you about it. Are you free for dinner? My attorney and I are getting something simple at the Union cafeteria. Would you like to join us?"

"Actually, I just finished eating here at the dorm dining hall", Eva replied. "But I would like to hear about your, um, uh, situation - I guess that's the right word."

Amy chuckled and said, "Yeah, it's a situation all right. Maybe predicament is a better word. Why don't you come join us anyway and we can all talk while Mr. Marriott and I eat?"

"Okay. It will take me about 10 minutes to get there. How will I find you? Do you know where you'll be seated?"

Amy chuckled again, "Well, I don't think you'll have a problem finding us. My guess is that I'll be the only topless lady in the joint."

Eva laughed also, "Okay, I'll find you. See you in 10. Bye." As she hung up, Eva thought, "Topless? She was nude this afternoon. So, didn't she mean to say naked instead of topless? Maybe she just said that because she'll be sitting down and only her bare breasts would be visible? But she didn't say anything about being expelled; so, I guess she's still here. Oh well, I'll know more in a few minutes."

Amy hung up and told Marriott, "She'll meet us there in 10 minutes or so. Okay, let's go."

They walked the couple of blocks to the Student Union. A well-dressed middle-aged man and a pretty girl wearing only flesh-toned panties. They drew lots of stares as they walked in the early twilight.

And there were a lot more gawkers plus some catcalls as they walked through the Union lobby to get to the cafeteria. Marriott paid for the two simple meals - salads, breadsticks, soda, and some chocolate chip cookies.

Marriott started to walk toward a back corner of the eating area, but Amy said, "Mr. Marriott, I think we should eat over here more towards the center. Remember what Dr. Knoxx said about me hiding out?"

He said, "Of course, you're right." And they sat down at the table.

There were a lot of eyes on them as they sat there chatting. Amy could feel the guys staring at her bare breasts which jiggled as she moved her arms to eat. But all of a sudden, she could feel the stares fading away as the heads in the cafeteria turned another way. Those eyes were now focused on the pretty honey-blonde who had just entered the cafeteria. Eva Cobb had arrived, and she walked over to the table where Amy and the lawyer were seated. Eva was barefoot, wearing very short shorts and a loose blouse; it was pretty obvious that there was nothing underneath either the shorts or the blouse.

Amy and Marriott stood up. Eva was only a little bit surprised to see Amy wearing panties.

Amy shook Eva's hand, and then introduced Marriott, "Eva, this is Ken Marriott, my attorney for the day. Mr. Marriott, this is Eva Cobb, the young lady I told you about." Eva and the lawyer shook hands, and he briefly scanned her scantily clad body.

Marriott said, "Nice you meet you, Miss Cobb. Please sit down and join us."

Eva pulled up a chair and said, "Thanks. Please call me Eva."

Marriott said, "Okay, Eva, thanks for coming. Can we get you anything? Coffee? A soda? Dessert?"

Eva looked longingly at the stack of cookies and said, "Those look great. Can I have one of them?"

Amy laughed, pushed the plate of cookies over her way, and said, "Sure. As many as you wish. Eva, Mr. Marriott is from Warwick, and I think I told you that he has represented my father and my father's firm in legal matters for several years. He was surprised to hear about the Rhode Island law that permits nudity. Can you tell us more about that?"

Eva was now a bit suspicious, because she wasn't expecting a legal discussion. She said defensively, "Well, I'm not a lawyer. I'm just a young naïve kid. But my understanding is that there is some state law that allows someone to express their religious believes using nudity. Or something like that. I think that Moonstone Beach had something to do with it, but again I really don't know much about it. Does that help at all?"

Marriott said, "Yes, a little bit. I'm going to do some research on the Internet tomorrow to find out the details. I just wanted to find you what you knew, so that maybe I could narrow down my Google searches. Thanks for mentioning Moonstone; I'll certainly look that up."

Then Eva added, "But remember, that law affects Tami Smithers's situation rather than mine. So, I apologize for not knowing more about it." Marriott just nodded his head.

As Amy and her lawyer finished eating, they all talked about things in Rhode Island that they had in common. It turned out that Marriott was originally from Providence also and that he attended high school there. His high school and Eva's were big rivals in sports, especially basketball. The small talk continued for the next half hour.

They tried to ignore the stares that they were getting, but it was difficult. But the stares were understandable; here was a well-dressed man and two gorgeous young women, one wearing only panties and the other only modestly more covered. It was indeed a strange sight in the college cafeteria. Amy chuckled when she thought about this, and Marriott and Eva looked at her. "What's so funny, Amy?", Eva said.

Amy, "Well, I was just wondering what the other people here are thinking. If you painted the picture, it might be titled 'Two Nymphs and a Lawyer'. Or maybe, 'Amy, Eva, and the Lawyer', and that sounds like the title for a salacious short story about a ménage à trois. Oh, I'm so sorry, that was probably not very appropriate to say. But it just struck my fancy. Please forgive me."

But both Marriott and Eva burst out laughing. And then they all laughed together.

Then, Marriott apologized, "I'm sorry, I'm going to have to go find a hotel for this evening. Any recommendations on a place to stay?"

Amy made a couple of suggestions and gave him directions. Then, he held up the student handbook and said, "Amy, I'm going to look this over tonight, and then I'll do some research at the library and on the phone tomorrow, and then I'll meet you at the Chancellor's office for tomorrow's meeting. If you need me before that, here's my cell phone number. Please call if you need me." He handed her a slip of paper with the number.

"So, I'll bid you ladies a good night. Eva, it was very nice to meet you", he said. He left the cafeteria leaving Eva and Amy alone.

Eva smiled at Amy and said, "He seems like a nice guy. Is he a good lawyer?"

"Yeah, he has been nice to me today. And he seems to have done a good job as my lawyer."

"That's good. So, what happened at the meeting? You're still here, but you're wearing just panties. What's going on?"

And so Amy related the whole story about the meeting. The committee. Their threat to expel. Marriott's threat of a lawsuit. The panty discussion. Invoking the 5th Amendment. The panty demonstration. The Rhode Island law. Previously allowing Eva to remain in school. Tami Smithers. Committee's proposal for Amy to remain in school naked. Negotiating it down to panties only. Community service. Daily meeting in Knoxx's office. Clothed at graduation ceremony. Etc, etc.

After Amy finished her story, Eva just nodded, and Amy continued, "It's not the outcome I was hoping for, but I think I can live with it. I'll struggle through the next few weeks somehow so that I can graduate. What do you think?"

"Well, if you can live with it, that's good. But you mentioned community service. What does that mean?"

Amy answered, "Actually, I don't know for sure. He mentioned posing for an art class and some place called Wytham, and I think I would have to be nude for those. But he was vague about other activities. He said you might be able to tell me about Wytham?"

Eva sighed, "Yeah, I can. But first let me remind you that I pose for the art classes, too. Some of the poses might be embarrassing, but I'm used to it."

Eva went on, "As for Wytham, yes, I do volunteer over there, too. They are really nice people, but it's pretty intense. They stimulate me sexually and then measure my responses. They stimulate me with electronic probes in my vagina and things attached to my nipples. And then they measure the response with sensors taped to various parts of my body. Again, I've kind of gotten used to it." And this last part wasn't completely true, because Eva had not become used to it. In fact, she kind of wished that she could get out of going there, but she sort of felt trapped since she had been doing it for a few years.

Amy raised her eyebrows and said, "Wow, that does sound intense. But I guess I'll just have to endure it for a few weeks. The art class stuff doesn't sound too bad by comparison. What other community service do you do?"

Eva gave her a puzzled look, "Community service? I don't think of the posing and Wytham that way, because they are paying me. I also do ground crew work, especially gardening, and they pay me for that as well. So, I think of those things as part time jobs rather than community service. Maybe Knoxx is calling it community service because it's part of your punishment. But in my case, I guess I'm doing it willingly, but they would probably be pretty upset if I quit doing the posing, because Dr. Knoxx asked me to four years ago. So, there's a bit of peer pressure for me to continue. 'Peer pressure' is not the right phrase, because the Chancellor is not really my peer, but you know what I mean."

Amy was jealous that Eva was getting paid, and Eva was permitted to wear clothes, whereas Amy was not paid for anything and almost naked. Amy just said, "Oh, I didn't realize you were getting paid for the Wytham stuff. Okay, now that you know my situation is slightly similar to yours, do you have any more tips for me? This afternoon you mentioned that I should remember that Knoxx has observers around campus. As an aside, I think 'spies' is a better word than 'observers'. Anything else?"

Eva chuckled at the word "spies" and then thought for a moment before saying, "Well, since you are going to be nude at least a little bit of the time, such as the daily meeting, be sure to keep yourself very clean, especially down around your pussy and asshole. Sorry for the gross language, but you know what I mean. You never know when an intimate inspection of some sort will happen; it happens in art class more often than you might expect."

Amy considered this and responded, "Any other practical ideas? For example, how do you cope with the cold weather?"

Eva replied, "Well, remember that I'm allowed to wear clothes, and I do when it's cold. Even in Wakefield, I can wear clothes except when I'm posing, and Wakefield can be pretty drafty at times. So, this is where our situations are very different. I mean, days like these last two days are very rare even at this time of year, and I suspect you'll have some cold days to deal with. One technique that might work on campus is to go from building to building and warm up at each stop; it might take longer that way. It's too bad Tami Smithers is not here, because she would certainly be able to answer that better than me."

Amy said, "Yeah, you're right. But I will study a map of campus to see if I can make that technique work here. Any other suggestions?"

Eva laughed, "Can't think of anything." She paused for moment and then went on, "Oh, how about this." And she propped her right leg up on the unused chair and showed Amy the ankle pouch. "I don't use this much, because I have pockets in my jeans. But it does come in handy at times like this when I don't want to put on very many clothes. I got it primarily to use at the beach. Those of us who are nudists don't have swimsuits at the beach to hide a key or some coins in." She opened the ankle pouch and took out a key and some money.

Amy said, "Oh, I hadn't noticed that. Where did you get it?"

Eva said, "I found it advertised on a nudist resort's web site. But there's probably not enough time for you to order one from that site. A hiking or camping store like REI might carry them, but I don't know of any place here in town. But I have a couple of extra ones that I ordered just in case I lost this one or it wore out. I'll be happy to lend you one for the next few weeks. Why don't you come back to the dorm with me now and I'll give it to you?"

Amy said, "Oh thanks, Eva, let's do that. You're over in Stinson Hall, right? That's kind of on the way back to my dorm, Blankenship. If you give me one tonight, I can show it to Knoxx tomorrow to see if it's acceptable for me to wear during my punishment. I'm finished eating; shall we go now?"

The two pretty girls got up from the table and walked out of the cafeteria ignoring the many eyes that were following them.

It was now dark and it was getting cooler. Amy felt her nipples tighten as they walked. They talked about school and dorm life, and they discovered that they each liked gardening.

They gathered more attention especially from the guys as they walked into the lobby of Stinson Hall. They walked up to Eva's room and got the ankle pouch. Amy tried it on, and it fit fine. As they lightly hugged each other, their nipples touched through the thin fabric of Eva's blouse and all four nipples hardened just a bit. Amy said good-bye and walked back to her own dorm. It was kind of eerie for her since this was her first mostly naked night time walk alone - well, it was her first legal one, after her illegal streaking the night before.

---------------------------------------

Amy made it back to her room without any trouble. Well, okay, there were a few horn honks and some wolfcalls from the guys in the dorm, but strangely she seemed to be getting used to them even though she hadn't even gone through an entire day yet of her new almost-naked life.

She sat alone in her room, because her roommate Linda was still away on her field trip. Amy lay back on her bed, put her hands over her face, and started sobbing. She thought she had become so strong by enduring this day, but all of a sudden this weak feeling of vulnerability washed over her. How was she going to make it through the next 3 weeks?

She cried for a few minutes, but then she realized that she should call her parents and let them know what was going on. She composed herself, dialed the phone, and spent the next hour talking with her Mom and Dad. Of course, they were very relieved that Amy was still in school and that she would graduate, but they were distressed about her walking around almost naked until then. Her Dad was especially angry about this and he threatened again to bring legal action against Bancroft. But Amy talked him out of it.

As she was finishing up the conversation, she said to them, "Oh, and please don't say anything to Jase yet." Jason was her younger brother. "I will call him in a day or two after things have settled down a bit. I would like to have him hear about my troubles from me, not from anyone else." Her parents agreed and they hung up.

And then she made three quick phone calls to Maddie, Sharon, and Rekha. She had promised them at lunch time that she'd call them to let them know the result of the meeting. She wondered if she should call her roommate/best friend, Linda, on her cell phone, but she decided that waiting a day would be better so they could talk in person.

She spent a few hours studying alone in her room and then went to bed. She left her panties on, but the night shirt remained on its hook in her closet. The panties-only rule applied to night wear as well. She slid in between the sheets and pulled up the blankets and went to sleep.

**Underpants Amy - Days 2 & 3**

**May 2, Wednesday**

**Chapter 9 - First Day of Panties Only**

In the morning, Amy put on identical panties to the ones she had been wearing; the only difference was that the new ones were freshly laundered. She wanted to make sure that she was wearing acceptable panties when she went to the afternoon meeting. Then, she got a lot of strange looks while eating breakfast in the dining hall. The day before many of her dormmates had seen her naked, but today she was wearing panties. They knew she was being punished for streaking, but they were probably puzzled about the panties. They might have thought that she was going to be given one additional piece of clothing each day until she was finally completely dressed. But of course, Amy knew better, and she was certain word of the details of her punishment would circulate pretty quickly as word got out.

Wednesday was a busy day of classes for Amy. She had two in the morning and two in the afternoon. And now she mentally added the 5 o'clock meeting in Knoxx's office to her schedule. She looked out the window after breakfast, and it looked cool, breezy, and overcast. What had happened to the nice springtime weather??!!

Since she was allowed a cap, she decided on a stocking cap - at least her ears might remain warm. But she was certain the rest of her body would be frozen solid by the time she got to her 10AM class. And as soon as she stepped outside, her fears were confirmed. The wind was blowing and the temperature might be in the low 40's if she were lucky. She thought, "How in the hell did Tami Smithers do this during the winter when it was much colder and often there was snow on the ground?" But Amy trudged along carrying her backpack. An interesting sight for the others on the sidewalk - a girl wearing only panties and a stocking cap, carrying a backpack in her hand, bare feet, bare chest with nipples as hard as granite. She was a sight to behold.

The 10AM class was General Psychology. It was an elective and there were probably 200 students in the big auditorium in Younger Hall. This was a different bunch of students than who had seen her yesterday; these were mostly freshmen and sophomores. She soon realized that many of them hadn't heard about her streaking and this punishment. As she stood in the lobby of the auditorium covered in goosebumps, a crowd of students, both girls and guys, collected around her asking what was going on. She rubbed her hands over various parts of her nearly naked body to try to warm up while explaining to the group what was happening - her nipples remained rock hard. Just before the bell rang, she and the group made their way into the big auditorium. She sat by herself in her usual spot about halfway down. Fortunately, the class proceeded without incident; the instructor just gave a lecture; he didn't call on any members of the big class at all. After the class, Amy had to quickly repeat her explanation to a different bunch of students, and then she pulled on her stocking cap and set out again in the cold weather for her 11AM class which fortunately was just across the quad - the same quad where she had been caught streaking two nights before.

The 11 o'clock class was News & Feature Composition, and it was much, much smaller. Only 15 students; all were seniors or grad students in journalism. Only one of them had seen her naked in class yesterday. She took her usual seat in the second row, and she decided to face this situation head-on. As soon as the young instructor came in, she raised her hand and asked, "Mr. Albertson, before we start, can I please say something to the class?" He agreed, and Amy stood up and continued, "As you can see, I'm almost naked here, and I want to explain. I made a bad mistake the other night when I streaked across the quad and I am being punished for that. My skimpy attire is part of the punishment agreement that I have with the administration that allows me to avoid being expelled so close to the end of my last semester here. I will be like this for the last few meetings of this class. I apologize for any distraction that it may cause. I think that's all I need to say about this. Thank you."

Albertson said, "Thank you, Amy, for that explanation. And now let's get on with today's lesson. First, . . ."

The 50-minute class went by quickly. There was a lot of discussion and Amy participated just like she always did. But there were no truly embarrassing incidents.

After class, she almost ran back to the dorm. The weather hadn't improved much, perhaps a degree or two warmer, but the wind seemed stronger. She rushed through the lobby on her floor, right past Kelly Stubbins, her R.A. Amy wanted to get to her room and turn up the heat, which is the first thing she did when she got there. She turned toward her closet to get out her comfy, fluffy pink bathrobe. But just as she took it off the hook, she stopped, put it back, and closed the closet door. She had momentarily forgotten about the panties-only rule. And two seconds later there was a knock on the door, and before Amy could answer it, Kelly Stubbins opened it from the outside and barged in. Stubbins glared at Amy, who was still covered in goosebumps and rubbing her arms. Stubbins smiled evilly and said, "I'm just checking up on you, Suzuki. Dr. Knoxx asked me to make sure you follow the rules. You're okay this time, but I bet I'll catch you sometime. Have a wonderful day showing off your globes!" She turned around and left, slamming the door behind her.

Amy thought, "Oh heavens, that was too close. If I had put on that robe, I'd have been toast. But now I know for sure that she is one of Knoxx's spies, and I'll be very careful around her."

She spent a few minutes warming herself up next to the heating vent that was blowing full blast now. Then she went to the dining hall for lunch, and she was glad to spot a group of friends and ate an almost normal lunch with them.

After getting back to her toasty dorm room, Amy thought about this afternoon. She had a Formal Logic class at 2 and an Advanced Public Speaking class at 4. Both were in the same building on the quad. She'd have to go to the 5PM meeting also on the quad directly from the Public Speaking class, and that meant she had to take the collection of panties with her to Public Speaking. But what to do between Formal Logic and Public Speaking? Her habit had been to either sit in the hallway studying or go to the Union and get coffee with friends. Only once had she made the 10-minute walk back to the dorm in that hour period. She'd sure like to do that today, because she would be alone in her nice warm room. But it would also mean 20 extra minutes out in the cold. So, she decided that she would do the sit-in-the-hallway thing to stay warm, but that would mean an hour of exposure in that busy hallway. Such are the trade-offs that a nearly naked girl must make!

But that also meant that she had to assemble the collection of panties for the committee's inspection right now and carry them with her all afternoon. She pulled open her underwear drawer and looked longingly at the pretty brassieres that were in there; several colors and styles to mix and match with the panties. She sighed as she realized that the bras wouldn't be out of that drawer for the next 3 weeks. She scooped up the 4 stacks of panties that were next to the bras and threw the panties on the bed. She started sorting thru them. She didn't know exactly what Knoxx wanted; so the only ones she put back in the drawer were the thongs and several pairs of very sexy ones from Victoria's Secret. And obviously the obscene open crotch panties that she had bought on a lark for Josh's pleasure went back in the drawer. That left about 20 pairs of panties with many duplicates. She grabbed that bunch, shoved them into a plastic bag, and put the bag in her backpack. And she also put Eva's ankle pouch in her backpack to show to the committee.

She studied for the Logic class for a while and then at 1:45 set out for the quad. The weather had improved a lot in the last 2 hours; it was still overcast, but there was almost no wind and the temp was in the 50's. It was much easier for the almost naked girl to tolerate during her walk to class; she took off her stocking cap and put it in her backpack. The Logic class was also an elective, and there were about 40 students in it. She decided to just lie low if she could, and even though the male instructor looked her over carefully when she entered the room, he didn't say anything and didn't call on her. And that was fine with Amy. The hour-long class was uneventful, but he assigned a substantial amount of homework.

Amy was worried as she left the Logic class. Not only would she be on full display sitting in the busy hallway for the next hour, but there could be significant exposure during the Public Speaking class. Even though she had given her main speech last week before the streaking incident, she knew that this class was heavy on student participation. The instructor might ask her to give an extemporaneous talk on almost any subject or he might have a group of students form a challenge team to present the opposite side of the issue that the main speaker had presented. In the past, she had enjoyed such off-the-cuff presentations, but she was dreading such things now because of the possible exposure to the class of about 50. However, she realized that there was absolutely nothing she could do about it now except to worry like she was.

So, she sat down on a hallway bench and started on her Logic homework. As she sat there trying to concentrate, there were several rude comments from guys as they passed by. She even felt one guy tap her leg on the inside as if asking her to open up; she just glared at him as he laughed and went away. None of her friends went by in the hour that she sat there.

At 4 o'clock, Amy slowly walked into the class room. She looked up and as she smiled at the likable Professor Bailey, she saw him walking over to her. Bailey said to her, "Amy, I just talked with Dr. Knoxx, and he told me about your, um how should I say, situation. I hadn't heard about your troubles until he called. I'm sorry about what you are going through, but I need to tell you that I'm going to call on you in class today. I'm truly not doing this to embarrass you, but as I was preparing for class before learning of your troubles, I had decided that I would call on you to give a short extemporaneous talk. So, I'm sorry if you'll be embarrassed standing like that in front of the class, but I'm following Dr. Knoxx's instruction to just let you participate as you normally would. I don't think it would be fair to the other students to let you have a pass on this just because of your near nudity. I hope you understand?"

Amy had enjoyed this class and Bailey was one of her favorite teachers, but she was taken aback by this. She said, "Professor Bailey, thanks for warning me ahead of time. Maybe I can help this awkward situation by addressing the students about my problem before you start the class. I did that earlier today in another class, and it seemed to lift some of the tension in the room. Would that be okay with you?" He agreed.

Bailey spoke to the class, "Before we start today, Miss Suzuki would like to say a few words. Amy?"

She was blushing as she stood up by her chair and repeated what she had said earlier, "As you can see, I'm almost completely nude here, and I want to explain. I made a bad mistake in judgment the other night when I streaked across the quad and I am being punished for doing that. My skimpy attire is part of the punishment agreement that I have with Chancellor Knoxx; that agreement allows me to avoid being expelled from this fine university so close to the end of my last semester and to graduate in a few weeks. I will be dressed like this for the last few meetings of this class. And I apologize for any distraction that it may cause. I hope you all understand. Thank you."

Bailey said, "And thank you, Miss Suzuki. Now let's get started, . . ."

The session consisted of a series of extemporaneous speeches by several students. Each speech was only 4 or 5 minutes long, but none of the students, except Amy, knew that they would be called on, and none of them knew the topic. After the second extemp talk, Bailey said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, can you please come down front? Your subject will be 'The Effects of the Iraq War on Children.' Please take a moment to think about the subject before starting your talk."

Amy was blushing a very bright red as she walked down the few steps to the front. There was a table and a lectern there, but since neither of the first two students had stood behind them, Amy just stood in full view of the audience. She briefly glanced down and noticed that not only were her nipples getting hard, but her pubic hair was showing above the top of her panties. It had probably been that way the entire day, and she just hadn't noticed. But now was certainly not the right time to adjust her panties; she'd just have to go ahead as is, but it sure added to her embarrassment about the situation.

Amy stood there facing the class, but she closed her eyes as she thought about the topic. Then, she gave her talk mentioning turmoil in the Iraqi schools, Iraqi children orphaned by the war, American children who had a parent assigned to Iraq, and several other aspects. She fidgeted more than she should have during the talk, and Bailey mentioned that in his critic afterwards. But in general, she had done a good job even though she was almost naked. After she returned to her seat, she tried to inconspicuously pull up her panties another inch or so to hide her pubic hair. She was very happy to have that over with, and the rest of the 50-minute class was routine.

As she picked up her backpack by a strap to put away her class notes, the pack flipped over and a bunch of stuff fell out including the bag of panties, which fell open and all of her panties fell out on the floor over a fairly wide area. She blushed again and then quickly got down on her hands and knees and started gathering up the panties. Two guys in the row behind at first laughed, but then they offered to help. She waved them away with a quick "Thanks, but I've got it." And one of them laughed again and said, "Well, I guess we can call you 'Underpants Amy' from now on." And so her new nickname was born - Underpants Amy.

**Chapter 10 - Modeling Panties for the Men**

Amy walked across the quad to Kameron Hall. She glanced at the scene of her crime as she made the turn up the steps into the lobby. She shuddered at the thought of that stupid escapade that had started this ongoing nightmare.

She rode the elevator up to the seventh floor, and again she wondered why it was so crowded at almost 5 o'clock. Where were all the people going? She still couldn't figure it out. And she felt a slight grope as a hand lightly rubbed the seat of her panties. She almost confronted the guy but decided against it.

When she entered Knoxx's waiting room, she was pleasantly surprised to see no one except the secretary there. Marriott hadn't arrived yet, but there were still a couple of minutes before the meeting was to start. She approached the desk, and just as she was about to say something to Mrs. Duckworth, the secretary just pointed over to something next to the office door.

Amy looked over and was shocked to see a hook sculpted to look like an erect penis! It was mounted on a small plaque which had the following inscribed above the penis: "For Amy Suzuki's use only". The penis was mounted just below waist high implying that it would fit nicely in Amy's vagina!

She looked back at the secretary and said, "What's the meaning of this? I don't . . ." But Mrs. Duckworth interrupted her and said coldly, "Just hang your panties there. Then, shut up and sit down." Amy still gaped at the woman and started to say something more, but Duckworth stopped her again and said, "Please just do as I say." So, Amy did as she was told and slid off her panties. She shuffled her bare feet through the plush carpet as she made her way over to the hook. She looked at the fake penis and disgustedly hung her panties over it. She glared back at the secretary who was now waving a paper towel at her; Amy understood her meaning, grabbed the towel, put it on the bench, and sat down. She was now completely naked once again. She sat there with her head down and tears welling in her eyes.

A minute later the outer door opened and Ken Marriott walked in. He smiled when he saw Amy sitting there, but his smile faded when he saw the look on her face. "Hi, Amy, are you all right?"

She looked at him and said, "Hi, Ken, oh I'm sorry, I mean, Mr. Marriott. Yeah, I'm okay, but . . ." She trailed off and just pointed over to the penis hook.

Marriott glanced at the hook, turned to Mrs. Duckworth, and angrily said, "What's the meaning of this? That is very demeaning to Miss Suzuki."

Duckworth just said, "You'll have to talk to Dr. Knoxx about it. Please have a seat. He is still busy, but he will be with you shortly."

He sat down next to Amy on the bench. He whispered over to her, "So, how was the rest of your day besides this?" She quietly told him about the events and how she seemed to be handling the humiliating incidents okay.

After Amy finished, he whispered back, "Well, I drove over to Campbell-Frank today, just to see if I could figure out how tightly the two schools are affiliated. As I was driving in, I saw Tami Smithers walking on the sidewalk." He paused and chuckled, "At least, I assume it was Miss Smithers, because I doubt that there are too many beautiful naked redheads walking around that campus." Amy laughed briefly as well, and Marriott continued, "Anyway, I thought I'd try to talk with her, but by the time I parked, she had walked into a dormitory, and I didn't feel that I should follow her in there."

He went on, "So, I went to the library and looked up her phone number. After thinking about the pros and cons, I reluctantly decided to call her. And I did get to speak with her, but as soon as she found out I was an attorney, she sort of clammed up and politely ended the call. So, I didn't learn anything at all from her, but that's probably okay. I just wanted you to know that I made the effort, however weak it might have been."

He continued, "But in the Campbell-Frank library, I did find a copy of their 'Student Guidebook', as they call it. I looked at the list of rules and regulations in that book and the Bancroft handbook, and they are almost word for word identical. But neither book mentioned a no-streaking rule at all. Both books are four years old; do you have a later edition of the Bancroft book?"

Amy replied, "No. I got that one at the beginning of my freshman year, and that seems to have been the last hardcopy version that they published. Now, it's all on the university web site."

Marriott sighed, "I was afraid of something like that. Lots of publishing is going to the Internet, but I'm sure that as a journalism major that you are well aware of that. Anyway, I did look at the Bancroft web site, and I found the no-streaking rule including the punishment for it, and it's pretty much as Knoxx described. And Campbell-Frank's web site has exactly the same list of updated rules and regulations - including the no-streaking rule - as the Bancroft site. Again, the wording is almost identical on each web site. So, that's just an indication how close the two schools are related. But getting back to the no-streaking rule, do you know when it was added?"

Amy thought for just a moment and whispered, "No, not exactly. I seem to remember hearing about it a few years ago. But Eva said it wasn't there when she was caught, and I guess that would have been sometime during the first semester of my freshman year; so, the rule was added since then."

He paused momentarily and then said, "Well, okay. It probably doesn't make any difference to us, but I was just curious. If the exact date becomes important to us, I'm certain that we can find out somehow - maybe the school newspaper. But the no-streaking rule has also a strange phrase in it that says something like 'exposing the student's genitals' and that helps our case since they can't prove that your genitals were exposed while streaking. If I interpreted it correctly, it's actually okay for a woman to streak with her breasts exposed as long as her genitals are covered. The school's lawyer, Mr. Laird, really should re-work the wording of that rule, but that's his problem not ours." He smiled and added, "But I wouldn't recommend that you or any of your female friends put that to the test by streaking topless, because I suspect that they'd get you for breaking the general 'acceptable behavior' rule."

Amy chuckled and then Marriott added, "And the punishment for breaking that 'acceptable behavior' rule can be anything from a slap on the wrist to expulsion. I'll mention this in the meeting, but I expect they'll just say that they'd push for the maximum punishment anyway."

He continued, "I also did some digging at that library and on the web to see what other ways the two institutions are connected, and it's not merely a loose affiliation like Eva said. They have lots of things in common, such as each getting big donations of exactly the same amount of money from three corporations. And there are big donations from wealthy alumni of Bancroft to Campbell-Frank and vice versa. And you can get credit for classes taken at the other campus. And there are three men, including Brandon Kirkpatrick, who sit on the boards of directors of both schools. There are faculty who teach classes on both campuses. They have a common payroll system. And so forth. So, even though they are separate institutions, I think that Tami Smithers's situation could definitely be used in our case, if necessary."

He then told her what he had learned about the Rhode Island law, and he thought they could use it, if necessary.

He took a breath and continued, "But we kind of knew all of that yesterday anyway. So, the bottom line is that except for the genitals-showing-while-streaking issue, I don't really have any new ideas that would help our case today. Oh, just a reminder to be very careful about how you answer the streaking question if it comes up again - not only in these meetings but also outside of here such as in conversations with friends. The 5th Amendment is our friend here." He smiled and said, "Blame it on me. Tell anybody who asks that your attorney told you not to discuss it."

Amy chuckled, "Yeah, the lawyer is always the bad guy, isn't he?" Then she turned serious and continued, "I will be very careful what I say."

Marriott glanced at his watch. It was now 5:20, and he asked the secretary, "Will Dr. Knoxx be much longer?" Duckworth just shrugged and said she didn't know, but she had reminded Knoxx about the meeting just before Amy had arrived.

Just then the outer door opened and the janitor came in with the vacuum cleaner. He was surprised to see the naked girl sitting there and then he gave the secretary a questioning look and said, "Do you want me to come back later?"

Duckworth said, "No, Walter, now is fine. I'm sure they will be happy to stand up for a minute or so while you vacuum under the bench." And she just gave Amy and Marriott a curt nod as if to say, "Please do as I said."

The janitor was a middle-aged man, maybe 45 or so, and he had his eyes fixed on the pretty nude girl as he started his cleaning task. He started with dusting and he had to bend over Amy to clean off the corner table next to the girl. She felt trapped as she sat there with him bending so closely over her naked body. Then, the janitor plugged in the vacuum cleaner and said to Marriott and Amy, "Why don't I start under your bench and then I'll be out of your way? Could you please move over there for a moment?"

They shrugged and stood up. And of course, the paper towel stuck momentarily to Amy's butt before it fluttered to the floor under the table like it had done the day before. She got down on her hands and knees and retrieved it from under the table. Naturally, the janitor got a clear view of her bare ass and pussy lips. Then, his eyes looked her up and down after she stood back up. He thought to himself, "Wow, what pretty boobs she has!"

It took the janitor about 10 minutes to finish his cleaning. Amy felt that he could have done it much quicker, but he was working slowly so that he could steal some additional glances at her naked body. Just as he was unplugging the vacuum cleaner, Knoxx appeared and invited Amy and Marriott into his office.

Amy grabbed her backpack and towel, and she and Marriott went into the office. The four other committee members were already there and were seated in the same chairs as yesterday. Evidently, they had been there for the last 30 minutes discussing strategy with Knoxx for this meeting.

Marriott sat down on the couch and shifted to the side to make space of Amy. She laid the towel on the leather couch, and started to sit down. But Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki, why don't you just remain standing? That way you don't have to mess with the paper towel. In fact, why don't we just say that you'll stand during these daily meetings? That may be somewhat shaming for you, but that's part of the point of the punishment. Okay?"

Amy reached back, grabbed the towel from the couch, wadded it up, tossed it in the trash, and just said, "Fine." She glanced at Marriott who had an angry look in his eyes.

Marriott said, "Dr. Knoxx, I don't appreciate my client being treated this way. And I saw the phallic shaped hook out in the waiting room, and I think that is very demeaning to her also. What's the meaning of this?"

Knoxx said, "Okay, Mr. Marriott. I'm sorry that this meeting has gotten off to such a rocky start. But let me remind you again that we want this punishment to be harsh, and these little things, such as her standing naked during this meeting or that penis-shaped hook, are just some additional ways to embarrass Miss Suzuki and to remind her that she is being punished. Now, as to that unusual hook, we thought of that earlier today, and Mr. Thorson, our maintenance supervisor, quickly found the parts and assembled it. We thought that it would add a bit of levity to this situation albeit at Miss Suzuki's expense. Okay?"

Marriott continued to glare at him, "Okay, but I still don't like it. Anyway, before you get started with your agenda, I'd like to discuss something I noticed in your rules and regulations. The no-streaking rule says that the student's genitals must be exposed for the student to be charged with streaking, and I remind you that you cannot prove that Miss Suzuki's vulva was exposed while she was running around the quad. So, I suggest that you just drop this whole thing."

Knoxx gave him a startled look and said angrily, "Oh no, we cannot do that. We must send a message to the other students that we will not condone such behavior." Knoxx then turned his head and raised his eyebrows while looking back at Tyson Laird, the university attorney.

Laird immediately spoke up, "Mr. Marriott, technically you are correct, but we still have the 'acceptable behavior' rule on the books that provides us with a wide range of punishments including expulsion. And Miss Suzuki definitely broke the 'acceptable behavior' rule even if her genitals were not exposed, and we think that she deserves to be punished severely for that. So, I propose that we just change the document to reflect a different rule that Miss Suzuki broke, but all of the punishment that we discussed yesterday remains as described."

Marriott said, "Let me talk with Amy for a moment." And Amy blushed as she bent over to confer with Marriott, because she realized that Marriott was getting a full view of her dangling breasts and the other 5 men were enjoying a full rear view of her pretty tush and slit.

Marriott tried to look her in the face, but he couldn't help but notice the pretty boobs hanging so tantalizingly. He merely whispered to Amy, "Just what I thought would happen. I don't think we can gain anything by pressing the issue any further." Amy just nodded and stood back up again.

Marriott sighed and said aloud, "Okay, Mr. Laird and Dr. Knoxx, we agree that you could punish her the same way under either rule. If you want to change the document, that's okay with us, but it's not really necessary. Now, do you have that document ready?"

Knoxx handed Amy two copies of the document and she passed one onto Marriott. She briefly skimmed over the 3-page document and turned to Marriott. She bent over to whisper to him, presenting the same views of her breasts and ass as before. She just sighed and said quietly to Marriott, "This is pretty long. I would like time to study it before signing it."

Marriott said, "I agree." And then he said aloud to Knoxx, "Dr. Knoxx, we don't think we should sign this right now. Please give us a day to review it, and we will discuss it at tomorrow's meeting. I'm sure it will be okay, but we need time to look it over. Okay?"

Knoxx nodded and said, "That's fine, Mr. Marriott. But I'm just curious as to how long you are going to be here in town representing Miss Suzuki?" And Amy had been wondering the same thing. Would he be here indefinitely? She didn't think so, and she was anxious to hear his answer.

Marriott said, "Well, I was planning to leave tomorrow morning, but since Amy and I need to review this, I'll stay an extra day. Then I believe I can handle any other issues that might come up by telephone or fax from my office in Warwick. Okay?" Amy was relieved to have this clarification, but she said nothing.

Knoxx said, "Yes, thanks for clearing that up. Okay, there are two other items that I had on today's agenda: Approving what underwear she can wear and reviewing the community service projects. Anything else that you'd like to discuss?"

Amy thought about the ankle pouch but decided to bring it out with the panties. She and Marriott shook their heads.

Knoxx said, "Very good. Let's talk about the panties first. Miss Suzuki, did you bring the ones that you want to wear?"

Amy nodded. She squatted down rather than bending to her backpack; she hoped that they wouldn't notice that she was actually covering herself up a little bit more this way. She got out the bag of panties and held it with a questioning look on her face.

Knoxx said, "Good. Just dump them out here on the desk, and we'll look them over."

Amy turned the bag upside down and shook it; her breasts jiggled nicely as she shook. The panties tumbled out onto his desk. She thought to herself, "How humiliating is this? Here I am naked with a bunch of men who are about to be looking closely at my underwear that really should be home in my drawer - not here on his desk." But she just stood back.

Knoxx thought for a moment before saying, "Here's what I want to do. I will look at each pair and then pass it along to the committee. Any of the panties that we find unacceptable, we will put back in your bag and you can take them home. Then, we will ask you to put on each pair of the remaining panties so that we can see how they look on you. We may reject some more after the demonstration. And finally for the acceptable ones, I am going to make a small red mark on the outside of the back rim. That way we will know that you are wearing acceptable panties when we see you around campus. Okay?"

Amy blushed as she realized that he was just ratcheting up the embarrassment level a little bit more. She merely said, "Okay." And Marriott agreed.

Knoxx picked up a pair of red panties with white hem. He held them up for display and then handed them over to Tyson Laird. And the panties went down the line, Laird, Kirkpatrick, Telford, Farmer, and back to Knoxx. But Knoxx said, "No, I don't want red ones. Here put them back in the bag." He handed them back to Amy.

The next ones were simple white bikini style. They were passed down the line and Knoxx said, "Okay, these are all right."

This went on for the rest of the 16 pairs that she had brought. The white, pink, yellow, and flesh-colored ones were accepted. They only rejected two more, a black pair and a tiny white pair which had only a strap on the hip - too sexy, they said. Amy put them back in the bag.

Knoxx then counted out the acceptable ones and said, "Let's see now, we've got 13 pairs that passed the first test. Now, Miss Suzuki, you will put on each of these and we will see how you look in them." And he handed her the white bikini panties.

She took them and looked at Marriott, who just shook his head in disgust. Then he just shrugged and said quietly, "Go ahead, Amy."

She slid them up her long legs pulling them up so that they were comfortable. Then she stood there for a moment so that the men could see her front, and then turned slowly around to show them the back. And finally she faced them again.

Lucas Telford spoke for the first time at this point, "You know, Miss Suzuki, you have a lot of pubic hair - a rather lush bush, if I can put it bluntly. It's poking out above the top of those panties. Would you be willing to trim it down for us so that it's covered by the panties? I think you would look better that way."

Amy blushed a brighter red than she ever had and thought, "Holy shit, they are asking me to trim my pussy hair. How far is this embarrassment going to go?" But she just said aloud, "Okay, I can do that."

Telford said, "Ah, good. Let's go onto the next pair."

Amy slid off the bikinis and handed them back to Knoxx who started a pile on the other side of his desk. Next he handed her another pair of white panties, but these had a higher rise to them. She slid them up and they reached a couple of inches higher than the previous ones, but not up to her belly button. This pair completely covered her lower hair. She made the appropriate turns to show them off.

Knoxx immediately shook his head, "No, those are too high. They cover her too much. Not enough of an embarrassment factor for her." The 4 men agreed, and Knoxx spoke to Amy, "Take them off and put them in the bag." Amy sighed and followed his instructions.

The next three pairs were deemed to be okay. Two flesh-colored and one pink. They went on the acceptable pile.

Amy slid on the next pair, which were a pale yellow with white trim. These were one of her favorites, because they were so comfortable. Kind of an old friend. They were low-rise, bikini style again. She made the turns to display them to the men. They said that the panties looked okay, but just as she was about to take them off, Knoxx said, "Stop. Miss Suzuki, please come around the desk so I can look more closely at them." She reluctantly did as he asked, and when she was standing right next to him, he pointed his finger at a spot a few inches from her pussy on the right side near the bottom rim. He said, "Miss Suzuki, there is a small hole starting to develop there. These panties are completely unacceptable. We cannot have holey underwear on display like that. Please take them off and put them in the bag."

Amy blushed again as she slid them down her legs. Her comfy panties had been rejected.

The next pair was pink. She slid them on, turned, and waited for their comments. This time Brandon Kirkpatrick spoke, "There is a lot of pubic hair showing above these, and the side panels are very narrow. And there's a faint design embroidered right near the crotch. I think these are too sexy for her to be wearing around campus. We want her to be embarrassed not to be showing off." The other men agreed.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, please take them off and put them in the bag. And I'll give you the next pair."

The next were also pink, and she modeled them for the men. Knoxx asked her to turn around again so he could see her behind. He said, "Miss Suzuki, even though these aren't thong style, they are showing a lot of your rear cheeks. I think they are too sexy. Please take them off and put them back in your reject bag."

The last 5 pairs were acceptable. White, "bare" (i.e. flesh-tone), yellow, pink, yellow. Amy took off the last pair and stood naked again in front of the men.

Knoxx took a red magic marker from his desk, lifted a pair of white panties from the pile, and said, "Okay, let me show you what I'm going to do. I'm going to put a little red mark right on the upper hem in the back middle." He made the slight mark on the panties and handed them to Amy. "Now, Miss Suzuki, please put them on again, and let's see how they look from behind."

Amy slid them on and turned around so that the men could see her behind. Laird said, "I think the mark should be a tiny bit bigger." Knoxx nodded and said to Amy, "Please come around here again and let me make it just a bit bigger."

Amy came back around the desk and presented her backside to Knoxx. She shivered as she felt his touch on her skin as he pulled the panties out a little bit. He used the magic marker to make the spot just a bit bigger and with his hand still on her panties and touching her skin; he showed it to the men. They agreed it looked okay. Knoxx took his hand away and looked at the finished product and said, "Yep, that looks better. All right, you can take them off now."

He then made the same mark on the other 8 pairs.

Knoxx said, "Okay, we've got 9 pairs here. That should be enough to get you started. Now, . . ."

Amy interrupted, "What about the pair I was wearing today? They are outside on the hook." She said "hook" with a derisive tone in her voice.

Knoxx said, "Okay, I was just getting to that. Those panties will be covered by what I've got to say now."

She nodded as he went on, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, now that we've decided which panties are acceptable and have marked them as such, here's how the procedure is going to work. We are going to keep this collection of panties here, and we will give you a new pair to wear each day. So, each day as you enter the waiting room you will approach Mrs. Duckworth's desk, turn around so that she can verify that your current panties have the correct mark on them, remove your panties, hang them on the hook, and then wait out there naked until we call you in for the meeting. At the end of each meeting, I will give you a fresh pair of panties to wear for the next day. Your dirty panties will be kept here until graduation day."

He went on, "Actually, that reminds me. Did you put on clean panties this morning?" Amy just nodded. He continued, "Well, that means that you've got yesterday's dirty underpants at home somewhere. So, just to be consistent, please bring those dirty panties in with you tomorrow and we'll keep them til graduation day, as well. Understand?"

Amy nodded again and he looked at a calendar and counted the days, "Let's see there are 19 days til graduation and you've only got 9 pairs of acceptable panties here. So, you are 10 panties short. You will need to purchase 10 more pairs of panties and bring them in for our approval and marking; you should probably buy a couple of extra pairs just in case. Maybe get some light blue and light green ones, too? Also, maybe a pair with more of an Asian flesh tone to them that more closely match your nice skin color?"

He went on, "On graduation day, all of your panties will be returned to you. What we are attempting to accomplish with all of this is some additional embarrassment for you since I will be controlling your panties. You will not wear any other panties except those that I give you. Just another part of the punishment. Do you understand?"

Amy said sheepishly, "Yes, I see."

Knoxx asked the committee, "Any other questions or comments about the panties?" None of the men had anything to add. He continued, "Okay then, let's talk about the community service activities. On the last page of the document, we've laid out some probable activities for Miss Suzuki to perform."

The list looked like this:

May 3, Thursday - posting notices, Wytham
May 4, Friday - art class
May 5, Saturday - usher at concert
May 6, Sunday - BUF
May 7, Monday - art class
May 8, Tuesday - fill in for Mrs. Duckworth
May 9, Wednesday -
May 10, Thursday - art class, Wytham
May 11, Friday - cheerleading practice
May 12, Saturday - ground crew work
May 13, Sunday - cheerleading at baseball game
May 14, Monday -
May 15, Tuesday -
May 16, Wednesday - art class
May 17, Thursday - Wytham
May 18, Friday - art class
May 19, Saturday -
May 20, Sunday -
May 21, Monday - graduation day

They paused for a minute or so as they all looked over the list. Then, Knoxx said, "If you've had time to skim the list, let me say a few things about these activities. We've tried to think of things that would be appropriate as part of your punishment, that would help out the university, and that fit in with your class schedule. Let me skip the first one about notices for the moment and talk about Wytham. As I mentioned yesterday, Wytham is a medical research facility specializing in sexual research. Did you get a chance to talk with Miss Cobb about this?"

Amy blushed and said, "Yes, I did."

Knoxx continued, "Well, you probably now know more than I do about it. At any rate, Dr. Beaupre would like you to have at least 3 hours available at a time because of the long walk to the other side of campus and the sessions themselves would be about 2 hours. And the way your class schedule is arranged, the only time that fits well for both of you would be Thursday afternoon when you are free. I think I'm correct in saying that your English Literature class meets only on Tuesday and not on Thursday?"

Amy shuddered a bit, because this semester she had valued her Thursday afternoons as her schedule was free of classes and she could plan other extended activities for that time. But now Knoxx seemed to be taking away that precious time. She sighed and said, "Yes, that's correct."

Knoxx said, "Okay, good. Thursdays will work well for both of you. He will call your cell phone tomorrow morning to give you directions. I think it's at 1:30, but I'll let him tell you for sure. As far as the art class is concerned, we talked briefly yesterday about posing for them, and I checked with Ms. Whiteside the instructor, and she said she could definitely use a nude model. She said she could use one everyday for the rest of the term, but she settled for the few times that we listed here. Then on Saturday, there's a Mozart concert at the auditorium, and you will be an usher for that. And on Sunday, we've listed 'BUF' which stands for Bancroft University Foundation. Dr. Farmer here is the managing director of the foundation, and he wants your help with a newsletter and a reception on Sunday."

Knoxx went on, "Next Tuesday, Mrs. Duckworth, our secretary, needs to take some time off to handle personal issues and we want you to fill in for her for a few hours. The cheerleading thing is a bit unusual, because normally, the baseball team doesn't have cheerleaders, but they are playing in a tournament the weekend after this and the coach thought having a special cheerleading squad would be a nice thing for you to do. And Mr. Thorson, the maintenance boss, wants you to help his crew a week from Saturday. We can discuss those things in more detail as the dates get closer. Any questions?"

Amy gulped, because this would be a lot of exposure. She asked, "Would I have to be naked for all of these activities?"

Knoxx looked at the list and said, "Let's see. Art class, definitely. Wytham, I believe so, but I'm not sure. Concert usher, no, that would not be appropriate. The foundation, Dr. Farmer says yes. Finally, cheerleading and ground crew work, I'll leave that up to the supervisors involved. Any other questions?"

Amy gulped even harder, because it sounded like she would be nude for almost all of these activities. But she thought to herself, "He says it would be inappropriate for me to be naked at the concert, but being topless wearing only panties is appropriate somehow!"

Then she asked, "What's this about posting notices tomorrow?"

Knoxx, "Ah, I'd almost forgotten. Let me show you." And he reached for a big stack of paper on his desk. "Here are the notices that I want you to post on the various bulletin boards around campus tomorrow morning. Since you are mentioned in the notice, it seems appropriate for you to post them."

Here's what the notice said:

*Notice to All Students*

*You will be seeing two unclothed students around campus until the end of the semester, and this notice is to clarify these situations. We feel that an explanation is needed because the two situations are completely different.*

*One of the students is Eva Cobb, and she is completely unclothed when she is in Wakefield Hall where she poses for drawing classes. She will be wearing normal clothes at other times.*

*The other student is Amelia "Amy" Suzuki, who wears only a minimal amount of clothing to cover her genital area. Her near nudity is a punishment for her streaking last Monday night on the campus quad. Normally, the punishment for streaking on campus is immediate expulsion from this university, but there are extenuating circumstances that requires us to punish her in this manner.*

*Reminder: Any student who is caught streaking in the future will be detained naked for a short period of time and after a meeting with university officials he or she will be immediately expelled. No more exceptions to this rule. See the university web site to read the entire rule.*

*Calvin Knoxx
Chancellor, Bancroft University*

Amy looked at one of the notices; it was printed on very light yellow paper with several faint photos of flowers around the borders. Amy thought that from a distance it would look more like an advertisement for a spring garden show than a college notice about naked students. She thought to herself, "At least, he didn't put photos of naked women on it instead of flowers!" As she and Marriott scanned the notice, Knoxx said, "There are 100 copies of this notice here. I believe that there are 75 boards or so around campus. Put one notice on each board, and if you have extra copies, tape them to lamp posts or something like that. Here is a big box of push pins plus a roll of masking tape. That should be sufficient for this job. Also, many of those bulletin boards are behind locked glass doors; here is a master key that you can use to open those doors. Please bring the key back with you tomorrow. Any questions about that?"

Amy just shook her head.

Knoxx said, "Okay, I think we are almost done here. But I just remembered one more thing. For your convenience, we are going to put up a peg in the art studio so that you can hang your panties on it while you are posing. It's a plain vanilla peg, not another phallus-like thing. Also, there will be a peg outside of the Wytham room that you will be using for the same purpose. And Thorson may put one up near his office if he wants you to remove your panties for his ground crew work. Your panties should be safe there, but if they happen to be stolen during that time, you will immediately come back to this office to get another pair from this collection of approved panties. Okay?"

Amy thought to herself, "He said 'for my convenience'. Hah! It's more like 'for my embarrassment'." But she only said, "I understand. But I have one more thing." And she retrieved the ankle pouch from the backpack. "Eva Cobb lent me this to use to carry my keys and maybe some money. It goes on my ankle. I probably wouldn't have to use it very much, because I have my backpack most of the time. But there might be a few times that it would come in handy. I wanted to ask your permission before I used it."

Knoxx said, "I've seen Miss Cobb with this occasionally in my visits to Wakefield. Why don't you put it on so we can see what it would look like on you?"

Amy raised her right leg and propped it on his desk exposing her pussy lips to the men, and she hooked the pouch to her ankle with the velcro strap. Then, she stepped around behind the desk so that they could see it. She bent over and opened and closed the pouch so they could see how it works. The men admired the side view of her hanging boobs.

Knoxx looked at it and then he skimmed the list of community service activities. He said, "Well, I guess it's okay for around campus, but it's definitely not appropriate for any of your community service things. I guess what I'm saying is to use it only when you don't have your backpack. Does that sound right, gentlemen?" The other 4 men agreed. "So, yes, Miss Suzuki, it's okay to use it on a very limited basis. Thank you for asking us first."

He continued, "And Miss Suzuki, one last thing. We understand that your roommate, Miss Hathaway, is out of town til tomorrow. Is that right?"

Amy was puzzled about where this was going and hesitantly said, "Yes, Linda is on a field trip to an art museum in Boston. She will be back tomorrow."

Knoxx asked, "Do you know if she will be back before 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon?"

"I think so, but she didn't tell me an exact time. Why?"

"Well, I would like for her to come to this meeting tomorrow with you, if she can, or then to Friday's meeting, otherwise. We would like to explain this situation to her so that she hears our point of view as well as yours. That's all. You can be rest assured that she is not being punished or disciplined. We just want to talk with her."

Amy was still skeptical, but she just said, "Okay, I'll ask her when she returns."

Knoxx said, "Well, I guess that about wraps things up. But before you leave, let me give you a pair of panties for tomorrow. Let's see, how about these white ones? Please put them on."

He held up the panties and spread them out to show to the other men. After they nodded, he handed her the white bikinis and she slid them up. As before the pussy hair showed above the top rim. Knoxx looked at her and said, "Please remember to deal with that pubic hair tonight. Have a nice evening. See you tomorrow afternoon."

They all stood as Amy and Marriott departed. As they walked by the penis hook, Amy looked up and saw her flesh-colored panties still hanging there. She wondered if she would ever see them again!

----------------------------

Amy and Marriott ate dinner at the Union cafeteria again. They both read over the document as they were eating. When he finished eating, Marriott said, "Amy, did you see this section where they laid out the list of rules? The section headers name the rules: Full cooperation, On time, Obey instructions, No hiding, No covering, Acceptable appearance, Respect authority, Required nudity. When I first saw that, I thought it was just some boiler plate stuff that they copied from another document, but after re-reading it, I see that they carefully crafted this for your specific situation."

Amy was still chewing, but she paused for a moment and said, "Uhh, so, is there something there I need to worry about? I mean, they already mentioned the no-covering-up rule in the meeting."

"Yes, I remember them telling you not to hide your breasts and pubic area", Marriott responded. "But some of these, such as 'Full cooperation' and 'Respect authority' are kind of vague and overlap with others such as 'Obey instructions'. Also, when I first spotted the 'Required nudity' line, I thought it was a mistake because we negotiated for you to wear panties. But after reading the short paragraph under it, I realized it referred to the community service activities. So, I urge you to read that paragraph carefully; in fact, read all of those paragraphs carefully. I fear that they might be setting you up to be caught doing small things and then being punished some more using the last paragraph which says that they can impose additional punishment projects for breaking these rules or breaking the college's standard rules listed on the web site."

Amy spent about a minute skimming the page of rules and merely said, "Okay, I'll study them. And I'll try to be careful to follow them."

They were mostly silent as they drove back to the dorm.

Once she was back in her room, she worked on her big project for Formal Logic since it was fresh in her mind. Well, it actually wasn't so fresh in her mind, because there had been that embarrassing extemporaneous speech in Public Speaking followed by an hour of being naked in front of 5 men and modeling panties for them. Those memories were even fresher than Formal Logic. But she hunkered down and made substantial progress on the Logic project.

About 10 o'clock, she started reviewing the document. It seemed to match what had been said verbally in the two afternoon meetings and what Marriott said over dinner. There was a little bit of fuzziness in describing the community service projects, but she didn't think it was too bad. If Marriott was satisfied, she would sign it as is tomorrow.

A little after 11 PM, she decided to attack her pubic hair, so to speak. Knoxx had instructed her to "deal with" her pussy hair tonight. She realized that he was probably right; her pubic bush needed trimming. She didn't do that very often, but then again, her pubic area was not on display very often and so she didn't worry about it. But now was the time.

She got out her scissors, shaving cream, and razor, stood in front of the mirror, and lowered her panties to her knees. She really hoped that Stubbins wouldn't come in with her master key while Amy was doing this because it would be embarrassing, but she wasn't breaking any of Knoxx's rules - in fact, she was following his order. Looking in the mirror and holding the scissors in her right hand, she tried to thin out her pubic hair. That kind of worked, but it looked pretty scraggily when she got done. She pulled up the panties to the height that she usually did and looked in the mirror. The strands of hair were no longer visible above the top hem of her panties, but there was a lot of stubble. She took off her panties completely and found her hand mirror. She laid a plastic bag on the bed, positioned her pussy right over it, spread her legs wide, leaned the hand mirror against her teddy bear so that she could see her pussy, lathered up the shaving cream, and went to work shaving. She definitely didn't want to shave it all off, but she did want to remove the stubble visible above her panties. She scraped away to a couple of inches above her pussy lips. And then she tried to clean up the scraggliness (is that even a word, she thought?) with the scissors. This whole job would have been easy for a second person to do on her, but she didn't have anyone to ask to do it. She got up, pulled on her panties, and walked over to the mirror. She looked good panty-wise. So, she dropped the panties to her knees again and studied the naked view of her pussy area. It could have been better, she thought, but it was good enough.

"Enough for tonight. I'm going to bed", she said aloud to no one in particular. She decided to be naughty and peeled off her panties, turned off the light, and climbed in under the sheets. She didn't usually sleep in the nude, but tonight she would.

**May 3, Thursday**

**Chapter 11 - Posting Nudie Notices**

Thursday was usually Amy's favorite day of the week. Only one class, lots of free time. But this was a different sort of Thursday.

She looked at the stack of 100 notices that she had to post on the bulletin boards. She thought, "Why in this electronic age can't I just post this info somewhere on Bancroft's web page? I'm a journalism student after all, and I know about web page design and layout." But those were not her instructions; she had to do it the way they did it in the 1800's! And Knoxx knew that this was the way that would require her to expose her nearly naked body to the most people this morning! She sighed as she realized that she didn't know where all the bulletin boards on campus were located. What am I supposed to do? Just walk around almost naked and look for them? But she had an inspiration, maybe there's a map online somewhere. So she logged on to the university web site, searched around, and finally drilled down to the maintenance department page. And lo and behold, there was a campus map which showed the locations of the bulletin boards along with things like underground pipes, power lines, and street signs. She printed it out, stuffed all of the materials into her backpack along with her Modern Journalism notes, and set out to post the notices.

The first board was just outside the front door of the dorm. She pulled out a notice from her backpack and pinned it up on the hard cork board. That wasn't so hard. Only 99 more to go.

She studied her map and located several more bulletin boards in this part of campus. On one of them, the only open space was up near the top and she had to stand on tiptoe to reach up there. Just as she was doing that, a bunch of underclass guys came by, but they stopped and watched the pretty girl in profile - hard nipples on her almost flattened breasts and down to her long lean legs. They tried to make small talk, but she ignored them and finished up. As they walked away, she heard one of them yell, "Bye-bye, Underpants Amy, have a nice day!" She blushed and was stunned to hear herself called that again; word must be getting around.

As she worked on the next board, she heard a female voice call, "Hey, Amy. Hi there." It was Rekha Shah, her friend from lunch on Tuesday. "Hi Rekha, nice to see you", Amy replied.

Rekha said, "What are you doing anyway?"

And Amy showed her one of the notices and said, "I'm putting these up all around campus."

Rekha said, "Oh wow, that's going to be a lot of work. Do you want some help? I've got an hour free before my next class."

Amy smiled at her and said, "Thanks, Rake, but I really have to do this myself. It's part of my punishment for streaking, and if they found out that I took the easy way out by getting help, they would make it hard on me. I can't afford any slip-ups. But I really appreciate the offer. You're a good friend."

Rekha said she understood and went on her way back to the dorm. Just then Amy's cell phone rang; it was in her backpack, but she had set the ring volume to high so she would be sure to hear it. It was a Dr. Beaupre from the Wytham Institute. After the brief introductions, Amy said, "I understand that you are expecting me this afternoon. If that's correct, what time do you want me?"

Beaupre said, "Miss Suzuki, we will really appreciate your help in our research. Let's say 1:30 this afternoon, if that works for you. Since there are only a few weeks left in the semester, I'd really like to get going with the tests this afternoon. Usually, we'd just have sort of a get-acquainted session on the first meeting, but I'd like to actually do some tests today. We can talk more about it when you get here. You can find me in room 144. 1:30 right?"

Amy just said, "Yes, that's fine. See you then." She hung up, and a new feeling of dread spread over her. What were these tests he was talking about? But she didn't have time to brood about it now; she needed to get these damn nudie notices posted.

Amy continued following her map, and by 10 AM she had put up about 60 of the notices. She had heard a bunch more catcalls and rude comments; she ignored those, but the calls of "Underpants Amy" bothered her; she tried to ignore them, but a couple of times she glared at the guy who had yelled it. There were only a few more bulletin boards on the main part of campus to do and they were over by the quad. So, as she walked that way, she started taping notices to lamp posts and pinning them to telephone poles. She circled the quad and pinned the notices to the dozen or so bulletin boards there. When she finished, she looked up at the seventh floor windows of the admin building and was surprised to see Tyson Laird looking at her. How long had he been watching, she wondered? Oh well, a mostly naked girl will attract attention from almost anyone, including creepy old men like Laird who had just seen her completely naked each of the last two days. She saved the last few notices for the few boards on the far side of campus near Wytham; she would do those this afternoon.

She had gotten sweaty and a bit dirty doing this physical work. It wasn't hard work, but she did perspire a bit. She looked down at her panties and was relieved to see that they were still clean. But she had the Modern Journalism class in only 15 minutes. She had misjudged the timing; she should have left time to return to the dorm and take a shower. But she couldn't afford to do that now, but still she needed to clean up a little bit. She ran into Roosevelt Hall where the class room was located and dashed into the nearest ladies' room. She needed to quickly wash herself off, but she didn't want to get the panties wet - she could dry her skin in 5 minutes, but she couldn't dry her panties that fast. So, she whipped off her panties and hung them on a hook in one of the stalls. Then she grabbed a bunch of paper towels and used them to wash herself down quickly. Just then an older woman walked in and was shocked to see a naked young lady washing herself at the sink. The older lady just walked towards the stalls, and Amy could see that the woman was headed to the stall where Amy had hung her panties. Amy rushed over and said, "Ma'am, please use the next stall."

But the lady just said, "Hrumph, I always use this stall", and she pushed Amy out of the way. But Amy didn't give up; she had to get her panties before class started. Amy grabbed the stall door just as the lady was shutting it, reached in, and yanked her panties off the hook on the back of the door. She breathed a sigh of relief; she had saved her panties.

Amy placed the panties on the nearby window ledge where she could keep an eye on them and finished her quick clean-up. She dried herself with another handful of paper towels, looked herself over in the mirror, and slipped on her panties. And she made it into class just as Professor Haynesworth was closing the door - panties and all.

**Chapter 12 - Wytham in the Afternoon**

The morning class had run a little long, and Amy was squeezed for time again. She needed to walk back to the dorm, take a shower, and eat lunch before making the very long walk to Wytham by 1:30. While showering, she remembered what Eva had told her about keeping her "lower area" especially clean, and Amy was pretty sure that there would be some sort of "intimate inspection" of that area; so, she washed thoroughly.

Linda had not returned yet. So, Amy left her a note asking her to call Amy's cell phone if she got back before 5 o'clock. Amy wasn't sure if there would be time to come back to the dorm between Wytham and the 5 PM meeting. Oh well, Knoxx had said Friday would be okay, too, for the meeting with Linda.

At 1 o'clock, Amy set off on the long walk to Wytham. She had actually been by here several times before while jogging, but she hadn't paid much attention to the strange building on the far side of campus; actually, it was just off the main part of campus, because it was across Nordling Avenue on the other side of the street. She now recognized the building, but she had never noticed the small sign that merely said "Wytham". If she had thought about this at all previously (which she had not), she would have assumed that Wytham was just another financial firm or maybe a law firm or a dentist's office or some such thing. She walked quickly up to it, her breasts bouncing alluringly for the many onlooking eyes. Since she arrived in there at 1:20, she thought she might have time to put up the last 3 posters on the nearby boards. She hurried and was able to finish just in time with the last one right in front of the Wytham entrance.

She thought, "Okay, one community service project down. Many more to go. And the next one's going to be tough." She steeled herself and walked into the building. It was dingy place; it looked like it had built in the 1960's and had never been updated since then, and it was damn cold in there even though it was pleasantly warm outside.

In the lobby, a bunch of students in white lab coats were talking. They stopped and stared as the pretty topless girl walked in. There was silence for a moment as Amy stared back at them. She then said, "Which way to room 144? Dr. Beaupre's office." One of the geeky looking guys said, "Down the hall to your left. Here, I'll show you." But Amy waved him away and ran down the hall.

She looked at the room numbers, made a misturn down another drab hallway, re-traced her steps, and continued. Finally, there was 144. And she stopped with her heart pounding. Just as she was ready to knock, she saw the peg by the side of the door. She sighed as she knew what she had to do now. Amy slowly slid her panties down her legs and hung them on the hook. Now, she was completely naked in this eerie place. She gathered her courage and knocked on the door. The door was opened by a young guy in a lab coat, who said, "Whoa, what do we have here? You don't look like Eva Cobb. But please come in."

She stepped in and noticed that she was in some kind of waiting room or maybe a coffee break room; there were two other men sitting at the table drinking coffee and staring at the naked young woman. Just then another door which was marked only with "Office" opened and a middle-aged man came out; he also had on a lab coat and the tag said "Dr. Beaupre". She had found her man.

"Miss Suzuki, I presume", he said with a friendly smile. Amy immediately noticed the very heavy southern accent. They shook hands, and he went on, "Very pleased to meet you." And he turned to the other three men and said, "Gentlemen, this is Amelia Suzuki who is here to help us with our SPS's."

Amy thought, "What is SPS? Probably some medical term." But she turned and said, "Hi, please just call me Amy."

Beaupre looked her up and down and said, "Okay, Amy. Please put your backpack over in the corner. Let's see now, um, how do we start? Maybe I should explain the circumstances to these other guys. But first let me introduce you, since we're all working together on this project. This is Dr. Patrick Newman and this is Dr. Dennis LaSalle and this is Logan Cranfield, one of our student interns." She shook hands with each of them. Beaupre then spoke to the other men, "Since we are on the other side of campus, some of you may not have heard why Amy here is parading around campus naked."

Amy was just about to object, when Beaupre raised his hand and continued, "Actually, she's not completely naked - even though she is completely naked right now. Oh my, I'm not making much sense, am I? Let me start from the beginning. She was caught streaking on Monday night and Chancellor Knoxx decided to punish her by requiring her to wear just underpants for the next few weeks. But her punishment also includes some community service work such as helping us with SPS, and she is nude for that. Is that about right, Amy?"

Amy started, "Um, actually, not all . . ." But she stopped and decided not to explain that she wouldn't be nude for all of the community service activities. She just said, "I mean to say, yes, Dr. Beaupre, that's correct."

Beaupre laughed and said, "Well, good, I got something right for a change. We're going to go down the hall now to the lab, but before we do, are there any questions. Amy? Guys?"

Amy shook her head, but Cranfield popped up, "So, you're naked now. But where are your panties, umm, I mean, underwear? In your backpack?"

Beaupre glared at him and said, "What difference does that make? She's here now to help us."

But Amy cut in, "Oh, that's okay. I hung my panties on the hook outside in the hallway. I was told to do that by Dr. Knoxx."

Cranfield replied, "Oh, so that's what that thing is for. I saw the maintenance guys putting it up this morning, and I wondered about it. What happens if I steal them?" He laughed as he said the last part.

Amy laughed, too, and just said, "Please don't." But inwardly, she was worried that her panties would disappear sometime in the next few hours.

The group of 4 men in lab coats and 1 very naked girl walked out of the waiting room and into the hallway. Beaupre and LaSalle started talking about a medical procedure in very technical terms that she didn't understand. It almost sounded like a foreign language, because she didn't understand most of it, but there was enough real English mixed in to make her uncertain. The two other guys started talking about baseball and the university's success this year. She almost joined in their conversation, since she was a baseball fan, too, but she kept quiet. And she just padded down this dingy hallway following the men around several corners - and farther and farther away from her panties. She felt very, very vulnerable, but she knew that's what Knoxx was expecting her to feel as part of her punishment.

They went up some stairs, and it was even colder here. She wondered, "Did they already have the air conditioning turned on in this dump?", but she continued her silence and just padded on and on. Finally, they came to a room marked "Bayou" and they entered the sterile lab. It was only slightly warmer here than in the stairwell.

The 4 men found some chairs for themselves, and Beaupre said, "Amy, please sit there on the metal table." She did as instructed, but the table felt very cold on her bare ass. She shivered and clutched her arms to her chest. But then she realized that she probably wasn't supposed to cover herself in any way, and so, she put her hands behind her so that she was kind of sitting on them and slightly opened her legs, but her pussy still wasn't completely visible to them.

He continued, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, I'm sorry, I mean, Amy, I saw you give a puzzled look as we entered this room; probably the name 'Bayou', right?"

Amy smiled at the friendly man and said, "Yes, Dr. Beaupre, I was curious."

He smiled at her and said, "Please, these other guys call me 'Doctor Bo'. Please feel free to do the same; I think it's a cute play on the name of the early James Bond movie 'Doctor No'. But 'Doctor No' has a negative connotation to it, doesn't it? So, maybe think of it as 'Doctor Beau' spelled 'B-E-A-U', which means 'good' in French. Okay?'

She returned his smile and said, "Okay, uhh, Dr. Bo."

Beaupre went on, "Now the word 'Bayou'. Both Dr. LaSalle here and I are from New Orleans. We didn't know each other there, but when we set up this facility several years ago, our colleagues decided to give the labs and conference rooms names related to Louisiana - Delta, Tulane, Baton Rouge, Cajun, Bourbon Street, and Pontchartrain."

Amy smiled again and said, "Oh, that's cute."

Beaupre continued, "Before we start, let me give a little bit of history. As I said, this facility has been here for almost seven years. And as you probably know, Bancroft University has pretty close ties with Campbell-Frank College over in Vermont. You're aware of that, right?" Amy just nodded and Beaupre went on, "Well, there is a medical research organization called Chalfont that is affiliated with Campbell-Frank, and they have a department that does similar sexual research to ours. I used to work at Chalfont, and when Bancroft suggested setting up this facility, I jumped at the chance to lead it. Our organization is smaller than Chalfont, and we focus exclusively on the physiological aspects of sexual research whereas Chalfont does research in many other areas of medicine. We work closely with Chalfont, and we share information back and forth frequently. I continue to be good friends with those researchers, especially Dr. Harridance who was my mentor."

He continued, "Now, let me apologize for some of our facilities. We've always considered these to be temporary quarters. Maybe someday, we'll have our own brand new building, but until then we make do with this place. It's an old medical clinic built in 1965 or so, and as you'll probably see, we've fixed up one of the labs, but for the most part, we haven't done much to this place. The Louisiana-related room names kind of add a homey touch, don't you think?"

Amy smiled again at the friendly man and said, "Yes, it does, Dr. Bo. And what does 'Wytham' mean? Is that related to Louisiana; it doesn't sound like it?"

He smiled and said, "No, Amy. I had to call this place something, and I picked the name almost out of the air. Actually, I looked at a map of the area, and there is a stream nearby called 'Wytham Creek'. That's where I got the name, but I don't know where the creek got its name. If you Google it, you'll find references to it in England, but as far as I'm concerned, it's the name of a creek and now this research facility."

He tilted his head and gave Amy a slight smile. The naked girl smiled back and said, "Okay. Thanks."

Beaupre turned serious and said, "Let me sketch out what we want to do the next few hours. First, we'll do some sort of interview and then we want to do one of the experiments. Okay?" Amy nodded and he smiled as he went on, "These are going to seem like pretty personal questions, but then again, we do pretty personal stuff here. You've been naked, or almost naked, for over 2 days now. Can you tell us how you feel about being naked in public? I realize that the nudity is part of your punishment and you're probably pretty pissed off at being punished, but what I want to know is how you feel about being nude around many clothed people? Shamed? Turned On?"

Amy didn't expect this and she had to think for a moment before saying, "It's mostly embarrassment, and I guess that's what Dr. Knoxx wants as part of my punishment. But I have to admit that there is a little bit of exhilaration, too, and I guess you'd call that getting turned on."

Beaupre asked, "Any times that you were thinking, 'Hey look at me. I'm naked, and you're not.'?"

Amy shook her head, but she stopped and said, "Actually, there was once. On Tuesday at the end of a morning class, Modern Journalism, where I had to lead the discussion for the entire hour, I bowed to the class as I finished."

Beaupre said, "That's interesting. Were you wearing panties at the time or were you nude?"

"I was completely naked."

"Well, I'm not certain if this is really relevant to what we're going to be doing here, but let's pursue this a bit farther. Why did you bow to the class? Did the instructor tell you to?"

Amy replied, "No, I did it all on my own. And I don't really know why. I don't consider myself to be an exhibitionist."

"Have you ever been naked in public before? A nude beach? A nudist resort?"

"Nope. The streaking was the first time."

Beaupre said, "Let's see, you were streaking on Monday night and this bow in class happened Tuesday morning. Did something happen in between that might have encouraged you to do this?"

Amy pondered, "Actually, yes. The class was from 11 til noon, and so the bow was just before noon. At 10 AM, I had a meeting with Dr. Knoxx to discuss my punishment; I was nude during that meeting, too. He wanted to expel me from school right at that moment, but I essentially talked him out of it. I guess I was feeling pretty good about myself even though he told me that I had to remain completely naked until another meeting later in the day. And he told me not to attempt to cover myself in anyway during that time, and then he told the instructor to put me on display somehow during that 11 o'clock class. So, I guess by the time noon rolled around, I was feeling pretty good about not being expelled and about having endured the embarrassment of being on display in class. And that might be why I bowed. But I really don't know why I did it."

Beaupre responded, "Okay, as I said, I don't think that's important for our experiments. That was more of a psychological issue rather than a physiological issue, but when dealing with sexual research, psychology and physiology are often closely intertwined. But thanks for answering anyway. Next question, are you sexually active?"

Amy was stunned at such a personal question and she stammered, "Um, uh, . . ., I guess so."

LaSalle took over here, "What does that mean? When was the last time you had sexual intercourse?"

Amy blushed, "Actual sex? I'd say about a month ago."

"Why so long ago?"

Amy blushed some more, "Well, it was with my boyfriend. But about 3 weeks ago, we broke up, and I haven't been with anybody since."

Beaupre cut in, "You used the phrase 'actual sex' a moment ago. What did you mean by that?"

Amy was now bright red and getting a bit annoyed, "Well, that's the last time that he actually penetrated me. That is, that was the last time that a man's penis was in my vagina. Is that clear enough?"

Beaupre said apologetically, "Amy, I'm really sorry about this interrogation, but it might be important. Did you have any other sexual experiences with men after that? Fondling? Showering together? Anything like that?"

Amy was still annoyed, "Yes, but not with 'men' as you say, but with only one man - my ex-boyfriend, and only once after the last sexual intercourse. We were making out naked in his car, but somehow we got into a severe argument before actually having sex. And that argument led to us breaking up. All right? Do you want to know what the argument was about?"

Beaupre raised is hands in defense, "Amy, okay, that's what I wanted to know. Again, I'm sorry. Very well. Did you have an orgasm the last time you had sexual intercourse or during that make-out session in the car?"

Amy blushed some more and said, "Yes, when we had sex, but not in the car."

Beaupre kept on going, "And how many times did you come that time?"

"Just once."

"Okay. Did he use a condom?"

"Yes."

He went on, "When was the last time you had unprotected sex?"

"Never. I insist that the man wear a condom."

"Good for you. Do you also use birth control pills? If so, do you know the brand name?"

"Yes. The brand name is Alesse."

Beaupre continued, "Thanks. And I assume that since you've been so careful that you've never been pregnant, given birth, or had an abortion?"

Amy answered curtly, "That's correct."

"Now, let me ask about your period. When was your last period?"

Amy blushed again and then thought for a moment, "It ended on Sunday."

"This last Sunday?" Amy just nodded.

Beaupre continued, "And how long did it last?"

Amy said, "Three days."

Beaupre persisted, "Is that normal for you?" Amy nodded again. "And your normal cycle is 28 days?" And again she nodded. "Do you use tampons or sanitary napkins during your period?"

"Sanitary napkins. Kotex Ultra Thin pads to be specific." She was getting uncomfortable talking about such personal hygiene with him. But she had to admit to herself that she hadn't thought about it since her almost naked punishment began. So, she paused for a moment and did the arithmetic. Her next period would start a couple of days after graduation. She breathed a sigh of relief as she realized that she wouldn't have to worry about tampons or Kotex during this punishment period.

Beaupre looked at her quizzically and said, "Thanks. You seem to be thinking carefully about something. Did this discussion remind you of something important that we should know about?"

Amy replied irritatingly, "I was just calculating when my next period would begin. It should be about 3 weeks from today. I'll let you decide if that's important to your research. I know that it's important to me."

Beaupre sighed and said, "Okay, Amy. Just one more question, and this really is the last personal question. Have you ever had anal intercourse?"

"No. That sounds repulsive to me."

Beaupre said, "Okay, Amy, thanks. And again I am sorry about asking these things. Should we take a break now? Amy do you want coffee or need to use the restroom? Bottled water?"

Amy said a bit testily, "Yeah, I need to pee. Where's the women's restroom?"

She followed his directions and walked naked into the grungy restroom just down the hall. She did her business and decided to clean herself "down there" again, since she had just peed. Fortunately, there was no one else in the room and she used paper towels, soap, and water to clean herself thoroughly. She was still a bit ticked about being grilled like that about her sex life.

As she padded naked back down the hallway to the lab, one of the geeky guys that she'd seen in the lobby passed her in the hall. He gave her full up and down treatment with his eyes and said, "Hi, there." She just walked on without acknowledging him.

When she returned to the lab, the men were talking off to one side about baseball. She returned to her seat on the cold table. Her pubic hair was still wet from the washing, but she didn't care. She just wanted to be anywhere else in the world right now. But she had no choice.

LaSalle re-started the meeting by standing up and saying, "Amy, could you please come over and stand in front of me?"

She hesitated but did as he asked. Then he said, "Thanks, Amy. Now I'm going to examine your breasts."

She leaned back just a bit as he reached out and gently lifted her right breast with one hand and with his other hand touched the nipple and then traced around the areola. He repeated the same steps on her left breast. And then Beaupre came up and essentially repeated what LaSalle had just done but he kept going by lightly squeezing her breasts and twisting and pulling on her nipples for several more seconds. Then, the two men stepped to the side and had a whispered conversation; Amy thought she heard Eva Cobb's name mentioned. So, Eva had probably had this same thing done to her. But she wondered what else they had done to Eva? She was about to find out.

LaSalle said, "Very good. Now, Amy, we want to check out your buttocks area. Please bend over the metal table."

Amy was in a bit of a daze now, but she followed instructions and bent over the table supporting herself with her arms on the table top and her engorged breasts hanging down. She could detect two men behind her; she suspected they were Beaupre and LaSalle, but she wasn't sure. Then, she felt a hand on her left butt cheek and a second later another hand on her right cheek. The hands briefly massaged her butt. But Beaupre said, "Amy, I'm sorry but we can't see here very well. Could you lower your chest to the table and spread your legs a bit farther apart?"

She was like a robot now and she blindly followed the order. She flinched as her boobs pressed against the cold metal table top; she turned her head so that she could rest her head also on the table, her right cheek and ear were also on the cold table. She also rested her arms on the table at the sides of her head. And she spread her feet a little bit apart. Due to the short height of the table, this was an awkward position, but her ass was now elevated and the men could see her anus better. She then felt two hands grab her ankles and move her feet much farther apart.

As Amy lay there for a moment waiting for their hands to touch her somewhere, she heard the two men whispering together again. And, she thought she picked up the words "Eva Cobb", but otherwise, she didn't know what they were saying.

Beaupre raised his voice and said, "Amy, I'm sorry again. But this position still isn't sufficient either for our examination. So, let's have you get in a position that we've used with other volunteers. Please get up on the table on your hands and knees and then lower your head to the table; you can rest your head on your arms. Okay?"

Amy heard the word "volunteer" and thought to herself, "There's no fucking way that I'm volunteering my time and body here; I'm being forced to do this. But I have to do as they ask." And she climbed up onto the table on all fours, lowered her upper body resting her head on her arms, and waited. Again, two hands grabbed her ankles and spread them far apart, and then the hands reached in between her legs and spread her knees apart as well. Now her naked ass was at "working" height for the men; her asshole and vagina were in full view to everyone in the room except herself.

She felt two hands spread her butt cheeks and another hand lightly touch her anus. "Oh my God, this is super embarrassing", she thought. Then she jumped a little bit when the finger went part way into her asshole.

Beaupre said, "Sorry about that, but we're finished now. You can get down now."

She breathed a sigh of relief and sat up facing the men. Her eyes were glazing over as Beaupre said, "Okay, Amy, next we'd like you to lie on your back and spread your legs wide apart."

Amy had thought the examinations were over and she almost protested, but being the obedient subject, she lay back on the table. The table was getting warmer from all of her skin contact with it, but it was still pretty cool on her bare back.

She felt Beaupre grab her ankles, spread her legs, and say, "Amy, please bend your legs at your knees and then bend your knees outward as far as you can. If you want, you can hold them out there with your hands."

Amy had tears in her eyes now and she turned her head to the side. She just left her hands at her sides and spread her knees outward without using her hands. Her pussy was now wide open and in full view of the men.

Beaupre said, "Dr. Newman, please come over here and give us a hand."

Amy closed her eyes and tried to think of pleasant things as two hands grasped her outer pussy lips and spread them even wider apart. Another hand pulled at her little inner lips which were now a bit damp. And now her very private cavity was in clear view to the 3 men. The two older men were silent as they examined Amy's pussy; Newman only said, "She's getting a little wet; she's responding nicely."

The naked girl kept her eyes closed, but she knew she was blushing brightly now. And she flinched when one of the men stuck his finger into her opening. Then, a finger rubbed at her clit, and she felt him pulling at it to extract it from behind its little hood. She opened her eyes briefly and saw that it was Dr. Newman who was now massaging her clit to make it erect. She was getting really turned on now and she was breathing heavily; her stomach and breasts were rising and falling with each deep breath that she took. Amy didn't want to come in front of these men, but she might not be able to stop unless they quit stimulating her clit.

After a minute or so, Newman stopped and all the hands were removed from her crotch. She closed her legs and started to sit up, but Beaupre touched her shoulder and said, "Please, Amy, we're not done yet. Please lie back down and keep your legs open. Thanks."

She continued to lie there wide-spread as the 3 doctors plus the intern went over to a nearby cabinet. She heard them speaking quietly, but she couldn't understand what they were saying. Finally, they came back and she saw that LaSalle was holding a dildo-like thing with marks on it. Her first reaction at seeing it was to close her legs, but she resisted. LaSalle said, "Amy, we're going to measure your penetration depth. Please lay your legs flat on the table but keep them very wide apart, and we are going to insert this into your vagina."

The device was kind of like a cigar tube with a rounded tip, maybe three quarters of an inch in diameter, a foot long; it had ruler markings on the side.

LaSalle said, "Dr. Beaupre is going to hold your legs apart and I'm going to insert this lubricated tube to its maximum depth. Please just breathe normally." And he spread her pussy lips again and slowly pushed the tube into her vagina. She tried to look up between her breasts to watch, but she felt Newman's hands on her shoulders gently pushing her back down and he said, "It gets a more accurate reading if you're flat on the table." When the tube just reached her cervix, LaSalle stopped. He looked at the ruler markings and said, "Okay, we are at the cervix now and we don't want to force it any further. Eight inches. That's a bit deeper than average." He then removed the tube and said, "Amy, please lie still while I wipe the excess lubricant from your vagina." He grabbed a tissue and wiped it inside her pussy. Then, he said, "Okay, Amy, we're finished with that. You can sit up now."

Amy was really flustered now after this extremely intimate examination. She just sat there with her legs still wide spread and stared dully at the three doctors who were looking back at her.

Beaupre said, "Amy, you've been a real trooper here. We realize that you are not really doing this willingly, and since we are males, we don't really understand what it's like to go through those questions and examinations. But the information will really help us with our research, and we thank you for that. Now, usually we wait until a separate session before starting the experiments, but since we only have 3 sessions scheduled with you, we want to do one of the experiments today. But you might want to take some time to rest up before we start. Let's say half an hour from now. Does 3 o'clock sound about right?"

Amy just continued her dull gaze at him, and she merely nodded.

Beaupre said, "Okay, good. Let's break for now. Amy, we'll leave you alone; you can stay here as we go back to our offices. There are magazines over there by the couch. Feel free to stretch out on the couch and take a nap if you want. We'll be back at 3. Bye for now." And the men left leaving her sitting there naked on the cold metal table.

A nap sure sounded like a good idea, and she padded over to the couch and plopped down on the well worn fabric. Normally, she would have worried about bugs on such a ratty piece of furniture, but she just stretched out on it and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Amy awoke with a start not realizing exactly where she was. She looked around the strange room and then remembered where she was. She was on this cruddy couch, in this sterile lab room, in a creepy building on the farthest edge of the campus from her dorm. And she was completely naked with her only clothing, her panties, hanging on a hook somewhere in the labyrinth of hallways in this strange building.

She looked at her wrist to see what time it was, but since she was required to be completely nude, she had left her watch in her backpack, which was hopefully still close to her panties. Then she looked around the room and spotted a clock on the far wall. She couldn't read it from the couch; so, she got up and walked over and stared at it. It read 8:10. She shook her head vigorously to shake out the cobwebs. "Wasn't it about 2:30 in the afternoon when that awful examination ended?", she asked herself. "Did I really sleep til after 8 PM? Or maybe it's the next morning?" She just wasn't sure. But then she looked down and saw that the clock's power cord was just dangling there unplugged. "Oh swell, that's a big help".

She didn't want to go wandering naked down that icky hallway again just to find a clock if she could help it. And so, she decided to just wait for the men to return and read a magazine. She sorted through the stack of magazines, ignoring the several medical journals, and settled on a Lady's Home Journal from three years ago. She then spent about 5 minutes shuffling through the pages looking for some interesting article, and then the door opened. The four men from earlier walked in along with one new guy; she guessed him to be another intern probably only 18 or 19. She thought sarcastically, "Oh goodie, I get to show off my naked endowments to yet another dweeby youngster!"

Beaupre looked at her sitting on the couch, and he could tell that she had been sleeping. He said, "Hi, Amy, did you have a good nap?" She just smiled and nodded. "Good; sleep always helps. Please come back over here and sit on the table again, and we'll talk about what's next?"

As she got up, she could see the new guy's eyes glued on her pussy; he made her feel uneasy.

Beaupre said, "Amy, this is Travis Winstead. He's one of our lab assistants." Amy shook his clammy hand as he looked her up and down with a nerdy smile on his face.

Beaupre then said, "Before we talk about the experiments, we want you ask a favor of you. Would you consider shaving off all of your pubic hair? It would help us in our experiments down there. You don't have to give us an answer now, because those experiments won't be til next week or the week after. Will you think about it?"

Amy gave him a puzzled look and said, "Dr. Bo, I've already trimmed it quite a bit. Why do you want it all removed?"

Beaupre answered, "When we stimulate your clitoris, we need to attach a small device with adhesive tape to your skin above your vaginal lips, and pubic hair makes the adhesive tape not stick so well. Also, the adhesive tape would pull off quite a bit of hair when the tape is removed, and that could hurt you. And we think removing your hair would prevent chafing as well and that would be more comfortable for you."

Amy still wasn't sure, "Okay, I'll think about it, but I'd really prefer to keep the hair that's down there now."

"Thanks. Let us know next week." And then he nodded at LaSalle.

LaSalle then took over, "Amy, let me explain the experiments that we want to do. You probably heard us mention SPS earlier. Sorry for the geek speak, but that stands for 'Single Point Stimulation'. As you know, during sexual intimacy, there is a lot of touching of between the two partners. Lips, hair, neck, arms, etc as well as the sexual organs such as the penis, breasts, buttocks, clitoris, etc. What we want to do with one session of SPS is to stimulate only a single point on the body and see what the reaction is. Doing this over a large number of points on many bodies we can get a good idea of which spots will provide the most excitement. That is to say, which spots generate the most bang for the buck. Does that make sense?"

Amy was listening closely and said, "Yes, I understand so far."

LaSalle went on, "Well, what we would like to do is to stimulate 3 points on your body. One today and one each of the next two Thursdays. The three likely spots would be left nipple, right nipple, and clitoris. We would also like to try the G-spot during the same session as the clitoris, but we may not have time for that; we'll see how it goes then. Today we will do your left nipple. That will mean attaching a stimulating device to the nipple and then reading the reaction from some sensors that we will attach to your skin in various places. Okay? Any questions?"

Amy shuddered and looked down at her left breast, but she had no choice except to agree, "Okay. What do I do?", she said hesitantly.

LaSalle said, "Well, let's go down the hall to Cajun where we have the correct equipment. Oh, sorry, 'Cajun' is the name of another lab. Please follow me." Naked Amy was surrounded by the group of 5 dressed men as they walked down the hall and into the lab. She gasped as she entered, because this place was much bigger and much more modern than the smaller Bayou lab she had just been in, if indeed you could even call that room a lab at all. This room was huge and it had auditorium seating. There was a strange looking chair in the middle of the stage area; it had a hole in its seat and cuffs on its arms. Was that for her?

But as she feared, they led her up the steps and asked her to sit in that chair. She looked at Beaupre with pleading eyes and said, "Oh Dr. Bo, this looks pretty intense. And why are there all those cushioned seats out there? Are there going to be a bunch of people watching this experiment? Nobody told me about people watching."

Beaupre detected her uneasiness and tried to relieve her concern by saying, "Amy, let me explain what we're going to do. And no, there won't be any more people in here today; just you and the 5 of us. We are using this room, because it is the only room that has the equipment we need."

From a drawer, he got out a strange looking box to which were attached two tubes with suction-cup looking things on the end. He said, "Usually, we attach both of these cups, one to each breast, but today we will only attach one of them to your left breast. When the device is turned on, you'll detect a pulsating sensation similar to having your nipple lightly massaged. And then we will attach these electronic sensors using adhesive tape to several places on your body - forehead, chest, below your bellybutton, and inner thighs. As you become aroused, the sensors will detect changes in your galvanic skin response and feed that data into the console computer. We will let it run for about 15 minutes, let you rest for a while, run it again for 15 minutes, let you rest again, and finally run it for 15 more minutes. It will take just a little over an hour, and then you can clean up in the shower down the hall and be on your way."

Amy asked, "What does 'galvanic' mean?"

LaSalle said, "Galvanic skin response. It has to do with electrical resistance in the skin surface. It's the way that lie detectors work. The resistance changes due to emotional reactions such as telling a lie or reacting with fright. In our case, we want to measure the emotional response to a sexual stimulation."

Amy was still nervous and asked, "Okay. But why use a machine to stimulate my breast? Why not a human being?"

He said, "Good question. A human would not consistently apply just the right amount of stimulation. We want to vary the stimulation slightly during the experiment, and it would be difficult for a human to get it just right. Anything else?"

Amy said, "You didn't mention my genital area. So, can I at least wear my panties during this experiment?" She immediately regretted having said this, but it was too late now.

In a very official voice, Beaupre said, "Umm, Miss Suzuki, it was our understanding that you would be nude during these experiments. We think that since couples are usually nude during the stimulation of lovemaking, we want to simulate at least the nudity part of the experience in our experiment. But if you wish, I can call Dr. Knoxx and ask him about this?"

Amy quickly said, "No, no. I momentarily forgot, that's all. Please go ahead."

LaSalle said, "Okay, let's do it. Logan, you're the expert at this; so go ahead and attach the one cup and the sensors. Travis, you man the console."

Amy said, "What are these cuffs for? Are you going to cuff my wrists?"

"No. Those are for another experiment. We might use them with you in your final visit, but probably not. You can just lay your arms on the arms of the chair."

Cranfield brought one of the tubes with the suction cup over to Amy's chair. He kneeled down, gently lifted her left breast in one hand, twisted the nipple a few times with the other, and then stuck the cup onto her nipple. She was surprised it stayed in place, but it did. She was embarrassed to have had her breast touched by this geeky young kid; she thought of herself as being much older than him even though the age difference was only 2 or 3 years.

Then, he attached the sensors with adhesive tape. Two on her forehead, one above each breast, one just above her pubic hair, one on each thigh near her pussy. Again, she was revolted by his clinical touch.

He then yelled up to Winstead, "Let her rip, Travis." Winstead flipped a switch and adjusted a knob on the device and then he clicked the OK button on the computer program that was going to be recording her responses.

Amy leaned back in the big chair, and after Beaupre pulled the lever to extend the chair's foot rest, she put her feet up and closed her eyes. The stimulation was actually very pleasurable, but she sure hoped that she would not have an orgasm here in front of these men. But she could feel herself being sexually aroused. "Not bad, not bad at all", she thought to herself.

The 15 minutes passed quickly. Beaupre said, "Logan, disconnect the cup and the sensors. Amy you are free to stretch, use the restroom, whatever, for the next 5 minutes."

As she stood up and stretched, Beaupre asked, "Well, how was it?"

She smiled and said, "Actually, it felt surprisingly good. I was apprehensive when it started, but it really wasn't too bad at all."

"Good. Rest for a couple of minutes, and then we'll hook up everything again", he said.

The rest of the session went by smoothly. Amy had dozed off during each of the last two 15-minute episodes. She hadn't come to full orgasm, but she was definitely turned on by the stimulation.

Cranfield removed the cup from the nipple and lightly massaged her left breast. She thought, "Was that little massage really necessary? He just got in a free feel." But she looked down at her left nipple and saw that it was huge; it was stretched out obscenely. She reached over with her right hand and massaged it herself. She hoped it would return to normal before she had to walk back across campus.

Beaupre said, "Amy, we're finished for today. It's a little after 4 o'clock now. If you want to take a quick shower, there's one down the hall in the women's washroom. Please come back to my office afterwards to get your stuff. Okay?"

Amy was still slightly aroused, but she said, "Yeah, I'd like to shower. But I don't remember how to get back to your office. I wasn't keeping track when we walked through the maze of hallways earlier."

"Oh, sorry about that. You're right about this building being a maze. I'll wait for you here and lead you back downstairs."

Amy thanked him and shuffled out the door, naked, of course, to the ladies' restroom. The quick hot shower felt really good. She dried herself off and walked back down the hallway. She silently passed another young "kid" wearing a white coat who even stopped and gawked at her naked body.

As she approached the Cajun lab again, she looked down at her left breast. It was still noticeably extended, and she rubbed it some more without any effect. She looked up and saw Beaupre in the hallway outside the door waiting for her. He said, "Your nipple should return to normal in 10 or 15 minutes. Are you feeling refreshed after your shower?"

She smiled at the friendly man and said, "Yes, thanks, Dr. Bo. Now, this time I will try to pay closer attention on the route back to your office. I sure don't want to get lost naked in here."

The well-dressed man and the totally naked girl looked like a strange couple as they walked down the hallway. Beaupre said hello to several people who had looked them over while passing them in the hall. Meanwhile, Amy was taking careful mental notes about the route that they were taking; this building had a very confusing layout.

As they approached room 144, Amy was relieved to see her panties still hanging on the hook beside the door. She and Beaupre went into the waiting room, and Amy went over to get her backpack. She quickly reached in to check her cell phone; no messages from Linda. She looked at Beaupre and said, "Well, is that all for today?"

Beaupre replied, "Yes, Amy, that's all. We thank you for coming. You are providing us with very useful information, and I guess we will see you next Thursday at the same time." And he opened the door for her, and they stepped into the hallway.

Amy put down her backpack, grabbed her panties, and put them on. Beaupre watched her more closely than necessary while she brought the white bikini panties up her long pretty legs. And several other geeky guys in lab coats were watching from down the hall as well. She said good-bye and walked down the hall toward the exit. All of the male eyes followed her pretty panty-covered butt as she left.

She breathed a big sigh of relief as she walked out of the building and into the warm sunlight of the nice springtime afternoon.

Her next destination was Knoxx's office in Kameron Hall on the other side of campus. It would be a long walk, but she had plenty of time. She attracted lots of stares from students and staff as she walked almost naked along the pathways. She glanced down at her left nipple, and it was still distended more than the right one. She wondered if anyone noticed the difference. But she was more disturbed about the damp feeling between her legs. She was still aroused from the experiment. And she was certain that the dampness was showing on her panties. The passing walkers were seeing the very visible signs of her arousal. She thought, "This is so embarrassing, but what can I do except to endure it?"

And there were more calls of "Hey, Underpants Amy" along the way. She tried to ignore these, but they got under her mostly naked skin. She didn't like her new nickname.

**Chapter 13 -The Definitive Discipline Document**

Amy made her way across the quad and into the administration building. Were her panties getting even wetter? She wasn't sure, but she was very aware of the dampness down there and of the many people who were looking at her panties. It was 4:50 PM, and the hallway to the Chancellor's office was very crowded with people just leaving for the day. Many more stares and another mention of "Underpants Amy"; she even thought she heard some guy say something about a "wet panties contest". Would this embarrassment ever end? And this was only her third day!

She was relieved to find Knoxx's waiting room empty except for the stern looking secretary. Amy smiled at her and said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Duckworth." The secretary grunted some response and motioned her to approach her desk. Duckworth said, "Miss Suzuki, please turn around so I can verify that you are wearing approved panties." Amy did as instructed so that Mrs. Duckworth could see the red mark on the band of the white panties. Duckworth continued, "Okay, you can take them off and hang them on the hook."

Amy turned back to face her and said, "Can't I keep them on til the meeting starts?" Again, she regretted this almost as soon as the words came out of her mouth.

The secretary said, "Of course not! Dr. Knoxx told me very clearly that you are required to be nude whenever you are in this office, and that includes this waiting area. Please remove them now!"

Amy just sighed and slid them down her legs to the floor exposing her wet pussy to Mrs. Duckworth. As Amy lifted her panties from the floor, she was shocked to see how wet they were, and she was now very aware of the smell in the room coming from her pussy and now her removed panties. She blushed as she walked over to the penis hook. She was only slightly surprised to see yesterday's flesh-colored panties still hanging there; she added her wet white panties to the hook.

She came back, looked back at the secretary, and asked, "Can I please have a towel to sit on?" Actually, she wanted several towels to dry herself off down there, but she only asked for one.

But Mrs. Duckworth said, "No. You're too wet to sit down. Please just go stand over there next to the wall." She pointed to a spot near the phallic-shaped hook.

Sullenly, Amy turned around and went back next to the hook. She was now in clear view for anyone who came into the waiting area. Naked and damp. At least her left nipple had returned to normal although both of her nips were hardening a little bit due to this additional embarrassment.

A minute later, Ken Marriott came in the outer door. She smiled at him, but she also noticed the stunned look on his face when he saw and smelled her. He quickly smiled back at her, and as he came over to shake her hand, he said, "Hi, Amy, how are you?"

Amy replied, "Okay, I guess considering everything."

Marriott said, "Good. Let's chat for a few minutes before the meeting. Come over here and sit down where we can talk quietly."

Amy said, "Okay, but Mrs. Duckworth asked me not to sit down." She waved her hand towards her own damp pussy to indicate why. "You go ahead and sit down, and I'll stand."

They went over to the far side of the small room as far from the secretary as was possible. Marriott sat in the easy chair and Amy stood in front of him. She bent over so they could hear each other; her pretty hanging boobs and wet pussy only inches from his face. He said, "This is awkward. Let me stand up."

He got up and said just above a whisper, "Did you review the document?" She nodded. And he continued, "I looked it over myself in some detail. The description of the community service projects is a bit vague. And there's a clause that says 'The committee can assign other community service tasks as it deems necessary.' I'm going to ask them to remove that. Did you have any other changes to make?"

Amy laughed and said, "You mean other than to just tear the whole thing up and let me go back to my normal dressed life?"

He chuckled at her sarcasm and said, "Yeah, other than that."

She said more seriously, "I agree about the projects. Maybe we can specify the time limits? Or maybe specify exactly which ones require nudity?"

He said, "Good ideas. I'll mention it to them. Also, I want to ask about weekends. Will there be a 5 o'clock meeting on the Saturdays and Sundays? If not, what about fresh panties to wear those days?"

She nodded her agreement and was about to say something when Knoxx's door opened, and he came out. Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki, Mr. Marriott. Please come in and let's get started."

They followed him into the office. Amy was a bit surprised that it was only her, Marriott, and Knoxx in the office; the other 4 committee members were not present. But that was okay with her.

She just stood as Knoxx had told her, and Marriott sensed that he should stand up as well. But Knoxx took his seat behind his desk.

Knoxx said, "Well, good afternoon. How shall we begin? Umm, oh, Miss Suzuki, I see that you've trimmed your pubic hair. It looks good, but it's a bit wet and I can detect some feminine odor as well. Are you aroused now?" Amy's blush was now a beet red, and she merely nodded. Knoxx continued, "Well, why don't I give you some towels to clean yourself up before we proceed?"

Amy was still blushing brightly and said, "Okay, 4 or 5 should work, and I'll go into your conference room for a minute and clean up, if that's okay."

Knoxx handed her several paper towels and said, "No, I'm sorry but there are a bunch of private papers spread out on the table in there. So, just clean up here and we'll wait for you to finish."

Amy was extremely embarrassed as she wiped her pussy with the towels and fluffed up her pubic hair in front of the two men. As she tossed the damp towels into the trash, Knoxx handed her another one and said, "I remember what I said yesterday about your standing during these meetings, but since your lawyer is here today, I think you both should be seated. So, please have a seat using this towel." And he motioned them to the couch.

Knoxx went on, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, let's start with what you did today. Did you . . ."

But Marriott interrupted saying, "Excuse me, Dr. Knoxx, but could we discuss the document first? We have a few changes to propose, and maybe we can get Mrs. Duckworth to type them up for us while we are discussing other things. I'd like to get that document finalized today so that I can return home tomorrow morning. Does that sound okay?"

Knoxx smiled and said, "Of course, Mr. Marriott, that's a good idea. What changes would you like to propose?"

"Well, we think the description of the community service activities is too vague. For example, all it said for today was 'Wytham' and for tomorrow 'Art Class'. Amy would like to have more of a description for an activity, the scheduled start and end times, and whether or not she'll be required to be nude for the activity. How do you feel about that?"

Knoxx pondered this for a moment before saying, "Ummmm, okay, let's see what we can work out. It looks to me as if there are six different activities listed here - Wytham, art class, usher, foundation, secretary, and cheerleading. How about we discuss each one separately?"

Amy and Marriott looked at each other, and Marriott said, "Sounds like a good way to proceed. Wytham first?"

Knoxx turned to Amy and said, "Well, I heard that you were at Wytham this afternoon. So, you probably know better than I do how that is going to work. Can you give me a brief description that I can write down here? Also, did you discuss exact times with them?"

The naked girl replied, "Yes, I was there this afternoon. A brief description would be 'sexual stimulation experiments at Wytham Institute'. We agreed on 1:30PM til 4:30PM on Thursday."

Knoxx scribbled on a notepad and said, "Art class?"

But Marriott interjected, "Nudity at Wytham?"

Amy blushed and said, "Yes, I'm required to be entirely naked for the experiments."

Knoxx said, "Okay, can we go on to art class?" They agreed and he continued, "I worked this out with Marie, umm, I mean, Professor Whiteside, and she would like you to come at 9 AM and pose naked for that hour-long drawing class. Is that clear enough?"

Marriott glanced at Amy, who shrugged and said, "Fine."

Knoxx said, "Good. Now, ushering at the concert. Let's see the university calendar shows that this is on Saturday afternoon at 2 PM in the performing arts theater; the university orchestra is performing several Mozart pieces. I assume that this lasts for 2 hours or so. Mr. Middleton is the point man for organizing this, and he told me that he'd like you there by 12:30 to help with pre-concert things like setting up tables and signs in the lobby - that kind of thing. Then you would hand out programs and show people to their seats - usual ushering activities. And then Middleton wants you for an hour or so afterwards to clean up and take down. As I said yesterday, you can wear your panties while ushering, but nothing else."

Amy thought to herself, "Oh, that's going to be awful. Being almost naked around nicely dressed concert goers is going to be humiliating." But she took a breath and said to Knoxx, "Okay, please include what you just said in the description." Knoxx scribbled some more notes.

Knoxx said, "Okay, got it. BUF on Sunday? Gavin Farmer told me that he wants you at the foundation office at 9AM to help him with some sort of publication; he thinks your journalistic skills will come in handy. And then, about noon they are having a reception for a group of alumni, and you will help serve the hors d'oeuvres and drinks. You'll be nude during the reception. I think he also wants you naked while working earlier in the morning, but I'm not sure. I will leave that up to him. And let's see, he said, the reception would last til about 3 o'clock. Is that clear enough?"

The naked girl closed her eyes as she realized this would be even more embarrassing than ushering, because she would be completely naked, in closer contact with nicely dressed people, and for a longer period of time. She quietly said, "Yes, that's clear." And Knoxx wrote some more notes.

The man continued, "Filling in for Mrs. Duckworth? The other day, I may have said that you'd fill in as my secretary in the afternoon. I was mistaken about that; she wants to take the time off in the morning from 8 til 11 AM. This will be usual secretarial work - typing, answering the phone, greeting visitors, getting coffee, etc. You will be naked while doing this; you will hang your panties on the hook. Clear enough?"

She blushed and just said "Okay" as he scribbled on his notepad.

Knoxx kept going, "Cheerleading? I'm not clear about this exactly. Mindy Rafferty is the head cheerleader, and she'll be coordinating this. Do you know her?"

Amy said, "No, only by sight."

"Well, I know she wanted to do the practice next Friday. I believe that they practice in the evening in the field house. Let's write down 7 PM til 9 PM for now, and I'll tell her to set up the practice then. And let's see the calendar shows that the baseball game itself is at 1 PM on Sunday afternoon. You should arrive at noon. It will be over about 4 PM, I guess. Nudity? Let's say yes for now, but I'll discuss it with Miss Rafferty. Okay?"

Amy thought this was still a bit fuzzy, but she just said, "Okay, I guess."

Knoxx said, "Good. Now any other changes you want to propose?"

Marriott said, "What about ground crew work?"

Knoxx said, "Oh, sorry, I overlooked that. I spoke with Mr. Thorson yesterday, and he would like you to help with various things from 9 AM til about 4 PM a week from Saturday. This would include pulling weeds, sweeping sidewalks, emptying trash cans. That sort of thing. And he will want her naked for that. Is that clear enough?"

Amy blanched. There goes another whole day down the drain. Final exams were the next week after that weekend, and she would lose the studying time. But on top of that she treasured her weekends like she did her Thursdays, because she had no classes and had lots of free time. And now she would lose an entire Saturday - and she would be naked the entire day.

She turned to Marriott with a distressed look on her face, but she realized that it wouldn't do much good to complain. She quietly said, "Okay."

Knoxx said, "Good. Let's see now, did I overlook anything else? Umm, I don't think so. Now any other changes you want to propose?"

Marriott spoke up, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx, here's a clause that reads 'The committee can assign other community service tasks as it deems necessary.' We feel that it should be removed; it's too open ended."

Knoxx immediately shook his head, "Oh no, we can't do that. We need to be able to make sure that this punishment is severe enough. The committee may decide as time goes by that we are being too lenient on Miss Suzuki, and we may need to assign more community service to make the punishment harsher. Also, we need some leeway to punish her if she breaks some of the rules that we have established here. Obviously, if she breaks them badly enough, such as starting to wear clothes or not doing the community service, we will just expel her immediately. But some other minor infraction, maybe something like covering herself too much with her hands, would justify only some additional community service."

The lawyer responded, "Okay, if that's what you meant, then let's put such wording into the document rather than the open ended phrase."

"Okay, I'll go for that." And they spent the next several minutes negotiating. And they came up with a paragraph that was acceptable to each side.

Knoxx then said, "That's good. Anything else?"

Marriott said, "It's not clear to us if there will be a 5 PM meeting with you on Saturday and Sunday. Could you please clarify that?"

Knoxx replied, "I apologize for not making that clear. But yes, I will be here at 5 o'clock each day over the weekend. Same rules - nude in this office, hang panties on the hook, review the day's events, fresh pair of panties for the next day. There may be some other committee members here as well, but I don't know that right now. And it will probably be a short meeting on those days. Okay?"

Marriott said, "Thanks for clearing that up, Dr. Knoxx. We don't have any other issues right now."

Knoxx then said, "Very good. Now, let's work together on the wording for the document about the description of the community service projects. Why don't you two come around behind me, and watch as I scribble on the document itself?"

Before Amy could say anything, Marriott said, "Okay, come on, Amy," and he guided her to stand on Knoxx's right side while he stood on Knoxx's left.

Now Amy's pussy was only a few inches from Knoxx's arm and his face was right at the level of her boobs only inches away. But she said nothing.

Knoxx started transcribing the notes from his notepad to the document with a pencil. He wrote in the Wytham info in the margin and pointing it out to Amy and Marriott. Amy had to bend over to get close enough to read it, and her left breast brushed his shoulder and his hand as she leaned over. This was repeated for each of the other community service activities. More bending and slight touching. Also, Amy noticed Knoxx looking at her dangling breasts and her naked pussy while she was bending there so close to him.

When they finished, Knoxx picked up the document, got up quickly from his chair, jostled briefly with Amy who hadn't moved quickly enough to get out of his way, and took the document with the handmade changes out to Mrs. Duckworth to edit into the original computer version.

When Knoxx returned, Amy and Marriott had returned to the couch. Knoxx said, "Okay, Lorene said it would only take a few minutes for her to make those changes. Now, let's go through the other things I had on my mental agenda for this meeting. First, Miss Suzuki, did you complete the two community service things today? The notices and the visit to Wytham? I saw a few of the notices around campus at noontime; did you get them all up?"

Amy thought to herself, "He said 'visit to Wytham' as if it were an afternoon tea party or something." But aloud she just said, "Yes, each of the campus bulletin boards have one of the notices posted and the others are on telephone or lamp poles. Oh, and here is your key back." And she retrieved the bulletin board key from her backpack and handed it to him.

She added, "And yes, as I mentioned, I went to the Wytham building this afternoon and they ran a stimulation experiment on me. I'll go back there next Thursday."

Knoxx persisted, "Can you briefly tell us about the experiment?"

Amy blushed and quickly said, "They stimulated my left nipple and measured my body's reaction to it with some electronic sensors."

She didn't want to describe it any further, but Knoxx persisted. "Why only the left nipple? Is there something wrong with your right nipple?"

She continued to blush and tried to think of a way to cut this conversation short, because she didn't want to get into the embarrassing details such as having her vaginal depth measured or having the nerdy kid attach the suction cup to her tit. "No, nothing wrong the right one. The experiment is called 'Single Point Stimulation' and it literally means that - stimulating one single point on my body, not two or more."

This seemed to satisfy the creepy old man, because he just said, "Okay, I'm glad to hear that you did the community service things today. Now, let me remind you about art class tomorrow morning. Ms. Whiteside is excited about having you pose for her class; she has another model, Miss Cobb, but she likes the variety that a new naked body can bring to the class. You can find her in Wakefield Hall, the art department building, and you will report there at 9 o'clock and do the poses that the Professor asks you to do until the end of that class. She said that she would be in the classroom; she didn't say exactly which one, but there are only a few in that building; so, you should be able to find it. Any questions about that?"

Amy just looked at him and said, "No, I will find the room."

Knoxx then said, "I guess Linda Hathaway isn't back yet from her trip to Boston? I thought maybe she might come with you today."

Amy answered, "No, I haven't heard from her. I left her a message on her desk to call me when she returned, but she hasn't yet. I assume that she'll be back this evening sometime."

"Well, okay. But please impress upon her the importance of coming with you tomorrow at 5 o'clock."

Amy said, "All right. I'll talk with her tonight."

"That's all I've got. Now let's go out and see if Lorene has finished editing the document yet", Knoxx said.

The two nicely dressed men and the naked girl walked back into the waiting room. Tyson Laird, the school's legal counsel, was just stepping out of his office as they appeared, and he stared admiringly at the pretty nude young lady. He came over and said, "Hello, Miss Suzuki. You are looking very nice today as usual." He laughed at his own bad joke. Amy just said, "I'm fine thanks."

The secretary said she had made the edits, but she hadn't proofread them yet. She asked Amy, Knoxx, and Marriott to come behind her desk and look over her shoulder at the computer screen to see the before and after versions of the document to make sure that the new version was acceptable. When Laird heard this, he said to Knoxx, "You know, Cal, since this is a legal document, I should review it, too. But first, why don't you give me a quick verbal description of the changes?" And Knoxx filled in Laird about the modifications that had been negotiated. Knoxx then said, "Tyson, why don't you come back here behind Lorene's desk, too, and we'll all review it together?"

Laird said, "Good idea", and he squeezed back behind the desk, too. There were now 5 people in the cramped space behind the desk, and Laird took a place right behind Amy. First, she felt his warm breath on her neck, and then she felt his hand on her back as he leaned in to look at the documents on the computer screen. And finally she felt his other hand rest on her bare butt. She knew that this was not an accident and that it was not needed for support while he was leaning either; he was just doing it to feel her up. She glanced over at him with a stern look on her face, but she said nothing - and he did not remove his hand from her ass either.

After a couple of minutes, Knoxx said, "How does it look to everyone?" They all agreed that it looked okay on the computer display, and Knoxx asked Mrs. Duckworth to print out 5 copies so that the assembled group could review the official document.

The group of 5 retreated from behind the desk as Mrs. Duckworth went to the printer nearby. Amy quickly moved to the other side of the room to get away from the wandering hands of the icky Tyson Laird. She needed to watch out for this man.

They all reviewed the printed document and agreed that it was what they all wanted. Amy, Marriott, and Knoxx then signed it. Amy bent over to put her copy in her backpack, and too late, she realized that she was giving Laird a free view of her ass and vulva.

Knoxx said, "Okay, folks, I think that's all for tonight. Miss Suzuki, I see that you've hung your panties as requested, and I'll go in and get a fresh pair for you to wear home. I'll be right back."

She stood there with her arms folded under her breasts glaring at Tyson Laird, who in turn was staring at her bare pussy - not her eyes.

Knoxx returned with a pair of flesh-colored panties and handed them to her. She blushed as she slid them on in front of the 3 men and the secretary.

She touched Marriott's elbow to urge him to follow her out the door. She just said, "Good night" as they left. She and the lawyer ate dinner again at the Student Union cafeteria, and unlike last night, it was only chit-chat at dinner along with the many stares from nearby diners looking at the topless girl. He gave her a ride back to the dorm, and they hugged awkwardly in the car. As she got out of the car, he said, "Amy, it's been nice to meet you even if it was under strange circumstances. Please, please call me if you need anything. Even though I won't be here, I will be thinking about you. Good luck these next few weeks."

She said, "Thanks, Mr. Marriott. I appreciate what you've done for me. Good-bye." As he drove away, she stood there in the twilight and dressed only in a small pair of "naked"-colored panties, and she realized that a good part of her moral support system was leaving her; she'd have to get through the rest of this 3-week ordeal without his readily available help.

**Chapter 14 - Conversation with Linda**

It was about 7 PM when Amy got back to her room after several catcalls from the guys in the dorm lobbies. Still no sign of Linda. She was actually beginning to worry about her good friend, but Linda had not given her any indication about what time she would return today. But Amy had homework to do, because there really wouldn't be time in the morning. "It's time to think about something besides my troubles", she told herself out loud in the empty room.

She spent half an hour quickly reading the assignment for Psychology and then about an hour finishing up the big Formal Logic assignment. She was glad that she had finished that; Formal Logic was not one of her favorite courses. Professor Bailey hadn't assigned anything specific for Public Speaking, but he had told the students to keep track of current events, because they could be called on at any time to make an extemp speech. So, Amy spent a while looking at the day's headlines online and skimming the articles on nytimes.com. And about 9 o'clock, just as she was about to start thinking about her Composition class, the door opened and Linda Hathaway walked in.

Linda saw her roommate sitting at her desk and said, "Hi, Amy, how . . . ". But she stopped immediately when she realized that Amy was not dressed. And she turned her eyes away. She then said, "Oh, I'll let you put on a robe and then we can talk."

Amy said, "Oh, Lindy, I'm so glad that you're back. It's great to see you. But I can't put on a robe now. Please get yourself settled and we can talk."

Linda said, "But Sooz, you're naked. Why don't you have any clothes on?" And before Amy could answer, Linda noticed that Amy was wearing the flesh-colored panties, and she said, "Oh, sorry, you're not completely nude. But why?"

Amy said, "Lindy, I'm being punished for streaking on Monday night. Haven't you heard yet? Didn't you see the notices on all the campus bulletin boards?"

Linda was shocked, "No, you were streaking??!! I hadn't heard, and it was dark when the bus dropped me off out front and I didn't read the bulletin board."

Amy nodded and was about to say something when Linda continued, "But when I walked into the dorm lobby, I noticed a bunch of guys looking at me. They were whispering, and the only word that I could make out was 'underpants'. Were they talking about you?!!"

Amy blushed and said, "Yeah, they probably were talking about me. It's so embarrassing. But please do your unpacking and other stuff, and then I'll explain what happened."

Linda said, "Okay, but the very first thing I need to do is to go use the bathroom. My bladder is overflowing." And she put down her luggage and went out the door.

Amy continued to sit at her desk and thought about how to break all of this unpleasant news to Linda. They had been good friends for the last 3 years, since meeting in a freshman English class, and they had been roommates for the last three years. Linda was a senior in Computer Science, and she was on track to graduate with honors in a few weeks. She had also lined up a job near Boston, a programming job at a biotech company, and the two of them had found an apartment down there that they were going to share. Linda was a nice looking girl, but she didn't have Amy's ravishing looks. Linda was a little shorter and a little heavier with her blonde hair styled in a short bobbed cut. But Linda was very smart; Amy considered her friend to be much smarter than herself. Amy had had trouble at first with her computer and math classes, but Linda had helped her get going.

Another difference between the two girls was that Linda was more sexually liberated than Amy. At least up til Amy's Monday night streaking incident. The previous summer Linda had spent a couple of weeks at a nude resort in the Caribbean, and Amy had blushed while Linda was telling her some of the stories of what went on at that place. And Linda had been sexually active since she was 15 whereas Amy was a virgin til age 18 at college. Also, Linda was often dressed only in panties and bra in the dorm room; Amy was always covered until tonight. And yet, it was Amy who had been caught streaking.

When Linda returned to the room, she immediately went over and gave her friend a tight hug. Amy's nipples were pressed against Linda's sweater. Linda then said, "Okay, buddy, let me have it. Tell me the story."

And Amy spent the next hour recounting her experiences of the last 3 days. Mostly, Linda just listened, but she did ask a few questions along the way.

Amy concluded with, "And so that's my story. What do you think?"

Linda said, "Oh, Sooz, why didn't you call me that first night? Why wait til now?"

Amy apologized, "Lindy, I'm sorry. I really did think about calling you, but I didn't want to interrupt your trip. You said that this trip is a big part of your grade for the Art Appreciation course. Also, I thought it would be better to do it face to face."

Linda paused and said, "Okay, I guess. But I could have worked out something with the Art Appreciation instructor. But you're right, face to face is better." She paused for a moment and added, "You know, if someone told that story to our friends leaving out your name, they would have said that the story was about me, not you. And yet it's you who's standing here with her boobs hanging out for the world to see!" And they both burst out laughing.

Amy turned serious and said, "Chancellor Knoxx would like for you to come to the 5 o'clock meeting with me tomorrow. Is that okay?"

Linda was taken aback a bit by this and said, "Why does he want to see me? Did I do something wrong, too?"

Amy said, "Oh no, nothing like that. He said that he wants you to hear their side of this story as well as mine. I'm not exactly sure why."

Linda said, "Sure, I'll go. And that way I get to see your naked pussy as well as your great tits! Just kidding." And they both chuckled.

Then Linda said, "You know, Amy, if it were me, I'd be counting the days til graduation. Maybe that's just because I'm kinda geeky, but how about we set up a calendar and we'll X-out each day as it goes by. It might help you get through this ordeal a little bit easier."

Amy said, "Thanks, that's a great idea." And they printed out a calendar page from her computer, and Amy put a big X through Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. "Only 17 days left!", the bare breasted girl said proudly. And she gave her best friend another big hug.

**Underpants Amy - Days 4 & 5**

**May 4, Friday**

**Chapter 15 - First Art Class**

On Friday morning, Amy told Linda, "Since I've got a bunch of classes today, we probably won't see each other. So, why don't we just plan to meet at the Chancellor's office in Kameron just before 5 o'clock?"

Linda said, "Sounds good to me."

Amy laughed and said, "You won't have any trouble finding me. I'll be on full naked display for you."

Linda laughed. They hugged again. And Amy set off for Wakefield Hall. She felt better about things now that Linda was back, but she was uneasy about her first time as a nude model.

She scurried up the steps into Wakefield Hall about 8:50 AM anxious to get out of the cool weather. Her nipples were hard from the cold breeze. She was covered in goosebumps as she walked down the hallway looking for Dr. Whiteside, who she knew only by sight. There were a few people in the hallway, but she ignored them and she looked in the first two classrooms that she came to, but they were empty. The door to the third one was closed, but she could tell that a class was in session. She tentatively opened the door and immediately spotted Whiteside, who waved her in.

Amy was surprised to see Eva Cobb posing on the platform for the class - in all of her naked glory. It was kind of a subdued pose; Eva was standing with one hand resting on a 4-foot pedestal, the other on her hip, and one leg slightly bent at the knee, toes flared out just a bit. And Amy thought, "Well, very shortly it will be my turn." Then, she looked a little more closely and noticed that Eva's clitoris was poking out between her lips; Eva's shaved pussy made it easy to see such a detail. Amy wondered if Eva did this intentionally or whether it had just happened while she was posing there? Amy thought about her own clit knowing that it had a tendency to stick out a little bit, but with her full bush of pubic hair, her own clitoris would not be as noticeable as Eva's was now.

But before Amy could say anything to Whiteside, the instructor glared at her, pointed to a peg on the wall near the door, and then to Amy's panties. Amy turned and as soon as she saw the peg, she knew what was expected of her. She went over, put down her backpack, slid off her flesh-colored panties, and hung them on the hook. Now there were two completely nude young women in the room.

Just then, the bell rang and the students collected there things and streamed out the door. Most of them gave Amy a quick up and down look as she stood there naked by the door; she made sure that she kept her hands at her sides - full display at all times, she told herself.

Just before the last bunch of students exited, Eva came up to her and said, "Hi, Amy. I wondered if I'd see you here sometime. Is this your first time here?"

Amy nodded and said, "Hi, Eva. Yes, I'm a little nervous. I've never done this before. Any recommendations for a rookie?"

Eva chuckled, "Yeah, I was nervous my first time, too. Try to think about something or somewhere pleasant while you're standing there, and maybe look over the heads of the students rather than in their eyes if you can."

Then, as the last few students were leaving, Whiteside came up to the two beautiful nude girls. And she had an immediate inspiration. Silently she pondered, "Why not have both of these girls pose at the same time? I could come up with some really erotic arrangements." But the only thing that she said to the girls was, "Bonjour, Miss Suzuki. Do you ladies know each other?"

Amy shook the Professor's hand and said, "Yes, we met the other day for the first time."

"Good, good", she said. "And Eva, my dear, you must run along now to your next class. I will see you Monday morning." Eva glanced at Amy, smiled, and rolled her eyes. And Amy watched the pretty naked girl walk out the door. Amy briefly wondered where Eva's clothes were; probably in a locker in the hallway?

"Ah, now, Miss Suzuki. Can I please call you Amy? I think it helps to be somewhat informal in these situations."

Amy replied, "Yes, Dr. Whiteside, please call me Amy." Amy wondered if Whiteside would reciprocate and tell Amy her first name, but Whiteside just went on, "We only have a few minutes before I let the next class in. Let me look at you so I can see what I've got to work with here." She grabbed Amy's shoulders and made her stand up straight, and then she slowly circled the naked girl looking at her from all angles. She then said, "Bring your shoulders back so that your breasts flatten out." And she looked closely at her profile with her nipples sticking out prominently. Then she tapped the inside of Amy's right thigh as if to say "Spread 'em", and Amy did. Whiteside got down on her knees and adjusted Amy's legs even wider apart and looked intently at Amy's pussy. Amy was expecting Whiteside's finger to probe her private parts, but Whiteside just stood up and said, "Very nice, mademoiselle. I can make good use of that." Amy's face was now crimson red after this private inspection.

Whiteside continued, "Now, let me say that most of the poses will be open in some fashion. None of that Rodin-The-Thinker crap with the body seated, bent over, and partially covered. Oh, no. I like the body to be wide open." And she flung her arms wide apart and spread her legs - almost doing jumping jacks.

"So, today I'm going to start you out with an easy one. You saw how Eva was posed when you came in; you'll just do that same thing. We'll do that one for about 5 minutes in one direction; you'll turn around and repeat it for 5 minutes in the other direction. And then we'll do another pose for 10 minutes and a final one for the last 20 minutes or so. The students are required to quickly sketch out that pose, not to draw something to put in a frame. The 3 poses will let the students have a good look at the various parts of your body. No inhibitions here, eh?"

Amy just nodded and said, "Should I go up there now?"

Whiteside patted Amy on her butt and said, "Oui, s'il vous plait. And I'll let the next class in."

Amy took her place on the platform next to the pedestal. And she tried a few positions that might be what Eva was doing. None of them felt quite right, but she finally settled into a similar pose. And she just stood there as the students streamed in and set up for the class. Amy looked down and saw what looked like a 13-year old boy at an easel right below her with a clear close-up view of her pussy. Actually, the boy was a college sophomore, but she didn't know that at the time. Amy just stood there.

Dr. Whiteside came up on the platform and put a hand on Amy's shoulder. She said, "Class, we have a new subject today. This is Mademoiselle Amy Suzuki. Please notice her handsome features. A light-skinned Asian look, full breasts with dark brown nipples, long straight hair, a nicely trimmed pubic area with well-defined vaginal lips, long slender legs, tight buttocks." Whiteside tweaked one of Amy's nipples when she mentioned her breasts. Whiteside then bent down and slightly repositioned Amy's feet an inch or so farther apart and slightly turned out, and she tapped Amy's inner thigh and whispered to her, "Spread your knees a bit wider without moving your feet." Then aloud to the class she said, "Please make a quick sketch of her in this position. She will turn around in a few minutes. Allez!"

Whiteside stayed on the stage with a hand on her shoulder for a moment and then she lowered her hand and rested it lightly on Amy's butt cheek for a minute or so. Amy was extremely uncomfortable now, and she squirmed a bit, but Whiteside squeezed her butt cheek as if to say "Stay still". And Amy did. She was very relieved when the instructor left the stage and started walking around the room to see how the students were doing.

Amy could feel her nipples tightening and then a very slight dampness between her legs. She wondered if her clit was showing, but she didn't want to look down to check. She tried to follow Eva's suggestion about looking over the students' heads, but she could still feel a bit of arousal. So, she tried thinking about a fun time that she had playing hopscotch with her father when she was 4 years old. That helped a little bit.

Then she spotted her panties hanging on the hook on the opposite wall. At first, she was relieved to see that they were still hanging where she put them; they were her only covering and they were only a few feet away. But then, she thought about them in a different way; her panties were over there and she was over here standing completely naked in front of a group of strangers. She and her panties would be tantalizingly separated for the next hour.

After a few minutes, the instructor came back up on the platform and told Amy to turn around and face the other direction. Amy was momentarily relieved that she could stretch her muscles, but Whiteside quickly repositioned her, putting her feet in just the right position, spreading her knees, and even tweaking her tits again. In this position, Amy could feel just a tiny breeze across her face and bare chest, and her nipples hardened even more. And she could no longer look longingly at her panties hanging on the on the peg. Amy was already developing a dislike for Ms. Whiteside, and this was only 10 minutes into her first assignment.

About 5 minutes later, Whiteside said, "Okay, class, flip to a clean sheet while I re-pose our pretty model." And the instructor came up on the platform and spoke to Amy, "Okay, ma chérie, let's set up for the next pose. Please take that pedestal over to the side of the room and bring back one of those plain wooden boxes."

Amy picked up the pedestal and it was heavier than she expected, maybe 30 pounds or so. She lowered it from the platform and then struggled with it down the aisle between the students. She felt a hand spank her bare ass as she went down the aisle, but she couldn't tell who had done it. She saw two identical wood boxes next to the wall; they were cubes maybe 2 feet on each side. She lifted one and again it was pretty heavy 20 pounds or so. She carried it back up to the platform, no swats on her ass this time.

Whiteside smiled and said, "Bon. Please put it there close to the edge." Amy did that, and Whiteside went on, "Okay, Amy. Stand here about two feet from the box, bend over, and put your hands on the box out near the edges." Amy could immediately see that this was going to be an embarrassing pose, but she followed the instructions.

Whiteside looked at the posed naked girl. She spread Amy's feet a bit farther apart, but it just didn't look quite right, and she said, "That's not quite what I wanted. Amy, please go get the other matching box and bring it up here." Amy got up and made her way down the aisle again to get the other box. As she was walking back with the box, someone spanked her butt again. She turned to look but couldn't tell who had done it this time either.

On the stage, Whiteside placed the two boxes about a foot apart. Then she took Amy's arm and led her to a spot just over two feet from the boxes. She told Amy, "Let's try it now with one hand on each box."

Amy bent over and put a hand in the middle of each box so that her arms were about 3 feet apart. Now her boobs were dangling invitingly below her. Whiteside adjusted her feet farther apart so that Amy's asshole and cunt were clearly visible from the rear. Whiteside stepped back to look over Amy from various angles, and then she got some hairpins out of her pocket and pinned up Amy's long hair so that it was not hiding the view of her breasts. And she raised up Amy's chin so that Amy was looking right at the students. "Magnifique! Okay, class, sketch out this view of our subject. You've got 5 minutes and then we'll turn her around so that you can all enjoy this beautiful body from both directions. And Amy, please smile for the class."

This pose was much more embarrassing than the previous one. All of her endowments were in full view - breasts, butt, pussy, and anus. She could feel tears in her eyes, but she tried to smile as Whiteside had told her. Then, through her tears, she spotted her underpants on the peg sending out their mixed message - so near but yet so far away!

After 5 minutes, Whiteside told her to move the boxes and face the other direction. She now showed her embarrassment to another group of students.

Finally, that ended and she breathed a sigh of relief. Whiteside said, "Amy, please put the boxes back by the wall. And then bring up the 4 things that look like portable fences." Amy had seen those props earlier and wondered what they were. She would soon know.

Whiteside pointed to three male students and said, "Please help Mademoiselle with props. You, carry the box. You two, go back and get a fence."

Naked Amy and the 3 clothed men (Amy considered them to be boys) went to the back of the room, stored the boxes, and then looked at the fences. Each fence was about 6 feet high and 5 feet long with vertical bars every 8 inches or so. They were painted black and had several supporting feet at the bottom so that they stood upright. At first, Amy thought it would take two people to carry each one, but they were made of PVC and were very light - only 10 pounds or so; she was able to lift one easily by herself, but since it was so big, it was awkward to carry down the aisle. She lifted it in the middle and walked sideways down the aisle with her bare butt a tempting target for more swats.

Whiteside told her to put the fence along one edge of the small stage. And then Amy got up onto the stage again took the other three fences from each of the boys, who got a close up view of her jiggling breasts as she lifted the fences onto the stage. Whiteside had her put the other 3 fences on the other edges of the stage so that there was a cage-like structure around Whiteside and Amy.

Whiteside said, "Okay, what we have here is a jail, and Amy is a prisoner in that jail. You will make a sketch of this for the rest of the hour."

Even though she was on naked display, Amy chuckled. It sounded kinky, but it might be fun. Amy smiled at Whiteside and asked, "Do you want me to grab the bars and stare out with a pleading look on my face like this?" And she assumed the stance that she had described.

Whiteside said gruffly, "No, we're not done with the setup yet." And she reached into bag and brought out two sets of metal cuffs, one with a short chain, the other with a long chain between the cuffs. She tossed the short cuffs to Amy and said, "Here sweetie, put these on your wrists. And I'll put these on your ankles."

Amy was stunned, but she put on the handcuffs. She just assumed that Whiteside had the key to unlock them. And the instructor put the longer cuffs on her ankles; the longer chain allowed Amy some movement, but not much.

Then from behind her Amy heard Whiteside say, "Open your mouth wide." And she wrapped a gag around Amy's head and into her mouth. Amy started crying.

But Whiteside wasn't finished yet. She pushed a button on a remote control unit, and a chain descended from the rafters above. Whiteside attached the end of the chain to Amy's handcuffs and then using the remote, raised the chain so that Amy's cuffed hands were extended above her head. Whiteside then spread Amy's feet as wide as the hobble chain permitted and told Amy, "Hold that position. Keep that terrified expression and look out at the class."

Amy didn't have to pretend to be terrified, because she was truly terrified. Here she was naked, gagged, bound hands and feet, stretched out for the class to see. She shifted her feet to close her legs a bit, but Whiteside whispered, "No, keep them apart." Amy did, but when Whiteside started to get down from the stage, Amy involuntarily closed her legs again. Whiteside saw this and was furious, "Hey, prisoner, I told you to keep your legs apart. They need to see your sex. Since you won't follow my instructions, I'll fix it the way I want it." And she pulled out a spreader bar from the bag and replaced the hobble chain with the bar. She adjusted the bar so that Amy's legs were wide apart. Now Amy had to keep her legs spread wide. Whiteside adjusted her so that she was facing directly out of one of the fences, and then she left the stage so that Amy was alone in the toy jail.

Amy tried not to cry, but she couldn't help it. And her boobs bounced with each sob. She looked up at her hands through her raised arms as if looking to the heavens for help. Then she looked down at her shaking boobs with the nipples as hard as stone. She was helpless.

After 5 minutes, Whiteside said, "Okay, prisoner, turn ninety degrees to your left and look out of your cage."

Amy realized that Whiteside was not going to help her turn, and so she shuffled her feet and struggled to make the turn. She sort of stumbled, but the chain above kept her from falling. Finally, she was able to face the new direction. She looked up and saw her panties hanging safely on the hook.

5 minutes later, Whiteside said, "Prisoner, next position." And Amy struggled through the turn again. And she repeated it 5 minutes after that.

A few minutes later the class bell rang, and Whiteside said, "Okay, class. This was a very interesting session today. I hope you all enjoyed it as much as I did. See you Monday. Au revoir!" Whiteside then chatted with a couple of students with Amy all the while still bound and gagged on the stage. Amy tried to yell though the gag, but the only noise was a grunt that Whiteside did not hear.

After a couple of minutes, Whiteside finally came back onto the stage and looked at the crying naked girl. Then as Whiteside dropped to her knees to undo the ankle cuffs, she ran her fingertip down Amy's naked right side from her arm pit, to hip, to thigh, to foot. After uncuffing Amy's ankles, the instructor used the remote to lower Amy's arms and unlocked the hand cuffs. Finally, she took the gag out of Amy's mouth.

Amy was furious, but all she could do was to stare at Whiteside with a dazed look. Whiteside just shrugged and then she smiled, slapped Amy on the butt, and said, "Please put away the fences. You know where they go."

Amy slowly stretched and massaged her sore arms and legs, and then like a robot, she returned the fence units one by one to their spot next to the wall. She then turned towards the door to be on her way to her first real class of the day.

But as she approached the peg holding her panties, she noticed two guys talking right there. She ignored them and reached for her panties, but one of the guys grabbed them instead. With a devilish smile on his face, he said to her, "Hey, Underpants Amy, do you want me to help you put these on?"

She dully looked at him and said, "Umm, no, of course not. Please give me my panties."

He held them up with both hands showing them to the other guy and said, "Okay, but you've got to beg. Say to me, 'Please, Underpants Amy wants her underpants.' I want to hear you say those exact words."

Amy was now regaining her composure and, she was pissed off. She said, "Oh come on, guys. I've just been through hell, and you're being jerks. Just give me my underwear."

The guy said, "Not until you beg."

She looked at him and realized that she needed those panties now, because there wasn't time to go to Knoxx's office and get another pair before her next class. And she sure didn't want to go completely naked to the class. So, she said, "Please, Underpants A. . ." Just then Whiteside came up and said, "What's going on here? Are they hassling you, Amy?"

Amy looked at the instructor and replied, "Yes, ma'am, they are. They won't give me my panties."

Whiteside looked at the boys and said, "All right, mes amis, you've had you're fun now. So, give me the panties and get out of here. Okay?"

The boys knew not to push it any further and handed Amy's panties to Whiteside.

Whiteside looked at Amy and said, "Amy, I'm sorry about those immature guys. Now, I realize you probably have a class to get to, but I need to quickly discuss a couple of things with you. First, you are scheduled to be here at 9 AM on Monday morning. Right?" Amy nodded. "Okay. Could I ask you to come at 8 AM instead? Eva Cobb will be here then, and I'd like you two to model together. Okay?"

Amy thought about this for a moment. She had no other class then, and it might help not being the only naked person in the room. So, she said, "Sure, Dr. Whiteside, 8 AM is fine."

Whiteside said, "Bon. Now, this second request is optional. You don't have to do it if you don't want to, but I'd like you consider it. I'd like you to trim your pubic hair some more. Maybe just a narrow strip just above your lower lips? Would you do that for me?" Whiteside reached down and barely touched Amy's pubic hair while indicating where the strip would be.

Amy was still pissed at having to pose like a bound prisoner, and she sure didn't want to cooperate with this witch any further than she had to. So, Amy said, "I'm sorry ma'am, but I like it the way it is. Now, can I have my panties? I'm going to be late for my class."

Whiteside looked disappointed as she handed Amy her panties. Amy slid them on and left. Amy was now fully clothed - or at least as fully clothed as she would be for the next few weeks.

**Chapter 16 - Amy, Linda, and the Chancellor**

There were two reasons that Amy rushed out the art building. First, she was late for her 10 o'clock class. But second and more important in her mind, she wanted to get away from Professor Whiteside. "That lady is evil", Amy thought to herself, "I really need to be careful around her, but I may not have much choice about doing what she wants me to do."

Amy heard the starting bell at 10 AM, and so she ran as fast as she could across the grassy quad, her boobs bouncing in perfect harmony. But since everyone else was already in class, there was no one there in the quad to watch the bouncing display. However, if she had looked up, she would have seen Tyson Laird watching her from his seventh floor office window.

She quietly opened the back door into the big auditorium-like classroom where the Psychology class had already started, and she slipped into the nearest seat in the back row. The only other person in the row was a guy who got a great view of her heaving breasts as she tried to catch her breath after the quick dash across the quad.

Her Psych class and her Composition class passed without incident. Neither instructor called on her. But after the Comp class, a couple of guys asked her about the notice that she had posted around campus on the bulletin boards. They wanted to know what the "extenuating circumstances" were that allowed her to avoid expulsion. Amy had to be careful in answering and just said, "Well, I had a lawyer with me, and he was able to find a few weak points in the university rules and in the way the Chancellor was handling the situation. We were able to negotiate an agreement that allows me to stay in school wearing only what you see here. But my lawyer has told me to be careful about discussing the legal aspects of this, and so, I'm sorry fellows, but that's all I'm going to say. And I need to meet someone for lunch. Bye. See you Monday." The guys were disappointed that the pretty topless girl had to leave so quickly; they watched her almost nude figure walk away from them down the sidewalk.

Her afternoon classes of Formal Logic and Public Speaking were equally uneventful, although she did join in the critique and debate following two of the speeches given by others during Public Speaking. No big deal except that she was essentially naked while standing up to make her points.

She arrived at Knoxx's office at 4:55, and she was worried because Linda hadn't arrived yet. Amy followed her prescribed routine of presenting her ass view to Mrs. Duckworth to confirm the red mark on her panties, sliding the panties down her legs, hanging them on the penis hook, and standing in full view. Fortunately, she and the secretary were the only ones in the room, and Amy just stood there quietly waiting. She was somewhat surprised to see that the two pairs of panties from the previous days were no longer hanging on the hook, and she wondered if she would ever see those panties again. Linda showed up just before 5 o'clock and her eyes widened when she saw Amy standing there completely naked. Linda whispered to Amy, "Where are your panties?" Amy just pointed to the penis hook, and Linda tried her best to avoid laughing. Amy smiled at her friend and whispered, "Oh, shut up, Hathaway!" Then, they both giggled. They tried to stop when Duckworth glared at them, but Amy started giggling again.

About 5:05, Knoxx came out and greeted them. "Hello, Miss Suzuki, and you must be Miss Hathaway?"

Linda said, "Yes, sir. Nice to meet you", as they shook hands.

Knoxx showed them into his office, and there was an awkward moment when Linda didn't know whether to sit down or stand next to Amy. After the two girls exchanged glances, Linda decided to stay standing. Knoxx sat down behind his desk and looked at the two pretty students in his office - one of them naked, the other clothed. He thought it was a pleasant contrast.

Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, let's see now. Your community service for today was posing in Dr. Whiteside's art class. How did that go?"

Amy didn't want to describe the awful experience to this yucky man, and she just said, "Fine." But she knew this wouldn't be enough to prevent him from pursuing it, and he did.

Knoxx, "Any problems? Was Professor Whiteside satisfied? Did you pose au naturel for the class?"

Amy sighed and said, "Yes, Ms. Whiteside seemed to be satisfied with my naked poses. There weren't any real problems."

Knoxx pushed on, "Well, how many different poses did you do? Maybe you can do them briefly for us so we can understand better?"

Amy was afraid this was going to happen. She said, "I posed in 3 different ways." And she went over to a 4-foot high bookcase and demonstrated the first pose with her elbow resting on the bookcase. She said, "In the class, I rested my arm on a pedestal. The second pose was something like this." And she stepped in front of Knoxx's desk, bent over putting her hands on his desk, and moved her feet back and apart. Her dangling boobs were right in front of Knoxx; Linda had a clear side view. Amy saw him staring at her hanging breasts and kept the pose until he looked up. He said, "And the third one?"

Amy stood in front of his desk, spread her feet, raised her arms straight above her head, and said, "The last one was somewhat extreme. I was a prisoner in a toy jail with my hands cuffed above me and my mouth gagged." She didn't mention the spreader bar or the ankle cuffs or her genuine terror at the time. She noticed Knoxx shift around in his chair, probably adjusting his trousers to accommodate his erection. Amy glanced at Linda who was just staring in disbelief with her mouth open.

After Amy put her arms down and went back next to Linda, Knoxx asked, "And did you get to see any of the sketches that the students did of you?" Amy replied, "No, there really wasn't time after class."

Knoxx said, "Any other problems or issues that we need to discuss here?" Amy shook her head, and he went on, "Okay, Miss Hathaway, since you are probably going to be seeing Miss Suzuki more than anyone else during her punishment period, I thought I should fill you in on what we are expecting of Miss Suzuki."

Amy immediately understood what Knoxx was saying here. She thought to herself, "He wants Linda to be a spy and report when I break a rule!" But she kept quiet.

Linda was still puzzled and said, "Uhhh, I guess I already know some things, because Amy and I talked about it last night. What else do I need to know?"

Knoxx said, "Well, did she show you the written agreement that she signed?"

Linda was surprised by this, looked at Amy, and said, "No, I didn't know about that."

Knoxx gave a stern look to Amy and then said to Linda, "Well, let me give you a copy. It has all of the rules and her schedule of activities. You can use it to help her remember what she has to do these next couple of weeks." He handed the 3-page document to Linda who flipped quickly through the pages.

Knoxx said, "And that's all I really wanted to talk with you about today. Any questions, Miss Hathaway?"

Linda just said, "No, Dr. Knoxx. I'll look this over tonight, and Amy and I will talk about it. Do I need to come to this meeting every day?"

Knoxx said, "Oh, no. Just today so we could get acquainted." He turned to Amy and said, "Miss Suzuki, you'll be serving as an usher at tomorrow afternoon's concert. Mr. Middleton is expecting you at 12:30. Right?"

Amy replied, "Yes, I'll be there."

"Good. So, I guess that's all for today. Now, let me give Miss Suzuki some fresh underpants to wear." He opened his drawer and sorted through Amy's collection of panties and said, "How about these yellow ones?" He handed them to Amy.

Amy blushed as she pulled on the clean panties. And the two girls left.

On the walk back to the dorm, Linda said, "Amy, why didn't you tell me about this document? It seems important."

Amy said, "I'm really sorry about that. I did think about it while we were talking last night, but then when we finished, I forgot about it. And you are right; it is important, because it's keeping me in school. But I do think we talked about everything that's described there. God, I hope there's nothing else so important that I forgot to tell you."

Linda said, "Okay, I'll look it over. But I still don't really understand why he wanted to see me. He could have just told you to give me a copy of the document. Do you know why he wanted me to come today?"

Amy heaved a big sigh and said, "Yeah, I think I do. I think he wants you to be one of his 'observers' of me. 'Observer' is his word, but I think 'spy' is the right word. I think he'll be expecting you to report to him anytime I break a rule."

Linda gasped, "Oh, god, you're probably right. I hadn't thought about that. But I'm not going to tell him anything. I'm not going to snitch on my best friend!"

Amy said, "O, Lindy, I appreciate that so much. But I don't want you to get in trouble if you don't tell him something, and then he finds out about it and realizes that you didn't tell him. I didn't say that right, but you know what I mean. He's such a creepy man, and I don't really trust him. So, please be very, very careful."

Linda replied, "Thanks for warning me, but do you have any ideas on how to handle him?"

Amy said seriously, "Yeah. Here's one way. Let's say that you will not volunteer any information to him about me, but if he asks a specific question, then you answer it completely truthfully. That is, wait for him to call you with a specific question. And not a general question such as 'Did you see Amy break any rules?' I actually expect that he will call you a few times during these last two weeks."

Linda said, "Ahh, very good, Sooz. You're so smart as well as being so beautiful." And she gave her friend a friendly swat on her panty-covered ass. They both laughed and walked on to the dorm.

Before turning off the light that night, Amy crossed off one more day on her calendar. Then Amy slid in under her bedcovers for a good night's sleep.

**May 5, Saturday**

**Chapter 17 - Ushering in Underpants**

Amy and Linda ate an early lunch on Saturday, and then Amy started getting ready for her afternoon duty as an usher at the annual spring Mozart concert. Even though she would be almost naked, she wanted to look as nice as she could otherwise. So, she shaved her legs and armpits, fixed up her hair, put on lipstick and makeup, and a nice necklace for the first time in several days. She looked in the mirror and thought that she looked really nice - at least from the neck up.

She had attended this concert last year, and she thoroughly enjoyed the music. Mozart was one of her favorite classical composers. It was a dress up event, and she had worn a striking long purple dress with deep cleavage; she had enjoyed the looks that she had received that day. But today would be very, very different indeed. She was certain that it would be humiliating to hand out programs to the well-dressed attendees while she was almost naked.

A little after 12 o'clock, she said to Linda, "Do I look okay? Well, as okay as is possible?"

Linda looked up from her studies and looked at her pretty roommate standing there dressed only in low rise yellow panties. Linda said, "Sooz, you look great. I hope it won't be too awful for you this afternoon."

"Thanks. Are you going to be here all afternoon? If so, I'd like to just leave my backpack and ankle pouch here and not have to worry about them. I should be back about 6 after the meeting with Knoxx."

Linda answered, "Yeah, even though it's a really nice day outside, I've got a lot of homework to do and I'll be here. We can go eat after you get back."

Amy said, "Well, it's 10 after, and I need to be there at 12:30; so, I'd better get going. See you later."

Linda just said, "Bye."

Amy got to the theater at 12:25 and found the office of the Theater Operations Director around in back. And as she walked down the hallway to the open office door, she was shocked to see a peg outside of his office - it was identical to the peg at Wytham and in the art studio where she had hung her panties. She was certain that this was the only one of her community service projects that didn't require nudity. And so she kept her panties on as she tentatively walked in to the office.

And she was somewhat surprised to see 6 people in the office already; she had thought she might be the first to arrive. There were 3 young women and 2 young men who were probably students plus an older man of 40 or so. They looked her up and down as she walked in, and the older man said, "Well, well, this must be our naked usher. And you're late."

"Uh oh", Amy thought, "This isn't getting off to a good start. I don't like the tone in his voice and I'm not late." But aloud she just said, "I'm Amy Suzuki, are you Mr. Middleton?"

He replied, "Yes, I'm Brad Middleton, and I run this place - so to speak. These are the other 5 ushers and we were just talking about their assignments and duties. We were expecting you at 12:15."

Amy said, "Umm, Dr. Knoxx told me 12:30. So, I guess I don't understand."

Middleton said, "Well, I explicitly told Dr. Knoxx 12:15. So, I guess something got lost in the translation somewhere. Also, why aren't you completely naked? The hook outside is for your panties. Again, this is what Knoxx and I agreed on."

Now Amy was getting irritated, "Well, again Dr. Knoxx told me that I could wear my panties today; complete nudity was not required. He and I have a written agreement that clearly spells that out along with the 12:30 time."

He replied, "Oh, I wasn't given a copy of it. Do you have it with you?" He smiled as said this, because it was obvious that Amy wasn't carrying anything at all.

Amy curtly responded, "No, as you can see, I don't have any place to carry it."

"Okay", he said, "I see that there has been a communication problem here somewhere. Are you saying that you won't remove your panties?"

Amy shook her head and said, "Why don't we call Dr. Knoxx and ask him? Can I use your cell phone?"

He replied, "How about a trade, Amy? I hope it's okay to call you Amy. I'll hold onto your panties while you're using my cell phone?"

Amy's dislike for this guy was rising by the second. She said testily, "If that's the only way you'll let me make the phone call, then yes." And she slipped off her panties there in front of the 6 people and held them out to him. All of the other eyes in the room where now on her bare pussy.

Middleton smirked and said, "Sorry, Amy, that won't be necessary. I was playing a little joke on you. I know that you're allowed to wear panties and 12:30 was the correct time. Just having some fun at your expense." And he continued to smirk at her.

Amy blushed and started to put the panties back on, but Middleton said, "Wait. Since you've got them off already, let me say that we were expecting you to be wearing black panties to go with these other ushers." Amy looked around the room, and the 5 other ushers were all wearing white tops and black bottoms of various styles. The guys had white shirts, black slacks, and black shoes. The girls had white blouses, black skirts, black hose, and black heels. None of their outfits were exactly identical, but the color scheme was consistent.

Amy was ticked off now and said, "Well, I don't have any black panties to wear - only these yellow ones" holding her yellow panties up for him to see. She was so mad that she didn't even care that she was naked in front of these people.

Middleton said, "Well, let's see what we can do about that." And he looked over at the 3 girl ushers and said, "Are any of you girls wearing black panties?" The 3 girls blushed and two of them slightly raised a hand. Middleton continued, "Ahh, good. Maggie, you're about the same size as Miss Suzuki, can she wear your panties this afternoon?"

Maggie said, "Huh, ummm. You want me to switch panties with her?"

Middleton, "No, not exactly. Since you've got a skirt on, you don't really need panties. Miss Suzuki can hang hers on the hook and wear yours while ushering."

Maggie was beet red and said, "Mr. Middleton, as you can see, my skirt is a mini-skirt and I really want to wear my panties."

Middleton now burst out with a loud laugh. "Just another joke. Maggie, of course, I won't expect you to let Amy wear your panties."

Amy didn't care for this guy's sense of humor at all, and she started again to put on her yellow panties. But Middleton again said, "Wait, Amy. I really would like you to wear black today. And here are several pairs you can pick from." And he opened his drawer and pulled out a bag. He dumped the contents of the bag on his desk, and seven pairs of black panties fell out along with some white brassieres.

Middleton picked the white bras out of the pile and said, "Sorry, Amy, Dr. Knoxx won't let you wear these today. But he did approve the black panties."

Naked Amy looked longingly at the brassieres; she really would have liked to cover her boobs as well as her pussy. She said, "Okay, give me the panties and I'll go down to the restroom and select a pair that fits."

Middleton said, "Amy, we're all friends here now. Just try them on here, and we'll help you pick out a pair. Go hang your yellow ones on the hook." And he handed her the first pair of black panties.

She briefly went back out into the hall and hung her yellow panties on the peg, and then came back into the office and slipped on the black panties. And she modeled them for the group.

She repeated the operation for each of the seven pairs, and she selected a pair that fit her best. They were low rise black with white trim and a tiny bit of lace. She wondered if Knoxx would approve of these, since all of the others approved by him and the committee were plain light colored panties. But she assumed that since Knoxx had approved black for tonite that these would be acceptable. The other ushers and Middleton agreed that they looked nice, and she was now dressed for the concert.

"Ah, very good, Amy", Middleton said, "Before we talk about assignments, let me take a group photo." He waved his hand to the back wall. "As you can see, I have usher photos from previous concerts, and this will be a good one to add to the collection."

Amy was really shaken by this. She thought, "And so my nearly naked photo will be posted on his wall for years to come. So, even after I graduate, my punishment will continue. But what choice do I have? The agreement says I cannot hide or cover myself."

And the group of 6 ushers went out into the hallway, and Middleton posed them for the photo - of course, Amy was front and center in the pose. He took several photos and then showed the pictures to the ushers on his computer screen. Amy was very embarrassed to see her bare breasts so prominently displayed in the pictures.

The group of ushers did some routine tasks such as setting up tables for handling donations and selling tickets for next season as well as putting up signs about today's performance. After this was done, Amy was hoping for an assignment at one of the side aisles. There were to be two ushers on the middle aisle, one on each of the two side aisles, and two outside the building by the front doors to take tickets. But Middleton told Amy to do the middle aisle along with Doug, one of the nicely dressed male ushers. This was better than being out front, but she would still be very visible.

About 1:30, she and Doug took their places by the middle aisle doors. No one had arrived yet and the two of them made small talk about their upcoming final exams. A few minutes later the first real guests arrived, and even though they stared at Amy, they made their way to the side aisles. But the next group of four older folks came right towards her, and she took a deep breath, smiled, handed each of the two men a program, and said, "Good afternoon." Of course, the two men got an eyeful of her perfect 34C breasts, and they glanced at her black panties; the two women with them gave Amy a scornful look and quickly went inside.

As she was holding the door for the two men, she was surprised to hear someone call her name, "Amy Suzuki?", the male voice said. She turned and saw Dwight Henderson approaching; she smiled and said, "Hi, Dwight, how are you?" Dwight was an apartment mate of Linda's boyfriend, Mark. She had met him a few times when she and her ex-boyfriend, Josh, had double dated with Linda and Mark and stopped by Mark's apartment after the dates.

Dwight said, "Amy, I'm fine. And I'm sure sorry to hear what's happening to you. Are you doing okay?"

Amy briefly looked past him to see if there were any other guests arriving, and when she saw none close by, she knew she had a few minutes to talk with him. She said, "Yeah, considering everything I'm doing all right. But you know, it's been difficult and I've still got over two weeks to go. But everyone knows about me, what about you? Are you playing tonight?"

Dwight was a clarinet player in the marching band, and so Amy thought he might be part of tonight's orchestra. But Dwight said, "Oh no, I'm not good enough for this. But I really, really like Mozart, and I've come to this each year. I saw you here last year with Josh in that knock-out dress, and . . . umm, well you know. Oh Amy, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that." But his voice trailed off as he realized his faux pas about talking about ex-boyfriends and nice dresses in front of her now.

Amy smiled at him and said, "Dwight, that's okay. I'm glad that you noticed me then, and I'm glad you're talking to me now. Are you alone this afternoon?"

"Yes, I really wanted to hear this performance, but I didn't know who to ask to come with me."

Amy looked up and noticed that other guests were coming her way, and she said to Dwight, "Oh I'm sorry, but I've got to get back to work here. It was good to talk with you, Dwight. I hope we can see each other sometime. Please enjoy the concert."

She smiled at him as he left. And then she realized that something had sort of clicked between them. Also, she realized that he was looking her in her face the entire time; he wasn't ogling her body like most men had been doing the last few days.

But then it was back to the real world, and she spent the next half hour being stared at by everyone - women as well as men, and even some of the grade-school kids that came with their parents. She was glad when the last guests had been seated, the doors closed, and the concert began. She and Doug stood out in the lobby for several minutes waiting for latecomers; one couple appeared, and Doug quietly led them to their seats. She and Doug then sat in the back row and listened to the first piece, Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 1. She got engrossed by the music, and Doug had to shake her arm to remind her that intermission as coming up.

She got up, and when the piece ended, they opened the door and let the audience mingle in the lobby. She tried to be unobtrusive, but how can a pretty topless girl do that in the middle of such nicely dressed people? She made small talk and felt the stares at her mostly naked body. She was glad when the 15 minutes were over and the second piece, Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5, started. She could sit there in the dark and enjoy the music.

After the final piece, it was more standing around being looked at while the audience left. After a while, she looked in the auditorium and noticed Dwight still standing near her aisle door. She said, "Hey, Dwight, did you like the music?"

He smiled at her and said that he did indeed enjoy the music. And they chatted for a few more minutes. As they parted, Amy touched his arm and said, "Please call me." They smiled at each other, and he left.

Amy spent about an hour helping the other ushers clean up in the auditorium and putting away the tables and signs. She was thinking about Dwight, and she didn't pay much attention to the men ushers who were looking at her dangling breasts as she bent over to pick up trash left behind by the guests.

Finally, they all returned to Middleton's office. He thanked them for their help. And then he turned to Amy and said, "Amy, I'm sorry, but I need those panties back. Your yellow ones are still out on the peg." So, Amy blushed and slid them down her legs giving Middleton and the other ushers one last look at her naked pussy before she grabbed the yellow underpants and slid them on. She told the group goodbye and started walking to Kameron Hall for her meeting with Knoxx.

**Chapter 18 - A Quiet Saturday Evening**

The Saturday meeting with Knoxx was uneventful, that is, if you can call standing alone naked in front of a creepy old man to be uneventful! He had just grilled her about ushering at the concert, and she was glad that nothing really negative happened in the meeting. He gave Amy a pair of white panties to wear for the next day.

Back at the dorm, Amy ate dinner with Rekha and Maddie. Linda was off on a date as was usual for her on a weekend night. She told Amy that it was for "a little Saturday night loving". She frequently used that same phrase substituting the correct day of the week, but it always meant the same thing - a wild romp between the sheets with her boyfriend, Mark.

Today, Amy was conflicted, because on the one hand, she was happy that her good friend was having a good time, but on the other hand, she was jealous of Linda, because Amy had to spend the evening alone. Amy had spent the last few weekends date-less after having broken up with Josh. And tonight, she thought about the afternoon chat with Dwight Henderson, who happened to be Mark's roommate. Amy felt that she and Dwight had hit it off during their short meeting at the concert, and she wondered if Dwight was now alone in one bedroom alone while Linda and Mark were having passionate sex in another bedroom. Amy smiled as she wondered if Dwight could hear them through the walls.

Before sitting down to study, Amy called her brother, Jason, who was a sophomore at Cornell. She told him most of the story, but she left out some of the really embarrassing situations that she had been in the last few days. Since the two of them were very close, she didn't want to upset him any more than necessary. She might tell him about those humiliating moments sometime, but not now.

Then, Amy hit the books. She considered putting on her fluffy robe knowing that she'd be alone for a few hours, but she knew that Kelly Stubbins had a master key and could potentially pop in unannounced at any time. So, she just turned up the heat a little bit, and sat down at her desk. She welcomed having these few hours to herself so that she could make a serious dent in the homework that had been piling up while she had been spending hours doing the punishment projects and standing naked in Knoxx's office. She was beginning to worry that her grades were going to be affected because of the lost study time.

About 10:30, Linda returned with a big smile on her face. They chatted for a few minutes with Amy trying unsuccessfully to get her friend to talk about her lovemaking escapade, and then their three friends, Sharon, Maddie, and Rekha, came by to talk with them. And it wasn't long before the girls were laughing and joking, and the other girls stripped down to their panties in a show of solidarity with Amy. Amy glanced around the room at her nearly naked friends and with a twinkle in her eye, said, "Thanks, guys. I love you all."

About midnight the gathering broke up, Amy crossed off another day on her calendar, and they went to bed.

**Underpants Amy - Days 6 & 7**

**May 6, Sunday**

**Chapter 19 - In the buff in the BUF**

Amy didn't sleep very well, because she was worried about today's upcoming punishment projects - or community service activities - or whatever the hell they were called. Also, she had looked at the campus map to confirm where the Bancroft University Foundation office was located, and as she feared, it was on the very farthest corner of the campus; it would take her at least 25 minutes to get there. And she had also checked the weather forecast which showed that it would be cold and windy today. It would be a very unpleasant walk for an almost naked girl to make.

But she had finally fallen asleep and was sleeping soundly, until 7AM when she (and Linda) were jolted awake as their landline phone rang. Sunday was usually their day for sleeping in, and Amy had set her alarm for 8 o'clock knowing that would give her plenty of time before leaving for the 9 AM appointment. Amy thrashed around for a moment trying to turn off the alarm, before realizing that it was the phone ringing. Linda gave her a funny look through her half-opened eyes and said, "What the hell is going on?"

Amy scrambled out of bed and went over to the phone on the table. She said, "It's the phone, Lindy. I'll get it. Go back to sleep."

She was still groggy as she said, "H-h-hullo?"

The male voice on the phone said, "Good morning. Is this Amy Suzuki?"

Amy mumbled, "Yes, this is Amy."

The man said, "Hello, Miss Suzuki, this is Gavin Farmer, director of the university foundation and a member of the Discipline Committee."

The mention of "Discipline Committee" caused Amy to become immediately alert, and she said, "Oh, hello, Dr. Farmer. What can I do for you?" Actually, she was silently hoping that the man had called to cancel this morning's activities.

Farmer said, "Well, I apologize for calling so early, but I wanted to make sure I caught you before you left for our morning appointment." Amy's hopes rose just a hair, because she thought he really might be calling to cancel. But he continued, "I wanted to offer you a ride this morning, because I know it would be a long walk, and it is pretty cold outside."

Amy tried not to show her disappointment and said neutrally, "Oh, thank you. That would sure help."

Farmer said, "Okay, good. Let's say 8:50 out in front of your dorm. Look for my dark blue Honda Accord. See you then?"

Amy mumbled her agreement and hung up.

She reset her alarm clock for 8:15 and then went back to bed. But she couldn't get back to sleep. She just lay there listening to Linda's light snoring til 8 o'clock when she got up and turned off the alarm. She quietly left the room and went to the dining hall for a quick breakfast. Then, she put on some makeup and lipstick and brushed out her long hair so that she looked as good as she had yesterday for the concert.

At 8:45, she walked down the back stairs and out the side dorm door. She was going to walk around to the front of the building and wait for Farmer by the curb. But it was so cold and breezy that she decided to go back inside and take the first floor hallway to the main lobby. She knew there would be people congregating there, but she decided to endure a little bit of additional embarrassment in order to stay a bit warmer. No one said anything to her as she waited in the lobby looking out the front window, but there were lots of people looking at her pretty boobs; she made a conscious effort to keep her hands at her sides while she was standing there.

Right at 8:50, the Honda pulled up and Farmer got out. He saw her standing in the doorway and waved to her to come out to the car where he was holding the passenger side door. Amy scooted quickly out the door and around to the other side of the car. She was just about ready to hop into the car, when Farmer said, "Wait, Miss Suzuki. Please take off your panties."

She looked at him and stammered, "Wh-what? Why now?"

Farmer scowled and said, "Well, basically, because I said to. But your agreement says that you are to be naked while performing these community service projects."

Amy argued, "But that doesn't start for another 10 minutes."

Farmer was now a bit annoyed, "That doesn't matter. You won't be needing your underpants today; so, please take them off now."

Amy still hesitated for a moment, but then she reached her hands to the side rim of her panties where her hands collided with Farmer's hands. Farmer said mockingly, "Please, madam, you seem to be having trouble with this; so, allow me."

This startled Amy and she took a couple of steps back. But then she realized she had no choice and tentatively stepped back forward. She quivered slightly as his hands touched her skin while lowering her panties to the ground. She looked over at the lobby window and saw several people watching this embarrassing episode.

And her embarrassment increased as he neatly folded her white panties into a pointed design and stuck them in the breast pocket of his dark gray suit coat. She continued to stand there watching as he adjusted them so that the point was perfectly centered above the pocket. He merely said, "I forgot my handkerchief this morning, but these will work nicely. I'll return them to you this afternoon. Please get into the car now."

Amy looked down at the car seat and saw that he had placed a folded towel for her to sit on. She wordlessly got in and positioned her naked butt on the towel, and he closed the door. She then pulled the seatbelt strap across her chest between her breasts. This would be the first time she'd ever ridden naked in a car, and she was surprised how the seatbelt seemed to enhance the fullness of her breasts; the strap crossed firmly between her boobs. She could tell that this was going to be another difficult day.

She did not say a word on the way to the BUF office. There were only a couple of cars in the parking lot next to the building, and the hallways were vacant as Farmer led the way to a room at the back of the building. As she walked into the room, Amy recognized it as a computer lab, and there was a guy sitting in front of a computer, and that all made sense to her, because Knoxx had told her that she would be using her journalistic skills to help with a publication. Even though she was naked in a strange place with Farmer and a stranger, she felt a little bit at ease.

But an instant later, she saw another man sitting at a table at the back of the room - with a camera aimed right at her. And her apprehension returned as she heard the shutter click a couple of times. Momentarily, her arms flew in front of her breasts, but she immediately dropped them.

Farmer casually led her by her elbow over to the computer and then motioned for the photographer to come over, too. And so they gathered around the computer: a nattily dressed forty-ish man in a gray pin-striped suit, a nicely dressed middle-aged man about 30 wearing a maroon polo shirt and khaki slacks, a geekish male student wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and one very naked, very beautiful young woman.

Farmer said, "Good morning, gentlemen, let me introduce Amy Suzuki." Amy hesitantly shook hands with the two men as Farmer continued, "Miss Suzuki, the man at the computer is Darren Strobridge, and the photographer is Michael Warfield. Mr. Strobridge is a student who is helping us lay out our brochures and Mr. Warfield is a professional photographer who has his own studio in town."

The older man went on, "Gentlemen, you probably know this young lady's story, but just in case, let me summarize why she is here naked today. She was apprehended last Monday evening while streaking on campus, and she is being punished for that. Part of her punishment is to perform some community service, including assisting the foundation today. The Discipline Committee at Bancroft has decided that she will be nude while performing her community service."

He turned to Amy and kept going, "Now, Miss Suzuki, we're going to do a couple of things this morning. First, we're going to take some photos for our brochures. And second, we're going to lay out the brochures so we can send them off to the printer tomorrow. You can assist us in both of these. These things will take us about two or two and a half hours, and then you and I will go over to the Student Union for an alumni reception. Okay?"

Amy realized that he didn't specify how long the reception would last, but she sort of remembered Knoxx saying 3 o'clock or so. She just nodded at Farmer.

Farmer continued, "Good. Now, let me explain about these brochures. They are basically advertisements to help the foundation recruit new members. You are probably aware that Bancroft has only one organization that deals with alumni; many schools have both a foundation to raise funds for special projects and scholarships as well as a separate alumni association which is more of a social organization. Here at Bancroft, our foundation serves both functions, and we like to solicit Bancroft's graduates to join the foundation as contributing members."

"Now, for several years, we've been running an advertising campaign that we call 'In the BUF' spelled B-U-F as in Bancroft University Foundation. Have you heard of 'In the BUF'?" Amy silently shook her head. "Well, the title is a play on words. You know, like 'in the buff' spelled B-U-F-F as in 'au naturel', 'naked', 'unclothed', 'nude'. I think you can see how you fit into this picture - so to speak." He paused looking at her with a wry smile.

Amy blushed and quietly said, "Yes, I think I do."

Farmer resumed, "Let me show you some brochures from the last few years. Let's go over to that table where I can spread them out for you."

Amy and Farmer stood on one side of the table, and the two other men stood on the other side. Farmer laid down four pages on the table. He pointed to the first one, and Amy leaned in to look at it with her hands at the edge of the table to support herself. This left her boobs dangling slightly and her pussy just above the top of the table. She then felt Farmer lightly lift her hair so that it trailed down her back rather than her front; she knew that he was doing this to maximize the exposure of her private parts to the two guys on the other side of the table. She blushed, but said nothing.

Amy looked at the first page. It was a glossy print entirely in a shade of gray green with all the printing in white - Bancroft's school colors were this same gray green and white. At the top of the page, it said in a stylish font "Are you in the BUF?" And below it was the photo of an older couple sitting on a bench. The photo was taken from behind, and it was obvious from the couple's bare backs that they were naked. They were leaning their heads towards each other in a loving gesture. Amy smiled at the cute photo, and she recognized the place on campus where the photo had been taken.

Farmer said, "Well, for the last few years, we've been using a married couple in our photos. They are Bancroft graduates, George and Sylvia Underwood, who are about 50 years old. As you can see, the photos have them posing naked; that is, in the buff."

He pointed to the second photo which showed the naked couple from behind walking hand-in-hand down another campus path with their bare butts showing. A moment later, he pointed to the third page which showed the two seated on another bench; this time the photo was taken from the front, but their crossed legs and the woman's arms were positioned so that their genitals and the lady's breasts were hidden. And finally, the fourth one showed them kissing while standing next to a plant with the leaves of the plant discreetly covering the couple's private parts.

All four photos had the same "Are you in the BUF?" title and a paragraph at the bottom of the page describing the benefits of joining the Bancroft University Foundation; next to the paragraph was a small application form that could be filled out and sent in.

He took a drink of water and then continued, "Our primary audience with this campaign was older graduates, because older folks probably have more money that they would be willing to donate to the university. However, the foundation board recently thought we might want to target younger graduates with a similar campaign, and again, that's where you fit in. We want to take some photos of you for this next series of brochures. And that's what we are going to do for the next hour or so."

Amy gulped and said, "Okay."

Farmer went on, "For this series, we want the photos to be a little bit more provocative, since the target audience is younger. We will hide your pubic area, but your breasts and buttocks will be in full view. And we're going to have you wear a mortarboard, that is, a graduation cap, but nothing else in at least some of the shots. But like these other photos, we want to keep the same grayish green motif using campus locations that the alumni would recognize." He paused for a moment and then continued, "So, the four of us are going to drive around campus and take the photos. I know that it is a cold overcast day out there, but you won't be outside too long; the warm car will be nearby. Any questions?"

The naked girl gulped again and quietly said, "No, I understand."

The photographer, Michael Warfield, took over at this point, "Amy, we've already selected the locations of the shots. Baskind Fountain, the main gate, the steps of Kameron Hall, and then the places where these four photos were taken. I've already figured out the poses, and so I don't think any of these pictures will take very long. Oh, incidentally, I'm taking all of these in black and white mode on my digital camera, and then Darren will add the greenish tinge on the computer. Are you a photographer? Do you want to know all the camera settings that I'm going to be using?"

Amy gave a weak smile and said, "No, I wouldn't really understand them anyway. But thanks for asking."

Farmer said, "Okay, let's go. We'll use my car."

Amy noticed that Stobridge and Warfield each grabbed a heavy coat from the rack before following her and Farmer back out into the hallway.

At the car, Farmer said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, you sit in back with Mr. Strobridge. Mr. Warfield, you can ride shotgun."

Amy hesitated for just a moment thinking that one of the men would open the rear door for her, but none of them offered. So, she opened it herself and was just about to step in when Farmer said, "Oh, please wait, young lady, you need the towel; I don't want any stains on my car seats. Mr. Warfield, please hand her the towel that is on the front passenger seat."

Amy blushed at the little bit of additional embarrassment, but she took the towel from Warfield, re-folded it, and placed it on the back right side car seat. She slammed the door to keep out the cold wind hoping that Farmer would quickly get the heater running. But he was getting something out of the trunk, and she turned to see him putting on a big heavy overcoat. She was shivering as Farmer got back into the car.

But he didn't start the car; instead he said, "Okay, everybody, buckle up. I don't start the car til you're all buckled in." Amy had to fiddle with the seat belt, and it took her a couple of pulls to get it all the way out so she could adjust it between her full boobs. She looked down and saw that the lap belt was covering her pubic hair; she wondered if it was okay to hide her private parts like that, but she said nothing.

A moment later, Farmer started the car, and turned on the heater. But it didn't help the shivering naked girl, because she was seated in back and the heater seemed to be set to warm only the front seat. Again, she said nothing and leaned her bare back against the cool leather seat. She could feel the dweeby Strobridge's eyes looking at her boobs. Amy just looked straight ahead.

Just after they pulled out of the parking lot, Amy's body shivered noticeably. Strobridge saw her tits quiver and then the goosebumps appeared. And he said, "Uh, Dr. Farmer, could you please turn up the heat? I think Amy is pretty cold back here. Are the rear vents open?" Amy smiled at him and silently mouthed, "Thank you".

Farmer said, "Oh, sorry about that, Miss Suzuki. I don't usually have backseat passengers." He twisted a knob and changed another setting. "There, can you feel it now?" Amy said, "Yes, that's much better. Thanks."

There was silence for a couple of minutes as they drove. Then, as they pulled into a parking lot near the quad, Warfield said, "First stop, Baskind Fountain. Amy, I'm going to give you a handful of coins, and you'll toss them into the water. Okay?"

The car came to a stop, and Amy said, "Okay, I understand."

The three bundled up men and the naked girl got out of the car and walked the hundred feet or so to the fountain. Warfield said, "Okay, it's cold out here; so, let's do this fast. Amy, stand next to the fountain and put your left foot up on the edge. I'll be off to the left side, and I want you to toss in the coins one at a time into the fountain with your right hand. Keep your left arm at your side; I want your left nipple in view as I shoot from slightly behind you."

Amy assumed the position, raising her foot about 20" up to the stone slab at the edge of the fountain. She flinched a bit as Warfield put his hands on her bare waist to adjust her just so. Then, he handed her about a dozen pennies.

He retreated off to her left side and knelt down. Farmer and Strobridge were out of the picture, but they were standing together on the right side of the fountain and Amy knew that they could clearly see her pussy and breasts as she tossed in a coin. Warfield had her make several more tosses as he clicked off the photos; he had her adjust her hair and turn just slightly a few times during the sequence.

After about five minutes, Warfield said, "Okay, that's all for this spot." And Amy tossed in the rest of the coins and dashed back to the warm car. Even the men in their coats, hurried back to the car.

As they pulled out of the parking lot, Warfield said, "Let's go over to Kameron next. There's a lot right next to it. We'll use the mortarboard here, Amy, and we want you to be walking up the steps. Also, I've got a diploma folder here that you can carry."

A minute later they pulled into the lot. Amy was thankful to see that it was empty and she didn't see any people on the sidewalks either. The group walked up the slight hill to the front porch of Kameron. She knew this spot very well as this was the entrance she took each day to go to Knoxx's office.

She wanted to wrap her arms across her chest to provide just a tiny bit of warmth, but she knew that wasn't permitted. So, she just stood there for the moment as Warfield described the pose. "I want to try this a couple of different ways. First, I want you to be actually walking up the steps, and I'll be shooting you from up here on the steps. Carry the diploma folder down near your groin so that it blocks your pussy in kind of a natural way. Then, the other way I want to do it is similar to the fountain shot; I'll have you stand still with a foot on the first step again with the folder held over your pubic area. I'll shoot from off to the side."

He handed her the mortarboard which she put on, and then she took the diploma folder that he held out to her. She gave it an envious look; she sincerely hoped that she would get one of these for real in a couple of weeks. Then, she waited as Warfield went up onto the porch. After he got the camera aimed on her, he said, "Okay, Amy start walking up the steps. Be sure to keep the folder down there in a natural position. I'll probably click off enough shots that at least one of them will have the folder blocking out your pussy."

Amy sighed and followed his instructions. Even though her pussy wouldn't be shown in these pictures, the rest of her front would be - face and boobs would be in full view. As she made the short walk, she heard the camera click several times. At the top of the short flight of stairs, she stopped and waited as Warfield checked the photos on the camera's little screen. He smiled and said, "Yeah, I got at least three here with your vulva hidden. Good. Let's go back down to the bottom step again, and I'll set you up for the next ones."

He guided her down the steps and showed her where to stand. He said, "Okay, Amy, left foot up on the first step, hold the folder with your right hand near your groin, and tilt your head up as if looking up the columns to the building's name up there on the facade above the portico. I'm going to be here on your right shooting up your body."

Amy followed his instructions and from the corner of her eye, she saw him kneeling down right next to her bare right leg. He said, "Amy, move your right arm back just a bit so your tit is showing. Sorry for the gross language, but you know what I mean. That's it." And she stood still as he clicked off several more pictures moving just a bit and changing the exposure setting a few times.

She continued to hold the pose as he reviewed the pictures. As soon as he said they were okay, she ran to the car again where she rubbed her arms in a vain attempt to warm up as she waited for the men to return.

After they all got seated and the heater was going full blast again, Farmer said, "Where to next?"

"Let's go over to the main gate", Warfield replied. "There is street parking right in front. Hopefully, it won't all be used up by the churchgoers."

Amy cringed when hearing about the churchgoers; she had kind of forgotten that it was Sunday morning and there was a church right there on the other side of the street. That might mean that strangers would be watching her embarrassing poses. Even more people would be seeing her naked body.

It only took a couple of minutes to drive over to the main gate. Warfield said, "Hey, we're in luck. There's a spot right in front. Cool."

A gust of wind hit Amy's naked body as she got out of the car, and she shivered. But she slowly trudged up to the "Bancroft University" sign where the men were waiting. Then, Warfield said, "Okay, I want to do several things here. I want cap and diploma with her going both directions. Then the same just carrying books. And finally with her leaning against this famous sign."

Amy looked around, and sure enough, a small crowd was gathering. She guessed that they were on their way to the church, but she didn't know for sure. She sighed and then followed the photographer's instructions. The first shot showed her bare behind as she walked into the gate carrying the diploma folder and wearing the mortarboard. Then, she did the same walk, but Warfield was standing in front taking a frontal view of her body; she had to carry the folder low enough to cover her pussy. Next he gave her two textbooks to carry and they repeated the same walking poses. During a brief pause between poses, she looked at the books and saw that one was a calculus book and the other was an art history book with an old-time drawing of a naked woman on the cover. She smirked to herself on seeing the art book.

The final pose had her standing in front of the university sign. Warfield had her lean back against the sign with her legs slightly spread. He then told her to cover her pussy with the art history book with the cover showing; he adjusted her arms so that she was not covering her breasts.

She was relieved when he said he was finished, and she dashed for the car to warm up. But Farmer yelled at her, "Miss Suzuki, we're going to walk over to the next spot." The cold girl sullenly turned around and rejoined the group. Warfield said, "Sorry, Amy, I should have mentioned that two of the last four sites are just over here in the garden behind the main gate." And a few moments later, Warfield pointed at the bench and said, "This is where we did that first photo with the Underwoods. Please, Amy, sit on the bench, and just look around as if enjoying nature. I'm going to shoot you from behind; turn your head just a bit so I get a slight profile."

Amy now realized where they were and she understood why they didn't have to drive in the warm car, because there was no closer parking spot. She sat down on the very cold stone bench, followed his instructions, and waited for him to take several shots.

Next they walked a little bit further down one of the narrow garden paths to the location of the second photo. This is where the Underwoods were walking hand-in-hand, and Amy kind of wished that she had a special man in her life to hold her hand here. She smiled to herself as she thought about the nice meeting with Dwight Henderson yesterday at the concert; she thought silently, "I'll bet that he'd make a great lover. I wish he were here now." But then she realized that Dwight would also have to be naked for the photo, and she knew that it wouldn't be right to suck him into her naked punishment.

So, Warfield just asked her to walk slowly down the path looking at the garden around her. He took several photos from behind, and then handed her the art history book again to cover her pubic area as he took frontal photos on the path.

After they finished those photos, Farmer said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, go ahead and run back to the car and warm up; here is the remote to unlock the car doors." Amy grabbed the remote control device and dashed back to the car. There were still a bunch of people milling around the main gate as the naked girl unlocked the doors and got into the back seat. She realized that the ignition key was also attached to the remote unit, and she momentarily thought, "Gosh, it would be nice to just drive away from here." But she just settled back in the seat and waited for the men to return.

The last two photo sites were about a half mile away, and Farmer drove to the nearby parking lot. The bench was close by, and Warfield took only frontal photos of Amy sitting on the steel slatted bench. He had her cross her legs and then hold up the art history book as if reading it in such a way that it covered most of the view of her boobs - just a bit of her left nipple was showing.

The final site was just down a path from the bench. Warfield posed her in front of a bush that had very big leaves, and he had her bend and stretch her body so that her pussy and one breast were hidden behind the leaves. He told her to give him an "oh-you-caught-me-naked" look as he shot the photo with her right breast in clear view. Amy wasn't so sure she'd had the right look on her face, but Warfield was satisfied.

Amy was really cold now, and she was very happy to be back in the car as they drove back to the BUF office. The goosebumps had returned and her tits were rock hard. And Strobridge was watching her boobs again.

Back in the computer lab, Farmer said, "Okay, Mr. Strobridge, you're up now, and Miss Suzuki and Mr. Warfield will help you with the layout. Since you've helped us in the past, you know the tools and generally what we want. The only guideline that I will provide is that we want to keep the same general flavor to the ads as we had with the Underwoods. Otherwise, please see what you can do in the next hour."

Amy uncertainly walked over next to Strobridge who had sat down in front of the computer. She said, "What do you want me to do, Darren?"

Strobridge looked at her pretty boobs rather than her face and said, "Umm, well, Mike and I are going to use the two computers to process the photos. So, while we're doing that, why don't you look over those old brochures to see what changes you might make to the wording or the layout? Use this magic marker to scribble changes on those pages, which are still over on the table. Mike can use the laptop to scan through the hundred or so pictures and pick out the best ones and feed them to me. I can change the black and white over to green and white. Okay?"

Amy walked back over to the table and was just about to sit down in the chair, but Warfield said, "Uh, Amy, can I use that chair? I've got a back problem and bending over the computer would probably trigger an episode of spasms. So, I'd like to sit down in front of the computer rather than standing in front of it."

The naked girl just nodded and looked around the lab for another chair, but there weren't any more. So, she stood on one side of the table, and Warfield sat down across from her. She didn't mind standing to study the brochures, but when she had to bend over to mark her suggestions on the pages, she knew that Warfield had a perfect view of her hanging boobs from his seat opposite her. She could feel his occasional glances as she wrote down her ideas. She thought it was a nice change to use her brain rather than her body, even though her beautiful body was still on full display for the three men.

She reworked the paragraph on one of the brochures so that it would appeal better to a younger audience, and she made a few changes to the overall layout such as removing the borders so that the photo, the paragraph, and the application form all sort of flowed together on the sheet. She really wanted to change the "Are you in the BUF?" title, because she knew that it would be herself that would appear in the buff on the new brochure. But she realized that would be too big of a change for Farmer to accept, and also, she actually thought the play on words was kind of cute. So, she left it alone.

After about 10 minutes of this, she went over to Strobridge and said, "I've got some ideas. Are you ready to start laying out a new page?"

"Yeah", he said. "Put the marked up page here next to the computer, and then look over my shoulder as I work them in. I've already got one of Mike's photos on the screen, and I can cut and paste things from the old brochure, if we need to. Okay?"

Amy just said, "Good". And they spent the next couple of minutes combining the photo and Amy's changes into the new document. Once she had to bend way over to point to something on the computer screen, and her left nipple lightly brushed Strobridge's bare arm. She blushed and looked at him to apologize, but he was looking at her drooping boobs and her pussy; so, she just moved a couple of inches out of his way.

Strobridge printed out the new document, and he and the naked girl looked it over. Amy spotted a spelling mistake, but otherwise she thought it looked okay, even though the picture in it showed her bare right breast while she was looking up at the columns and facade of Kameron Hall with the mortarboard on her head. They corrected the mistake and slightly darkened the green color. Strobridge re-printed it and handed it over to Farmer.

For the next half hour or so, they worked together on three other similar documents. Amy modified the wording slightly in each one, and Strobridge used three more of Warfield's photos. One of the photos was a full frontal of her walking out of the main gate with only the art history book strategically positioned in front of her pussy, but both breasts were fully shown. Another showed her bare behind as she walked down the garden path. And the third showed her from the side tossing a coin into the fountain; her left nipple was clearly erect in this picture.

Farmer was very pleased with the new brochures and said, "Well done, everyone. This is just the kind of thing I had in mind. I'll show them to my staff tomorrow morning and then have some printed up for distribution. And we will probably want you to lay out a few more for us using some of the other photos taken today." Amy blanched at this, because today was the only scheduled visit to BUF. Were they going to make her come back here again?

Farmer looked at his watch and said, "All right, Miss Suzuki, we need to leave to go over to the reception." Amy shook hands with Warfield and Strobridge, and then she followed Farmer out to the car.

Farmer told her that it was okay to sit in the front seat, but Amy knew she had to move the towel from the rear seat and she did that without saying a word. The naked girl then climbed in and pulled the seat belt across between her heaving breasts. She was very apprehensive as she thought about mingling naked with the group of alumni.

**Chapter 20 - The Naked Waitress**

Before he started the car, Farmer made an exaggerated display of adjusting Amy's white panties which were currently serving as a decorative handkerchief in his suit pocket. He glanced over at the totally nude girl and silently smirked.

A moment later, Amy was surprised when Farmer turned left rather than right out of the parking lot. The Student Union was only a few blocks to the right. She said, "Uhh, Dr. Farmer, isn't the reception at the union?"

Farmer replied, "Yes, it is, but I need to pick up my wife first." And Amy wordlessly dropped her head and closed her eyes; she was certain that this was going to be some additional humiliation for her.

Amy felt tears well up in her eyes even though she kept them shut. She pondered her current predicament. She was riding totally nude in a strange car with a well-dressed man to some unknown location. She felt extremely vulnerable, but there was nothing she could do about the situation; she just had to endure it.

After a few minutes, the car slowed down and turned into a driveway. Amy opened her eyes and saw a well-maintained Cape Cod style house on a tree-lined street. It looked like a nice, upper-class neighborhood, but she really didn't know where she was.

Farmer said, "Please come on into the house with me. I know that this is going to take several minutes, and it's warmer in there than it will be here in the car." Amy wasn't sure about this, because the car's heater had done a wonderful job of blowing warm air onto her naked body the last few minutes. But she understood from the tone in his voice that this was more of an order than a suggestion. She sighed, got out of the car, and followed him through the door into the house's entryway.

She hesitantly continued to follow him into the living room, and she felt extremely uncomfortable being naked in such a cozy, normal room that was filled with family photos and knick-knacks.

Farmer had a puzzled look on his face and yelled, "Hi, honey, I'm home. Jamie, Evie, anybody home?"

A moment later there was a clatter of feet running down the stairs, and two teenage girls appeared. They stopped in their tracks and gaped when they saw Amy in all of her naked glory. A moment later, an older woman came down the stairs and paused on seeing the naked girl.

Farmer was just about to speak, when his wife spoke up, "Well, well, Gav, you've got another pretty one for your 'In the BUF' campaign." She turned to her daughters and said, "Girls, you've seen a naked woman before. Stop staring and go shake hands with her."

Amy gulped and stepped forward. As she shook hands with the older girl, she said in almost a whisper, "Hi, I'm Amy." The girl replied, "Hello, I'm Evelyn. People call me Evie." Amy silently shook the hand of the other girl, who said, "I'm Jamie. Nice to meet you."

The girls were wearing casual clothes, jeans and sweatshirts, but the older woman was nicely dressed in a dark green business-like outfit, which was cut a bit too low in the front exposing a lot of cleavage - but not nearly as much cleavage as Amy was showing! The woman turned to her daughters and said, "Okay, you've both got homework due tomorrow. Please go upstairs and continue working on it." The two girls hugged their father and then they gave Amy a parting look as they went back upstairs. Amy heard them giggling as they got to the top of the stairs.

The woman stepped forward and Amy expected her to introduce herself and shake hands as well, but instead the woman slowly circled Amy looking her up and down. She felt the woman gently lift her long hair when she was behind Amy's bare back. A second later, she felt the woman's hand lightly lift her left butt cheek.

As the woman returned to face the naked girl, she cupped Amy's left breast with her hand and gently tweaked the nipple with her thumb. Then, she looked at her Amy's bare pussy and said, "Well, Gav dear, you've done really well this time. You've got a real woman who looks like the rest of us." And she quickly brushed Amy's pubic hair while saying, "A nice full bush. Unlike that other one. What was her name? Ivy?"

Farmer corrected, "Eva. Eva Cobb helped us last time."

"Oh, that's right", the lady replied. "She probably thought her shaved mound was something special. But I prefer this." And she brushed her hand more forcefully through Amy's pubic hair. Amy bent her butt slightly backward, but she knew she needed to stand still for this.

Amy was only slightly surprised to hear Eva's name mentioned. It made perfect sense for the campus nude to perform the task that Farmer had told Amy that she'd be doing today - that is, serving drinks in the buff.

The husband said, "Actually, honey, her bush was even fuller earlier in the week, but we asked her to trim it. I think it looks really good right now, doesn't it?"

The woman looked closely at Amy's pussy again and said, "Yeah, Gavin, it is nicely trimmed." And once again, she brushed her hand through it as Amy blushed. The woman continued, "Honey, I'm almost ready. Please take this one out to the car, and I'll be there shortly."

Amy heard herself referred to as "this one", and that only intensified her embarrassment. She was just another naked body to this woman. She didn't even know the other woman's name yet, and she was pretty sure the woman did not know Amy's name either.

Farmer led her back to the car and told her to sit in the back seat. Amy sullenly moved the towel from the right front seat to the right rear seat, and she climbed in back while Farmer took the driver's seat. They waited silently for a few minutes.

The woman climbed into the car and immediately started jabbering about the kids' homework. And after they'd driven a block or so, she changed the subject to the maid coming tomorrow. And on it went about several different topics, and Amy tuned her out. And the husband said almost nothing either.

Then the woman said, "Well, sweetie, how has your day gone so far?"

Amy continued to stare out the window and was surprised by the moment of silence. Then, the husband said, "Uhh, Miss Suzuki, my wife is speaking to you. It's not polite to ignore her question."

Amy was jolted back to the present and stammered, "Wh-what? I'm sorry, Mrs. Farmer, I didn't realize you were talking to me. What was the question?"

The woman said, "Oh, sorry, I didn't make that clear, because I don't know your name. Gavin didn't properly introduce us. I'm Joyce Farmer."

The naked girl replied, "And I'm Amy Suzuki."

"Oh", Mrs. Farmer replied, "You're the underpants girl, aren't you? I saw the bulletin on a couple of boards yesterday. Underpants Amy is what I heard someone call you, right? But, my dear, you're naked now. Where are your underpants anyway?"

Amy stammered some more, "Uhh, uhh, I'm not permitted to wear them today. Part of my punishment is to be naked while performing community service."

The lady pressed the issue, "Okay, but where are your underpants right now?"

Amy was relieved when the husband cut in here, "Actually, darling, I have them here in my pocket. I will return her panties to her after the reception."

"But why is she nude right now? The reception doesn't start for another half hour or so", the woman persisted.

As Farmer pulled the car into the union parking lot, he said, "Well, darling, I guess it's because I told her to. She was naked this morning and would be naked this afternoon; so, it kind of made sense to just keep her that way."

As the car stopped, Mrs. Farmer said, "Let me see the underpants. Where are they?" Then, she laughed when she saw her husband pull Amy's panties from his breast pocket. She giggled, "Oh, that's cute, Gav. I'll fold them nicely for you and put them back there in a few minutes."

The three of them got out of the car, and Amy shivered as the cold wind hit her bare body. The lady smirked as she looked over Amy's panties, and then she dangled the panties from her left hand while she lovingly grasped her husband's hand with her other hand; they talked quietly to each other as they started walking to the union building holding hands.

Naked Amy glumly followed them several steps behind. She noticed that there were quite a few people around now; she suspected it was the usual Sunday-after-church crowd coming to the cafeteria for lunch. She was really cold as well as really embarrassed at having so many eyes looking at her. She also wondered how the Farmers would react if one of their two teenage daughters was required to remain naked like Amy was. Amy had noticed how well filled out the older daughter, Evie, was, and Amy guessed the girl was about 17 years old and probably the girl was just as good looking underneath her jeans and sweatshirt as Amy was. Would they allow their daughter to be forced to parade around totally nude like Amy was right now?

After several yards, Mrs. Farmer turned around and waved her arm and said sarcastically, "Come on, Underpants-less Amy. Don't be a slow poke." She turned back to her husband and they both laughed loudly.

But it was actually the Farmers who were setting the slow pace, and Amy just plodded along after them wishing that they would speed up so she could get inside out of the cold wind. She watched her panties sway from the woman's hand; she wished she had even that tiny bit of covering.

Finally, they got inside the lower level of the Student Union and made their way to the meeting room, which had the sign reading "Foundation Reception. Are you in the BUF?" Farmer unlocked the door and the three of them walked into the big empty room. Amy was happy to see that no one else had arrived early.

Almost immediately, Joyce Farmer held up Amy's panties and started to inspect them. She said, "You know, darling, we need to be careful about folding these again. We don't want these stains showing." And she showed her husband the slight stains in the crotch of the panties. The woman went on, "Well, sweetie, it looks like you were turned on earlier today. These stains are at the very bottom of the crotch, which tells me they're not pee stains but pussy juice stains. Does walking around naked or almost naked turn you on?"

Amy blushed and she wanted to just ignore the question, but she knew that she'd better say something, and so, she just told the truth, "Yeah, a little bit, I guess."

The woman reached into her purse and said, "That's what I thought. You'll get some more opportunities this afternoon. But maybe we should check you out, and make sure that you're at least dry to start out. Please come here and spread your legs. I've got some Kleenex here, and we can get you cleaned up."

Amy blushed an even brighter red and reluctantly stepped in front of the lady and slightly spread her legs so that her pussy lips were open. The woman kneeled down, reached between her legs, and patted Amy's pussy with the tissues. When the woman withdrew her hand, Amy started to close her legs, but the woman said, "No, sweetie, I'm not done. Wider, please." Amy did as the woman ordered, and Mrs. Farmer used an even bigger bunch of Kleenex to wipe Amy's entire crease more thoroughly. When she was done, the lady displayed the slightly damp tissues for Amy's inspection and then she showed them to her husband as well before tossing them in the trash. Tears of extreme embarrassment filled the naked girl's eyes, but Amy stood there with her feet well apart until the woman said she could stand normally.

The woman examined the panties some more and then asked, "Gav, what's this red mark on the rear rim?"

Farmer explained how Knoxx had marked the panties to be sure that they had been approved by the committee. Mrs. Farmer nodded, but said, "Well, why red? Why not our school color - dark green?" The man just shrugged and admitted that he didn't know.

The woman persisted, "Well, I think she should wear only green and white striped panties for her punishment to show her support for the school's athletic teams. And maybe a little smaller than these, because these pretty much cover her cheeks. Oh, I know, how about a thong with a little green and white triangle in front to just cover her bush and a green strap running up through her butt crack?"

But Farmer explained how the committee wanted her feeling embarrassed rather than feeling sexy, and that's why the plain panties were selected.

The woman shrugged and said, "Okay, I guess I understand. But let's put a little bit of green and white on her for the reception. You said she's required to be naked this afternoon, but how about a bow in her hair - that is the hair on top of her head, not down there. And maybe a green and white garter. And some frilly green cuffs for her wrists."

Her husband smiled and said, "Yeah, Joyce, that's a good idea. But where are you going to get that stuff at the last minute like this?"

"Oh, the gift shop upstairs will have it", the wife said. "Come on, sweetie, we're going shopping." And she tossed Amy's white panties to her husband, grabbed Amy's hand, and dragged her out of the room.

As they got out into the hallway, Amy was resisting and pulling back, but then she gave in as she knew she had to, and she let the woman lead her by her hand up the stairs to the main floor of the union. They went past the busy cafeteria, which had some rarely used overflow tables in the hallway but even these tables were full of Sunday brunch diners. And those diners got the enticing close-up view of the naked girl being pulled along by the nicely dressed woman.

Amy was actually relieved when they got to the gift shop, because there were only a couple of people shopping as well as the cashier. Joyce Farmer led Amy back to the clothing area, which was a sea of dark green and white clothes of all styles - sweatshirts, caps, pajamas, skirts, polo shirts, underwear, etc. All inscribed with the Bancroft crest or logo. They quickly found the garter and the bow for her hair, but they could not find the frilly cuffs. Mrs. Farmer said, "Sweetie, go ask the cashier, and I'll continue to look here."

The naked girl reluctantly went back to the cash register and said to the girl who was standing there, "Uhh, do you have, uhh, cuffs that I could wear on my wrists?"

The girl cashier had been staring at Amy ever since she came into the store, and she now focused on Amy's boobs while answering, "You mean like handcuffs? Are you into S&M as well as streaking? Oh, I get it, Chancellor Knoxx and his punishment crew are gonna do something extreme. Maybe cuff your hands behind you for an entire day? Something like that?"

Amy blushed and said, "No, none of that. I'm sorry. I, umm, meant ruffled ones, maybe made of lace, like a French maid outfit."

"Oh, the sexy kind", the cashier replied. "And that would also make sense for you, wouldn't it? Yeah, I think we've got some of those back there somewhere. Come on, I'll show you where to look." And the cashier was getting into this humiliate-the-naked-girl routine, and she roughly grabbed Amy by the elbow and led her back to the clothing section.

Joyce Farmer frowned as the two girls came back and said, "I don't see them here. Oh, good, you've brought the sales girl."

The young cashier said, "They are either up there on the top shelf at the back or down here in the cupboard below. I'll check down here; you look up there. There's a short ladder over there if you need it."

Mrs. Farmer looked at Amy and said, "Well, sweetie, I'm sure as hell not climbing up there. Go get the ladder and check where she said."

The naked girl sighed, went over to get the five-foot high step ladder, brought it back, and set it up in front of the tall shelf in the corner. She tentatively climbed up to the next-to-the-top step, and started moving items around on the shelf looking for the cuffs. No luck there, but there was one more shelf that was higher up, and Amy had to get up on the very top of the ladder, even though the warning label said not to stand on that top step. Her naked body was now on full display, and a small crowd of people had come into the shop to watch. Joyce Farmer held the ladder and Amy shifted her feet slightly to get in a somewhat solid position. She had to almost get on her tiptoes to peek up onto the top shelf, and then she spotted the cuffs in a small display box. She grabbed the box and tossed it down to Mrs. Farmer who said, "Good, sweetie. Stay there for a moment and I'll check to see if this is what we want."

The woman took her hands off of the ladder as she caught the box and while she checked out the frilly wrist cuffs. The ladder wobbled a tiny bit which caused Amy to gasp, but she braced her arms against the shelf to hold the ladder and her body completely still while she waited there with her bare butt on dramatic display for the crowd. Amy thought it took the woman a bit too long to evaluate the cuffs, but finally, the woman said, "Yeah, sweetie, these will work. I've taken two out of the box. And here, I'll hand the box back up to you." Amy went one step down and then had to carefully bend down to take the box from the woman, and she knew her boobs were now the center of attention swaying in full view. She gingerly stood back on the top step, slid the box back into its spot, and climbed down the ladder.

Mrs. Farmer said, "All right, let's try these on, just to be sure." And she grabbed the garter and told Amy to lift her left foot. The woman slid the garter up Amy's leg to just above the knee. She stepped back, pondered a moment, and said, "Nope, up a little higher. We want to draw attention to your little treasure spot, don't we?" And she fluffed up Amy's pubic hair before sliding the garter up to about two inches below her pussy.

She slid the two cuffs onto Amy's wrists, and then held up the hair bow. The woman said, "Yep, this is going to work. I've got some hairpins in my purse that we can use with the bow. Okay, sweetie, take them off, and we'll go pay for them."

Amy took off the garter and the cuffs, and then slowly started walking back to the front counter. As the cashier and Mrs. Farmer joined her, Amy then continued to walk towards the door. But Joyce Farmer said, "Whoa, sweetie, where are you going so fast? You need to pay for these."

Amy gave her a blank stare and said, "But Mrs. Farmer, I don't have any money with me."

"I know that", the woman replied, "But surely you have one of those university charge accounts."

Amy was just about to say that she did have such an account, but the cashier girl said, "We can only do that charge if we see some ID - either a driver's license or preferably her student ID card."

Tears started to form in Amy's eyes as she shook her head and said, "I'm totally naked here, and I obviously don't have an ID or any money with me. But you know who I am - everybody on campus now knows who I am. Can't you just charge it to my account?"

The cashier vigorously shook her head, "No, my boss is adamant about that. No charge without an ID."

Mrs. Farmer spoke up, "Well, sweetie, we've got a quandary here, don't we? How about if I lend you the money and you can pay me back, okay?"

Amy smiled through her tears and said, "Yes, that will work. Thank you." And Mrs. Farmer got out a credit card and used that to pay for the items. As they left the store, Mrs. Farmer whispered to Amy, "You'll get your panties back this afternoon as soon as you pay me back." Amy numbly nodded. And they made the trip back down the hallway, past the crowded cafeteria again, down the stairs, and back into the meeting room.

A few people had arrived early for the reception, and Amy saw them stare at her naked body as she was led back into the room by Joyce Farmer. The early arrivals were two men and a woman probably in their 40's, and the men were nicely dressed in suits, and the woman wore a stylish dress. Mrs. Farmer led Amy to the center of the room, and the three people plus Gavin Farmer gathered around to look at the pretty nude.

Mrs. Farmer said to no one in particular, "Well, we've got to get this one ready." She opened the bag of items, turned to Amy, and said, "Okay, sweetie, lift your left leg." Amy blushed as the lady slid the garter up so that it was just below her pussy. The lady then slid on the lacy wrist cuffs. And finally, she stepped behind Amy and pinned the green and white bow to her long hair.

Amy blushed a bright red as Mrs. Farmer plus the four other people looked her over. Amy wondered why the addition of a few bits of clothing added to her embarrassment. The five people all agreed that the naked girl looked gorgeous in her adornments.

And just then, Amy's stomach growled loudly, and all of the assembled people looked at her bare tummy. Amy blush intensified, and she quietly said, "Oh, I'm sorry about that. I guess I'm hungry."

Mrs. Farmer replied, "Well, sweetie, we can't have you growling at the guests, can we? So, let's see what we can do about that. I'm sure the cook back in the kitchenette can spare a few bits off of the trays that you'll be carrying shortly." She grabbed Amy's arm and guided her to the little kitchen attached to the meeting room.

In the kitchen, Amy saw only one person, a short man about 30 years old. He looked up and said, "Well, hello, Mrs. Farmer, nice to see you again." But he never took his eyes off of Amy, and she saw the eyes scan her from head to toe.

"Hello, Bryce", the lady replied, "Let me introduce you to your helper for this event. This is Emma Suzuki. And sweetie, this is Bryce Crawford, the owner of Crawford's Catering."

Amy tentatively stepped forward and shook his hand. He said, "Hello, Emma, nice to meet you."

"Umm, actually, my name is Amy, not Emma", she said quietly. "Nice to meet you, too, Mr. Crawford."

Joyce Farmer said nothing about her faux pas and went on, "Well, Bryce, this pretty young thing is hungry. We could hear her stomach rumbling from across the room. Please let her nibble on the snacks for a few minutes, before we get going." After a brief pause, she continued, "Okay, sweetie, I'll leave you in the capable hands of this young man." And she turned and left.

When they were alone, Crawford said a little bit too gruffly, "Okay, Miss, I don't care what your first name is. Your name is Suzuki, right?" Amy nodded as the man continued, "So, Suzuki, here's how this is going to work. You're going to quickly eat some of those scraps over there; they're not garbage, they are just rejects from the snack tray that don't look so good. Then, you're going to fill a bunch of wine glasses, put them on a tray, and start passing them out. As far as I'm concerned, you're my replacement employee this afternoon. I say replacement, because I originally planned to have two of my assistants do the serving today, but Dr. Farmer called yesterday and told me to use you instead, and he told me to cut $200 off of my bill, since I don't need to supply the servers. Well, he may compliment you for saving the foundation some money, but let me tell you, I'm not that happy at all about losing that money, and my two young employees aren't happy about losing out on the $75 they would have earned. This is the second time he's done this to me using some pretty naked young thing instead of my competent assistants. So, you're going to work hard for me today. Got it, Suzuki?"

Amy was taken aback by his tone and meekly replied, "Yes, I understand, Mr. Crawford."

Crawford took a couple of steps towards the corner of the room and said, "Good. Now, the scraps are back here. Stand here at the table and eat whatever you want off of this heap. There's a paper cup back there that you can use for some water - no alcohol for you today. And don't sit on that chair! Don't sit on anything this afternoon. The health inspector would have a conniption fit if he knew we had a naked lady in here. He doesn't like strands of hair in the kitchen much less whatever might come out of your lower orifices."

He went on, "All right, Suzuki. You've got 5 minutes. Then, get going on the wine." He went back to his preparation.

Amy started to tear up, because she wasn't used to be spoken to like that. She tore off a paper towel and wiped her eyes, and then she looked over what he had called "the heap". She actually smiled, because she thought it looked delicious. There were several little quiches about 2 inches in diameter, and the only thing she could see wrong with them were tiny bits of crust that had flaked off. And there was a bowl full of raw vegetables - carrot and celery sticks, cherry tomatoes, and bite-size pieces of broccoli. And there was a bowl of cheddar cheese squares next to a bunch of broken crackers. To her eye, there was nothing wrong with the vegetables or cheese except that they weren't all exactly the same size like the ones stacked neatly on the serving tray on the counter.

She quickly gobbled down the discarded quiches, several of the vegetables, as well as the pieces of cheese. She especially liked the quiche and wished that there were more defective ones. But she quietly finished eating enough to hold her until dinner time. And after a quick drink of water, the naked girl hesitantly walked over to the cook and said, "Okay, Mr. Crawford, I'm ready to start."

He said, "The wine glasses are in that tall floor-to-ceiling cabinet. There are three kinds there; I want the middle size, not the goblets or the champagne flutes. Get out 30 glasses. I want 30 sparkling glasses; if there aren't 30 clean ones, I want you to wash the dirty ones in the sink over there."

Amy just nodded and plodded over to the tall cabinet. The medium size glasses were on the higher shelves, but she was able to get about 20 without effort. However, the others were just out of reach. So, she looked around for a ladder - for the second time in the last 15 minutes. But the only thing available was a little foot high stool. She tried that, but she was only able to get a few glasses before she felt the stool starting to slide a little bit.

So, she climbed down and asked, "Mr. Crawford, can you help me, please?"

Crawford came over and Amy said, "Could you try to get those last few glasses down for me? Please?"

He grumbled, "Can't you see that I'm shorter than you are? If you can't reach them, I certainly can't either. Get back up there on your tiptoes, and I'll hold the stool still with my foot and hold you still with my hands."

So, once again, Amy got on her tiptoes on a shaky little device, and as she was reaching up, she felt his hands on her hips. She flinched a bit at his touch, but this little bit of support was just enough for her to reach several more glasses which she gingerly retrieved one at a time. By the time that she got the final glass, his hands were on her sides just below her boobs, and she felt his fingers creep onto her breasts as she got down from the little stool.

She determined that all of the glasses were clean enough to use, and Crawford showed her how much wine to pour in each glass. But just as she was about to start putting the glasses on the serving tray, he asked, "Have you ever been a waitress in a restaurant?"

"No", she answered, "Why?"

He went on, "Well, an experienced waitress would know how to carry that tray with one hand, and I think it would be an interesting sight for a pretty naked lady to deftly carry that tray one-handed. Let's have you practice a little bit. Here, let's use empty paper cups rather than full wine glasses."

Hesitantly, Amy stepped around to face Crawford. He said, "Okay, hold up your right hand with the palm up above your shoulder. Like you are shooting a free throw in basketball." Amy did as he asked and Crawford placed the foot-in-diameter tray on her hand. He stepped back and looked at the lovely sight with all of Amy's naked charms exposed, and he said, "Now, walk around the kitchen."

But after only a couple of steps, the tray tipped and all of the cups tumbled to the floor. Amy kneeled down, picked up the cups, re-loaded the tray, and tried again. But this time, she stubbed her toe on a chair and the entire tray fell to the floor in a loud clatter.

Crawford sighed and said, "All right, let's have you try the easier position. Hand out, palm up. You know, kind of like a panhandler?" Amy reloaded the tray and Crawford laid it on her outstretched hand. Crawford said, "Doing it this way kind of blocks the view of your good stuff, you know, your right boobie, but at least, you'll be able to see the cups. Go ahead; around the kitchen."

The naked girl was more confident in this position, and she made it almost all the way around the kitchen before the tray tipped and fell to the floor. Crawford said exasperatingly, "Oh, hell, Suzuki. This isn't going to work, because you'll just make a mess. Use two hands. And let's make sure that you'll be able to handle it this way."

Amy wasn't really surprised that she had trouble with the tray, because she never considered herself to be very coordinated; she had experienced similar trouble balancing things all of her life. She sullenly reloaded the tray with the cups and carried it around the kitchen a couple of times. Crawford mockingly said, "Bravo!" Amy was thankful that she'd at least passed this seemingly simple test.

And so the naked girl put six glasses on a serving tray and filled them part way up with the white wine.

Amy picked up the tray, and flinched as Crawford placed his hands on her bare waist again as he made a few adjustments and gave her last minute instructions. Then, she used her bare butt to shove open the swinging door into the meeting room. As she turned, she saw that several more people had arrived, and the conversation stopped when they spotted her.

The naked waitress came over to the group and silently reached out the tray with her two hands offering the drinks. But there were 9 people there plus Farmer and his wife, and she only had 6 glasses of wine. So, as soon as the last glass was lifted off of the tray, she quickly turned and headed back to the kitchen.

Just as Amy was about to go back into the kitchen, Joyce Farmer grabbed her arm from behind and angrily said, "Hurry up, Emmy, can't you carry more glasses than that?"

Amy pulled away from her and quietly said, "Sorry. I'll be back in a moment." And she ducked back into the kitchen.

This time, Amy put 8 glasses on the tray and filled them. But Crawford yelled, "No! That's too many glasses for you to do at once." And he took two of the glasses off of the tray.

Crawford gently put his hand on her bare butt and guided her to the door. He pushed the door and held it open for her. A few more people had entered the room, and Amy quickly made the rounds to offer the wine to the guests. But there were still a couple of people without glasses, and Mrs. Farmer glared at her.

Amy scooted back to the kitchen and quickly loaded up the tray with 6 more glasses of wine. As she pushed through the door, she saw that a big group of guests was streaming into the room. And, naturally, they all stared when they saw her naked body.

Amy made three more trips with 6 glasses each time, and now all the guests that wanted wine had it. She had one glass still left on the tray as she finished the last trip. As she turned to return to the kitchen, she heard Gavin Farmer say to her, "Miss Suzuki, please come up here for a moment." Amy turned and saw that he was standing on the low platform at a podium.

She put the tray down on a nearby table and stepped up onto the stage. Farmer guided her to a spot next to the podium; Amy wanted to step behind it, but Farmer took the podium spot himself. And now that her hands were no longer holding the tray, she had a very powerful urge to hold them in front of her breasts or pussy; she had to make a very conscious effort to keep them at her sides. Amy blushed as she faced the crowd of nicely dressed guests.

Farmer tapped his wine glass with his pen to get everyone's attention, and he said, "Everybody, can I have your attention please?" After the conversations faded out, Farmer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me officially welcome you to today's reception. As you know, this is an unapologetic plea for all of you to become members of Bancroft University Foundation. That is, we want you in the BUF. That's spelled B-U-F, but as you can see, we have this pretty lady who is already in the buff, spelled B-U-F-F. No, you don't have to go au naturel like her, but we hope that her appearance today will help you appreciate the benefits of being in the BUF." Everyone except Amy laughed at this extensive play on words.

Farmer continued, "This is Amy Suzuki, a student here at Bancroft, and we are fortunate to have her doing the serving today. She is saving the foundation some money by helping out this afternoon." Amy was annoyed because he was implying that she was doing this willingly, but his next words caught her completely off guard. "Miss Suzuki, please say a few words to the group."

Amy hadn't expected to say anything except some light chit-chat at this event, and she didn't know what to say. A myriad of thoughts raced through her head at this instant. Should she apologize for her nudity? Should she explain her nudity? Should she continue the wordplay on "BUF" and "buff"? Should she even mention her nudity at all? Should she tell them about her major and her classes? Should she tell them how important getting her degree was to her?

Finally, she decided to just say something neutral. She gulped and said, "Uhh, hello, everyone. Umm, welcome to today's reception. Let me, umm, repeat what Dr. Farmer said and encourage you to join the foundation. And I, umm, uuhh, hope you enjoy the wine and snacks." She was breathing heavily now, and she knew her breasts were rising and falling noticeably, but she just continued to look out over the heads of the people standing there looking at her. She was blushing a beet red, and she felt her hands spasm in a reflexive reaction to want to cover her private parts, but she deliberately moved them behind her back and firmly held them together there.

After a momentary pause which seemed like a lifetime to Amy, Farmer frowned at her and said, "Thank you, Miss Suzuki. You may return to your serving duties now."

Amy stepped down from the platform, picked up her tray, and returned to the kitchen while Farmer continued addressing the crowd.

Back in the kitchen, she immediately grabbed a paper towel and wiped her eyes. She had to really control herself to avoid breaking out sobbing, because she saw Crawford looking over at her. She knew that Farmer had made her talk to the crowd just to embarrass her further, and it had definitely worked as he intended.

Crawford came over to her and said, "All right, Suzuki. Serve the snacks now." He showed her a bigger tray with a platter holding the neatly cut vegetables, cheese, and crackers along with a stack of paper plates plus toothpicks and napkins. And a bowl of ranch dressing for dipping.

Amy hesitated just a moment to regain her composure, and it was just long enough to cause Crawford to say gruffly, "Come on, Suzuki, get going." And he swatted her on her bare ass fairly hard.

Amy picked up the tray, backed her way through the swinging door with her butt, and returned to the room to serve the snacks. Farmer was still giving his sales pitch to the guests, and she silently moved around the room offering the snacks to the fashionably attired group.

And so for the next two hours, the naked girl served the guests wine and snacks. The alcohol loosened the inhibitions of some of the guests, and Amy felt several surreptitious feels of their fingers on her bare butt. One husband and wife couple even kind of cornered her for a minute or so, and they blatantly fondled her breasts almost causing her to drop the tray of snacks.

The minutes just seemed to creep by. There was a clock on the wall that did not seem to move; everytime Amy looked at it, she swore that the hands never moved. But finally about 3 o'clock, Farmer thanked them all for coming and the crowd started to leave. Amy just put down the tray and stood off to the side as they left. A few of the group came over to shake her hand and get one last look at her gorgeous naked body before leaving.

As Farmer was closing the door, Crawford emerged from the kitchen and yelled, "Okay, Suzuki, help me clean up." Amy was afraid this would happen, and she glanced over at Farmer who just said, "Go ahead. Joyce and I have a few things to do here, and we'll wait for you."

The clean-up went very quickly except for washing the wine glasses. Crawford insisted that the glasses be sparkling clean before returning them to the cabinet. Naturally, Amy had to use the shaky little stool again to put the glasses back on the upper shelves, and Crawford got in some last minute feels of her naked butt and breasts as he supported her on the stool.

It was just before 4PM when Amy said good-bye to Crawford and went back into the meeting room where the Farmers were waiting. Amy wasn't in a very good mood at this point, and when Mrs. Farmer said, "Come on, Ivy, we'll give you a ride home", Amy replied testily, "Mrs. Farmer, my name is Amy. It's not Ivy, Emma, Emmy, or Sweetie or anything else you've called me today. My name is Amy. Got it!" Amy immediately regretted the tone that she had used, but she continued to stare at the woman.

But Mrs. Farmer wasn't phased and said, "Well, whatever. Come on, let's go." Amy started to slip off the wrist cuffs, but the woman said curtly, "Leave those on." And as Amy walked out the door into the hallway, the woman spanked her bare bottom.

The strange trio made the return trip to the car. The couple nicely dressed in their overcoats was followed by the naked girl wearing only a garter, frilly cuffs, and a hair bow. It was just as cold, windy, and overcast as earlier in the day, but the two Farmers didn't seem to be in any hurry to get to the car. Amy sullenly plodded along a few steps behind wishing they would hurry up.

At the car, Amy was glad to have the towel to sit on to keep the cold seat from her bare ass, but the leather seat was very cold on her bare back and on her legs. And Amy could see her breath even after the doors were closed. She shivered and felt her nipples stiffen up, but she kept her hands at her sides on the seat.

Fortunately, the car's heater warmed up rapidly, and Amy was soon somewhat comfortable - at least, temperature-wise. She just silently sat staring out the window as Farmer drove back towards her dorm. All the while, Joyce Farmer continued to jabber away about various topics; her husband responded only occasionally.

Finally, in the dormitory parking lot, Farmer stopped the car, and said, "Well, okay, Miss Suzuki, thanks for your help today. Oh, and here are your panties." He pulled Amy's underpants from his breast pocket and was about to hand them back to Amy, but his wife interrupted, "Wait, Gav. She owes me some money. She only gets her panties after I get my money. She knows that. Don't you, sweetie?" She gave Amy a jeering smile and said, "Oh, pardon me. Don't you, Amy?"

Amy just nodded and quietly said, "I'll go upstairs and get it. How much do I owe you?"

"Well, the credit card receipt shows $35.57 including tax. I'll settle for $35 even. Please hurry."

And so the almost naked girl got out of the car and walked into the dorm lobby. She blushed as she felt the stares of the collection of guys sitting there; they had been watching a baseball game on TV, but they seemed much more interested in her naked body than the game.

She was glad to have the elevator to herself as she rode up to the fourth floor. She scooted through the common area and down the hall to her room. Linda looked up from her desk and smiled at Amy as she walked in, but the smile quickly faded when she saw the strangely adorned almost nude girl. Linda said, "Sooz, what's going on?"

Amy curtly replied, "Hang on. I need to give them some money, but I'll be right back."

As Linda was asking, "Money to who?", Amy silently got $35 from her purse and scooted back out the door. This time she ran down the side stairwell, through the lobby, past the guys again, and back out into the cold weather. She dashed over to the car, tapped on the woman's window, and stepped back as Mrs. Farmer opened the door. Amy handed her the money and then took her panties which the woman handed to her. Amy was about to hurry back inside, but the woman said authoritatively, "Wait, Amy. Please put them on here."

Amy sighed, but she did as instructed. She first slipped off the garter, slid on the panties, and slid the garter back into place on her left leg. The collection of guys watched this through the big lobby window.

The woman held out her hand, and Amy reluctantly shook it and quietly said, "Good-bye." Amy then hurried back into the warm building and up to her room.

She didn't say anything as she entered the room, but she rushed across and buried her head in Linda's shoulder and burst out crying. Linda let her best friend sob into her big fluffy sweater for a couple of minutes. Amy then wiped her eyes, turned up the heat, and then told Linda about her ordeals.

As Amy finished, Linda said, "Oh, sorry, Sooz, I'm late. I'm meeting Mark for dinner and then we're going to study. I gotta go. We'll talk more later." Amy was disappointed, but she understood.

Amy was then able to get in a few minutes of studying before it was time for her to leave again.

**Chapter 21 - Knoxx's Little Trick**

About 4:45, Amy left to go to Kameron for her meeting with Knoxx. She was glad to be rid of the adornments. It seemed to her that the cuffs, garter, and bow enhanced her nudity and thus her embarrassment rather than providing any additional cover.

It was still cool and overcast; only slightly warmer than the morning had been. The nearly naked girl ran most of the way on the empty sidewalks. When she got to the front door, she found the door locked! She circled the building and found that all of the outside doors were locked. She got out her cell phone from her backpack and tried calling Knoxx's office. No answer. What to do? It was still a couple of minutes before 5, and so she decided to wait by the front door. She was freezing out there on the steps, but she didn't feel like she had a choice. At 5:05, she called Knoxx's office again, but again no answer. She waited some more, and finally about quarter after 5, she looked through the front glass door and saw Knoxx getting off the elevator and coming over to the door. He let her in and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I'm glad to see that you could make it afterall. I had just about given up on you."

Amy gave him an exasperated look and said, "Dr. Knoxx, the doors are locked, and I've been here since 4:55. I tried twice to call your office. Why didn't you answer the phone? I've been very cold standing almost naked out here!"

Knoxx then gave her a puzzled look and said, "Umm, well, the phone didn't ring. Are you sure you have the correct number for my office?"

Amy looked at her contacts list on her cell phone and read off the number. Knoxx nodded, "That's the correct number. Well, let's go up to my office. Maybe we can figure out what went wrong."

They silently rode the elevator back up to the seventh floor, but Amy could feel his eyes looking at her hard nipples. They were the only two people in the entire building, and Amy felt very uneasy about being so alone with him.

As they entered the waiting room, he wordlessly pointed to the penis hook, and Amy sighed as she removed her panties and hung them on the hook. Knoxx looked at the fancy phone console on Mrs. Duckworth's desk, and he spotted the red "System Deactivated" light was turned on. He said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Suzuki, I'd forgotten that Lorene disables the phone system on the weekends. I'll remind her about that in the future. Please come into my office."

Amy was still shivering and her nipples were still rock hard as she entered the office. She just stood there naked in front of his desk.

He sat down at his desk, and as he looked up at her naked body, Amy blushed. He said, "You helped Dr. Farmer today, right?" Amy nodded. He continued, "How did that go?"

Amy just said, "Fine."

Knoxx said, "Well, that's good. Now, let's see. Tomorrow is Monday, and the schedule shows that you'll be posing in art class tomorrow morning. Right?"

Amy just said, "Yes, I'll be there."

Knoxx said, "Well, I don't have anything else. Do you?"

Amy gave him another exasperated look. She thought, "Why the fuck do you have me come and freeze my ass off for a two-sentence meeting??!!" But she just said, "No."

Knoxx opened the drawer shuffled through the pile of clean panties and picked out another pair of yellow ones. He held them up with two hands to show to her; she nodded, and he tossed them to her. As she was sliding them on, he said, "Okay. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night."

Amy was pissed as she stormed out the door. The only point of this meeting had been to allow Knoxx to get his daily dose of her nude body. And she suspected that he knew all along that the phone had been turned off and that she was outside in the cold weather.

And she was right, because at that same moment Knoxx was laughing aloud in his office, because he had indeed planned it that way. He looked out the window and watched her walk away, and then he picked up his phone and dialed.

Amy ran back to the dorm and turned up the heat. She was still pissed, but after a few minutes, she went to the dining hall with some friends for dinner.

Linda didn't return til about 9 o'clock. And as soon as she walked in the door, Amy could tell something was wrong. She said, "Hey there, Lindy. Are you okay?"

Linda shook her head and started crying. Amy got up and gave her good friend a hug, and now it was Amy's turn to let Linda cry on her bare shoulder. She said, "Lindy, what's wrong?"

After a minute or so, Linda dried her eyes and said, "Oh, Sooz, you were right. Knoxx called me and wanted a report about you. He tried to be nice, but he made it very clear that I might be in trouble if I didn't answer his questions."

Amy held her friend at arms length on her shoulders and said, "I was afraid of that. What did he ask and what did you say?"

Linda said, "Well, just as you predicted, he asked if you had broken any of the rules in that document. I told him 'no' and that you were trying very hard to avoid doing anything wrong. But then he asked, 'When Amy goes to bed, does she get in under the covers?' And it dawned on me that using bedcovers is probably not allowed. Is that right?"

Amy was stunned, because she hadn't thought of that. She said, "Oh no, Lindy. That hadn't occurred to me either. And since bedcovers would cover my breasts, that would be a violation. What did you tell him?"

Linda said, "The truth. That I saw you get into bed under the covers on Friday night and last night. He thanked me and hung up. Oh Amy, I'm so sorry. What's going to happen now?"

Amy hugged her friend again and said, "Lindy, you did the right thing. You did as we agreed. I don't know what's going to happen now. He probably had this planned all along. And I think he played a trick on me this afternoon, too." And she told Linda about standing out in the cold waiting for him.

Then Amy said, "He didn't mention this business about bedcovers when I saw him at 5:15; I wonder why not. Oh, what time did he call you?"

Linda said, "I don't remember for sure. Let me check my cell phone." She browsed through the cell phone menus and found the list of received calls. "Here it is. 5:25 PM today. Wasn't that during your meeting with him?"

Amy said, "That bastard! The meeting was very, very short today, only 5 minutes or so. He probably called you as soon as I left his office. What an asshole! First, he freezes my tits off, and then he traps you into admitting that I broke a rule."

They both looked at each other for a few moments, and then Amy said again, "Lindy, you did the right thing. You really did. Now, it's my problem, not yours, and I'll have to deal with it somehow."

They spent the next couple of hours quietly studying. Amy then marked off another day on her calendar, threw the bedcovers on the floor leaving only the fitted sheet on the mattress, and went to bed uncovered wearing only her yellow panties. She wondered how many other rules she had inadvertently broken.

May 7, Monday

**Chapter 22 - Posing with Eva**

Amy had to move a little faster than normal on Monday morning, because she had agreed to pose at the 8 o'clock art class with Eva rather than alone at 9 o'clock. Also, it was still really cold today, and Amy decided to use Eva's suggestion of going from building to building to get to Wakefield Hall, and so she planned for a longer time to get there.

She pulled on her stocking cap, grabbed her backpack, and started the cold journey. The wind was blowing, and she was soon covered in goose bumps. It took her only a couple of minutes to run to the first building where she was happy to find the hallways empty but nice and warm. She walked down the long hallway to the other end of the building, paused for a moment at the door, and then set out on a run for the next leg.

When she arrived at the next building, she was really shivering. She was glad that there was a heating vent in the lobby blowing very hot air. She stood in front of it for a few minutes to warm up. She tried to ignore the stares of the faculty who were entering the building to start their workday.

Then, she took a deep breath and stepped back outside for the final leg of the trip to Wakefield. It was a bit farther distance than the first two legs, and Amy ran as hard as she could. She passed many bundled up walkers who stopped to enjoy the sight of her bouncing breasts with the rock hard nipples. She dashed up the steps into Wakefield Hall and paused for a moment in the entryway to catch her breath.

She looked around for a heating vent and then spotted it. But as she stepped in front of it, she was not alone. Eva was standing there in her naked glory rubbing her arms.

Amy said, "Hey, Eva. How are you doing this cold morning? That's kind of a dumb question, isn't it?"

Eva smiled at her and said, "Yep, that's a dumb question. It's even cold inside this building, but at least, I'm allowed to wear a coat outside; so, I'm doing fine. Here, get in closer to the hot air; you're all covered in goosebumps." Eva moved to the side and let Amy share the space with her. Then Eva continued, "But why are you here so early? I thought your shift started at 9."

Amy replied, "Well, Dr. Whiteside asked me to come in and pose with you at the 8 o'clock class. Didn't she tell you?"

"Nope. But I never know what to expect at these classes anyway; I just do what I'm told. It will be nice to have company today."

Amy said, "We've still got several minutes left before class starts, and I appreciate you sharing. Sorry if I'm trespassing in your private space."

Eva just chuckled and said, "No problem, but I might have to charge you rent." They both laughed, and Eva continued, "I'll wait with you."

As they stood there, Amy asked quietly, "What's the deal with Dr. Whiteside's using French so often. She's got a northeastern accent like many of us, and the use of an occasional French term seems strange to me."

Eva whispered back, "Yeah, I think so, too. But she told me that her father is from Boston, and her mother is French Canadian. She said she lived in both Boston and Montreal as a kid, and both languages were used in the household. She throws in a lot of 'très bons' and 'ma cheries' into her conversations."

Amy replied, "Thanks, that explains it." And then they talked about their other classes and upcoming final exams. The arriving students and faculty stared at the two beautiful almost naked girls. After another few minutes, Amy and Eva walked together down the hall to the classroom with its many easels.

As they walked into the room, Whiteside smiled at them. They dropped their book bags in the corner, and Amy slid off her panties and hung them on the hook. Then she took off her stocking cap and hung it on the hook as well. But she immediately heard Whiteside say from across the room, "Hey! Not that." Amy looked over at the instructor, who was scowling and waving her arm at the peg. And Amy realized that Whiteside was telling her not to hang her cap on the hook. Amy grabbed the cap and stuffed it in her backpack. Whiteside came over and said with a smile, "Tsk, tsk. Panties only on the hook, n'est pas?"

Whiteside continued and said to the two naked girls, "Well, good morning, ladies. You are indeed looking good this morning. I hope your nipples remain so invitingly erect for the next hour. Now, Amy, please go over and bring up two of the 1-foot cubes."

Amy looked over at Eva and shrugged, but she did as Whiteside asked, making two trips to the storage area to get the two cubes to put on the stage. Whiteside had gone over to talk to some of the students. Eva whispered to Amy, "She wants you to bring up the props?"

Amy said, "Yeah, that's the way she did it on Friday also. You looked surprised. Don't you do that?"

Eva said, "No, she usually has an assistant to help her with the setup. I just pose - nothing else."

Amy scoffed, "It figures. I don't think I've gotten off on the right foot with her. Oh well, it's no big deal to move the props around."

Whiteside returned to the platform, stood between the girls, and said, "Good morning, class. We are very fortunate today to have two beautiful nude models who will pose for us today. You all know Eva, but let me introduce Amy Suzuki. Now, girls, please stand here and face this direction so that the class can compare your pretty bodies. Class, please note the pleasant contrast in colors of skin, hair, and eyes. Amy is a bit taller, and Eva is a bit fuller breasted. Also, note the difference in the pubic area. You are accustomed to Eva's shaved nether region whereas Amy has a nicely trimmed bush." Whiteside's hand grazed Amy's pubic hair as she was talking. "In our first drawing today, we are going to focus on the different appearances of their vulvas." Eva and Amy blushed as she said this.

Whiteside grabbed each girl by the elbow and said, "Okay, girls, let's turn around so the rest of the class can take in the spectacular view of your bodies." And she lightly brushed Amy's pubic hair again and said, "We have been trying to persuade Miss Suzuki to trim her hair even further. Maybe before the end of the semester she will agree to cut it back. But for today, we have this very nice difference between the two pussies."

The instructor then reached over with her two hands and tweaked a nipple of each girl. She said, "Also, please notice the difference in shape and color of their breasts. Amy's are a bit pointier, is that an English word? And the nipples and areola are much darker and smaller than Eva's. In our second drawing today, we'll focus on the breasts." The two girls shifted uncomfortably as Whiteside twisted their nipples.

Next, she grabbed each of the two naked girls by the shoulders and formed a little huddle. And she said, "Okay, Eva, your clit isn't showing. Why not? You know I want it visible in your poses."

Eva blushed and said, "It is freakin' cold, even in here, and my clit doesn't like that."

Whiteside said testily, "Well, I want it showing. Now!"

Eva blushed even more, reached between her legs, parted her lips, and lifted the little hood. She massaged her clitoris for a few seconds and it responded almost immediately. She tugged at it a little bit, took her hands away, and stood up. She asked Whiteside, "Is that okay?" The little nub was just peeking out between her shaved pussy lips. Eva was embarrassed to hear some of the girl students giggling behind her as they realized what she was doing.

Whiteside merely nodded. But Amy asked, "How about mine? Do you want it out?"

Whiteside said almost angrily, "No! I want there to be distinct differences. I want hers showing and yours not showing. Okay?"

Amy said, "Okay, okay. I get it." Eva just shrugged.

Whiteside said, "All right. Now, I want both of you standing right next to each other, facing the same direction with shoulders touching." Amy and Eva took the position, and Whiteside placed a one-foot cube about 18 inches on each side of them. She continued, "Bon. Now, each of you take your outside foot and place it on the cube continuing to lean on each other's opposite shoulder." The naked girls did as instructed; their pussies were now spread wide. Whiteside adjusted their feet so that their legs were out turned exposing the pussies even more.

Whiteside said, "Bon, bon. Now, I want each of you to put your outside hand on your outside butt cheek, and with your other hand point to the other girl's pussy; put your pointing index finger just above the pussy." The girls blushed, but followed the instructions. They were now standing with legs spread, inside arms crossed, and pointing at the other's lower lips. Whiteside adjusted the crossed arms so that they were not blocking the nearby breast. And she looked closely at Eva's pussy to make sure that her clit was still visible; she brushed her finger against the tiny nub just to be sure. Then she said, "Okie dokie, mes amies. Hold that pose and smile. And class, please begin drawing. Remember that we are focusing on their genitals in this exercise."

After about 10 minutes, Whiteside said, "Okay, let's give our naked friends a couple of minutes to stretch and relax. And then, they will turn around and present the same pose to the other side of the class."

The girls relaxed and stretched. Eva scampered down the aisle between the easels to her backpack and took a quick swig of water from the bottle in her backpack. She came back, and she and Amy assumed the position in the opposite direction. Whiteside made the adjustments to their feet and hands, and then she poked at Eva's clitoris to get it to swell up again.

Ten minutes later, Whiteside said, "Excellente! I'm going to come around the class to briefly look at your drawings of these gorgeous young women in this provocative pose. We'll let them rest for a few minutes before our next exercise. Amy, while we're waiting, can you bring up a bunch of pillows? Maybe a dozen or so?"

In spite of being naked in front of all these people, Amy smiled at the word "pillows". Maybe the next pose wouldn't be so stressful? She skipped back to the storage area, found the collection of colorful pillows, and brought several different styles up to the platform. She and Eva just stood there silently stretching for a few minutes until Whiteside called the class back to order.

Whiteside said, "Now, for the next drawing, we're going to focus on these two girls' pretty boobies." And she tweaked a tit on each of them. "Amy, let's start with you lying back in the stack of pillows. Lie down and I'll position you and the pillows." Amy stretched out on her back on the cold platform floor with a few pillows under her head. Whiteside added more pillows under her head and a few under her back so that her upper body was somewhat elevated.

"Now, Eva, I want you to get on all fours with one of your breasts right over Amy's mouth, and your mouth over one of her breasts." Eva followed her instructions so that her right boob was over Amy's mouth and one hand on the floor on each side of Amy. Whiteside lowered Eva's head just a bit so that her mouth was about an inch from Amy's boob, and she raised Amy's head slightly so that Amy was almost kissing Eva's hanging breast. She said, "Okay, girls, I want you to pretend to be almost kissing each other's breast - almost, but not quite kissing it."

Amy and Eva did as they were told, and Whiteside stepped back to look over the setup. She shook her head and said, "The heads and boobs are okay, but the rest doesn't look right. Eva, extend your legs so that you're in kind of a push-up position over her. And both of you, spread your legs a little bit wider - not really wide spread, but enough that your lower lips are showing." They did as she asked and Whiteside made further adjustments to their legs. "Bon. Let's hold that pose for 5 minutes and then we'll switch so that Eva can rest her arms. Class, remember this exercise is primarily about the breasts. Eva's breasts dangle nicely from above, and Amy's are nice mounds below. Be sure to emphasize the nipples."

The five minutes passed slowly for Eva, and her arms were aching. They changed positions so that Amy's breasts were dangling and Eva's were mounding. Whiteside got some hairpins from her pocket and pinned up Amy's long hair so that it didn't block the view of the breasts below.

Now it was Amy's turn for the aching arms, and she was happy to hear Whiteside announce that 5 minutes were up. The two girls switched positions again, posed for 5 minutes, and switched again for the last 5 minute pose.

Whiteside came up on stage and tapped Amy on her bare butt to indicate that time was up. And the two girls scrambled to their feet with Amy rubbing her sore arms. Whiteside said to the class, "Let's give our two models a round of applause for their excellent posing today." After the clapping died down, Whiteside said, "Okay, class. Same time tomorrow. Au revoir."

Then she turned to the two naked girls and said, "Merci beaucoup! Nice job today. And if my nose is working correctly, I detect a little bit of that natural female perfume from sexual arousal. So, I hope you enjoyed yourselves today as well." Both Amy and Eva blushed at this remark. "Eva, I will see you tomorrow morning. And Amy, I'd like to speak with you for a moment."

Eva said her goodbyes, picked up her backpack, and left. Whiteside then said, "Amy, could you please possibly stay and model for the next class? I know you have the hour free before your first class, and I'd really like to have you pose for the 9 o'clock class again. Okay?"

Amy was stunned, because she thought she was done posing for the day. She sure didn't want to do this, but she wasn't sure if it she could say "no" or not. She decided to take a chance and said, "Dr. Whiteside, I'm sorry, but I can't stay. I have some reading to do before my Psych class at 10."

Whiteside looked crestfallen and said, "Well, okay. So, I guess I'll see you on Thursday, is it?"

Amy nodded at her, walked over to the peg for her yellow panties, slid them on, and left carrying her backpack.

**Chapter 23 - A Few Things to Smile About**

After leaving Wakefield Hall, Amy felt her underpants getting wet. She had become turned on during the poses with Eva. Amy had never been sexually attracted to women, and so, she was puzzled by her body's reaction in the art class.

But she had a more practical problem to deal with. The wet panties were very noticeable to the people she passed in the hallway and on the sidewalks, and she suspected that they could smell her "natural female perfume" as Whiteside had put it. She was extremely embarrassed having others know about her sexual arousal. Several girls giggled and pointed at her wet panties, and a guy yelled, "Hey, Underpants Amy, it looks like you're having a great day. Who's the lucky guy?"

Since she had an hour to kill before Psych class (she didn't really have a lot of reading to do; she just told Whiteside that to get out posing for another hour), she went into the women's restroom in Younger Hall where her Psych class would be. She went into one of the stalls and took off her wet panties. She was hoping to dry them out using the hot air hand dryer, but the bathroom was a busy place and each time she thought the coast was clear to come out of the stall naked and use the hand dryer, she heard the outer door open, and she ducked quickly back into the stall. So, she tried waving the panties in the stall without much success. Finally, she just hung them on the hook and waited for her chance to use the hand dryer.

While waiting, she used toilet paper to try to clean herself up and remove the embarrassing odor. Even though she didn't like the cheap toilet paper that the college put in the women's restrooms, she used the scratchy paper on her pussy. It was better than nothing, but not much.

She stayed there in the stall most of the hour. She stood most of the time to avoid an embarrassing red ring on her ass that would have happened if she'd sat on the toilet for most of the time. Finally, just before 10 AM, she slid on her still wet panties and went to class. She sat in her damp underwear for her 10 and 11 o'clock classes, and then after lunch, she used her hair dryer in her dorm room to dry them completely. There were still some stains near the crotch, but she didn't have time to wash and then dry the panties again, and obviously, she could not put on a non-approved fresh pair.

\* \* \*

A few minutes before 5 PM, Amy walked into Knoxx's waiting room and up to Mrs. Duckworth's desk. The secretary was glaring at her and twirled her finger indicating that Amy should turn around. Amy turned and showed her rear end to Duckworth. The secretary merely nodded and waved her hand at the penis-shaped peg. Amy took off her panties and hung them on the hook. Mrs. Duckworth then gave her a paper towel and said, "Please sit on this and wait for Dr. Knoxx."

After only a minute or so, Knoxx came out and said, "Please come in, Miss Suzuki."

She was a bit surprised not to see the committee there; it was only naked Amy and Knoxx. All day, she had been expecting to be scolded severely for using bedcovers, and she thought this would be done with the full committee present.

Amy stood in front of his desk as usual with her hands at her sides. Knoxx looked at her naked body, and said, "Miss Suzuki, we are running short of panties for you to wear. There are only 4 more pairs left. Please bring in some more pairs for the committee to evaluate. Since you should know by now what our criteria are, you should be able to find more appropriate ones in your drawers or know what style and colors to purchase. I think I suggested light blue and pale green and maybe some more with that nice Asian skin tone color. It's your choice, but the full committee will need to approve them like we did the other ones."

Amy replied, "Okay, I'll have to buy some more, since I don't have any more back at the dorm that would fit your criteria." She knew better than to complain about the added expense.

Knoxx leaned back in his chair and looked her over closely again. He thought, "This is one gorgeous young lady. And she is standing here nude in front of me. Nice perky tits and pussy lips peeking out beneath her bush. I'm a lucky old coot!"

But he just said, "All right. That's about all I've got. Please remember to be here tomorrow morning a little before 8 o'clock to fill in for Mrs. Duckworth for a few hours. She told me to tell you that she appreciates your volunteering to cover for her."

Amy closed her eyes and thought, "Volunteering!!?? My ass." She just said, "I'll be here."

Knoxx replied, "Good. Remember that you are to be naked during that time as well. Hang your panties on the hook for the three hours. And speaking of panties, let me give you a pair to wear. Let's see how about these pink ones." And he tossed them to her.

These were one of her favorite panties. Very comfortable, and she thought they looked good on her. She actually smiled a bit as she slid them on. Knoxx admired the jiggling breasts as she pulled up the panties.

She said good night and left.

As she was walking back to the dorm, she looked at her phone and noticed a new voicemail message on the display. It had arrived during the few minutes she was meeting with Knoxx. She didn't recognize the phone number, but she connected to the system and listened to the message.

She smiled broadly when she heard Dwight's voice. "Hi, Amy. This is Dwight Henderson. It was good to talk with you at the concert on Saturday. And I was, uh, um, wondering if you, umm, ah, would like to go out sometime. Maybe Saturday night? Give me call at 603-555-4195 when you get a chance. Bye."

Finally, something good was going to happen in her life! And she immediately phoned him back while she was walking almost naked along the sidewalk wearing only her favorite panties. They agreed to go out on Saturday night. After she hung up, she laughed and cried tears of joy rather than tears of anguish as had happened so often these last few days.

Amy felt giddy as she ate dinner with Linda and some other friends as she told them about her upcoming date with Dwight. The euphoria continued as she was doing homework.

But about 8 o'clock, reality returned when she realized that she would need a ride to the mall north of town to buy some panties. And she would probably have to do that shopping the next afternoon. She didn't own a car, and she didn't want to walk or ride the bus so far wearing almost nothing.

She first tried Rekha Shah who owned a nice Porsche. But Rekha had classes scheduled for all afternoon on Tuesday. She offered to lend her car to Amy, but Amy didn't know how to drive a stick shift. Amy thanked her friend for the offer, but declined.

She tried a few other friends in the dorm, but she wasn't able to find someone who could give her a ride. Then, she thought of Dwight, who she knew had a car.

As she was dialing Dwight's number, she decided to add him to her list of contacts on her cell phone. She hoped that she would be calling this number more frequently. She had a good feeling as she went through the contact list to select the newly entered number and pressed send. When he answered, she said with a big smile, "Hi, Dwight. It's me Amy again. I have a favor to ask, but first let me thank you again for asking me out. I'm really looking forward to it."

They spent the next several minutes talking and Dwight agreed to give her a ride to the mall the next day. Amy continued to smile as she hung up and as she did homework for the next few hours.

About midnight she crossed off the day on her calendar. She threw off the bedcovers and plopped down uncovered on the bed. And with devilish grin, she slid off her panties and went to sleep in the nude again. She didn't hear Linda come in the door a few minutes later, and she didn't see Linda's big smile as she looked at her naked friend sleeping uncovered.

**Underpants Amy - Days 8 & 9**

**May 8, Tuesday**

**Chapter 24 - Sexy Secretary**

Amy arrived at Knoxx's office about 7:50 AM the next morning. It was cold again and she wore her stocking cap. But this time she carefully stuck it in her backpack. The only thing that went on the penis hook was her pink panties. As she hung them there, she wondered what embarrassing adventures would happen the next three hours.

And it didn't take long. She had just finished putting a paper towel on the seat of the secretary's chair and sat down when the outer door opened. She expected to see Knoxx come in, but instead there were two well-dressed middle aged men. The two men stopped in their tracks when they saw the bare breasts of the girl sitting at the reception desk. They tentatively approached the desk.

Amy said, "Good morning. Can I help you?" She tried her best to speak in a normal voice, but she knew that even though the words came out okay, they sounded strange.

One of the men said, "Umm, ahh -- I'm -- um, uh -- Roger Martell from Northern New England Life Insurance. This is Bill Simpson, my colleague. We have -- ummm, ahh -- an 8 o'clock appointment to see Dr. Knoxx about bidding on the university's insurance coverage for its employees. Umm, yes, I'm sorry, ahh -- Is he in?" Martell's face got redder as he stumbled through this introduction.

Amy could see that their eyes were focused on her breasts, and she wasn't exactly sure what to do. She hadn't even seen Knoxx yet this morning. She didn't know if he was in his office or not. And she didn't know how to work the imposing looking phone console. After an awkward pause, she said, "Let me see if he's available."

As she stood up, she heard a loud gasp from the two men as they saw the rest of her naked body. She went over to Knoxx's office door and knocked. This was one time that she actually wanted to see Knoxx. And she breathed a sigh of relief when he opened the door.

She said to him, "Good morning, sir. These two men are here to see you about some insurance coverage. Mr. Martell and Mr. Simpson, this is Dr. Knoxx."

She stood off to the side as the men shook hands, but she could feel Martell's eyes now focused on her pussy.

Then she noticed their eyes shift and widen as they saw the penis shaped hook with her panties on it. They must have been wondering, "What the hell is going on here?"

Knoxx said, "Gentlemen, please come into my office. Miss Suzuki, please get us some coffee."

As Knoxx was closing his office door, she overheard Simpson say, "Why is she naked? She's very . . ." And then the door shut.

Amy was shaken as she went back to the secretary's chair and sat down. She felt the cool leather on her bare butt, and she realized that the damn paper towel had fallen off. Just like the other day. She picked it up, put it on the chair, and sat back down. She'd have to do something about that stupid towel, but she had other more pressing concerns. "Where is the coffee? How does the phone system work? What does Knoxx expect me to do for the next three hours?"

Just then, the outer door opened again, and she was actually relieved again when Tyson Laird walked in. He didn't seem at all surprised to see her sitting there in Mrs. Duckworth's chair. He said, "Well, well, well. Good morning, Miss Suzuki. A very pleasant sight on such a dreary, cold morning."

She said, "Hello, Mr. Laird. Good morning to you, too. Umm, after you get settled, could you please show me where the coffee is? I see the machine over there, but I don't know how to use it."

He smiled and said, "Of course. I'll put my things away and I'll be right back."

A moment later, Knoxx's door opened and he came out. "Miss Suzuki, could you please come in here and take the men's coats? Also, please hurry with the coffee."

She followed him into his office and the two men looked her over again as they handed her their overcoats. She could feel their eyes on her butt as she left the room.

Now, she had another problem. She didn't know what to do with the coats. There were no hooks except for the gross penis hook, nor was there a coat rack. One of these other doors must be a closet. She decided to just stand there holding the coats until Laird re-appeared. But she intentionally held them out to one side so that they didn't cover her pussy or breasts.

Less than a minute later, Laird came back. He showed her where the coat closet was located and where Mrs. Duckworth stored the coffee. He said, "Hang up the coats and then come over here and I'll show you how this machine works." He watched the pretty naked girl walk tentatively to the closet and then back over to the coffee machine. "It's a simple machine. Here are the filters. Just put a couple of scoops of coffee in there. Pour in the water, and push this button."

Amy nodded, but she asked, "Where is the water?"

Laird said, "You'll have to get it from the restroom. We've been trying to get a water line installed here by the machine, but with the tight budgets these days, we just haven't been able to justify the expense. Maybe you should take both coffee pots to the restroom to save yourself a trip. Now, off you go." He handed her the two coffee pots and patted her on her ass as she walked out the door into the hallway.

She wasn't sure which was more embarrassing - being naked in the Chancellor's plush offices or being naked out here in the public hallway. But being there in the hallway reminded her of her embarrassing incident last week when she was dashing naked desperately looking for a women's restroom. At least this time, she knew where the restroom was located.

Amy scurried down the hall ignoring the stares from the staff who were just arriving for the workday. But she was unable to ignore the call of "Hey, Underpants Amy, where are your underpants?" She shot the guy a scowling glare.

She was relieved to find the seventh floor ladies' room to be open. But it was not empty. There were several women in there chatting away; they seemed to be secretaries. She tried to ignore them, too, as she walked up to the small sink. There was not room to set one of the pots on the sink while filling the other; so, she bent over and put one of the pots on the floor while she filled the other one. She heard the conversation stop and felt their eyes on her bent-over rear end. She filled the first pot and bent again to put it on the floor as she filled the second one. She bent over again to pick up the full pot, and now she had a pot in each hand. "How am I going to open the door?", she thought.

Amy tried to say nicely to the group, "Could one of you please open the door for me?" But again the words were right, but the tone was wrong.

A heavy set woman came over to her and looked Amy up and down. She said, "Well, sweet pea, it seems that you forgot a few pieces of clothing today. What's the story?"

Amy felt intimidated by the woman and said, "Umm, well, I'm Amy Suzuki, and you probably saw the notices about why I'm nude. Can you please hold the door for me?"

The fat lady said, "Oh, Underpants Amy, right?" Amy just nodded. "Well, where are your panties this morning? Did you lose them?", the lady said as the group chuckled.

Amy was getting scared now, and she decided to take matters into her own hands. She put one of the full pots on the floor, opened the door with her free hand, propped it open with her foot, grabbed the pot from the floor, and worked her way out of the restroom. The overweight woman followed her out, but Amy just looked back at her, tried to smile, and said, "I hope you have a nice day. Bye."

She had to repeat the maneuver when she got back to Knoxx's outer door. This time she felt the stares of a passing guy on her bare butt as she bent over to put down one of the coffee pots. He came over and said, "Here let me help you." But Amy had it under control by then and simply said, "I've got it. Thanks anyway." He replied, "Well, thank YOU, Underpants Amy, for the pleasant encounter. You've made my day." And he, too, patted her on her bare ass as she walked back into the waiting room.

As the door shut behind her, Amy noticed a well-dressed woman standing in front of the secretary's desk looking around. And the woman was stunned to see the naked girl walking in with the two coffee pots. She said in a flustered voice, "What's going on here? Where is Mrs. Duckworth?"

Amy blushed and said, "I'm sorry. I'm filling in for her for a while. Let me put these down, and I'll be right with you."

Amy was the flustered one now. She thought, "It's only a few minutes after 8 AM, and this building is buzzing with people. Please, just let me get my bearings."

Amy put the pots on the table near the coffee machine, turned to the woman, and said, "Okay, forgive me. How can I help you?"

The woman said, "I'm looking for Tyson Laird. Why are you naked?"

Amy blushed and said, "Let me check if Mr. Laird is free. Who can I say is waiting?"

The woman said, "I'm Terri Williams, and I'm here to see him about a legal matter. Why are you naked?"

Amy blushed even more and said succinctly, "I'm being punished for streaking. Could I take your coat?" The lady handed Amy her coat, and Amy carried it across the room to the coat closet. And then she went over and knocked on Laird's door. And she was glad when Laird appeared. "Mr. Laird, this is Ms. Williams. She says she wants to talk with you."

Laird said, "Ah, Miss Williams, I was expecting you. Please come in. Amy, could you bring us some coffee?"

After Laird's door closed, Amy breathed a sigh of relief and went back over to the coffee machine. She noticed a hand-written sheet by the machine that told how to fix the coffee. She followed the simple instructions, and flipped on the machine. And then she looked for coffee cups. None on the table next to the machine. So, she bent over to look in the cabinet under the machine. There were several ceramic cups there, but they were dirty. She pulled them out, and she had to bend way over to check the ones in the back of the cabinet.

Just then, Knoxx's door opened, and Knoxx spotted Amy's bare rear end with her vagina in clear view prominently displayed at the cabinet. He said, "Miss Suzuki, where is the coffee?"

Amy quickly got to her feet and said, "Sorry, sir. I'm working on it. Do you know where I can find clean coffee cups?"

He testily replied, "As far as I know, Lorene keeps them in that cabinet. Keep looking and please hurry." And he slammed the door as he returned to his office.

Amy got back on her hands and knees to look at the other cups. Indeed there were several clean cups at the back of the cabinet. She pulled out all 8 that seemed to be clean and wiped them off with a paper towel. At least she knew where Mrs. Duckworth kept the paper towels!

By now the coffee machine had almost filled one of the pots. She waited for it to finish, and then poured 3 cups. She found a serving tray and some plastic silverware nearby; she put the 3 cups, 3 plastic spoons, and some packets of sugar and the jar of powdered creamer on the tray.

She knocked on Knoxx's door and then manipulated the tray into his office. Her breasts hung invitingly as she bent over to put the tray on his desk. And as she quietly left the office, the last words she heard one of the men say were "Nice tight buns", and she was certain that he wasn't talking about bakery products!

There wasn't another serving tray available. And so, she decided to serve Laird and his guest in two trips. First, she knocked on the door and brought in two empty cups, a couple of spoons, and sugar packets. She hoped that the creamer jar would not be needed. Then, on the second trip, she brought in the coffee pot and poured the coffee. She was directly facing Laird as she poured; her long dark hair hanging on both sides providing him a perfect frame for a view of her dangling breasts with her pussy hair visible in the background. The woman just glared. Amy said, "Do you need anything else? Creamer?" They just shook their heads.

She went back to the chair. The damn paper towel had fluttered to the floor again. She thought, "I'm getting tired of that damn thing. I'm going to just throw it away and sit my bare ass on Duckworth's leather chair!" But she quickly decided otherwise, and she taped the paper towel to the chair seat. She sat down and let out a long breath. "It's only 8:15, and I'm already exhausted and have been embarrassed multiple times. Please, world, slow down a little bit. I'm just a naked girl trying to get through the day", she thought to herself.

She sat there tensely as she pondered what she should do next. At any moment either Knoxx or Laird could appear, or the outer door could open, or the phone could ring, or almost anything that could cause her further embarrassment. But this made her realize that she didn't know how to work the phone system. And so she spent a few minutes looking at the console and looking in the desk drawer for an instruction book, which she never found. So, she poked a few of the innocuous looking buttons on the console, and she was able to get a dial tone and dialed her cell phone number. And two of the other buttons had Knoxx's and Laird's name next to them. She decided that it all looked straight forward enough. One less thing to worry about. And so she just sat there at the reception desk and waited.

The minutes passed slowly, but since nothing was happening, Amy was okay with just sitting there. About 8:45, Laird and Ms. Williams came back into the waiting area. Without being told, Amy got up, walked over to the coat closet, and got the lady's coat. Williams said, "You know, Tyson, I think your punishment of this young girl is rather extreme. Are you sure that it's just punishment? Are you fucking her on the side?" Amy blushed at the gross talk, but she just silently helped the lady on with her coat. Laird cleared his throat and said, "No, Ms. Williams, it is just punishment. It's kind of a long story, and we don't have time to go into all of it. So, I'll just wish you good day."

The lady left, and Laird looked over at Amy who was standing with her head down and her hands at her sides. And he said, "Miss Suzuki, I'm sorry about that. Now, if you have nothing else to do, please come into my office and you can help me sort through some papers that need filing."

The two of them spent the next 45 minutes or so busy with paper work. And both of them were actually happy doing it - Amy was happy to have something to do to pass the time, Laird was happy to have time observing the pretty naked young woman in his office. Laird would pick up a few papers and point to the appropriate file cabinet where Amy would put the papers in the appropriate file. Of course, she had to bend over, stand on tiptoes, or even use a step stool, and Laird just gazed at her nice tush, her full boobs, and her pubic lips. Amy was well aware of his stares, but she said nothing.

She was just glad to be doing something, and she was glad that no one else had come into the office. There were a few phone calls for Knoxx, which she just took messages for. And a couple for Laird, which she forwarded to his phone.

About 10:30, Knoxx and the two insurance men re-appeared. They each gave their empty coffee cup back to Amy, and they watched as she bent over to put them back with the other dirty cups. As they finished their insurance discussion, Amy wordlessly got their overcoats and helped the men put them on. She just stood there and watched them leave.

Knoxx then said, "Miss Suzuki, when is my next appointment?"

She stammered, "Umm, uh, I'm sorry, Dr. Knoxx, but I don't know. Let me see if I can find your appointment calendar." As she walked back to the desk, she thought, "Why didn't I think of that earlier? I have no clue where to look." Knoxx smiled as he looked at her rummaging around in the papers on the desk. He admired her pretty breasts and her firm butt, but he knew that there was no paper version of his appointment book - it was maintained electronically on the computer. He just wanted to see the naked girl get a little flustered.

After a couple of minutes of fruitless searching, Amy said, "Dr. Knoxx, I'm so sorry, but I just don't know where to look. Maybe Mrs. Duckworth printed out something for you yesterday and put it in your office. Should I go look in there?"

Knoxx smiled, because he realized that his little trick had its desired effect on her. He said, "That's okay. We'll just play it by ear til Lorene gets here at noon." Another little trick to get her flustered. And it also worked.

Amy gaped at him and said, "Oh no, I have a class at 11 AM. I need to leave in just a few minutes to get to my Journalism class. I thought I was only needed here til 11 o'clock. Let me check my schedule." And she frantically dashed across the room to her backpack and nervously pulled out the document. Knoxx chuckled as Amy panicked. She thumbed to the last page where the schedule was printed, and she was relieved to see that she was correct. With her breasts heaving, she came back to Knoxx and showed him the document. He just smiled and said, "Oh, my mistake. You go ahead to your class, and Tyson and I will stumble through somehow."

Amy packed up the document in her book bag, slid on her panties, and turned to walk out the door. At that moment, Mrs. Duckworth walked into the office and said, "Well, good morning, Dr. Knoxx and Mr. Laird. How did my substitute work out for the last few hours?"

Amy realized that she had been had. She just shook her head at Knoxx and left without saying another word.

**Chapter 25 - Panty Purchase**

Amy hurried out of her English Lit class just before 3 PM. She knew that she only had 2 hours to do the shopping for more panties, and so she ran down the hallway and then down the steps of the building ignoring the admiring stares of the male students. She was glad to see the Ford Taurus waiting for her, and she hopped in and was glad to be somewhat hidden from view.

But mostly she was just glad to see Dwight who was sitting in the driver's seat. This wasn't a date, but she had been looking forward to this all day. She gave him a big smile and said, "Hey there."

He looked at her sparkling eyes and said, "Hi, Amy. How's your day been?"

She kept it upbeat as they chatted for a minute or so, and then he said, "Okay, where are we headed?"

Amy replied, "Well, as I said, I need to buy some more underwear, and I really like the Victoria's Secret store up at the mall. The VS panties are very comfortable. So, that's where I want to go."

It was a short drive to the mall; it only took 5 minutes through the light city traffic to go the 2 miles. Amy just used small talk to cover her nervousness about the impending trip into the mall. Dwight pulled into a parking spot near Victoria's Secret and said, "Okay, Amy I'll wait here for you. Good luck." And he squeezed her hand. She reached into the back seat and got her purse out of her backpack, and reached for the door handle. But she froze.

Dwight said, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, Dwight, I'm not sure I can do this. How can I walk almost naked into that crowd on the sidewalk and then into the store?"

"But, Amy, you told me that you have to do this. You need more panties for the next couple of weeks."

Amy squeezed his hand again and said, "You're right. Here I go." And she opened the door and climbed out. But after she looked at the crowd, she froze again. And a moment later she hopped back in the car and closed the door.

She started crying and said, "Oh, Dwight, I just can't do this. It's just too embarrassing."

He said, "Oh dear. Would it help if I went in with you? You'd still be exposed, but I could provide moral support anyway."

Amy continued to cry, "Thanks, but I just can't be showing my breasts to all those people. Could you go in and buy them for me?"

Now it was Dwight's turn to be stunned. He'd never been in Victoria's Secret before, and he'd never bought women's underwear before. He stammered, "Amy, I -- um, uhh, uhhh -- wouldn't know what kind of -- um, ahh, ooh -- panties to buy."

Amy said, "Please, Dwight, I need your help here. Please, please." She was still sobbing.

He could see that she was really upset, and he hesitantly said, "Okay, I'll buy the panties for you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you."

Dwight said, "But can't I just go over there to Walmart? They must have women's underwear."

"Oh, Dwight, I don't like those cheap panties. Victoria's Secret panties are really comfortable, and that's what I've been wearing for years. Please go into VS for me."

He replied, "Oh, all right. But what do I buy? How many do you want? What color? I don't know anything about buying ladies underpants."

Amy wiped away her tears and said, "I wear small size, not extra small. I need at least a dozen pairs. Let's say 15 pairs. Knoxx told me to buy plain, low-rise, kind of neutral colors. White, yellow, pink, flesh tone -- VS may call that nude, buff, bare, or something like that -- light blue, light green. I guess subtle polka dots would be okay. No lace. No thongs. They must cover my cheeks. Like these that I'm wearing now." And she raised her butt off the car seat to show him her panties. "I think Victoria's Secret has styles called bikinis and briefs that fit Knoxx's requirements."

Dwight shook his head in confusion, "Amy, slow down. I can't remember all of that. Let me review. You want bikinis, no cheeks, white, . . ."

She interrupted, "Here let me just give you these that I'm wearing now, and you can show them to the sales girl in the store. Ask her to match them as closely as possible in a variety of colors." And she chuckled as she added, "Please be sure to bring these back to me." And she slid them down her legs, picked them up off the car floor, and handed them to him. She was now sitting completely naked in the car.

He blushed as he took her pink panties and put them in his pants pocket. He noticed that they were warm and a little damp, but he just said, "Okay. How much is this going to cost? I've only got about $30; is that enough?"

She laughed, "Oh you naïve, wonderful man. No, that's not nearly enough. Women's panties are expensive. The cheap ones are $5 or so, and I expect you'll have to pay $10 or $12 each for these. Here let me give you $200. That's all the cash I've got. That should be enough for 15 pairs."

He took the money, put it in his wallet, and reached for the door handle. Amy reached over, squeezed his hand again, and said, "Dwight, thanks for doing this. I really appreciate it. And please hurry; I need to be back at Kameron Hall by 5 o'clock."

He just smiled at her and got out of the car. She was now naked and alone in his car in this busy parking lot. She knew she was still pretty visible, but not nearly as visible as she would have been if she'd gone into the store herself. She smiled as she thought how nice it was for Dwight to go in for her.

The minutes passed slowly as Amy waited for Dwight to return. She scrunched down lower in her seat a few times as people walked nearby. She was thankful that no one came back to the tall SUV parked right next to her door. After about 25 minutes, Dwight returned.

They both heaved a big sigh of relief when he climbed back in the car. He handed her the bag and said, "Here are 15 pairs."

She said, "Oh thank you, Dwight. You're a doll. How did it go?"

He said, "Okay, I guess. I think I was the only man in the store. That's quite a place. The sales lady's name was Elise, and she essentially picked these out for me after I showed her your panties and described what you wanted. She was puzzled about what I was doing, and she started asking questions. But I just told her that I was doing a favor for a friend, which happens to be the honest to goodness truth." They smiled at each other.

He went on, "We've got a few minutes before we have to head back. So, why don't you look through these 15 pairs and make sure they are okay."

Amy then pulled out the single packages one by one and looked at the labels. They all looked okay to her. And she said, "These look good. We'd better go."

They buckled their seat belts; Dwight started up the car, put it in reverse, and then stopped. He put it back in park, and said, "Umm, I think you probably want your pink panties back. Right?" And he handed the panties back to her.

She blushed as she realized that she was still nude. She had become so comfortable with him that she forgot completely about being naked. She said, "Yes, I really should put them back on." And she unbuckled the seatbelt, slid on the panties, and buckled herself in again. "Okay, let's go." And they drove away.

In the next aisle over in the parking lot from her yellow VW Bug, Wendy watched the Taurus leave the parking lot. She had been sitting there the entire time watching the little drama unfold. She couldn't hear what they were saying, but she didn't need to - she could easily tell that Amy had gotten cold feet about buying the panties. She immediately picked up her cell phone, dialed the number, and filed her report. And she chuckled devilishly as she drove back to campus.

**Chapter 26 - Doling Out the Discipline**

About 4:55, the Taurus pulled up in front of the administration building. Amy looked over at Dwight and with a big smile said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you. You're wonderful." And she kissed him on the cheek.

He blushed and said, "Amy, I'm so glad I could help. And I'm looking forward to Saturday night. I thought maybe we could go to the movie at the Student Union. You know the little theater where they run old classics and serve popcorn on Saturday nights? They're showing 'Some Like It Hot', the Marilyn Monroe classic from the 1950's. It starts at 8; maybe we could catch a bite to eat in the cafeteria beforehand. I could pick you up at 6:30. How does that sound?"

She looked at him with an even bigger smile and said, "That sounds marvelous. I can't wait." And she kissed him on the cheek again. "Ooops, it's almost 5. I need to get in there. Bye." She grabbed her backpack and stuffed the bag of panties into it. She waved as she ran up the steps into Kameron Hall.

There was a crowd of people leaving the building and many stopped and smiled at her as she scooted by. She didn't care, because she was feeling good for a change. She rode the elevator up to the seventh floor with a couple of older ladies who scowled at her.

She arrived at Knoxx's office just before 5. She had cut it too close, but she lucked out this time. In the waiting room, there was a man sitting in one of the chairs with a big case next to him. He smiled at her and said, "Hello, Amy." Since she didn't know him, she just smiled back at him, nodded, and walked up to Mrs. Duckworth's desk. Amy was kind of expecting the secretary to thank her for filling in during the morning, but Duckworth was glaring at her and twirled her finger indicating that Amy should turn around. Amy turned and showed her rear end to Mrs. Duckworth. The secretary merely nodded and waved her hand at the phallus peg. Amy blushed as she lowered the panties in front of the strange man and hung them on the hook.

Then the secretary said, "Miss Suzuki, please bring your panties back over here for a moment." The naked girl retrieved the pink panties from the hook and handed them to Mrs. Duckworth, who then looked at them more closely and said, "Well, just like yesterday, I see some stains on these. Actually, these are still damp and that tells me that you might be 'leaking' a little bit today. So, please hang them back on the hook, and then stand over there by the door. I don't want you sitting on the new furniture today." Amy blushed even brighter on hearing her underwear stains discussed in front of a stranger, but she did as she was told.

She stood there waiting with her hands at her sides for several minutes. She looked up a few times and noticed the man looking at her, but not at her face. He was staring at her pussy, but not in the leering way that most men would; it was more of an appraisal look. She was puzzled and squirmed a bit, but she said nothing.

About 10 after the hour, Knoxx came out and invited her into his office. She was surprised to see Dr. Whiteside, Dr. Beaupre, and the other four committee members in addition to the Chancellor. Whiteside and Beaupre were sitting on the couch, and so they were looking at her bare backside as Amy took her place in front of Knoxx's desk. She really wanted to cover herself with her arms, but she held them at her sides.

Knoxx said, "Let's get started. We've got a lot to go over today."

"Uh oh", Amy thought to herself, "I expect to be punished for using bedcovers, but the tone in his voice sounds ominous."

Knoxx said, "All right. Now, Miss Suzuki, we need to have a serious discussion here. Our committee thought that we had spelled out the rules for your punishment period very clearly in the document that you signed. But it has come to our attention that you haven't followed those rules very closely."

Tears started to well in Amy's eyes as she knew something bad was going to happen.

Knoxx kept going, "Let me outline the infractions that we know about. I have them written down here, and I'll give you a copy of the list after I read them off."

"Number one. Last Thursday, you asked to wear panties during the experiments at Wytham. The document says that you will be naked for those experiments. I'm told that Dr. Beaupre refused your request to put on panties, but that doesn't matter - you violated the spirit of the document."

"Number two. Also on Thursday, you asked to wear panties while in my waiting room. Mrs. Duckworth correctly denied your request."

"Number three. Last Friday you were late to your General Psychology class. The agreement clearly says that you will be on time for all scheduled appointments. And this includes your classes."

"Number four. On Saturday, you wanted to try on the special panties for the ushering duty at the concert in the restroom. Again, Mr. Middleton refused your request, but the document requires you to be exposed at all times - another violation of the spirit of the document.

"Number five. Last Thursday, Dr. Beaupre and then on Friday, Dr. Whiteside, each asked you to trim your pubic hair even further. You refused. While this is not strictly a violation of the document, it indicates a lack of cooperation with the people in charge."

"Number six. Until this afternoon, this was probably the most severe violation. You slept under sheets and blankets on Friday and Saturday nights. These are the nights we know about, but we suspect you did that on Wednesday and Thursday as well. The document clearly says that your breasts are to be exposed at all times. This includes nighttime as well as daytime."

Amy just nodded. Linda had told Knoxx about Amy's using bedcovers on Friday and Saturday nights.

"Number seven. Yesterday, at the art class, you hung your stocking cap on the panty hook. Now, I admit that we didn't explicitly spell out that the hook was only for the panties, but it is clearly intended that the hook is for panties only."

"Number eight. Also, yesterday at art class, you refused to pose at 9 AM. When I first heard this, I was outraged because the schedule clearly states that you would pose nude at Dr. Whiteside's 9 o'clock class yesterday morning. But the Professor told me that you had agreed to pose at 8 AM with Miss Cobb instead of alone at 9 AM. That appeased me for the most part, but I'm still concerned about your lack of cooperation with Ms. Whiteside, especially in light of the next violation."

"Number nine. You told Dr. Whiteside that you needed to study for your Psych class from 9 til 10 yesterday morning. But instead, you were in the women's restroom in a stall in Younger Hall for that entire hour. We doubt that you were studying in there. This is another violation of the no-hiding rule."

Amy was completely taken aback by this. She said nothing, but she thought to herself "How in the hell did they know this? I didn't leave the stall at all during that time. There must have been some woman spying on me, and that woman must have been one of the many women who had come into the restroom during that hour - in fact, that woman must have come in several times. Dammit!"

"Number ten. Also, yesterday at art class, you held your hands in front of your pubic area during one of the breaks between poses. This went on for a few minutes. Of course, this violates the no-covering rule."

Again, Amy was stunned by this, because she wasn't even aware that she had done this, and she started to say, "But I . . ."

Knoxx put up his hand to stop her, "Please, Miss Suzuki, let me finish the list; there is only one more item. And then we can discuss them one by one. Okay?"

Amy was almost crying now, and she just nodded.

Knoxx continued, "And finally number eleven. This afternoon, you did not go shopping for panties. You sent in a man, who we believe is Dwight Henderson, to do the shopping for you. Again, this is a violation of the no-hiding rule. A rather severe violation, we think."

Amy now broke down and cried out loud. The seven well dressed people in the room watched the naked girl's breasts jiggle as she sobbed. After a moment, she recovered some of her composure and said through her tears, "Yes, I admit that I asked him to buy the panties for me. But please, please don't punish Dwight for doing that. I accept responsibility for that. It was my mistake - not his." But she was wondering how Knoxx had learned about this, because it had just happened less than an hour before this meeting. Another well positioned spy?

Knoxx said, "Oh no, there is no punishment for Mr. Henderson. We may talk to him about the incident, but trust me, he will not be punished for buying the panties. However, we will insist that he tells us the complete truth, if we do decide to question him. And that reminds me. Did you bring the new panties with you? We won't have time to approve them today, but maybe we can do that tomorrow."

Amy sniffled, "Yes, they are in my backpack."

"Good. Please give them to me, and I'll keep them here til then."

Amy bent down to her backpack, got out the Victoria's Secret bag, and handed it to him.

Knoxx said, "Thanks. And now, Miss Suzuki, . . ." But then he paused for a moment while looking over the list. He turned back to Gavin Farmer and said, "Actually, Gav, I don't see anything on this list about her help at the foundation on Sunday. Did she strictly follow the rules all day Sunday?"

Farmer replied, "Uhh, umm, I'm sorry, Cal. I hadn't really thought about it til just now. She seemed to do just fine, but let me think." He closed his eyes for a moment and then said, "Okay, you're right. There were a few things. First, when I picked her up at the dorm, she didn't take off her panties when I told her to, and I had to physically help her remove them. And then in the computer lab, I think she covered her breasts with her arms when the photographer took the first photo. She was pretty good at the reception, but afterwards she used an angry tone while talking to my wife, who had accidentally called her by the wrong name. I guess that's it."

Knoxx looked up at Amy and scowled. He said, "Okay, thanks, Gav. Let me add those three things to the list." And he spent a minute or so scribbling on the pieces of paper.

Knoxx looked up again at the naked girl and shook his head while saying, "Miss Suzuki, what can I say except that the list is now fourteen items long rather than just eleven. But you wanted to say something about, let's see, it was number ten on the list? Covering yourself in art class?"

Amy looked on Knoxx's desk for a Kleenex box, but seeing none, she just wiped the tears from her eyes as best she could with her hands, and she said, "Thanks. But I don't remember putting my hands down there to cover myself during art class. If I did, it was completely by accident."

Knoxx replied, "Dr. Whiteside, can you please confirm this for us?"

Whiteside said, "Yes, I was watching her during the breaks between the various poses, and she did put her hands in front of her pussy like this." And Whiteside stood up, and held her hands in front of the crotch area of her slacks. Amy turned around to watch Whiteside's demonstration.

Amy said, "Okay, I guess I must have done it, but it was not intentional."

Knoxx said, "Intentional or not, it was still a violation. Now, here's a copy of the list. I think you can read my scrawls for the last three items. Please glance over it, and we can talk about each item separately." And he handed a piece of paper to the discomfited, naked young woman. Amy skimmed the list and said quietly, "Okay, I'm ready."

Knoxx said, "Number one. Last Thursday, you asked to wear panties during the experiments at Wytham. Is that correct?"

Amy sheepishly said, "Yes, I did. And I'm sorry."

"Number two. Last Thursday, you asked Mrs. Duckworth for permission to keep your panties on while waiting in the reception area. Is that correct?"

Again Amy meekly said, "Yes, I did. And I'm sorry."

"Number three. Last Friday you were late to your General Psychology class."

Amy had to think for a moment, and then she remembered. "Yes, but it was because the art class ran long that day."

Knoxx looked at Whiteside, "Dr. Whiteside, is that correct?"

Whiteside replied, "Well, I remember that Friday was the first day she posed for us, but I don't remember the class running over. Maybe it did, maybe it didn't."

Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I must remind you that you need to be on time. And if that means being more forceful in telling others about your time requirements, then you need to do that."

Amy wasn't comfortable with this, but she just said, "Okay."

"Number four. On Saturday, you wanted to use the restroom to try on the special ushering panties."

Amy didn't want to get into a long discussion about trying on panties in front of strangers, because she had done that in this very room, and she'd probably have to do it again tomorrow with the new Victoria's Secret panties. She just said, "Yes, that was a mistake."

"Number five. You refused to trim your pubic hair as Drs. Beaupre and Whiteside requested. Is that correct?"

Amy replied, "Yes, that's correct, but there is nothing in the document that mentions that."

Knoxx retorted, "True, true. But they both had good reasons for the request, and the committee thinks that it was a reasonable request. We feel that it's a violation of the full-cooperation rule. We'll talk about this some more in a few minutes."

Amy just nodded.

"Number six. Not leaving your breasts exposed while sleeping. Do you admit doing that?"

Amy quietly said, "Yes, I'm sorry. It was unintentional, but I did make a bad mistake."

"Number seven. Hanging your stocking cap on the panty peg at art class."

Again she said almost in a whisper, "Yes, that was a mistake."

"Number eight. Refusing to pose for the 9 o'clock art class. Why not?"

Amy said, "I thought that coming in for the 8 o'clock class was a substitute for the 9 o'clock class, and so I thought I had a choice about posing for another hour or not."

Knoxx looked at her and said, "Miss Suzuki, please move to the side just a bit so I can speak to Dr. Whiteside as well as you." Amy turned and then stepped back so that Knoxx could see Whiteside. Knoxx went on, "Dr. Whiteside, since Miss Suzuki didn't pose for that 9 AM class, did that cause a problem for you? Did you have a replacement model?"

Whiteside said, "No, I didn't have another nude model to take her place. So, I had to put a bowl of fruit on a table and have the class draw the fruit."

Knoxx and a couple of the committee members laughed softly. Knoxx then said, "So, you mean that you substituted a bowl of fruit for this pretty naked lady?"

Whiteside smiled and said, "If you put it like that, then yes."

Knoxx said, "Well, this leads to number nine. You told Dr. Whiteside that you needed to spend that time studying for your Psych class, but you seemed to hide out in a restroom stall. Is that correct?"

Amy blushed as she remembered being turned on after posing with Eva and the need to dry out her panties. She didn't really want to discuss her wet panties in front of this group, but she didn't think she had a choice. So, she turned to Whiteside and said, "Yes, Professor, I did tell you a lie there. I'm sorry, but I thought I had posed enough for the day. I did do some reading in the restroom, but not very much."

Knoxx said, "Well, our observer thought you were intentionally hiding in the restroom stall. Why not do the reading out in the hallway where everyone could see you?"

Amy blushed and decided to be completely honest, "While posing naked in the 8 o'clock class, I became somewhat aroused. Dr. Whiteside told me that she noticed it, didn't you?" She looked at Whiteside, who nodded. Amy went on, "And after putting on the panties, I could feel the crotch become wet almost immediately. I wanted to dry out the panties and clean myself up, and the restroom stall seemed like a good place to do that. I realized that I was breaking the exposure rule, but it was an embarrassing situation for me. I'm sorry."

Knoxx said, "Well thank you for your honesty, Miss Suzuki. And we've already discussed number ten, covering your pubic area, and number eleven, Mr. Henderson doing your panty shopping. Number twelve. Not removing your panties when Dr. Farmer told you to."

Amy wanted to explain that the community service at BUF didn't start til 9AM, and she didn't think she had to be nude on the ride over. But she decided not to argue and meekly said to Farmer, "I'm sorry, Dr. Farmer. I should have taken my panties off immediately when you told me to."

Knoxx persisted, "But you did take them off on his second request?"

Amy blushed, "I guess it was the second time he asked, but I'm not sure. I was reaching to slide them down, but Dr. Farmer was getting irritated and he had already knelt down in front of me and he slid them off instead of me actually doing it. Again, I'm sorry."

Knoxx said, "Well, that sounds like a violation of the full-cooperation rule. Okay, number thirteen. You covered yourself without permission while being photographed."

Amy quietly said, "Yes, I was surprised to see a camera aimed at me in the computer lab. I'm sorry."

Knoxx went on, "And finally, number fourteen. You talked back to Joyce Farmer? That's a lack of respect."

Amy turned to Gavin Farmer and said, "Dr. Farmer, please apologize to your wife for me. I should not have been so upset just because she called me by the wrong name. I'm sorry."

Knoxx said, "Okay, our list is fourteen items long. So, before I tell you how the committee has decided to handle this, do you have any additional comments or questions about these infractions?"

Amy looked down at her quivering breasts and softly said, "No, I have nothing further to add." And she braced herself for the punishment that she was certain to come. Would she be expelled? What else could they do to her?

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki. The committee has discussed this and even though this is a pretty long list of violations, we don't think any of them are serious enough to expel you from this university."

Amy let out a noticeable sigh of relief on hearing this.

Knoxx continued, "However, we do think some additional punishment is necessary. We thought about just taking away your panties completely and having you be entirely naked all the time. But after talking about it, we realized that you and your lawyer, Mr. Marriott, had negotiated the panty compromise in good faith, and we might be on shaky legal ground in taking the panties away completely.

"So, instead, we have decided on a few additional punishments for these violations. First, we think that you need to pay closer attention to the rules that we outlined in the document. And to that end, we are going to ask you to create a diary of your activities since the streaking incident last week. Since your panties seem to be a focal point in your punishment, we want the diary to mention every time that you put on or took off your panties. You will go back and document the past 7 days as best as you can remember them. And then each day from now on, you will write about the day's activities. Since you are a journalism major, doing such write-up each day should be fairly easy, and it will remind you about the rules that you need to follow.

"Also, that diary will help with this next activity. And that is a panty auction. You will help organize an auction of the panties that you've worn and will be wearing during this punishment period. That auction will be held at a fraternity house sometime next week, probably next Saturday night, but that's not for sure yet. At the auction, you will put up for bid each pair of panties that you wore along with a one-page write-up of what you did the day that you wore that pair of panties. You've probably heard that the entertainment industry uses the phrase 'one-sheet' for a quick overview of a movie or a song; well, let's think of these documents as 'panty one-sheets', because they will focus on your panties including not just the physical description but also when you took them off and put them on during that day. Also, each winning bidder will have his or her photograph taken with you either holding or wearing the panties. The money raised will be given to the Bancroft University Foundation.

"As I say, you will help to organize this. We have selected Gamma Gamma Theta. You'll work with them, but the intent is to raise as much money as possible for the foundation. How does that sound?"

Amy just stood there for a moment after he finished. This sounded to her as if she would be digging her own grave, so to speak. She closed her eyes and said, "Okay, I can do that."

Knoxx said, "Ah, good. Now, the next part of the punishment will be additional naked posing for Ms. Whiteside's classes. We see from your class schedule that you are free from 8 til 10 AM Monday thru Friday. So, you will pose for her classes every weekday from 8 til 10 starting tomorrow morning. This includes next week which is finals week, because Ms. Whiteside does not have a final exam for her classes; she just runs the class at its usually scheduled time all the way through next Friday. The only exception to this would be if you have a final exam scheduled for that time."

He turned to Whiteside and said, "Professor, do you have anything to add here?"

Whiteside said, "No. This sounds wonderful to me. I've had good feedback from the students about the two times that she has posed for them. Amy will probably be posing along with Miss Cobb at the 8 o'clock class, and I may try to find a male model for her to pose with at some of the 9 AM sessions."

Knoxx looked at Amy and said, "Any questions?"

Amy was stunned again, because this greatly expanded the amount of time that she would be completely naked. But she didn't think she really had a choice and said, "No questions."

Knoxx said, "Good. Next part of the punishment. I've asked Dr. Beaupre and Dr. Whiteside as well as Mr. Thorson, the ground crew supervisor, to think of ways to raise the intensity of your community service activities. Dr. Whiteside has told me that she has some more explicit poses for you to do, and Dr. Beaupre says he has some additional experiments to run. I will leave that up to them. Any questions about that?"

Amy just silently shook her head.

"And finally the committee has decided to insist that you trim your pubic hair as these two fine professors have requested. And we will do that now." And he motioned for the group to stand up.

**Chapter 27 - The Pubic Landing Strip**

Amy was now horrified and she started to cry. Through her tears, she said, "You're going to shave my pubic hair?!! Oh no, please don't do that! Dr. Knoxx, this isn't fair!"

Knoxx paused and stood by his desk staring at the naked girl; he said, "Miss Suzuki, this is all part of your punishment for streaking."

Amy cried, "But it's all so embarrassing. Being almost naked or even completely naked all the time. And now you want to shave me down here!" She tugged at her own pubic hair as she said this.

Knoxx replied, "Well, we think that naked punishment is appropriate for naked streaking. You wanted to show off your body by streaking last Monday night, and we are giving you an extended opportunity to show it off. However, let me remind you, Miss Suzuki, that you have the ultimate choice here. If you don't want to accept this punishment, you can elect to be expelled from this fine university instead, and you can get dressed and go home to Rhode Island tomorrow morning."

Amy cried some more, but she knew she was trapped. She was too close to graduation to leave school now. She had no choice. She rubbed her eyes, looked down at the floor, and meekly said, "Okay, I'll do what you want."

Knoxx smile and said, "Good. Dr. Beaupre, could you please show in Mr. Lindstrom?"

Amy felt defeated now and just watched as Beaupre brought in the man who she had seen sitting out in the waiting room.

Beaupre said, "Everyone, I'd like to introduce Mr. Charles Lindstrom, who is a preparation assistant from a local medical clinic's surgery center. He's an expert at shaving people before they go in for a surgery. He's brought along a folding table and his equipment to shave Amy's pubic hair. Now, let's see where can we set this up? There doesn't seem to be enough room here in your office. Maybe the conference room? Oh, there's not enough room there either. How about the waiting room?"

Lindstrom said, "Yes, that might work. There is enough room out there, but I'm concerned about the light. Can I look at the conference room? Maybe Amy could lie down on the big table in there?"

Knoxx gave a disgusted snort and said, "No, I don't want to mess up the finish on that nice table. I've heard that bodily fluids and waste can create spots on the varnish. And please don't suggest covering with a plastic sheet; I just don't want to take the chance, because that's brand new furniture."

Lindstrom shrugged and said, "Well, okay, I guess it's the waiting room. I did bring along some small work lamps and maybe some of you can hold those for me?"

Knoxx said, "Very good. Let's go set this up." He came around from behind his desk, took Amy by the elbow, and said, "Come along, Miss Suzuki." In a daze, she followed the group out to the waiting room where Mrs. Duckworth was still at her desk.

Lindstrom opened the case, and Amy saw that the case was really just a folded up metal table. Lindstrom unfolded the legs and set up the table. It was kind of like a gurney, but with a smooth silver metal surface. Her eyes bulged when she saw the padded leather cuffs at each corner.

Lindstrom apologized, "I'm sorry about the crude setup; usually, we use a gynecologist's chair with stirrups for shaving the pubic area, but this portable version will work fine. Amy, please lie down on your back on the table and I'll position your legs."

With tears in her eyes, she did as he asked; she flinched when her butt and back touched the cool metal surface. Lindstrom put his hands on her hips and scooted her butt down a couple of inches so that her feet extended beyond the end of the table. Then, she saw him move the cuffs out on an adjustable extender bar. He attached the cuffs to her feet and pulled them very wide apart; he clamped the extender bars in this position. Then, he said to her, "Amy, I'm sorry, but I'm going to restrain your hands and waist as well, because I don't want you squirming around while I'm using the sharp razor." He took her hands, attached the cuffs, extended the bars, and locked them in place. Then he slid a long, 3-inch wide heavy fabric strap under her back, wrapped each end up over her tummy, hooked the strap ends to the sides of the table, and tightened the sliding clamps. She was now spread eagled and completely immobilized on the cold metal table. All of her naked endowments were on full display for the nine well-dressed people. She had never felt so vulnerable in her life.

Lindstrom then asked Mrs. Duckworth to get a coffee pot full of warm water from the restroom, and he got his scissors and safety razor from his smaller bag. When Duckworth returned, Lindstrom said, "Okay, I'm ready to go. Dr. Beaupre, you want this all removed. Right?"

Whiteside almost shouted, "Mais non! I don't want it all gone; I want just a thin strip of hair up from her pussy. It's referred to as a 'landing strip' style." And she drew a line through Amy's pubic hair to show where she wanted the strip; Amy tried to flinch, but she couldn't move. "Maybe half an inch wide?", Whiteside said.

Beaupre said, "But Ms. Whiteside, our experiments require attaching a small device right above her lips using adhesive tape. And the area needs to be free of hair." And he poked a finger into Amy's pubic hair to show where he meant.

Whiteside said, "But Dr. Beaupre, for artistic purposes, I want her to have just a tiny bit of hair. I already have a completely shaved model, Miss Cobb, and I want Amy here to be a pleasing counterpoint to that."

Beaupre pondered for a moment before saying, "I understand, but I'm thinking of Amy here. I don't want her to be hurt when we remove the adhesive tape which will pull some hair out."

Amy thought to herself, "They are in a turf war, and it's MY turf that they are arguing over!"

Beaupre continued, "Let me think for a moment." And Amy felt his fingers touch just to the left of her pussy and then when he parted her pussy lips near the top just a bit, she gasped. He then said, "Okay, here's what I think we can do. We can attach the device just off to the side rather than right above the lips. It's not the way we'd like to do it, but it will work. So, okay, I agree that we can leave a thin strip as Dr. Whiteside requests."

Whiteside said, "Très bon!"

Knoxx said, "Very good." And to the strapped down naked girl, he said, "Miss Suzuki, did you follow that?"

Amy said quietly, "Yes, I did."

Knoxx said, "Okay, Mr. Lindstrom, go to it. We'll hold the lights for you."

Just then, the outer office door opened, and the janitor came in. The table was aligned such that he had a full view of the naked, spread-eagled girl. His eyes bulged out. And Amy raised her head and looking between her breasts, she saw the strange man staring at her. She gasped loudly and shook her head from side to side. She said, "Oh no, who is he?"

Mrs. Duckworth came around to the janitor and said, "Enrique, please come back later to do the cleaning." And the secretary guided him back out the door.

There was a moment of silence as they all realized what had just happened. Then Knoxx said, "Okay, he's gone. Miss Suzuki, we're going to start now. Okay?"

She nodded her head and through her tears she said, "Yes, go ahead."

Knoxx replied, "Good. Okay, let's get the lights held up again. Mr. Lindstrom, please start."

Lindstrom said, "All right, Amy. Here goes. This will only take a few minutes." And he started clipping away the hair leaving the thin strip about 2 inches long directly above her pussy. Then she felt him applying the warm shaving cream to the area that he had just clipped and to the surrounding area as well. She felt his gentle hands hold the skin taut as he pulled the safety razor across removing the last bits of hair. He then wiped her clean with a towel and unhooked the cuffs and belt.

Amy thought he was done, but Lindstrom said, "Amy, please get on your hands and knees on the table and then lower your head to the table top. I need shave underneath there. Please be very still; don't squirm at all while I'm shaving down there."

Amy assumed the shaming position with her butt up in the air for all of them to see her asshole as well as the rear view of her vagina. Lindstrom applied more shaving cream, and carefully shaved off the hairs on her perineum. And he wiped that area clean. He patted her lightly on her ass and said, "Okay, Amy, stand down on the floor and let's see how it looks."

She was bright red as she stood there with all of them looking closely at her pussy. Whiteside brushed her hand through the little bit of hair still there and said, "Very good, Mr. Lindstrom, that's exactly what I wanted. Okay with you Dr. Beaupre?"

Beaupre said, "Amy, please lie back on the table for a moment and let me see." She did as he asked and she felt his finger touch just off to the side of her pussy, and then he spread her lips and extracted her clitoris from under its little hood. She thought, "Oh god, I hope he doesn't make me come in front of all these people." But she could feel that he was just sort of measuring the distance from her clit to the spot to the left of her pussy. Beaupre said, "Yep, looks fine to me, too."

Lindstrom then said to her, "Amy, you will probably need to shave this almost daily to keep it looking this way. I can see that you naturally have a lot of hair down there, and it will probably want to grow back rather quickly. So, get yourself a good razor and a mirror."

Amy was still blushing as Knoxx said, "Well, that about wraps it up for today. Miss Suzuki, here are some flesh-colored panties for you to wear."

She slid them on feeling a slight sense of relief at getting to cover her private parts after this period of intense display. She said good night, picked up her backpack, and walked out the door.

She was still shaking as she walked into her dorm room about 6 o'clock. Linda looked up at her and said, "Amy, are you okay? You have a very strange look on your face."

Amy immediately broke out sobbing and buried her face on Linda's shoulder. Through her tears, Amy told her the story of the awful meeting.

After Amy calmed down, they went to the dining hall for dinner. Then, Amy spent a few hours studying before she realized that she should probably get started on the diary that Knoxx had told her to do as part of her punishment. She had to rack her brain to remember what she had done each of the last 7 days since the streaking incident. She scribbled down an outline of what she had done each of the days as best as she could remember it with special emphasis on when she had put on and taken off her panties. She didn't know if she should include the times she slid them down only part way to use the toilet; she decided to include those times, but she'd ask Knoxx if that information was needed before writing up the diary reports for him. Then, she wrote up the report for this day, which had been mostly terrible except for those couple of hours with Dwight.

About midnight, the two roommates decided it was time for bed. So, Amy crossed off another day on her calendar and lay down on top of the bed. Linda turned off the light and they each said, "Good night."

**May 9, Wednesday**

**Chapter 28 - Partners in Posing**

It was not nearly as cold on Wednesday morning as it had been on Monday when Amy had gone from one warm building to another her way to Wakefield Hall. Amy was only mildly surprised to meet Eva on the sidewalk as they were each approaching Wakefield. Eva said, "Hey, Amy. Good morning. Are you posing again today?"

Amy smiled and said sarcastically, "Well, how could I pass up the opportunity to show off my genitals some more?" They both laughed and Amy continued, "Actually, it seems that we'll be doing this together a lot til the end of the semester. They've told me I have to come in and pose every day from 8 til 10. So, if you're going to be here then as well, I guess we'll be posing together."

They walked into the building, and Amy waited by the heating vent as Eva stripped off her sweatsuit and shoved it and her sandals into a gym bag. Eva was now naked and she shoved the bag under a hallway bench. Eva gave Amy a puzzled look and said, "You used the word 'they' a moment ago. Who is 'they'? Is that Knoxx's committee?" Amy just nodded and Eva continued, "But why? Did you do something wrong?"

Amy blinked back the tears that she felt creeping into her eyes and said, "Yeah. According to them, I did a lot of things wrong. Mostly covering or hiding myself. And they dinged me with more punishment. Including this extra posing." She said this just as they walked into the classroom. She slid off her panties and hung them on the hook, and then nudged Eva's elbow and whispered "And including this" as she pointed to her closely trimmed pussy hair. Eva just nodded, and they walked up to the platform in the center of the room where Dr. Whiteside was waiting.

Whiteside smiled and said, "Bonjour, mes amies. How are you today?" The naked girls just smiled at her. Whiteside continued, "I'm going to talk to the class for a few minutes before we start, and I'd like for you two to just stand here with me - one of you on each side." The girls did as she requested and just stood there quietly facing the class as the students arrived. Amy was very careful not to cover herself; none of her naked endowments could be covered in any way.

When all of the students had arrived and got seated at their easels, Whiteside said, "Good morning class. Let me point out a couple of things before we begin. First, look at Amy here; you will notice that her pubic hair has been trimmed into this small thin strip. The fashionistas call this a 'landing strip' cut." She lightly brushed Amy's thin strip, and Amy flinched just a bit at her touch. "She agreed to have this done yesterday, and I supervised the shaving operation so that it was done the way I wanted." Amy didn't think that she'd really agreed to it, but she kept her mouth shut. Whiteside continued, "Now, you can see that her pussy lips are much more prominent, but her pubic area is still a nice contrast to Eva's completely shaved pubes." And Whiteside rested her index finger for a couple of seconds just above Eva's pussy lips.

Whiteside kept going, "Second, we are indeed fortunate that Amy will be posing for us for the rest of the semester. Let's see today is Wednesday, and so including today, she'll be here for our final 8 sessions. We thank her for agreeing to this." Amy blushed as the class applauded briefly, but she still didn't like Whiteside's use of the word "agreeing".

Whiteside resumed, "Now, class, all of you know that a big part of being an artist is the inspiration phase. That is, you need to decide what to draw and how to express it, and to do that you need to be inspired somehow. Well, this morning on the way to class, I was trying to figure out how we should have these two beautiful nude women pose for us today. And I just happened to pass a gardener who gave me the inspiration for today's pose, which I'll describe in a few minutes."

"But before I do that, I want to ask all of you to think of ways that we can take advantage of these pretty girls to pose for us for these last several meetings of our class. Try to do what I did. That is, think of something in nature or some human activity that could be expressed by these two girls posing. To give you an example, let me explain what that gardener was doing and the inspiration I got from it."

"The gardener was using a wheelbarrow to move around some dirt. And I immediately pictured one of these girls as the gardener and the other as the wheelbarrow."

Amy and Eva each immediately realized what she was going to do, and their eyes widened.

Whiteside turned to them and said, "Amy, please get down on your hands and knees, and then stretch your legs out behind you. Eva, you get behind her and lift her legs."

Reluctantly, the two naked girls did as she asked. Amy's breasts were now hanging enticingly as she played the part of the wheelbarrow. Whiteside made some adjustments. Pinned up Amy's long hair so that it wouldn't hide her dangling boobs. Spread Amy's legs just a little bit. Positioned one of Eva's legs back a ways so that it looked as she were in mid stride with her pussy visible to the class. Told Eva to look down at Amy's butt. Raised Amy's chin and told her to smile.

Whiteside stood off to the side and said to the class, "See. A provocative pose inspired by a routine human activity."

She let the two girls remain in that pose for a minute or so, and then she patted Eva on her bare ass and said, "You two can rest for a few minutes now. Please just stand on either side of me again."

Whiteside addressed the class, "Okay, in a few minutes, these two beauties will resume that pose and you will make your sketches. But first, let's brainstorm some other ideas. And let me throw in one more part of the equation. I realize that these two girls have gorgeous faces, but I want your inspirations to focus on other body parts. There are a lot of women with pretty faces walking around this campus, but how often to you get to see these." And she squeezed Amy's butt cheek and tweaked Eva's nipple. "Especially, you men. These must be rare sights for your eyes. So, let's focus on these usually hidden body parts for our inspirations. Any ideas?"

Eva and Amy were blushing bright red now. But they just stood there with their hands at there sides.

A girl in the front row raised her hand and said, "I think I have an idea. Following up on your gardening idea, how about having one of them up high with her boob hanging down like a piece of fruit? And then the other girl could be reaching up as if to pick the fruit? Eva's breasts are a little fuller and might make good melons."

Whiteside said, "Oh my, that's a good one. Anyone else?"

A guy near the back raised his hand. He chuckled as he said, "I've been reading about the legend of the little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in the dike. We could have one girl being the dike and the other being the little Dutch boy with one finger in the dike's pussy and another finger in the dike's mouth." He hesitated for a moment and then apologized, "Oh dear, I'm sorry about the double meanings of the word 'dyke'. I didn't mean to insult Amy or Eva or anyone else in the class. I'm really sorry. Let me substitute the word 'levee' instead, but keeping the same idea."

The instructor replied, "Another good one. Anyone else?"

Another guy said, "Well, how about something simple like having them pose as nude waitresses serving food to well-dressed diners?"

Whiteside frowned and said, "Well, okay, but that doesn't really emphasize the breasts or the genitals. Anyone else?"

A girl said, "Ms. Whiteside, how about a male model? We women might like to be inspired by an erect penis. Maybe it could be carrot or a banana."

Whiteside, "Actually, Miss Johnson, you've kind of got it backwards. I'm suggesting that you get the inspiration from nature somehow and then reflect it in the naked pose somehow rather than being inspired by the nude body. But I do like your idea of a nude male model. However, I don't have any male nudes available. At least not now. Maybe next week. Any of you men want to volunteer?" The male students chuckled nervously. "Any other thoughts?"

The same girl spoke up again, "Okay, I see what you're saying. So, here's an idea for the two nude girls. I'm from the central valley in California, and in the summertime, the surrounding hills are a golden brown. That could be an inspiration for laying these two pretty girls sort of on their sides and using their contours to simulate the rolling bare California hills. Their hips, shoulders, breasts, butts, and legs could be intertwined somehow to look like the hills. The pleasing contrast in their skin colors would be similar to hills in sunlight and shadowed by clouds. Eva's slit could be a little dry creek. And Amy's tiny bit of pubic hair could be a little oasis in an otherwise barren landscape. Maybe we could cover their feet and heads to emphasize their middle assets."

Whiteside replied gleefully, "Excellente, Miss Johnson! I like that one so much that we'll plan on doing that tomorrow. Tonight, please think some more about how you would position them for tomorrow's pose."

Whiteside kept going, "Well, let's all ponder such things tonight. And then we can throw around some other ideas tomorrow. Now, if you girls will resume your wheelbarrow and gardener pose, the class can start drawing."

The pretty nudes assumed the wheelbarrow and gardener positions, and the students started their sketching. Whiteside seemed infatuated with her inspired pose of the day, and so the girls spent the rest of the class session just doing that one pose. They switched positions several times, since the pose caused their arms to ache.

At the end of the class, Amy said goodbye to Eva, and she was envious of Eva for getting to leave and get dressed. Amy just sat naked in a chair on the stage as the 8 o'clock students left and the 9 o'clock students started to arrive. But Whiteside came up on the stage and whispered to her, "Please take the chair back to the props storage area, and then come back and just stand here facing the class. Be sure your hands are at your sides; I don't want to have to file another violation about you covering yourself." Amy sighed, closed her eyes briefly, and then did as the instructor asked.

After the students arrived and got settled, Whiteside said, "Good morning, class. Before we get going today, let me make a couple of announcements. First, please notice that Amy, our nude model, has had a little haircut, so to speak. Note that her pubic hair has been trimmed back to this thin 'landing strip' shape." And Whiteside traced her finger through Amy's thin strip of hair above her pussy. Amy was getting used to this light touching, and she just stood her ground.

Whiteside continued, "And second, Amy will be with us for the last 8 meetings of our class. So, we won't have to substitute a bowl of fruit for her pretty naked body like we had to do yesterday. Thank you for being here today and the rest of the semester." Again, the class lightly applauded her.

"Now, today I want to do something a bit different, at least for this class. I want to do our sketching outside in the natural light. Just bring your sketch pads and a couple of pencils. Come along, Amy, and I'll show you where to pose."

Amy whispered to Whiteside, "Uh, Professor, I need to use the bathroom. Where is the closest ladies' room? It will just take me a minute, and then I'll be right out."

Whiteside glared at her and said, "Well, you should have thought of that between classes. We don't have time to waste now. Please just hold it in for the rest of the hour." And she grabbed Amy's elbow and led her out the door. Amy started to protest but Whiteside just tightened her grip on the elbow.

Whiteside guided the naked girl down the hall, out the side door, down the steps, and over to a picnic table. She said, "Okay, Amy, up you go onto the table. This will be your stage for today."

It was still pretty cool outside, but Amy was thankful that it was not as cold as the previous few days. She thought it was only 50 degrees or so, and she felt her nipples tighten up immediately. And the cool temps only heightened her need to pee.

Amy climbed up onto the table top and then looked around to get her bearings. Then she realized where she was. The table was right next to a sidewalk, and if there were a sidewalk named "Main Street" on the Bancroft campus, this would be it. It was busy, busy, busy even while classes were going on. She was already the center of attention of the walkers, and the art class students were sitting down on the sidewalk to avoid having to sit in the damp grass area. So all the pedestrians had to slow down to get around the artists, and of course, they stopped to look at the pretty naked girl standing on the table top.

Whiteside got up on the table with Amy and addressed the class, "Okay, for today, we are going to do simple sketches of a spread-eagled nude. Please be sure to do her newly trimmed pubic region in some detail. Amy, please stand here, spread your legs, and raise your arms. After a few minutes, you can turn around so they can draw your backside." Amy did as she instructed, and she immediately felt a little breeze graze her pussy lips. Amy struggled to keep her bladder under control.

After about 5 minutes, Whiteside came up to the table and said, "Okay, it's time to turn around. But you can rest your arms for a minute or so before turning."

Amy understood this to mean that she had time go to the bathroom, but as she stepped down from the table top to the attached bench, Whiteside said, "Wait, where are you going? We are short of time and we don't have time for you to go pee. Please just stay up there and pose. Even a 6-year old little girl could hold it in for the 30 minutes or so we've got left. So, you should be able to do it, too."

Amy gave her a pleading look, but Whiteside just stared right back at her. Amy knew she couldn't argue, and returned to her pose, which now showed her pussy lips from behind through her spread legs.

She struggled through the rest of the session fighting the cold temps and the pressure in her bladder. She squirmed and fidgeted several times, and there was a look of anxiety on her face as well. Several times Amy thought to herself, "Whiteside was right. I should have used the restroom between classes. This is the second instance where I've been naked with a full bladder and couldn't go pee right away. I'm not learning my lessons here very quickly. Is this time going to cost me another violation?"

Once just as she slightly twisted her hips in a shameful way, she looked up and saw Tyson Laird walk by with a smirk on his face. A few minutes later, she saw Knoxx standing there looking at her.

As soon as Whiteside excused the class, Amy bolted from the table, back into the class room, slid on her panties, grabbed her backpack, and ran across the quad to Younger Hall. She raced into the ladies' room and into the same stall where she had hid out on Friday. She barely finished peeing and cleaning up before the 10 o'clock bell rang and Psych class started. She was breathing heavily as she sat down in the back of the big auditorium and started listening to the boring Psychology lecture. Was she late again? She wasn't sure.

But as she was rushing through the hallway at Younger Hall, she didn't notice Tyson Laird standing in an alcove near the auditorium door looking at his watch as she pulled open the door at the last second. Tyson Laird knew for sure. She was late.

---------------------

Amy's morning classes were blissfully uneventful. No more embarrassing incidents beyond just being almost naked the entire time.

As she was walking back to her dorm about noon, her cell phone rang in her backpack. She looked at the display and didn't recognize the number except that she knew it was from an on-campus phone. She thought about just letting it go on to voicemail, but then decided that it might be something important.

Amy answered, "Hello, this is Amy Suzuki." And she started walking again.

The voice at the other end said, "Hi, Amy, this is Dr. Beaupre at the Wytham Institute. How are you?"

She hesitantly replied, "Hi, I'm fine, Dr. Bo. What's up?"

Beaupre said, "Well, Amy, I'm sure you remember that we have an experiment session scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. And since Dr. Knoxx told us on Monday that we could make changes in our plans as part of your additional punishment for breaking some of his rules, we'd like to extend tomorrow's session and run an additional experiment. We'd like for you to come here about noon and stay until almost 5 PM. Does that sound okay?"

Amy stopped walking so that she could focus on this ominous sounding phone call. She said, "Umm, Dr. Bo, I have a class that ends at 11:50 AM tomorrow morning, and it takes me at least 20 minutes to walk across campus to your building. Also, I want to eat lunch before spending the afternoon at the session. And then I need time to walk back across campus to Dr. Knoxx's office for the 5 o'clock meeting."

He answered, "Yeah, we realized that it would be tight to fit the extended session into your schedule, but how about if we provide transportation and lunch? That is, I could pick you up after your class and then you could eat lunch with us before the session. Afterwards, I could drive you back to Kameron at 5 PM."

Amy knew she was trapped; there was no way that she could decline this request. But she realized that her precious "free-time Thursday" would now be filled up with her naked community service activities - two hours of posing in the morning, all afternoon at Wytham, and the 5 o'clock meeting with Knoxx. She just sighed and said, "Okay, that will work. Where do you want to meet me? My Modern Journalism class is held in Becker Hall."

Beaupre said, "Let's see. Becker Hall is on the quad, and there is no street right next to it. But it's close to the intersection of 1st Street and Sylvester Avenue. I can meet you there at 11:50. I'll be driving a white Buick Century. Lunch is our treat; we'll get you a sandwich at the deli with chips and apple juice. A normal Italian sub sandwich? We'll eat in my office. Does all of that work for you?"

Amy agreed, and after saying goodbye, she slammed the cell phone shut and yelled, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" to no one in particular. But several guys who were standing nearby watching her talk on the phone were shaking their heads and smiling. One of them yelled back at her, "Hey, Underpants Amy, I'd like to take you up on that fucking!" She glared back at him, said nothing, and then stomped off.

**Chapter 29 - Modeling the Victoria's Secret Panties**

Amy went through her usual ritual with Knoxx's secretary, hung her panties on the penis hook, and walked naked into Knoxx's office for the daily meeting. She was not surprised to see the entire committee of old men sitting there. She took her place standing in front of Knoxx's desk with her hands at her sides. The five men spent a few seconds silently looking over the beautiful nude.

Then Knoxx started the meeting with, "Good afternoon, Miss Suzuki. The agenda is pretty short, but we need to get started. First, were there any issues today at art class, which was your only community service activity for the day? We saw you posing outside, and you looked a bit uncomfortable. Please tell us about it."

Amy blushed and told the truth, "Well, it was pretty cold out there, and I needed to pee. And that's why I might have looked uncomfortable."

Knoxx said, "Are you okay now? Do you need to use the bathroom before we get started?" Amy was annoyed by this question, but she just shook her head. But Knoxx persisted, "You know, Miss Suzuki, considering your situation, you probably need to think ahead about when to use the toilet to avoid such incidents. Right?" He was staring at her nicely trimmed pussy hair as he said this.

Amy blushed some more and quietly said, "Yes, sir."

"Good. Now, what about at the earlier posing session with Miss Cobb? Any problems there?" Amy again just shook her head. "Okay. And let's see, tomorrow you'll be posing early again, and then Wytham in the afternoon. Only one class at 11 AM. Sounds like a routine day for you, right?"

Amy thought to herself, "Fuck you! No, it will not be routine. I'll be naked most of the time, and God only knows what Beaupre and his crew have in store for me." But aloud she just said meekly, "That's right."

Knoxx looked at the other 4 men and said, "Do any of you have anything to discuss with her?" They all just shook their heads. "All right then. The only other thing is that we need to approve the new panties that Miss Suzuki brought in yesterday. We will do the same thing that we did last week, by having her model them for us, and we'll decide which pairs are okay." He reached under his desk and brought out the Victoria's Secret shopping bag and dumped the contents on his desk. The 15 packages of panties tumbled out.

Knoxx said, "Oh dear, that's right, these are still wrapped up. I guess she'll have to open each package before modeling the panties for us."

Tyson Laird spoke up, "Actually, Cal, there are 6 of us here, why don't we split them up and each of us open some packages? That will save some time."

Knoxx replied, "Good thought, Tyson." And he handed 3 packages to each of the other four men, 2 to Amy, and kept one for himself. The men seemed to have a bit of trouble opening the packages, but this was familiar territory for Amy. They all handed the panties back to Knoxx who piled them on the desk.

Knoxx briefly looked over the stack and said, "Nice selection of colors. Your friend did a good job. Okay, let's start with these." And he handed Amy a pair of dark blue panties. She stepped into them as the men watched and pulled them up to cover her pussy. She paused for a moment as they looked at the front view and then slowly turned to show them the rear.

Knoxx nodded and said, "I'm not so sure about the dark blue color. I think the lighter colors would be more embarrassing for her, and we want her to be embarrassed rather than feeling like she's showing off. What do the rest of you think?"

Kirkpatrick said, "I tend to agree. But I do like the way these cover her butt cheeks. I hope the rest of them look this same way in the rear."

Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki, please take those off and I'll put them in a separate stack over here. Probably we'll reject them, but maybe not. We'll see as we go along." She slid them down and handed them back to Knoxx.

Next he handed her a pair with small yellow and blue flowers, almost a polka dot design. She slid them on and modeled them for the men.

The men agreed that these were fine. They repeated this process for all 15 pairs. Amy was relieved that Dwight had purchased only two styles - bikinis and briefs. She was concerned that the men would reject the bikinis because they might be too narrow on the side panels, but the committee didn't reject any for this reason. The only other pair rejected was a dark pink pair which they thought was too sexy. They accepted white, light pink, yellow, polka dots, light blue, 3 variations of flesh tone, light pink stripe, pale green, and 3 other off white with subtle patterns. And they all felt comfortable to Amy in the brief time that she had them on.

After the last pair, Knoxx said, "Okay, we've got 13 acceptable pairs and that's more than enough for the rest of your punishment period. So, Miss Suzuki, I'll hang onto these 13 pairs and you can take these dark blue and dark pink ones home." He handed her the two rejected panties, which she put in her backpack.

"And now I need to mark these in the same way to let Mrs. Duckworth know that they are approved panties for Miss Suzuki to be wearing." And he took his red magic marker and marked each pair on the rear upper hem.

He looked at the stack of new panties and said, "Wow, now I've got a big selection to pick from. Here you go, Miss Suzuki, how about these pink striped ones for tomorrow?" He handed them to her and she slid them on.

He said, "Well, I guess that's all for this evening. See you tomorrow."

Amy grabbed her backpack and left the office. Considering everything, that embarrassing exercise went better than she had expected. And it felt good to be wearing brand new panties.

**Chapter 30 - No Nudity for Linda**

Later in the evening, Amy was alone in her room as Linda was at the computer lab working on an IT exercise for a class. Amy had a lot of homework piling up as a result of her expanding community service projects. She was glad to have the evening alone to get caught up.

About 7:30, her cell phone rang. She looked at the display and it showed another call from a campus phone number that she didn't recognize. She reluctantly decided to answer it.

"Hello?"

The voice at the other end said, "Hi, Amy? This is Cindy Johnson."

Amy paused for a moment because she didn't know this person and she said, "Yes, this is Amy Suzuki. I'm sorry, but I can't place your name."

"Sorry about that. I'm in Professor Whiteside's 8 o'clock drawing class, and I'm the person who suggested the rolling hills pose for tomorrow. You know, the one where you and Eva would be lying on your sides or backs kind of like the bare rolling California hills."

Amy immediately didn't like the sound of this and said, "Okay. Hi, Miss Johnson, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Amy, please call me Cindy. Well, let's see. What's the best way to start? Umm, last week I was on a field trip to the art museum in Boston, and I got to know Linda Hathaway, who I now know is your roommate. At that time, we didn't know about your streaking incident and subsequent naked punishment. Anyway, Linda and I were having a beer in the hotel bar, and she told me about her trip to the clothing-optional resort last summer, and how much she enjoyed it."

Amy was really on guard now. Where was this going? She just said, "Uh huh."

Cindy resumed, "So, that's the background of what I want to ask you. After class today, I got to thinking that having three naked girls posing in the rolling hills formation would be more interesting for the class. And I immediately thought of Linda and her very white skin. It would add another dimension to have her light skin to complement Eva's nicely tanned skin and your sort of olive colored skin. Doesn't that sound neat?"

Amy could see where this was going, but she said, "I'm not sure. But go on."

"Well, actually that's it. Intermixing the 3 skin colors by overlapping limbs and things would add nice variety to the pose. And I was wondering if you would ask Linda to come along to drawing class tomorrow morning and pose for us? I think she would be more receptive to the invitation if it came from you rather than me."

Amy's immediate reaction was, "No fucking way. I'm not going to drag my best friend into my mess." But speaking into the phone, she said, "Cindy, I don't think that's a good idea. Linda and I are really good friends, and posing naked together might mess up that friendship. So, I'm sorry, but no, I don't want to do that."

In a pleading voice, Cindy said, "Oh Amy, please reconsider. It couldn't hurt to ask, could it?"

Amy repeated, "Sorry, no. Um, Cindy, I'm in the middle of some homework, and I need to get back to it."

Cindy now said in a dejected tone, "Well, okay. I'll see you at class tomorrow morning. Bye."

As she folded up her cell phone, Amy wondered if she had handled this correctly or not. Would it have really hurt anything to just ask Linda about it? She could phrase the request in such a way to lead Linda to reject the idea on her own. But it was too late now. What's done is done.

A couple of hours later, Linda returned with a big smile and said, "I didn't know that you knew Cindy Johnson. She and I had fun on that field trip last week." And Amy's heart sank. Evidently, Cindy had called Linda and asked her directly.

Amy said, "Actually, I don't really know her. She is just a student in that art class that I'm posing for, and she called me this evening."

"Yeah, I know. She called me probably just a few minutes after she talked with you. She explained her idea, and it sounds like fun to me. A real hoot of a way to end my college career - posing naked for an art class."

Amy said, "Well, I'm not so sure it's a good idea. What did you tell her?"

With a disappointed look, Linda said, "Well, I told her I'd like to do it, but I wanted to talk with you first. I told her I'd call her back tonight. But why don't you like it?"

"Lindy, we are really good friends, and I don't want to drag you into the mess that I created for myself. And . . ."

Linda interrupted, "But even if I am completely willing to do it?"

Amy answered, "Let me finish. As I say, we are really, really good friends, but we're not lovers. Neither of us are lesbians, and I think that posing naked together like that would give people the wrong idea about our relationship."

"But Sooz, it's just this one time for less than an hour. There are only 20 or so students in the class that would see us naked together."

"But Lindy, people talk. And I get the feeling that Cindy Johnson is the kind of person that would talk about it. And here's another thing. I didn't tell you, but at the 9 o'clock class today, Whiteside had me pose naked outdoors on top of a picnic table right near that busy walkway in the quad. That was a much different experience being naked there with all those people walking by than posing indoors in the classroom; each is embarrassing, but outdoors is more public. Now, what if Whiteside decided to do the rolling hills pose -- or whatever Cindy calls it -- outdoors rather than indoors. That sounds perfectly plausible to me, and that would open up a couple of issues. First, it was fucking cold out there at 9 AM and it would be even colder at 8 AM. Second, what if Dr. Knoxx walks by like he did this morning and sees you lying there naked? He might consider that to be the same as streaking, and he would expel you. Remember the notice I posted? It spelled out the punishment for streaking; I think I was very lucky to negotiate a way to stay in school. That notice also implied, but did not explicitly state, that only Eva and I are allowed to be naked on campus."

Linda sighed and admitted, "I hadn't considered those things. But it still sounds like fun - especially outdoors."

Tears were gathering in Amy's eyes and she said, "Oh, Lindy, please, please don't do this. It's just too big of a risk."

Linda could see that her friend was really upset, and she understood Amy's arguments. She said, "Okay, Amy. I agree. I'll call Cindy and tell her 'no'."

Amy smiled at her friend through her tears and mouthed, "Thank you."

Amy sat there and listened as Linda called Cindy to decline.

They spent the next hour silently studying. And Amy wrote up her diary entry for the day before crossing off another day on the calendar and going to bed.

**Underpants Amy - Days 10 & 11**

**May 10, Thursday**

**Chapter 31 - California Hillsides and Backsides**

Amy was glad that it was a bit warmer on Thursday morning and that made the walk from her dorm to Wakefield Hall more tolerable. She was still almost naked, but she didn't feel the sting of the cold weather like she had the days before.

In the classroom, she slid off her pink striped panties and hung them on the hook. Eva was already up on the platform in the center of the room just standing there naked and looking bored. Amy climbed up and joined her. The two beautiful nude girls smiled at each other and chit chatted for a minute or so til Dr. Whiteside joined them.

Whiteside addressed the class, "Good morning, everyone. As you remember, yesterday we were brainstorming about nude poses that might be inspired by things in nature or from everyday human activity. Now that you've had another day to think about it, does anyone have a new idea to share?"

A guy at the side of the room spoke up, "I thought of one. As I was walking through the campus yesterday, I saw a tree with kind of a double trunk, maybe it was even two separate trees growing close together. And I thought we could have Amy and Eva stand back to back and raise their arms to simulate tree branches."

Whiteside said, "That's a good one, Spencer, and it sounds simple to set up. Eva you stand here, and Amy right behind her facing the other way. Press together as much as possible, butt to butt, heels to heels, head to head, and so forth. Okay, that's good. Now raise your arms but droop your hands. That's good, Eva. Amy, raise yours a bit higher so they don't interfere with Eva's. Aw, that's nice. Note how their breasts and nipples kind of look like blemishes in the bark. And their pussies are little cavities in the trunk. Let me make a note of that as one we can do, maybe next week." She scribbled something in her notebook and said, "Okay girls, you can relax. Come stand back by me." Then she addressed the students again, "Class, any other ideas?"

A girl in the front row raised her hand and said, "I like Cindy Johnson's idea about the barren hills yesterday. And that got me thinking on a larger scale - a mountain range with valleys. Maybe we could position the two nude girls so that their breasts were very prominent as if they were mountain peaks, and then of course, spread their legs to create the valleys with the pussies being kind of like small canyons off of the valleys. We could stimulate their tits so that they would be more erect and pointy like the Matterhorn."

Whiteside said, "Okay, thanks Sharon. How about something to do with their butts? Anybody have thoughts along those lines?"

A guy who looked like he was still in high school said, "Yeah, that's what I was thinking of. One of their tushes could be a pillow, and the other girl could be laying her head on it as if sleeping. And you know how you sometimes turn on your side and scrunch up the pillow with your arm? Well, the sleeping nude could have her hand between the legs of the pillow nude as if bunching up the pillow. I didn't say that very well, but I think you get the picture."

The teacher replied, "Oh yes, Milt, I can clearly see what you're getting at. Good idea." And she scribbled in her book again. "Any other ideas?"

A middle aged lady said, "Well, two nudes might not be enough for this one to be effective. But think about a row of columns like there is on the front of Kameron Hall. Each nude could be standing straight up legs pressed closely together with arms above her head also pressed together; her hands and feet could then be fanned out to the side like the top and bottom of a column. The gaps between their arms and legs would be like the flutes on the column. You would probably need 6 or 8 thin nude women for this to work. These two beauties here would be a good start."

"Good one, Maxine." And Whiteside wrote another note in her book. "Anyone else?" There were several hands up, and Whiteside said, "Bon, bon! I'm happy to see that you're embracing the concept here. Let me take one more idea, and then we'll get started drawing. How about Chelsea over there?"

The young girl said, "Thanks. My parents sleep in a pencil post bed. We could use these two nude women to simulate that by having them lie on their backs facing each other with their legs all parallel and their arms pointing straight up like a pencil post bed. How's that?"

Whiteside thought for a moment and said, "Let's try it out just briefly. Amy, you lie here and spread your legs just a bit. Eva, you lie down with your left leg between Amy's legs with your foot at her pussy, and then your right leg on the outside with Eva's foot right at your own pussy. Now, both of you squeeze your legs close together. Okay, that's good. Now, keep your backs on the floor, but raise your arms and point straight up. Très bon. Let me stand back and see how it looks." Whiteside spent about a minute looking at the formation from several angles, and then she said, "Well, Chelsea. It's an interesting setup, but it doesn't really focus on their breasts, asses, or vaginas like I wanted for this exercise. You can kind of see their breasts, but their pussies are barely visible. Thanks, anyway. All right, bare naked ladies, you can get up now." She paused for a moment and scribbled some more notes.

Amy had numbly followed orders during all of this. She got to her feet and looked dully down at the floor between her breasts. She thought, "All they've talked about are my sexual parts - my vagina, my breasts, and my buttocks, and they usually use crude terms like pussy, tits, and ass. What about my pretty face, my long dark hair, and my nice long legs? Am I just a bag of sexual pieces for them to move around for their amusement? No, I'm a real, live human being with feelings just like them. But for now, I'm trapped. I'm basically a naked slave and I have to follow their commands."

A second later, she was jolted back to reality when Whiteside said, "Okay, I'm going to turn the setup exercise over to Miss Johnson for the bare California hills pose. Cindy?"

As Cindy Johnson came up on the platform, she smiled at Eva but glared daggers at Amy. She walked around the back of the trio (Amy, Eva, and Whiteside), and as she did so, she quickly pinched Amy's butt. She squeezed into position between Amy and Eva.

Whiteside said, "Okay, Cindy. Refresh our memory about the pose that you propose. Oh, that's kind of a cute phrase - 'the pose that you propose'. I guess my English is getting better."

Cindy smiled and said, "Yes, Professor, that is cute. Well, my idea is to have them lie partially on their sides so that their hips, shoulders, boobs, arms, and legs kind of look like rolling hills. I say 'partially' because I want their boobs and cunts visible as well as the profile of their hips and shoulders. And I want them partially intertwined so that the pleasing contrast in their skin colors is apparent."

She added, "Professor, if you'll let me sidetrack a little bit, I wanted to say that last night I thought it might be nice to add a third nude girl with an even different skin color to the mix. I thought I had lined up a girl to participate this morning, but sadly she decided to decline. So, I'll have to settle for these two beauties." And she rested one hand on Amy's shoulder and her other hand on Eva's shoulder.

Whiteside cut in, "Cindy, I like the sound of your idea of adding a third girl with a contrasting skin tone. You know I like contrasts of all sorts. What third skin color were you thinking of?"

"A very white Caucasian. Like most of us here in the class whose skin has been covered up all winter. Like myself." And she held one bare arm next to Amy's arm and her other next to Eva's arm.

Whiteside said, "Well, it almost sounds like you are volunteering to add your nude body to this pose. Is that what you want to do, Cindy?"

Cindy immediately realized that she had made a mistake in overselling the idea of a third nude girl, and she stammered, "Uhh, umm, no, I couldn't do that. I'm -- uhh, ahh -- not used to showing my -- umm -- body like they are. Sorry, . . ."

Whiteside said, "That's okay, I understand. But you said you thought you had lined up a girl who later declined. Who was she? Do you think you could persuade her to come in next week sometime?"

Cindy came around and stood between Amy and Whiteside and whispered to the teacher, "It was Linda Hathaway, Amy's roommate. But Amy refused to ask Linda to do it, and when I asked Linda directly, she was receptive to the idea at first, but later called back and said that she and Amy didn't think it would be appropriate. So, no, I don't think I can persuade her to come in."

Whiteside scowled, looked over at Amy, and whispered, "Amy, is this true? Why wouldn't you want your roommate to help out in this artistic exercise?"

Amy could feel tears welling in her eyes along with an angry glance at Cindy. She replied also in a whisper, "Yes, that's true. Linda and I didn't want to take a chance on messing up our good friendship with one episode of naked posing together." Amy was angry at herself for not having handled this situation differently, and she was pretty sure that Whiteside would report this to the committee as some sort of violation of the full-cooperation rule.

Whiteside said, "All right, I can understand that." And in a louder voice she said, "Okay, Cindy. Have at it. Do you need any props?"

"Yes, I probably need as many pillows as you've got back there. Shall I get them?"

Whiteside agreed, "Yes, and Amy, you go along and help her carry them all up here."

Naked Amy could feel Cindy's tight grasp on her elbow as they hopped down from the platform and walked to the back where all the pillows were stored. The two girls just glared at each other as they grabbed as many pillows as they could hold. When they got back to the stage, Cindy said, "There are still several more back there. Amy can get them while I set up these." Amy glared at her, but did as she was told.

Cindy arranged the pillows in a long row so that one naked girl could lie on her side on them, and then the other naked girl could lie on her side on the floor in front. She told Eva to lie on the pillows with her head to left and Amy on the floor with her head to the right. Next she said, "Okay, Eva, bring your right leg down between Amy's legs. I don't want your foot showing because it would block the view of her pussy hair and slit; so, kind of shove the foot in under her ass. Now, Amy you do the same thing with your upper leg and foot. That's it; shove your foot in there almost into her ass crack. Now, I want to make sure that both of your cunts are showing prominently." And Cindy moved the legs a bit bending them slightly more at the knees and shoving a couple of pillows under Amy's butt. Then she moved each girl's upper arm behind the girl's back and told them to use their other arm to prop up their head. The legs of the two nude girls were now intertwined showing the nice contrast between the skin colors. Amy's thin pubic strip was fully visible. And all four breasts were in full view.

Cindy stood back, looked at the formation, and smiled. Then she said, "One more thing." And she dashed to the refrigerator in back and brought back an ice cube. She rubbed the ice cube on each of the four naked boobs, and the nipples immediately responded. She said, "I'll keep this ice here and I'll use it again if the nipples soften up too much."

Whiteside looked at Amy and then at Eva, and she said, "Girls, are you comfortable? If so, I'm going to ask you to hold that for the rest of the hour and let the students get going on their drawings." The two nudes quietly said, "Yes."

Whiteside then addressed the class, "Okay, you budding artists, please get started. I want you to focus on the middle of this display of human flesh. You can draw the heads and the feet that are showing, but please don't add any details to them. I want the emphasis to be on the contours of the hips, legs, and breasts. Be sure to capture the sex organs as little valleys or caves. We're off to the California hills! Allons-y!"

After about 10 minutes, Cindy came back with the ice cube and stiffened up the nipples again. And a few minutes later, Whiteside brought out several large flesh colored scarves and covered the girls heads and feet; she said to the class, "I am seeing too much detail in the heads and feet of your drawings, and so I'm covering them on the models. Please focus on what you can see."

The veils didn't interfere with the girls' breathing, but Amy was concerned about having her head covered, and she whispered to Whiteside, "Professor, my punishment agreement with Dr. Knoxx does not allow any covering except panties. So, could you please remove the scarf from my head?" Whiteside whispered back at her somewhat angrily, "Amy, I have permission from Dr. Knoxx to use whatever props I want with you and that includes these veils. So, your head stays covered."

The time passed slowly, and the two nude girls were getting stiff arms and legs. Amy shifted her foot which was under Eva's ass and Eva jumped a bit. Amy whispered, "Sorry, Eva, but I just needed to move that foot around a little bit. If you need to do that too, please go ahead." And Eva wiggled her toes which were right in Amy's ass crack; both girls slightly giggled.

Cindy came back two more times with the ice cube to keep the four tits erect and nicely perky.

Finally, the bell rang and Whiteside came back up on the stage. She said, "Okay, that's all for today. Let's show our appreciation for Cindy's creative pose and our two models." The students clapped briefly, and Whiteside said, "That's all for today."

Eva and Amy unwound themselves from the intertwined pose and stretched their stiff arms and legs. Amy bent over to stretch her back giving the students a full rear view of her ass and pussy, but she didn't care. Eva told her goodbye and left leaving Amy alone on the stage with Whiteside.

Whiteside looked at her and said, "Good job, Amy. Now, please put all of these pillows away. And if you need to use the restroom, please do so. I don't want a repeat of yesterday's performance."

Amy blushed as she picked up an armload of pillows and walked them back to the storage area. As she was returning to the stage, she noticed a guy stop and stroke her pink stripe panties hanging on the hook. Their eyes briefly met, and he quickly stuck his hand in his pocket and left. She made three more trips to store all of the pillows.

Then she decided that to be on the safe side she should use the toilet, but she didn't know where the women's restroom was in the building. She walked over to Whiteside who was making some notes and said, "Professor, where is the ladies' room in this building?" Whiteside gave her directions to the one in the basement.

Amy wondered if she could put on her panties for this trip to the restroom, but she decided not to take the chance and walked naked down the narrow stairway to the dingy basement hallway which was also very narrow. A couple of guys were laughing as they came out of the men's room, but they stopped and stared as the pretty nude girl squeezed by them to get to the ladies' room farther down the hall. She did her business and returned to the classroom for the 9 o'clock class.

During her long, skin-to-skin pose with Eva, Amy had felt a little bit of a tingle in her pussy, but she was thankful that it wasn't as noticeable to others as it had been on Monday. She had cleaned her pussy thoroughly in the restroom, and so she was ready to go for the next class. She just stood there waiting naked on the platform with her arms at her sides.

She was thankful that Whiteside did not take the class outdoors again, and the hour passed rather uneventfully. The two poses were rather explicit. In the first one, Whiteside had her lift her breasts by the nipples with her legs slightly apart. For the second one, the instructor told her to spread her pussy lips with one hand, bend over slightly, and point with the other to her pussy. Whiteside used hairpins to keep her long dark hair from blocking the view of her slightly hanging boobs; Whiteside also used another ice cube on Amy's nipples during this pose. Both poses were very embarrassing for Amy, but she followed instructions.

When the class ended, Amy checked with Whiteside for any special instructions, but there were none, and so, Amy slid on her panties and left. She actually had a smile on her face, because she now had an unallocated hour before her 11 AM journalism class. This would be her only "clothed" time of the day albeit the only clothes were the pink striped panties, which she was coming to enjoy wearing. She walked across the quad to Becker Hall, and spent the next hour studying in the Journalism Library.

**Chapter 32 - Confronted by the Cop**

Her Modern Journalism class was routine, and the instructor actually let them out about 5 minutes early at 11:45. Amy left the building and walked the short distance to the corner of 1st Street & Sylvester. She looked around for Beaupre's white Buick Century, and she spotted it on the other side of the street. But as she was crossing the street, she saw a lady sitting in the driver's seat. Wrong car. She looked around and spotted two other white Buicks, and she started to walk back towards the campus sidewalk.

Just then, she her someone say, "Hold it, right there, young lady." She turned to find a city policeman approaching her, and he guided her back onto the sidewalk.

He said to her, "Ma'am, where are your clothes? There is a city ordinance about indecent exposure, and I'm going to have to take you in."

Amy was stunned and stammered, "Oh, officer, I'm a student at the university, and I'm being punished for streaking on campus. The punishment is that I cannot wear clothes for the next 10 days or so."

He said, "Well, you're not on campus now. This is part of the city of Crockett's Bridge, and we have our own laws. Let me see your identification."

Amy got her student ID card and driver's license out of her backpack and showed it to the officer. He said, "Thanks, but you'll have to come with me. Please put your hands behind your back, and I'll cuff them." Amy hesitated, and the man repeated, "Do it now, please." Amy put the ID cards back in her backpack and held her hands behind her. He used metal cuffs with a lock, unlike the plastic cable ties that had been used on her by the campus security officer.

He told her, "Okay, thank you for cooperating. When we detain someone who is so provocatively dressed - or undressed in this case - we suspect that she is soliciting, and we check her for carrying drugs. I'm going to check your backpack now." She started to cry as he emptied her backpack onto the sidewalk. Just books, her wallet, cell phone, and assorted pens and pencils and other school supplies.

He went on, "Okay. Nothing there. But I need to check your person. Since you're not wearing many clothes, all I'm going to do here is to look briefly into your underpants. I won't pull them down, but I'll just pull out the top and look inside, both front and back." She was crying out loud now as he pulled out the panties and peered down inside. He then told her to spread her legs and he briefly patted her pussy through the fabric. A crowd was now beginning to gather around them. The officer said, "Okay, I'm going to take you downtown to the main police station, and a female officer will do a cavity search to make sure you're clean. Come on, let's go." He repacked her backpack, picked it up, and grabbed her elbow to guide her to the police van nearby.

He opened the rear door of the van, and she was stunned to see two grungy looking guys also in handcuffs. And the two grungies gaped back at her as well. One of them said with a slur, "Hey baby, you comin' with us?" And the other one drawled, "I heard about some chick named 'Underpants Annie' running around campus in her panties. Is that you? Here, you can sit right next to me."

Amy shook her head and pleaded, "Oh no, please, officer, don't do this to me." And just as she was about to step up into the van, she heard a familiar voice yell out, "Officer, officer. What's going on here?" Amy and the policeman turned to see Dr. Beaupre running up the sidewalk.

As Beaupre arrived at the police van, the cop said, "Sir, we suspect this woman is soliciting. Are you her customer?"

Beaupre said, "Oh no, of course not. I'm Dr. Pierre Beaupre, and I work in the Wytham Medical Research Institute on the far side of campus. Miss Suzuki is helping us with some, um, medical experiments, and I am going to give her a ride to our building." He showed the policeman his university ID badge and his driver's license.

The policeman was still suspicious and said to Beaupre, "Well, why is she almost naked? We can't have a naked lady walking our streets."

Beaupre told the cop about Amy's punishment confirming what Amy had told him moments before, and seemingly what the drunk guy had also said. Beaupre glanced at the nearby bulletin board where Amy had posted one of the notices several days earlier. Beaupre ripped it off the board and handed it to the officer. Beaupre said, "This lady is Amy Suzuki, and she is the person mentioned in this notice. Please let her go."

But the officer still wasn't convinced. He said, "But she's on city land now, and she must obey our city laws."

Beaupre said, "Actually, sir, she's on campus ground now. This side of the street is part of Bancroft University."

The officer argued, "But she was on the other side a moment ago."

But one of the nearby students piped up, "Officer, I was watching the entire time, and she was never on the opposite sidewalk. She was in the street, but she was never on the city sidewalk. I assume that the city limit line is in the middle of the street, and I don't think she ever crossed it."

The officer said, "What is your name young man?"

The student said, "Brad Ashcroft, sir."

And then the officer said to the gathered crowd, "Can any of you confirm what Mr. Ashcroft said? Did this woman stay on the campus side of the street?"

Several of the assembled students and faculty yelled, "Yes, he is right."

The officer sighed. He realized that this would be a hard case to prosecute, and he said to Amy, "Well, lady, you lucked out this time. Please observe our city laws when you are off campus. Have a nice day." He unlocked the cuffs and guided her over to Beaupre.

Amy was still crying as she climbed into Beaupre's car. He gave her several Kleenexes, and she wiped her eyes and mouth. He said, "Amy, I'm so sorry about that. I'm glad that I got here just in time. How long had you been waiting? I thought we agreed on 10 minutes before noon?"

Amy nodded and with her voice still breaking, she said, "11:50 is right. But my journalism class got out a few minutes early, and so I was here a couple of minutes before you arrived, and that's when the cop stopped me. I'm so happy that you got here right on time; a minute later and I would have been gone downtown and probably would have been put in jail. Thank you, Dr. Bo."

**Chapter 33 - Rightside Boob**

Beaupre started driving the car, and they didn't speak for a minute or so. Amy noticed that she was sitting on a newspaper, and she lifted her butt and dragged it out. It was the sports section open to the baseball page. Amy hadn't heard how her favorite team, the Boston Red Sox, had done yesterday. She quietly said, "Oh, darn it." Beaupre glanced over at her with a puzzled look, and said, "What?"

She said, "Oh, the Red Sox lost yesterday 6-1 to Baltimore of all teams."

Beaupre smiled and said, "Yeah, I know. I watched it on TV last night. Are you a fan?"

"Yep, I have been since I was a little kid. My Dad took me to at least one game every year in Fenway until they started to sell out every single game a few years ago. We just couldn't justify the expense of the high priced tickets."

Beaupre said, "I've never been to Fenway, but I watch or listen to almost every game. The Sox have pretty good pitching this year, but giving up six runs to Baltimore is not a good night."

They talked baseball for the next several minutes and before she knew it, they had pulled into the Wytham parking lot. They continued talking as they walked into the building and down the gloomy hallway to his office. He was still complaining about the pitching when he turned the handle of his office door. Amy was just about to step in side when he held up his hand and then pointed to the hook outside the door. She continued to listen to his rants as she slid off her panties and hung them on the hook. She was now naked as she followed him into the waiting room area where the four other men were eating lunch. LaSalle, Newman, Cranfield, and Winstead looked up and smiled at the nude girl and then went back to eating.

Beaupre said, "Hello, team. I just found out that Amy here is a big Red Sox fan, and she has been politely listening to my complaining about last night's game. Amy, these guys are all baseball fans as well, but Dr. Newman there is kind of a traitor, since he's a Yankee fan." Beaupre and Newman both laughed.

The group shifted their chairs around so that there was room to pull two more chairs up to the table. Beaupre pointed to a chair and handed her a sandwich from the deli. The naked girl sat down and joined the conversation and ate lunch. She marveled at the incongruity of it all; here she was the only female and she was completely naked in an everyday conversation with 5 men in lab coats. Soon she would be poked and prodded in embarrassing places by these men, but for now, she was just one of the gang even though she was the only naked one.

Cranfield said, "Amy, there's a guy on the Mariners named Ichiro Suzuki. Are you any related to him?"

Amy smiled and said, "He's one of my favorite non-Red Sox players; he is fantastic. But no, we're not related. Suzuki is a very common name in Japan, and so there are a lot of us in the world, but not many in the United States. There is another Suzuki playing for Oakland, Kurt Suzuki, and he's from Hawaii just like my father. But Dad didn't think there was any connection between that family and ours either."

Shortly, Beaupre looked at his watch, and said, "Well, it's 12:30 and we've got a lot to do this afternoon. Let's go down to Cajun and get started." They all stood and tossed their trash in the garbage can. Then, naked Amy followed the 5 men in lab coats through the maze of hallways. If it hadn't been for the fun baseball conversation, she would have felt like she was being led to the gallows, but now she felt like she kind of trusted these guys.

In the lab, Beaupre led Amy up to the chair in the center of the stage, and she sat down. Beaupre said, "Okay, Amy, here's what we're going to do today. We're going to run two different experiments. As I mentioned last week, we call these Single Point Stimulation exercises. Today, the first experiment will stimulate your right breast and the second your clitoris." Amy squeezed her legs together at the mention of her clit. Beaupre continued, "Just like last week, we're going to attach this suction device to your nipple and several sensors on your body. We'll run four sessions of 15 minutes each with a rest period of 5 or 10 minutes between each session. We only ran three sessions last week, because of time constraints, but today we'll do four, which is what we prefer. That will take us up to about 2 o'clock, and then we'll let you rest for over half an hour before we start the second experiment, which I'll describe in more detail at that time. How does that sound? Any questions before we start?"

Amy looked at the friendly man, smiled, and said, "Okay. Let's do it."

Beaupre smiled back and said, "Good. Logan, she's all yours."

Cranfield came up with one of the tubes in his hands. He massaged her right breast and twisted the nipple several times. Then, he connected the suction cup to the nipple. Next, he attached the sensors with adhesive tape. The two on her forehead and the ones above her breasts were in the same position as last week. But he then said, "Amy, since you've shaved your pubic hair, we can attach the lower sensors closer to your vagina, and that will give us more accurate readings. Last week, we only attached one sensor above your vagina, but today I'm going to attach two, one on each side of the strip of pubic hair. And then the two on your inner thighs will be way up here." And he pointed to a spot right next to the lowest point of her pussy lips. She nodded and he said, "Okay, girl, please spread your legs wide so I can do my work." She cringed at his lack of tact, but she said nothing as he attached the sensors in her most sensitive area.

Cranfield sat back and surveyed the scene for a moment, and then he double checked each of the attachments. He was satisfied and said, "Okay, Travis, flip the switches." He climbed down from the platform and sat in one of the cushioned auditorium seats to observe Amy's reactions.

Amy just leaned back in the chair and put her feet up. And she enjoyed the pulsating sensation from the suction cup doing its work. She was immediately aroused, and again she hoped she wouldn't come in front of all these men. She kind of dozed through the 15 minute session, and she was disappointed when Winstead turned off the machine.

Cranfield came up and removed all of the devices. Beaupre said, "Very good, Amy. How did that feel? Any different from last week?"

She gave him an odd smile and said, "Very pleasurable. Same as the left breast."

He said, "Okay. Rest for a few minutes, and then Logan will re-attach things for the next session."

The next three sessions went about the same way with Amy half-awake, half-asleep, mostly enjoying the experience. Afterwards as she was getting up from the chair, she was groggy, but she was lucid enough to wonder if Knoxx knew that this really isn't much of a punishment. It was truly embarrassing to have these men watch her naked body as it was stimulated, but having her boobs kneaded like that felt very nice. She had learned something about herself from this experience; she really enjoyed breast massage. Her former boyfriend Josh had more of a "below-the-waist" focus on her pussy, her tush, and her long pretty legs; he hadn't ignored her boobs, but he never made her feel like this. Could she find a man who could "do" her tits like this machine did? She smiled as she thought about her upcoming date with Dwight. She thought, "I sure hope it's more than just a movie on Saturday night!"

Beaupre helped her up from the chair and he said, "Okay, Amy, that's the end of today's first experiment. You've provided us with some valuable data about breast stimulation. And it looks like you might have enjoyed the experience, too." She blushed and just nodded. "Now, let's go back to Bayou and we'll let you relax before we start the second experiment."

She was still in a bit of daze as she followed Beaupre down the hall to the other so-called lab. There were several geeky looking interns watching the naked girl as she plodded down the hall, but she was only vaguely aware of them.

As they entered the lab, Beaupre said, "Let's see, it's 2:15 right now. How about if we come get you at 3 o'clock?" He glanced at the clock on the wall, and he noticed that it still read 8:10. "Oh, phooey. That thing is still unplugged. I think we're going overboard on this saving-energy kick." He walked over plugged it in, and corrected the time; she just stood there motionless and watched him. He came back and said, "Okay. You rest now. Feel free to take a shower or use the restroom down the hall. There's water and snacks in the refrig. And I'll be back at 3. All right?"

She was still in her funk, but she looked at him, smiled, and said, "Yes, 3 o'clock is fine." And she walked over to the grungy couch and laid her naked body down on it.

**Chapter 34 - Clitoral Climax**

Beaupre hurried back to the Cajun lab and waved LaSalle and Newman over to the auditorium seats away from the interns. After they got seated together, he said, "Okay, gentlemen, we now need to make a decision on how to do the clitoris experiment. Dennis, as you know, we've been putting off that decision, but now is the time. Patrick, just to fill you in, Dennis and I have different ideas about which device to use on Miss Suzuki for the clit experiment. I want to use the nub on the small pad taped nearby on her pubic mound, and Dennis wants to use the nub attached to a dildo inserted in her vagina. Also, we need to decide whether or not to use the anal monitor. Dennis, did I get that right?" LaSalle nodded. Beaupre continued, "Okay, let me present my case for the small pad. The main idea behind this series of experiments is to stimulate a single point, and I think using a dildo would stimulate the vagina as well as the clitoris whereas the small pad limits the stimulation to just the clitoris. Okay, Dennis, let's hear your side."

LaSalle said, "I think that using a nub on a dildo is closer to what happens during a real sex act with a penis. I think the extra stimulation from the dildo in the vagina is minimal, since we won't be pistoning the dildo during the experiment. Any thoughts, Patrick?"

Newman thought for a moment before saying, "I kind of agree with both of you. How about we do one session with the pad and another session with the dildo? We'll have time for two 30 minute sessions; let's do one each way."

LaSalle and Beaupre looked at each other and nodded. Beaupre said, "Sounds good to me. Should we do the pad experiment first?" Both Newman and LaSalle nodded.

Beaupre said, "Good, that's decided. Now, about the anal monitor? To me, I think we need to insert the anal monitor, because it provides the best feedback about the contractions of the anal sphincter during an orgasm. And I think the clitoris experiment will cause her to orgasm, unlike the breast experiments which we didn't think would result in orgasm. However, on the other hand, I don't think Miss Suzuki will want to have something inserted in her anus, because she told us that she's never had anal sex and she says it sounds repulsive. Any thoughts?"

LaSalle said, "Another reason to use it is that Chancellor Knoxx asked us to think of ways to make these experiments more intense as part of her additional punishment for breaking the rules. And the anal monitor is certainly more intense than just the sensors on her skin. I think we need to keep Dr. Knoxx happy, because we depend upon him to provide significant funding for our research here. I hate to base such a decision on anything except science, but this is the real world, and money is part of it. I think we should figure out a nice way to tell Amy why we are using the anal monitor. Patrick?"

Newman said, "I agree. We should just tell her that it's required for the experiment. We shouldn't even let her know that we considered not using it."

Beaupre said, "Thank you, doctors. I knew we could figure this out. It's about 2:40 now; we can let her rest for another 20 minutes or so."

\* \* \*

Amy woke up about 2:45. She was still feeling pretty good. She decided to take a shower and use the toilet before the next experiment. As she padded naked down the hallway to the restroom, a couple of geeky looking guys in lab coats looked at her and smiled; for a change, she actually smiled back at them.

Since Beaupre and LaSalle had told her that the next experiment was on her clitoris, she made sure to clean her pussy and asshole very well. After drying off, she wrapped the big towel around her for a moment; she wished she could wear it as she walked back down the hallway, but clearly she could not do that. Reluctantly, she hung it back on the hook, and went out the door into the hallway.

The same two geeks were waiting outside the restroom. They smiled again, and one of them started to say something. But Amy just gave them a brief smile, shook her head and hand, and walked back to the lab called "Bayou"; she could feel their stares on her bare ass.

A couple of minutes later, Beaupre returned and the two of them walked silently to the Cajun lab. He led her back to the strange chair with the hole in its seat. Amy smiled at him as she sat down over the hole.

"Okay, Amy", Beaupre said. "We're going to do the clitoris experiment now. And the setup for this one is a little different. In fact, we're going to run this one twice with a different setup for each. But for both sessions, we're going to cuff your wrists and feet, and the reason is that this experiment requires a monitor to be inserted in your anus, and we don't want you to hurt yourself as you shift around."

Amy gave a startled cry, "Oh, no." And she squeezed her butt cheeks and legs together.

In a soothing voice, Beaupre went on, "Amy, we'll be very careful as we insert it, but it may hurt a bit as it's going in. Here let me show you what it looks like." He held up strange looking device. "As you can see, there are two bulbs here right next to each other on the short metal post. The end bulb is inserted just inside beyond your sphincter and the second is just outside so that they are kind of locked in place and don't move around. The bulbs detect contractions in your sphincter as you approach orgasm, and the wire sends the information to the computer console. We are also going to attach the electronic sensors to various parts of your body like we did earlier."

She gave him a distressed look, and he tried to calm her by patting her hand. She asked, "Oh, do you think I'm going to come all the way to orgasm during this experiment?"

He nodded his head and said, "Yes, we do. Probably more than once."

She leaned her head back, closed her eyes, and sighed. She had hoped to avoid this extreme embarrassment, but it was not to be.

He continued, "The stimulation will be done by this little knob." He showed her a small black pad with a softly bristled knob on it and a wire attached on the back of the pad. "We're going to attach this near your vaginal lips with adhesive tape so that the knob is on your clitoris. The knob oscillates a little bit to stimulate you. On the console, we can vary the oscillation rate and see how you respond at different levels. We will run the experiment for about 30 minutes, and then let you rest for a while before running it again. We'll ask you to remain in the chair while you rest; the anal monitor will stay in, but we'll release your hands during that time. Do you have any questions before we start?"

Her eyes were tearing up and she said, "Oh, Dr. Bo, this sounds really intense. Do we have to?"

Beaupre looked down at her and said somewhat sternly, "Oh, Amy. I heard Dr. Knoxx say the other day that you have the ultimate choice here, but if you want to stay in college here, then you have to accept the punishment, and these experiments are what we and Dr. Knoxx have agreed to as part of the punishment. So, yes, I'm afraid that you have to do this. But please remember that you will be providing us with very useful information for our research. And we will be very careful to keep you as comfortable as possible and to not hurt you. However, I can call Dr. Knoxx now, if you wish."

Amy gave him a pleading look with her wet eyes, but she realized that she had no choice. She just shook her head.

Beaupre said, "Okay. Any questions about the experiment?"

She was still upset, but she asked, "Will the thing in my butt vibrate?"

He replied, "No, it is just a monitor to record information about the contractions. The number of contractions, the strength, the length of time, etc. Anything else?"

She slowly shook her head and weakly said, "Go ahead."

"Okay, Logan, let's get her hooked up", Beaupre said. "I'll connect the cuffs and straps."

Beaupre spread her legs and attached a cuff to each ankle, and he put her hands in the cuffs on the arms of the chair. And he brought up some straps from the sides of the chair, wrapped them under and around her thighs a couple of inches down from her pussy, and then attached them back to the sides of the chair so that her pussy was visible and accessible between her legs. And he attached a wide fabric strap across her stomach.

Meanwhile, Cranfield lubed up the bulbs on the monitor, and after she was securely strapped down, he said, "Dr. Beaupre is going to reach in under the back of the chair and spread your butt cheeks, and I'm going to reach under from the side and insert this now." She could feel two hands spread her cheeks, and then the cool bulb being pressed against her asshole. Cranfield pushed and wiggled the device, but it wouldn't go in. So, he asked her to press down as if taking a shit to open the sphincter just a little bit and the bulb slipped into place in her ass. Amy winced a bit as it went in.

Next Cranfield taped on the electronic sensors in several places. On her forehead, her thighs near the straps, on her breasts, and on her arms. And finally, he said, "And now the stimulating device." And he spread her upper pussy lips to expose her clitoris. Amy squirmed but said nothing at his touch on such an intimate spot. He placed the soft bristled knob on her clit and then taped the pad off to the left side of her strip of pubic hair.

Cranfield stood back and all of the men looked closely at the strapped down naked girl. Her nipples were already hard, and her tummy rose and fell as she breathed heavily. Beaupre glanced up at the console and said, "All right, Travis, go ahead and get her started."

As Winstead turned the dial, Amy's eyes widened, her head jerked back against the headrest, and she let out a moan as the knob began to oscillate slowly on her clit.

For the next twenty minutes, Winstead adjusted the oscillation rate up and down as Beaupre instructed, and the collection of men watched the naked girl squirm in her bonds as she came twice. The smell of her secretions filled the room. She was sweating profusely, her nipples were rock solid, and she turned her head from side to side as she moaned loudly.

Beaupre said, "Okay, Travis, let's speed it up again to bring her to orgasm one last time for this session."

As the little nub pulsated faster and faster, Amy moaned again, "Aaahhh, Ohhh, . . ." and she breathed even more heavily with her tummy and breasts rising and falling. Her eyes widened dramatically and her whole body spasmed. Her butt rose up from the chair as far as her bonds would allow it to move. Her vaginal juices were flowing freely from her pussy lips.

Beaupre alternated his gaze between the console screens and the sexually aroused young woman. And after a couple of minutes, he told Winstead, "Okay, let's bring her down slowly to end this session."

Amy continued to quiver and squirm for the next few minutes as she slowly returned to the real world.

Beaupre came over next to the chair and said to her, "Hey, Amy, how are you doing?"

She stammered, "Ok---aaaay, I g-g-gu----esss. It f-f-f----eeeels sooo we---ird. I c-c-caaa---me, didn't I?"

He replied, "Yes, three times." She hung her head in embarrassment; she tried to lift her arms to hide her face, but they were still strapped down. Beaupre went on, "Here, let me undo those arm straps."

After her arms were free, he gave her a moment to stretch and wipe her face. Then, she tried to get up from the chair, but he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Please rest here for a moment, and we can talk about what's next."

She smoothed back her hair and then looked down at her hard nipples. And then farther down to the black pad near her pussy. And farther down still to the straps on her thighs and the cuffs on her widely spread feet.

She slowly said, "Dr. Beaupre, . . . Are . . . we done f--or t-t-oday? Can I go . . . home . . . now?"

"No, Amy. We have another experiment to do today. We want you to rest here in the chair for the next 15 or 20 minutes, and then we'll do the other experiment. But if you really want to get up from the chair to stretch or use the restroom, we will have to remove the anal monitor. And then we'll have to put it back in before the next session. That could be uncomfortable for you, but we'll do it if you want us to."

She shook her head and said, "No, I'll just stay here and rest."

He replied, "Okay, good. But we'll remove the sensors and the pad since they are easy to do." Cranfield removed the pad that was stimulating her clit and then the sensors from her body. Amy lay back in the chair and closed her eyes.

She sort of napped, half asleep, half awake for the next 10 minutes. Beaupre tapped her on her shoulder and she opened her eyes. She looked at what he was holding and it took her a moment to focus on it. Her eyes widened in shock.

**Chapter 35 - Clitoral Climax - Again**

Beaupre was holding a penis shaped dildo, and he said, "Amy, let me describe the next experiment. We're going to stimulate your clitoris again, but in a slightly different setup. We're going to insert this into your vagina, and then, position this little nub over your clitoris. It will oscillate just like the one on the black pad did earlier." And he pointed out the little knob near the base of the dildo. "Only the nub will move; the dildo will not vibrate. If you're ready, we'd like to get started, because we are a bit short of time. We want to finish up by 4:15 so you have time to rest and shower before I drive you over to Kameron Hall for your 5 o'clock meeting."

Her eyes started to water, but she just nodded and said, "Go ahead."

"Logan, please get her hooked up again", Beaupre said.

Beaupre re-attached the cuffs on her wrists, and Cranfield attached the sensors to the same places as before - forehead, thighs, breasts, and arms. Cranfield stepped out of the way, and Beaupre placed the tip of the dildo at her pussy lips. He said, "Okay, Amy, here it goes." He spread her pussy lips with his fingers and shoved the dildo into her vagina. Her eyes widened again and she gasped as it entered her. And she gasped again when he twisted it just a bit to position the little knob over her clit. He said, "All right, it's in place, but to hold it there, I'm going to inflate it just a bit so that it doesn't shift around in your vagina." He attached a tube to the base of the dildo and squeezed a handle to inflate the dildo much like adding air to car tires. She breathed heavily as the dildo filled her private place. Then, Beaupre attached the wire to the dildo to power the oscillating knob. He double checked everything and twisted the dildo ever so slightly so that the knob was on her clitoris.

He looked up at Winstead at the console and said, "Okay, Travis. Start it up."

She gasped and let out a moan as the little nub started to oscillate on her clit.

As before, the men varied the oscillation rate and watched her come two more times. Her entire body shook each time, and she raised her back up from the chair as if pushing her tits to the heavens. Her long dark hair now covered her face, and Beaupre brushed it to the sides so they could watch her pretty face as she came the second time.

After 20 minutes, Beaupre gave the signal to slow it down and eventually stop oscillating. He told Cranfield and Winstead, "Okay, guys, let her rest for a few minutes before disconnecting everything. But be sure to continue to collect the readings from the sensors and the anal monitor as she winds down."

After another 5 minutes or so, Beaupre spoke to the still quivering naked girl, "Amy, we're finished. Are you okay?"

Amy squinted at him through her watering eyes and said, "Yessss, I . . . th-th-i---nk I'm o--kay."

Beaupre said, "Okay, I'm going to remove the device from your vagina." He let the air out of the inflated dildo and slowly pulled it out of her slopping wet pussy. Then he said, "Okay, Logan, remove the monitor."

Cranfield came over and said to her, "Amy, please press down again as if doing a bowel movement, and I'll pull out the device." It took two tries, but the sphincter finally opened enough for him to pull the bulb out of her ass. And then he removed the sensors.

Finally, Beaupre unhooked the cuffs and straps. And he said, "Okay, Amy you can get up now."

The nude girl wobbled as she stood on her unsteady legs. Beaupre held her elbow for a moment so that she could regain her footing. He guided her over to a folding chair near the console, and she sat down again. She looked dully around the room and at the computer screens on the console as she slowly regained her composure.

Beaupre said, "Amy, why don't you go take a quick shower and then I'll drive you back?"

Amy looked at him and smiled. "Thanks, a shower sounds really good about now." And she got up and slowly made her way out of the lab, down the hallway, and into the shower in the ladies' room. She pinned her long hair up so that it wouldn't get any wetter than it already was and then let the warm water wash over her body. She washed her pussy and asshole especially well. After the shower, she sat for a couple of minutes on the restroom bench wrapped in the big fluffy towel. She treasured the few minutes alone with her pretty naked body under nobody's gaze except her own.

She dropped the towel in the hamper and made her way back to the lab where the 5 men were waiting for her.

Beaupre said, "Feel better?" She nodded. He continued, "Good. Let's go back, get your things, and we'll get going. It's going to be tight, but we'll get you to Kameron by 5."

The 5 men in their white lab coats and the completely naked young lady made the circuitous trip through the hallways back to his office. But when they got to the door, Amy saw that the hook was empty. Her pink striped panties were gone!

Amy started to cry. After all that she had been through this afternoon, and now she had to deal with this. She said through her tears, "Oh no, where are they?"

Beaupre looked at the other men who just shook their heads. He gave the two interns additional glares, and they shook their heads more emphatically. And he glanced up and down the hallway, but there was no one else there right now. He said to the sobbing girl, "Amy, I'm so sorry about this. Do you have another pair in your backpack?"

She continued to cry and said, "No, the only panties I can wear are in the Chancellor's office."

Beaupre said, "Oh dear. Well, let's get you a towel to wrap around yourself, and I'll take you to the administration building."

The naked girl shook her head and said, "No, that's not allowed. I'll just have to go like this. Where's my backpack? Is it still in the office?"

LaSalle nodded and said, "Yes, Amy, it's still in there. I'll go get it." A moment later he returned with her backpack in hand.

Beaupre said, "Okay, Amy, let's go. We've got to hurry." And the well-dressed doctor and the very naked girl walked down the hall, through the lobby with the assembled collection of interns, out the front door, and into the parking lot.

As she opened the car door, she said, "Dr. Bo, I'm still wet down there, and I don't want to mess up your car seat. Do you have a towel or something for me to sit on?"

He scoffed and waved his hand and said, "Amy, don't worry about it. Just get in."

**Chapter 36 - Traffic Causes a Violation**

As they were pulling out of the parking lot, Beaupre looked at the long line of cars and said, "Uh oh, there's a traffic jam. I don't think we're going to make it there by 5 o'clock."

Amy started to cry again. She couldn't be late to the meeting; they would punish her for that. What to do?

Beaupre looked over at the sobbing girl and said, "Amy, it will be all right. Do you have your cell phone?" She just nodded. "Okay, call Dr. Knoxx's office and then hand the phone to me, and I'll explain." Amy dialed the number, waited for the secretary to answer, and gave Beaupre the phone.

Beaupre said into the phone, "Hello, Mrs. Duckworth. This is Dr. Pierre Beaupre of Wytham Institute. I'm driving Ms. Suzuki to your office right now for the 5 o'clock meeting, but we're tied up in traffic. Please tell Dr. Knoxx that she'll be a few minutes late, but that it is not her fault." He listened for the secretary's brief reply and then said, "Thanks. Goodbye."

Amy continued to cry quietly. She now had two potential violations that would be discussed in the meeting; being late for the meeting and losing her panties - and neither were her fault. She looked at the friendly doctor and said, "Dr. Bo, could you please come in with me to the meeting? At least for the beginning? An explanation coming from you rather than just me would help a lot."

He smiled at her and said, "Sure, Amy, I can do that."

"Thank you", she said. She got some Kleenex from her backpack and wiped her eyes. She also wanted to wipe her pussy, but that would be too embarrassing to do here in his car in front of him.

The rush hour traffic persisted, and they didn't reach Kameron Hall til 5:05. He parked in a spot marked for visitors, and they walked up the steps into the lobby. Naked Amy got lots of stares from the faculty and staff that were leaving for the day. And again she was surprised how many people were riding the elevator up rather than down at that time of day. As the elevator reached the seventh floor, she felt a quick squeeze on her bare butt cheek as she was getting off the elevator.

Beaupre and the nude girl walked into Knoxx's reception room at 5:10 PM, ten minutes late. Knoxx and Laird were sitting in the leather chairs chatting as they entered. Knoxx gave her a startled look and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, why are you nude? Where are your panties? And hello, Dr. Beaupre, nice to see you, but why are you here?" Beaupre shook hands with Knoxx and Laird.

Beaupre glanced at Amy and nodded as if to indicate that she should go first. Amy said, "Hello, sir. My panties were stolen while I was at Wytham this afternoon. And Dr. Beaupre offered to come along to explain what happened and to explain why I'm ten minutes late now."

"Very well, please come in", Knoxx said.

Naked Amy took her usual spot standing in front of Knoxx's desk, Beaupre sat on the couch behind her, and Laird sat off to the side.

Knoxx kind of sniffed his nose and looked at her noticeably wet pussy. He said, "Miss Suzuki, I can detect that unique feminine odor again. Are you sexually aroused now?"

Amy blushed a bright red and said, "Yes, I am still a little bit turned on after today's experiments."

"Do you want to clean yourself up a little bit before we start?"

Amy nodded and Knoxx handed her a box of Kleenex tissues. Amy was really embarrassed as she grabbed a handful of tissues and wiped her pussy in front of the 3 men.

Knoxx said, "Okay, we only had a couple of things on the agenda for today, but now we'll add a couple of others. We'll discuss those with the good doctor and then let him be on his way. Okay, Dr. Beaupre, Miss Suzuki says that her panties were stolen at Wytham. Can you please explain?"

Beaupre said, "Well, she hung them on the hook in the hallway outside my office as required about noon today, but when we finished the experiments about 4:45, I guess it was, her panties were not there when we returned to my office. My staff and I didn't really have time to go looking for them, and I suspect that would have been a fruitless exercise anyway."

Knoxx replied, "Okay, well, it's probably not a big deal since I'll be giving her a clean pair of panties at the end of this meeting anyway. But, Miss Suzuki, it does present a problem for the panty auction next week. What will we do about auctioning off today's panties, since you don't have them?"

Amy said, "Umm, I don't know, sir."

Knoxx said, "Well, let's see. Those were brand new panties, right?" She nodded, and he continued, "How about having you buy a replacement pair of identical panties? And then we'll auction off those replacement panties along with an explanation of what happened to today's originals." She nodded again; he went on. "But this time, I want you to purchase them yourself rather than sending someone else into the store. Understood?" She blushed and meekly said, "Yes, sir."

He reached under his desk, and she was surprised to see him bring up the Victoria's Secret shopping bag with all of the torn open packages. He had saved the old packaging material! She suspected that he wanted to keep the cardboard inserts that had a picture showing a nearly naked model wearing the same panties that were originally in the packages. The old pervert! But she said nothing as he sorted through the packages and found the package for the pink striped panties. He handed the package and the cardboard insert to Amy and said, "Okay, use this to get an identical pair." She agreed and shoved it into her backpack.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Dr. Beaupre. You had something else to say? Something about a traffic jam?"

Beaupre replied, "Yes. I wanted to apologize for Amy being late for this meeting. It wasn't her fault. I guess it was my fault, but the traffic is not usually that heavy at 5 o'clock; if it had been normal, she would have been here on time."

Knoxx said, "Okay. I'll buy that, but before running all of the experiments this afternoon, did you discuss the timing of the afternoon's events with Miss Suzuki?"

Beaupre wasn't sure what Knoxx was getting at, but he said, "Umm, yes, we discussed ahead of time what experiments we would run, how long they would take, and how much rest time there would be afterwards."

Knoxx looked at Amy and said, "Miss Suzuki, you're a smart young lady, and you could have figured out that it might be a tight schedule to get you back here by 5 o'clock. So, even though I understand about the traffic jam, I think you could have made sure there was enough slop time in the schedule to allow for such a delay. And so I can't let you off the hook completely on this."

Amy gave a little gasp and she felt her eyes starting to tear up again. So, she was going to be punished for this, too. She weakly replied, "Yes, sir. I understand and I'm sorry."

Knoxx then said, "Okay, that's cleared up. Now, Dr. Beaupre, since you're here, maybe you can comment about Miss Suzuki's brush with the law earlier today. I heard about it through the grapevine, and I guess I'd first like to hear Miss Suzuki describe what happened."

Amy spent a few minutes describing the noontime event. Getting out early from class, looking for the white Buick, being apprehended by the cop, being handcuffed and questioned, Beaupre arriving just in time, etc.

Knoxx said, "Okay, thanks. Dr. Beaupre, anything to add?"

"No, I'm just glad that I got there when I did. A minute later, and it would have been too late."

Knoxx then said, "Miss Suzuki, you said they were threatening to take you downtown. I would have thought that indecent exposure would just be some sort of ticket or citation. Why take you downtown?"

Amy said, "The cop thought I might be a prostitute and so I might be carrying drugs." She could tell where this was going; he wanted to use this opportunity to embarrass her just a little bit more. But she didn't know how to sidetrack this discussion.

Knoxx smirked, "A prostitute! Oh, good heavens. And I assume that you were not carrying any drugs?"

"Of course not!"

"But did he search you?"

Amy answered, "Yes, he emptied my backpack."

Knoxx went on, "Anything else? Did he pull down your panties?"

Amy blushed, "No, but he did pat in the crotch from underneath and he pulled them out in front and back and peered down inside."

"But why take you downtown?"

"Well, he said they would have a female officer do a cavity search."

"Oh, you mean in your vagina and in your anus?" And he stared at her still damp pussy as he said this.

Amy blushed even brighter and said, "Yes, I assume that's what he meant." He had succeeded in his attempt to embarrass her in front of friendly Dr. Beaupre.

Knoxx just said, "Okay, I understand what happened now." But he realized that he had made a mistake. He had not informed the city police department about this second nearly naked student. They knew about Eva Cobb, but since she was only naked in Wakefield Hall, the police would probably never encounter her in the nude anyway. But Knoxx hadn't told them about Amy Suzuki. He would do that after this meeting, but he decided not to tell Amy. He just wanted her to add the city policemen as another thing for her to worry about for these next 10 days. He just said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, you'll have to be on your toes to avoid such confrontations with the city police."

Knoxx turned to Beaupre and said, "Well, doctor, I guess that's all for today. We'll be in touch with you in the next few days about next Thursday's experiments with her." Amy's ears perked up when she heard this, because she didn't quite know what was going on here, but she said nothing and continued to stand naked in front of the desk.

Beaupre shook hands with Knoxx and Laird, and he said, "Goodbye, Amy. Thanks for all of the useful data you provided us today, and I'll see you next week."

The naked girl quietly said, "Goodbye, Dr. Bo."

**Chapter 37 - Alone with Knoxx and Laird**

Now that the friendly man was gone, Amy was alone naked with these two creepy old guys. She remained standing there as they took their seats. Both of them spent a few seconds scanning the beautiful nude body up and down before Knoxx commented, "You know, Miss Suzuki, it seems your list of infractions is starting to grow again. Needing to pee the other day while posing and now being late for this meeting. There may be others that we don't know about yet. So, we'll discuss those at another meeting. But in the meantime, you really need to be more careful." Amy gulped but she just stood there with her hands at her sides.

Knoxx went on, "Well, why don't you tell us about your day so far? We've heard about your run-in with the policeman, but we haven't heard about posing in art class or the experiments at Wytham."

Amy spent several embarrassing minutes describing the explicit poses that she and Eva had done in the first class and the ones that she had done alone in the second art class. And then she was even more embarrassed as she described the right nipple experiment and the two clit experiments that had been done at Wytham. By the time she finished, her pussy was pretty wet again. She was confused why talking to these two creeps would turn her on again. Knoxx noticed it as well, and he silently handed her another handful of tissues which she used to wipe her pussy again.

Knoxx said, "Okay, thanks for telling us about your experiences today. Now, as we told you the other day, we want you to keep a kind of diary describing what has happened in your life since the streaking incident last Monday - actually, a week ago Monday. And then you'll use that to write up a 'one-sheet' document for each day and that page will be included in the auction for the panties worn that day. Remember that?"

Amy said, "Yes, I do. I have been doing the diary since you told me to, and I've gone back and filled in the previous days as best I could remember them."

Knoxx smiled, "Ah, very good, Miss Suzuki. I'm glad to hear that you are at least taking that part of your punishment seriously." Amy was irritated by this remark; all of this punishment had been very important to her, and she was certainly taking it seriously. Knoxx went on, "Could you bring in the diary for tomorrow's meeting so we can look at it? What form is it in?"

Amy said, "Yes, I can bring it in. I've been writing it as a RTF file using Microsoft Word. I'll print it out for tomorrow."

"Great. Now, how about a sample of one of those 'panty one-sheets' for the auction?"

"Yeah, I can put together one of those tonight as well and bring it in tomorrow", she said.

Knoxx replied, "Again, very good. Do you have any questions about that?"

She said, "Actually, I do. You said you wanted me to kind of focus on my underwear in the diary and the one-sheets. Specifically when I put them on and took them off. Right?" He nodded. She continued, "Well, and this is kind of embarrassing, but should I include the times that I slid them part way down to use the toilet?"

Knoxx and Laird looked at each other and kind of shook their heads. Knoxx said, "No, I don't think we need that level of detail. Thanks for asking, though. But be sure to include all of your community service activities and when you took off your panties for those projects."

Amy just nodded. She had assumed that they wanted this, and she had done that.

After a pause, Knoxx said, "Well, the only other thing is to give you some panties to wear. Tyson, do you have anything?"

Laird replied, "Yes, I do. Miss Suzuki, next week is finals week, and we should know what your schedule of final exams will be so we can keep track of your activities. What is your exam schedule?"

Amy thought for a moment and said, "Umm, let's see, Psych is Monday morning, none for Public Speaking, and, umm, I can't remember exactly. Can I look in my notebook?"

Laird nodded and Amy bent down to get her note pad out of her backpack. She had to rummage around for a bit, because the policeman had scrambled things up in her backpack when he stuffed them back in after the search. The two men admired her bare butt and pussy lips as she looked for the note pad. She finally found it and flipped through it to find the right page.

She said, "Okay, Monday 10AM til noon, General Psychology. Wednesday 2PM to 4PM, Formal Logic. And Thursday 10AM to noon, Modern Journalism. Those are the only real in-the-classroom exams. But I have take-home exams for Advanced English Literature and News & Feature Composition. Both of the take-home exams must be done by next Friday. And as I said, there is no final exam for Public Speaking."

Laird said, "Thanks. We will probably need to schedule some additional community service for your other infractions, and we will be sure to fit them around your final exams and leave time for you to study for them as well."

Amy thought sarcastically to herself, "Gee, you mean that you creeps are actually concerned about my education. It seemed like the only purposes of this university were for you perverts to get to look at my naked body as often as you can and for you to find ways to embarrass the hell out of me." But she just smiled wanly at him.

Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I can see you're still damp, and I guess we need to give you some panties to cover it up. Here are some yellow panties. And here is the box of tissues again."

She blushed again as she cleaned herself and then slipped on the panties.

Knoxx said, "Well, good night, Miss Suzuki. Oh, and please don't lose those yellow panties." He chuckled as he said the last part.

She just nodded as she picked up her backpack and left.

\* \* \*

After dinner, Amy decided to work on the diary so she could show it to Knoxx the next day. This was an easy job for her, since she was very good and very quick at composition. Writing was the part of journalism that she liked the best; it just came naturally to her, and she was able to write a news story very quickly. And this diary was much like a news story. It only took her an hour to get the diary into a reviewable form and another 10 minutes to whip out a sample one-sheet for the panty auction. As much as she detested having to document such personal things, she was glad to have this done so easily.

About 8 PM, her cell phone rang. She didn't recognize the number, but since it was from a campus phone, she decided she'd better answer it anyway. "Hello?"

"Hi, Amy? This is Mindy Rafferty", the voice said.

Amy had to pause for a moment to remember where she had heard this name. "Yes, this is Amy."

Mindy said, "You don't know me, but I'm the head cheerleader, and Chancellor Knoxx said you'd be helping us out at the baseball game on Sunday."

Amy now remembered and said, "Yes, it's on my calendar, and I guess there's a practice tomorrow night?"

"Yep, and that's what I'm calling about. We're going to practice at 7 o'clock at the field house for an hour and half or so. Is that convenient for you?"

Amy thought, "No, it's not convenient, but I don't have a choice." But aloud she said, "Yes, Mindy, that's fine with me. I'll be there."

Amy was about to say goodbye and hang up when Mindy said, "Ummm, Amy, I'm not quite sure how to say this, but, umm, Dr. Knoxx wants you to be naked for the practice and for the baseball game. He says it's part of your punishment for streaking last week. If you didn't already know about that, I'm sorry that I'm the person who had to tell you. I tried to talk him out of it. Since I know that you're allowed to wear, umm, panties around campus, I even suggested that you might wear dark green cheerleader panties like the rest of us girls so that you would kind of, ummm, blend in a tiny bit, but he insisted on nudity. Again, I'm very sorry, because I know it will probably be embarrassing for you."

Amy was relieved to hear the sympathetic tone in her voice and said, "Thanks, Mindy. I was afraid that nudity might be required, but I didn't know for sure. And I apologize in advance for any distraction that my nakedness will cause at the practice or at the game itself. It is indeed embarrassing to be naked in front of so many people, but I don't really have any choice."

Mindy said, "Okay, Amy. We will all do our best to make this as painless for you as possible. See you tomorrow evening. Bye."

Amy said goodbye and hung up the phone. She shuddered a bit at the thought of being a naked cheerleader.

She spent the rest of the evening doing homework for her last day of classes, and she did the essays required for the take-home English Lit final. About 11 o'clock, Linda returned, and the two friends had a light-hearted chat about their classwork. At midnight, Amy she crossed another day off her calendar and plopped herself down on top of her bed and went to sleep. She dreamed of lacy brassieres, frilly nighties, cocktail dresses, and even jogging shoes - all things that were stored only a few feet from her bed, but which were currently denied to her.

**May 11, Friday**

**Chapter 38 - More Pussy Poses**

Amy was almost late for Friday morning art class, because she realized that she needed to shave her pubic area and legs. But she arrived in the classroom a minute or so before 8 AM. She quickly slid off her yellow panties, hung them on the hook, and hurried to the stage to join Eva and Dr. Whiteside. As she took her spot next to Whiteside, the instructor smiled and lightly squeezed her left butt cheek.

Whiteside said, "Bonjour, class. As you remember, the other day I asked you to think about ways to pose these beautiful nude women in ways to emphasize their usually hidden assets." She pointed to Eva's right breast and Amy's pussy as she said this. "And one of the ideas was the Dutch boy plugging the hole in the levee, and we're going to do a variation of that idea today. Amy, please go back and get as many pillows as you can. Oh, Eva, why don't you help her?"

Reluctantly, the two naked girls went back to the storage area and came back with big arm loads of pillows. Whiteside told them to pile them on the platform.

"Okay, good. Eva, please lie down on the pillows on your right side facing the class. Spread your legs just a little bit."

Eva followed her instructions, and Whiteside positioned her legs so that her pussy was slightly open. The instructor then said, "Okay, Eva, with your right hand, point off to the side of the room and look in the same direction. That's it. Lift your arm just a bit more. Left arm behind your butt. Very good."

Whiteside came over and took Amy by the hand and led her to a spot near Eva's feet. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy, lie on the floor in the same position, and extend your right hand the same way except I want you to poke it into Eva's vagina, maybe up to your first knuckle." Amy blushed as she took her position, and she felt Eva flinch as her finger entered the honey-blonde's pussy.

Whiteside made some adjustments including spreading Amy's legs a bit wider and stacking some more pillows behind Amy's butt and legs. Amy was now gazing right into Eva's pussy. Whiteside said, "Okay, ladies, hold that pose, and then in 10 minutes or so, we'll have you switch positions. And class, please start your sketches. This will be the only pose for the day, and so I want your sketches to show some nice detail of their faces, breasts, pussies, and feet."

The girls switched positions several times during the hour long class. By the end, both girls' pussies were extremely damp, and there was a noticeable aroma of "natural female perfume" in the air. Both Amy and Eva were blushing as they wordlessly cleaned themselves up at the end of the class. As Eva left, she whispered to Amy, "Sorry about that. See you Monday." Amy just nodded and remained naked on the stage.

After the students left, Whiteside came up on the stage, smiled at Amy, and said, "Nice job today, Amy. You and Eva make a nice pair. Do you need to use the restroom?" Amy shook her head. "Good. Just leave the pillows here for this next class. Also, for the next class, I want your clitoris showing between your lips. Please do whatever you have to do to get that sensitive little nub to be visible for the next class. And then keep it that way while you're posing. It shouldn't be too difficult for you considering what you and Eva just experienced together. N'est pas?"

Amy gave her a stunned look and opened her mouth to object. But then she slowly closed her mouth and looked down at her pussy. Without saying a word, she turned around, put her hands between her legs, and lifted the tiny hood over her clit. But at that instant, Whiteside smacked her hard on the butt; the slap echoed throughout the classroom, and Whiteside said, "Hey, my naked friend, you're not supposed to cover up or hide. You'd better turn around and face the class."

Amy felt the tears welling in her eyes, but she followed Whiteside's instructions. She looked out at the classroom and noticed that several students from the upcoming class were watching her and Whiteside. But she pulled out her tiny clit and started stroking it with her face and chest blushing a bright red. Whiteside looked at the naked girl, smiled, and said, "Bon. Get yourself ready and I'll be back when the rest of the students are settled in."

For the next few minutes, Amy continued to massage her clit as the watching students snickered. Then, Whiteside came back up on stage and said, "Good morning, class. For today's sketching, I want you to focus on Amy's vagina, and if you look closely, you will see her clit showing." And Whiteside got down on her knees, looked at Amy's pussy, and lightly brushed her exposed clit; Amy resisted the urge to move back away from Whiteside's fingertip. Whiteside continued, "Make sure that your sketches emphasize her little pleasure nub. Now, Amy, the pose I want you to do for the entire hour is what dancers often do at the end of a performance. That is, arms spread, one up, one down, and legs also spread with one kind of on tiptoe. Your pussy will be nicely displayed for the class. We'll let you rest every 10 minutes or so and that will also give you a chance to sharpen up your clit, so to speak. Okay, do it. And be sure to smile."

Amy took the required position, glanced down to make sure her clit was showing, and then looked out at the class and forced herself to smile. The hour passed slowly, and she had to massage her clit during each of the rest periods to keep it erect and visible.

At the end of the hour, Whiteside came back up on stage and dismissed the class. She said to the embarrassed and naked girl, "Merci beaucoup, Amy. Your little pleasure center performed well today. Now, before you leave, please return all of the pillows to the storage area. See you Monday, bright and early."

Without a word, Amy grabbed an armload of pillows and carried them to the back of the room. It took two more trips for the naked girl to carry all of the pillows through the departing students; she felt a light swat and a slight squeeze on her butt cheeks from a couple of the guys as she made her way down the aisle and back. Then, she slipped on her panties and left. She was glad to have her pussy and clit covered, at least for the next several hours.

**Chapter 39 - Cheerleading Practice**

Amy's last day of regular classes at Bancroft went smoothly, and even her naked meeting with Knoxx at 5 o'clock was mostly routine. She gave Knoxx her little diary and the sample of the panty one-sheet for him to review, and he gave her a pair of off-white panties with a subtle pattern. But all day she had been dreading the evening cheerleading practice. She would be naked in front of a different group of people, and she would be doing something that she knew she wouldn't be very good at. Many years ago, when she was in seventh grade, she had briefly tried out for the cheerleading team at Warwick North Junior High School. But at that time, she had been eliminated early in the tryouts. And as a college freshman, she didn't do well at gymnastics during PE class. And at parties, the only dances that she was good at were the slow ones where she could rest her head on the guy's shoulder. She just didn't consider herself to be a very physically coordinated person when she was fully clothed, much less when she would be completely nude.

She arrived at the fieldhouse just before 7 PM, and she had to try 3 different doors before finally finding one that was unlocked. She then padded down the walkway behind the temporary bleachers and then through an opening near midcourt of the basketball floor. She spotted the group of six cheerleaders in their dark green and white outfits on the other side of the court, and she smiled and waved at them as she started walking across the court. But she stopped in her tracks when she noticed the Chancellor and the committee sitting in the opposite stands. Right there on the basketball court with the group looking at her, she slid off her panties and shoved them into her backpack. As she then walked naked over to them, five of the cheerleaders gaped in disbelief at her - only Mindy Rafferty smiled and came out to meet her.

Mindy shook Amy's hand and said, "Hi, Amy. I'm Mindy. Come on over and I'll introduce you to the team." But then she whispered, "I had not told them that you would be naked. I had hoped to convince Dr. Knoxx to let you be at least partially dressed. No luck yet, but I'll keep trying." Amy squeezed her hand and whispered back, "Nice to meet you, too. Thanks for trying."

As Mindy and the nude girl joined the group, Mindy said, "Everybody, this is Amy Suzuki; she'll be cheering with us on Sunday at the ballgame. My apologies for not telling you about her appearance, but she's required to do this in the nude as part of her punishment. You all probably saw the notices around campus. Okay, Amy, let me introduce you. The two guys are Rob Jacobson and John Sivertson. The ladies are Jill Smith, Monique Jackson, and Selena Jiménez. Lots of names that start with 'J' and that's why I call us the 'J-Team'; even I've got a J name, JoAnne is my middle name. What's your middle name?"

Amy smiled and replied, "Nashiyo. It's my grandmother's name."

"Oh, that's a pretty name, but no J", Mindy answered.

Amy laughed and said, "Well, I have Japanese heritage. Does that J count?"

They both laughed and Mindy said, "Close enough. Welcome to the J-Team!" The whole group laughed, and Amy shook hands with the team. The only one that Amy previously knew was Monique, who was in her Web Design class last year. The two guys gave her longer looks than really necessary.

Mindy then said, "Okay, you J-guys, go over to the end of the court and do your warm up stretching and exercises. Amy, you go down with them, watch, and then join in. I'm going to talk to the Chancellor for a minute." Amy and the 5 cheerleaders started toward the end of the court, and Mindy got something out of her gym bag and walked over to Knoxx.

The five J's started doing some simple stretching, and naked Amy joined in. She was really embarrassed as her pussy opened widely during the stretches. And she was even more embarrassed as her boobs bounced wildly during the jumping jacks.

A couple of minutes later, Mindy came over to Amy carrying a green pair of cheerleader undershorts, and Amy could see Mindy's eyes were tearing up. Mindy said quietly, "Amy, I'm sorry, but Dr. Knoxx won't allow you to wear these. In fact, he was getting upset with me for my repeatedly asking about it. He even implied that he might impose naked punishment on me and my team if I kept asking him to let you wear matching underwear. Most of us are seniors like you, and we don't want to risk being expelled or punished so close to graduation. So, I'm afraid you're stuck. In fact, he wants some rather explicit routines and poses for you."

Amy squeezed Mindy's hand again and whispered, "Mindy, thanks again for trying. But please don't take any more chances on my account. I'll struggle through this somehow."

Mindy said to the group, "Okay, team, let's sit down and figure out what to do." They all sat in a circle with legs crossed Indian style. Amy sat next to Mindy, and then she looked at Rob sitting across from her; she blushed when she realized that he was staring at her wide-spread pussy.

Mindy continued, "First, Amy, let me ask a few questions. Have you ever been a cheerleader before?"

Amy replied, "No, not really. But I did try out for the seventh grade team." And she described her lack of success and early exit from the competition.

"All right. What about gymnastics? Doing somersaults and such?"

"No, I can't do somersaults. I tried in gym class a few years ago, but I never really did a good one."

Mindy sighed and continued, "Okay. What about synchronized dancing?"

"Nope, never tried that. I'm not a very good dancer. But I do like the old fashioned slow dancing. You know, the cheek-to-cheek kind."

The cheerleader continued, "Ummm, okay, it sounds like we're going to have to do simple stuff with you. Let's try some pom pom routines." And she got out a couple of green and white pom poms and gave them to Amy. "Stand up and shake them like you've seen us do at basketball and football games. And then twirl around."

The naked girl stood up and faced the team. She waved the pom poms above her head, then out to her sides, and finally awkwardly twirled around with the pom poms shimmering. She stopped and brought the pom poms to her chest as she'd seen cheerleaders do many times.

Mindy tried not to show her disappointment. These were easy cheerleading maneuvers, and Amy had done them very poorly. Mindy said, "Okay, Amy, let's try without the pom poms."

For the next several minutes, Amy tried some of the classic cheerleading poses - T position, broken T, checkmark, touchdown, etc. And she tried them again with pom poms. Mindy would make adjustments in Amy's poses, but then when Amy tried them again, she'd usually make the same mistakes.

At that moment, Knoxx walked over to Mindy, whispered some things to her, and then returned to his seat in the bleachers.

Mindy pulled Amy to the side and said, "Umm, Amy, Dr. Knoxx is concerned about the pom poms covering your, ummm, uhh, breasts. So, be careful about that. Also, he suggested that for the broken T, that is, the one where your arms are raised but your fists are near your shoulders, that you put your hands under your, umm, boobs and kind of lift them. And when you're in a resting position, your hands should be behind your back and your legs spread slightly. I'm sorry, I guess that's what he meant earlier about explicit poses for you."

Amy blushed and whispered, "Yeah, I was afraid of that. I'll be careful not to cover up too much."

Mindy said, "Why don't you face Dr. Knoxx and do the broken T position as he suggested?"

Amy turned to face Knoxx and the committee with her legs slightly spread, raised her arms straight out to her sides, then brought her palms-up hands in under her boobs, and lifted her breasts. Knoxx smiled at Amy and Mindy and gave them a thumbs-up sign.

Mindy and Amy rejoined the other 5 cheerleaders. Mindy said, "Okay, Amy, what we're going to do is to put you in the middle of our formations, and while we are doing our cheers, you can shake your pom poms and kind of dance around. You might recognize what we're yelling, and you can join in if you want. So, J-team, let's get lined up like we usually do and practice our usual routines." As they all lined up, they left a space in the middle for Amy, and they spent the next half hour doing their cheers with Amy shaking her pom poms and her boobs.

Finally, Mindy said, "Okay, let's rest for a few minutes and talk about lifts and pyramids." They sat down in a circle again, and Mindy went on, "Amy, I want to at least try you in a couple of simple lifts. You'll be the centerpiece of our show on Sunday, and the audience will be expecting some off-the-ground things from you. We'll get some mats out here for our practice, but on Sunday we'll do it on the soft grass. Rob, John, and Amy, you guys go get the mats over in the corner and drag them out onto the court."

Naked Amy followed the two dressed guys to where the tumbling mats were stored. Each of them dragged a big mat out. Amy had trouble with hers, but Rob helped her get it into position.

"Okay, John, you are our usual base for these lifts. So, you get in the lunge position with your right leg bent at 90 degrees, left leg out. Amy, you put your right foot on the bent leg, near the thigh, and then jump up and swing your left leg over his left shoulder and bring your right leg over his right shoulder. Then, you will be sitting on John's shoulders as he stands up. You can raise your arms in a V or a T and shake your breasts. I'll be the spotter during the whole thing. Okay?"

Amy gulped and said, "And this is a simple lift? Sounds hard to me. But let's give it a go."

John took his position; Mindy positioned Amy behind him and started to repeat the instructions again. The naked girl put her foot on the bent leg and with a push from Mindy on her bare butt she tried to swing her left leg over John's shoulder, but she missed as her foot hit his shoulder and both of them tumbled to the mat. They all laughed, and Mindy said, "Again." This time Amy landed on his shoulders, and she felt her open pussy against John's bare neck. He grabbed her legs and held them tightly at his side, but Amy still felt herself falling backward, but Mindy had one hand on Amy's bare butt and another on her back as John stood up. Mindy yelled, "Amy, raise your arms, smile, and shake your boobs! That's it. Way to go, girl!"

For a moment, Amy forgot her nudity and enjoyed the exhilaration of having done the routine. She sat on his shoulders waving her arms and shaking her breasts for a minute or so, and then Mindy had her get down. Mindy came over and gave the naked girl a hug. "Nice job, Amy. Let's practice is a few more times, and I'll toss you some pom poms."

They did it several more times including a couple of misses on the mount, but Amy felt comfortable with it.

Next, Mindy suggested a pyramid with Amy at the top. The two guys plus Selena were kneeling on all fours on the bottom, Jill and Monique kneeling on their backs as the middle row. Mindy helped Amy climb up to the top. Amy started out kneeling with her boobs hanging appealingly, and then Mindy said, "Okay, Amy, I want you to stand up now; I'm here to catch you if you fall." Amy was unsteady at first, but she gained her footing and caught the pom poms that Mindy tossed her. Her nude body was now on full display at the top of the pyramid, but she liked the feeling of being so high up. She shook the pom poms and her boobs with a big smile on her face.

They practiced forming this pyramid a few more times, and then Mindy said, "Okay, team, let's do one last simple lift and call it a night. Amy, for this one, we're going to have John and Rob in the lunge position like before with the two bent legs on the inside of the formation. Then, you'll stand on the two bent legs, and as you gain your balance, you'll raise your arms in a V. We'll have two spotters in back each with a hand on your butt and two more in front off to the sides each with a hand on your thigh. Got it?"

Amy nodded and waited for the two guys to get in position. She put one foot on Rob's thigh and then swung up her other foot to John's thigh. She was wobbly at first, but the 4 spotters helped her stay standing up. Mindy had Amy spread her feet just a bit further apart, and this showed off her wide open pussy to great effect. They practiced this one several more times making other minor adjustments to show off the naked girl's endowments even more.

Mindy finally gathered the group together and said, "Good practice, guys. Amy, you were great. The game on Sunday starts at 1 o'clock at Marshall Ballpark; let's meet down the first base line at 12:30. Any questions? No, okay, see you Sunday. Oh Amy, let's go over and talk with Dr. Knoxx."

The 5 J-team members left, and Mindy and the naked girl walked over to the 5 men who had been watching all of this. Mindy looked at Knoxx and said, "Well, sir, how did all of that look? Did we put these pretty woman's assets to good use?"

Knoxx smiled and replied, "Yes, Miss Rafferty, I'm satisfied. And Miss Suzuki, please remember not to cover yourself up too much. You are going to be the star of the show on Sunday. Well, actually, we hope the baseball team will be the star attraction, but you know what I mean. So, I'll bid you two a good night."

Mindy walked with Amy over to Amy's backpack and watched as the nude girl slid on her panties. She smiled and said, "You're a real trooper, Amy. Thanks again." At the door, they hugged briefly and said goodbye. When Amy looked up, she noticed Monique standing nearby.

Monique said, "Hi, Amy. Good job tonight. Do you want company walking back to the dorm? I'm in McDermott Hall catty-corner across the street from you."

Amy gave her a big smile and said, "Sure, Monique. I'd like the company."

Monique was a very pretty African-American with big dark brown eyes and long lean legs. A perfect cheerleader's body. She looked really nice in the dark green and white uniform.

In was an unusually warm evening, and there were lots of people out walking; mostly students celebrating the last day of classes. The two pretty girls drew long looks from the guys they passed on the sidewalk. One of the guys yelled, "Hey, Underpants Amy, are you going to ask your gorgeous friend to join the panty parade?" Both girls glared at the guy, but then they chuckled as they looked back at each other.

Monique said, "I just wanted to let you know how sorry I am about what's happened to you these last two weeks. How are you holding up?"

Amy sighed and said, "Thanks, Monique, I appreciate that." She laughed as she went on, "Has it only been two weeks? It seems like a lifetime ago. But I'm pretty sure I can make it through this last week. It's been truly the most embarrassing period of my entire life. I wish I could say that it's been getting easier as time goes by, but it hasn't. For example, I still haven't got used to jerks like that calling me 'Underpants Amy'. And then each day seems to bring its own new challenges."

Monique hugged Amy's shoulders and said, "Well, I guess tonight was one of those new challenges." Amy nodded and Monique continued with a smile, "But for a raw rookie, you did great tonight. Of course, you know you're going to be the center of attention on Sunday; nobody is going to be looking at the rest of us. So, I guess the rest of our J-team can all sluff off." They both laughed at this.

They spent the last few minutes of the walk talking about their upcoming final exams. As they approached Blankenship Hall, they hugged each other and said good night.

\* \* \*

Back in her room, Amy knew that she needed to start studying for the Psych test, but she wanted to do one other thing first. She logged onto the Victoria's Secret web site.

She realized that she might be taking a chance here, but she really didn't want to go shopping at the mall for the replacement pair of pink striped panties - especially on a weekend when the mall would be full of shoppers. That would be just too embarrassing, and it would risk another confrontation with the city police. Knoxx had told her that she was required to purchase the panties herself rather than send a friend like she had done before, but Knoxx did not explicitly tell her to shop in the mall store. So, she was going to buy the panties online.

Just to be certain that she bought exactly the same thing, she got out the torn packaging material from the original pair. She couldn't find a part number on the package, but after browsing around the web site, she finally found the same panties under bikinis. As she was searching the many web pages, she looked longingly at the many other styles and colors of pretty panties. And she also sighed as she looked at all the lovely brassieres; she really wanted to cover her breasts, but that was forbidden for the next week or so.

She only ordered the one pair and willingly paid the extra $20 for next day delivery so that she could have them in plenty of time for the auction.

Before starting to study, she decided to check her email, and she noticed a new message from Edgar Thorson, who she knew was the maintenance supervisor for the university. She opened the message and hesitantly started to read it. This is what she saw:

*Hello, Amy,*

*Just a reminder, I'm xpecting u @ 9AM Sat morn for ground crew work. Come to rm 24 in the phys plant bldg. U should xpect to get very wet & dirty. Wear old clothes or, better yet, nothing at all :)*

*ET*

She shuddered at the thought. An entire day of naked exposure.

But she put that out of her mind and spent the next few hours cramming for the Psych final, because she knew she'd be pretty busy most of the weekend. About 11:30, Linda returned from her Friday night date, and the two friends spent a while talking before they went to bed. Amy did her dairy and one-sheet, crossed off another day on the calendar and went to sleep on top of her bed.

**Underpants Amy - Days 12 & 13**

**Chapter 40 - Soaked by the Sprinklers**

On Saturday morning, Amy arrived at the physical plant just before 9 o'clock in her normal attire - off-white panties only. She found that room 24 was actually a large shop full of tools, pulleys, shelves, cabinets, etc. She poked her head in and spotted an elderly man sitting at a desk on the other side of the big room. With trepidation, she walked over to the desk and tentatively said, "Mr. Thorson? I'm Amy Suzuki."

He looked up from his paperwork and smiled at her, "Hi, Amy, nice to meet you." And he reached out his hand. "Please forgive me if I don't stand up to greet you. I've got a knee problem that makes it difficult to get up and down." Amy reached over the desk, and as she shook hands, she realized that his eyes were on her hanging boobs rather than her face.

Thorson then pointed to a peg on the wall and said, "I think you know what that hook is for; you won't be needing any clothes the rest of the day. And you can store your backpack on the floor beneath it." Amy blushed as Thorson watched her slide off her panties. The naked girl walked across the room, hung her panties on the hook, and returned back to her spot in front of his desk.

He said, "Okay, let me have a look at you." And he spent several seconds scanning her body top to bottom and back up again. "Please turn around." She turned so that he could see her butt. "Okay, and a side view." She blushed as he looked at the outline of her perky breasts. "You look to be in very good shape. Do you work out?"

She replied, "Yes, I like to jog. But I have to confess that I haven't done that much these last several days."

He said, "Come around the desk and let me feel your muscles." Reluctantly, the naked girl moved so that she was only a few inches from the seated man. He reached up and squeezed her upper arms, and then she flinched as he squeezed her thighs a few inches from her bare pussy. And then he motioned her to turn around, and he squeezed the back of her thighs. He said, "Okay, turn back around. Your leg muscles are in good shape, but your arms could be better. Maybe you should add some weights or push ups to your workouts. Just a suggestion. But for today, I think I'll assign you jobs that don't require a lot of arm strength."

He paused for a moment and then continued, "All right, I think I hear the other guys arriving. There's a meeting room down the hall. Follow me and I'll introduce you to today's crew." Amy gulped, because she had somehow assumed that she'd basically be working alone today, but she followed Thorson as he slowly got to his feet. He used a cane as he walked out the door and down the hallway. Amy was surprised how well he moved using the cane.

He ambled into the room, and Amy stopped as she entered. There were a dozen or so guys dressed in work clothes with boots; some were obviously students, but others were somewhat older men. But they were all males - no women in the group, except for the very naked Amy. They all stopped talking and stared at the pretty naked girl standing near the door.

Thorson slowly sat down in a folding chair and said, "Good morning, guys. Amy, come stand here next to me. Guys, this is Amy Suzuki. She'll be helping us all day today. You've probably seen the notices on the bulletin boards about her, but just in case you haven't, she is being punished for streaking last Monday night. Usually, her punishment allows her to wear panties, but today she will be naked while helping us. You can look all you want, but no touching. Understand?"

But Amy didn't really understand. She said nothing but she was thinking, "What about you feeling my muscles a few minutes ago?"

However, the group of men merely nodded and murmured their agreement as they continued to stare at the nude beauty, who was blushing a deep red.

Thorson continued, "Okay, I think all of you guys know what your jobs are for today. It's the usual lawn mowing, weeding, sweeping, emptying trash, etc. So, all of you except Russ and Amy, go ahead and get started. The workday ends at 4 o'clock; lunch is at the Kellensworth break room at noon. See you then." And most of the guys got up and left.

An older gentleman came up and joined Thorson and Amy. Thorson said, "Amy, this is Russell Williams. He's been with us for years." Thorson chuckled as he continued, "Russ and I are in a race to see who can retire first; there's no clear winner yet in that race." Amy smiled weakly and shook hands with the man. "Russ, we need to do some tinkering with the sprinklers today. When we turned them on for the season last week, we noticed that several of them were broken or plugged up or aimed wrong. I'd like you and Amy to spend the morning working on them. Since Amy is appropriately dressed, umm, actually appropriately undressed, we'll let her be the one to get wet today, and you can man the controls. Load up the little EV truck with replacement and repair parts plus the tools, and then the two of you start over on the quad. And work your way back over toward Kellensworth for lunch at noon.

"Amy, you're probably going to get soaked. So, I suggest that you pin up your long hair or put it in a pony tail to keep it out of your face. Any questions?"

They shook their heads. Thorson went on, "All right then, let's go back to the shop, and Russ, you can show Amy where the tools and parts are located."

Back in the big room, the two men watched as the naked girl retrieved a yellow ponytail band from her backpack and worked her hair into the ponytail style. They admired her breasts which were thrust out as she used both hands to adjust her hair. She was well aware of them watching her, but she said nothing.

Russ handed her two empty 5-gallon buckets, and then led her around the shop to various shelves. He pointed out the parts that he wanted her to put in the buckets - sprinkler heads, plastic pipe, washers, adhesive, etc. Some of the parts were on upper shelves and she had to strain on her tiptoes to reach them; she knew that he was admiring her body as she stretched. The sprinkler heads were the last things, and they were on the very top shelf requiring a ladder, which she brought over and leaned against the wall. She could feel his eyes following her bare butt up the ladder as she pulled out several of the sprinkler heads which she handed down to him.

But he was a friendly sort, and he started chattering about the nice weather and about the upcoming graduation ceremony and about his school-age grandkids. Amy muttered a few things in response, but mostly she just let him ramble on and on as they collected the materials and tools.

After she filled the buckets, Russ took her outside and showed her the little electric pickup-style truck that they'd be using. It was basically a golf cart with flimsy doors. She put the buckets in the small cargo area, and then both of them carried out some more tools that Russ thought they would probably need.

Finally, he said, "Okay, honey, let's go. It's going to be a tight fit in that little seat, but there should be room for your bare skinny body and my fat ass." And he was right about the small truck seat; she was certain that it was really intended for only one person, and when she sat down next to him, she was squeezed between his right arm and the rickety passenger side door. He laughed and said, "Well, we could gain a few more inches in here if I took off my clothes, too." She gave him a strange look, and he smiled back and said, "Just kidding. Nobody wants to see my flabby body when they can look at your natural beauty."

It took them a few minutes to drive across campus to the quad, and Russ described how they were going to attack the job. He would turn on the sprinklers and Amy would go around and look closely at each one. If a sprinkler was just mis-aimed, she could adjust it. If it was broken or plugged up, she would stick a plastic flag in the ground next to it.

Of course, the naked girl would get soaked while walking around the lawn doing the inspection. But what he didn't tell her was that there are techniques to avoid getting soaked, such as standing behind the sprinkler or putting buckets over the sprinkler heads, etc. But Thorson had told Russ to get her as wet as possible. And Amy had never worked on sprinklers before; so, she didn't know about these techniques.

As they pulled up to the quad, Russ got out his chart showing the sprinkler zones. He said, "Okay, honey, here's the first zone." He pointed to each of the 8 sprinklers in the zone and handed her several of the plastic flags on metal stakes. Then he pointed out the spot where Amy should stand as he walked over to the control valves and turned the handle for that zone. He yelled, "Watch out, honey, here it comes!" And a moment later all of the sprinklers in the zone sprung to life, and Amy was immediately drenched. Even though it was a nice spring day, the water was cold on her naked skin. But she started making the inspection.

One of the sprinklers near the sidewalk was aimed wrong, and it was watering the concrete more than the grass. The naked girl scampered over to it, got down on her hands and knees, and slowly twisted it so that it was aimed at the grass. Five others seemed to be working okay, but one other didn't pop up at all, and another was spewing as much water around the edges as it was out of the sprinkler itself. Amy stuck flags near each of these, and then waved at Russ to shut off the zone.

The naked girl was now soaking wet, and she walked over to talk with the older man. The first thing she said was, "Damn, we forgot to bring a towel." Actually, Thorson and Russ had intentionally left the towels behind at the shop. He just shrugged and said, "Sorry about that, honey."

But he went on, "Okay, I think we should replace that one that is leaking badly. I'll do that, and why don't you go see if you can get the other one to pop up. Use a screwdriver to pry it up and then use WD-40 on it."

Amy said, "WD-what? What's that?"

Russ let out an exasperated sigh and said, "It's the blue spray can in the truck. It's a lubricant that often helps metal or plastic from sticking. Give it a try, honey, while I work on the bad sprinkler head."

Amy smiled as she walked back to the truck; she thought it was cute that he called her "Honey".

Russ got a tarp from the truck and spread it out near the bad sprinkler, but Amy just sat her naked butt down on the wet grass as she worked on the stuck sprinkler head.

But Amy also noticed that she was attracting a crowd. And if she hadn't been the pretty naked girl involved, she probably would have stopped to watch as well. Several of the gawkers had their cell phones out, and they were calling their friends. It wasn't long before the entire sidewalk was covered with people watching. Amy's naked body was the center of attention; she was really embarrassed, but she knew there wasn't much she could do about it.

Russ finished replacing the bad sprinkler, and then he came over to see how Amy was doing. He had her hold the sprinkler up while he sprayed the WD-40 on the stem. He said, "All right, honey, let's try it again. You stand here next to this one and see how it works. If it's okay, give me a thumbs-up sign and then go check the other two that were originally misbehaving. Otherwise, give me a thumbs down, and I'll turn off the water and we can work on it some more."

Naked Amy stood right next to the sprinkler, and she jumped again when the cold water hit her full force. The sprinkler was working correctly. She wiped the water from her face and gave Russ a thumbs up. Then she scampered over to the one that Russ had replaced; it wasn't quite right and she gave him a thumbs down. He turned off the water and came over. The drenched girl said, "This one's not spraying in a full circle like the others." Russ made some adjustments and said, "Okay, let's try again."

He turned the water back on and Amy was soaked again, but now the sprinkler was working okay. So, she scooted over to the sidewalk where the crowd was gathering. She squatted down by the originally mis-aimed sprinkler head and twisted it just a bit more. She could feel the guys right behind her looking down at her naked wet body. Then she felt the tip of a guy's shoe work its way into her crotch from behind; it slightly brushed her pussy lips, and she turned around and glared at the guy. He just smiled and quietly mumbled something about Underpants Amy. She quickly moved away from the crowd and made the rounds of the 8 sprinklers again. She saw that they were all working and gave Russ a thumbs up.

They met back at the truck where there was another crowd forming. Ignoring the crowd, they talked about what to do next. There were 3 more zones on the quad, and they attacked each zone like they had the first. By the time they were finished, Amy had learned how to fix the simple problems, and she was able to do several repairs on her own. She also figured out the technique of standing behind a sprinkler to avoid getting sprayed by it, but in such cases, there was probably also a crowd of guys behind the sprinkler, too, and she decided it was better to just stay out in the middle of the lawn and get drenched than to get her naked body too close to the crowd of guys.

It was now almost 11 o'clock, and Russ suggested that they do two more zones that were kind of on the way to the Kellensworth building. Amy squeezed her wet naked body back into the truck next to the heavy-set man, and they putt-putted down the sidewalk to the next lawn area. The crowd of onlookers followed the little truck like ducklings following their mother.

The next zone was a long one about 20 feet wide between two sidewalks. None of the sprinklers were in the middle of the strip; they were all located along the sidewalks. But to avoid getting hassled by the guys in the crowd, Amy positioned her naked body smack in the middle of the strip and she got blasted the water from both sides. She made all of the necessary repairs by sitting on the wet grass rather than on the usually dry concrete; Russ gave her a funny look as he did his work from the sidewalk, but he didn't say anything.

The next zone was also long and narrow, and Amy repeated her technique. She decided it was better to get wet rather than get hassled or even felt up by the crowd of guys.

They finished that one just before noon, and Russ said, "Okay, honey, that's all we can do this morning. Let's go eat lunch and see what Edgar wants us to do next."

As they squeezed their bodies back into the tiny truck, Amy noticed the bulge in his trousers and saw that he was "playing pocket pool" to reposition the erection in his pants. She thought to herself, "Even this nice old man is getting turned on by my naked body. He's almost the same age as my grandfather, and it seems a bit creepy to me that a 22-year woman could turn him on. I guess I've still got a lot to learn about men."

The little truck pulled up next to Kellensworth. Amy had never been in this building before. It looked kind of dumpy, and Russ seeing the puzzled look on her face said, "Never been here before?" Amy shook her head. Russ went on, "Well, it's the old original maintenance building; probably named after the first gardener or something. For many years, we've thought about tearing it down, but we need the space and we don't have the money for demolition. I see that Edgar must be here already; he drives that fancy little scooter thing over there."

But the thing that really interested her was the smell of pizza; she was starving after the exhausting morning work. Thorson said to Amy and Russ as the walked in, "Come on in and chow down on some pizza." Naked Amy took at seat at the big table on the bench next to Russ, and she noticed that the conversation amongst the other men stopped as she was sitting down. She glanced up briefly and noticed that all of the men were looking at her. Water dripped down her face and then onto her left tit, and she blushed as she felt it drop from her nipple to her thigh.

Thorson looked at the naked girl with her still-soaking-wet hair and grass stains on her knees and elbows, and then he said, "Well, Amy, how did you fare this morning with the sprinklers?"

She was almost ready to bite into a slice of pizza, but she paused and said meekly, "Okay, I guess. Russ and I fixed about a dozen or so."

Thorson replied, "Well, good. I guess that means you didn't mind getting wet. So, I'm going to have you wash some carpets this afternoon, and then I'll have you fish the coins out of the Baskind Fountain."

Amy's mouth stopped just before she bit into the pizza, and she closed her eyes at the mention of the fountain. She thought, "Oh no, not more cold water!" But she closed her teeth on the pizza and quietly ate her lunch.

About 12:30, the pizza was gone, and the group seemed to be breaking up to go do their individual afternoon chores. Amy waited her turn to use the single uni-sex bathroom.

**Chapter 41 - Unclothed Carpet Cleaner**

Thorson asked her and Russ to stay as the others left. He said, "Amy, since you and Russ seemed to be a good team this morning, why don't you two work on washing the rugs? I'll help a little bit, but mostly I'll just supervise. Russ, you probably saw that big stack of throw rugs that Conrad's crew brought over from the Union yesterday. They added a bunch more this morning. You and Amy can bring them out several at a time to the alleyway where you can use that new Rug Doctor machine to clean them. Again, we'll let the pretty naked girl do the wet part, and you can provide the muscle. And as I said, I'll provide the supervision."

This didn't sound too bad to Amy. It sounded like she'd be off in some secluded alley washing rugs in the nude for the next few hours. Not her favorite thing to do, but not awful either.

Russ and Amy climbed back into the little truck and followed Thorson down the path back to the physical plant.

Back at the main building, the nude girl followed Thorson who was now walking slowly with his cane. He showed her where the vacuum cleaners and the Rug Doctor machine were stored. He told her to roll out the largest vacuum, and he gave her a bucket to carry a couple of types of scrub brushes. Russ got out the Rug Doctor. As they walked back across the shop floor, Amy was relieved to see that her panties were still hanging on the hook.

And then she followed him outside. He said, "Okay, Amy, this is what we call the 'alley'. In the old days, it really was an alley, but when they tore down the building next door to widen Campus Drive, it left this spot. It's not really an alley any more, but we continue to call it that." And the spot they were standing on was a concrete driveway squeezed between the building and the busiest street on campus. There was a sidewalk within a couple of feet of the edge of the driveway. She had even jogged by here on that sidewalk on her morning runs without ever thinking twice about what this place was. And now naked Amy would be fully exposed to the passing cars and the pedestrians as she was washing the rugs!

Thorson went on, "We kept this alleyway so that we have a good place to wash the university vehicles, but we also figured out that with that other building gone, this spot gets a lot of sunshine, just like we've got today. And the big almost flat area makes it perfect for cleaning these big area rugs and letting the sunshine do some of the drying. It's easier to bring the rugs here for cleaning than cleaning them in place at the Union; we don't have to worry about the furniture getting dinged or splashed."

Then Thorson led her in another side door back into the building, and he pointed to a big stack of rolled up rugs. It almost looked like a carpet sales store. Amy gasped at the sight of so many rugs. She couldn't really tell how big they were, but some of the individual rolls were pretty big and pretty long. Maybe they were livingroom size. And then she thought about the meeting room in the Student Union where she had served wine and snacks on Sunday, and she remembered the big rugs that covered the linoleum floor in that room.

Thorson said, "Okay, Russ, you know how we've done this in the past, but let me outline the technique for Amy. First, you need to hose down the alleyway so that's it's mostly clean before you drag the rugs out there. The two of you will carry the rugs and lay them out on the concrete. You can probably get about a dozen out there at once. Then, quickly vacuum them all to remove the loose junk. Then, start at one end and use the machine to wash the rugs one at a time. The bright sun will get the rugs dry enough pretty quickly so that by the time you've reached the end, the first ones will be dry. You'll roll up the dry ones and bring them back in here. Then, you'll fill those empty spots on the alleyway with more rugs from this pile. And you'll repeat that process til the stack is gone."

Amy stared again at the big pile as Thorson continued, "It actually goes pretty fast. The hardest part is carrying them out to the alley. You don't have to worry about taking them back to the Union; Conrad's guys will do that. Understand the process?"

Amy gulped and said, "Yeah, I think so."

Thorson said, "Okay, go hose down the alley. There shouldn't be any puddles, because the drain works really well out there. But if there are little puddles or wet spots, use the towels to soak them up. We want the concrete to be pretty dry before we put out the rugs. Again, the sun will dry it pretty fast."

The naked girl trudged back out to the alley, uncoiled the hose, and quickly washed down the long area. She waited a couple of minutes for the water to fall into the drain, and then she grabbed a towel, got down on her knees, and blotted up the few puddles. When she stood up again, she noticed some guys on the sidewalk who had stopped to watch her; they had their cell phones out and were making calls.

Amy sighed and went back into the room. Thorson said, "Let's give it a few more minutes to dry off, and in the meantime, I'll show you how to use Rug Doctor machine. I just assume you already know how to use a vacuum cleaner, right?" Amy just nodded. He continued, "Well, the rug machine is similar to a vacuum, but it's got this cleaning solution that goes in this tank, and then you pull it rather than push it across the carpet. Actually, you don't have to pull it very much because the machine will move itself as soon as you grasp this lever on the handle; it will do most of the work; all you have to do is guide it. Russ will get the solution mixed up and poured into the tank while you do the vacuuming."

Russ came over and said, "The alley looks dry now. Come on, honey, let's start carrying out the rugs. I'll carry the front end, you grab the back."

Amy grunted as she lifted up the back end of the first rug. It was heavy, and she thought, "He told me that I wouldn't need arm strength today. But I could sure use better muscles for this job." She was glad that Russ had taken the front and he seemed to be carrying most of the weight of the rolled up rug. She just let him lead the way back outside. Amy bent over and set down her end on the far side of the driveway fairly close to the sidewalk where more guys and a few girls had assembled. She and Russ then unrolled the rug onto the concrete. She knew that her bending was putting on a show for the crowd, but she also knew she had no choice.

They repeated the process ten more times so that there were eleven rugs laid out on the driveway. Amy was breathing heavily and her breasts were covered with dusty grime. She took a drink of water from a bottle that Thorson gave her, and then rolled the big vacuum onto the rug at the end of the row.

As Thorson had said, the vacuuming went quickly, and in about 10 minutes she had skimmed over all the rugs. The naked girl then paused for another drink, and she used a towel to wipe the sweat and dirt off of her face and boobs. She glanced up and saw that the crowd had doubled in size.

As Amy was vacuuming the last few rugs, Russ had started washing the rugs with the machine. After he finished the first rug, he waved her over and showed her the technique. Amy took over and finished off the second rug. She noticed that the washing operation took quite a bit longer than the vacuuming, and it took her about half an hour to work her way down the row of rugs. The two older men stood at the edges of the rugs to hold them down while the machine cleaned close by.

Amy had to stop after every second or third rug to empty the tank full of very dirty water down the alley drain. This required more bending which the crowd seemed to enjoy. Similarly, they liked it when she had to crawl around on one of the rugs using the hand scrub brush to work on some stubborn spots.

Then, she and Russ started the process of carrying the clean rugs back into the building. As Thorson had said, the sun did a good job of drying them out fairly quickly.

Thorson looked at his watch and called Amy over. He said, "Amy, you're going to have to pick up the pace. We've got 20 more rugs plus the fountain to do. I know you've got that meeting with Dr. Knoxx at 5 o'clock, and I want this all done by then. Actually, probably by 4:30, since you'll probably want to clean up before the meeting."

Amy gave him a crestfallen look. She thought she'd be out of here by 4 o'clock, and now he's talking about 5 o'clock instead. But she just said, "Okay, I'll try to go faster."

She sped up a little bit, and she finished the next batch of rugs in about an hour. The crowd on the sidewalk had grown, and there were cars parked at the curb on the street. Everybody was watching the naked girl scurry through the vacuuming and washing. She wasn't oblivious to their stares, but her focus was on the rugs rather than worrying about how her naked endowments looked to them.

But as she finished up that batch of carpets, Thorson shook his head and said, "Amy, I'm very disappointed. You're not going to have time before the meeting to finish these rugs plus the fountain. I promised the Union director that they would be cleaned by Monday morning. Can you come back this evening after your meeting with the Chancellor?"

Amy looked at him and started to cry uncontrollably. She bent over, covered her eyes with her hands, and her breasts jiggled wildly as she stood there and sobbed. The crowd on the sidewalk looked on in astonishment at the sobbing naked girl.

Thorson gave her a puzzled look and said, "Amy, Amy, what's wrong?"

She continued to cry, and with tears streaming down her face, she said in a halting voice, "I h-haaa---ve a d--daaa---te tooo---night. It's the, uhhh, on--ly g--g--ooo--d th---ing to h--h--happen to me this, aahh, weee--k. And now you want to taaa---ke it aw--w--waaa----y from me. No, no, no, it's juuu---st not fair!"

Thorson didn't really understand everything she had said, but he did pick up "date tonight". He let her cry for a couple of more minutes, and as her tears finally stopped, he said in a calming voice, "Amy, I'm sorry, but how could I know about that? No, I won't ask you to break your date. We can work out something." Russ came over and put his arms around her shoulders and led her over to a bench where he sat her down, and he sat next to her. She bent her head down to her knees and started to cry again with the old man rubbing her bare shoulders. Russ looked over at Thorson and they both shrugged. They didn't know what to do.

After a few more minutes, Amy rubbed her eyes and sat up. Through her watering eyes, she looked at Thorson and said, "Mr. Thorson, I'm sorry about breaking down like that, but this evening is really, really important to me. You said we can work it out somehow?"

Thorson handed her a clean towel, and she wiped her face. Thorson said, "Amy, how about you and Russ take the truck and go clean out the fountain, and I'll have some of the other guys clean the other carpets later in the afternoon?"

Amy still hadn't recovered her composure completely, but she said, "Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Thorson." She used a towel to wipe her tear stained face.

**Chapter 42 - Bare Female in Baskind Fountain**

It took her about a minute to wipe off her naked body, and then she said, "Okay, I'm ready. What's the deal with the fountain?"

He answered, "As you probably know, people throw coins in Baskind Fountain for good luck, and every year about this time, we scoop up all of those coins and donate the money to a local charity. It should probably take you about an hour and a half to get all of the coins, and then get back here to clean up for your 5 PM meeting. We'll give you a ride over to Kameron to make sure you're on time."

The nude girl stood up and wiped her face again. She said, "That sounds okay to me. How do I get the coins out? Should I just put them in a bucket and bring them back here?"

Thorson said, "There's no prescribed way to get the coins out. Last year, we used a broom to sweep them into piles on the floor of the fountain, and then we used a dust pan to scoop them out. That seemed to work okay. The guy had on swimming trunks last year, and you'll be nude, but I don't think that will make a difference in the technique. And yes, just put the coins in buckets."

Amy said, "All right, show me which broom and dust pan to use. And I'll get started." Russ got up and went into the shop to get a couple of brooms and dust pans of different styles plus swimming goggles. He came back and led her over to the little truck. She had made sure to hold onto the towel she was holding, and she tossed it into the back of the little truck. Once again the overweight man and the thin naked girl squeezed into the tiny seat and drove away towards the quad where Baskind Fountain was located.

Russ babbled some more on the drive over to the quad. More chatter about his grandkids' summer activities, his possible retirement, the flimsy little truck, etc. Amy quietly sat there and politely nodded.

Amy knew the fountain well. She passed it almost everyday on the way to a class or some other activity, and she had tossed coins into it several times this year, including the embarrassing time on Sunday morning as her naked photo was taken for the 'In the BUF' newsletter. She had always thought it was strange that the college left it running year round, but it was an especially beautiful sight in the winter with the ice frozen into neat formations. But with the onset of springtime, the fountain was now shooting jets of water in all directions into the big pool surrounding it. And she was chagrined to realize that her naked body would add another beautiful aspect to the fountain for the next hour or so.

The naked girl got out of the truck and bent over the edge of the square pool. She couldn't tell how deep the water was, and so she bent way over with her butt raised way up, and she reached her arm down into the water. It seemed to be about a foot and a half deep. And so she decided to just hop in and look around.

As soon as she started wading around, the passers-by began to stop and watch. And the cell phones came out again. The audience was forming.

Russ came over to the edge of the pool and yelled at her, "Hey, honey, use these goggles to look under the water. You can see the coins more clearly that way."

She put on the goggles and bent over to put her face just below the water surface. She came back up and smiled at him, and said, "Yeah, they work really well. Hand me the broom, and let me see how the sweeping goes."

She spotted an area with a bunch of coins nearby, and she tried sweeping them into a clump near the edge of the pool. Russ handed her the big plastic dust pan, and she kneeled down in the water and scooped up most of them and dumped them into one of the buckets. There was some debris mixed in with the coins, but she wasn't too worried about that. Then, she kneeled down again and put her face in the water to locate the few coins that had been missed in the first attempt; she picked them up by hand and dropped them in the bucket.

The naked girl then got out of the pool, and she said to the older man, "I think this technique is going to work. I just hope there's enough time to finish this. I'm going to get going in earnest now, but you yell at me when it gets to be 4:15." Russ agreed, and he watched her climb back into the pool and start to work.

Amy was now really putting on a dramatic show for the audience. As she bent over to sweep, her breasts dangled enticingly, and her long hair was soaked through and swung wildly. And the rear view of her wet ass and pussy lips drew lots of stares. A few guys even offered to strip down and come in to help her, but Russ warned them that they were not allowed to do that. Her strip of pussy hair was even more prominent now that it was wet and only about a foot above the water level. If she hadn't been covered by the cold water, she would have been blushing deeply.

She did the areas around the outside edges fairly easily and quickly, but she wasn't too sure about the coins near the center of the fountain where the water was shooting up from a square concrete structure. She came over to Russ and they discussed it. They decided to use the same technique of sweeping the coins to the base of the center structure, but now the dust pan would have to be carried several feet back to the edge where the bucket was sitting.

Amy tried this, and now she was sweeping while being hit from above by the spouting water. That slowed her down some more, and then she stumbled with the first load of coins in the dust pan as she waded back to the edge. She fell face down into the water and the coins dropped back to the floor of the pool. She got to her feet, retrieved the broom, and swept them up again.

She sighed as she sat her bare butt on the outer edge again. She said to Russ, "This isn't working very well. There must be a better way. Any ideas?"

He thought for a moment, and then as his eyes lit up, he said, "Honey, how about I pound a bunch of nail holes through the bottom of a bucket, and then you can take it out to the middle, set it in the water, and dump coins into it. Then, when the bucket has a lot of coins in it, you can bring it back over here, let the water drain out, and then dump the coins into a normal bucket. You might have to weight the bucket down with a brick to get started. How about that?"

She smiled at him and said, "Russ, that's a great idea. You go pound the holes into a bucket, and I'll start sweeping the coins toward the center base. Let me know when you've got the bucket ready."

The pretty nude grabbed the broom again, and standing under the falling water, she swept several piles of coins against the center concrete structure. A few minutes later Russ came over and waved at her. She waded over to him and got the bucket and the brick from him. She placed the bucket in the water near the center base, and started filling it with coins using the dust pan.

When the bucket was partially filled, she tried to lift it, but it was pretty heavy with all the coins, water, and brick in it. So, she removed the brick and now the bucket was at least movable. She got on her hands and knees and pushed it through the water over to the edge where the two of them were able to lift it and set it on the edge to let the water drain. And of course, all of this just added to the dramatic naked show that she was putting on for the onlookers.

She repeated this operation a few more times to collect most of the coins from the center. She looked up at Russ and asked, "What time is it?" He replied, "Almost 4." She said, "Okay, let me go around and pick up the remaining coins by hand. I should have time to get most of them."

Amy spent the next 15 minutes crawling around the pool on her hands and knees picking up the coins. In this position, her butt was about half in the water and half out. Her breasts were dangling just below the water surface as she crawled, but they bounced up nicely when she kneeled up to drop the coins in the bucket.

At 4:15, Russ yelled at her, and she climbed out of the pool. As she dumped the coins into the normal bucket, she saw Knoxx and Laird standing there looking at her. The soaking wet girl felt like an abject naked slave under the gaze of her masters. She just looked at them and said, "Hello", and continued her work. She wiped herself off with the towel, helped Russ load up the truck, and then they drove off back towards the maintenance building. The assembled crowd started following the little truck, but they soon realized that the naked water show was over.

After they returned to the maintenance building, Amy grabbed the towel in one hand and a bucket of coins in the other and walked into the building. She was stunned to see a naked man walking in the hallway toward her. After having showed off her pussy to dozens, maybe even hundreds, of guys on this single day, she actually smiled a bit when she saw the penis only a few feet in front of her. She remembered what Linda had told her once: The count of "pussy peeks" by males should be equal to the count of "penis peeks" by females. Well, in Amy's case, this equation was way out of balance today; the count had been something like 200 to 0, and now it was 200 to 1!

The guy's eyes met Amy's, and he immediately covered his genitals with his hands. Amy almost covered herself with the towel, but she resisted the impulse, because she knew that would not be allowed for her. The guy quickly dashed into the shop and got his pants from a locker. Naked Amy also walked into the big shop, went to the other side, looked back at the guy across the room, and silently mouthed "Sorry".

Thorson was sitting at his desk, and he smiled as he watched this little exchange. He looked at Amy and said, "Bruce just finished showering. We don't usually have any women around here on Saturday, and he was coming back in here to get dressed. Sorry about that."

She just shrugged and said, "Okay. Where do you want these coins?"

"Just leave the buckets here next to my desk, and I'll have someone clean and count them next week. Thanks for collecting them for us. That's the hard part of the job."

Thorson went on, "I see that it's 4:35 now, and you need to get cleaned up for your meeting. As you may have noticed, there was a queue of guys in the hall. They are waiting to use the shower. It wouldn't be fair to them to let you use the shower ahead of them, and so, why don't I take you over to Kellensworth and you can use the shower there? And then I'll have Russ drive you over to Kameron in a real truck, not that little putt-putt thing."

This sounded reasonable to Amy, and she asked, "All right. Do you want me to help Russ unload the little truck first?"

He looked at his watch again and said, "No, we're short of time. Let Russ do that, and I'll take you over to Kellensworth. Grab a fresh towel, washcloth, and soap from that shelf, and let's go."

**Chapter 43 - Privacy not Permitted**

As Amy got the soap and other stuff, Thorson struggled to his feet and hobbled out to his little scooter. Amy had to hurry to catch up with him; she almost ran the 200 feet to the Kellensworth building as he raced along the sidewalk; she was surprised how fast that little scooter was. A few of the other ground crew workers were coming the other direction on sidewalk, and they stopped to admire the naked girl as she ran with her boobs bouncing.

Thorson slid open the barn-like door and let Amy into the old building. She was immediately confronted with the smell of pizza again, and she saw 3 guys eating at the big table. She smiled at them and said, "Hi", but they just sort of scowled at her.

She looked quizzically at Thorson, who waved her over. She bent over and listened as he whispered to her, "These are the guys that are going to finish washing the rugs. I bought them some more pizza, but to be blunt, they are still pretty pissed off at you, because they have to stay late to finish your job. Oh, I'm paying them overtime, but still . . ." His voice trailed off.

She just stood there facing the 3 guys plus Thorson with her arms at her sides. She didn't know exactly what to say; so, she said nothing.

Thorson pointed over to the corner and said, "Okay, Amy. This is back-up shower for the ground crew." She was taken aback, because except for a tattered plastic shower curtain, it was in full view of the three guys at the table. Thorson went on, "We put it in several years ago as a temporary thing while the shower area in the main building was being re-modeled. But we've just never gotten around to removing this one, and in fact, it still gets used occasionally. Like today."

Amy listened to this with feigned interest until it dawned on her that Thorson wanted her to shower in front of him and the three guys who continued to eat their pizza!

Amy was mortified as she trudged over to the shower. She really wanted to pull the curtain around, but she realized that would not be allowed by the committee, if they heard about it. So, she sighed, left her towel on the table, turned on the water, waited a moment, and adjusted the temperature. She then hopped onto the pad under the shower head. She turned her back on the men and started to soap up the washcloth, but she quickly realized that she must face them while she was washing herself. The dirtiest spots were on her knees, and she had to bend over to scrub them. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that the three guys moved over a few feet on the table benches so that they had a side view of her hanging breasts as she continued to scrub away at the grime on her kneecaps. Finally, they were clean, but she blushed as she cleaned her pussy and asshole.

She turned off the shower, grabbed the towel, and standing only a couple of feet from the 3 guys, dried herself off being careful not to cover herself too much in the process. She thought, "How humiliating!"

When she was dry, she walked over to Thorson and said, "Okay, let's go."

With a smirk, he said, "Do you need to use the toilet?"

Actually, she did and she thought about asking to use the uni-sex bathroom down the hall again, but she decided that she could get by til after the meeting with Knoxx. She just said, "No", and she walked out the door.

The two of them hurried down the sidewalk back to the physical plant, Thorson on his scooter, Amy at a fast walk next to him. After they got back, he said, "Amy, your hair is still pretty wet. Here's a hair dryer, and there's a mirror over by the lockers. You've got a couple of minutes before you have to leave. Go ahead and spend that time drying and combing your hair."

She knew this was a good idea, but she looked over at the locker area and saw several guys there getting dressed including a couple wearing just jockey shorts. But there wasn't any other mirror in the room, and so the naked girl grabbed the hair dryer and a comb and walked over. The guys stopped talking and moved away from the mirror. She just smiled at them as she silently dried and combed her hair for a minute or so. She could feel their stares at her boobs as she reached behind her head to take off the ponytail band and to dry and comb out her hair.

Russ came in the door, walked over to her, and said, "Honey, come on. We need to leave. Hurry up."

Her hair wasn't completely dry, but it was a whole lot better than it was and she thought it was good enough for her naked meeting with Knoxx. So, she turned off the hair dryer and gave it back to Thorson. Then she walked over to the peg, retrieved her off-white panties, and slid them on. As she grabbed her backpack and started walking out the door, she heard the guys yell in unison, "Bye-bye, Underpants Amy."

She was relieved to see a full-sized VW van with big bucket seats. She hopped in the passenger side as Russ started it up. There was no traffic on this Saturday afternoon, and they pulled up in front of the administration building just before 5 o'clock. She reached over, shook Russ's hand, and said, "Russ, it was nice to meet you. Thanks."

He replied, "Yes, it was nice to meet you too, honey, ummm, I mean, Amy. Even under these awkward circumstances. Hope you have a wonderful life after you graduate."

She smiled broadly at the nice man as she closed the van door. She waved again as she ran up the steps into Kameron Hall.

The building was empty, but fortunately, the doors were unlocked this time. The elevator zipped her up to the seventh floor, and she was not surprised to see Knoxx and Laird waiting for her in the reception room. She showed her rear end to Knoxx so he could see the red mark on her panties, slid them off, and hung them on the penis hook.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, please come in."

And Amy planted her naked self in her assigned spot in front of Knoxx's big desk. Knoxx began, "Good. Now, I've only got a few things to discuss today. But why don't you tell us how you think cheerleading went last night and what you did for Edgar Thorson today. Our committee watched your cheerleading practice last night, but we want to hear about it from your point of view."

Amy didn't quite know what to say, because she couldn't tell the truth that she didn't enjoy performing in the nude like that. So, she just described the moves using the names that Mindy had told her. She was surprised when Knoxx seemed to accept this.

Knoxx said, "Okay. What about your ground crew work today? Your hair looks rather disheveled. Remember your agreement with us that you would present an acceptable appearance, and I must say that you don't look as good as you usually do. Is that because of your work today?"

Amy thought to herself, "Well, asshole, what else could it be?" But aloud she just said, "Yes, that's right. I guess I did some very physical hard work today."

Knoxx went on, "Okay, that's an explanation, but we're still concerned about your appearance. Anyway, Tyson and I saw you in the fountain this afternoon. How much money was in there? What else did you do today?"

She replied, "Well, actually, I don't know how much money there was. I just swept it up, and Mr. Thorson said he'd count it and give it to charity." And then she described the work that she and Russ had done on the sprinklers, and then the many rugs she had washed. She left out the part about her crying.

Knoxx then said, "So, that's all good. Now, Tyson and I have reviewed the draft version of the diary and the sample panty one-sheet that you gave us yesterday. They both look good. For the one-sheets, you might want to leave room for a photo. As we mentioned, you'll have your photo taken with each panty auction winner, and they might want to attach the photo to the document. In fact, maybe you could figure out a way to insert the photo into the document electronically and print it the page there at the auction on Saturday night. Sound reasonable?"

Amy just nodded her head and said, "Yes, sounds like a good idea." But she had no idea how to accomplish that. She'd ask Linda, the computer whiz; hopefully, she'd know how.

Knoxx said, "That's about all I've got. Tyson, anything else?" Laird just shook his head, and Knoxx went on, "Good. Now let's give you some panties to wear on your date tonight."

She gave him a stunned look and she thought, "How in the hell does he know about my date? Did he talk with Thorson after my sobbing breakdown this afternoon?"

By the look on her face, he could tell what she was thinking, and he said, "You're probably wondering how I know about your date with Dwight Henderson tonight? Well, word does get around. One of our observers in the dorm heard about it and mentioned it to me."

Amy wondered who the observer was. She knew Linda wouldn't volunteer such private information to Knoxx unless he explicitly asked. She thought, "Oh, I know. It was probably that bitch, Kelly Stubbins, who probably heard the gossip in the hallways." As she stood there, she felt her eyes starting to tear up, because even her very private life was known to these creepy men.

He opened the drawer and pulled out a pair of blue panties. He tossed them to her, and she slid them on. She was glad that she had something besides just plain white tonight. Thank heavens for even this smallest of favors.

As she turned to leave, he said, "Good night, Miss Suzuki. I hope you enjoy the Marilyn Monroe movie tonight."

She hurried quickly out the door before they could see her crying. "So, they even know what Dwight and I are going to do on our date tonight. Oh my, I want my privacy back!"

She made a quick pit stop in the bathroom to empty her bladder and to regain her composure. She was happy to see that the two men weren't waiting for the elevator, and she took the elevator down and left the building. There was no one else on the sidewalk, and she said aloud, "And now something fun for a change!"

**Chapter 44 - Amy and Dwight on Saturday Night**

As Amy got back to the dorm, she glanced at the clock in the lobby. 5:45 PM. And Dwight would be picking her up at 6:30 PM. Not much time to get ready. She scurried up the stairs to the fourth floor, and she saw her four friends talking in the hall - Linda, Maddie, Rekha, and Sharon. And when the four girls noticed Amy, they hurried to meet her. Linda said, "Hey, Sooz, we were just talking about you. How are you doing? How did it go today?" Maddie asked, "I heard you were in the fountain. What was that about?" Amy held up her hand and said, "Hey, guys, I'm sorry I can't talk now; I've got to get ready for my date. And I've got a lot to do in only 45 minutes."

Her friends looked disappointed, but then Linda smiled and said, "Let us help you get ready. Tell us what we can do."

Amy paused for a moment and then said, "Well, the first thing I need to do is to take a proper shower, and I can do that by myself. But then how about some help with my hair?"

Rekha said, "Yeah, we can do that. Maybe some nail polish and makeup, too?"

Amy said as she unlocked the door, "You guys are great. Give me a few minutes in the shower, and I'll meet you back here in the room."

Amy grabbed her shower stuff and scooted down the hall to the bathroom. She slid off her panties and hopped in the shower. After she used her nicely scented shampoo and body lotion, she felt so much better than after that shower in front of the guys at Kellensworth. She dried herself quickly, slid her blue panties back on, and scooted back to the room.

Linda said, "Okay, roommate, here's what we're going to do. We're going to pamper you for the next half hour. No arguing. I'm going to work the conditioner into your hair and then blow dry it. Sharon is going to do your nails - fingers and toes. And Rekha is doing your face. And Maddie is going to supervise. Your underarms and legs look good; so we don't need to touch them up." Amy started to say something, but Linda continued with a big smile, "Sooz, shut up. I said no arguing."

So, Amy smiled also, shut her mouth, and stood in the middle of the room. For the next few minutes, she just luxuriated in the feel of being pampered by her good friends.

Rekha was kneeling in front of her working on Amy's toenails, and then she said sheepishly, "Amy, you are kind of leaking down here. Your panties are getting a bit wet. Maybe you should take them off and let us blow dry them, since we know you can't put on a clean pair? Here, should I just slide them off?"

Amy blushed and said, "Thanks, Rake, go ahead."

Rekha slid the blue panties down Amy's long legs and tossed them to Linda, who said, "Amy, I'll use the hair dryer on these for a moment, and then I'll get back to your hair." Rekha handed Amy several tissues, and Amy blushed some more as she wiped between her legs.

And now Amy was standing completely naked surrounded by her four friends. She was surprised how embarrassed she felt even though they were all females and they'd seen her naked many times. But she just closed her eyes, said nothing, and let the friends do their work on her.

A few minutes later, Sharon said, "I think I've finished your face. Do you want some rouge or something on these?" And she lightly tweaked Amy's left nipple. "Or down here?" And she pointed to Amy's pussy.

Amy shook her head and said, "No, that would be a bit too provocative for the first date." But then she laughed and said, "As if wearing only panties on the first date isn't provocative." And they all laughed together.

Then Linda said, "And I think your hair is done. No ponytail for you tonight! How are the nails coming, Rekha?"

"I'm almost done with the last finger. Just a second. There! Done!"

They stepped back and let Amy walk over to the full length mirror by the door. She looked at her nude body and smiled. Then she said, "I think I look wonderful. Lindy, toss me my panties." She caught the blue panties, slid them on, and looked herself over again. She nodded and smiled. Then, she said, "Do you think my pearl necklace would look good with this outfit?" They all laughed again, and Linda said, "Yes, Amy, pearls would look great."

Amy got out her string of pearls, which her mother had given her for high school graduation. Maddie looped the necklace around Amy's neck and hooked the clasp in back.

Amy looked at herself in the mirror and then turned to face her friends. Her eyes watered a bit as she said, "You are wonderful friends. Thank you so much." And she hugged each of them.

Linda said to Sharon, Maddie, and Rekha, "Girls, we need to get down to the dining hall before it closes, and Amy probably wants these last few minutes alone. So, Amy, you have a great time with Dwight tonight." And the four girls left.

Amy sat down on her bed and thought for a moment. And then she loaded up the ankle pouch with her keys, some money, and some other things. She strapped it to her right ankle and waited.

But it wasn't more than a minute later that her cell phone rang, and she smiled when she saw Dwight's name and number on the display. "Hello?"

"Hi, Amy. It's me - your date for the evening. Are you ready? I'm out front.", Dwight said.

"Sure am. I'll be right down." She closed up her phone and took a deep breath. She said aloud to herself, "Okay, lady, it's time for some fun." And she walked out the door and trotted down the stairs, because she didn't want to wait for the elevator.

The girl wearing blue bikini panties, a pearl necklace, a big smile, and nothing else walked over to the handsome guy standing on the curb. She gave him a peck on the cheek and simply said, "Hi". He looked at her pretty face and then took a step back and looked her up and down very quickly before taking her hand and squeezing it. He said, "You look marvelous, Amy." She was almost skipping as he led her over to the red Taurus.

At the Student Union cafeteria, she got lots of stares from the dinner crowd, but she was oblivious to them. She and Dwight were engrossed in their own little world chattering away about everything except her near nudity. And there were many more stares as they waited in line to buy tickets at the little theater down the hallway from the cafeteria, and again Amy didn't care.

They laughed all the way through "Some Like it Hot" munching on popcorn. He put his arm around her bare back, and she leaned her head on his shoulder. Afterwards they had coffee at the Starbuck's in the basement of the Student Union.

As they were talking about the movie, Dwight suddenly stopped talking, reached into his pocket, and brought out a wad of money. He plopped it on the table and said, "I just remembered. This is your change from my trip into Victoria's Secret a few days ago." She picked it up and quickly counted the $45. He went on, "The 15 pairs of panties cost $155 including tax, and you gave me $200. Remember?"

She smiled at him and said, "Yeah, thanks. I had completely forgotten about that. What made you think of that now?"

He blushed and said, "Well, we were just talking about that hilarious scene in the sleeping car on the train. Those girls were wearing such funny looking underwear; I guess they were called bloomers. And that reminded me about the panties and hence the money."

Her eyes twinkled and she said, "Uhhh, and the panties sitting next to you all night didn't trigger any reminders?"

He blushed again and admitted, "Umm, for some reason, no. Now that I think about it, it doesn't make much sense, does it? But at least money-wise, we're square now."

They both laughed, and they went back to discussing the movie.

About 11:30, he said, "Ummmm, uhh, do you want to go to my apartment and listen to music?"

She smiled broadly and whispered, "I thought you were never going to ask. Let's go." And she leaped to her feet, and the nearby coffee drinkers admired her boobs as they bounced wildly. If she hadn't been moving so fast, they would also have seen the growing wet spot in the crotch of her panties. She grabbed his hand and pulled him up.

The car seemed to want to exceed the speed limit on the short drive to Dwight's place, but they arrived without getting a ticket. In the apartment, he led her down the hall to his room, and they shut the door behind them and kissed passionately.

After a minute or so, Amy playfully pushed him away and with a twinkle in her eye, she said, "You know, all the other guys look at my boobies and my panties, but you only look at my face. Why?"

He blushed and said, "Well, umm, I guess it's because I respect you so much." He smiled and added, "Is that the right answer?"

She replied, "Yep, that's the right answer - most of the time. But right now I want you to look at my whole package." And she took a couple of steps back so he could see all of her, and he looked her up and down several times. Then, breathing heavily, she continued, "Okay, that's better. But you didn't see my whole package, did you? I want you to slide off my panties." She quickly bent over and removed the velcro ankle pouch and tossed it on the table. Then, more carefully, she took off the string of pearls and laid them on the table. And she turned to face him with her hands slightly out from her sides. With her eyes twinkling, she said, "And that's an order, sir."

"Yes, ma'am." And he knelt down in front of her, put a hand on each side of her panties, and slowly peeled them down her long pretty legs. He left them in a little damp pile on the floor as he kissed her thin strip of pubic hair. He looked up at her face which was perfectly framed by her erect breasts and said, "Okay, now it's your turn. You haven't seen my package at all; it's been wrapped up all this time. And now you need to unwrap it. And that's an order, madam."

She giggled, pulled him to his feet, and said, "Oh, goodie!" And she slowly pulled off his shirt, shoes, socks, trousers, and undershirt leaving him with only his white jockey shorts. She rubbed his erection through the fabric, and then she did the same thing he had done moments earlier. She knelt in front of him, put a hand on each side of his briefs, and slowly peeled them down his legs. She kissed the tip of his erect penis, and whispered, "Get a condom, and hurry."

Without moving his feet, he reached to the drawer of his bedside table and pulled out a Trojans condom. She grabbed it from him, ripped open the little package with her teeth, and slid it onto his hard cock. They tumbled onto his bed, and moments later Amy moaned loudly as he entered her. And only a few moments after that she shuddered and moaned even louder as she came wildly.

Afterwards, she snuggled in his arms as he held her and stroked her long dark hair. She enjoyed the snuggling almost as much as the sex. They lay there quietly for several minutes, and then she whispered, "I'd like for you to try something on me. Could you massage my breast using your hand in kind of a suction motion and slightly twisting the nipple? Just one breast. Your choice." She smiled at him.

He gave her a quizzical look, but he followed her instructions on her right breast. And she was able to replicate the same warm pleasant feeling that she had experienced with that strange machine at Wytham. After a few minutes, she whispered, "Get another condom."

Dwight replied sheepishly, "Amy, I'm sorry but that was the only one I had. Maybe I can find one down the hall in Mark's room?" He started to get up from the bed, but she pulled him back and said, "Here", and she opened her ankle pouch and brought out 4 condom packets.

He almost burst out laughing. "You really came prepared, didn't you?" She smiled at him and nodded. Then she tore open the package and slid the condom onto his erect cock. And they made love again.

A while later as they lay together, he said, "Ummm, can you stay tonight?" She climbed up and straddled his chest, and then she bent over kissed him hard and said "I most certainly will stay tonight." And they fell into another long embrace. Later she used his cell phone to call Linda; when there was no answer, she left a voice message saying that she'd be gone all night.

A couple of hours and a couple of condoms later, he said, "I think we need to get some sleep. I'm going to turn off the light. Go ahead and get under the covers."

He started to get up, but in a serious tone she said, "Wait, please, Dwight. There's something I need to say." He sat up on the bed, stroked her left breast, and said, "Okay, Amy. Go ahead. What's wrong?"

She smiled at him and said, "Actually, nothing is wrong. I feel wonderful right now. But I can't get under the covers. I'll sleep on top uncovered, but you go ahead and get under if you want."

"Huh? Why no covers?"

And she explained about Knoxx's no-covering-up rule, and how he had asked Linda if Amy slept under covers. She went on, "And Dwight, I think there's a very good chance that Dr. Knoxx is going to ask you about tonight. Specifically, I think he'll ask you if I covered my breasts or hid my pussy in any way tonight. And I want you to promise to tell him the absolute truth. Don't feel that you have to lie for me, because if he finds out that you lied, then he'll punish you somehow."

They continued to talk about this for a few minutes, and Dwight eventually agreed. And then they threw all of the top covers on the floor and snuggled their naked bodies uncovered on the sheet covered bed.

**May 13, Sunday**

**Chapter 45 - Tale of Two Sundays - The Good Sunday**

Amy awoke with a start, and it took her a moment to remember where she was. And then she smiled as she saw Dwight's eyes looking down at her. He was stroking and playing with her long hair. And she felt wonderful.

She looked over at the clock and it showed 10:10. As she sat up on the bed, he reached over, lifted her right breast, and kissed the nipple. She returned the favor by kissing his left nipple, and they smiled at each other. She said, "You know, I need to pee. Which way's the bathroom?"

"Down the hall to the left", he replied.

"Is there anyone else here? Is it okay for me to go naked out there?"

He shrugged and said, "I don't know. I didn't hear Mark or Kevin come in, but I was distracted with other things last night." She giggled at this remark. He went on, "But don't worry. We're kind of used to seeing naked ladies around here on weekends. Take a shower if you want; there are clean towels and washcloths in the linen closet."

She tentatively opened the door and looked both ways in the hallway. She kind of scooted the few feet down the hall to the bathroom and quickly closed the door. She stood in front of the mirror looking at her big smile and her twinkling eyes, and then she silently shook her arms above her head as if she had pom poms, and she watched her own pretty breasts jiggle. Momentarily, she thought about her upcoming naked appearance as a cheerleader shaking real pom poms, but she quickly put it out of her mind. She hadn't felt this good in a long, long time.

Then she thought about Linda's "penis peeks" vs "pussy peeks" equation. She smiled when she realized that on Saturday the equation was a very unbalanced 200 to 1, but for her today, it was perfectly balanced. It was a wonderful 1 to 1! And those two peeks, one on each side, had been so much fun. Then she substituted a word and turned the two phrases into "penis pokes" and "pussy pokes". And she shook her make-believe pom poms again as she thought about the pleasant pokes her pussy had received last night!

She thought about taking a shower, but she remembered that there was still one condom left, and she didn't want to waste it. So, she used the toilet, and then scooted naked back down the hall to Dwight's room. He was kind of snoozing on the bed, but she could tell he was awake, and she hopped on top of him.

She said, "Remember that breast massage last night?" He chuckled and nodded his head. She lifted her left breast and went on, "Well, this one feels left out. It is saying 'Please, pretty please'. And so am I."

And a half hour later, they lay cuddling on the bed with the last condom sitting in the trash can after having done its duty.

Dwight looked at the clock and said, "It's almost 11, and I'm hungry."

She replied, "Me, too. But I want to take a quick shower. I don't want to go out to eat. Do you have anything here? Maybe you can put on your chef's hat and nothing else and whip up something in the kitchen?"

He laughed, "Well, I don't own a chef's hat, and I'm not very handy in the kitchen. I'll get dressed and see what we've got, and you take a shower. Okay?"

The naked girl smiled at him, and smirked, "Well, okay. But I was hoping to see a real 'Naked Chef' rather than just the one on TV." She scooted back down the hallway to the bathroom and took a quick shower.

Just at the moment that she opened the bathroom door, the next bedroom door opened, and naked Amy was surprised to see Linda come out wearing a long T-shirt. The two friends looked at each other for just a moment, and then they hugged. Linda said, "I got your message, and I wondered if you were here. I thought I heard some noises down the hall, but Mark and I were in our own little world back here. We just woke up. How was your date? Or is that a stupid question?"

Amy wasn't extremely surprised to see Linda here, because she knew that Linda often spent a weekend night with Mark. Amy whispered, "Yep, Lindy, that's a very dumb question. This was one of the best nights of my entire life. Dwight is wonderful." She raised her voice to a normal level and said, "He's in the kitchen looking for something for us to eat. Why don't you and Mark join us?"

"Good idea. I'll get cleaned up and then drag his tired ass out to the table", she said with a grin.

Amy was still naked as she walked out to the kitchen where Dwight was fumbling around in the cupboards. She was disappointed to see that he was now dressed, but she came up from behind and hugged him and said, "Linda and Mark are going to join us. Do you have enough food for four? What about Kevin? Is he around?"

Dwight turned around and faced her and said, "Well, Kevin's room is empty; so, I don't know where he is. And yeah 'Dwight's Diner' can handle four for today's luncheon. Do you have a reservation?"

She giggled, "Nope, no reservation. But I know the owner."

He replied, "Well, okay, we can squeeze you in." And he lightly squeezed her left breast before continuing, "But we have a dress code, you know." They both burst out laughing.

He went on, "Actually, all I can come up with is a few boxes of breakfast cereal. And some coffee and let's see, here's some apple juice. How's that?"

She kissed him and said, "Wonderful. Let me go get dressed. I'll be back in a jiffy." She dashed to his bedroom, grabbed her panties from the floor, and slid them on. She dashed back, and said, "Well, was that jiffy enough for you? And I now meet your strict dress code." They both giggled.

A moment later, Linda and Mark walked into the kitchen, and Amy shook hands with Mark, who she had known for the last year while he had been going out with Linda. Mark looked her over briefly, but he quickly lifted his eyes. As they all gathered around the spartan table, Amy noticed that Linda's T-shirt rode up revealing her bare butt as she sat down. She was momentarily jealous when she realized that one of the naked ladies that Dwight had seen around this apartment had been Linda. But she quickly dismissed the thought as they started pouring cereal into their bowls.

As she was taking her first bites of cereal, Amy looked at the clock. 11:30 and she needed to be at the baseball diamond at 12:30. She looked at Dwight and said, "Umm, Dwight, could you give me a ride over to Marshall Ballpark after we eat?"

He gave her a puzzled look and asked, "Sure. But why?"

And she spent a couple of minutes explaining the naked cheerleading that she would be doing in the afternoon as part of her community service.

Dwight gave her a stunned look, and said, "You're going to be jumping around naked in front of all those people?" She just nodded. He continued, "That sounds like rather extreme punishment."

She shrugged and said, "Yeah, I think so, too. But I don't really have a choice and I've been naked or close to it a lot these last several days like the time I was ushering at the concert. I'm sure not used to having so many people look at my nude body, but I need to follow the punishment rules. Now, can we talk about something else? Isn't the spring time weather wonderful?"

And they all awkwardly agreed, and the conversation shifted away from her nakedness to other topics like upcoming final exams.

After they finished eating, Amy retrieved her ankle pouch, said goodbye to Linda and Mark, and she and Dwight walked silently down to the car.

As she buckled her seat belt, Amy said, "Do you remember what you said at Starbuck's last night?" He shook his head. "Well, you asked if I wanted to come back here and listen to music. And, sir, I didn't hear a single note of music all night. What do you have to say for yourself?"

His eyes twinkled as he said, "Well, Amy, I think we made our own special music last night." She laughed as he started up the car.

At the ball field, she leaned over and kissed him, and she felt his hand lightly squeeze her bare right boob. She didn't flinch or object. She hopped out and then waved as he drove away. Then, she reached up to her neck and realized that she didn't have her pearl necklace, but she smiled and thought, "No big deal. I left it on his bedside table, and I'm sure that I'll be back in that room again soon."

**Chapter 46 - Tale of Two Sundays - The Bad Sunday**

The fans were just starting to arrive for the baseball game, and they stopped in their tracks when the nearly naked girl got out of the car. Amy had been here for a few games, but always as a ticket holder; she had no idea where the cheerleaders were supposed to enter. There was a single security guy standing nearby talking with an older couple, and Amy hesitantly approached the three people. She was pretty sure the campus security guy would be one of Knoxx's spies, and so she made sure to keep her hands down at her sides as she walked up to them.

The officer saw her and stopped talking with the couple, who turned to follow his gaze at pretty girl with the bare breasts who was walking towards them. The elderly lady stepped back and turned her head away and said, "Well, I never . . ." But her husband just stared at Amy. The lady continued, "Come on, Harry, we're leaving. I don't care how much you like baseball." And she tugged her husband by the arm, and he continued to stare as she dragged him away.

The security guy said, "Well, Underpants Amy, you just cost us two admissions. Are you proud of yourself?"

No, Amy was not proud of her near nakedness and she stammered, "Oh, uhhh, I'm sorry, umm, officer. I'm, umm, you know, umm, part of the cheer-- uhh --leading team today. Ahh, where can I, uhh, go in?"

Without saying anything, he grabbed her elbow and started leading her away, and she thought he was going to arrest her. She started to say something, but he said, "Shut up. I'm taking you to the staff entrance."

The staff entrance was down the left field line, and the security guys at the entrance gate smiled as they approached. The first officer said, "This one says she's a cheerleader. Know anything about that?" One of the guys at the gate said, "Well, I heard something about a naked cheerleader today. But I don't think this could be her, because she's wearing blue panties. Well, sweetie, I'll believe you if you take off your panties, and then I'll let you in if you agree to keep them off. In fact, maybe I ought to hold onto them for you until after the game?"

Amy was stunned, but she felt that she was stuck. With the three officers watching, she slid her panties off and meekly handed them to one of the guards. The three men broke out laughing, and one of the gate guards said, "Just kidding, Amy. We know who you are, and why you're here. Our boss, Mr. Greggson, told us to give you a hard time before we let you in. Here's your underwear back, but he was serious about you remaining nude inside the ballpark. So, sorry, you can't put your panties back on. I guess you'll have to carry them in your hands; he didn't give us detailed instructions about how you should carry them if you can't wear them."

Amy sort of smiled at them and stepped inside through the turnstiles. She looked across the field and saw the J-Team cheerleaders assembled down the first base line just beyond the dugout. She turned back to the guard and asked, "Should I walk across the field or go through under the stands?" He just shrugged and said, "I guess you could go across the field, but the other cheerleaders went through here down past the concession stands. Your choice."

This was a choice between two evils, and she had to pick the lesser of the two; she could either walk across the field in full view of the growing audience in the stands and next to the ballplayers taking batting practice, or she could squeeze her way through the crowds in the narrow concourse area with the concession stands. She chose the latter.

She took in a deep breath and started out in the aisle under the temporary bleachers along the left field line. There were only a few people here, and she just smiled as she brushed by them. But when she got to the permanent stands, the aisle narrowed to a cramped, dark hallway where the restrooms were located. There was the usual line of women outside the ladies' room, where she knew from experience that there were only three stalls for all the women to use. Mostly she just got incredulous stares from the ladies, but as she approached the men's room entrance, a bunch of men walked out at once and blocked the narrow hallway. She said, "Excuse me, I need to get through", and some of the men moved back to let her though and to get a look at the pretty naked girl. But several of the guys stood their ground in the middle of the hallway and continued to block her way. And a few more circled around and blocked the hallway from the way she had come.

The nude beauty was now surrounded by leering guys, and she could smell alcohol on some of them. The game hadn't started yet, and these guys were already drunk! She looked both ways and then pleaded with them, "Please let me through. I'm one of the cheerleaders, and my team is expecting me."

One of the drunk guys was wearing what looked like biker clothes, mostly black leather, and he said, "Is that so? Well, you look like a slut to me. Where's your cheerleader outfit? Not that I'm complaining. I like looking at your cunt. Look at that neatly trimmed little strip of hair just above your cunt lips. And, guys, how about these boobs?" And before Amy could stop him, he reached out and fondled her left nipple.

She started to cry, but just then one of the two gate guards appeared and said, "What's going on here?" He glared at the biker guy and said, "Are you hassling this woman?"

The biker said, "Oh no, officer, I was just looking at her naked body."

The guard said, "Well, that's not the way I saw it. Come on, you're out of here." He grabbed the biker and yelled at the other men, "Move back and let her through." And he hustled the biker down the hall and out the gate. Amy followed him until she was clear of the crowd of men. A few of the men patted her butt as she passed by.

The hallway widened behind home plate, but there was a crowd of people there at the concession stands. This was a more genteel crowd waiting to buy hot dogs and cokes, but she felt her butt squeezed a couple of more times as she pushed her way through.

The hallway narrowed again down the first base line, but thankfully there were only a couple of people here at the condiment stands loading up their hot dogs with relish and mustard. The naked girl just smiled at their gawking faces as she scooted by.

She was relieved to get back into the daylight as she exited from under the permanent stands. She made a left turn into the pathway that led to the field. There were several of the Bancroft baseball players standing there waiting their turns for batting practice. They turned and smiled when they saw the pretty nude coming towards them. She smiled back and several of them said, "Hi, Amy." Finally, she made it to the gate entering the field, and the security guard just smiled at her and opened the gate to let her out onto the field.

She breathed a big sigh of relief as she ran the few steps towards the dugout where the cheerleaders were assembled. Mindy came over, and seeing the distressed look on Amy's face, she squeezed Amy's hands and said, "Hi, Amy. Come over here and sit down for a minute." And to the rest of the team, she said, "Hey, guys. Let's sit down on the grass for and talk for a minute."

Amy let Mindy guide her to a spot near the stands but still on the grass, and she sat down with all of the other cheerleaders. As on Friday night, they sat with legs crossed Indian style in a circle thus exposing Amy's open pussy to John's view. Mindy said, "Okay, let's talk about our routines and when we're going to do them for a few minutes. And Amy, after we're done here, Dr. Knoxx over there wants to talk with you. But for now, just listen to what we're going to do."

Mindy spent a few minutes outlining what stunts they were going to do between innings and what cheers to do when Bancroft scored. The other team members chimed in with questions and suggestions until it was all clear to the team.

Mindy stood up and reached out her hand to help Amy to her feet. She led Amy a few feet away and said, "Amy, as I said, Dr. Knoxx wants to talk with you, but first he gave me a few instructions about your, ummm, attire today. He wants you to wear this dark green Bancroft baseball cap and feed your ponytail hair through this opening in back. And, ummm, how do I say this, he wants you to use your panties to tie your hair for the ponytail."

Amy thought, "And so this is how he wants me to carry my panties this afternoon. How embarrassing!" But she just silently nodded.

Mindy said, "Do you want me to help you with your hair and the cap?" Amy just nodded again and handed her panties to Mindy, who pulled her hair back into a ponytail and then wrapped her light blue panties around the hair and tied them in kind of a bow. Then, she put the baseball cap on Amy's head, opened the adjustable strap in back, fed the ponytail into the opening, and then closed the strap and adjusted it to the right position. She stood back and looked at the naked girl wearing only the ball cap and the panty hair band. She smiled at Amy and gave her a quick salute; Amy smiled and saluted back to her.

Mindy said, "Okay, go talk with Dr. Knoxx, and then come back here and we'll do our first routine."

Amy turned to go and looked down at her naked body which would be on display all afternoon. She realized that she was still wearing the ankle pouch. She turned back to Mindy and said, "Hey, Mindy, could you please hang onto this for me?" She took off the ankle pouch and handed it to Mindy, who said, "Sure, Amy. I'll put it in my book bag."

The nude girl turned again and scanned the stands to see where Knoxx was sitting. She spotted him and the other committee members sitting about halfway up behind the first base dugout. She walked over to the stands, climbed over the low fence, and walked up the aisle to where the men were seated.

The several rows in front of the 5 men were empty, and Amy sat down in a seat in the row in front of Knoxx and turned sideways to sort of face them. But Knoxx said, "Hello, Miss Suzuki. Glad you could make it today." As if she had any choice in the matter. "Why don't you just stand and face us rather than twisting yourself sideways in the chair like that?" She sighed, and stood as he instructed.

He said, "Good. You look good in that baseball cap and ponytail. Turn around for us." She did as instructed, and she could feel their eyes looking at her bare ass. Knoxx went on, "I like how Miss Rafferty found a good use for your panties. Okay, turn back and face us." And she did, making sure that her hands didn't accidentally cover her boobs or pussy.

"Now, I talked with Mr. Thorson this morning, and he told me there were some issues yesterday. He said you didn't complete your assigned tasks; I think he said there were some carpets that did not get washed. And he said you had an emotional breakdown as well. We're happy to see that you've recovered from whatever was bothering you enough to start crying like that. But we are concerned about you not washing all of the required rugs. We've heard what Edgar had to say about this, but we want to hear your side of this as well before we decide how to handle the situation."

Amy looked down at her bare breasts for a moment to gather her thoughts. She said, "Well, it took me longer than he expected that it would to wash each rug. I was doing it almost all by myself. I tried to speed up after the first few took so long, but it was still going to take too long to do a good job. And I needed to be at your office for the 5 o'clock meeting. So, he said he would have some other workers do the last batch of rugs."

Knoxx seemed to be looking at her pussy and said, "Well, okay, that pretty much jibes with what Mr. Thorson told us. But we feel that you should do some extra work this afternoon to make up for those carpets that you didn't wash. So, when you're not doing cheers with the cheerleaders, we want you to help with the ground crew. Specifically, they drag the infield after the 3rd and 6th innings, and you will help with that. Also, our baseball team would like an additional batboy for the game. Actually, I guess you'd be called a 'batgirl' instead. At any rate, you'll do normal batgirl duties during the game. So, you're going to be kind of busy this afternoon. Your first priority is cheerleading, but there will be plenty of time for the other work as well. Understand?"

Amy sheepishly said, "Yes, I understand."

Knoxx smiled and said, "Good. And one more thing. After the game, let's go straight back to my office for our usual afternoon meeting. It's a nice day, and you can walk back with Tyson and me. Okay?"

Amy was still looking down at her tits, and she quietly said, "Yes, sir."

Knoxx said, "Good. I guess we're all set. Now, go help our team win this ball game."

The naked girl trudged back down to the field and walked over to Mindy. She said, "Mindy, he wants me to do some other things as well as cheerleading."

Mindy said, "Yeah, I was afraid of that. So, are you going to be in the dugout?" Amy nodded. Mindy went on, "Well, I'll yell at you or signal you somehow that we're ready to do a cheer. We'll be doing cheers between innings, but also when we score or make a good play of some sort. So, watch for those times."

Amy said, "He wants me to help drag the infield after the 3rd and 6th innings. So, I guess I should do that instead of cheerleading then?"

Mindy thought for a moment before saying, "Actually, let's just plan to skip cheering at those times. Thanks for reminding me; I'd forgotten about the ground crew being on the field at those times. Okay, why don't we do a shoulder lift now before you go to the dugout?"

Amy blushed, but she followed Mindy over and the team got into formation. Amy put her foot on John's bent leg and then swung her other leg up and over his shoulder without any trouble at all. John had a fairly long hairstyle, and the hairs on his neck tickled her open pussy. But she caught the pom poms from Mindy and twirled them above her head. And she shook her pretty breasts while the others went through their cheer. And the fans in the stands loved it; they gave the J-team a standing ovation.

As they finished, she climbed down and shook her pom poms as she walked over to the dugout. The players stopped talking and stared at the nude girl as she waited for Coach Walker to finish talking with the pitcher and catcher. When he turned, she said, "Coach Walker, I'm Amy Suzuki, and I'm supposed to be a batboy today."

The coach smiled as he looked over the pretty girl's body, and as he stuck out his hand, he said, "Hi, Amy, nice to meet you. Yes, Chancellor Knoxx told me that you'd be here. Have you ever been a batboy, umm, I mean a batgirl before?"

Amy shook his hand and said, "No, sir, but I'm a big baseball fan. I've been to lots of games, and I know what batboys are supposed to do."

Walker said, "Hey, that's great. So, let me introduce you to our usual guy who happens to be my son, Jacob. Hey, Jake, come over here."

The kid came over with his eyes wide. He looked to be of high school age, maybe 15 or 16. His father said, "Jake, this pretty lady is Amy Suzuki, and she's going to help you today." Amy shook hands with the kid. The coach went on, "Amy, I understand that you'll be doing cheers and maybe some ground crew work also during the game. So, Jake, you and Amy coordinate. But why don't you start by showing her where things are and telling her what the usual routine is? The game starts in a few minutes; so, be quick. Oh, and son, looking but no touching. Right?"

The kid smiled and nodded at his father. He said, "Come on, Amy, I'll show you where the bat rack and batting helmets are kept." The two of them walked to the end of the dugout, and he pointed out the various things that they would need to worry about. Then, Jacob introduced her to the players; she knew several of them from her classes, but she felt uneasy as they all stared at her naked body. Finally, he led her over to a spot at the edge of the dugout and said, "This is where we'll kneel when there's nothing to do." And he showed her the stance with one knee on the ground, the other leg bent out front, and a hand propping up a bat. She practiced this, and the young boy gazed a bit too long at her open pussy lips.

Then just before the game started, Mindy yelled at Amy to come over. And they did a quick cheer and then stood while the national anthem was played. Amy took off her cap, and she was really embarrassed, because it seemed disrespectful to be naked with her right hand above her bare left breast as the Star Spangled Banner was played over the speaker system. She had been very careful to not cover her breast with her hand or her cap, because she was sure Knoxx was watching for violations even during the national anthem. After the song ended, Amy returned to the dugout.

The home team took the field, and there wasn't much for the batgirl to do while the other team batted. So, she just stayed there in her kneeling stance with her pussy and boobs in full view - mostly to the other team as they came to bat. It was a tiny consolation to her that her nakedness might distract the other team, Wilkinson College, and maybe give Bancroft a little bit of an advantage.

The top of the first inning went by quickly, and the only time she got out of her kneeling stance was to retrieve a foul ball. She thought she should return it to the umpire, but he smiled and waved her away. She just dropped the ball in the bucket of used baseballs.

After the inning, she scooted over to join the other cheerleaders. Mindy had the two guys get in position for Amy to stand on their bent legs. Amy hopped up, and the four girl spotters used their hands to keep her from falling. Amy thought she felt a light squeeze on her butt from one of the spotters. But she just spread her legs wide and shook her pom poms above her head. Her pussy was wide open and her boobs were bouncing enticingly. Another big round of applause.

Amy returned to the dugout, and with the home team batting, there was more for her to do. She tossed the pine tar rag to the on-deck batter; she retrieved the bat after the batter tossed it away; she retrieved the weighted ring that the batter used while warming up; etc. She didn't like the metal bats that the colleges used; she preferred the wooden bats that the pros used. But at least the metal bats didn't break, and so she didn't have to worry about replacement bats during a plate appearance. But she did have to make one trip out to first base to take the shin guard from the batter who had got a base hit. She didn't like doing all of this in the nude, but she was actually enjoying being so close to the action.

When Bancroft scored a run in the first inning, Mindy signaled for Amy, and she joined them in cheering, jumping, and twirling to celebrate the first run of the game. After the inning, Amy joined the J-Team down the third base line in front of the visitor's dugout. They set up for the pyramid formation. Amy climbed up on top, and she started in a kneeling position with her boobs hanging down invitingly; she flipped her head so that her ponytail was lying on her back rather than at her side which she knew would block the view of her breasts. Then, she carefully stood on the backs of Jill and Monique, and this gave the third base fans a nice view of her open pussy and bouncing breasts as she shook her pom poms. The wind kicked up as she was standing there, and she felt the breeze on her exposed pussy lips, and her ponytail flapped like a flag. Another big round of applause including from the visiting team. She stumbled a bit as she was getting down, but Mindy was there and stopped her from falling to the ground. She shook her pom poms as she trotted back to the dugout.

During the next three breaks between innings, the J-Team just did their well-rehearsed on-the-ground cheers with the naked girl in the middle shaking her various assets - pom poms and boobs. When Bancroft scored again in the third inning, Mindy had Amy twirl on her toes as best she could.

A few minutes later at the end of the third inning, Amy looked around to see where she should go to help dragging the infield. She started down the first base line assuming that the ground crew was located there because the home team dugout was on that side. Wrong assumption, they were on the left field side, and she saw them only after they'd started. So, the naked girl ran across the field and waved at one of the guys pulling a steel drag mat. He scowled at her, but she pulled up beside him and grabbed the rope handle to help him. But he just let go, threw up his arms, and walked away disgustedly, leaving Amy to pull the steel mat by herself. This thing was heavier than she thought, and she struggled to keep it moving. Nothing like on-the-job training! Her portion of the infield was right next to the infield grass, and she thought this would be the shortest portion, but when she got over to first base, she realized that they expected her to do the outer part of the dirt on the return trip right next to the outfield grass. And so the naked girl had the longest trip around the infield rather than the shortest. Her boobs bounced wildly as she struggled pulling with her right hand. So, she switched to using both hands at once pulling the rope behind her back, and this flattened her chest, much to the disappointment of the watching crowd, who preferred to see them bouncing; the fans started to boo. And Amy started to cry mostly from exertion, but partly from embarrassment. By the time she had finished at the third base line, sweat was pouring down her chest, off her boobs, into her pubic strip, and then onto her pussy.

The head groundskeeper was an older gentleman, Kent Small, and he helped her carry the drag mat back to its spot on the side of the field. She bent over from exhaustion, and Kent put is arm around her shoulder and said soothingly, "Amy, you're a real trooper, but you should have checked with me before the game to see if you could handle one of those things by yourself. Are you all right?"

The nude girl was aware of the scene that she was causing with her hands on her knees and her breasts jiggling beneath her. But she needed to catch her breath. After a few seconds, she replied, "Yeah, I think so. I'm just winded." And Kent led her over to a folding chair next to the railing. She sat down, and he handed her a towel and a bottle of water. She looked up and saw that two of the grounds keepers had taken big rakes out to smooth off the rough spots that Amy had left behind in the dirt. And she noticed the umpire with his hands on his hips waiting for them to finish. She closed her eyes and shook her head as she realized that she had delayed the entire game. She was certain that Knoxx would punish her for this somehow.

She sat in that chair next to the third base stands for the next half inning while the other team batted. It was a long inning which was good because it allowed her to catch her breath, but it was bad because Wilkinson College scored three runs to take the lead. After the last out of the inning, she ran across the diamond to the first base side to join the cheerleaders. She had trouble smiling this time while doing her naked twirls and shakes. And after the cheer was over, she trudged back to her batgirl position near the dugout.

The game was only in the fourth inning, and the naked girl was already on the verge of another "emotional breakdown" as Knoxx had put it. She felt as if she could start sobbing at any moment. She was thoroughly embarrassed and humiliated by the experiences so far, and there were still many more innings left to play in the game. Could she make it through?

In the bottom of the fourth, she only had to retrieve a couple of bats and take some balls out to the home plate umpire. And then she joined the J-Team for the between-innings cheer. She went through the paces by shaking her pom poms, but without any enthusiasm. After they finished, Mindy guided her to a chair near the other cheerleaders. Mindy put her arm around the naked girl and said, "Amy, are you all right?"

Amy was really on the verge of sobbing now. She really wanted to bury her head on Mindy's shoulder and have a good cry. But she knew she couldn't do that. She couldn't give Knoxx another reason to punish her some more. She looked up and said, "Yeah, Mindy, I'm okay. Pulling that steel mat thing sapped me of my energy. I need to get back to the dugout." As she stood up, Mindy handed her a bottle of Gatorade, and said, "Here, this might help." Amy waved quickly at Mindy and scooted back to the dugout between pitches.

The Gatorade did seem to help her physically, but emotionally she was still pretty much of a wreck. She knelt there dully with her gaping pussy in full view as the other team batted. After the inning was finished, she trotted back to the J-Team. As she approached, Mindy came up and faced her with a hand on each of Amy's shoulders. Mindy really wanted to give her a pep talk, but considering Amy's situation, Mindy knew this wouldn't work, because Amy was being forced to do this. So, Mindy took a chance and said, "Amy, we're going to do the pyramid formation again. Are you up for that?" Amy nodded her head slowly and smiled. Of the three lift formations that they had practiced on Friday, Amy liked the pyramid one the best, and Mindy could detect that.

So, Amy climbed to the top of the pyramid and first kneeled to show off her hanging boobs, and then she stood up, caught the pom poms, raised her arms, and spread her feet. Mindy came around in front and looked at the wide spread naked girl, and she could see a brighter smile on Amy's face. Mindy let the formation last about 30 seconds longer than it usually did just to get Amy kind of excited again.

And it did kind of help Amy get back to normal, if you can call being naked in front of a stadium full of people normal. She did the between-inning cheerleading routines and batgirl duties without incident til the end of the sixth inning.

When she saw the grounds keepers start moving after the sixth, she trotted over to Kent, who handed her a big rake and said, "Amy, just go out and smooth out the pitcher's mound this time. I don't want you to wear yourself out today." So, the naked girl took the rake and walked out to the pitcher's mound. She quickly smoothed out the dirt and bent over to brush off the pitching rubber with her hands. She heard the yells of appreciation from the fans as she bent over. And when she looked up, she saw the opposing pitcher standing there looking at her naked body as he waited to do his warm up pitches. The fans applauded again when she trotted back to the sideline with her breasts swaying. She smiled at Kent as he took the rake, and she dashed back to the dugout.

The next few innings were routine. The J-Team did the double-leg lift to show off Amy's spread eagled naked body, and Amy climbed up on John's shoulders again. But mostly she just had to dance around and shake the pom poms. She made certain to do several of the "Broken T" moves where she stuck her arms straight out to her sides and then brought them in with her hands face up under her breasts so that she could lift her boobs for display. Also, the players seemed to be getting used to having the naked girl kneeling there next to the dugout.

As the bottom of the ninth inning started, Amy was conflicted. On the one hand, she was glad that this humiliating experience was almost over, but on the other hand, the Bancroft team was behind 3-2. She wanted her school to win, but she wanted to get out of this extreme naked exposure.

Bancroft put on a rally in the ninth inning. They loaded the bases with one out, and Mindy signaled Amy to join the cheerleaders. Amy ran down to the J-Team and joined them in a cheer while the visiting coach talked with his pitcher. And when the next batter hit a sacrifice fly to tie the game, the crowd erupted and the J-Team did another cheer with the naked girl happily twirling in the middle of the line. But when the next batter made the third out, Amy's spirits sank, because the game was going to extra innings tied 3 to 3, and there was no telling how much longer until she could leave.

Then she glanced over and saw that the grounds keepers were moving again, and Kent waved at her. She dashed across the field, and he gave her the same rake and told her to do the area around second base. More extreme exposure with her boobs hanging while she raked, and her ass and pussy lips in full view as she bent over to brush off the base itself. She gave the rake back to Kent, and then returned to her batgirl spot near the dugout.

As she was kneeling there in the 10th inning, she bowed her head and looked down at her bare breasts and then down at her wide open pussy. She thought to herself, "How much longer would these private parts be on public display this afternoon?" With baseball, it was hard to say.

There was no scoring in the 10th, 11th, and top of the 12th innings. She joined the cheerleaders between each of the innings. They did her favorite pyramid formation again, but the other times it was just twirling and shaking on the ground.

But the first Bancroft batter in the bottom of the 12th hit a home run, and the place went wild. The Bancroft players stormed from the dugout, and the naked girl had to jump out of the way to avoid getting run over. Mindy was waving at her as the cheerleaders were running out to join the celebrating players, and Amy waved her pom poms and shook her pretty breasts as the cheerleaders gathered behind home plate to do their game winning cheer.

The celebration went on for a few minutes. Amy shook hands with most of the Bancroft players, and even a couple of the Wilkinson College players. And she got a few kisses and hugs from a few of the Bancroft players and coaches as well. And of course, she felt a few pats on her ass and even a couple of squeezes of her breasts during the celebration.

The cheerleaders returned to their spot near the first base stands, and Mindy said to the naked girl, "Amy, you were great again today. I know this must have been super embarrassing for you, but thanks again." Amy hugged the nice girl. Mindy went on, "Okay, let me help you with your hair." And she took off Amy's cap and untied her panties from her ponytail. She handed the blue panties to Amy. And then she got the ankle pouch out of her book bag and handed it to Amy. And she shook her hand again. Amy then went around and shook hands and hugged each of the other cheerleaders. And she waved goodbye to them as she started up into the stands where Knoxx was waiting.

She momentarily stopped and bent over to put on the ankle pouch, and then she started to slip on her panties. But she stopped as she remembered that the security guy had told her that she had to be nude while in the stadium. So, she just trudged up the aisle carrying her panties.

As she approached Knoxx and the other four men, she was struck how nattily dressed they were. It almost looked like they were getting ready to play golf at an upper-class course or to have a cocktail in the country club's bar. Four of the men were wearing polo shirts including Knoxx wearing a dark green one with the Bancroft logo on it. Laird had on a nicely pressed purple plaid sport shirt. They were all wearing tailored trousers and nicely polished shoes. And here she was completely naked with her panties dangling from her hand; she was so ashamed to feel so out of place meeting with these men.

They all shook her hand and congratulated her on the victory, and her cheerleading performance; Laird even patted her on the back as she shook hands with Knoxx. But she knew that their main focus was on her boobs and pussy. After a few more pleasantries, Brandon Kirkpatrick said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I have another appointment this evening, and so I'll bid you adieu. I presume that I'll see you at tomorrow's meeting." He shook her hand again and left.

Similarly, Lucas Telford said, "I'm sorry, Miss Suzuki, but I must leave also. Again, nice job today." And then Gavin Farmer did the same, and she watched the three men walk away leaving her standing with Knoxx and Laird. She hoped that they would just leave too so she could go home, but no such luck.

**Chapter 47 - The Naked Puppy Walk**

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, please come with us and we'll walk back to my office for our usual afternoon meeting." Knoxx and Laird led the way with naked Amy following down the stadium stairs, and out the gate.

On the sidewalk, Amy paused and said, "Please, wait a moment for me to slip these on." And she started to put on her panties.

But Knoxx quickly said, "Oh no, Miss Suzuki, that's not necessary. You'll just be taking them off again in a few minutes."

Well, Amy wasn't so sure about the "few minutes" part of his remark, because it was at least a 15-minute walk back to Kameron Hall. She said, "But, Dr. Knoxx, our agreement says that I only have to be naked during these community service activities, and the ballgame is over now." And she started again to pull up her underwear, but Knoxx quickly raised his hand and said sternly, "Stop right now. The agreement also says that you will be nude during our afternoon meeting, and since we are going to be discussing your 'situation' on this walk back to my office, I consider this walk to be part of the meeting." He turned to Laird and continued, "Tyson, please confirm that I'm legally correct here."

Laird looked at Knoxx and then at Amy and then back to Knoxx, "Yes, Cal, that is a valid interpretation, and so, Miss Suzuki, since the Chancellor will be conducting some business on this walk, you will remain nude until he says that the meeting is over."

Amy bowed her head, and stepped out of her panties which were lying on the ground around her feet. She picked them up, and stood there for a moment before balling them up and closing her fist around them so that they weren't really visible. Knoxx looked at her and said angrily, "Miss Suzuki, I don't like your attitude. I shouldn't have to remind you that during your punishment period that you do not control your panties. The discipline committee and I control them under the terms of the agreement that you signed. If we tell you to remove them, you will, and they will remain off until we say that it is okay for you to put them back on. Please act more reasonably and hold your panties more normally by the edge as we are walking. Now, let's go." Knoxx and Laird started walking.

This conversation was overheard by several people including the security guards who were still standing in the small plaza outside the stadium. Amy glanced around at them and blushed as she realized what they had just heard and seen. But she just bowed her head and followed a few yards behind the two men with her panties dangling from her left hand.

Knoxx and Laird started talking about other university administration matters and then about the success of the Bancroft sports teams this year. Amy followed silently. She felt like a little puppy dog following her masters. Or maybe like a 5-year old little girl sulking after she had just been disciplined by her parents. She thought to herself, "But I'm not a puppy dog or a 5-year old girl. I'm a grown woman. In a little over a week, I'll be a college graduate. But here I am naked following these two well-dressed men down the sidewalk. And I don't have a choice in the matter." And she continued her naked trek.

The two men walked slowly, and it took the strange little trio about 20 minutes to walk to the administration building. Even though it was Sunday afternoon, there were lots of people out walking, riding bikes, or driving around campus, and Amy was embarrassed as she felt the stares of all these people. She tried to ignore the catcalls and the horn honks, but she couldn't.

As they approached the building, Laird realized that Knoxx hadn't really conducted any business about Amy's "situation" during this walk. So, Laird said, "Dr. Knoxx, are you going to go over the list with Miss Suzuki this afternoon?"

Knoxx gave Laird a puzzled look, but he noticed Laird slightly waving his hands to urge him to say something related to Amy's case. So, Knoxx said, "Well, Tyson, I don't have that list with me at this moment. Let's talk about that when we get upstairs." And that little bit of inconsequential talk satisfied Laird that they had legally covered their asses while keeping Amy's ass legally uncovered for the last 20 minutes.

In the elevator, Amy stood in the back with her head down looking at her bare breasts and bare feet and everything in between. The two men looked at the same things, albeit from a different perspective. Nothing was said as the elevator climbed to the seventh floor.

In Knoxx's waiting room, Knoxx pointed to the penis hook, and Amy noted that yesterday's panties were still hanging there. She just draped the blue panties on top of the white ones and followed the men into his office. Amy took her normal spot standing in front of his desk. Laird sat behind her on the couch, and she knew he was looking at her naked butt.

Knoxx sat down and shuffled through some papers before opening a folder with her name on it. He said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, before we discuss your situation, let me ask how you liked the movie last night. Wasn't Marilyn fantastic as Sugar in that movie?"

Amy was annoyed that he was asking about her date, but she calmly said, "Yes, I really enjoyed the movie. It is a real classic."

Knoxx continued, "Did you do anything else on your date?"

Amy didn't like where this conversation was headed, but she blandly answered, "Yes, we ate dinner at the Student Union cafeteria and had coffee at Starbucks there after the film."

Knoxx persisted, "And after that?"

Amy replied, "We went home." She didn't say that it was Dwight's home that she went to, and she hoped that Knoxx would drop the subject.

And she was relieved when he said, "Okay. Well, Miss Suzuki, another day has passed. But your punishment period still has several days to go. And we're concerned, because we had some more reports of you violating the rules set down by our agreement. I would have preferred to discuss this with you today, but it is getting late. But I'm also not sure that we've got all of the violations on the list yet, and so, I'm going to defer that until tomorrow. But I urge you to make sure that you follow the agreement and not add any more items to the list in the next 24 hours. Understand?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, I understand."

Knoxx looked at a clock and said, "Oh my goodness, it's 6:45 already, and I need to get home." He reached into his panty drawer and pulled out a pair of flesh colored panties. As he tossed them to her, he said, "Here's for tomorrow. See you tomorrow afternoon."

Amy slipped on her clean panties and left.

She realized that she was too late for dinner at the dining hall, because it closed at 6:30 PM. And so, she trudged slowly down the street to the Student Union, and she bought dinner at the cafeteria again. She sat at the same table where she and Dwight had sat the night before, and she thought, "Yesterday, this same spot and the same food were so much fun. Today, this is just another embarrassing episode in my naked nightmare; I'm just the freakish bare-breasted girl eating dinner alone. But at least I have panties on now after being naked all afternoon." And just then, a guy yelled, "Hey, Underpants Amy, I see that you found your panties after showing off your pubic strip all day." She sullenly finished eating and trudged back to the dorm.

**Chapter 48 - Linda the Liar**

In her room, she was actually relieved that Linda was not there, because Amy really wanted to be alone right now. She didn't even turn on her phone or look at email or the chatbox on her computer. She had the Psych final exam on Monday morning, and she needed to study a little bit more for that. And she needed to work on the take-home exams for English Lit and for Composition. She pretty much had the English Lit essays done, but she needed to review them. But News & Feature Composition could take a while, because it was a long list of multiple choice questions plus a few fill in the blanks questions. And the questions all looked pretty hard. She wished that Mr. Albertson, the instructor, had assigned some sort of essay or feature story to write, because she was good at writing.

So, she spent an hour reviewing her Psych notes and another hour finishing up the English Lit essays and printing them out. About 10 PM, she started on the Composition exam. She knew a lot of the answers, but she needed to double check in her notes, in the text book, and on the web. And the ones she didn't know took even more time.

About 11:30, Linda returned, and Amy told her about the awful afternoon at the stadium. Even though she left out the part about the naked puppy walk across campus with Knoxx, Amy broke down and cried while recounting some of the other really embarrassing things that had happened. Linda comforted Amy as best as she could under the circumstances.

Finally, Amy wiped away her tears and said, "You know, today seems like two completely different Sundays in one. The first half of the day was the wonderful sex and time with Dwight; that's the good Sunday. And then the humiliating time exposing my naked body at the ballpark in the afternoon; that's the bad Sunday. And it all adds up to a single tale of two Sundays."

Linda was just about to turn off the lights, but she paused and hesitantly said, "Uhh, Sooz, I should tell you that Knoxx called me again tonight. And I, uhh, uhh, lied to him."

Amy sat down on the edge of her bed and stared at her friend, "Uh, oh. What happened, Lindy?"

Linda resumed, "Umm, he asked some more about your sleeping habits. First, he asked if you were following instructions not to cover yourself with a sheet, and I said that you were. Then, he asked if you wore your panties to bed or if you slept in the nude. I told him you usually wear your panties, but once I saw you sleeping naked. He even asked about your teddy bear, Barney, and if you hugged him against your breasts at night. Similarly, about your pillow, if you ever hid your boobs with the pillow. I told him you didn't."

Amy said, "But those aren't lies. You told the truth. And I'm allowed to wear panties at night. And there's nothing about a pillow or my teddy bear in the agreement. What's the problem?" But Amy thought she knew where this was going.

It was now Linda's turn to start crying as she said between her tears, "He asked if you covered your breasts with your arms and hands while you are sleeping. I asked him why that mattered, but of course, I knew; I was just killing a bit of time trying to think of what to say. And he answered by saying that if you were covering your boobs, then he would have to do something about that. And he went into a fair amount of detail describing how he would require me to tie you down on your bed each night - spread-eagle style on your back - so that your breasts would be uncovered all night. He even said that he might require you to always sleep in the nude so that your pussy showed, too."

Amy gasped, but Linda continued between sobs, "And this is where I lied to him, because I know that you sleep on your side, usually your left side facing the wall with your back to me and your arms kinda tucked under your chin with your legs pulled up - sort of like a fetal position. I lied, because I told him that you slept on your back with your arms at your sides so that your breasts are always showing. But I'm not sure he believed me. Oh, Sooz, I'm just not a very good liar."

Amy got up, crossed the room, and hugged her good friend and said, "Lindy, I am really, really, really sorry that you've been sucked into my mess. But please don't worry about it. If he brings it up, which he probably will, I'll figure out a way to deal with it."

Linda continued to cry and said, "But it's all so stupid. It's the middle of the night with the lights off and I'm sound asleep. No one is going to see your boobies during that time anyway."

Amy almost agreed but after reflecting for a moment, she said, "Uhh, well, you know, our R.A., Kelly Stubbins, has a pass key and she could come in at any time. And I know that Stubbins is one of Knoxx's spies."

Linda wiped her eyes and said, "Yeah, you're right. Maybe we should use that chain lock on the door at night. I don't think we've ever used that thing, but this might be a good time to start."

But Amy shook her head forcefully and said, "No, we're not going to do that on my account, because I'm sure that if Knoxx found out about that, then he would interpret that as me hiding myself. I want to just continue normally locking only the door lock, and I'll try to sleep on my back even though that will be difficult for me."

Linda said, "Okay, Sooz. I'm sorry if my mentioning it upsets you, but I thought you should know." Amy nodded and sat down at her desk. Then Linda turned off most of the lights and went to bed. Amy stayed up for a couple of more hours to work at her desk on the Composition exam. And finally about 2AM, she was getting tired. She thought about doing the diary and one-sheet chores, but she was just too tired. So, she just crossed off another day on the calendar, set her alarm clock for 7AM, and went to bed carefully lying down on her back.

**Underpants Amy - Days 14 & 15**

**May 14, Monday**

**Chapter 49 - Unpunctual Posing**

Amy's eyes opened slowly on Monday morning, and she found that she had unconsciously rolled onto her side during the night with her arms covering her breasts. She sighed and turned to look at the clock. But when she saw it flashing "PF", she knew she was in trouble because there had been a power failure during the night. She looked over at Linda, but her roommate was still sound asleep. Usually, Linda was up and about early on Monday mornings, but this was finals week and Linda had told Amy that her first final exam was on Monday afternoon. Amy quickly swung her feet to the floor and scooted across the room to look at Linda's clock. It read 7:55 AM, and her heart sank; she was going to be late to art class.

She briefly sat back down on the bed and buried her head in her hands. At first she thought about why she was still using that very old digital clock with no battery backup, and then she wondered why her computer was still running after the power failure; she guessed it had rebooted itself after the power came back on.

But then she thought of more pressing matters. Knoxx was going to have a field day punishing her for this after reminding her just yesterday to avoid any more violations. But she thought through her options quickly and realized that she might be able to mitigate the consequences if she could speak with Dr. Whiteside before the class started.

Amy didn't know Whiteside's phone number, but she looked up Whiteside's number in the online campus directory. There was only an office number, no cell number. She called that office number; no answer, but she whispered a voice mail message into the answering machine. Then she called the Art Department main number hoping to reach a secretary; again, no answer; it was still not 8 AM and the department secretary hadn't turned on the phone system yet. She left another message.

She made a quick trip to the bathroom to use the toilet. As she sat there, she remembered that she had planned to shave her legs and pubes this morning, but there was no time for that now. In fact, there was no time for a shower or to eat breakfast. When she got back to the room, Linda was stirring and drowsily asked what time it was. Amy replied, "8 o'clock. And I'm so screwed. I'm late for art class." Amy quickly grabbed a Snicker's bar from her stash in the desk, picked up her backpack, and dashed out the door.

It was a 10-minute walk to Wakefield Hall, and Amy thought about running to cut it down to 7 or 8 minutes. But she thought, "Oh, what the hell difference is 2 minutes going to make. If I'm late, I'm late." So, she walked at her normal pace but she could feel her breasts rising and falling more than usual; probably in apprehension about what would happen to her. As she walked, she used her cell phone to call the Art Department again. This time the secretary answered and Amy asked her to go down the hall and tell Whiteside that she'd be there in a few minutes. She finished eating the candy bar as she trotted up the steps with bouncing breasts and into Wakefield Hall.

She tried to be inconspicuous as she walked into the classroom, but how could a bare-boobed woman taking off her panties be inconspicuous? Everyone in the room, stopped and looked at her as she hung her panties on the hook and scooted naked up to the stage where Eva was stretched out prone on the floor, elbows propped up, and a book in her hands as if reading; her naked butt was prominently displayed.

Whiteside hurried up to the stage with a scowl on her face. She patted Eva on her bare ass, and simply said, "Stand up." Then she turned to Amy with anger in her eyes and asked, "Where have you been?"

Amy sheepishly replied, "I'm sorry, Professor, but I overslept."

Whiteside grabbed Amy's elbow and swatted her hard on her bare bottom as if scolding a little child. Amy's instinct was to reach her hands behind her to fend off another spank, but she kept her hands at her sides as Whiteside swatted her again even harder. Amy bowed her head and waited for the next smack on her butt, but instead Whiteside lifted Amy's chin and said, "Look at me."

"You've disrupted this class, and now I'll have to alter my class plans for a second time today. So, give me a minute to look you over and figure out what to do." And Whiteside circled the naked and downcast girl.

Eva stood off to the side also with her head down. She felt sorry for Amy for getting chewed out like that, but Eva knew there was nothing she could do. She just stood there in her own naked glory facing the class.

After Whiteside had circled Amy a couple of times, she knelt down in front of the naked girl and looked at her pussy. Whiteside said, "Well, Amy, I see that you've got your own version of -- how do you Americans say it -- '5 o'clock shadow' down here this morning." She dragged her finger down over Amy's mons next to the thin strip of pubic hair and to the top of her pussy lips. "Not only did you oversleep, but you neglected your personal hygiene. But let's see if we can salvage something from this unfortunate situation. Making sweet lemonade out of sour lemons. That's how you say it, n'est pas?"

Amy just stood there blushing at the intimate inspection of her pubic area with the entire class looking on. After a moment, Whiteside continued, "Well, Amy, we're going to help you out this morning. More precisely, Eva is going to help you out by shaving your pubic area and your legs. And this will give us a few interesting poses for the rest of this shortened class period. So, Amy, go back to the props area, and in the little metal cabinet, you'll find some shaving cream and a razor. Bring them up here and give them to Eva. And hurry. I'll get a couple of pans of hot water."

Amy dashed down the aisle, got the shaving cream and razor, and hurried back to the platform handing the can and razor to Eva. Whiteside returned with a bucket of warm water and she poured some into two shallow pans and said, "Okay, Amy, I saw Mr. Lindstrom shave your pubes the other day, and I wish I had a strap-down table to use like he had, but I don't. So, you'll just have to stay really, really still while Eva shaves near your pussy. Sit here on the floor facing the class, spread your legs wide apart, and lean back with your hands on the floor behind you so that your boobs are attractively displayed." Amy did as instructed and Whiteside made adjustments.

Whiteside then turned to Eva and said, "Okay, ma chérie, I want you to resume your prone position, but without the book. Lie down on your tummy between her legs with your pretty tush showing, and you will shave her pussy area leaving that nice thin strip. Just do her pubes for now; we'll do her legs in a few minutes. When you finish, let me know, but continue to hold the pose so the students can capture the intriguing image." She grabbed Eva's elbow and led her over in front of the wide-spread Amy. Eva handed the can and razor to the instructor, kneeled down first, and then lay on her stomach propping herself up on her elbows.

Whiteside dipped a washcloth in the warm water and handed it to Eva. And with a quick apologetic look into Amy's eyes, Eva wetted Amy's entire pussy area. Then Whiteside shook the can of shaving cream and handed it to Eva, who squirted a big dollop into her hands. Eva glanced at Amy again and then applied the shaving cream to Amy's pussy area lathering it up quite a bit. Eva was apprehensive because she'd never shaved another girl's pubic hair before, but she lifted the safety razor and held it just above Amy's pussy for a second.

At that point, Whiteside said, "Bon, très bon. Now, Eva, hold that pose for a minute or so with the razor in the air to let the class capture that before you actually shave her. Amy, stop that twitching! I see your toes moving a little bit; quit it!"

The two naked girls held still for the next couple of minutes as Whiteside went around the class checking on the students' sketches. Then, from the back of the room, Whiteside said, "All right, Eva. Shave away."

And Eva slowly and gently pulled the razor down over Amy's mons to the top of her pussy lips carefully avoiding the thin strip in the middle; she used the fingers of her left hand to hold Amy's skin taut while she shaved with her right hand. She then rinsed the razor and wiped it on a towel and repeated the gentle scrape down the other side of the strip. She continued for a few more minutes shaving away all of the stubble above and around the strip. And with a very careful hand, she shaved to the side of Amy's pussy lips. She noticed that Amy's clit was swelling and becoming more visible as Eva continued shaving nearby.

As she was shaving, Eva involuntarily bent her legs at her knees and her legs popped up behind her. Whiteside came over, lowered Eva's legs, and swatted her bare ass. She scolded Eva, "Hey, don't raise your legs; I want your nice tush to be the center of attention back there, not your lifted legs." Eva stopped shaving for a moment, and blushed as Whiteside lowered her legs back to the floor and then adjusted them. Whiteside first spread them fairly wide by reaching in between her thighs near her pussy to push them apart. But Whiteside stood back and looked and said, "Mais non. It looks best with your legs together and butt slightly raised." Whiteside slid her hand in under Eva with her fingers right on her pussy, and then she raised Eva's hips and slid in a very thin pillow under Eva's pubic area. After a few adjustments, Eva's naked ass was prominently displayed.

All of the shaving took several minutes and the students sketched away. Finally, Eva wiped the last bits of white foam from Amy's pussy and looked up at Whiteside and said, "Okay, I think I'm done here."

Whiteside replied, "Très, très bon. But hold that position with the towel for a couple of minutes. Don't cover her pussy; just hold the towel a couple of inches away as if your getting ready to wipe her again."

All the while, Amy felt her face and chest getting redder and redder with shame. But she also was getting turned on by Eva's fingers so near her pussy, and she also noticed her clit coming into view as it puffed up.

The instructor checked a few of the students' sketches and then came back up on stage. She said, "Okay, naked ones, let's shift positions."

Eva was taken aback by this, because she thought that Whiteside was going to have Amy shave her now. Since Eva had just shaved down there earlier in the morning, she didn't think it was necessary again. She was all set to complain when Whiteside said, "Amy, remember how you bent over for Mr. Lindstrom so he could shave you underneath? Well, I want the same position now. Turn your ass so that it faces the class and bend over."

Amy vividly remembered the embarrassing position in the Chancellor's waiting room as the man shaved her from behind with Knoxx, Whiteside, and several others watching. And now she would have to do the same thing in front of the 30 or so students in the class while Eva shaved her. She had no choice but to assume the humiliating position and let Whiteside make the necessary artistic adjustments.

Amy kneeled down and bent over with her ass facing the class; she rested her head on her hands on the floor. She felt Whiteside spread her legs at her knees as far as possible, and Amy could envision the view of her ass and pussy that the students were now enjoying.

Whiteside positioned Eva off to Amy's left side and handed another wet washcloth to Eva who wetted down Amy's crotch area. Amy shivered a bit as the water ran down her legs. Then Whiteside handed the can of shaving cream to Eva, who shook it rapidly and squirted a big wad into her palm. She lathered it up and then applied it to Amy's perineum and around her asshole and pussy lips. Very, very carefully she tightened the skin around these sensitive areas with her left fingers and scraped the razor with her right hand. Again, Whiteside had her pause a couple of times to allow the students time to sketch. And she paused again after wiping the foam off of Amy's very private parts.

Whiteside came up on stage with the two nude beauties and said, "All right, mes amies. Nice job. Let's do les jambes now. Sorry, I should use English, let's do the legs now. Amy, please stand here facing the class, legs wide spread, hands on your hips." Amy took her position. Whiteside went on, "No, not quite so wide. Hands on your hips not on your butt; just below the waist." Amy made the adjustments and Whiteside nodded.

Whiteside guided Eva around in front of the wide spread naked girl and said, "Okay, Eva, this should be an easy job for any American girl. Just do the front and insides, one leg at a time, and we'll do the rest in a few minutes.

Using a soaking wet washcloth, Eva quickly wetted Amy's right leg on the inside and front. And then she again lathered up the foam, and with another apologetic glance at Amy's eyes, Eva spread the foam on Amy's right leg starting on the inside right next to the pussy. She spread it down the entire inside and then on the front starting at pussy level. Eva then scraped the razor slowly working her way up the long pretty leg using long strokes. Near her pussy, Eva pulled Amy's mound slightly aside so she could work the razor into the tight spot. Amy's clit responded again at the stimulation nearby.

Amy paused in the middle of one of the long strokes to give the students time to capture the razor doing its work. When she finished, she wiped all of the excess foam off.

She repeated the process on Amy's left leg, and when Eva was finished, Whiteside came up and closely looked at Amy's legs and pussy. With her fingernail, she scraped right next to Amy's pussy on the right side and said to Eva, "There's still a bit of stubble in there. Do it again. Just to be sure, do both sides near her vagina."

And so Amy blushed as Eva lathered up the legs right next to Amy's pussy and gently scraped away the remaining stubble. Whiteside herself wiped the foam away, and then repeated the very intimate inspection. She said, "Good, good. Now let's do the rear and sides of her legs. Amy, turn around, spread your legs, and then bend over. This will tighten the skin nicely for Eva's shaving."

Of course, Amy knew that bending over really didn't tighten up the skin that much. She knew that Whiteside just wanted to embarrass her some more by having her bend over again. But she took the position with her hands on her knees.

Whiteside said, "Is that the best you can do? Can't you reach your toes? Or maybe even put your hands on the floor?"

Amy stretched some more and was just barely able to touch her big toes. Whiteside said, "Well, okay, if that's the best you can do, hold that position. And Eva, you get going shaving the backs and outsides of her legs."

This position was probably even more embarrassing that her kneeling with her ass towards the class, because this time not only were her asshole and pussy in full view from the rear, but her boobs were swaying enticingly beneath her. Whiteside had used some hairpins to pin up her hair to avoid blocking the nice view of her hanging breasts. Also, Amy was looking upside down at the class through her wide spread legs.

Eva wetted the right leg, lathered the shaving cream, spread the foam, and shaved the outside and rear of the leg from the bottom up being careful near the pussy again. And she repeated the operation on the left leg. Whiteside again made the intimate inspection with Amy still bent over. Amy thought her bending was done, but Whiteside said, "Hold that pose for a few minutes to let the class finish up."

Amy was still in the embarrassing position when the bell rang to end the class. Whiteside slapped her ass and said, "Okay, Amy. You can stand up now."

Amy was still flushed from having her head down for so long. But she heard Eva whispering to her. "Amy, come over here for a moment." Amy staggered over, and Eva said quietly, "I've got final exams at 8 AM each of the next two days. So, I guess you'll be on your own for those days. Do you have any early morning tests this week?" Amy shook her head and said, "No, I've got 10 AM tests today and Thursday; so, I guess I'll be here all week. So, I'll see you Thursday?"

Eva nodded and said, "Yeah, I guess so. Good luck on your exam today. Bye." And Eva left.

Amy was alone and naked on the platform now. Whiteside came up to her and without saying anything, lifted up Amy's left arm and looked at her armpit. Whiteside said, "Well, I thought so. You might want to quickly shave under here before the next class. As you can see, we still have all of the tools and stuff sitting right here. Please go ahead."

The naked girl looked at the clock and saw that she had 5 minutes to shave her underarms. She quickly lathered up and shaved away the stubble. Usually, she did this in front of a mirror, but she knew she was required to do this up here on stage in full view of the departing and arriving students. This was embarrassing for her, but it was really small potatoes compared to having Eva shave her pubes in front of the earlier class.

She sort of needed to pee, too. But she knew better than to press her luck with Whiteside any more than necessary today. She was pretty sure she could make it through the next hour, but she also hoped that Whiteside wouldn't let the class run long so that she could pee afterwards and still get to Younger auditorium on time for the Psych final exam.

For the next class, Amy thought that Whiteside was still pissed at her for being late. And Whiteside continued with more embarrassing poses. This time Whiteside's supposed theme for the class was drawing female genitalia. And of course, the only female genitals in full view were Amy's, and Amy spent most of the hour with her hands on or somewhere near her pussy. Whiteside started with Amy standing up with legs wide apart and her hands spreading her pussy lips, and as Amy expected, Whiteside found excuses to touch Amy's pussy during the pose - first to spread the lips wider and later to point out the clitoris under its little hood. Then, Whiteside had Amy bend over somewhat like she had done in the earlier class with her anus and vagina in full view and her hands on her butt cheeks. Then, she had Amy kneeling and spreading her ass cheeks to show off only her asshole. And finally she had Amy sitting in a chair with her knees wide spread and Amy pointing at her own cunt.

By the time the bell rang, Amy really needed to use the toilet, but Whiteside insisted that she return the props to their proper storage spots - the chair, the shaving cream and razor, the bucket, and the pans plus a few pillows that had been used. This took a couple of precious minutes, and Amy hurriedly slipped on her panties and dashed out the door with her backpack. She raced across the quad lawn to Younger Hall and into the ladies' bathroom. But she was still sitting in the stall when the 10 o'clock bell rang. She quickly finished and dashed across the hall to the auditorium where she saw Tyson Laird standing by the door. Laird opened the door for her, and she dashed to an empty seat in the last row. The instructor hadn't even started passing out the test forms yet, but she knew that she was going to be dinged for being late.

The Psych test was harder than she expected, and she knew that her lack of study time yesterday was going to be reflected in her score. There was no danger of an F, but she felt like she'd probably get a C which would bring her final grade down to a B or B-, which was not up to her usual standards. So, as much as she had tried to keep up with her studies during this naked nightmare, she realized now that it would be affecting her grades. And that bothered her a lot, because with her 3.48 GPA, she knew she was on the borderline of graduating with honors. It might still be possible, but the lower than expected grade in this psych class would not help.

**Chapter 50 - Talking to Dwight**

When she got back to the dorm, she was surprised to see a UPS package sitting next to her door. Normally, such packages were kept at the main desk and a note left in the recipient's mail box. But this package clearly showed that it was from Victoria's Secret, and Amy knew that it was the pair of replacement pink striped panties that she had ordered. There wasn't much chance that the package would be stolen, but it did seem like a vulnerable target just sitting there in the hallway. It just didn't make sense why someone would leave it there. But she just shrugged and picked it up as she went into her room.

She opened the outer package and saw that inside was the expected package of panties. She decided to leave that inner package wrapped up, and she would give it to Knoxx this afternoon. She stuffed it into her backpack.

Then, Amy checked her cell phone, and noticed a couple of voice mail messages from Dwight from this morning. She listened to the first one, and she smiled as she heard, "Hi, Amy, it's me. I just wanted to say, ummm, how much I enjoyed our time together on Saturday night. I found your pearls on the bedside table, and I guess you know what that means. You are required to come back here as soon as possible and pick them up. Call me. Bye." She giggled.

But the second message had a different tone. Dwight just said, "Amy, please call me. I need to tell you something."

She frowned as she hit the reply button to call him back. She was relieved when he answered.

She said, "Hey, it's me. I just got your messages. I was busy this morning and I just listened to them now. What's up?"

Dwight replied with a light-hearted tone, "Hi, beautiful. How are you doing? How were the baseball game and your test this morning?"

She smiled on hearing his cheerful voice, and she said, "I'm fine, Dwight, and I'll tell you about the exam in a minute, but what was your second message about? It sounded serious. Are you all right?"

He said, "Oh, yeah, that. No, I'm fine, but you were right. Chancellor Knoxx called me this morning." And Amy's heart sank. "He asked a bunch of questions about our date. Some of them rather personal."

She said, "Oh, no. But I hope you did as I asked and told him the complete truth. What did he want to know?"

He replied, "Oh, things like, what time I picked you up? What we ate for dinner? Were there lots of people in the cafeteria and Starbucks? He seemed to already know that we went to the cafeteria and Starbucks. How I liked the movie?"

Amy said, "Well, he knew about the cafeteria and Starbucks because he asked me about that on Sunday afternoon. But those questions sound rather routine, and I'm not sure why he would care. But, umm, what were some of the personal questions?"

He hesitated for a moment and then said, "Well, he wanted to know what color of panties you were wearing and if there was a little red mark on the back. I told him light blue and I wasn't sure about the red mark. Why did he want to know that?"

She replied, "He wanted to make sure that I was wearing approved panties." And she went on to explain how Knoxx gave a new pair of panties each day and how the red mark indicates that they are approved. Finally, she said, "And what else did he ask?"

He hesitated again and said, "Umm, uhhh, how do I say this? He asked if there was a wet spot on your panties."

And now Amy hesitated before saying, "Oh, god, that is personal. What did you say?"

"I told him 'yes' there was a wet spot down there. And then he asked if the other people nearby saw the wet spot. I told him I didn't know."

Tears formed in Amy's eyes and she said, "Okay, what else?"

"Well, he then asked if you tried to hide the wet spot from view somehow. For example, with your hands or a napkin? I told him 'no'. And then he asked if you attempted to cover your breasts at any time during the evening. I told him 'no' again."

Amy wiped her eyes and said, "Go on. What else did he want?"

Dwight went on, "He wanted to know about your hair. He asked if it was nicely made up and if you combed it during the evening. I told him that your hair looked very nice and that you did comb it out while we were waiting in line at the theater."

Amy couldn't remember combing her hair then, but she just asked, "Anything else?"

"Well, he asked what we did after Starbucks. And I told him we went back to my place."

Amy closed her eyes and asked, "Did he ask about the sex?"

"Yes, he asked if we had intercourse, but he didn't ask for details. However, he did want to know if you covered your breasts or vagina from my view. And as you suspected, he asked about you being covered with a sheet or blanket. I told him that you did not cover yourself at all. But then he asked if we closed the door while we were, ummm, making love, and I told him we did. Will he consider that to be a violation?"

She sighed and said, "Yes, I'm afraid so. What else?"

"No, I think that's all he wanted to know. Are you going to get punished for any more of that beyond the closed door?"

"I don't know. But I suspect that he'll try to figure out some other violations from all of that." She paused for a moment before saying, "Oh, Dwight, I'm so sorry that you got caught up in my mess. You shouldn't have to have your personal life exposed like that just so Knoxx can get to me." She paused again and then said, "Can we please talk about something else?"

And they spent a few minutes talking about their exams, and she briefly mentioned the embarrassing experiences at the baseball game without going into any detail.

She asked, "When can I see you again?"

"Well, as I said in the first voice message, you are required to come here to claim your pearl necklace. So, how about Tuesday night? I think Kevin and Mark have a softball game that will keep them out late. As you know, I'm not much of a cook, but I can order take-out of some sort, something better than pizza. And then we can study and, ummm, well, you know . . ."

She giggled, "Yes, I know. And yes, it sounds wonderful. Can you pick me up at 6 o'clock or so?"

She sighed contently as she closed up her phone after saying goodbye.

She now had the entire afternoon to focus on her studies rather than worrying about some new nude challenge. She spent the time working on the Composition take-home exam. She was determined to do well on this one. She just couldn't let this naked nightmare affect her grade in another class.

**Chapter 51 - More Naked Punishment**

Amy finished the Composition exam, took a shower, and then she came back and spent another hour reviewing it carefully. She looked at the clock and it was 4 o'clock. So, she decided that she had time to turn in the exam and then get over to Kameron for the dreaded 5 o'clock meeting.

She walked to Becker Hall, the journalism building, and up the stairs to Leonard Albertson's office. She was relieved to see that his door was open, and she knocked lightly on the jamb before stepping in. She said, "Hello, Mr. Albertson, I want to turn in my exam."

Albertson was fairly young, late 20's, early 30's at the most, and he was not yet a full professor. He looked up and smiled at the nearly naked girl and said, "Well, Amy, nice to see you. Please come in and have a seat."

Amy wasn't expecting this. She thought this would just be a drop-it-off-and-leave visit. She hesitantly sat down at the only guest chair in the office which was right at the side of his desk, only a foot or so away from Albertson. Something in his manner made her uneasy. She said, "I can only stay a few minutes, because I have a meeting with the Chancellor at 5 o'clock."

Albertson scooted his chair even closer to the almost naked girl and said, "You know, this exam isn't due until Friday. Are you certain that you want to turn it in so quickly? You are the first student in the class to submit it."

Amy replied, "Yes, I'm certain. As you know, I have lots of other activities this week as well as several final exams to study for, and I wanted to get this one out of the way, so to speak."

He said, "Okay." And then he put his hand on her bare knee, and she froze thinking, "Where is this going?"

He continued, "I wanted to let you know that I've enjoyed having you in the class this semester as well as the other classes that you've taken from me. Now, tell me, what did you think of the class? Do you have any suggestions for me?" And he lightly squeezed her knee, and his hand moved ever so slightly up her leg.

Amy squirmed and replied, "I enjoyed the class, and I'm certain that I'll be able to use some of the techniques that you taught me in my new job near Boston. One suggestion: Since this is a composition class, you might want to include an essay-style question on the final exam in the future. Just an idea."

He was looking at her bare breasts now, and his fingers moved a bit on her knee. And they spent the next few minutes chatting about the class and her new job, but his hand remained on her knee and his eyes frequently drifted down to her boobs and her panties. Finally, Amy glanced at the clock and said, "Mr. Albertson, it's 10 minutes til 5, and I really need to go. Again, thanks for the good class." She stood up and took a step back. Then, she reached out and shook his hand as she said, "Goodbye."

She quickly left his office and she kind of shivered as she walked down the hall thinking about the strange interchange. As she opened the stairway door, she glanced back and saw him standing by his office door looking at her. She smiled and waved at him, and then quickly dashed down the stairs. "A very creepy guy", she thought.

She walked across the quad to the administration building arriving in Knoxx's office at 4:55. She smiled at the secretary and then turned her butt so Mrs. Duckworth could see the red approval mark on her panties. As usual, the secretary said nothing, but she pointed to the penis hook, and Amy slid off the panties and hung them on the hook. She stood naked near the inner door to Knoxx's office and waited.

About 5 after the hour, Knoxx came out and without smiling said, "Come in, Miss Suzuki." She stepped into his office and tensed when she saw many people in there. Knoxx, Laird, Kirkpatrick, Telford, Farmer, Whiteside, Thorson, Beaupre, and a man that she didn't recognize. The nude girl could feel the tension in the room, and she knew that this was not going to be pleasant. She stood in her usual spot with Thorson and Beaupre sitting in folding chairs on her left, the 4 committee members in their usual seats to her right behind Knoxx's desk, and Whiteside and the stranger sitting behind her on the couch.

In a stern voice, Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, good afternoon. We have a lot to cover today, but first do you have anything to tell us about your day so far?"

Amy cleared her throat and said, "No, not really. But I did purchase the replacement panties. I have them here in my backpack. Should I give them to you now?" Knoxx just nodded, and Amy knelt down on the floor next to the stranger's foot and got the package from her backpack. She got up and leaned over the desk to give it to Knoxx.

Knoxx spent several seconds carefully looking over the package of pink striped panties. She expected him to open it and have her model the new panties to make sure that they met his approval. But he just said, "Okay, thanks. We'll discuss these in a few minutes. Anything else?"

"No, sir."

Knoxx looked her in the eye as he raised two sheets of handwritten paper. He said, "Do you know what this is?" She shook her head. "Well, this is the list of your violations that we know about. Do you remember that it was only last Tuesday, just six days ago, that we went through a list with you, and we assigned some additional community service activities to you as punishment for them?" She just nodded. He went on, "Well, we had hoped that those additional punishment projects would teach you some lessons about obedience and about the seriousness of your original infraction - that is, streaking. That first list was 11 items long, and now only six days later, we have a brand new list with 26 items on it. Twenty six!"

Her eyes started to water, and she opened her mouth to say something, but Knoxx said, "Wait, I'm not done yet. And do you remember the very last thing I said to you at yesterday's meeting?"

The chastened girl said, "You told me to follow the rules closely for the next 24 hours so that I wouldn't add any more violations to the list that you were creating. Or something like that."

"That's right. But I'm amazed that you could remember what I said so clearly, but you couldn't seem to remember what the written agreement says. Do you know how many things I've added to this list in the last 24 hours?" The naked girl meekly shook her head. "Nine!"

Amy bowed her head and closed her eyes hoping to stop the tears, but she felt a tear roll down her cheek and fall onto her left breast just above the nipple. She wanted to wipe it away, but she was so shaken that she feared that such a simple act might be another violation. She thought to herself, "What the hell is he talking about? I was late to art class, and that's the only violation I know about. Oh, and I guess I was late to the psych final, but that's only two violations."

Knoxx said, "We're going to go over this entire list, but I'm going to start with those nine. So, first, you were late to arrive at art class this morning for your naked posing. Why?"

Amy wiped the tears from eyes but not the one on her breast and said sheepishly, "I overslept. And I'm sorry, Professor Whiteside, that I was late."

Knoxx said, "Why did you oversleep? You haven't been late to any of the other 8 AM art classes."

"There was a power failure overnight, and so my alarm didn't go off. Also, I was up late studying til 2 o'clock, I think, and so I was tired."

Knoxx replied, "That's strange, because there was no evidence of a power failure at my house last night. But at any rate, clocks these days have battery backup to handle that problem. Was your battery dead?"

"No, it's an old clock and doesn't have a battery."

Knoxx countered, "Was that the only clock in the room? What about Miss Hathaway?"

"Linda slept in because she didn't have to be in class, actually, a final exam, til this afternoon. So, she didn't set her alarm, and she was still asleep, too."

Knoxx went on, "So, you could have used her clock as a backup? What about your cell phone? You could have used it as backup, also."

Amy quietly said, "Yeah, I guess I could have used Linda's, but I didn't think of that. And my cell phone doesn't have an alarm."

Thorson interrupted, "Excuse me, Amy, but all cell phones these days have an alarm clock option. Do you have your phone here? Let me look at it."

The nude girl nodded and kneeled down next to the stranger and retrieved her phone from her backpack. She handed it to Thorson, who quickly browsed through the menus. A few seconds later, he said, "Here it is. Under the 'Tools' menu." He gave it back to her, and she looked at a screen that she had never seen before on her phone.

She thought to herself, "First, he forces me to be naked in front of these people, and now he forces me to look stupid as well. That's a double dose of embarrassment, and that's exactly what he wants", but aloud she just said, "O dear, I didn't know about that feature. I'm sorry."

Knoxx said testily, "Well, now you do. So, be sure to use it these next few days. Okay, next item on the list. Since you were late, you caused Ms. Whiteside to change her class plans. Actually, she had to change them twice; once when you didn't show, and then again, after she had already started the class. Dr. Whiteside, please add some color to this situation for us."

Amy stepped to the side so that Whiteside could see Knoxx from her seat on the couch. Whiteside said, "Well, that's right. As you know, at the 8 o'clock class, I have two naked beauties posing for the class. Amy is one, Eva Cobb is the other. My original plan was to have the two of them in an interesting pose where Eva would be standing on a ladder, bent over so that her full boobs were hanging down like fruit, maybe melons or grapefruit. And then Amy would be standing on tiptoe reaching up to Eva's boobs as if picking the low hanging fruit."

She went on, "But when Amy didn't show, I had to put the ladder away and figure out a pose for Eva to do alone. I had her lying on her tummy reading a book with her pretty tush in full view. Eva got into position and the students sketched her that way for the next 10 minutes or so. And then Amy comes waltzing in about 8:15. And I'm in a quandary again. Should I scold her and just send her off to sit in the corner for the rest of the hour? Or should I make use of her pretty naked body for the rest of the hour?"

She took a breath and continued, "I chose the latter. But I didn't want to really waste the drawings that the students had made of naked Eva lying on her stomach. So, I figured out something using Eva in that same position with Eva shaving Amy's pubes and legs."

Knoxx said, "Thank you, Professor. And that brings me to the next item on the list, Miss Suzuki. Not only were you late, but you neglected your personal hygiene this morning, didn't you? Did you take a shower? Did you shave your pubic area and legs?"

Amy shook her head, "No, I'm sorry I did not. There wasn't time."

Whiteside interrupted, "Her armpits needed shaving, too, and Amy had a disagreeable body odor that some of the students in the front row mentioned to me after the class."

Knoxx sniffed his nose in the air and said, "Well, I don't detect an unpleasant odor now. Did you take a shower before coming to this meeting, Miss Suzuki?"

Finally, Amy could give a positive answer to one of his questions. "Yes, I did. This afternoon."

Knoxx said, "Please lift your arms. I want to check your armpits."

Amy blushed but followed his order. He continued, "Well, they look good as well. Did you do that this afternoon, too?"

Amy blushed some more and said, "No, Professor Whiteside, asked me to do that between the 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock classes."

Knoxx said, "So, you went to the restroom to shave in private?"

She continued to blush, "No, I did it there on the platform in the classroom."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, because if you'd hidden in the restroom, we'd have another violation on our list today, wouldn't we? Now, the next item on the list. You were late for your 10 AM General Psychology final exam. Does that mean that you didn't take your exam this morning? If not, you'll probably get an F in the course, right?"

Amy was angry, but she restrained herself. "No, I did take the exam. But I was about a minute late arriving in the room, because I needed to use the toilet. The instructor hadn't even started passing out the test booklets yet when I sat down. But yes, I was late for the Psych test, and I'm sorry about that."

Amy was beginning to understand how one violation had turned into nine. Oversleeping had been the cause of these 4 violations, and he had nitpicked to create 4 items out of 1 real violation. But what were the other five violations that she had done today?

Knoxx said, "Okay. Next item. I had a report from your RA, Kelly Stubbins, that you received a UPS package this morning. She happened to see it at the main desk and noticed that it seemed to be from Victoria's Secret, and she thought that it might be related to your panty punishment somehow, and so she gave me a call. And it sounded suspicious to me, too. So, I added it to this list sort of on a conditional basis, but then you handed me a panty package this afternoon that is much different packaging material than the panties you bought last week. So, I conclude that you purchased these replacement panties on the internet or by calling Victoria's Secret on the phone rather than going to the convenient store in the local mall. Did I figure that out correctly, Miss Suzuki?"

Amy thought, "O, fuck. I should have known that Stubbins saw the package. Now Knoxx's going to ding me for it." She bowed her head and quietly said, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx, that's correct."

Knoxx said, "Well, why didn't you go to the store like I told you to?"

Very quietly Amy said, "Sir, you told me to purchase them myself rather than having a friend do it. You didn't tell me explicitly to go to the store. And so I purchased them on the internet, because I was afraid the city cops would see me almost naked at the mall and arrest me again."

Knoxx replied, "Very clever of you to pick up on my little oversight, but you certainly knew that I intended for you to go to the store, because you knew that our intent was to punish you mostly by embarrassment and shopping in a public store almost nude would be embarrassing. The city policemen might have been a problem, too, but it was really the embarrassment factor, wasn't it?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, that's right. It would have been truly embarrassing to go into the mall wearing only panties."

Knoxx went on, "So, basically, you used the internet to hide your body. And hiding your body is forbidden by the agreement." She silently nodded. "And then you essentially lied to me by leading me to believe you bought these panties at the store. Again, lying is forbidden by the agreement."

She silently nodded but thought to herself, "Okay, he concocted two violations from this one internet purchase. That gets today's total up to six. What are the other three?"

And Knoxx answered her silent question, "And now the other three violations didn't really happen today, but I found out about them today. Let's see, what order? Okay, let's do it this way. Miss Suzuki, please turn around and meet Vince Garoni."

Amy turned around to face the man who had been sitting right behind her during the meeting. He was so close to her that she thought she could feel his breath on her bare butt. And now his face was just inches from her bare pussy. She bent over and shook his hand, and then she stepped slightly to the side so that both of them could face Knoxx.

Knoxx added, "Mr. Garoni is an instructor in the biology department, and he is also the faculty advisor to the photography club. And he's the unofficial photographer for our sports teams. He attended yesterday's baseball game where you helped out the cheerleaders. As you might expect, your pretty naked body ended up in many of his photographs. He put together a nice photo gallery on the internet of the pictures that he took yesterday. Here, Miss Suzuki, please come around in back of my desk, and I'll show you the photos on my computer screen."

Amy wondered why he just didn't swivel the monitor around so she could see it from the front of the desk, but she reluctantly came around and positioned her naked body right next Knoxx who remained seated. She bent over and looked at the computer screen knowing that she was showing her ass and pussy lips to the four committee members seated close by. Even though those men had seen her naked many times in the last two weeks, she still felt uncomfortable having them only a foot or so from her bare bottom. And she felt uncomfortable having her dangling boobs only inches from Knoxx's hands on the keyboard.

Knoxx started a slideshow to show her the photos one by one, and Amy was stunned to see that she was prominently shown in every photo. She glanced at the top of the screen and saw that he had named the web album "Naked Amy". There were several photos of her with the cheerleaders including a closeup of her on top of the pyramid. There were a couple of pictures of her struggling while dragging the infield. There was one of her sweeping the pitching rubber with the opposing pitcher standing there looking down at her. And there was an extreme closeup of her kneeling as the batgirl with her pussy wide open and her clit clearly visible; he must have used a telephoto lens to get this picture. And then there were three photos of her walking naked across campus behind Knoxx and Laird after the game. There were no real pictures of the baseball game; like the title said, these were just pictures of naked Amy.

Amy was reeling with embarrassment at having her naked photos posted on the internet. But Knoxx paused the slideshow on the last picture and said, "And Miss Suzuki, this last photo shows you violating our agreement." In the photo, Amy was shown following several feet behind Knoxx and Laird with her head down and both hands behind her. She was holding her panties in such a way that it almost looked like she had a tail. Knoxx went on, "See how you are holding your hands and your panties. They are covering up your rear end, which is not permitted. I believe that I had told you to remember to hold your hands at your sides carrying your panties, and clearly you didn't."

Amy couldn't remember doing that, but the photo proved she did. She just said, "Yes, I see. I did that accidentally, and I'm sorry."

Knoxx glanced at the naked girl only inches away and said, "Okay, return to your usual spot in front of my desk."

The naked girl circled the desk again and briefly glanced at Garoni, who had an apologetic smile on his face. She turned to face Knoxx again.

Knoxx said, "All right. I became aware of the next two violations this afternoon, and they are related to your date on Saturday night."

Amy closed her eyes and thought, "Oh, god, no." But she just bowed her head again.

Knoxx went on, "On Saturday evening, you went to a movie with Dwight Henderson. Right?" She just nodded. "And what did you do afterwards?"

Amy quietly said, "We had coffee at Starbucks."

"And then?", he asked.

"We went home", she said meekly, but she knew where this was going.

Knoxx replied, "Yes, that's what you told me at yesterday's meeting. But that's kind of a misleading answer, isn't it? Because it seems to imply that Mr. Henderson went to his home and you went to your home, but that's not what happened is it?"

In a barely audible voice, Amy answered, "No, sir."

"What did you really do?"

"We went back to Dwight's apartment."

"And so, Miss Suzuki, you sort of lied to me, and as we said earlier, lying is not permitted by the agreement, is it?"

Amy whispered, "No, sir. I'm sorry that I deceived you."

Knoxx went on, "Okay. Now, what did you do at his apartment?"

Amy blushed and her eyes watered, "We made love. I stayed all night."

"So, you had sexual intercourse. Right?"

"Yes, but that's not prohibited by our agreement", Amy replied.

"No, it's not, but that's not the violation. Where in the apartment did you have sex?"

"In his bedroom", she said quietly. But she was thinking, "Okay, asshole. I know where this is going, and you're dragging it out for dramatic effect just to embarrass me even more."

Knoxx said, "Were there other people in the apartment?"

Amy replied, "Yes, part of the time."

"Were they in the same room with you?"

"No, we were alone." But she continued to think to herself, "Come on, fucker. Get to the point."

"Was the door closed?", he asked.

Amy quietly answered, "Yes."

"So, you were hiding your naked body from the other people behind the closed door. Right?" She nodded. "And that's prohibited by our agreement."

She could feel a tear rolling down her cheek and she whispered, "Yes, and I'm sorry." But she wasn't actually sorry, because love making is a very private thing and there's no way she would have done that in front of other people.

Knoxx said, "Okay, then. That's the nine violations for today alone. Let's go through the others on the list."

Amy wiped away the tear and looked up at Knoxx relieved that he was going to stop talking about her date with Dwight.

Knoxx paused and said, "On the other hand, maybe this would be a good time to take a break. Does anyone need to use the restroom? Miss Suzuki?"

Amy just shook her head, but several others in the room got up from their chairs. Garoni, Whiteside, Beaupre, and Telford went to the restrooms. Thorson and the other three committee members remained seated and chatted with Knoxx. Amy remained standing naked where she was. No one said anything to her. No one wanted to include her in their casual conversations as they returned to the room, but Beaupre did give her a weak friendly smile. She just stood there silently naked, kind of like a statue. She thought, "I'm not even a real person to them. I'm just an object." And another tear trickled down her cheek. She wiped it away as everyone else returned to their seats.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, we're going to go through these chronologically. Oh, you'll want a copy of this list to review; Mrs. Duckworth is adding those last nine items to the list right now, and she'll bring in the updated list in a few minutes.

"All right. Number one. Last Wednesday, at the 9 o'clock art class, you wanted to disrupt the class because you needed to urinate. Ms. Whiteside told you to hold it, and you subsequently squirmed around while posing. If you recall, Mr. Laird and I saw you posing on the picnic table that day, and we observed you squirming about. This violates the rule in the agreement about being cooperative with the person in charge of the activity. Your comments?"

She just said, "Yes, my bladder was full. I should have gone to the bathroom during the break between the 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock classes. I'm sorry."

"Number two. Also, last Wednesday you were late for your 10 AM General Psychology class. Tyson Laird observed this. What happened here?"

She quietly said, "I needed to go to the bathroom after the 9 AM art class, and I guess I might have been a few seconds late."

He said, "You know, Miss Suzuki, this seems to be a recurring theme. Time after time, we get reports about your needing to pee when you should have done it at an earlier time. You don't seem to be learning your lesson here."

She bowed her head and said, "I'm sorry, Dr. Knoxx. I'll try to do better."

"Number three. This is a bit confusing to me. So, I'll just read what's written here and then let Ms. Whiteside describe it better. It says 'refused to ask Miss Hathaway to pose nude.' Go ahead, Professor, fill us in on this one."

Amy stepped back as Whiteside stood up to address the group. "I asked one of my students, Cindy Johnson, to design a posing formation with the nude bodies of Amy and Eva Cobb. Miss Johnson thought adding a third nude body would make a better pose, and she asked Amy to convince her roommate, Miss Hathaway, to be part of the pose. But Amy refused to do that, and as I understand it, she actually talked Miss Hathaway out of doing it even though Miss Hathaway wanted to do it. Did I get that right, Amy?"

Amy replied, "Yes, that's pretty much it. Linda Hathaway and I are very good friends, and I thought posing naked together would negatively affect our friendship. And so, I convinced Linda to turn down Cindy Johnson's request."

Knoxx said, "Professor, do you think adding a third naked lady to the pose would have made for a better artistic experience for the students in the class?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

Knoxx turned to Amy and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, this sounds like a lack of cooperation violation to me, and so, I'm going to leave it on the list. Anything more to say about it?"

Amy meekly said, "No, sir. I'm sorry if it affected the class."

Knoxx went on, "Number four. On Thursday, you asked Dr. Whiteside to remove a veil from your face during posing even though the agreement gives her the right to use whatever props she wants during your posing. Why didn't you want the veil?"

"I thought it would be a violation of the no-covering-up rule. I guess I didn't realize that the veil was just another prop for the pose. I'm sorry if this caused a problem."

"Number five. You had a run-in with the city police last Thursday. From what I learned, the policeman thought that you had crossed into city jurisdiction, but witnesses nearby said you stayed on the campus side which is outside of the city jurisdiction. Evidently, this has to do with the boundary line running down the middle of the street and whether or not you crossed it. Is that right?" Amy just nodded. "Well, I think you could have avoided the entire incident by recognizing exactly where the boundary line is located and staying well away from it on the campus side. Anything to say about this?"

She said, "No, not really. I'm sorry for creating the scene."

"Number six. On Thursday at Wytham, you asked Dr. Beaupre not to do one of the experiments. Why?"

She glanced over at Beaupre, blushed, and then said, "It sounded really intense. He wanted to insert a thing into my ass, I mean, my anus, and that bothered me."

"But you eventually agreed to do it? Why?"

"Well, he explained that they would be very careful not to hurt me. And, I didn't think I really had a choice; if I didn't do it, I'd be expelled."

Knoxx replied, "Yes, that's true. In all of this, you really do have the final say in the matter, but the consequence of refusing would be immediate expulsion."

He went on, "Okay. Number seven. Last Thursday, your panties were stolen at Wytham. That's not really your fault, but we feel that you could have looked harder for them at the time to avoid all of the subsequent issues, such as purchasing replacements."

Amy didn't like this, because there had been no time to go looking around the icky Wytham building for her missing panties; it would have been looking for a needle in a haystack. But she just said, "I'm sorry, but I didn't think there was time."

"Number eight. You were ten minutes late getting to the 5 o'clock meeting on Thursday. We kind of discussed this at the time, and we didn't think we could let you completely off the hook, so to speak, even though there was heavy traffic at the time. And we still feel that way."

Again, Amy didn't like this, but she just said, "I apologize for being late that day."

"Number nine. You asked Dr. Beaupre to come with you to the 5 o'clock meeting on Thursday. We don't think you should have done that. You are a college senior, and you should have been able to handle that meeting with us by yourself. Comments?"

Amy again glanced at Beaupre, but she knew she wouldn't win any argument about this, and she just said, "No, I'm sorry if that was not the right thing to do."

"Number ten. On Friday morning, you turned away from the students during art class to prepare yourself for posing. Please explain."

Amy blushed again, and knowing that there was no way to be subtle about this, she said, "Well, Dr. Whiteside wanted my clitoris to be visible during the pose. And I needed to stimulate it to get it to swell up. I originally turned my back to the class while rubbing my clit, and that was a mistake. I'm sorry."

She was relieved and a bit surprised that Knoxx didn't pursue this any further; she actually would not have been shocked to hear him ask her to demonstrate stimulating her clit. But Knoxx merely said, "Okay. Number eleven. On Friday evening, Mindy Rafferty asked me several times to let you to at least wear panties while cheerleading. She was almost pleading with me, but I kept telling her 'no'. I feel that you should have done more to stop her from pleading your case. You could have told her to stop. Any comments?"

Amy answered, "No, I was aware that she was doing it, and I guess I should have stopped her sooner. I'm sorry."

"Number twelve. You helped to repair sprinklers on Saturday morning, and one of our observers saw you kind of covering yourself by squatting rather than a more open position showing your breasts and vagina. Why?"

Amy had no excuses for this, because she had intentionally squatted to avoid more exposure. She just said, "That was a mistake, and I'm sorry."

"Number thirteen. Mr. Thorson told me that you did not complete your assigned tasks on Saturday. Specifically, there were several rugs that were assigned to you that you did not wash. He had to have some other workers stay longer to do those carpets. This cost the university extra money to pay them overtime and to feed them dinner. And I understand the men weren't too happy about staying so long even though they were getting paid overtime. I realize that we talked about this at the ballgame on Sunday, but do you have any additional comments about it?"

Again this was not Amy's fault, but she knew there was no point in arguing. She turned to Thorson and said, "Mr. Thorson, I'm sorry if my slow work caused you problems."

Knoxx said, "And that leads us to number fourteen. You had an emotional breakdown while washing those rugs, and while you were crying, you bent way over with your head essentially on your knees covering your breasts completely. Of course, this is explicitly forbidden by the agreement. Any comments? Why were you crying?"

Amy hadn't even realized that she did this, but she wasn't surprised that it had happened. She said meekly, "I'm sorry for sobbing and then covering up like that. But I was really looking forward to my date on Saturday night, and I got upset when it seemed I might have to cancel it to wash those rugs. Again, Mr. Thorson, I'm sorry."

Knoxx said, "Number fifteen. When you came to this meeting on Saturday afternoon, your hair was very unkempt. Our agreement says that you will maintain an acceptable appearance. Right?"

Amy said, "Yes, that's right. My hair took a real beating from the water on Saturday while I was fixing the sprinklers and working in the fountain. There wasn't time to get it completely dry before the 5 o'clock meeting. I'm sorry."

Knoxx persisted, "But your hair looked very nice on your date later that evening. Right?"

Amy replied, "Yes. Some friends at the dorm helped me fix it up before I went out."

Knoxx pressed on, "Did you know Mr. Henderson before going on this date?"

Amy was getting annoyed but she quietly answered, "No, not really. I'd met him a few times and he gave me a ride to the mall. But I'd never gone out with him before."

Knoxx sighed, "So, I conclude that you cared more about your appearance for a stranger than for Mr. Laird and myself?"

Amy didn't know if that was a question or not, and she merely answered, "Again, I'm sorry."

Knoxx went on, "Number sixteen. On Sunday at the baseball game, the grounds crew and the umpire were upset with you for doing a poor job at dragging the infield after the fourth inning; no, sorry it was after the third inning. The game was delayed while the real grounds keepers fixed up the flaws you had left behind. What happened there?"

Again Amy said meekly, "I had never done that before, and that drag mat device was much heavier than I expected. I should have talked with Mr. Small before the game to clarify what he wanted me to do and to practice with that device. I'm very sorry for slowing down the game."

Knoxx said, "And the last one on the list. Number seventeen. Yesterday, after the baseball game, I felt that you were disrespectful to me when I told you not to wear your panties during the walk from the ballpark back to this office. You balled up your panties in your hand either to hide them or as an expression of anger. Either way, I was not pleased with your attitude. As I said at the time, that walk back to Kameron was part of yesterday's afternoon meeting, and you are required to be naked during these meetings. Isn't that right?"

Amy bowed her head and said, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx, as the agreement says, I am to be nude at these meetings, and I apologize if my attitude upset you."

Knoxx said, "Okay. That's the end of the list. Let me check with Lorene to see if she has typed up the list yet." He got up and went out to the secretary's desk, and a minute later came back with several sheets of printed paper. He gave a copy to Amy, and then handed the other copies to the committee members.

Amy looked at the sheet which showed:

*1. Wed - needed to pee during posing
2. Wed - late for Psychology class
3. Thu - refused to ask Miss Hathaway to pose nude
4. Thu - asked Dr. Whiteside not to cover her head with a veil
5. Thu - run-in with the city police, came close to crossing into city jurisdiction
6. Thu - asked Dr. Beaupre not to do clitoris experiment
7. Thu - panties are stolen
8. Thu - ten minutes late to Thursday meeting
9. Thu - brought Dr. Beaupre with her to Thursday meeting
10. Fri - turned around in art class to massage clitoris
11. Fri - did not tell Miss Rafferty to stop pleading for Amy to wear panties
12. Sat - covered up while repairing sprinklers
13. Sat - did not finish washing carpets
14. Sat - covered her breasts while crying during the carpet cleaning
15. Sat - untidy appearance at meeting
16. Sun - delayed the baseball game due to a poor job of dragging the infield
17. Sun - disrespectful to Chancellor Knoxx
18. Mon - 15 minutes late for art class
19. Mon - Dr. Whiteside had to change her lesson plan because she wasn't there
20. Mon - did not shower or shave before art class
21. Mon - late for Psychology final exam
22. Mon - bought panties online rather than at store
23. Mon - lied about buying panties at store
24. Mon - lied about going home to dorm after Saturday night date
25. Mon - closed bedroom door at Mr. Henderson's apartment
26. Mon - covered her butt with her hands and panties after Sunday ballgame*

Amy just shook her head; she didn't like this list. Many of the violations were not her fault or were very questionable. But she knew Knoxx would use the long length of the list to justify some more heavy punishment. She just hoped that they would not immediately expel her.

After a minute or so of silence, Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, what are we going to do with you?" He said this in almost a fatherly way as if talking to a 6-year old child, and that's exactly what Amy felt like standing there naked in front of him with her head bowed. He went on, "Our committee and these other faculty members have spent considerable time this afternoon discussing your situation. I want to thank all of these fine folks for spending so much time today; I'm sure that they all have many other pressing tasks to do at this busy time of year. And we have come up with some additional community service projects for you to do as punishment for these violations."

But he paused for a second and then said, "As an aside, we should note that we've already punished you a little bit for a couple of the violations on Saturday. We assigned you ground crew work and batboy work at the baseball game in addition to your cheerleading. But that little bit of punishment is not sufficient to cover this long list."

Then he paused for another moment before continuing, "But first, I need to ask you about your schedule for this week, so that we can fit in these additional assignments. Let's start with your plans for graduation weekend. Will you have family members visiting you and attending the ceremony on Monday?"

Amy hadn't expected this question, and she didn't know where Knoxx was going to go with this. She slowly nodded her head and said, "Yes, my parents and brother will be here."

"When are they arriving and leaving?"

"About noon on Monday. They will be here til Wednesday morning to help me pack up my things and move out of the dorm."

Knoxx went on, "Okay, thank you for that. Now let's write down your schedule for the next several days to see where you have some time for these projects. And of course, we want to leave time for you to study for your exams as well. Here's a magic marker, and I want you to write down your schedule on the white board over there to your left."

Amy leaned over and took the magic marker, and then she trudged over to white board next to where Beaupre was sitting. Knoxx said, "Dr. Beaupre, why don't you move your chair over here where she was standing so that she can have room to write on the board and for us to see the board more clearly?" Beaupre nodded and moved his chair essentially switching positions with Amy.

The board was already covered with writing about some budget issues, and Amy paused and said, "Can I erase all of this?" Knoxx looked at it for a moment and said, "Just a minute. Let me take a quick photo of it." With Amy still standing next to the board, Knoxx took the photo with his iPhone; Amy was certain that her naked body was part of the picture. And then Knoxx said, "Go ahead and erase it, Miss Suzuki." Amy took the eraser and with her boobs bouncing nicely, she wiped the board clean.

Knoxx said, "Okay, let's cover the board with a grid. Let's see we need seven columns, one for each of the next seven days. And then I want a row for each 2-hour part of the day from 8AM til 10PM should be enough. This will give us a spreadsheet to fill in with your schedule. Okay, go ahead, and be sure to label the rows and columns. Draw the rows first; let's see, you'll need 9 rows including a line for the column labels. Write the time on the left side, 8, 10, 12, 2, etc. Label the columns with the day starting with Tuesday for tomorrow."

The naked girl had to stand on tiptoe to draw the top two lines, and then she needed to bend over to draw the bottom two lines. The audience watched her bare bottom with interest as she stretched and bent. She labeled each row as instructed and then drew the vertical lines to create 7 columns. And then she had to get way up on her tiptoes to write the column headings; she kind of looked like a naked ballerina as she shifted her way across the board on her toes.

After she finished, she turned back to face Knoxx, and she saw him pointing at her left breast. She looked down and saw some black ink near her nipple where it had rubbed against the board. He handed her a tissue, and she quickly wiped her breast before the ink could dry. She looked at the board, and saw the place where her boob had smeared one of the lines, and she fixed it up.

Knoxx said, "Okay, let's fill in what we know about. Go ahead and write in 'naked posing' for the 8-10 slot for Tuesday thru Friday." Amy noted that he used the phrase "naked posing" rather than "art class" just to add a little further embarrassment. She did as instructed. "Now, in the 4-6 slot, write 'meeting' at the bottom of each square, leave enough room above in case we need it." Amy did as he wanted, but she wondered about next Monday, because her punishment was supposed to be over by then.

He pulled out a piece of paper and said, "Okay, you've got a Formal Logic exam on Wednesday, 2-4. And Modern Journalism exam Thursday 10-12. Write those in." As she did, he continued, "And I see that you've got a couple of take-home exams. Have you finished those yet?"

"Yes, I turned in the Composition exam this afternoon, and I've pretty much finished the English Lit exam, but I need to review it before submitting it."

Knoxx glanced at the schedule and said, "Good, so let's just say that you'll submit it tomorrow and get that out of the way. So, fill in 10-12 Tuesday with 'Eng Lit' exam."

She was annoyed that he was setting out her study schedule for her, but she just wrote it in.

Knoxx continued, "And let's see, the graduation ceremony starts at 3PM on Monday. So, fill in the 2-4 slot. Oh, and the panty auction is Saturday from 7-10 in the evening. And Dr. Beaupre wants you at noon again on Thursday; so fill in 'Wytham' with an arrow down to 5PM, but we'll discuss that some more in a few minutes."

The pretty nude wrote down everything that he had said. When she finished, she turned back to face him again. Another smudge, this one on her right nipple. She blushed as she cleaned it off as before.

"Okay, Miss Suzuki, now it's your turn. What about lunch and dinner? Should we allocate an hour for each, say at noon and at 6 o'clock?"

She quietly said, "Yes, that sounds right." And she wrote in "lunch" and "dinner" across the board except for Thursday, where she asked, "Dr. Beaupre, will you have lunch for me again on Thursday?" He smiled and said, "Yes, just like last week."

"Good. Now, Miss Suzuki, are there any other activities that we need to write up there?"

Amy wasn't sure she wanted to tell them about her date on Tuesday night, but after a moment's reflection, she decided that she had to mention it. "Well, I have a date tomorrow night. Dinner and then studying with a friend."

Knoxx's interest perked up at this and he said, "Oh, let's talk about that. What time? How long? Who? Where?"

Amy blushed, but she knew she had to avoid any more violations for not telling the entire truth, and she said, "6 o'clock til 11, I guess. Dwight Henderson and I are going to eat dinner at his place, and then we're going to study afterwards."

And then very bluntly and indelicately Knoxx asked, "And are you going to have sex with him again?"

The naked girl blushed as deep a red as she ever had, all the way down to her breasts, and she said, "Yes, probably we will."

Knoxx then looked at Beaupre and asked, "Dr. Beaupre, will these episodes of her having sexual intercourse interfere with your experiments on Thursday?"

Beaupre merely said, "No, Dr. Knoxx, it won't matter as long as he uses a condom."

Knoxx raised his eyebrows as he looked back at Amy, "He will have a condom. Right?"

She quietly said, "Yes, he will."

Now, Knoxx again bluntly asked Amy, "You said you'd be staying til 11 PM, but I detected some indecision there. Are you going to be staying all night again?"

Amy hoped so, but she just said, "Maybe, but I don't really know."

Knoxx then pondered for a moment and said, "Very well, Miss Suzuki, I guess we can allow you to do that. Go ahead and write 'dinner, study, sex' in those boxes for 6, 8, and 10PM on Tuesday. I guess it doesn't really matter to us where you sleep."

Amy was still blushing deeply with embarrassment as she filled in the boxes. She really, really resented having her private life advertised so succinctly to these people. And she despised Knoxx for making her feel as if she was asking his permission for her to go out on a date. And his crack about where she slept made it sound as if she slept around with lots of men.

Knoxx said, "Okay. Miss Suzuki, anything else you've got planned?"

Amy said, "Well, on Monday, my family and I are probably going out to lunch and dinner together, but we've got that written in already. And of course, I want as much time to study for my final exams as possible so that I am properly prepared for them."

Knoxx replied, "Well, that goes without saying, but considering your situation, you are going to have to allocate some time for these punishment projects as well. However, since your exams will be finished by noon on Thursday, we'll give you some study time these next two days, and then I see lots of open time on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday for punishment. How's that?"

Amy tried not to shudder at the thought of doing unknown things in the nude all day on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. She quietly said, "Okay."

Knoxx went on, "All right. So, let's fill in the additional community service activities that we've decided on, and then we'll fill in the others in the open slots." She thought he sounded like a job supervisor assigning tasks to his workers rather than assigning a naked young woman to show off her body to strangers.

Knoxx went on, "Let's write them in, and then I'll go back and describe them for you. First, on Thursday, we want to extend the experiments at Wytham into the evening. At least til 7 and maybe later. We will plan to have our daily meeting in the lab during a break or while the experiments are going on; we will probably stay and watch the experiments for a while after the meeting. We'll figure out dinner for you somehow. So, erase 'dinner' on Thursday and extend that arrow down to 8 o'clock. As I say, we'll talk about them in a minute."

Amy thought to herself, "So, I'll be naked and probed for 8 hours on Thursday. And he hasn't even gotten to Friday, Saturday, and Sunday yet!" She quietly made the changes on the white board.

Knoxx then said, "Now, on Friday afternoon, we've arranged for you to take part in another auction. For now, just write down 'Prime Cut Auction' from noon til 4:30 on Friday."

As she wrote it down, she thought, "O, god, what's that about? I assume that I'll be part of the merchandise rather than a bidder or the auctioneer."

Knoxx continued, "On Saturday, you will be helping Ms. Whiteside at the Pre-Graduation Art & Wine Festival. Just write 'Art & Wine' from 9 AM til 4 PM."

He paused to let Amy write it down, and then he said, "Good. Now, let's talk about these and then we will see how you can help out Mr. Thorson and Mr. Garoni. Dr. Beaupre, why don't you describe the Thursday session at Wytham?"

Beaupre said, "Okay. As you know, we've been running some experiments called 'Single Point Stimulation' with Amy, and we have one more of those to do. That should last 90 minutes or so. And then to extend the session as you requested, Dr. Knoxx, we're going to let the Norwegians run some experiments with Amy. These will take several hours."

Knoxx looked at him quizzically and said, "Norwegians?"

Beaupre chuckled and replied, "Yeah, we happen to have two visiting researchers from Norway in the lab. We have been trading notes with them, and we'd like to see how some of their stimulation devices and techniques work on Amy. And vice versa as well; we'll show them some of our experiments on Amy."

Knoxx said, "Good. Also, what is the last single point experiment that you are going to do?"

Amy blushed as Beaupre said, "We are going to stimulate her G-spot and measure her responses."

Knoxx looked over at the committee members and said, "Gentlemen, that sounds like an interesting experiment for us to observe. Maybe we should join Dr. Beaupre and his crew for lunch and spend the afternoon?" The four men agreed and Amy sagged her head; she thought that Knoxx sounded like a man going to a picnic and then watching his son's soccer game.

Knoxx then looked at Tyson Laird and said, "Ty, since you arranged the Friday auction, I'll let you tell us what you know."

Laird stood up and seemed to be looking right at Amy's pussy as he said, "There's a club of older gentlemen called 'The Old Geezers', and every month they have some sort of erotic auction for their members. They auction off nude women, 5 to 10 each week, and the winning bidder gets a lap dance from the woman involved. All of the women are paid for their participation, and Miss Suzuki will donate her money to the university foundation. The interesting part is the pre-auction display of the naked girls. I just joined this group recently, and I've only been to one auction, and for that one, the women served as naked waitresses for the men's luncheon. But I understand that they have several other motifs, and I'm not sure what this one is all about. The guy who runs it is nicknamed Daddy and he owns DaddyO's adult bookstore. The only thing he would tell me is the name 'Prime Cut Auction'. He assures me that it is all on the up-and-up; that is, the women are all paid, willing participants and no sex is permitted, although touching is allowed.

Amy let out a slight gasp and everyone in the room turned to look at the naked girl. She stood there wide-eyed, but she said nothing. However, to herself she thought, "How can it be on the 'up-and-up' with naked women? And I'm certainly not a willing participant!" Then she closed her eyes and her mouth, and she bent her head down. She knew she had no choice but to do it.

Knoxx said, "Good. Miss Suzuki, we will look forward to hearing about this at our 5 o'clock meeting on Friday. And now, Ms. Whiteside, tell us about the art and wine thing."

Whiteside stood up and said, "You all probably know about the annual Art & Wine Festival that is held on the weekend before graduation. Lots of the parents and family members of the graduates like to shop at this event; it is a good way to pass the time on a spring weekend. It is held both Saturday and Sunday. At the moment, I only have Amy for Saturday, but if she's available on Sunday, I could use her then as well. At any rate, my sister and I are two of the organizers of the event this year, and Dr. Knoxx has been kind enough to give us free rein on Amy's dress or lack thereof. We will probably have her hand out brochures or something like that, but we haven't decided for sure yet exactly what she'll be doing. But she certainly will not have many clothes on. She should be a nice drawing card."

Amy gulped. Not only would she be naked in front of hundreds of people, but the festival was held in a city park rather than on campus. And so she would have to worry about the city's indecent exposure laws that the policeman had told her about last Thursday.

Knoxx said, "Okay, thanks, Dr. Whiteside. Now, Mr. Thorson and Mr. Garoni, let's see if Miss Suzuki can help you during some of the unallocated time on her schedule. Let's see, there's a big block of unallocated time tomorrow afternoon from noon til 5. And then on Wednesday, there's 10 til 2 available if you provide lunch, and even 4 to 5. Thursday is filled up. Friday has 10 to noon, but she needs time to eat before the auction. Saturday is filled. Sunday is completely free, but I would like to save at least part of that for last minute punishment in case she breaks any more rules. Similarly for Monday morning; I'll save that, too. Mr. Garoni, I'll let you go first, what would you like?"

Naked Amy felt like a naked pawn getting moved around a crowded chessboard. They weren't concerned about her feelings, her health, or her studies. Her beautiful naked body and how to expose it were their only concerns.

Garoni said, "Well, I would love to have such a gorgeous naked lady to shoot at various spots around campus. At this time of year, the light is best in early morning and late afternoon or early evening. How about I take her from 6 til 8 on Wednesday evening? The setting sun and her naked form could be a nice combination. And then maybe I can steal her on early Sunday morning from 7 til 9 to get some of the rising sun rays casting interesting light on her?"

Knoxx smiled and said, "Done. We'll look forward to seeing those pictures. How many photographers will you have?"

Garoni replied, "Well, we have a dozen people in the club, and I expect they'll all want to be part of this." He paused for a second before asking, "Oh, does she have to be nude all the time? Can we put panties on her for a few shots?"

Knoxx said, "Yes, panties are okay. And caps or hats are okay, too. But nothing else. No shoes, no gloves, and most especially, no brassieres. Her breasts must be visible at all times."

"Good. And can we provide her with some sexier panties to wear for the photos, or will it just be the plain ones that we've seen her wearing these last two weeks?"

Knoxx said, "Well, Mr. Garoni, let's just stick to the plain ones. But you can be inventive about how to use them on her."

Garoni smiled and replied, "All right. And thanks for this, Dr. Knoxx. And Amy, thank you in advance."

Amy gave him a weak smile and just nodded.

Knoxx looked at the schedule and said to Amy, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, fill in Wednesday 6 to 8 and Sunday 7 to 9 AM with 'nude photos'. And since we stole a couple of hours on Wednesday night, let's mark Wednesday 10 to 2 with 'study' as well as 'lunch'."

Amy cringed as she wrote "nude photos" in the two slots.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Edgar. What would you like?"

Thorson said, "Well, how about a few hours tomorrow and a few more on Sunday. I could use some help counting that fountain money tomorrow, and then on Sunday, she could help do general cleanup around campus before graduation. So, how about 3 til 5 tomorrow afternoon and then 9 til noon on Sunday?"

Knoxx said, "Done. Write it down, Miss Suzuki. And when you're done, please step back and look at the schedule to make sure you can do it. It looks to me as if there is plenty of study time for your two final exams, but only you can tell for sure."

Amy was still stunned; she still couldn't quite believe that her naked body was being so casually assigned to these people, as if it were a piece of specialized equipment. But she looked at the grid that she had written on the board, and it did look reasonable at first glance. However, she was concerned about the normal everyday things that weren't written there: showering, shaving, using the toilet, talking with friends, eating breakfast, walking to and from the activities, paying bills, charging her cell phone, reading her mail, etc. But she decided not to mention any of those things, because she felt like she had no say in this any more. She just quietly said, "Yes, it looks okay to me."

Knoxx replied, "Okay, good. Now, gentlemen and Ms. Whiteside, please feel free to swap your slots around if necessary. If you do, please let me know, and of course, let Miss Suzuki know so that she doesn't show up at the wrong place."

Amy began to tear up again, because she now felt like a baseball player being offered for trade between teams. She was just a piece of gear to them.

Knoxx then said to her, "Miss Suzuki, please stand next to the board, and I'll take a picture of your schedule. I'll give it to Mrs. Duckworth to transcribe it into a document that will be sent to you and all of these folks." Amy stood there unsmiling with her arms at her sides as Knoxx used his iPhone to take a few photos of her naked body and the schedule on the board beside her. He punched a few more buttons on the phone to send the photos to Mrs. Duckworth's computer.

Knoxx then turned back to her and with a stern voice said, "Now, Miss Suzuki, I want to let you know how lucky you are; you actually got off pretty easy with this punishment. You actually have Tyson Laird to thank that you are still in school here, because Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Telford, Dr. Farmer, and myself thought that this long list of violations plus the violations last week justified your immediate expulsion. But Mr. Laird thought that we would be on shaky legal ground expelling you now, and he convinced us to let you stay and punish you in other ways. Any comments?"

The naked girl shook her head, looked at Laird, and said softly, "Thank you, Mr. Laird."

Knoxx continued, "And let me tell you some of the other punishments that we considered, but did not implement. Like last week, we considered just taking away your panties completely and having you be entirely naked these last few days. And we considered having you remain naked at the graduation ceremony, probably wearing only the mortarboard part of the usual cap and gown graduation outfit. And we considered adding one more 5 o'clock meeting for Monday and requiring you to be nude as usual and to bring your family members along so that we could explain our actions to them. We seriously considered all of these things, and again you are very fortunate to have avoided them."

He went on, "Actually, I should say you are fortunate only for the time being, because we may impose these at any time in the next few days. We are going to have a zero-tolerance policy for any more violations. If we hear about you breaking any more of the rules in the agreement, we will impose some or all of those punishments. Or we just might immediately expel you afterall. We are very serious, Miss Suzuki. Understand?"

Amy tried to remain stoic as she slowly nodded her head and said "Yes, I understand", but she was sure that her body language was broadcasting her stunned reaction to everyone in the room.

Knoxx said, "Well, we're almost done here. But first, let me open this panty package and have Miss Suzuki try on this replacement pair." He ripped it open and tossed her the pink striped panties. She slid them up her long legs. She slowly turned to model them for Knoxx, and he nodded. She slid them off and handed them back. Knoxx made his usual red mark on the rear waist band and set them aside.

Knoxx then got a pair of pale green panties out of his drawer and tossed them to Amy saying, "Here are panties for you to wear tomorrow." She slid this pair up her legs and was only slightly relieved to finally have her pussy covered. Then Knoxx said, "Okay, that's it. And Miss Suzuki, please remember that you'll be counting money with Mr. Thorson at 3 PM tomorrow. Edgar, I assume that she should report to the physical plant, and I assume that you'll make certain that she's here at 5 o'clock."

Thorson said, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx, we'll be counting the money at the plant, and I'll have someone drive her over here in plenty of time for the meeting."

Knoxx said, "Good. And goodnight, everybody."

Amy wanted to scurry out the door and get away from all these people, but she remembered the zero-tolerance phrase that Knoxx had just used, and so she merely walked slowly out the door with most of the other people. And they all rode as a group down the elevator to the first floor; not a word was spoken the entire time.

Amy glanced at the clock in the lobby and realized that she had missed dinner at the dining hall again, and she decided to eat at the Student Union cafeteria for the third day in a row. As she walked out the door into the twilight, she smiled briefly at the friendly Dr. Beaupre and said, "Good night."

She quickly ate a bland pre-made turkey sandwich, some chips, and a soda at the cafeteria, and then headed back to the dorm. She checked her email and found a message from Lorene Duckworth. It contained the schedule that she had just committed herself to:

*May 15, Tuesday
8-10AM naked posing
10-noon submit English Lit exam, study
noon-3PM lunch, study
3-5PM count money
5-6PM meeting
6-midnight dinner, study, sex

May 16, Wednesday
8-10AM naked posing
10-2PM study, lunch
2-4PM Formal Logic exam
4-5PM study
5-6PM meeting
6-8PM nude photos, dinner
8-midnight study

May 17, Thursday
8-10AM naked posing
10-noon Modern Journalism exam
noon-8PM lunch, Wytham, dinner
8-midnight available*

*May 18, Friday
8-10AM naked posing
10-noon available, lunch
noon-4:30PM Prime Cut auction
4:30-5PM available
5-6PM meeting
6-7PM dinner
7-10PM panty auction prep
10-midnight available*

*May 19, Saturday
8-9AM available
9-4PM art & wine festival
4-5PM available
5-6PM meeting
6-7PM dinner
7-10PM panty auction
10-midnight available*

*May 20, Sunday
7-9AM nude photos
9-noon ground crew
noon-5PM available
5-6PM meeting
6-midnight available*

*May 21, Monday
8-noon available
noon-1PM lunch
1-3PM available
3-5PM graduation
5-6PM meeting
6-7PM dinner
7-midnight available*

She let out a low derisive laugh as she saw the liberties that Knoxx had taken. He had extended the schedule all the way to midnight each day, and he had filled in the blank slots with "available", which just seemed like an open invitation to any of them to use her nude body during that time. And she didn't like the way he had filled in Monday from noon on, because the agreement said that her punishment would end at noon on Monday, but he had threatened to keep her naked until Monday night if she broke any rules. She wished he had added the word "conditional" to everything after Monday noon, but she'd fight that battle if it ever happened.

After that, she finished up the English Lit exam, and then spent a couple of hours each on Formal Logic and Modern Journalism. At midnight, she decided to spend an hour or so working on the diary and those daily one-sheets, and a little after 1 AM she said good night to Linda, crossed off another day on the calendar, set alarms on her clock and her cell phone, and went to bed.

**May 15, Tuesday**

**Chapter 52 - Naked Netminder**

Amy was jarred awake at 6:30 by a strange loud noise. She looked around the room, and then she realized it was her cell phone alarm going off; she had never heard her phone make that noise before. And a few seconds later, her alarm clock went off. She looked over to see Linda wiping her eyes and groggily saying, "What the heck was that?" Amy replied, "Sorry, Lindy, it was my cell phone alarm. Just go back to sleep."

She did her usual morning routine including shaving her pubes and legs even though they had been done just the day before. She was resolved to be perfect and avoid any further violations. After breakfast at the dining hall, she loaded up her backpack with several items, and then set out for Wakefield Hall in her pale green panties at 7:40, which would get her to art class well ahead of time; she would not be late today.

As she walked, she wondered what this new day would bring. She knew Eva wouldn't be posing with her, but other than that, the posing could be almost anything. After art class, she would turn in her English Lit test and then study for several hours. Counting money didn't sound too difficult, but doing it naked under Thorson's control could mean anything. And then she could suffer through the awful 5 o'clock meeting knowing that she would be spending the evening with Dwight. She smiled broadly as she thought about Dwight. All in all, it didn't seem like it would be a terrible day. She'd still be stark naked for several hours and wearing only panties the rest of the time, but compared to other recent days, this one shouldn't be too awful. But mostly her upbeat attitude was due to her upcoming date with Dwight.

Just as Amy was ready to open the door into the hallway in Wakefield Hall, she heard a thump on the other side of the door and someone running down the hall. She tentatively opened the door and saw the cause of the thump - a soccer ball had just hit the hallway side of the door. And the footsteps were from a young boy chasing the ball down the hall. The boy stopped when he saw Amy's face peering from behind the partially opened door, but he resumed his chase after Amy smiled and said, "Go ahead and get your ball." The boy smiled back and went over to the corner to where the ball had rolled.

Then the nearly naked girl stepped into the hallway, and the boy's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. He stared at her for a moment and then ran down the hall with the ball. Amy's eyes followed him, and then she saw two more young boys farther down the hall near the entrance into the classroom. All three boys were wearing similar outfits, maybe a soccer uniform, and they stared at her as she approached them carrying her backpack in her hand with her breasts and pale green panties in full view.

She smiled at them as she went through the open door into the classroom. Then, she got another surprise. There were three more young boys similarly attired sitting on the bench right under the panty hook. She hesitated momentarily, but then remembered her vow to avoid any more violations such as covering herself. She smiled at these three wide-eyed boys as she slid her backpack under the bench. Then without turning away, she slid off her panties, leaned over the boys, and hung her panties on the hook. Her naked body was only a few inches away from the stunned youths as she reached up to the hook on the wall.

Amy was somewhat stunned herself as she turned and walked up the aisle to the platform in the center of the classroom. She felt the eyes of the six boys looking at her bare ass as she climbed up onto the stage. She turned to face them and then scanned the room for Whiteside. There were only a couple of students already there setting up their pads on the easels and preparing for the drawing class. As Amy turned to look behind her, she noticed for the first time a small soccer goal - probably 3 feet high, 4 feet wide, and a net draped behind to a depth of 18 inches or so. Then she spotted Whiteside coming out of her office towards her on the stage.

Whiteside said, "Good morning, Amy. I'm glad to see you are on time today. Your alarm clock worked better today?"

Amy replied, "Yes, it did. Good morning, Professor. Who are . . ."

Amy was just about to ask about the boys, when Whiteside interrupted, "Ah, you are going to ask about the young fellows? Well, they are part of a local youth soccer team, and one of them is my nephew. My sister asked me to babysit this morning for a while until she can pick up him and his teammates for practice. So, I decided to use them in some of the poses for the little while that they will be here this morning. And hence the soccer goal behind you. Let me introduce you." And Whiteside waved at the boys and said, "Mes jeunes amis, please come here."

The six youngsters tentatively walked up the aisle, and the naked girl had a hard time resisting the urge to cover her pussy and breasts from the view of their young eyes; she just stood there with her hands at her sides. This was going to be very awkward.

Amy looked at the boys. They were a multi-cultural group, one Caucasian, two African Americans, two Asians, and one Hispanic. As they approached, Whiteside reached out and took the hand of the white boy, and she said, "This is my nephew, Jared." Amy hesitantly shook hands with the boy. And then Whiteside said to the youths, "Boys, this is Amy. She is posing for my art class this morning. And, Amy, let me introduce the others. Walt, Ray, Jin, Brett, and Bernardo." As Amy shook their hands, Whiteside went on, "This is about half of the Grayson Grill Gorillas. You've probably been to Grayson Grill out at the mall. They sponsor a soccer team each year. This year it's these 10-year old boys. Okay, boys, go back to the bench or play in the hallway for a few more minutes til the class starts."

The boys ran back down the aisle leaving the naked girl and Whiteside alone on the stage. Whiteside said, "You know how I like to have contrasts in my poses. Different shapes, different sizes, different colors, etc. And you know how the soccer goalkeeper is always dressed differently than his teammates. So, today's interesting contrast will be a single naked adult female goalkeeper against several clothed young male players. Doesn't that sound interesting?"

Amy gulped, but she focused on the words "little while" and "clothed young male". She hoped that this meant the boys would only be here for a few minutes and then leave Amy to pose alone. And she was glad to hear that the boys would remain clothed - nobody condones child pornography, not even Knoxx's perverse committee. Amy just replied, "Yes, interesting." And then Whiteside walked back to her office leaving Amy naked and alone on the stage.

A few minutes later, the bell rang and Whiteside returned to the stage. She said, "Good morning, class. Only 4 more meetings, and then sadly we're all done for the year. But today I think we have a special treat. You probably know about the upcoming World Cup tournament, and that combined with a special coincidence inspired today's poses. As you see behind Amy, there's a soccer goal, and she'll be posing with it and with my special young friends. Boys, please come up here, and bring the ball with you."

The boys scampered up the aisle and onto the stage. Whiteside arranged them with 3 on each side of the naked girl, and she handed Amy the ball to hold. Amy carefully held it at tummy level so that neither her pussy nor her boobs were hidden. And then Whiteside went through her little spiel about contrasting soccer players. And she concluded with, "And Amy is going to be the naked netminder today."

She then took the ball from Amy and said, "Okay, Amy, Walt, Jin, and Bernardo stay here. You other boys please go sit on the bench and behave yourselves." The three boys left, and Whiteside said, "Now, Amy, stand over here in front of the goal, and I want you to be kind of hunched over, feet somewhat spread, knees bent, arms raised but not straight up. And now you boys line up several feet apart facing her. Jin, you stand in the middle, and I'm going to put the ball at your feet. And I want you to get in a kicking position and hold the pose."

Amy got into the goalie pose, and the three boys lined up. Whiteside put the ball down, and adjusted Jin's kicking position. Then, she turned to the class and said, "Okay, start drawing, and I'll . . ." At that instant, there was a thud followed by Amy saying "Ooooof" as Jin kicked the ball right into her stomach. Amy doubled over and fell to her knees. Whiteside turned around with a startled look that quickly turned to anger as she shook Jin by the shoulders. The young boy was smirking, and Whiteside said, "Hey, young man, I didn't mean for you to kick the ball. I just wanted you to pretend to kick it."

The boy's smirk changed to a dejected look as the instructor scolded him, and he said as he started to cry, "But I thought that's what you wanted, and Mr. Alexander taught us to kick from that position." Whiteside hugged the boy and said, "Jin, I'm sorry I yelled at you. I must not have made myself clear. Maybe my English isn't so good afterall? Let's try it again, but this time please don't kick the ball. Just pretend. Okay?"

Whiteside then turned to Amy who was still on her knees holding her stomach. Whiteside said, "Amy, are you all right? Let me see." The naked girl stood up and dropped her hands to her sides as Whiteside looked at her tummy. Whiteside said, "It's a little bit red. Does it hurt?"

Amy looked down between her bare breasts at the red spot and said, "No, not really. It just knocked the breath out of me. Can I have a quick drink of water?" Whiteside said, "Of course", and she grabbed an unopened bottle of water and handed it to the nude beauty. Amy took a couple of big swigs followed by a few deep breaths, and she said, "Okay, Dr. Whiteside, I'm all right. Let's continue."

A somewhat shaken Whiteside said, "I'm sorry about that, class. And now Amy and boys, please get back in position." Amy resumed her slightly hunched over pose, and the kids returned to their positions. Whiteside said, "Bon. Class, go ahead and start drawing."

Amy held this pose for the next ten minutes as the students sketched away. Her boobs were hanging alluringly and the three boys had smiles on their faces as they watched them jiggle slightly as she breathed.

Whiteside returned to the stage and said, "Very good. You guys did great. Now, you boys go sit down." She turned and yelled, "Bernardo, please come up here", and the youngster skipped up the aisle. Whiteside continued, "Amy, we're going to do a one-on-one attack this time. I want you kind of leaning to the side, left knee bent, right leg extended, arms straight out at maybe a 30 degree angle with your face looking out between your arms. Bernardo, I want you in the kicking position like Jin was, but please, please do not kick the ball. Just pretend. Okay?"

Bernardo said, "Yes, Ms. Whiteside, I understand", and he took his position. Amy took her position, and Whiteside made the slight adjustments to open her legs a bit more. The young boy tried to keep his eyes on the soccer ball, but they glanced up several times to look at Amy's gaping pussy lips. Amy thought she could see a tent forming in his soccer shorts, and she wondered, "Do boys really get hard-ons at so young an age? Maybe all of these kids are hard now, and this kid isn't wearing the right underwear to hide it?" She continued to ponder this as she posed for another 10 minutes or so.

Whiteside returned and thanked Bernardo as Amy took another drink of water. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy. Let's do you by yourself in front of the goal. Similar pose, but with your arms higher in the air, maybe 20 degrees off of vertical, left leg out a bit on tiptoe as if blocking an incoming shot. Let's do this one for 5 minutes. So, class, please sketch quickly."

The naked girl's assets were now in full view of the class with no little kid blocking their view. She just stood there smiling at the students through her raised arms.

Whiteside came back with the ball in her hands and said, "Very similar, but both feet on the ground and hold the ball way above your head as if throwing it to a teammate like a goalie does. Maybe more of a determined look rather than a smile this time. Again, only 5 minutes. Go!"

Amy felt her breasts flatten as she held the ball high in the air for the 5 minutes.

Whiteside took the ball from her and said, "Okay, good. Now, let's have you simulate victory. You know how players often run around after getting a goal or winning the game with their arms out and slightly bent over as if they're soaring like a bird? Well, Amy, I want you to do something similar. Face the class, arms straight out at your sides, bend over, and extend your right leg behind you. We're going to do this one for 10 minutes, and so to help you, I'm going to ask 3 boys to come up. Jared, you hold up her left arm; Brett, the right arm; and Jin, the right leg. Hold by her hand or her foot. After 5 minutes, we'll switch off and let Bernardo, Walt, and Ray have their turns."

Amy blushed as she took the position. She knew that the two kids holding her arms would have a close up view of her swaying boobs, and that the kid with her leg would be looking right into her pussy from behind. They all took their positions and Whiteside pinned up Amy's hair and raised her chin so she was looking at the class. Amy smiled as she stood there for the embarrassing 5 minutes. After which she stretched for several seconds as the 3 other boys got into position. The kid with her foot, Walt, was squeezing it and then tickling the sole of the foot; Amy tried not to laugh, but her squirming brought a rebuke from Whiteside for Walt to stop tickling and Amy to stop squirming. Amy hoped against hope that this would not be reported as a violation.

While she was standing there is the soaring position, she wondered when the "short time" with the kids was going to be up. The class was almost over, but the kids were still here.

Finally, for the last pose, Whiteside suggested kind of a team portrait formation with Amy naturally in the middle. Two boys sat right at her feet, their eyes were just about level with her pussy only inches away. Two others kneeing at her sides, their eyes about level with her boobs, and each had an arm around her bare waist. And then the other two, who were the tallest, standing behind the kneelers each with an arm around her bare shoulders. Her naked body was perfectly framed by the six uniformed kids.

As they stood there for the last 10 minutes of the class, Amy felt several squeezes of her shoulders and her waist from the kids' hands. And once she felt Jared's hand slip from her waist and give her left butt cheek a squeeze; she scowled at him and said quietly, "Hey, stop that."

As the bell rang, Whiteside came up on stage and said, "Class, let's give our soccer stars a round of applause for their nice work today." Amy joined in the clapping for the young kids, and she thought that was the end of the soccer posing.

Amy needed to use the restroom, and as she walked naked down the very narrow stairway and hallway to the basement, she was a bit surprised that several of the boys followed her and then went into the men's room as she squeezed by them to get to the ladies' room. She spent a few minutes doing her business and then cleaning herself and primping her hair. When she returned to the classroom, the boys were still there sitting on the bench. One of them had taken down her pale green panties from the hook and was showing them spread to the other boys. She grabbed them and said, "Please leave those alone. They don't belong to you, and they are supposed to be on the hook while I'm posing." The chastened boys apologized, but they kept their eyes glued on her close-up naked body.

Just before the 9 o'clock bell rang, she climbed back up on the platform to wait for instructions about her individual poses for this class. But Amy was surprised when Whiteside came up and gave the class the same introductory talk about the day's poses would be using Amy as the naked netminder plus the six boys. And for the next hour, Whiteside had them repeat the entire series of soccer related poses. During the soaring pose, she felt the hand of the boy in back briefly touch her inner thigh not far from her vagina. And then during the portrait pose, the boys squeezed in tighter with one of them pressing the side of his face against her bare breast.

Amy was relieved when the class was over, because she was done posing for the day, and she could spend the next several hours studying. As she reached for her panties on the hook, Whiteside came up and said, "Amy, please come over here; I need to talk to you." Amy left the panties on the hook and followed the instructor over to the side.

Whiteside held up a printout of Amy's schedule that Knoxx had emailed the night before, and the instructor said, "Amy, remember during the first hour today when you squirmed during the soaring pose and I had to ask you to hold still?" Amy closed her eyes and nodded. Whiteside went on, "Well, according to Calvin, err, I mean Dr. Knoxx, that's a non-cooperation violation and I need to report it to him."

Amy's eyes immediately started to water and she meekly said, "I'm sorry about that, but the boy was tickling my foot and I couldn't help it."

Whiteside responded, "I'm aware of that, but remember the phrase the Dr. Knoxx used yesterday afternoon? Zero-tolerance. And so, I am prepared to report it to him."

Amy started to whimper a response, but Whiteside raised her hand and said, "However, I think you and I can work something out so that we can keep this to ourselves. And so here's the deal, I see from your schedule that you are to turn in your English Lit exam now and then have several hours to study. Well, my understanding is that the exam can be submitted any time from now thru Friday afternoon. Is that right?" Amy just nodded. Whiteside continued, "Okay. If you agree to give up the next two hours of study and continue posing with these kids, I won't say anything about the squirming incident to Dr. Knoxx. You can study after midnight or maybe get up an hour or so early tomorrow morning. Or you can spend more time studying this evening rather than having sex with Mr. Henderson. How does that sound?"

It sounded absolutely awful to Amy, but she was backed into a corner and the lesser of her awful choices was to accept Whiteside's offer. So, Amy nodded her head and tried to put on a show of cooperation by saying, "Yes, that sounds good. Thank you, Dr. Whiteside. There won't be any more violations today."

And so Amy spent the next two hours doing naked poses with the soccer players for the 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock drawing classes. The boys became less inhibited with her, and their hands seemed to wander a bit farther closer to her breasts, pussy, and butt. She had limited success in discouraging them, but she did not want to complain to Whiteside. The kids got in lots of free feels.

After the last class ended, Whiteside asked Amy to help her dismantle the soccer goal and put it in the storage area. As they finished, Whiteside said, "Thank you, Amy. I won't say anything to Dr. Knoxx. And now, why don't you join us for lunch? I've ordered pizza for the boys, and then my sister is coming to take them to soccer practice."

Again Amy felt trapped. She didn't want to, but she felt that she had to cooperate completely with this woman who seemed to be a good friend of Chancellor Knoxx. So, she said, "Sure. I'd like that."

Whiteside said, "Good, ma cherie. Please help me move some of these easels and stools to the side, and we'll set up some tables right here in the room."

Amy gave her a puzzled look, but she agreed. And the naked girl helped the instructor clear out a large portion of the class room by moving the equipment to the edges. Then Whiteside led her out into the hallway where the art department staff were leaving their offices to go to lunch; they stopped to look at the naked girl as she helped Whiteside carry a table from an office into the classroom.

Amy thought that they were done after moving the table, because it was big enough for the eight people. But Whiteside waved her back into the hallway to retrieve another table. And then a third, and a fourth. Whiteside then recruited the boys to help move about 20 folding chairs into the classroom around the tables.

A couple of minutes later the pizza delivery guy walked into the classroom with 8 large pizza boxes on top of a cooler. He looked around, and his gazed stopped when he saw the pretty nude girl standing there. Whiteside came over and said, "Amy, please take these boxes and the sodas, while I pay the man."

The pizza guy smiled as Amy took the boxes four at a time and put them on the tables. She knew he was looking at her bare ass and pussy lips and swaying breasts as she bent over to arrange the pizzas and six-packs of Pepsi on the tables, but she had no choice. He smirked again as he left.

She wondered who all the extra chairs and food was for, and she quickly found out. There was a thunder of running feet in the hallway as six more kids in soccer uniforms raced in followed by five men and a woman. Amy wanted to hide in the corner or at least cover herself, but she knew that was impossible. She just stood there in plain view as the new arrivals stopped and stared at her naked body.

Whiteside could detect the tension in the room as everyone stared, and she said, "Well, I see that all of you have noticed my nude model. This is Amy Suzuki, and she has just finished posing for my classes this morning. She is required to remain naked as long as she is in this room, and so please just treat her normally. And, Amy, this is my sister Valerie and her husband Sam. I'm sorry I don't know who the other gentlemen are. Coaches?"

Sam spoke up, "Yes, Marie, these are our soccer coaches, and they will be joining us for lunch. Brad, Tom, Roberto, and Armando." The six adults came up and shook hands with Amy. Sam then called over the 6 new boys and introduced them to the nude girl, "Pablo, Javier, Hal, Barry, Ali, and Josh." She saw the boys looking at her breasts as she bent over slightly to shake their hands.

Whiteside said, "Okay, everyone, have a seat anywhere and dig in. But boys, please don't eat too fast, we don't want you to be sick while practicing this afternoon. Amy, please undo the six-packs and pass out the drinks; I'll open the pizzas and handout plates and napkins."

Amy glanced at Whiteside and wondered, "And so now I'm today's waitress?" But she said nothing. Her breasts felt especially vulnerable as she reached over to put down a soda can in front of each of the kids and the seven adults. The only space left along the 4 pushed-together tables was between one of the kids and the coach named, Brad, who looked to be a college student. Brad's eyes watched her boobs jiggle as she scooted the chair up to the table.

Amy just wanted to silently eat and then get the hell out of there. But Brad started talking immediately, "Amy, you might not remember me, but I was there when the city policemen detained you last week. I was the one who told the cops that you hadn't crossed the boundary from the campus to the city jurisdiction. Remember?"

Amy held off on taking her first bite of pizza and said, "Yes, I remember someone speaking up. And thanks for doing that."

Then Sam asked, "Oh, I hadn't heard about that incident. What happened?" And Brad described the incident in quite a bit of detail. Amy sat there silently eating pizza, and she blushed as her brush with the law was explained. She thought, "Do they really have to talk about my almost naked body in front of these young boys?"

And this discussion led to why she was wearing panties then but not at this lunch. And Amy was extremely humiliated to tell about the streaking and subsequent punishment. The boys' eyes were wide, and several of them started asking her embarrassing questions like, "How does it feel to be naked around clothed people?" and "What do you do to keep warm on cold mornings?" and the strangest one "Are you allowed to use the boys' restroom since you're naked?" This went on for quite a while, before the coaches steered the conversation towards soccer. And even after they all finished eating, they continued to talk about soccer. Amy felt trapped; she didn't care about their soccer talk, but she knew Whiteside would be upset if she got up and left. So, she just sat there and listened. Finally, about 1:15, Sam said, "Well, I think we need to get going. Boys, please thank Marie and Amy for lunch, and then let's get in the vans and head to the field."

Amy stood up and shook hands with everybody as they left. She then headed over to the peg, but Whiteside said, "Amy, could you stay a few more minutes and help me clean up and put things away?" Amy sighed, turned around, and said, "Sure, Dr. Whiteside."

Finally, at 1:45, everything was put away and the easels were back in place. Amy quickly slipped on her panties before Whiteside could come up with anything else for her to do. As she walked out the door, she yelled at Whiteside, "Goodbye, Professor. I'll see you tomorrow."

Amy walked the couple of blocks to Crookshank Hall where the English Department was located. She wasn't looking forward to facing her English Lit instructor, Mrs. Hanford, who had embarrassed her so thoroughly during the first class meeting after the streaking incident. But Amy was relieved to find Hanford's office door closed with a note that said to just slide the exam booklets through the mail slot. Amy quickly did that and left.

**Chapter 53 - Counting Coins**

The clock in the lobby showed that it was almost 2 o'clock, and she realized that her several hours for studying were now down to only one before she had to be at the physical plant to count the fountain money. And it would take about 10 minutes to walk across campus to the physical plant. A trip back to the dorm would steal another 15 minutes from this study time. And so, she just sat down on a bench in Crookshank Hall lobby and pulled out her Formal Logic notes and textbook. Several people walked by as she studied, but she ignored their stares.

About 2:45, she packed up her things, made a quick pit stop in the restroom, and headed off to the maintenance building.

When she arrived at 2:55, she reminded herself that she had vowed to avoid any more violations, and she sighed as she slid off her panties as soon as she walked into the shop. She got several admiring looks from the workers in the room. She ignored them, hung her panties on the hook, and then looked at Thorson's desk; he wasn't there. So, she sighed again as she walked over to the desk and took her place in front of it. She just stood there naked waiting for him. It was still a few minutes before the hour, and she hoped that Thorson would show up on time.

And right at 3 o'clock, Thorson hobbled with his cane into the doorway on the far side of the room. When he saw the nude beauty standing obediently in front of his desk, he paused before Amy could see him. He smiled as he thought, "Well, Dr. Knoxx was right. Her pretty body language indicates that she looks like she'll be more cooperative. Actually, her current pose looks almost submissive. And Knoxx wants me to turn up the heat on her, so to speak. So, I think I'll have a little fun this afternoon!"

Thorson slowly walked across the big room and sat down behind his desk. He looked up at Amy who smiled at him but kept her arms at her sides. He thought to himself, "This girl has fantastic boobs." But aloud, he just said, "Hello, Amy. How are you today? Ready to count some coins?"

She forced herself to smile and said, "Hi, Mr. Thorson. I'm fine. And yes, I'm ready to count money. What's the procedure?"

He replied, "Well, every year we just seem to do this in some ad hoc way, and so there is no set procedure that we use. So, let's just try what we did last year. We've got two of these coin counting machines that sort the coins by denomination, count them automatically, and feed them into these paper tubes." And he took the vinyl covers off of the devices sitting on his desk. He went on, "But these things are persnickety. They only take pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters. They don't work with JFK half dollars or dollar coins. And Canadian coins are iffy, too. And they don't like debris such as the sand and twigs that we've got mixed with the coins. So, what I suggest is that we work as a team. You can remove as much debris as possible and any of the non-standard coins that you see. You can build up little piles of coins and I'll feed them into the machines. Actually, the instructions say they can handle 600 at a time, and so your piles can be pretty good size."

He continued, "The coins are locked up in that closet over there. They're still in the buckets that you put them in. Go over to the closet and get one bucket. Also, there should be several of those dust pans that you used in the fountain; bring them, too. Here's the key to the closet."

The naked girl wound her way through the rows of work tables and big machines to the closet. The guys at the tables and machines stopped to look as she went by. She flinched when one guy gave her a light swat on the ass, but she ignored him. In the closet, she found the five buckets, each about half full. But even then, each one was pretty heavy. She selected the lightest one, tossed in two of the dust pans, and lugged it with two hands back across the room.

Thorson said, "Okay, good. Now, there's not enough room on the desk to dump them out. So, just go ahead and dump them out on the floor here at the side of my desk. You can work on the floor, and I'll run the machine up here on the desk. Oh, on the next trip to closet, use one of the dollies to bring the next bucket. But for now, get started removing the gunk from this first bucket. If you overlook some of those unacceptable coins, don't worry too much about it, because the machine will kick them out into this little tray in back."

Amy was stunned, because this meant that she would be crawling around naked on the floor at his feet for the next two hours removing the debris. She wondered why they couldn't work on one of the work tables, but she said nothing and dumped out the first bucket onto the floor. She got down on her hands and knees knowing full well what a sight she was showing - dangling boobs and a pretty butt with just a hint of pussy lips.

As she started to work, Thorson said, "Here, Amy. Here's a hairpin so your long hair doesn't get caught on anything." And he thought to himself, "Or block the view of your nice tits either." And he looked admiringly at her as she used both hands behind her head to pin up her hair, a motion that thrust out her pretty boobs.

The process went fairly quickly with the naked girl on the floor filling the dust pan with coins and the seated man dumping the coins into the machines. Amy had to pause a few times when some one of the ground crew workers came to consult with Thorson, and naturally, to get a close-up view of the pretty nude crawling on the floor.

After the first bucket had been processed, Amy went back to the closet to get another bucket of coins. This time she used the nearby dolly to carry the heavy bucket. As she rolled it back by the work tables, one of the guys reached right into her ass crack. She let out a yelp, and when the guys started laughing, Thorson said with a slight smile, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, please behave yourselves." She blushed with embarrassment at the blatant feel-up job, but except for the initial squeal, she said nothing. She just wanted to get through this embarrassing job without any violations. And each of the subsequent trips to the closet resulted in at least one swat on her bare ass as she wheeled the dolly by the men; again, she kept her mouth shut.

The other buckets went just as fast as the first one. Once the coins were wrapped in the paper tubes, Thorson put them back in the buckets - pennies in one bucket, nickels in another, etc.

After doing the last bucket, Amy swept up the debris from the floor and dumped it in the trash. As she was putting the broom away, she looked at the clock and it was only 4 o'clock. She thought she might be able to get out of here early. She said to Thorson, "I want to clean my hands and knees in the restroom. Okay?"

Thorson replied, "Yeah, fine, but hurry. There is more to do."

Hopes of an early exit dashed, Amy trudged down the hall to the small ladies' restroom. Without closing the door, she cleaned herself up and let her hair back down. She stood there in front of the mirror for a moment looking at her pretty naked body, and a couple of guys paused outside of the restroom door to watch her look herself over. Upon seeing them, she switched off the light and stepped back into the hallway. The two guys followed her back into the shop trying to make small talk, but she just smiled and quietly ignored them.

When she was within earshot of Thorson, she heard him say, "Grab you panties and backpack, and let's go." And her hopes rose again at the prospect of an early exit. She scooted over to the hook retrieved her panties and backpack, and then she went over to Thorson. She started to put on her panties, but Thorson said, "No, leave them off. You're not done with your assignment yet. Follow me. The guys have loaded the buckets into my van, and we're going to the bank."

Amy thought, "Oh, god, no. Please, not such a public place." But she just sighed, bowed her head, and followed him outside carrying her panties in one hand and her backpack in the other.

Thorson had trouble climbing up into the driver's seat of the van, and so Amy helped him get settled. She climbed in the passenger side and was starting to shove her panties into her backpack, but again Thorson stopped her and said simply, "Hang them on the rear view mirror."

The naked girl hung her head in embarrassment, but she did as she was told. Now her nakedness was being advertised to the people in the nearby cars. As Thorson fired up the van, she started to pull the seatbelt across her naked body, but once again Thorson stopped her and said, "Climb in back and count the money in the buckets. There's a piece of paper in each bucket which has the amount that the machines said, but I want you to verify it as we drive. It's about a 10-minute drive to the bank; so, be quick."

And as Thorson pulled out of the parking lot onto the street, Amy squeezed through the narrow space between the two seats into the back of the van. She could feel Thorson's breath on her bare butt as she forced her way through the tight space.

She thought she might be more hidden from view in the back, but she noticed that even the back was lined with windows which were remarkably clean; this van must have originally been a passenger van before it was retrofitted for ground crew use. As she kneeled, her boobs were clearly visible through the rear and side windows.

She quickly counted the rolls in the nickel and dime buckets, but the penny and quarter buckets were much fuller. She barely finished counting the quarter bucket before Thorson pulled into the bank parking lot. She said to him, "Give me a couple of minutes to count the pennies. Also, the loose half dollars and dollar coins."

He replied, "No, we need to hurry. We'll do it inside. Come help me out, and then get the dolly out and load a couple of buckets on it."

The naked girl was now scared as she got out of the van, opened the driver side door, and let Thorson put his hands on her shoulders for support. As Amy reached into the van for his cane, she felt Thorson's hand brush lightly across her breasts; she suspected it was an accident, but she wasn't sure.

Amy looked around and realized that she was now within the city limits, and she was afraid of the cops seeing her nude body. And of course, she was also deeply, deeply embarrassed about being naked in such a public spot. Several bank customers had stopped and watched as she helped Thorson down from the van.

Thorson said, "I'm going to go in and get things started. You load up the dolly and bring the buckets in two at a time. Here are the door keys to the van." He tossed the keys to her and using his cane slowly walked into the building leaving Amy alone and naked in the parking lot.

She was attracting a crowd now as she dragged the dolly out of the van and then loaded two buckets on it. She locked up the van and started toward the bank's front door. Even using the dolly was difficult because the coins were pretty heavy, and she struggled to push it up the walkway. The crowd followed her, and two men darted ahead to open the two sets of doors for her.

Inside the bank, there was a fairly long line of people waiting to do their late afternoon transactions. But she didn't see Thorson in the line or at the nearby desks. She wheeled the dolly over by the counter and saw him behind the counter talking with a teller. He yelled, "This man will let you through the gate over there. Bring the coins back here and we'll get started."

The teller smiled and stared at the pretty nude girl as he let her roll the dolly back behind the counter. The teller said, "Hello, young lady, I'm Max Bernstein. Mr. Thorson explained why you are naked. So, let's just get started processing these coins. Let's unload them onto this table keeping the denominations together." She quickly shook his hand, and then the three of them started getting the rolls of pennies and nickels out of the buckets. After the buckets were empty, she put them back on the dolly and rolled it back out into the lobby and out the door.

Word was getting around about the pretty nude in the bank parking lot, and the crowd was getting bigger as she rolled the dolly back to the van. She tossed the two empty buckets back into the van and tried to put all three remaining buckets on the dolly at once. But she realized that this would be too awkward as well as too heavy to handle at once. So, she reluctantly resigned herself to knowing that she had to make an extra trip to get the last bucket.

She repeated the trip up the sidewalk, through the doors, and into the lobby. Bernstein ushered her back behind the counter, and they unloaded the buckets of dimes and quarters onto the table. She left the two men to fill out the paper work, and she almost ran as she pushed the dolly back to the van.

The last bucket was much lighter; it had only a couple of half dollars plus approximately 50 dollar coins as well as a bag holding a mixture of Canadian coins. She decided that she could just carry this bucket without using the dolly. And this provided a much different view of her naked body to the crowd in the parking lot and inside the bank. She just gritted her teeth and boldly walked up the sidewalk and into the bank with boobs and pussy in full view.

Bernstein looked at the miscellaneous coins, and said, "Okay, Miss. Please count the dollar coins and here are a few paper tubes for them, 25 coins in each tube. And, Mr. Thorson, these Canadian coins require special paper work. Please count the Canada money and fill out this form. And once we get all of that done you can complete the deposit slip. I'll leave you and this pretty lady to finish this, and I'll be back in a few minutes."

Amy glanced at the clock and it showed 4:40 PM. She said, "Mr. Thorson, I need to be back at Kameron Hall by 5 o'clock. Are we going to have time to finish this?"

As he dumped out the Canadian coins, he replied, "Don't worry, Amy. I'll get you back in time. I remember this special form from last year, and it's easy to fill out. Just wrap those dollar coins and I'll count these Canadian ones. Oh, look, there's a couple of Loonies, which are one dollar coins."

Amy wrapped up two rolls of US dollar coins, and then added the two left over ones to the two half dollars. And Thorson quickly sorted out the Canadian coins into piles on the table and filled out the form. Bernstein came back, looked over all the paper work and the piles of coins, and said, "Well, Mr. Thorson, it looks like you had a good year with the fountain. $2,316. A nice contribution to the university foundation." And looking at Amy, he said, "And Miss, thank you for helping out today. Your visit will be memorable for all of us. Goodbye."

Amy grabbed the empty bucket and breathed a sigh of relief as she followed Thorson back to the van. She helped him up into the van, and as she circled the van to get in the passenger seat, the crowd around the van applauded. She blushed as she strapped on the seatbelt.

She was thankful that the rush hour traffic was not too bad as they returned to campus, and they arrived in front of the administration building a couple of minutes before 5. Amy grabbed her panties from the rear view mirror and started to slip them on while seated in the van. But again, Thorson stopped her saying, "There's no need for you to put those on now; you'll just be taking them off again in a minute or so. So, just carry them up to Chancellor Knoxx's office. And Amy, thanks for your help today. I guess I'll see you on Sunday morning. Right?"

Amy's breasts rose and fell as she sighed deeply, and she said, "Okay. See you Sunday. Bye." And the naked girl hopped out of the van again holding her panties in one hand and backpack in the other.

**Chapter 54 - Amy and Dwight on Tuesday Night**

Naked Amy rode the crowded elevator up to the seventh floor, and again she ignored a squeeze on her butt cheeks as well as the stares of the many people in the lobby and on the elevator. She walked into Knoxx's reception area, and she saw Knoxx and Laird waiting for her again. She silently hung her panties on the penis hook and then waited for Knoxx to escort her into the office.

Knoxx and Laird spent a few minutes asking her about her day and what she had done. They were pleased to hear about the nice donation to the university foundation fund from the fountain coins. And she was relieved when they said nothing about any new violations. About 5:15, Knoxx handed her a pair of pink panties. She slid them on and left.

On her walk back to the dorm, she called Dwight and told him to pick her up at the dorm rather than at Kameron as they'd earlier arranged. And for the first time today, she really smiled - not a fake, put-on smile, but a truly radiant one. Something good was actually going to happen today.

At the dorm, Linda and a group of friends were just walking out of their room when Amy arrived. Linda smiled at her almost naked friend and said, "Hey, Sooz, you're just in time. Let's go down to dinner."

Amy smiled back at the group and said, "Oh, I wish I could, guys, but I've got a date in a few minutes."

Linda gave her a startled look. "With Dwight?" And as Amy nodded her head with an even bigger smile, Linda said, "Oh, Amy, that's great. Do you need help getting ready again?"

Amy shook her head and said, "Thanks Lindy, but no, not today. I'm just going to take a quick shower, and go down in front to wait for him. We're going to eat at his place and then study."

With a twinkle in her eye, Linda asked, "Anything else?"

Amy blushed and said, "Well, . . ." And the two friends hugged each other. As they parted, Linda said, "Well then, have fun. I'll see you later tonight."

Amy giggled and replied, "I sure hope not!" And they all burst out laughing, and Amy waved at the group as they left for dinner.

She cleaned herself up and checked her backpack to make sure she had everything she needed to study for the Formal Logic exam. At 5 minutes til six, she looked out the window and saw Dwight's car already waiting out front. She grabbed her backpack and raced down the stairs, not wanting to wait for the elevator. A couple of guys coming up the stairs stopped to watch her wildly bouncing boobs as she passed.

Dwight saw her come out the front door and waved at her. She raced over to him, and they embraced for several seconds before he opened the passenger side door for her.

As she climbed into his car, she felt her nipples harden and a tingle between her legs. It would be better if her panties stayed dry, but she really didn't worry too much about that right then.

As he pulled out of the parking lot, Dwight said, "There's a little delicatessen over on Fourth Street, called 'Country Fresh'. I thought I'd stop there and get us something to heat up in the microwave. Incidentally, the microwave is about the extent of my cooking ability."

Amy laughed and said, "Sounds good to me."

They chatted idly during the few minutes that it took to get to the deli. When they arrived, they both started to open their car doors, and Dwight said, "That's okay, Amy, I'll go in and pick out something. You can stay here in the car."

Amy shook her head and said, "No, I need to go in with you." And she started to get out of the car.

But he gently grabbed her arm and said, "But why? Won't it be embarrassing for you in there? Look there are lots of people waiting."

She answered, "Yep, it will be super embarrassing, and I really don't want to. But what if Knoxx finds out that I stayed in the car? There might be one of his spies in there who could see me sitting in the car, or he might ask you about it. And I can't afford any more violations." And she spent a couple of minutes explaining Knoxx's zero-tolerance decree and her extreme desire to avoid being naked around her family on graduation Monday.

Dwight gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and said, "Well, okay. I guess I understand. Let's go." They both climbed out of the car, and they held hands as they walked into the little shop.

There were probably a dozen people in the deli buying something to eat for dinner. They were talking amongst themselves and with the two clerks, and as Amy walked in the door, the conversations suddenly stopped and the patrons stared at the bare-breasted girl and her pink panties.

Dwight and Amy tried to be nonchalant as they walked over to one of the refrigerated display cases. They looked over the many choices available, and Dwight said, "That grilled salmon with capers looks good. That should heat up really fast." Amy replied, "Okay, maybe some potato salad and a loaf of French bread, too?"

Dwight nodded and was just about to say something, when the female clerk came over and politely said, "I'm very sorry, ma'am, could you please wait outside?" And she pointed to the sign on the counter that said, "No shoes, No shirt, No service."

Amy blushed and stammered, "Oh, no. Oh, dear. Dwight, I'll just . . ." And she dashed out the door with Dwight close behind.

Dwight hugged her and said, "Here are the car keys. I'll get the food while you wait in the car."

With tears in her eyes, Amy shook her head and said, "I'll sit on the bench here by the door, and you get the food. Please, hurry."

Dwight sighed and went back into the shop. And the nearly naked girl sat down on the bench with her arms at her sides so that her boobs were in full view of all the patrons and the passing cars in the parking lot. Amy closed her eyes and waited and waited and waited. With her eyes closed, she didn't see the city policeman who walked by and looked at her; he just smiled and continued on his way. It seemed like an eternity before she felt Dwight tap her on her shoulder, but it had only been about 5 minutes. He quietly said, "Come on, Amy, let's go."

As he opened the car door for her, she started to cry. She buried her head on his chest and sobbed, "Oh, Dwight, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that I embarrassed you like that." He held her for several seconds and then patted her on her head as she got into the car.

Dwight was a bit flustered and didn't really know what to say. As they drove, Amy grabbed some Kleenex and wiped her eyes. Finally, she said, "I think I'm okay now. Thank you for understanding. The food smells good, and the fish will be even better after it's warmed up. I'm famished."

At the apartment, Amy was surprised to see the dining table nicely set for two with a tablecloth and candles. She hugged him and said, "Looks wonderful. I'll light the candles and then watch you cook."

He laughed and said, "You mean watch me punch the buttons on the microwave?" Amy smiled and nodded.

He said, "Well, give me a minute. I'll be right back."

Amy hugged herself as she looked at the nicely set table and smelled the food again. A moment later, Dwight re-appeared wearing only a tight pair of Jockey shorts. Amy's eyes bulged as she looked at his handsome body and most especially at the huge hard-on in his shorts. She gasped, "What? Wow. Why . . .?"

But Dwight interrupted, "Remember the other night I said we had a dress code for Chez Dwight? Well, I decided that the dress code for tonight would be that we each have exactly the same amount of clothes on - your pink panties and my white shorts."

She giggled and scooted over and gave him a big hug with her nipples pressed tightly into his chest. She felt his hard cock pressed against her pussy through two thin layers of fabric.

Then, he said, "Actually, it's going to be slightly uneven, because you're going to have to wear these to dinner, also." And he held out her pearl necklace. "Here, let me put them on you." And he reached behind her head, lifted her pretty long hair, and hooked the necklace clasp. He stood back and looked at the gorgeous young lady with her pink panties and her pearl necklace hanging just above her pretty boobs.

"And just to let you know", he said as he picked up a box from the nearby end table, "I bought this today." She showed her a box of 12 Trojan condoms. "So, we should be well supplied for tonight."

Amy giggled and with a twinkle in her eye, she said, "Wait". And she turned around and bent over to open her backpack intentionally wiggling her pink-pantied-covered butt at him, and she pulled out an identical box of Trojans and tossed it to him. She said, "And now we're doubly well supplied for tonight." They burst out laughing and hugged again.

She whispered, "I can hardly wait to use these, but I am starving. Let's eat first and then have some fun."

He whispered back with a reluctant tone, "Okay, we'll eat first. I'll get you the matches for the candles and the corkscrew to open the wine. And I'll get the food ready."

And they each set off quietly to do their appointed tasks, but they caught each other stealing glances at the other's nearly naked body. They were both smiling broadly as they sat down to dinner. They clinked their glasses of California chardonnay wine and enjoyed the meal.

After the dinner, they cleaned up the table, and after Amy put the last dish in the sink, she came up behind Dwight at the kitchen counter and slowly pulled his Jockey shorts down his legs exposing his tight butt. She kneeled and slid the shorts all the way to the floor, and then putting her hands on his hips, she slowly turned him around so that his raging erection was right in her face. She fondled his balls, kissed the tip of his cock, and said, "Time to open one of those boxes."

He tore open one of the condom boxes and fumbled around for a moment trying to open one of the condom packets. She took the packet from him and deftly tore it open. She held the condom in her hand as she guided him into the bedroom, and then she slid it over his hard cock. Then, she lay down on the bed and let him slide off her panties. She looked between her breasts at him as he slowly parted her pussy lips with his fingers, and she moaned as he kissed her swollen clit. She whispered, "Now!"

Afterwards, they snuggled together for a while, but Amy made certain that the sheets never covered them. And she smiled as she fingered her pearl necklace.

Finally, Dwight said, "You know, Amy, we each have a final exam tomorrow, and we should study for them."

Amy sighed and said, "Yeah, you're right. It's almost 8 o'clock. So, we can get in a few hours of study. Oh, what's the deal with your roommates? When will they be back from their ballgame?"

Dwight smiled and said, "Well, I told them to make other plans for tonight. They'll probably sleep on the floor of one of their teammates apartments. So, we've got the place to ourselves tonight. We don't have to worry about closing doors or pulling up the bedcovers."

She said, "Oh, good. Does that mean I can stay all night?"

He kissed her on the nose and said, "Absolutely."

Amy got up from the bed and said, "I'm going to use the bathroom, and then I think we should both get dressed so that we can concentrate on our studies. Well, in my case, dressed means pulling on my panties, but I think you should get completely dressed so I don't get too distracted looking at your lovely body."

He smiled at her and said, "Rats. But I guess you're right."

After she cleaned up in the bathroom, she slid on her panties and came back to the living room. Dwight was on the sofa, and he said, "I'll study my World History stuff over here, and I'll let you have the dining table. Okay?"

She bent over and kissed him. She said, "Yep, that's fine. So, Formal Logic, here I come."

They spent the next several hours engrossed in their individual studies, although Dwight did sneak several peeks at Amy's nearly naked form; he smiled as he thought how lucky he was.

A little after midnight, he came over and massaged her shoulders and neck. She immediately felt her nipples tighten as he picked up a condom packet and whispered in her ear, "How about a little breast massage and then we get some sleep?"

She stretched her arms out to her sides and let his hands slip down to her nipples. She said, "Sounds wonderful to me. But what do you get out of it?" He just waggled the condom packet in her face and smiled.

She stood up and allowed him to carry her into the bedroom. He sat her down on the edge of the bed, and she said, "Can I unwrap the package again?" He just nodded and let her slowly remove all of his clothes. He was hard again as she slid on the condom, and then she allowed him to slip off her panties. And then he began the breast massage, first on the left, then the right, and finally a hand on each of her boobs at the same time. A couple of minutes later, he spread her legs, kissed her pussy, and then slipped into her. And a short while later, the bed shook violently as she came wildly.

After cuddling for the next twenty minutes, she untangled herself from his embrace and made her way to the bathroom. When she returned, she took off her pearls and looked longingly at his naked body, but she said, "I need to be at the art class at 8 AM. Can you give me a ride?" He just nodded. "Good. So, if we set alarm clocks for 6:30, does that sound like enough time?"

He gave her a puzzled look and said, "Yeah, 6:30 is fine, but you said 'clocks' plural. Isn't one enough?"

She shook her head and told him about the power failure on Sunday night and how she had been late for art class.

Dwight asked, "I assume they considered that to be a violation of your rules? Did they punish you for that?"

Amy replied, "Yep, it was a bad violation, and they let me have it pretty good." And she told him about the extra punishment that Knoxx had imposed at the Monday afternoon meeting and the long list of supposed violations. And she concluded with, "And so, I've decided to use my cell phone as a backup alarm clock these next several nights." And she got her cell phone out of her backpack and set the alarm; Dwight set the alarm on the bedside clock as well.

The naked couple tumbled onto the bed again, and he reached over to turn off the light. She felt him pull the sheet up over them, and she said somewhat sternly, "No, I can't do that. You go ahead and get under the sheet, if you want. And be sure that the door is left open."

He tossed the sheet on the floor and said, "Oh, Amy, I'm sorry, I forgot. But I won't snitch on you to Knoxx; you wouldn't have to worry about that."

She kissed his nose and said, "I know you wouldn't, and I trust you. But it's better if I'm absolutely, completely clean about following those rules. Now, let's see if we can get some sleep." They kissed again and drifted off to sleep.

About 6 AM, Amy opened her eyes and saw Dwight smiling at her. He said, "Good morning, beautiful."

She yawned, stretched, and smiled back at him. "Hey, handsome. How did you sleep?"

"Just fine", he said as he ran a finger down her side from armpit to little toe. As she squirmed at his touch, he said, "How about a quickie?"

She glanced down at his already erect cock and replied with a twinkle in her eye, "You just can't get enough, can you? Okay, but this time I'm on top."

A while later as they were snuggling, the alarm clock went off followed several seconds later by the cell phone alarm. They both sighed and sat up on the edge of the bed still holding hands. Then she reached down and pulled the used condom off of his soft penis and tossed it in the trash. She said, "I'm going to take a shower. Want to join me?"

They spent the next 15 minutes lathering up and washing each other's bodies. Amy was getting turned on again, but she said quietly, "Oh, I'd love to do it again, but we don't have a lot of time." They dried off each other and returned to the bedroom. Amy quickly slid on her pink panties and said, "Okay, I'm dressed. Since you're the slowpoke, I guess I'll have to figure out what you've got for breakfast." And she walked out to the kitchen.

As she was setting the table, the front door opened and Kevin and Mark walked in. The mostly naked girl froze for a moment, but she smiled at them and said, "Good morning, guys." She knew Mark very well since he was Linda's beau, and they hugged. But she hardly knew Kevin at all, and as they shook hands, she could feel him looking her over. She said, "Do you want to join us for breakfast? Dwight should be out in a moment. Ah, here he is now."

As Dwight walked into the kitchen, Mark said, "Sure. I'll fix the coffee." And they all spent a few minutes chatting and selecting breakfast cereals. Then they sat down at the table and as they ate breakfast, Amy suddenly felt out of place - she was almost naked in the apartment of the three fully dressed guys around her; they weren't exactly strangers, but she really wished that she were wearing clothes or that Linda were here or something, because she just felt a bit awkward.

After she finished, she got up and said to Dwight, "I'm going to use the bathroom, and then I think we'd better go. Okay?" Dwight just nodded, but he was a little bit surprised when he heard Amy in the bathroom with the door still open. He said nothing, but there were a few uncomfortable glances between the guys at the table.

Amy grabbed her necklace and stuffed it in her backpack along with all of her books and notes. She came back to the table and put her hand on Dwight's shoulder. He looked up at her and said, "You look like you're ready to go. So, guys, I'm off. See you at lunch time. Wish me luck on my test." Then, Amy and Dwight walked out to his car.

**Underpants Amy - Days 16 & 17**

**May 16, Wednesday**

**Chapter 55 - Massive Massaro**

There was more than the usual morning commute traffic, and Dwight pulled up in front of Wakefield Hall about 7:57. Amy thought, "Oh boy, did we cut that close. But we made it." She reached over, patted his cheek, gave him a quick kiss, and said, "Oh that was a wonderful night. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

He stroked a finger down behind her left ear, and then tenderly squeezed her left breast. And he replied, "Yeah, it was great. We're good together, aren't we?" She smiled and nodded. He continued, "You better get in there. See you soon."

Amy hopped out of the car, waved at him, and scooted up the steps into the building and into the classroom. She saw Whiteside up on the platform talking to a man. She did a double take. He was a naked man. A very gorgeous naked man. A very gorgeous naked man with a throbbing, long hard-on!

Amy quickly slipped off her panties and hung them on the hook and dashed up to the stage. Whiteside glared at her and said, "You're late, and that's a violation of your rules. I'm going to report that to the Dr. Knoxx."

Amy glanced at the clock to confirm that it was not yet 8AM, and she pointed to the clock and said, "Ummm, Dr. Whiteside, it's still a minute before 8, and so, I don't think I'm late."

Whiteside looked up at the clock and she saw it click over to 8:00 and the bell rang. She apologized, "I'm sorry, Amy, you're right. I guess I was distracted by this hunk here. You probably already know him, but just in case, Amy, this is Craig Massaro." The naked girl shook hands with the naked man. Whiteside went on, "Mr. Massaro is one of the students in the 9 o'clock drawing class, and so you've seen him, but not like this. Oooh, la la!"

She went on, "He came to me last week and asked if there was any extra credit project that he could do to get his grades up in the class. And we decided that he would join you in posing for the 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock classes. As you can see Amy, he's very turned on right now, and I'd like his cock to remain hard like this for as long as possible this morning. And so part of your job today is to keep him erect. Do whatever you have to keep him stimulated. Touching is okay, but please no actual sex."

Amy blushed as she looked down at his massive member; she guessed it was 9 inches long. It was the largest penis that she had ever seen. Amy had led a somewhat sheltered sex life until a few weeks ago, and she hadn't seen that many cocks, but she knew that this guy was much larger than normal. And he had a wonderfully conditioned body, and a good looking face. She thought that he was probably a light-skinned African American, and he had a close cut hair style with a stubble beard about the same length as his short hair. She thought to herself, "Whiteside used the right word. This guy is a hunk."

Amy noticed that the front row easels were taken up entirely with women this morning. Usually, there were mostly men in the front row to get a close up look at Amy's very naked body, but today it was the female crowd who wanted to see Craig in his aroused naked glory. Mostly they were college coeds, but there were two middle-aged women and one grandmotherly type who was staring wide-eyed with a big smile on her face.

Whiteside started the class session by saying, "Good morning, everyone. As you can see, we have a special treat for you today. Craig Massaro has volunteered to show us the male point of view, so to speak. Of course, naked Amy is still here, but we've seen all of her charms before. And I think you know what I want you to focus on today." And she lightly lifted his erect cock with her left hand. "Please draw quickly, because we don't know how long he can keep this up." She smiled at Craig as she said this, and there was a ripple of laughter throughout the students, even Amy chuckled.

Whiteside continued, "Okay, Craig, I want you to stand here, facing the class, naturally; hands on hips feet slightly spread. Yes, that's it. And Amy, I want you on one knee in front, looking up and pointing at his cock. No, other knee so that your pussy is more visible; yes, that's better. Now, we'll do that for 10 minutes. Go!"

Amy stared in amazement at the erect penis just a few inches from her face. This was a rare opportunity for her to see an aroused male up close. She thought how much more interesting the male genitals look than the female's. A penis and scrotum had a lot more character than the female slit. She smiled as she thought to herself, "I guess I'm just a normal heterosexual woman. I'd much rather look at this than my own pussy."

Even though Craig was standing perfectly still, his cock twitched up and down slightly. And Amy noticed a drop of semen forming at the tip of the circumcised member; he was really turned on! She glanced up at his face just as he glanced down at hers, and she saw him blush a deep, deep red. She smiled briefly at him, and then returned to her assigned pose.

Eventually, Whiteside came back up on the platform and said, "Okay, you two nudes, you can rest for a moment." Amy stood up and stretched, and Craig relaxed a bit. Whiteside continued, "Okay, ladies, you are probably wondering how long it actually is, and for our next pose, we're going to find out." And she pulled out a cloth tape measure and handed it to Amy. Whiteside went on, "Craig, I want you to face to the side so that the class has a nice profile view of your body, and Amy, I want you to kneel like before and use the tape measure to measure his erect penis. And then hold that pose with the tape measure visible on his dick. You can tell the class what the measurement is. Okay?"

Both Amy and Craig blushed as they followed the instructions. Amy pushed his pubic hair aside and put the end of the tape measure at the base of his cock and then extended the tape out to the tip. And she adjusted her legs so that her pussy was clearly visible to the class as before. She looked at the marks on the tape, and said loudly, "Nine and a quarter inches." There was a collective gasp from the female students. Amy held the tape with one finger at the base of his cock and her other hand holding the tape at the tip of the cock. Whiteside came up to make adjustments including letting the rest of the tape measure dangle to the floor and twisting the tape just a bit so that it was clearly visible along the length of the cock. She said to the class, "Go ahead and sketch, but focus on Amy, the tape measure, and the penis. You've got 15 minutes for this sketch."

Amy's fingers were getting wet where she was holding the tape near the peehole. She wondered if he was going to ejaculate into her hand.

And her hands weren't the only thing getting wet. Her own juices were seeping from her pussy, and she felt the liquid trickle down her leg. And her nipples were rock hard, too. She realized that she was also very aroused. But she dutifully held her pose til Whiteside came back up on the stage and told them to relax. She handed each of them a few tissues to clean themselves up. Craig turned away from the class as he wiped the dripping pre-cum from his cock. But Amy knew that she must not hide herself by turning, and she wiped her pussy, legs, and fingers as the class watched. The two nudes then walked over to the edge of the platform and dropped the damp tissues into the trash can.

Craig and Amy came back to the middle of the platform as Whiteside was describing the next pose. "Remember last week we had Eva and Amy standing shoulder to shoulder pointing at the other's genitals? Oh sorry, Craig, we did that at the 8 o'clock class and you're in the 9 o'clock class. So, I'll describe it again. I want both of you to stand facing the class with your shoulders, arms, and legs touching on one side. It's going to be a little different this time, because Craig is significantly taller than Amy. But we'll make it work." Amy and Craig moved into position. "And now I'll put one of these foot high cubes about a foot and a half off to the sides, and I want both you to raise that foot and put it on the cube so that your genitals are in clear view; I want to see Amy's pussy slightly open and Craig's balls hanging between his legs." Again, the two nudes blushed as they raised and spread their legs. "And now, I want Amy to reach over with her right hand and put it in a pointing position kind of above his pubic hair, and Craig with your left hand just above her pussy. And then your outside hands on your butt cheeks. I'm not describing that very well, but Amy, you know what I want; so, you take the lead and show him how to do it." Amy took Craig's hand and put it right above her pussy, and she reached over and pointed to his cock. Whiteside came up to make appropriate adjustments; she spread their feet a bit wider, lowered Craig's arm so it didn't cover Amy's breast, lifted their chins and told them to smile, and finally shifted his balls slightly so they were a bit more prominent. He squirmed a bit, and Whiteside lightly spanked him and said, "Please stay still." Then, she addressed the class saying, "Okay. Get sketching. This is the last pose of the day; so, you should have plenty of time to capture it in your pictures."

The two nudes held this pose for the last 20 minutes of class. Amy was surprised that Craig could keep his cock erect for so long, but she suspected the he was just as turned on as she was. Finally, Whiteside came up on the stage and said, "Okay, Amy. Okay, Craig, you can relax now. And, class, that's all for today. Let's give our models a nine and a quarter second round of applause." Everyone laughed and then clapped as Whiteside looked at the second hand on the clock.

Amy and Craig sat down on the edge of the stage. Whiteside handed each of them a bottle of water and said, "Do either of you need to use the bathroom?" They both shook their heads, and Whiteside walked away.

Amy looked down at the monster cock sticking up from his lap and whispered, "Are you sure you don't need to pee?"

"No, I can't pee when I'm this hard", he replied.

She said, "I'm really surprised you've kept it up for so long. Viagra?"

He nodded and said, "Actually, a double dose of Cialis, but same difference; I borrowed it from a friend. But this whole thing is erotic to me in a strange sort of way. I've never been so embarrassed in my entire life, but I've never been this turned on either. I'm surprised how I reacted."

She smiled and said, "Well, you could put a robe on or wrap a towel around your waist for these few minutes. I'm not permitted to do that, but you could, and I wouldn't mind."

"No, actually, Dr. Whiteside asked me not to. Part of my agreement with her is for me to be naked for this period between classes", he said.

Amy asked, "If you don't mind me asking, why did you agree to do this?"

"No, that's okay.", he said, "I'm not a very good sketcher, and my grades on the previous sketches haven't been very good. D's and C's. I'm majoring in architecture, and this is a required class. I like the mechanical drawing, but I've found I'm not very good at freehand drawing. And I think I need at least a C in this class to keep my scholarship. So, I asked Dr. Whiteside what kind of extra credit work I could do to help my grade. And this is what she suggested."

She said, "You've never done anything like this before? Nude beach? Dirty pictures? Streaking?" She cringed as she said "streaking", because that's what had landed her into this mess.

He just shook his head, looked down at his penis, and said, "Actually, I seem to be fading a little bit now, and I've got another hour to go."

Amy blushed and said, "Do you need me to do anything?"

He also blushed and said, "Yeah, why don't you help me get it hard again? Maybe we should go into the back room and you can . . . Well, you know."

Amy shook her head and said, "I'm not permitted to hide myself in any manner, and so I'm afraid we have to do it here."

And he stood up on the stage, and she clambered to her knees in front of him. Tentatively, she reached up and took his flagging cock in her hand. She glanced up at him as she started to slowly stroke his member, and it stiffened up immediately. With her other hand, she started to lightly massage his scrotum, feeling his balls shift around in the sack. She did this for a couple of minutes as the departing and entering students stopped to watch them. Both of them were beet red as they put on this little erotic show.

Whiteside beamed as she came up on stage and said, "Well done, Amy. You seem to have the right touch. But before the next class gets settled, please go back to the props area and bring up the brown suitcase that's back there."

The nude girl got to her feet, looked down at the hard cock for a moment, and then scampered down the aisle. She lifted the brown suitcase, and she was surprised how heavy it was. There were no wheels on the suitcase, and she had to use both hands to lift it and carry it back to the stage. Whiteside told her to just put it in the back corner of the stage.

Amy came back to the front of the platform and looked at Craig's cock again. It had already started to soften up a little bit, and she whispered, "Do you want me to, umm, work on it some more?"

He blushed and said, "Yeah, I could probably use some help again, but maybe we could reverse roles and let me touch you instead. Would it be okay with you, Amy, if I massaged your breasts? That would probably get me hard again."

She blushed and hesitated. But she realized that she could not say "no", and she just nodded.

She turned to face him, and he reached out and gently lifted her right breast and squeezed it tenderly. And then he lightly twisted the nipple and stroked his finger around her small, dark areola. She breathed hard as he paused, and then she nodded as he pointed to her left breast. He repeated the squeezes and twists on her left boob, and then did both at the same time. She closed her eyes. And then she felt her pussy starting to trickle as he continued the pleasing massage of her mammaries.

All the while, the incoming students gazed in amazement at this erotic sight. But the exercise was working, because his cock was rock, solid again.

Whiteside came back up on stage and said to them, "Okay, you two, it's time for the class to start." Amy's breasts continued to rise and fall as she breathed deeply as Craig stopped the massage.

The instructor addressed the students, "Good morning, class. As you see, you are in for a special treat this morning. You all know Craig Massaro as one of your classmates, but I would guess that you've never seen him like this before. And he has agreed to pose with Amy this morning."

She continued to address the class, "Now, you gentlemen in the class have had the enjoyment of seeing Amy's charms the last few weeks, but today it's our turn, ladies. And you ladies are probably wondering how long it really is. Well, we measured it earlier, and it was nine and one quarter inches. But just to be sure, here's a tape measure, and why don't one of you come up and measure it again for us?" And she pointed to a wide-eyed girl in the front row. "Susie, right? Why don't you come up?"

Susie Cranford eagerly climbed up onto the stage, and Whiteside handed her the tape measure. The girl repeated what Amy had done an hour earlier; she pushed aside the pubic hair above his cock and shoved the end of the tape to the base of the penis. Then, she carefully extended the tape along the top of his cock to the tip and looked at the reading. She turned to Whiteside and said, "Yep, nine and a quarter!" She returned to her easel and wiped her now damp hand on a cloth. She giggled as she looked at her two female friends at the easels on either side of hers.

Whiteside said, "Okay, let's get started. For today's first pose, I want wide-open enthusiasm. Amy, come here to the center of the stage and turn sideways so that the class sees your curvaceous profile, and then spread your legs wide, raise your arms above your head, and spread them wide also. Okay, so far so good. Now, Craig, come in front of Amy, fairly close, and do the same thing. That's good. Now, both of you lean back. Craig, scoot in a couple of inches so that your hard cock almost touches her tummy. Ummm, I'd like it to be closer to her pussy, maybe right at the level of her pubic hair. Amy, close your legs just a bit. Yeah, that's it; that raises your pussy. And Craig, open your legs so your cock is just a bit lower. Good, it's pointing right at her pubic strip; that's what I want. Now, both of you, turn your heads slightly towards the class and smile. Très bon! Hold that for the next 15 minutes so that the class can sketch it."

Amy glanced across at her good looking pose partner a few times and down at the long cock near her pussy. She noticed semen dripping from his hard penis, and then she felt her own pussy juice running down her leg.

Amy's arms were getting tired as the minutes ticked by, but she and Craig held the pose for 15 minutes until Whiteside returned to the platform. As she gave each of them a handful of tissues, she said "Okay, that was good. Relax for a moment, and then we'll set up for the next pose."

As Amy and Craig cleaned off their genitals and legs, Whiteside opened the suitcase and extracted two collars and some chains. Amy gasped when she glanced over at the instructor; she nudged Craig who hadn't been paying attention to what Whiteside was doing. Craig also gasped audibly.

Whiteside said, "Okay, the next pose is kind of the opposite of the previous open-enthusiasm pose. This is going to be a chain gang kind of thing. Amy, Craig, please put on these collars, leg cuffs, and hand cuffs. Oh, before you do that, let me make sure the key is in here. I sure wouldn't want to really lock you guys up; it's just make-believe, you know. Ah, here's the key. Okay, put on the collars and the leg cuffs. Help each other, if you need to." The two nudes sighed and followed the instructions. Amy snapped the collar around her own neck, and then showed Craig how it worked and he clicked his collar shut. The leg cuffs were connected with a foot-long hobble chain; as each of them kneeled down to put on the cuffs, the class was presented with the enticing rear view of Amy's pussy and Craig's dangling balls.

Whiteside then gave Amy one of the set of hand cuffs and said, "Craig, put your hands behind your back, and Amy, please click on his hand cuffs." Amy clicked the metal cuffs in place on the naked man's wrists, and then she took the other cuffs from Whiteside and clicked the ring on her left wrist. Whiteside then guided both of the naked girl's hands behind her back and clicked the other ring in place. The instructor next took a two-foot length of chain and hooked it to the front of Amy's collar and the rear of Craig's collar, and she attached a three-foot leash to the front of Craig's collar. Whiteside then said, "Okay, ladies in the front row, each of you come up for a couple of minutes and hold the leash as if guiding these two naked prisoners. Oh, I almost forgot." And she reached into the suitcase and brought out two ball gags, which she put in the mouths of the two naked "prisoners". As the first girl from the front row came up on to the stage and took the leash, Whiteside made some final adjustments to spread their legs slightly and then she stepped back to take in the sight. She saw the pussy juices starting to trickle out of Amy's pussy and the semen drops forming on Craig's hard cock. "Okay, class, go to it. I'll give you 15 minutes to sketch this interesting pose."

Amy stood her ground with her manacled legs just slightly apart so that her pussy was slightly open to the view of the class. She felt the juice running down her leg and her nipples hardened. Also, she felt the saliva creeping out the side of the gag and then drooling down her chin and dripping to the floor. She glanced down several times to look at Craig's hard butt cheeks, and this even aroused her some more, if that were really possible.

Craig squirmed a bit, but he settled down after Whiteside warned him to keep still. But he couldn't keep his throbbing penis from twitching, and there was nothing he could do about the pre-cum seeping from his cock and forming a long drip that didn't quite reach the floor. And he had to really control himself when the third front row girl gently stroked his cock before getting in position with the leash. And he sighed as the fourth, fifth, and sixth front row females also stroked his organ.

Finally, the fifteen minutes were up, and Whiteside unlocked Amy's hands and said, "Okay, naked lady prisoner, you will unlock the other cuffs and put everything back in the suitcase. Just put the case at the back of the stage again." And Amy used the key to unlock everything and then she put the cuffs, chains, collars, and gags back in the suitcase. Both she and Craig stretched, flexed, and cleaned their genitals as Whiteside started describing the next pose.

Whiteside said, "Very good. Now, for the final pose, Amy, I want you to stand over here and turn just slightly as you face the class; legs slightly apart with your left leg unbent, straight vertical and your right somewhat out." Amy did as she was told, and Whiteside went on, "Good. Now, Craig, I want you on one knee right here at Amy's right foot." The naked guy put his left knee on the floor and his right foot slightly in front, but Whiteside said, "Oh no, my boy, not like that. The other knee, s'il vous plait. Your magnificent member must be showing. Right knee and left foot on the floor." And she positioned him appropriately. "Now, extend your left hand and point it up at Amy's crotch. No, turn your arm over and bend it a bit at the elbow. And now point up at her pussy." And she adjusted his arm so that Craig's up-turned index finger was a few inches from Amy's vagina. "Okay, now stick your finger into her just up to the first knuckle." Both of the nude models were aghast, but Craig stuck his finger part way into Amy's pussy. The effect was immediate; Craig's cock hardened and started twitching up and down, and Amy's juices started flowing again. Whiteside continued, "Okay, I'll make a few minor adjustments, but that's good. Hold that for the final 15 minutes and let the class sketch it."

The deep red blush extended down to the chest of each of the naked models. Amy closed her eyes, but she was admonished by Whiteside to keep them open. A new drop of semen dripped from Craig's twitching cock. Amy felt pussy juice running down her leg, and she knew that it was also running onto Craig's finger and hand.

They held that pose for 15 minutes until Whiteside returned to the platform. As she gave each of them some more tissues, she said "Okay, that was good. Good job today, you two." And then Whiteside gave the same "nine and a quarter second applause" speech that got the same giggles as from the class - especially the females.

Amy was in a rush to leave and just dropped the tissues unused into the trash can. Then, she went over to Craig, shook his hand, and said, "Good luck. I hope you get the grade that you want; I think you deserve an A. Bye." And she lugged the suitcase back to its spot in the props area, slipped on her pink panties, grabbed her backpack, and quickly left before Whiteside could invent some reason to keep her here naked.

As she walked down the front steps of Wakefield Hall, she realized that her panties were getting wetter and wetter. She knew then that she should have cleaned off her pussy with the tissues before putting on her panties. But she was still very turned on from the last pose, and she wondered if wiping herself would have made much difference. As she walked back to the dorm, she heard several catcalls about her damp panties and hard nipples. All she could do was to blush.

**Chapter 56 - Meeting with the Frat Boys**

Amy was actually relieved that Linda wasn't in the dorm room when she returned, because she knew that her good friend would want to hear about her date with Dwight and about her posing with Craig. And she really wanted to get herself cleaned up as soon as she could. She slipped off her damp panties and rushed down the hall to the showers. Even after taking a quick shower, she was still somewhat aroused, but she hoped that she had at least minimized the scent of her arousal. Back in her room, she looked at her wet panties. She sighed because she knew that she was not permitted to put on a clean pair. This left her two unattractive alternatives; she could either go down to the laundry room in the basement to wash and dry the panties, or she could use a hair dryer to dry them in the room. Since the laundry room was shared by all the dorm residents (both male and female), it was usually a pretty busy place, and the rules required that the users sit there while their clothes were washing and drying. And so, she would have to sit there completely naked for an hour or so waiting for her single pair of panties to be cleaned. Consequently, she chose the second option of using a hair dryer even though she knew this would leave the stains clearly visible for the rest of the day.

It took Amy about ten minutes to get the panties almost dry using her hair dryer, and then she slipped them back on. She looked at herself in the mirror, and sure enough, the stains from her pussy juice were still clearly visible at her crotch. She just shook her head and then sat down at her desk. She looked at the clock and at the printed copy of her schedule that Knoxx had emailed her. It was 10:30 in the morning, and her next punishment activity wasn't until 5 in the afternoon. So, she had several hours to concentrate on her schoolwork rather than her sex organs. Of course, her boobs would be on display during lunch and during her Formal Logic exam, but at least she could focus her attention on her education til the 5 o'clock meeting.

Linda came back about 11:30, and the two of them went to lunch at the dining hall. As they ate at a table in the corner, Amy blushed as she told her best friend about the wonderful time with Dwight and the embarrassing time and the nine-and-a-quarter inch cock at the art class.

\* \* \*

Amy walked into Knoxx's office at 5 o'clock feeling pretty good. She felt that she had done fairly well on the Logic final exam after having had almost 2 hours right before it to review her notes. And after the exam, she had started to study for the Modern Journalism exam the next morning, and she was feeling that she was well-prepared for that exam as well.

In Knoxx's waiting room, she went through her ritual with the secretary - showing Mrs. Duckworth the mark on her panties and then hanging them on the penis hook. She looked around the room and noticed Vince Garoni sitting quietly in one of the easy chairs; he was cleaning the lens on his camera and as he looked up, she smiled at him and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Garoni." Then the naked girl went over and stood near the office door and waited. After only a minute or so, the door opened, and Knoxx waved her into his office.

Amy was surprised to find the room crowded with people again. And this time they were all males; she was the only female and she was completely naked. She just took her position in the usual spot as Knoxx sat back down behind his desk. As Knoxx was getting settled, she looked around the room. There were the usual 4 committee members sitting in chairs behind Knoxx, and then there were 6 other men who were probably students. Three of them were seating to her left in folding chairs somewhat in front of the white board, and the other three were squeezed onto the small couch right behind her. Her bare butt was only inches from these three guys.

Amy recognized two of these guys on the couch; Don Seligman and Steve Larson had each been in one of her classes, and she knew they were seniors. She wasn't sure about the others, but the three in the folding chairs looked very young, probably freshmen.

Knoxx started the meeting with, "Good afternoon, everyone. Thank you for coming." He looked at the 6 male students and said, "Gentlemen, you all probably know about Amy Suzuki, but just in case, let me summarize why all of you are here. Miss Suzuki was apprehended while streaking a couple of weeks ago, and she is being punished for that offense. Her punishment is to remain mostly unclothed until graduation day. Usually, she is allowed to wear only panties during her daily activities, but part of her punishment is to appear here in the nude every day for this afternoon meeting. Another part of her punishment will be to auction off the pairs of panties that she has been wearing these last two weeks, and your fraternity will be helping us with that auction."

He turned to Amy and continued, "Miss Suzuki, of course, you know the committee members behind me, and these other gentlemen are from Gamma Gamma Theta, and one of the things on today's agenda will be to discuss the panty auction which you will do with them on Saturday night at their fraternity house. Mr. Seligman is the fraternity president, but I'm sorry I don't know all of the names of the other students here. I'll let them introduce themselves. Mr. Seligman?"

Amy turned around as Seligman got up from the couch; he said, "Hello, Amy, we've met before, Don Seligman." And he shook her hand.

Next, Steve Larson stood up and said something very similar and shook her hand. Then, the third guy, Mitch Larson, Steve's brother, got up and shook her hand. The naked girl then turned to her left as Jamal Brown, Ned Zacharias, and Phillip Brockington stood up together and introduced themselves separately to her.

"Okay, good", Knoxx said. "Now, why don't we go ahead and discuss the panty auction so these young men can be on their way? I'm sure they have other things such as dinner and studying that they want to be doing." Actually, the 6 guys were relishing the chance to observe this gorgeous naked girl up close; they would have willingly sat through the entire meeting to feast their eyes on Amy's pretty naked charms.

Knoxx went on, "Miss Suzuki, before you arrived, I outlined the rules that will be observed when you are at their house, but I'll briefly repeat them now for your benefit. For you, the rules are your usual routine. That is, no hiding, full cooperation, nice appearance, etc. And for them, I told them that touching is permitted, but not in a sexual manner. However, exposure and embarrassment are okay; in fact, I've told them that exposing you and embarrassing you are encouraged as part of your punishment. Understand?"

Amy blushed, but she just nodded. And Knoxx continued, "Okay, guys, I don't think we need to hear all of the details right now, but why don't you give us a brief overview of your plans? Mr. Seligman?"

Seligman got to his feet behind Amy, and as he was gaining his balance, he briefly brushed Amy's right butt cheek. He said off-handedly, "Oh, sorry about that, Amy." Amy shifted to her left to let him have room to stand next to her. He motioned to the middle of the 3 guys in the chairs and said to Knoxx, "Actually, sir, we've assigned Ned Zacharias to head this little auction committee, and I'll let him go over it quickly. Ned?"

Seligman sat back down on the couch, and Amy could feel his breath on her butt as she stood almost in front of him. Zacharias stood up with his notes and said, "Gentlemen and Amy, here's what we've laid out so far. The auction will be in our rec room at 7 PM on Saturday night. We'll have seating for about a hundred people." He motioned to Brockington and went on, "Phil Brockington will serve as auctioneer. We estimate that each pair of Amy's panties will fetch about $25. We'll have a photographer who will take photos of each winner with Amy; they will be holding the panties up in some fashion. The money will be donated to the university foundation. We want Amy to come over on Friday night to help us set things up and work out any details. Okay, Amy?" The naked girl smiled wanly at him and nodded.

He went on, "Oh, there will also be a $5 admission charge for each person. We've already posted a notice on the university web site about it, but we'd also like to have Amy post some advertisements for us on the university bulletin boards. We've been told that her schedule is pretty full for the next few days, and so we'd like to have her do that on Friday evening as part of the auction preparation. Okay, Amy?" Amy closed her eyes and breathed heavily, but then she quietly said, "Yes, that's fine." But she knew this would be awkward to do at night.

Zacharias continued, "Well, that's the general idea." He looked at Knoxx and the committee members and added, "Of course, all of you are invited to attend and to bid on her panties. Any questions?"

Knoxx replied, "Not a question but an addition. We know that Miss Suzuki will be present at the auction, but we don't want her to just be a pretty body standing there mutely. We want her to at least make a little speech at the beginning of the auction." He looked at Amy and continued, "We want you to use this auction as a place to make a public statement about your misbehavior and apologize for it."

He looked at her as she hesitated for just a moment. After a moment, the embarrassed girl just said, "Yes, sir."

Knoxx then looked at the committee and asked, "Any further questions, gentlemen?" The four committee members all just shook their heads.

But in a soft voice, Amy said, "If you don't mind, I have a question. It's been suggested that we print the photos on the same page of each as the one-sheets that I was instructed to write about the panties for each day. That means we need a computer and color printer to print the pages while the auction is going on. Do you have someone with sufficient computer skills to do that?"

The room was silent for a moment as Amy looked at Zacharias waiting for an answer. Then, she felt a slight tap on her bare hip and Seligman said, "Amy, I think we've got just the man for that right here. Mitch Larson is a computer whiz."

Amy turned around and looked at Larson, who said, "What did you have in mind, Amy?"

She looked back at Knoxx and asked, "Is it okay if I sketch out my idea on a piece of paper for him?" Knoxx shrugged and said, "Sure, but quickly, please" as he handed her a pad of paper and a pencil.

She bent over his desk and started drawing lines and boxes on the sheet of paper. They all admired her dangling breasts and her bare butt as she leaned over. It took her less than a minute to sketch the layout, and then she turned and handed it to Larson who remained seated on the couch.

Again she bent over but this time over the couch and the 3 guys seated on it. She pointed out the boxes on the sheet. She said, "We have the date as the title at the top, and then the text starts below that and it wraps around the photo which is down a few lines on the right side. If there's a second photo, we could put it down here in the lower left corner." She was using her journalism training to come up with this seemingly simple layout.

But the three guys on the couch sat there with their mouths open as Amy's naked boobs dangled right in front of their eyes. Her breasts wobbled invitingly as she pointed out the various parts of her layout to Larson.

After a moment, Larson finally regained his senses and said, "Do you already have the text written for each document?" Amy just nodded and her boobs jiggled some more. Larson continued, "Well, can you give me those text files? Then, I could come up with a template using Microsoft Word."

The naked girl said, "Good. I'll email you the text files this evening; they are actually in RTF format. And then you know how to get the photos off the camera so you could drag them into the appropriate boxes?"

Larson replied, "Yeah, that should be pretty easy."

Knoxx cut in, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, it sounds like you've found the expertise that you need. You and Mr. Larson can work out the details on Friday."

Amy stood up straight and returned to her spot in front of Knoxx's desk with the three guys on the couch staring at her pretty bare ass.

Knoxx continued, "Okay, gentlemen, you are also going to need the panties themselves. I have them here." He opened his bottom desk drawer and pulled out several handfuls of Amy's panties, each with a little tag pinned to it showing the date she had worn them. "Miss Suzuki, we're also going to need the pair that you wore today. Please go out and get them from the hook. Oh, also, ask Mrs. Duckworth for a shopping bag so these gentlemen can carry your panties back to their place. Okay?"

Amy gave him a little smirk but turned silently and went back out into the waiting room where she walked over to the secretary's desk and said, "Mrs. Duckworth, Dr. Knoxx needs some sort of a shopping bag. Do you have one?"

Duckworth was taken aback and asked gruffly, "What does he need that for?"

The naked girl blushed and said, "To put all of my old panties in so the frat guys can carry them back to their house."

The secretary paused for a moment and then opened a cabinet drawer to bring out a plastic Nordstrom's shopping bag. "Will this do?"

Amy looked at it, smiled, and said, "Yes, that's perfect. Thanks." She took the bag and grabbed her pink panties from the penis hook and returned to the office. She handed the bag and the panties to Knoxx.

Knoxx scribbled today's date on a tag and pinned it to the pink panties. Then, he looked at them more closely, and then he picked up a pair of light blue panties from the pile that she had worn the previous week. He compared the two pairs, and said "Ummm, Miss Suzuki, today's panties have a lot more stains on them than any of these other pairs. Did you have an accident today?"

The nude girl blushed a deep, deep red and answered, "No, sir."

He persisted, "Well, can you explain the stains? They certainly don't look very nice, and you've been parading around in these all day. Please tell us what happened."

The beet red girl stammered, "Uhhh, I was, umm, turned on, and I guess my, ummm, vagina juices, ummm, . . . Oh dear, I mean my female ejacu. . ."

Knoxx cut in, "Yes, Miss Suzuki, I think you mean to say, in blunt terms, that your pussy juices were flowing today. Right?" The embarrassed girl just nodded. He went on, "Please tell us what happened. I assume that you'll include something about it in today's one-sheet?"

Amy nodded and her eyes started to tear up. She slowly said, "It happened at art class. There were some very erotic poses today."

Knoxx persisted, "But I thought you posed naked. You weren't wearing these panties when you posed, were you? Why did they get stained?"

Amy babbled, "Oh dear, I'm sorry, I'm not being clear. It happened just after art class. I was still really aroused as the class ended. And my vagina was very, very wet when I put the panties on after class."

But Knoxx wouldn't give up. He smirked as he persisted, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I think we would all like to hear about these 'erotic poses' as you call them. How many poses were there?"

Amy quietly said, "Six altogether. Three in each class."

Knoxx went on, "Oh, that's not very many. Maybe you can duplicate them for us briefly so we can understand better. What was the first one?"

She said, "Well, we . . ."

Knoxx interrupted, "We? I thought you were posing alone. Oh, now I remember, you posed with Miss Cobb at 8 o'clock and then alone at 9 o'clock. Isn't that right?"

The nude young lady shook her head and replied, "No, Eva had a final exam, and so Dr. Whiteside lined up a substitute, and he stayed for both hours. The first pose was . . ."

"He?", Knoxx asked quizzically again. "So, you posed with a male model. Was he naked, too? Who was it?"

With an irritated tone in her voice, she answered, "Yes, it was a naked man. Craig Massaro. I think he's a sophomore."

And Knoxx gleefully pressed on, "Was he aroused, too?" He was enjoying this embarrassing interrogation of the naked girl.

Amy blushed and merely said, "Yes."

Knoxx then said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, please continue. Maybe one of these young men can act as a fill-in for Mr. Massaro, but of course, he will keep his clothes on." Knoxx looked over at Jamal Brown and said, "Well, son, how about you?"

Brown tentatively stepped forward, blushed, and said, "Okay. What do you want me to do?"

Amy looked over the young guy. He was much like Craig Massaro, tall with skin just a bit darker than her own. She said, "Just stand here and face me so that Dr. Knoxx can see your profile.

Amy got down on her knee just like she had in class and pointed to Brown's crotch. She said, "This is what the first pose looked like."

Knoxx nodded approvingly and said, "Except that he was naked and aroused. Right?"

Amy quietly said, "Yes, that's right. He was naked, and I was pointing at his penis."

Knoxx continued, "Was he well endowed? How long was it?"

Amy blushed some more and said, "Yes. He is much larger than average. Nine and a quarter inches."

"How do you know that?"

Amy went on, "Well, for the second pose, Professor Whiteside had me measure it with a tape measure." And she simulated holding a tape measure with one end at Jamal's crotch and the other end out about 9 1/4 inches.

Knoxx said, "Oh my, these are sounding like erotic poses. Please go on, Miss Suzuki. What was the next pose?"

And Amy spent the next few minutes re-creating and describing the cross-arms pose, the leaning back wide spread pose, and the chain gang pose. The men in the room were enthralled with the enticing views of her naked young body.

"And finally," Amy said, "Dr. Whiteside had me stand like this with my legs slightly apart and Craig kneeling at my foot." Jamal Brown took the position, and Amy went on, "And he was pointing at my vagina." She adjusted Jamal's right hand so that it was close to her pussy and said, "Actually, his finger was inserted into my vagina." Amy blushed and Jamal didn't know what to do; he just looked over at Knoxx.

Knoxx said, "Well, go ahead, Mr. Brown. We're all just trying to understand."

Amy closed her eyes and flinched as she felt Jamal's index finger go way up into her pussy and twist around a little bit. She said, "No, that's too far; just up to the first knuckle." And Jamal pulled his finger almost all the way out and held it there for several seconds. Amy could feel herself getting wet from the stimulation.

There were wide eyes and open mouths visible around the room. And Amy suspected that she was the only person in the room who did not have an erection hidden in their trousers. She also wondered if Jamal Brown's penis was as large as Massaro's; she suspected that it was not, but she would never know, because her genitals were the only ones in this room that were allowed to be publicly displayed - and touched - today.

Finally, Knoxx said, "And it was this last pose that aroused you so much?"

Amy quietly replied, "Actually, all six poses were arousing, but, yes, most especially the last one."

Knoxx said, "Okay, I think we all understand better now why today's panties were so stained. Thank you, Miss Suzuki and Mr. Brown for the demonstration." And with that Jamal, reluctantly pulled his finger out of her pussy and wiped it on his handkerchief.

By now, Amy's juices had started to trickle down her leg, and she asked Knoxx, "Can I have some tissues, please?" Knoxx handed her several and she wiped her leg and then her pussy being careful not to turn away or hide herself.

Knoxx waited for her to clean herself up and then said to her, "Miss Suzuki, when you write up your one-sheet for today, please include descriptions of those poses. But I don't think you should include Mr. Massaro's name. Understand?"

Amy mumbled, "Yes, I understand."

Knoxx then said, "Good. And I think that about wraps up the auction discussion. Any last questions?"

Seligman raised his hand and peeked out from behind Amy's butt. He said, "Actually, I have two questions. First, at the prep session on Friday evening, can we ask Amy to take off her panties? Second, can we take a photo of her now to use on the advertisement that she'll post for us?"

Knoxx replied, "Yes and yes. The Friday prep session is just another community service activity for her, and she will cooperate with you. If you want her to be naked during the prep session, then she'll remove her panties until you tell her that it's okay to put them back on. And the photo is a good idea. In fact, we have an almost professional photographer sitting in the waiting room. Miss Suzuki, please ask Mr. Garoni to come in."

Amy blushed as she stepped out into the waiting room and beckoned Garoni to come into the office.

Knoxx said, "Mr. Garoni, these gentlemen would like a photo of Miss Suzuki to include in a poster. Could you please take one now using my iPhone?"

Garoni said, "Sure. Let's see where's a good spot in here? How about having her kind of sitting on the edge of your desk?"

Knoxx said, "Sounds good, but since this photo will be advertising her panty auction, she should be wearing panties rather than being nude. Here, Miss Suzuki, please put these on for the photo." And he handed her a clean pair of off-white bikini panties that she slid up her pretty long legs.

Garoni said, "Okay, Amy, please get there next to the desk and kinda rest your butt on the edge. Good. Now, slide your right foot out several inches. Good. And finally, hook your thumbs over the top side edges of your panties as if you are about to take them off. That's great. Now, all of you gentlemen, please move out of the way so I can step back and get all of her in the photo." The men moved off to the sides of the room. "Okay, hunch over just a bit to thrust your breasts out, and give me a slight smile - no teeth."

Amy blushed as Garoni took several photos making only minor adjustments to her hair and her head position. He went over to Knoxx and the two of them looked through the photos. Finally, Knoxx said, "Yes, gentlemen, you can find one here to use on your poster. I will email them to you as soon as the meeting is over."

Knoxx continued, "Okay, once again I think we're done talking about the auction. If there are no other questions, you gentlemen can go now."

The girl in the white underpants merely nodded at the frat guys as they wandered out of the room. When the last one left and the office door was closed again, Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, we will continue the meeting now. Please remove the panties and give them back to me." Amy sighed as she stepped out of the panties and handed them back to Knoxx by reaching over his desk. She returned to her assigned spot in front of his desk, and Garoni sat down on one of the folding chairs to her left.

Knoxx said, "Actually, there's not that much more to talk about." He pulled out a copy of Amy's schedule and looked it over before saying, "Mr. Garoni, I see that she will be posing for your photography club as soon as we finish here. I hope that you will provide her with at least a few snacks for her dinner?"

Garoni replied, "Yes, sir. Our club members are waiting in the hallway, and we've figured out dinner for Amy." He looked at his watch and said, "Dr. Knoxx, it's already 6:30 and our 2-hour slot with Amy was supposed to start at 6 o'clock and end at 8. Would it be okay if we still get our two hours starting right after this meeting?"

Without even looking at Amy, Knoxx said, "Yes, that will be fine. She will spend two hours with you. Now, do you want to tell us about your plans for this evening's photoshoot with her?"

Garoni, "Good, thank you for letting us have the full two hours. Actually, we don't have a firm plan, just dinner followed by a lot of photos of her at various spots around campus. We have some general ideas, but basically we were just going to wing it. And I don't want to delay the start of our two-hour slot, because that would cut into Amy's study time later this evening."

Knoxx didn't really like this answer, but he just said, "Okay, Mr. Garoni, we will look forward to seeing the results." He turned to Amy and said, "Miss Suzuki, I guess that we've already discussed the community service projects that you've been assigned for the day. Let's talk briefly about the rest of your day. Any issues that we should know about? Let's see, you had a Formal Logic exam this afternoon. How did that go?"

Amy was annoyed, because the two hours of the upcoming posing for photos would indeed cut into her study time for her Modern Journalism exam. But she knew that she couldn't complain about it. Instead, she just answered, "No, the rest of my day was routine. After art class, I was able to study for the Logic exam for a few hours, and I think I did pretty well on it. And I was able to start studying for my Modern Journalism exam tomorrow morning, and I'll work on that some more after I get back to the dorm."

"Well, that's good", Knoxx said. "So, I guess we're finished here, and she's all yours for the next two hours, Mr. Garoni. Let's see, since she's going to be nude for many of these photos, maybe I should just give you her panties now and let you decide when she can put them on. Okay?"

Garoni replied, "Actually, sir, why don't you give them to Amy to put on now, and then we'll figure out later when she should take them off?"

Knoxx said, "Well, okay." And he handed the off-white bikinis back to Amy who slid them on quickly. He continued, "All right. That's it for today. Good night, everyone, and I guess we'll have tomorrow's meeting in the Wytham lab, Miss Suzuki. See you then."

Amy grabbed her backpack and smiled at Garoni as he politely held the door open for her.

**Chapter 57 - Penthouse Posing**

When they got out into the hallway, Amy saw the dozen photo club members holding their cameras. They all kind of gathered in a circle. Just before Garoni started to say something, the door to Knoxx's office opened and he plus the 4 committee members came out into the hallway. Nothing was said, but the bare breasted girl just stared daggers at Knoxx who just smirked in return.

Garoni then said, "Okay, gang, let's get started. Amy, let's see it's now 6:40, and so we will plan to have you back at your dorm at 8:45. I am really sorry about the late start, but as you know, we didn't have much control over it. Now, let me introduce you to our members." And he went around the group of 10 guys and 2 girls telling Amy their names. She shook hands with each of them, but she couldn't remember all of the names, and she hadn't known any of them previously.

Garoni went on, "Now, Amy, this is an unusual situation for us. We really want to take advantage of this unique opportunity to take some very explicit photos of you, but I also want to make sure that the pictures aren't distributed willy-nilly around the Internet, because that wouldn't be fair to you once you've graduated and left Bancroft in a few days. So, I've done a couple of things. First, I've asked each of our members here to sign a statement saying that they will not publish or distribute these photos in any manner - that is, either hardcopy or electronically. We will study the pictures in our lab and then keep them there in hardcopy form only. Actually, we'll also show them to Chancellor Knoxx and his committee as part of our agreement with them, but I will not give them copies to keep. Second, tonight, we are shooting the old-fashioned way, that is, with film. Using film is very rare these days, and we're all looking forward to doing it the way the famous photographers of yester year did it, and then developing them in the lab. None of these guys and gals will use a digital camera tonight. Using film will reduce the chances of the pictures showing up on the Internet; it would certainly be possible to scan the hardcopies or the negatives, but those will be kept securely in our lab. I can't promise that we will also use film cameras on Sunday morning, but the signed statements will still be in effect. We'll discuss that some more on Sunday. That may have been a lot to take in. Do you understand? Any questions?"

Amy did understand, and she was pleased that Garoni seemed to be looking out for her interests to a certain extent. She smiled at him and at the other photographers and said, "So, you're going to try to prevent these photos from following me around, so to speak, for the rest of my life. Is that what you mean?"

Garoni nodded and said, "Yes, that's it exactly."

She continued to smile and said, "Thank you, very much, for that."

He smiled back at her and then continued, "Okay, good, we've got that settled. Now, as I said, these are going to be explicit pictures - more Penthouse than Playboy, if you get my drift."

Amy was a bit puzzled here, she knew that Penthouse and Playboy were men's magazines with photos of naked women. But she had never looked at Penthouse. And she had only looked at Playboy a couple of times. Once when see was about 10, she had found a copy of Playboy in her father's workshop, and she had seen several of the pictures before her father took it away from her. The other time was several months ago when she and her ex-boyfriend, Josh, had thumbed through a copy together prior to a lovemaking session; she had giggled as Josh compared her "special parts" as he called them to those of the girls in the magazine. From the way Garoni had worded it, she suspected Penthouse was more explicit than Playboy. But she didn't want to show her naïveté to this group, and she just nodded.

Garoni went on, "We're going to walk around campus and find locations that will be good backgrounds for pictures of you completely naked or with your panties on. We all have some ideas for some very erotic poses for you. And the setting sun will add a lot of interest to the pictures as well.

"Now, first we are going to get you a quick bite to eat at the Student Union cafeteria. Probably just a sandwich and soda, if that's enough for you. And we'll have you back outside as you eat and drink, and we'll take some photos of that, too. Okay?"

Amy nodded and said, "Yes, I'm hungry, and a sandwich and Coke would be nice."

As the group walked to the Union, they all chatted in a very friendly manner including Amy as well. She thought this seemed like a neat group of people.

Several of the group also bought snacks to eat, and Garoni paid for the whole thing. As they were leaving the cafeteria, Amy said, "Umm, Mr. Garoni, I'd like to use the restroom before we start. Okay?"

He replied, "Amy, please call me, Vince. And sure, we'll wait for you here."

One of the girls in the group, Jackie McIntyre, nodded at Garoni and said, "I think I'll go, too." Amy smiled at Jackie, and the two of them scooted down the hall to the ladies room. The group looked at the interesting contrast - one girl wearing only panties, the other wearing tight jeans, sneakers, and a Grateful Dead T-shirt.

As Amy did her business in the stall, she was somewhat surprised that Jackie stood by the sink and waited for her. When the nearly naked girl came out of the stall, Jackie said, "Umm, Amy, I'd like to take a couple of photos of you at the sink as you wash up. Okay?"

Amy hadn't expected the photos to start so soon, but she just nodded, walked to the sink, and said, "Okay."

Jackie said, "Good. Stand there, wash your hands, and look up to me in the mirror; I'll be off to the side a bit. Try not to block the view of your boobs too much." Amy followed her instructions and Jackie clicked a couple of photos.

Jackie said, "I think those were good. Now, same position, but slide your panties down to your knees and spread your legs just slightly. And I'm going to hold the camera up high so that I get your pussy and boobs in the mirror and your butt and panties from behind." Amy blushed, but she did as she was told. After Jackie adjusted Amy's panties just a bit, she clicked a couple of more pictures.

Jackie said, "Amy, those will be good. As Vince said, we're going to take some very explicit photos this evening. We haven't had such an opportunity at all this year. We did have a session with a nude model, but she wasn't as pretty as you, and she mostly covered her vagina. So, we really appreciate your being a model for us. Thanks." Amy pulled up her panties and just shrugged as the two girls walked out of the restroom and returned to the group.

Amy noticed that Garoni was on his cell phone. She didn't want to eavesdrop on the conversation, but she couldn't help but hear a couple of words that Garoni said. "Whiteside" and "Wakefield". Garoni folded up his phone, turned to the group, and said, "That was Dr. Knoxx. He had some suggestions for poses. We'll do them later in the evening. But now, let's get going while we still have the setting sunlight. Amy, let's go find a bench outside where that sunlight is good, and while you are eating your sandwich, we can take some photos. Oh, put on your backpack, and we'll take some photos of you as we're walking around looking for a bench. I'll carry your drink and sandwich bag."

As the group went outside, Amy slipped on the backpack. Garoni said, "Good, Amy. Now, grasp the straps near your shoulders and stick out your breasts a little bit as we walk. Yeah, that's it. Okay, you photogs, hurry out ahead of her down the path, and take some photos as she approaches and then passes you. And everyone, keep your eyes open for a good bench."

Amy felt very self-conscious as she walked along with all the cameras clicking away; she felt her nipples tighten just a little bit.

A little ways down the path, one of the guys said, "Hey, Vince. This looks like a good spot. What do you think?"

Garoni replied, "Yeah, Stu, it looks good." He turned to Amy and said, "Okay, Amy. We'll let you eat here. Let's see, we don't need your backpack or panties for these poses. So, please take them off and put them off to the side over there."

Amy was surprised at his nonchalant attitude about her removing her panties; he had kind of treated the words "backpack" and "panties" as if they were a couple of inconsequential items. Maybe the backpack was, but the panties were important to her. But she did as she was told. She slipped off her panties as everyone watched and put them on top of her backpack on the other side of the sidewalk. Then the nude girl turned and waited for further instructions.

Garoni held out the drink and wrapped sandwich for her and said, "Okay, come over here and straddle this stone bench. One leg over the back, the other over the front of the bench. And sort of twist to face the sidewalk a little bit. And then start munching and sipping."

Even though it had been a nice spring day, the stone bench was cool on her bare butt as she sat down as requested. She felt her pussy open up as she spread her legs. She put the food on the bench in front of her and glanced at Garoni. He nodded and she started eating her little dinner. He said, "Move your front leg back just a bit to let some more sunlight onto your front. Try not to block your boobs and vagina very much. Okay, gang, shoot away." The photographers spread out on the sidewalk and aimed their cameras at the nude girl from various angles. They clicked away for a couple of minutes as Amy took several bites and drinks.

Garoni finally said, "Good. Now, Amy, bring both feet to this side of the bench, and open your legs wide in a kind of exaggerated way. Continue to eat but keep your hands and arms up high near your face so that your front is completely exposed." Turning to the club members, he said, "Angela, Bob, kneel down in front of her and get some fairly close-up shots with the sun behind you. The rest of you, take some longer shots, possibly including shots of Angela and Bob as they take their photos. Amy, spread your legs a little wider; we want your pussy to be open."

Amy blushed but did as she was told, and she started eating her sandwich again. And the group took their photos.

After a few minutes, Garoni said, "Very nice, Amy. Nice job. Now, relax." He handed her the off-white panties and said, "Put these back on, sit there normally, and finish your dinner. We'll take some more photos while you're finishing up. How do you think it's going so far?"

As Amy was slipping on her panties, she kind of mumbled, "Okay, I guess. It's a weird experience, but I'm okay." She sat back down and casually finished eating.

After she finished, Garoni gathered all of them in a big circle around him and Amy. He said, "Okay, those poses were my ideas. Now, it's your turn. Each of you will get to put Amy in the pose of your choice. Don't be shy; we want explicit pictures and Chancellor Knoxx has provided us with this gorgeous model." He turned and smiled at Amy, who just nodded back at him. "Sylvester, you're first. Oh, and all of you, be sure to take advantage of the twilight. And William, why don't you carry and watch Amy's backpack til we finish? That way she won't have to worry about it along the way."

Sylvester's pose had Amy pull up her panties as high as she could so that they pulled tightly into her crease in both front and back. And then the other 11 photographers had their turns.

Angela: Amy lowered her panties to her knees and then Amy walked along the sidewalk as they took their photos.

Jerry: Without her panties, Amy leaned back on the bench stretching her long legs out provocatively and her strip of pubic hair was prominently displayed.

Bob: Amy sat on the edge of the bench with legs wide apart. The index finger of her left hand in her mouth, her right index finger in her pussy with sort of a you-caught-me look on her face.

Jackie: Naked Amy swung from a limb of a tree with her legs wide spread.

Hal: Amy bent over so that her long dark hair was brushing the ground. Her legs were wide spread so that her vulva and anus were in clear view from the rear.

Sidney: Amy stood, legs wide, spreading her pussy lips with her hands.

Roberto: In profile to the group, Amy lifted her breasts by holding her nipples.

Felix: Amy put on the panties, but not all the way. They were just below her pussy with a hand on each side as if she were just taking them off.

William: Amy took off the panties but left them on the ground at her feet. She bent over as if to pick them up.

Stu: Naked Amy bent over with hands on her knees as Hal pretended to swat her ass with a tree branch.

Gregg: With a submissive look on her face, Amy held out the panties as if handing them to Bob's outstretched hands.

By the time all of them had had their turn, Amy was almost shaking from embarrassment after all of the humiliating poses she'd done for the group. She didn't know exactly what time it was, but she really wanted this to be over. However, the sun hadn't quite set behind the nearby mountains yet, and that meant it wasn't even 8PM. She sighed as she slipped on her off-white panties and then stood there waiting for what would come next.

Garoni came over and said, "Okay, Amy. Nice poses. As I mentioned earlier, Dr. Knoxx has a suggestion. Actually, it was more than a suggestion. He wants you to re-create your streaking incident and subsequent apprehension with some enhancements. So, let's walk over to Kameron where you were streaking a couple of weeks ago."

Amy wondered what the word "enhancement" meant, but she just nodded.

Garoni said they were running short of time, and so he told the group to pick up the pace. Amy's breasts bounced attractively as she trotted along to keep up with the group; the males in the group stole lots of admiring looks at her as they hurried along.

It only took a few minutes to get to the quad near Kameron Hall, but by then the sun had set and darkness was setting in. Garoni said, "Okay, Amy. Let's have you run around the quad, and we'll have photographers near each lamp post that you pass, and we'll take our photos from there."

After the group had split into 4 groups and positioned themselves near the 4 lamp posts, Amy slipped off her panties, handed them to Garoni, and ran naked around the quad. As she passed each lamp post, she heard the cameras clicking away.

She was a little concerned that Knoxx might say this re-creation was an admission on her part that she had been nude during the original streaking incident. Ken Marriott, her lawyer, had told her never to admit that she had streaked naked, because the committee couldn't prove that she had. But she decided to take a chance and just do what Garoni wanted, and if Knoxx wanted to make an issue out of it, she'd get Marriott to help her fight that legal battle.

The naked girl was breathing somewhat hard as she pulled up next to Garoni. As the photographers were re-joining them, Garoni handed her the panties and Amy slid them back on. Then he said, "Good, Amy. Now, please show us where the campus cops caught you. They are on their way right now, and we'll take some photos of you and them."

Amy guided him behind the bushes near the corner of the building and said, "This is the spot."

Garoni frowned as he looked around. "It is really dark in here. I don't see how we'll be able to get pictures here. Oh, here come the cops now."

Amy looked up and saw Officers Sweeney and Olsen walking up. But they weren't wearing their usual uniforms. Usually the campus police wore casual outfits such as black pants and grey polo shorts, but tonight they were wearing full-fledged police outfits - white shirts with a black padded vest, caps, batons, and even guns in holsters. Amy had never seen campus cops dressed like that before.

Then she looked down and noticed that Olsen was carrying a suitcase. And it was the same suitcase that Whiteside had in art class this morning. And Amy knew what was in it - handcuffs and ball gags. She gasped a little bit as she realized what the word "enhancements" probably meant.

As they approached, Sweeney said, "Hello there, everyone, I'm Officer Sweeney, Tim Sweeney. And this is Officer Olsen, Scott Olsen. Chancellor Knoxx asked us to participate in this re-creation of Miss Suzuki's streaking and apprehension." The officers shook hands with everyone in the group including Amy.

Garoni said, "Thanks, guys, for coming. Amy has just finished doing the streaking part, and I guess, we can do the apprehension part now. Amy, as I understand it, it was Officer Olsen who found you back in here. Is that right?" Amy nodded. Garoni went on, "Okay, Officer Olsen, please describe what happened next, and we can figure out how to set up for the photos."

Olsen said, "Well, when I came up to her, I shined my light in her face and told her to stay where she was. Then, I shined my light over her body and saw that she was almost naked. She was wearing only her panties, like she is now, but they were not quite pulled all the way up. And they were a different color - flesh-toned rather than off-white like these."

Garoni responded, "Well, we don't have much choice except to use these panties. And it's much too dark back in here. So, let's do it out by the lamp post." And he led the group back out to the sidewalk and over to a nearby light. "This spot should work. Okay, Amy, lower your panties just a bit so that they're not quite all the way up, and Officer, shine your flashlight at her. And all of you photogs, get ready to shoot."

Amy blushed as she adjusted her panties down a little bit and stood there as Olsen shined the light in her face. The cameras clicked away as the cop looked down her body.

After a minute or so, Garoni asked, "What happened next?"

Olsen said, "I cuffed her hands behind her back."

Sweeney interjected, "Umm, this is where Chancellor Knoxx wants to change things a bit. He wants us to use these metal cuffs rather than the plastic ones that we usually use. And he wants us to also put ankle cuffs on her and to gag her tonight. I'm sorry about that, Miss Suzuki, but those are our instructions."

Amy bowed her head and quietly said, "I understand. Go ahead."

Olsen got out the handcuffs, and without being asked, Amy put her hands behind her back and let Olsen attach the cuffs. Olsen said, "Miss Suzuki, I'm very sorry, but could you please open your mouth and let me put on the ball gag?" Amy meekly complied, and Olsen put in the gag, tightened the strap, and then clicked the lock shut behind her head.

Garoni said, "What about the ankles?"

Olsen shook his head and said, "Not yet. The next thing I did was to slide off her panties." And he kneeled in front of the cuffed and gagged girl. Then, the photographers took their pictures as Olsen slowly slid the panties down Amy's long legs. She stepped out of the panties and stood there as they took photos of her naked with the panties at her feet.

One of the photographers, Hal, said, "We all got photos from the front, but I think some rear photos showing Officer Olsen's face as he's lowering the panties might be interesting. How about that?" Everyone except Amy thought that was a good idea, but she didn't have a vote in this, and naturally, she couldn't say anything anyway because of the gag in her mouth.

So, Olsen picked up the panties and held them out for Amy to step into. And then, he slid them back up her long legs and into position again. Tears of embarrassment were forming in Amy's eyes. Then with all of the photogs positioned behind, Olsen slowly slid the panties down Amy's legs again with the cameras clicking away.

Sweeney then stepped up and said, "Okay, now we can put on the ankle cuffs." He showed them to Amy and the group and went on, "There's a short hobble chain that will allow her to walk. And Miss Suzuki, I'm very sorry again, but the Chancellor told us to keep you like this for the rest of the photoshoot until we take you back to your dorm." A few tears ran down Amy's cheeks as Sweeney put the cuffs on her ankles.

Garoni then said, "Okay, let's go just over there to Wakefield Hall for the next part of the photoshoot. Dr. Knoxx suggested that we use the old security office in the basement of Wakefield rather than walking all the way over to the current security office."

Amy was relieved that she would only have to walk a few yards rather than almost half a mile in these cuffs. She had seen the door in Wakefield's basement marked "Security" when she had gone down to the ladies room between art class sessions, but she hadn't realized what that room was until now.

Garoni continued, "All right, let's have you two officers guide Amy on the walk over. One on each side of her holding an elbow. And we'll take photos along the way."

With a cop on each arm, the bound and gagged naked girl took her first tentative steps. The hobble chain restricted her steps to only a couple of feet, and the going was very, very slow.

It took the group about 5 minutes to walk the short distance to Wakefield Hall and up the steps into the building. But the difficult part for Amy was walking down the very narrow staircase into the basement. The stairs were made of brick and thus were very uneven. Officer Sweeney went ahead of her and Olsen was behind trying to help her down the stairs. But with Sweeney in front, there was little opportunity for the club members to take their photos of the nude girl struggling down the steps. So, Sweeney stepped out of the way and let Olsen hang onto Amy's bare shoulder while the photos were taken. They did this a couple of times on the flight of a dozen steps. Amy's breasts were thrust out, and she had a terrified look in her eyes. But eventually they made it to the bottom of the stairs and into the narrow hallway.

The old security office was located between the two restrooms, and Sweeney unlocked the door and guided the still scared girl into the room. It was a fairly good-sized space and there was plenty of room for all of the photographers to come in as well. There was a desk in the middle of the room and file cabinets lined the walls. And in the back corner was a small jail cell, about 6 feet by 10 feet with a bed.

Sweeney sat down behind the desk, and Olsen guided Amy to a spot in front of the desk. Olsen then stood beside her and held her elbow. Sweeney pretended to look up at Amy and ask her questions which she answered with only a shake or nod of her head. He then scribbled things on the pad of paper on the desk. The club members clicked away with their cameras.

Garoni then said, "Good job, Amy. And also to you two officers. Those will be great pictures." And he turned to his club and asked, "Do any of you have ideas for other pictures here? Remember, don't be shy. We want to take advantage of this great opportunity that Amy has provided us. Anybody?"

Angela tentatively said, "Umm, how about pictures of her in the cell? Maybe some standing and some sitting on the bed?" Everybody thought that was a good idea, and the cops led Amy into the cell and locked the gate. The naked girl stood a couple of feet back from the bars and peered out at the group as they took photos.

Garoni said, "Ah, very good, Amy. Now, go over and sit down on the bed, and keep that same look on your face." Amy waddled over and sat on the bed which had only a dusty mattress on it. Garoni continued, "And open your legs as far as you can. Yes, that's it." And the cameras clicked away. Finally, Garoni said, "Again, that was great, Amy. Now, what other ideas do any of you have?"

Sidney said, "How about her hanging from the ceiling? There are pipes up there that we could loop a rope over. We could attach the rope to her cuffs behind, or to her gag strap, or re-cuff her hands in front so that the rope would pull her arms way up."

Garoni exclaimed, "Excellent. Let's try each of those ways." And Sweeney unlocked the cell door and led Amy out to the middle of the room. Olsen and one of the photogs moved the desk out of the way.

Sidney tied the rope to the back of Amy's gag and tossed the rope over one of the pipes. Then he said, "Sorry, Amy, but I'm going to stretch you to your tiptoes." And he pulled the rope so that the naked, bound girl was stretched out.

Angela walked around Amy and said, "And I'm sorry, too. That mattress was very dusty, and you've got noticeable splotches of dust on your butt. I'm going to brush it off." And she whisked her hand across Amy's bare ass and then grabbed a nearby towel and wiped the butt clean. All Amy could do was to close her eyes.

Everyone stepped out of the way and the club photographers took several photos of Amy on her tiptoes. Sidney then loosened the rope and let Amy return to normal standing position but still gagged and cuffed. He then tied the rope behind her back to her handcuffs and pulled the rope tight again. Amy winced and let out a muffled yelp as her arms were pulled up from behind her. She was now bent over with her boobs dangling alluringly. Sidney asked her to look up as the group took their pictures.

Sidney then released the tension on the rope so that Amy could stand up again. He untied the rope and asked the security officers, "Let's unlock the cuffs so that we can bring her hands and arms around in front."

Sweeney and Olsen looked at each other. Sweeney said, "Go ahead, Scott, undo the cuffs."

But Olsen said, "But, boss, I don't have the key. I thought you did."

But Sweeney just shook his head and said, "Oh, it must be in the suitcase." And he pulled all of the other chains and cuffs out of the bag, but the key wasn't there. "Oh dear, what have we done? We can't unlock her!"

On hearing this, Amy's eyes widened in terror, and she starting thrashing about and yelling behind her gag.

Garoni was alarmed, too, and he came up hugged the naked girl. Amy was now crying and she buried her head in his shoulder. Garoni said, "Officers, please do something. Didn't you borrow this stuff from Dr. Whiteside? Please call her and ask where the key is located."

Sweeney immediately pulled out his cell phone and called Whiteside's number which was on the suitcase tag. Amy was still crying as the cop explained to Whiteside what had happened. Whiteside said the key was in the suitcase somewhere, probably in one of the outside pockets. Sweeney put down the phone and he and Olsen started going through all of the suitcase pockets, inside and out. And eventually Olsen said, "Hey, here it is. It was stuck in the corner of this front pocket. Whew, that's a relief." And as Sweeney hung up his phone, Olsen unlocked Amy's handcuffs. He then brought her arms around to her front and re-connected the cuffs.

Amy was still sniffling as Sidney tied the rope to the cuffs again. He then pulled the rope tight so that the naked girl's arms were straight above her head. And he had her stand on tiptoes again so that her breasts were almost flat now. Her two nipples and the strip of dark pubic hair were the most prominent things on her now flat torso. The group took several photos, and then he had Amy spread her legs as far apart as she could; he re-adjusted the rope tension to accommodate this. And the club took more pictures.

Finally, Sidney unhooked the rope and let Amy stand normally again. She was relieved that her hands were now cuffed in front rather than in back, and she stretched her arms and legs as much as possible.

Garoni came up, put an arm around Amy's shoulder, and gave her a comforting pat. He said to the group, "Okay, we've still got a few more minutes. Any other ideas?"

Hesitantly, Felix said, "I've got one. The men's restroom next door has cracked fixtures and peeling paint on cinder block walls in it. How about if we have Amy stand in front of one of those old urinals as if she's trying to pee standing up? Kind of gross, but you told us not to be shy."

Garoni smiled and said, "Yep, I did. So, Amy, let's go do this one last pose, and then we'll get you home."

Sweeney said, "Oh, I think we should cuff her hands behind her again. That's what Chancellor Knoxx expects, and it will probably make for better photos, too." Everyone except Amy nodded their agreement, and Sweeney unlocked the cuffs and then re-did Amy's hands behind her back.

The entire group then trooped into the men's restroom. Amy stumbled on the slightly uneven stone floor as Garoni led her over in front of one of the urinals hanging from the wall. Felix then said, "Sorry about this, Amy. Move in close and spread your legs as far as you can." The naked and bound young woman started to cry again, but she did as instructed. She stood there as if trying to pee while the photographers took turns shooting from behind and from the sides.

As they finished, Felix again hesitantly said, "Umm, since we're here, maybe we can do a pose with Amy sitting on a toilet?"

Garoni frowned and said, "We're running short of time, but if Amy really needs to use the toilet, we can let her do that and take some photos at the same time. Amy, do you need to pee?" Amy was looking down at the floor, and she just shook her head. Garoni then said, "Sorry, Felix, but we're finished here for this evening. Okay, let's take Amy back to her dorm. But all of you are welcome to take pictures along the way."

With that, the nude and hobbled girl was escorted out of the bathroom, up the stairs, and out to the front steps of Wakefield Hall. She stumbled several times, but the two security guys helped her as several photos were taken. Now, Amy was out in public in this humiliating condition; several passers-by stared at her as she was helped down the steps to the SUV marked "Campus Police".

Sweeney said, "We're going to put you in back, and we'll let one of the photographers sit back there, too, to take some more pictures." He opened the door for the bound and gagged girl and said, "Get in."

With her hands cuffed behind her and her legs restricted with the hobble chain, Amy couldn't see how she could step up into the big vehicle, but she tried. As the cameras clicked, Amy tried to raise one knee onto the carpeted floor, but it was too high for her, and she almost fell to the ground, but the cops grabbed her. She tried again by leaning her chest into the vehicle, but the only thing that did was to provide some graphic views of her bare ass for the photographers. So, with tears in her eyes, she stood back on the sidewalk, looked pleadingly at the cops, and shook her head. Reluctantly, Sweeney unlocked the handcuffs, and the naked girl was able to struggle her way into the car. As soon as she was seated, Sweeney quickly reached behind the naked girl and re-locked the cuffs.

William tossed the backpack into the vehicle and then climbed into the back seat beside Amy. The police vehicle led the little caravan of cars over to Blankenship Hall. William took several photos of Amy along the way; her breasts were charmingly thrust out and he focused on her dark brown nipples for most of his shots. It was 8:40 PM when they arrived at the front door. The security guys waited as the photographers went ahead of them into the dorm lobby, and then they helped Amy down out of the SUV. Sweeney was holding her left elbow, Olsen her right as they led her into the crowded lobby.

There was the usual crowd of guys and a few girls sitting on the couches talking, but they stopped and gaped at the spectacle of the nude gagged girl with her hands and feet cuffed. Amy stood there with her head down as they all got up and gathered around. And the club members clicked their last batch of photos for the evening.

Finally, Garoni raised his hands and said, "Okay, everyone. That's enough. It's 8:45 and we promised Amy that we'd be done. So, that's it." He turned to Sweeney and said, "Okay, Officer, please undo her and we'll let her get back to her room."

Sweeney knelt down in front of Amy, and she felt his hair brush her pussy as he reached down to unhook the ankle cuffs. Then, he circled around behind her and undid the gag and the handcuffs. Amy stretched her arms and mouth, and then she smiled wanly at him and quietly said, "Thanks."

Garoni stepped up and said, "Well, Amy, it's us who should be thanking you for posing for us tonight." He looked around the group and said, "I think we all benefited from it, didn't we?" They all smiled broadly and agreed with him.

Amy was numb as she stood there shaking hands with all of the club members. Garoni said, "Thanks again, Amy, and we'll see you on Sunday morning. Good luck on your exam tomorrow." The naked girl shakily raised her hand and gave them a soft wave as they left.

Sweeney then reached in his pocket, pulled out her panties, and handed them to her. And he said, "Miss Suzuki, I'm sure this was difficult for you, and I'm very sorry about it. But Officer Olsen and I were just following orders tonight. I hope you understand. Have a nice evening, and good bye."

And as she limply shook his hand, she mumbled, "Yes, I understand. Good bye."

Then, still completely naked, she turned and walked down the hall. She barely acknowledged the girls who said hello as she passed them in the hall on the way to the side stairway. Her panties were balled up in one hand, and she carried her backpack in the other hand as she trudged up the stairs to the fourth floor.

She opened the door and stepped into her room. But she stopped in the little alcove and leaned back against the door. Then she heard Linda say, "Amy, is that you?" All Amy could do was to whisper, "Yeah, it's me."

Linda jumped up from her desk and came over to Amy. She looked at her naked friend and saw the haggard look on Amy's face. She said, "Are you okay? Where are your panties?"

Amy raised her hand a little bit to show Linda her panties, and then she let them drop to the floor along with her backpack from the other hand. Amy just shook her head and quietly said, "No, Lindy, I'm not okay." Then she burst out crying and wrapped her arms around her good friend.

Linda completed the hug, and she let Amy sob into her shoulder and her fluffy sweater. After several seconds, she led the naked sobbing girl over to her bed where they both sat down. For a couple of minutes, nothing was said as Amy continued to cry. Finally, Linda said, "Hey, Sooz, do you want to talk about it? I'm here, and you're home now." She handed Amy a handful of tissues.

Amy dried her eyes and said to her friend, "Oh, Lindy, it was so awful."

Linda said, "Were they mean to you? What did they do?"

Amy shook her head and said, "No, and that's kind of what made it so bad. They were really, really nice to me. They were polite and friendly even apologetic, but they had me do these degrading poses." And she went on the describe several of them and then the time being bound and gagged in the old security office. Linda just listened and held her friend's hand as Amy talked.

After Amy finished, they just sat there quietly for a few more minutes. Then, Linda got up, went over to the door, picked up Amy's panties, and came back to the bed. She said, "Amy, it's all over now. And you know, you've got a final exam tomorrow. Here, put these back on, and try to hit the books. This will be your final final, so to speak; the last exam of your college life, and you want to do well at it. Right?"

Amy looked up, smiled at her best friend, and said "Yep, you're right. I need to study. Thanks for letting me talk. You are a dear friend." Amy slipped on her off-white panties, hugged her friend, and got out her Modern Journalism notes and textbook.

**Chapter 58 - Amy the Deceiver**

Before going to bed, Amy dashed off the diary entry and the panty one-sheet for the day. Then, she looked at the calendar and realized that she hadn't crossed off the last few days, and with a flourish, she put a big X across the squares on the calendar.

Next, she made two brief phone calls. First, to her parents and then to her brother. She just kept the conversations light and said she was doing okay.

After Amy closed the phone and was about to turn off the light, Linda said, "Amy, I couldn't help but overhear what you said to them, and it seems to me that you're not telling them everything. You are soft-pedaling this whole thing with them. You didn't tell them about the degrading things you had to do tonight; you just said you were doing some more posing. Sorry for being nosey, but why not be more open with them?"

Amy was a bit taken aback by this, but replied, "I don't want them to worry about me. That's all."

Linda persisted, "But, Sooz, those people love you more than anything in the world, and they're already worrying about you. It seems to me that they'd help you more if you told them more."

"How are they going to help me?", Amy said in an annoyed tone. "Is Jason going to come up here from Cornell and beat the shit out of Knoxx? Is my Dad going to sue the university for a billion bucks? Actually, now that I think of it, Jase is at home in Warwick right now, but you know what I mean. Anyway, they're not going to do that, and it wouldn't help."

"No, that's not what I mean", Linda said. "They can do it remotely on the phone or email or even handwritten notes by snail mail. Giving you emotional support. Providing specific ideas on how to deal with stressful situations. Praying for you."

Amy said, "Well, I see what you're saying, but you know that we're not a very religious family even though we are very close-knit."

Linda replied, "But remember that conversation we had about prayer last year? You said that you thought the only time praying actually worked is if the person being prayed for knew that the people on the other end were actually praying so that there was an emotional connection between the sender and receiver. I didn't say that very well, but that's the general idea."

Amy replied, "Again, I see what you're saying, but . . ."

Linda interrupted her saying, "And, anyway, Sooz, I'm worried about you even if you don't want me to worry. You're struggling, Sooz, and you can use all the help you can get. And your folks and brother could help."

Amy replied testily, "Struggling? What the hell does that mean? I'm absolutely determined to get that degree and diploma that I deserve. I don't call that 'struggling'."

"Look, Sooz", Linda went on, "I admire your determination. But let me explain. We've been roommates for three years now, and up til a few weeks ago, I think I saw you cry only a couple of times. But how many times have you broken down sobbing the last three weeks? I've seen several of the episodes myself including a couple of hours ago, and I suspect you've had other private cries as well. So, I see that this nudity thing is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned that it is going to affect you psychologically somehow in the years to come."

Amy softened her tone, "Oh, Lindy, you bet it has taken a toll on me, but I've got to get through these last few days before I worry about the years ahead. I'm not sure that crying has helped, but it's my natural reaction to a difficult situation, and there have been plenty of difficult situations to deal with."

Linda sighed and said, "Please, Amy, just think about." And they sat in silence for almost a minute without saying anything.

Then, Amy gave Linda a stern look and said, "Look, Lindy, let's just agree to disagree about this. I know the people on both sides of this, that is, the senders and receiver as you call us, better than anybody else in the world, and I just think it's better not to tell them everything. Okay?"

It was now Linda's turn to be taken aback, and she just said, "Well, okay, Amy."

They each sat on the edge of their beds looking at each other for several seconds, and then Amy smiled and said, "Lindy, I don't want to end this serious conversation on such a somber note, and I could sure use another friendly hug before going to bed. Please?"

They each hopped to their feet and hugged in the middle of the room. As they were unclenching, Linda said, "You know, I'm really getting to like the feel of your boobs against mine with all these hugs. Are you trying to turn me into a lesbian?"

Amy smirked and said, "You know I love you, girl, but your cock just isn't long enough for my tastes!"

And they both fell back on their respective beds roaring with laughter, and they continued to chuckle after turning off the lights and as they fell off to sleep.

**May 17, Thursday**

**Chapter 59 - More Posing**

As she walked into Wakefield Hall in the morning, Amy was feeling much better after getting a solid six and a half hours of sleep. The night before, she had studied hard for the journalism exam, and she was certain that she knew the material thoroughly.

She walked into the studio classroom several minutes early, and she smiled with surprise when she saw Eva sitting on the edge of the platform. Amy quickly took off her panties, hung them on the hook, scampered up the aisle, and sat down next to Eva. The two beautiful naked girls briefly hugged and then started talking about their exams. Amy was so engrossed in the small talk that it was a few moments before she realized that she had crossed her legs and had her arms folded across her chest. She hoped that none of Knoxx's spies had noticed, and she quickly dropped her arms and spread her legs wide enough that her pussy was clearly visible to the students who were filing in.

As the 8 o'clock bell rang and Professor Whiteside came up on the platform, the two nudes got to their feet and stood one on each side of the instructor. Whiteside patted each of them on their bare butts saying, "Good morning, ladies. And good morning, class." She looked at Eva and said, "Nice to have you back, Eva. I hope you did well on your final exams the last two mornings." Eva just nodded.

Whiteside continued, "Well, today we are going to continue with poses inspired by things from nature and from everyday human activities. I've been wanting to do the 'picking the fruit' pose that we talked about, and so, let's do that one now. We'll switch off between you two pretty girls. Let's start with Eva being the fruit and Amy the picker. Amy, go pick up the ladder from the back of the platform and set it up here in front."

After Amy set up the ladder, Whiteside said, "Okay, good. Now, Eva, climb up several steps on the ladder and hang over so that your boobs are kind of like hanging fruit." Eva obediently complied and bent over so that her tummy was resting on the top step and her breasts were dangling down in front of her. Whiteside had Eva put her arms out at different angles as if to simulate tree limbs. Whiteside then said, "Now, Amy, come over here in front of the ladder and reach up with one hand towards one of Eva's boobs as if it were a melon hanging on the tree. Don't actually touch her; just reach up with an open hand and wide spread fingers. And turn so that the class gets a nice view of the front of your pretty body." Amy blushed, but she did as she was told.

Whiteside said, "All right, class, sketch away. But don't draw the ladder; just kind of flow Eva's butt and legs into a tree trunk outline. But we do want Eva's breasts to be prominent as well as Amy's body. Ladies, hold that pose for 10 minutes and then we'll switch."

Their arms were getting tired, but the two nude girls managed to hold their positions for the next 10 minutes. Whiteside then said, "Okay, you two can rest for a just a minute. And then I want Amy up on the ladder and Eva reaching up from below. Since Amy's nipples are a nice dark color, let's pretend that they are cherries, and Eva, I want your fingers very close to her tits as if plucking a ripe cherry from the tree." Again, both girls blushed, but they followed the instructions. During the next several minutes, Amy flinched a couple of times when Eva accidentally brushed her nipple with a finger tip.

Finally, Whiteside returned to the stage and said, "Very good, ladies. You can rest for a moment while I describe the next pose." She paused for a moment and then went on, "Now, all of you have scissors around the house, and the human body can simulate scissors in a couple of different ways - that is, with arms or with legs." She bent down in front of Amy and Eva, and she continued, "We're going to use these pretty long legs today." And she dragged a finger tip of each hand up the inside of a bare leg of each girl - from ankle almost to the pussy. The two nudes quivered but held their position.

Whiteside said, "Okay, Eva, we'll start with you lying on your back, knees up, feet spread about a foot and a half. Profile to the class. And then raise your butt up in the air. This is a position that I use each night for one of my daily back exercises." Eva lay down and took the position with the instructor making slight changes. Eva's bare pubic mound was now prominently displayed.

Whiteside went on, "Amy, I want you lying on the floor on your side, facing the class with your feet between Eva's legs." Amy was puzzled, but she took the position. Whiteside went on, "Okay, scoot in and raise your right leg. That's it. Put your left foot as far under Eva's butt and back as possible. Now raise and lower your right leg as if it were a scissor blade. Eva's slit will be like the start of the cut in the paper." Amy's cunt was now wide open to the full view of the class, and Whiteside said, "Very good. Amy, scissor your leg up and down for the next 5 minutes, and then we'll switch and let Eva be the scissors. Please start drawing, class."

After the 5 minutes, they made the switch so that Amy's pubic strip was conspicuously displayed on her raised pubic mound and Eva's leg was raised. The two nudes held the assigned position for only a couple of minutes before Whiteside came back up on stage and said, "Well, class, I'm sorry, but I just don't think this pose is working. N'est pas? It's kind of sexy, but I don't think it's quite right." She turned to Amy and Eva and said, "Ladies, you can rest now. I apologize for putting you in an unnecessary pose." The two naked girls got to their feet and stretched their limbs while Whiteside started describing the next pose.

She said, "I think this one will work better. It was suggested by Juanita Vasquez who is from Tucson." She pointed out Vasquez in the back row of easels. Whiteside went on, "We're going to have Amy and Eva pose as cactuses. Sorry, maybe the correct word is cacti? At any rate, we'll let Eva be a saguaro and Amy be an organ pipe cactus. Eva, please stand here facing the class and raise your arms just a little bit with your elbows bent and your fingers splayed just a bit as if simulating a cactus flower." Eva took the position and the instructor adjusted her arms a little bit. Whiteside turned to Amy and said, "Okay, you're a little taller; so, you'll make a good organ pipe cactus. Raise your arms straight up, well maybe out at just a bit of an angle. And turn around so that your butt is facing the class. Okay, we've got about 20 minutes of class left. So, in 10 minutes, we'll give you a chance to rest and then switch you. Class, please start sketching. Think of Eva's pussy as an opening for a bird nest; maybe you might want to sketch in a tiny bird down there."

The rest of the class session passed slowly for the two girls with their arms raised. And they were both thankful when the bell rang. They silently smiled at each other, and then Eva left.

Amy stretched her arms for a couple of minutes and then made the trip down to the ladies room in the basement. She shuddered as she passed the door to the men's room and the old security office remembering the humiliating time she had spent down there the night before. There were a couple of women already standing in the narrow hallway; she just nodded at them as she joined them in the short line. Fortunately, the door opened quickly and two women came out of the restroom freeing up the two stalls for the other two women in line. Since there wasn't really much room to wait in the restroom itself, naked Amy just stood in the hallway. A couple of guys came down the stairs and paused to look at the nude beauty before going into the men's room. Amy shifted uncomfortably as she really needed to pee before the next class session and time was running out. But one of the women came and Amy scooted into the stall to do her business. She got back to the stage in the classroom just before the 9 o'clock bell rang.

Whiteside gave Amy a silent look of concern as if to say "you cut that rather close" as she came back up to address the class. "Good morning, everyone. As you can see, we're back to just one model." She glanced down at Craig Massaro and said, "Craig, all of us ladies wish to thank you again for posing yesterday. Now, you can go back to just being an artist today and sketching this gorgeous naked lady." Massaro blushed, tentatively lifted his hand, waved briefly to the class, and then nodded at Whiteside.

Whiteside went on, "And yesterday's poses reminded me of the wonderful contrasts between the human female form and the male form. So, we're going to continue that today. Sorry, ladies, no more nude males, but I do want to contrast Amy's gorgeous naked form against clothed males from the class. So all of you guys out there, please be prepared to come up when I ask you to. I won't expect you to do the drawing for those poses that you're part of. So, for the first pose, I want a football quarterback. Let's see, how about you, Jason Bradley? Please come on up here. Oh, Amy, please go get a football from the props cabinet."

Amy made a quick trip to the back of the room to get the football, and she handed it to Whiteside as she returned to the platform. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy, you are going to be the center who will hike the ball to Mr. Bradley. I think both of you know what that position is like. I want you in profile to the class so that they can see Amy's swaying boobs and the quarterback's hands waiting for the ball."

Amy blushed as she re-took the football from the instructor, bent down in a hiking position with her two hands on the resting football. Whiteside came up and pinned up Amy's hair so that it wouldn't block any views. And Amy flinched when she felt Brock's hands between her legs; his left hand was touching her pussy lips and she could feel the tips of the fingers of his widely spread right hand against the inside of her legs.

Just then, Amy thought of her brother, also named Jason, who had been a quarterback in high school. What if it had been her own brother with his hands lightly touching her very private parts? She quivered slightly at the thought and felt her breasts jiggle beneath her. As her eyes started to water at the embarrassing thought, she heard Whiteside ask, "Amy, are you okay? What's wrong?" The nude girl meekly responded, "Nothing, just a brief chill."

Whiteside said, "Okay. Oh, Amy, don't look down; look up, straight ahead. And why don't you do a couple of practice hikes so that you and Jason can get the feel of the situation?" Hesitantly, Amy hiked the ball between her bare legs and into Bradley's hands. His hands brushed against her pussy and asshole as he took the ball and pulled back as if to pass. Whiteside had them resume the stance, and they repeated the practice hike; this time Whiteside told Amy to stand up and cross her arms as if blocking an oncoming defensive player.

The instructor then said, "Okay, good. You've got the feel for the pose now. So, let's hold that for the next 15 minutes or so. We'll pause a couple of times to let you both rest and stretch."

By the time the 15 minutes were up, Amy was getting turned on by the slight touches on her pussy, and she felt her juices just starting to flow. And she knew that Bradley's hands were getting a bit damp. As they finished, they smiled wanly at each other, and Amy saw him wipe his hands on his jeans.

But Amy was still deeply embarrassed about thinking of her brother's hands between her naked legs like Bradley's had just been. Her brother had never touched her sexually. In fact, they had never "played doctor" like so many kids had done, and she couldn't really remember the last time that he had seen her naked; it was probably when their mother had them share a bath when she was only about 5 years old and Jason was 3 at the time. Amy could understand the coincidence of having a quarterback named Jason in this pose, but it still troubled her that she would think such a humiliating idea about her loving brother. She had talked to her brother a few times in the last two weeks including last night, but she had not told him about all of the shaming experiences that she had gone through; she might tell him sometime, but not now. She didn't want her "little" brother to know how badly his "big" sister was behaving.

Before Bradley could leave the platform, Whiteside asked him, "Oh, Jason, please help Amy carry up one of those big folding tables." And so the clothed quarterback and the naked snapper walked to the back of the room and brought up one of the long tables. Whiteside said, "Okay, good. Thanks, Jason. Now, Amy, please set this up and put 3 folding chairs behind it. I'll get a nice looking table cloth to cover this thing." And Amy struggled to unfold the legs and tip up the table. Then, she got three folding chairs and set them up as Whiteside had asked behind the table. She was wondering what the instructor had in mind.

Whiteside was carrying some black clothing and she said, "Okay, now let's see. Mister Culbertson, Mister Workman, and Mister Jacobs, please come up here." The three guys, Matt Culbertson, Bob Workman, and Steve Jacobs, came up and stood next to Amy. Whiteside then held out the garments and said, "Gentlemen, please put on these robes, and then put on your best judicial faces, because you're going to be a panel of judges in the next pose. Please be seated with Steve in the middle. Amy, please stand in front of the table, back about 3 feet or so." They all took their assigned spots, and Whiteside continued, "All right. Amy, please loosely clasp your hands behind your butt and then tilt your head down just a bit as if looking penitent. And Steve, I want you pointing and looking right at her pussy. Amy blushed again as she stood there with Jacobs's finger pointing at her pubic area. Finally, Whiteside said, "Good. Now, hold that for the next 15 minutes or so."

Even though this was an embarrassing pose for her, it was an easy one for Amy, and she patiently held still while the class sketched the scene.

After they finished, Amy quickly folded up the table and chairs; Bob Workman helped her carry them to the storage area at the back of the room. And then the naked girl returned to the stage and stood next to Whiteside who said, "Okay, for the day's last pose, I want the other 8 guys who haven't been up here yet today to come up and join us. This is going to be naked Amy surrounded by 8 fully clothed males." Amy blushed, but she had to admit that she was intrigued by this idea for a pose.

Whiteside led the naked girl to the middle of the stage and said, "Okay. Let's see now, who's the tallest here? Ah, you two, one of you behind her left shoulder, the other her right shoulder. And I want the two shortest guys standing at each side of her, maybe back just a few inches. And then you 4 average guys, I want two of you kneeling in front of the two standing guys and the other two lying on your side on the ground with your heads in front of her feet facing the class."

Whiteside made the adjustments including swapping a couple of the guys. Then she said, "You four lowest ones, I want you pointing at Amy's pussy. Get your fingers within a couple of inches of that special spot; it's okay if you touch her thighs, but don't actually touch her vulva." Each of the four guys reached out an index finger and pointed. Whiteside made the adjustments and then she continued, "And you top four, I want you pointing at her nipples. The guys in back can reach over her shoulders. I want your finger resting on her breast about an inch from the areola." Amy shivered at their touch as Whiteside made the final adjustments.

The nude girl was now completely surrounded by these 8 guys who were pointing at her tits and pussy. Whiteside said, "Okay, class, get sketching. With 9 people in the drawing, I understand that this is going to be a challenge. But give it your best effort."

As the minutes passed, the light touches of their fingers on her skin got Amy a little bit aroused, and she could feel the dampness returning between her legs and her nipples stiffening up. She briefly closed her eyes in an effort to lower her arousal, but Whiteside said, "Amy, keep your eyes open."

They held the pose until the bell rang at 10 minutes before the hour. Each of the 8 guys shook hands with Amy, but she knew that she couldn't linger. She excused herself, waved to Dr. Whiteside, slipped on her panties, and left.

She had no trouble making it to Becker Hall in time for the journalism exam. And she found the exam to be pretty easy. She was thankful for the opportunity to use her brain for a couple of hours instead of her naked body.

**Chapter 60 - Good Golly, That's My G-Spot**

Last night, Amy had received an email message from Dr. Beaupre saying that he would pick her up at the same spot as the previous Thursday and that they would provide her with lunch before the experiments began. She had smiled at his email signature line which read "Go Red Sox, beat the f\*&@^ng Yankees!!!"

But now as she stood on the street corner waiting for his white Buick to arrive, she realized that she had mixed emotions.

On the one hand, she was feeling good because she had just finished her last final exam of her college career, and she thought she had done very well on it. Also, she smiled, because she would soon be able to talk baseball for a few minutes with the nice Dr. Beaupre.

But she also noticed that she was involuntarily adjusting her panties which had bunched up in her crease while sitting for almost 2 hours as she took the exam, and she was aware of the lunch time crowd smirking at her as she smoothed out her only piece of clothing. And so she was back to using her body rather than her brain; she was very apprehensive about the upcoming hours of experiments at Wytham.

She stood on the curb waiting for Beaupre to arrive. She remembered the embarrassing incident with the city policeman, and she made certain this time to remain on the campus side of the street. She hoped that Beaupre would arrive from the correct direction so that she would not have to cross the street's centerline into the city's jurisdiction. After a couple of minutes, she heard a short horn beep and saw the Buick arriving on her left. She was glad to get in the car and hide her breasts from the view of the crowd which had been gathering as she waited.

As she got in, Beaupre said, "Hi, Amy, how are you doing today? How was your exam?"

She smiled at him, and they spent a minute or so small talking about her exam as he drove away. She was still nervous about what was going to happen to her the rest of the day, but she also wanted to talk about her favorite sport with this pleasant man. She said to him, "I really liked your signature line on your email last night. When I saw it, I realized that I hadn't heard how the Bosox did in yesterday's game. And I was elated when I saw on the MLB web site that we did beat the fucking Yanks. Oh, please excuse my language, but I really despise the Yankees." And then they spent the rest of the 5 minute journey happily discussing and dissecting the 3-1 Boston victory.

They continued to talk about baseball as they walked into the aging building, and they paused at his office door to let her take off her panties and hang them on the hook. This briefly stopped the friendly conversation as the now totally naked girl and the nattily dressed man entered his outer office. They opened the door to find the group of researchers already gathered around the big table and just beginning to eat lunch. Even though she had been naked around all of these men before, Amy was still embarrassed as they all looked at her; she had to fight off the impulse to cover herself up. She and Beaupre took the last two seats at the table.

She smiled and quietly said hello to everyone. Then she grabbed a paper plate, and took a small sandwich from the pile on the platter. Beaupre resumed talking about baseball, and the group chimed in with their opinions.

About 15 minutes later, Beaupre said, "Okay, gang. Let's get going with the experiment. Oh, I forgot to mention that Chancellor Knoxx and a few other 'higher ups' will be joining us later. Originally, they were going to be here for lunch and then spend the afternoon, but he called this morning and said they would stop by later this afternoon. So, let's get on down to Cajun."

Amy hesitantly stood up with the rest of the group. She was actually glad that Knoxx hadn't been here for lunch, but she was still dreading the experiments and then the committee's visit to observe her. And she wondered why Beaupre didn't say anything about the Norwegian researchers. Had that part of this afternoon's plans been changed, too?

She just quietly followed the group out the door and into the hallway. The group of men in their white lab coats surrounded the single naked girl. She glanced briefly at her panties hanging on the hook in the hallway; she knew that she wouldn't be seeing them for the next several hours.

In the lab, Amy submissively walked up onto the little platform and just stood there, arms at her sides, as she awaited instructions. After a few moments, the others had taken their posts, the interns at the console and Beaupre and LaSalle next to her on the platform. Beaupre said, "Okay, Amy, as you know, we're going to continue with our single point stimulation experiments, and today the single point will be your G-spot." She briefly nodded at him and then looked down between her bare breasts at her feet. He went on, "The overall setup will be like we did last week with the clitoris experiment; that is, you'll be seated in this special chair, and we'll attach the sensors to various parts of your body. And we'll need to strap you down again so you don't hurt yourself from involuntary movement. All right, please have a seat."

Amy reluctantly sat down in the strange chair with her butt right over the opening. She put her wrists in the cuffs expecting someone to hook them tightly, but Beaupre said, "Oh, Amy. We're going to do some prep work first, and we don't need the cuffs or sensors for that. Please just relax." Amy was relieved and just shifted her butt to a slightly more comfortable position.

Beaupre continued, "Amy, every woman has a G-spot in her vagina, but it's not in precisely the same place in each woman. So, we need to find exactly where your G-spot is. We could do this with some instruments, but we think using a finger is a better technique. So, please spread your legs wide and let Dr. LaSalle insert his finger into your vagina and move it around a little bit a couple of inches up on the front wall. And we are going to ask you to tell us when he has touched the right spot. Understand?"

Amy was stunned, but she just said, "Okay." She spread her legs wide and then squirmed as she felt him spread her pussy lips and stick his index finger into her opening. She felt his finger moving up and down and then a little bit side to side, and after a moment, she gasped, "Ahh. That's it."

LaSalle said, "Good. Now, just to be certain, let me start from scratch." And he pulled his finger out, wiped it off, and then slid it back into her again. He went right to the same spot, and Amy's eyes widened as she confirmed, "Yes, that's the spot." He held his finger on the spot, and Beaupre joined the fray between her legs with a magic marker to mark a spot on LaSalle's finger where it just entered her pussy lips.

LaSalle held up his finger for Amy and said, "See, the mark just below the second knuckle. That shows that your G-spot is almost two inches from the opening. Now, what we need to do is to attach a tiny stimulating nub to this dildo in just the right spot." And she gasped as she saw the size of the large dildo that he picked up from the nearby table. He went on, "Since we know your vaginal depth is eight inches, we need to have a dildo at least that long; this one is nine inches. We're going to insert this all the way into you and make a similar mark on it. And then using that mark and the one on my finger, we'll know where to attach the stimulating nub. Ready?"

She looked down at her nipples and saw that they were already erect, and it almost felt like they were twitching. But she looked at the man and said, "Yeah, go ahead."

LaSalle again spread her pussy lips with one hand, and then slowly slid the long lubricated dildo into her. She breathed heavily as the phallus worked its way to its maximum depth. She closed her eyes, but she felt Beaupre's hand come in and draw the mark on the phallus. And she continued the heavy breathing as LaSalle removed the dildo.

She still had her eyes closed when LaSalle said, "That was good, Amy. But just to be sure, we need to do that again." She just nodded as best she could, and she felt it slide in all the way again. And after Beaupre said that the mark was in the right spot, she gasped as it was slid a bit too quickly out of her.

Beaupre said, "All right, Amy, do you want to take a break now? We need to spend a few minutes attaching the nub and setting up the equipment. Maybe you want to use the restroom before we start?"

Amy quietly said, "Yes, I would." And she wobbily got up from the chair. Beaupre held her elbow for a few seconds until she said, "Thanks. I'm okay now." And the naked girl slowly walked out the door and down the hall to the ladies room.

She was the only person in the restroom, and she stood looking at herself in the mirror. She was still breathing somewhat heavily, and she lightly touched her nipples - they were still rock hard. And she felt the dampness in her pussy just beginning to trickle down her leg. She whispered out loud, "I'm already turned on, and they hadn't even started doing the experiments yet! All of this came just from the preparation."

She used the toilet and then cleaned herself up as best she could. One last long glance at her naked body in the mirror, and then she sighed and returned to the lab.

They all smiled at her as she climbed the two steps onto the platform. Beaupre said, "Please have a seat, and Logan will do the setup."

She hesitatingly sat down and let the nerdy intern attach her wrists to the cuffs on the arms of the chair, and she obediently spread her legs wide to let him hook the other cuffs to her ankles and straps to her thighs. He also pulled the large strap tightly across her bare tummy. She twisted her butt just a bit to get it positioned over the hole in a slightly more relaxing position.

Cranfield then attached the little electrical sensor pads: one on her forehead, one near the top of each breast, one on each arm, and then two on her inner thighs just a couple of inches from her pussy. He then showed her the anal monitor with its two bulbs at the end of the short metal rod. She smiled languidly at him and just nodded. He got down below the chair, spread her butt cheeks, and said, "Okay, Amy, push like you're taking a shit, and that will open you just enough to slide this in." Amy blushed and then pushed, and Cranfield slid the first bulb in past her sphincter. She gasped as it settled itself in place in her ass. Cranfield looked up at Beaupre and said, "Okay, she's ready."

Beaupre said, "Good job, Logan. Thanks. And now, Amy, remember last week how we did the clitoris experiment with the dildo?" Amy nodded and Beaupre held up the dildo and continued, "Well, this is going to be very, very similar. We're going to shove, er, I'm sorry, I mean, we're going to slide the dildo into your vagina, inflate it so that it is tight, adjust it to make sure that the little nub is on your G-spot, and then stimulate you for 30 minutes varying the oscillation rate along the way. Then, we'll let you rest for 15 or 20 minutes and then repeat the experiment again. Are you ready?"

Amy could feel sweat forming under her armpits, but she just said, "Yes, I'm ready."

With that, Beaupre knelt down in front of the naked splayed out girl and carefully spread her pussy lips apart. And with his other hand, slid the dildo slowly into her. He watched her tummy and breasts rise and fall as the device moved slowly up til it hit the cervix. He rested a hand on her stomach and said, "Okay, Amy, now I'm going to inflate it." He attached the tube to the end of the dildo and slowly pumped it up so that it filled Amy's vagina. Then, he connected the wire to the end of the dildo, and said, "All right. I think we're ready to go, but first, Travis, give her just a short burst, and Amy, tell me whether that nub is stimulating your G-spot."

Winstead turned the device on just briefly, and Amy didn't react very much. She shook her head and said, "I think the thing is too high up; I don't think is really hitting my G-spot."

Beaupre frowned and looked at the device which was protruding just an inch or so from her pussy. And then he said, "Ahh, I think I see the problem. When I inflated it, it crept a little higher up into you. I can tell that, because the black mark on the dildo is not visible; it should be just outside your vaginal lips; it must be just inside a little bit. I'm going to deflate the thing and ease it out just a little bit before re-inflating."

He spent a couple of minutes making the adjustments making sure that the mark was visible outside her pussy lips after pumping air in again. He said, "I think it's okay now. Travis, give it another quick burst."

Again the intern flipped on the device for just a couple of seconds, and this time, Amy, flinched noticeably and her eyes widened. She said, "Oh my, I think it's in the right spot now."

Beaupre said, "Good. And Amy, I'm sorry for not getting right the first time." She just smiled at him. Beaupre then said, "Okay, we're going to run this for the next 30 minutes, and I'm going to have Travis vary the oscillation rate over quite a range. Go to it, Travis, but start her off slowly and we'll build up the rate as we go."

Winstead set the knob to low speed and then flipped the switch to turn it on again. And Amy let out a moan as the little nub started to slowly rub against her G-spot.

For the next twenty five minutes, Beaupre had Winstead vary the oscillation rate up and down. Beaupre asked the men to watch for signs of cramping, and they all watched the naked girl writhe in her restraints. She came three times almost screaming as she reached orgasm. Her pussy juices were flowing freely and her tits were fully erect.

Beaupre finally said, "Okay, Travis, let's do what we did last week. Speed it up again to see if we can get one last orgasm out of her for this session."

Again, Amy almost screamed, "Ohhhh, my goodness, aaaaahhhh, . . ." and her eyes widened as she crested in orgasm thrashing around as much as her bonds would permit. The aroma of her arousal filled the room.

Beaupre watched her closely for a few minutes and then said, "Travis, that's enough for this time. Very slowly reduce the rate to bring her back to normal. But remember, even after you're back to zero, be sure to leave the sensors and monitor turned on; we want the data from the cool down period recorded as well."

They let the naked woman lie there for several minutes as she slowly returned to normal. Finally, Beaupre came up and said, "Well, Amy. How are you doing?"

As he gently pushed the hair away from her eyes, she said very slowly, "Uhhh, I gue...ss I'm okay. That was a real...ly powerful exper...ience. I think I came three ti...mes."

He continued to wipe the hair off of her face and said, "Actually, it was four times. Now, like last week, we want you to just rest here in the chair, because we'd have to take out the anal monitor if you want to get up. But if you really want to, then of course, we'll undo it. So, I'm going to uncuff your arms and then you can . . ."

Just at that moment, the door opened and Chancellor Knoxx and his committee walked in. They paused when they detected the strong smell of female arousal and they saw the naked, sweating girl strapped to the chair.

As he entered the big room, Knoxx boomed, "Good afternoon, everyone. We've just come to watch. Please continue." But he walked directly over in front of Amy's chair and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I'm glad to see that you're following through on your community service project this afternoon."

Amy was still dazed, but she lifted her head and shoulders as best she could considering that she was still tightly restrained. Her eyes were still watered over as she looked between her breasts with their erect nipples at the man, and she said, "Whaaa...at? Whooo...?"

But Beaupre came over before she could say anything else, and told Knoxx, "Hello, sir. She's just finishing up an experiment, and she's still a bit woozy after having several orgasms."

Knoxx looked disappointed and said, "Oh, Dr. Beaupre, I'm sorry to hear that we missed the experiment. But it's still early yet, and I assume that there will be more action today?"

Beaupre tried to hide his disgust at Knoxx's disregard for Amy's condition, but he said, "No, we're going to repeat the G-spot experiment in a few minutes. Please have a seat."

Knoxx replied, "Okay, that's good. But we'd like to understand this experiment from the beginning. So, could you let her up so we can see the setup with that special chair before you re-run the test?"

Beaupre frowned, but he nodded and said, "Okay, that will take some extra time, but I guess we don't really have any time constraints today, do we? Logan, please remove the devices and then undo the restraints. And then help Amy to her feet. Help her down the hall to the restroom if she wants to go there."

Knoxx and his crew looked on as Cranfield removed the dildo and detached the sensors. Then, he whispered in Amy's ear, "Amy, give a good push and I'll remove the anal monitor." Amy was coming around now, and she understood what Cranfield wanted her to do. She basically shit the monitor out into Cranfield's hand. Then after Cranfield undid the cuffs and straps, he helped the naked girl stand up next to the chair.

Since she was covered in sweat and her hair was a tangled mess, Beaupre said quietly, "Amy, why don't you go down and take a quick shower before we continue. While you're gone, I'll explain the experiment to these gentlemen."

Amy smiled at him and turned to leave. But she immediately stumbled over her own feet, and Cranfield caught her before she fell. The nerdy intern then held Amy's elbow and arm and slowly led her out the door and down the hall to the ladies room. He was all set to go in with her, but she held up her hand and said, "Thanks, Logan, but I'm okay now. But you can do me a favor. There is no comb and hair brush in there. Can you go find those and bring them back to me? If you can't find them in the lab, I've got a comb in my backpack, the left outside pocket."

He said, "Sure. Go ahead and take your shower, and I should be back waiting outside here when you're done." And he dashed off down the hallway as Amy slowly walked into the restroom.

Amy didn't know what time it was, but she was in no hurry to get back to the lab to put on a show for Knoxx and the others. She found a couple of hairpins and pinned up her hair, and then she slowly took a shower thoroughly washing off the sweat and the pussy juice. She dried herself with another of the big fluffy white towels. She wrapped the towel around her and sat down on the bench to gather her thoughts, but after just a moment, the restroom door opened and Amy immediately dropped the towel from around her. A middle aged lady came around into the room and around a corner just as Amy's towel dropped to the floor.

Naked Amy faced the stranger, who smiled and said, "Hello, you must be Amy. Logan's outside and he said to give you this comb and brush." She handed them to Amy and then went into one of the stalls. Amy then spent a few minutes combing and brushing her hair so that it at least looked a little bit presentable. As she was finishing, the lady re-appeared and Amy said, "Thanks for these. I think my hair looks kind of okay now." The lady smiled at her again and said, "Yes, it does. And good luck with the Norwegians this evening." And the lady left.

Amy was puzzled about the comment, but she gave her hair a few more brushes and then she went back out to the hallway. She thanked Cranfield, and he explained that the lady was LaSalle's secretary. And then the two of them silently walked back to the lab.

When she walked into the lab, the naked girl wordlessly stepped up onto the platform and turned to face Knoxx and the committee who were seated in the front row of auditorium seats. She just bowed her head and waited. She wasn't sure what would happen next, because the researchers were standing off to the side with their arms crossed. After a moment, Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, you look better. And how are you feeling?"

Amy meekly said, "Thanks. I'm fine."

Knoxx said, "Well, good, I'm glad to hear it. Now, before you do the next experiment, let's go ahead and do our usual afternoon meeting with you right here." He turned to the 5 researchers and said, "Please, gentlemen, stay where you are. This won't take long."

From his chair, Knoxx returned his gaze to the naked girl in front of him and went on, "This should be short today. We're planning to spend the next few hours here quietly observing, but first why don't you tell us how your day has gone so far?"

In a very soft voice, Amy started, "It's been fine. I did my posing . . ."

Knoxx interrupted, "Miss Suzuki, please speak up. We all want to hear this."

Amy looked down at her bare breasts which heaved as she took in a deep breath, and then she looked up and said in a fairly loud voice, "As I was saying, I did my posing for the art classes this morning." And she went on to describe the poses after Knoxx prodded her. And she told him that her last final exam had seemed pretty easy.

Finally, Knoxx said, "Okay. Now, you remember your assignments for tomorrow. Posing in the nude again in the morning and then the Prime Cut auction in the afternoon followed by the panty auction preparation tomorrow night." She was annoyed that he spelled out these embarrassing tasks in front of the Wytham researchers and interns, but she just said, "Yes, I will be there for all of those." Although she still had no clue what a "Prime Cut" auction was.

Knoxx then said, "As far as your next pair of panties is concerned, I took the liberty of hanging them on the hook outside of room 144. And I have your old pair here, and I'll take them back to the office tomorrow morning." He pulled her off-white panties out of his pocket and showed them to her and the assembled men. Again, she was annoyed at the show he was putting on for the Wytham guys, but she knew that he was doing it intentionally to embarrass her even just a little bit more.

Knoxx turned to Beaupre and said, "Okay, Doctor, she's all yours. But we may ask a few questions along the way, if you don't mind."

Beaupre came up on the platform next to Amy and said, "Thanks, Dr. Knoxx. Feel free to ask questions. Now, let's get started again. Amy, please take a seat, and Logan, please start hooking things up."

Amy sat down and meekly spread her legs and presented her wrists for cuffing. Cranfield quickly locked the cuffs and attached the straps. Amy looked down the length of her almost horizontal body and saw that Knoxx was sitting right in front of her looking at her wide spread pussy. Then, Cranfield attached the sensors and explained to the committee what the sensors did. Finally, he held up the anal monitor, and Amy blushed as he described how it went in.

As Cranfield climbed down off the stage, Knoxx stood up and said to the other three committee members, "Come on, guys, let's see how this thing works." And he led them back behind Amy so that they could see her bare ass through the hole in the chair. They watched as Cranfield spread her cheeks and asked her to push. He fumbled the first try with the monitor dropping to the floor, and then Amy didn't push hard enough the second try. But finally on the third try, the lubricated device slipped into place. Amy squirmed as she felt someone wiggle the metal post around; she assumed that it was Knoxx who had done that, but it was actually Tyson Laird.

Beaupre then came up on the platform and said, "Now, as I showed you while Amy was showering, this phallus device has a stimulating nub on it that we have positioned just right, so that it rubs her G-spot. I'm going to insert it now."

He positioned himself off to one side and LaSalle was on the other side. Amy took a deep breath as LaSalle spread her pussy lips and Beaupre slowly slid in the dildo. Knoxx and his crew had a clear view of the device slowly entering Amy's vagina. Beaupre inflated the dildo and attached the wire. Then, he said, "Okay, Travis. Let's test it for a second or two." The brief burst of oscillation caused Amy to flinch, and she said, "Yeah, it's in the right spot this time."

Beaupre said, "Good. So, Travis, start her up really, really slow and then steadily increase the rate for several minutes." He turned to Knoxx and said, "We're going to run this for half an hour. Feel free to come up and watch the results on the computer screen, although it's just a bunch of numbers and a few graphs."

The 30-minute session went much like the previous one. Amy came three times during which she moaned loudly. Also, during one of the orgasms, she strained against the tummy strap as she tried to lift her pubic mound higher in the air. Beaupre was alarmed because of the anal monitor; he motioned for Cranfield to check it out. Cranfield went down below the orgasming girl and saw that even though the monitor was moving up and down with her body, there was no danger of it hitting the chair. He smiled as he told Beaupre, "Doc, it's okay. She won't get hurt."

As before, they let Amy rest for several minutes before undoing the sensors and restraints. As Cranfield went underneath to remove the anal monitor, Knoxx and Laird came with him to observe as Amy expelled the device from her anus. Amy blushed in total embarrassment as the two men came back in front of her and held up the monitor for her to see; she quickly closed her eyes and threw back her head against the chair's headrest.

The naked girl remained in the chair for several more minutes. She was still sweating profusely and her juices were flowing from her pussy onto the floor beneath the chair. Finally, Amy tried to stand up on her own, but when Beaupre saw her legs shaking badly, he said, "Logan! Please give her a hand. Help her to the restroom again."

It was an unusual sight as the strange couple left the lab and walked down the hall. The nerdy intern in a white lab coat helping the gorgeous naked young woman struggle her way down the hall. This time she did not protest as he pushed open the door to the ladies room and helped Amy in and then helped her to sit down on one of the benches in the ladies shower area. He stood there for a moment looking at the still dazed naked girl, but eventually, she slowly said, "Thanks, Logan. I can take it from here." And so he left her sitting there on the bench.

Amy sat there for a couple of more minutes, but then she got up and took another quick shower. She used the brush and comb to fix up her hair, and then she wrapped the towel around her again and sat back on the bench. She wanted to stay there wrapped in the towel forever, but she knew she had to get back to the lab. And so she reluctantly hung the towel on the rack and walked naked back to the lab where the men were waiting.

When she opened the lab door, she was only slightly surprised to see two new people in the room, a man and a woman. She supposed these were the Norwegians.

**Chapter 61 - The Norwegians**

Amy slowly trudged back up to the platform where Beaupre and LaSalle were standing. The men smiled at her, and Beaupre said, "Well, Amy, that completes the experiments that we Wytham researchers wanted to do, and we thank you for your cooperation. Now, for the rest of the afternoon and evening, Dr. Knoxx wants you to help us work with some visiting researchers. Let me introduce, Sofie Magnusson and Anders Forsberg. They arrived from Norway a few days ago, and it has been very interesting for us to learn about their techniques and for them to learn ours. Anders and Sofie, this is Amy Suzuki."

The naked Amy smiled at them and reached out her hand to greet them. But there was a noticeable pause before Forsberg stepped forward, smiled slightly, and limply shook her hand for just an instant. Magnusson just nodded, but Amy could tell that the woman was looking over her naked body very closely in an almost clinical manner. Anders then said something in Norwegian to Sofie, and the two of them circled Amy examining every inch of her pretty body.

Forsberg then said very slowly in a heavy accent, "Can we touch?" Amy wasn't sure who Forsberg was addressing, but she knew what he wanted to touch. She was almost ready to say something, but Beaupre first said, "Yes, but please be gentle. Amy, please do as they ask."

Amy stood there and thought to herself, "Uh, oh. This isn't starting out very well. But I don't have any say in the matter." She glanced pleadingly at Beaupre who just shrugged.

Magnusson came around in front of Amy. Amy thought that the woman was in her mid thirties; she was kind of pretty with shoulder length bleached blonde hair. A prototypical Scandinavian female, Amy thought.

Magnusson brushed Amy's hair back over her shoulder so that it didn't cover any part of the naked girl's front side. Then, she lifted Amy's left breast and kind of cradled it in her hands as if weighing it. After a moment, she squeezed it and then massaged the nipple. Amy blushed a deep red, but she knew this was only the beginning. And then Magnusson did the same thing with Amy's right breast, and Amy felt her nipples beginning to tighten up. Magnusson finally cracked a smirking smile as she felt the nipple harden.

Next, Magnusson stepped to Amy's side and looked at her naked form in profile. Then, the Norwegian lady lifted Amy's breast again, this time from the side. Then she knelt down and looked closely at Amy's butt from the side, and she put her hand under the cheek and lifted it a few times as if bouncing a ball. The woman then said something in a foreign language to Forsberg, and they both laughed. Just as the lady was getting up from her knees, she squeezed both of Amy's butt cheeks a couple of times.

And now it was the man's turn as he faced Amy. Amy guessed this guy was also in his 30's. He was only average looking with darkish blond hair. Like the woman, he was slightly overweight.

After looking over her boobs, the man knelt down in front of Amy and gently patted her inner thighs. Amy blushed, but she knew that she had to comply; she meekly spread her legs. Forsberg ran two fingers down her thin strip of pubic hair; one finger on each side. Then, he gently fluffed the dark hair before focusing on her pussy. He parted her lips and rolled her clit in his fingers. Amy gasped and briefly bent forward a tiny bit to get away from the man's intimate touch. He grunted his disapproval, and Amy glanced over at Knoxx, who was scribbling something on a piece of paper. Forsberg gently pushed on her stomach so that she was standing upright again, and he reached both of his hands between her legs. With one hand, he spread her outer pussy lips, and with the other, he slowly stuck his index finger into her most private spot. She felt him rub around on the front wall until he found her G-spot. And her eyes widened and her mouth opened as he lightly rubbed it.

He stopped his intimate inspection and stood up in front of her. He said to her, "Very nice. Good responsive." Then, he and the woman stepped around behind Amy, and Magnusson said in broken English, "Please bend front over. Hands behind the back." And the lady came around to look at Amy from the side, and she briefly massaged her dangling boobs. Then, she said, "Okay, please stay bent like that, but you put your hands on your knees while we inspect back here. Spread your legs tiny farther, if you please."

"No", Amy thought, "I am not pleased. But I don't have a choice." And after she spread as requested, she felt the Magnusson woman's hand spread her butt cheeks. And a moment later, Forsberg's finger circled her anal opening and then he stuck it in an inch or so for just a moment. They exchanged some comments in Norwegian, and then, they both let go of her, but the woman said, "Please stay that position. I want probe your pussy from behind."

Tears formed in Amy's eyes as she stared at the floor with her long hair hanging at the sides of her face. She felt the woman's hand brush lightly over her pussy from the rear, and then she felt Magnusson spread her lips and stick a finger into Amy's pussy as far as it could go.

As the woman fingered Amy's pussy, the two Norwegians chattered away. The woman finally removed her finger, but she said almost gruffly, "Stay that position." And then the man said, "Can give me a metering stick?"

Beaupre said, "Metering stick? Oh, you mean a measuring stick of some sort?"

Magnusson said, "Yes. We want measure her vagina. Do you have such device?"

Beaupre said, "If you mean her vaginal depth, then, yes, we do. But we actually measured Amy's depth a couple of weeks ago. I believe the number was 8 inches, but I'll check for sure."

Forsberg said forcefully, "No, no, we do it. Need centimeters."

Beaupre pulled out a calculator and said, "Oh, that's okay. It's an easy conversion. Eight inches is 20.32 centimeters."

Magnusson stepped in and said, "Please, we would like ourselves should do it. We want see what equipment you use for this measuring. Remember we come here for exchange informations. Please get device for me." Amy noticed the awkward English, but the meaning was still crystal clear.

Beaupre sighed, went to the cabinet, and came back with the cigar tube-like device. He handed it to the man and said, "This is what we used. And look, it's got readings in inches on one side and centimeters on the other."

Forsberg replied, "Thanks you. Looks good. Need lube?"

Beaupre said, "Yes, we use this K-Y Jelly with it." And he handed the tube to Forsberg.

While the man was preparing the tube, Magnusson came over and put a hand on Amy's bare back. She said, "Stay there. We are going to take reading from back here, and then next one standing up. Understand?"

Amy's eyes watered even more as she answered, "Yes, I understand." Amy then felt the woman rub the lubricant into her pussy, and a moment later she felt the tube being slipped in. She breathed heavily as the man pushed it slowly as far as it would go.

He left the tube in her as he got down and closely eyed the readings. Amy flinched as he turned the tube so he could read the metric scale. He said, "Sixteen five." Before he pulled it out, he said something in Norwegian to the woman.

Magnusson then translated, "He wants measure your anus while you're in that position. So, okay, please stay bent?"

Amy was almost sobbing now as he worked the jelly into her asshole. Then, he slowly shoved the tube up into her rear opening. When the device hit the bend in her colon, he said, "Twelve seven. Please write down."

As he removed the tube from her ass, Magnusson said, "Stand up, but keep legs medium apart."

Amy stood up and waited for the inevitable. Beaupre could see that she was crying, and he handed her a tissue saying, "Here, Amy. For your eyes." She smiled at the nice man, wiped her eyes, and handed the tissue back to him.

Magnusson and Forsberg jabbered some more as he carefully cleaned any fecal matter off the tube, and then the woman said to Amy, "The jelly is still in there. So, we don't need more."

Forsberg then repeated the vaginal measurement, but this time from the front with Amy standing up. She could feel his breath on her pussy as he got in close to get the reading. He said, "Twenty-one one", and he slipped the tube out of her.

Then they both went around behind Amy and the woman spread Amy's butt cheeks. The man then slowly shoved the tube up into Amy's ass again. When it hit the bend, he read off the measurement, "Twelve six." Amy gasped as he quickly pulled it out and cleaned it off carefully again.

Forsberg handed the device back to Beaupre and said, "Thanks. Good device. Centimeters better than inches, more precise." They both smiled.

Beaupre handed it to Cranfield and then picked up a box of tissues and held it out to Amy. She smiled at him, and she knew that these tissues were not for her eyes this time. She took a handful of tissues and as everyone watched, she thoroughly wiped her pussy and asshole trying to remove the excess lubricant.

Magnusson then got up on the platform and was just about to start talking when Beaupre interrupted, "Sorry, Sofie, but it's 5:30, and I wanted to see what everyone wanted to do about dinner. I was thinking I could have something delivered. Amy, are you hun. . ."

Amy was just about to answer that she wasn't hungry. Actually, she was a bit hungry, but mostly she just wanted to get this awful experience over with. But Magnusson spoke up first, "Sorry, please no food for her. We don't want her distraction for eating or using toilet." Amy was annoyed at having the choice taken away from her, but she was happy to just get this whole thing over as soon as possible.

Beaupre said, "Amy, we promised you dinner. I think you should eat if you want."

Amy quietly replied, "Thanks, Dr. Beaupre, but I'm fine." She almost added, "I want to get this over with and go home", but she realized that Knoxx was still sitting right there and he wouldn't like that answer.

Beaupre sighed, "Well, okay, but I'm going to get pizza for the rest of us. Travis, please order it. And, Amy, if you need to use the bathroom, please let us know." Amy just turned as if to go take a seat, but Beaupre said, "Amy, please stay here. We want you to help us decide what to do the rest of this evening."

Magnusson said, "Okay, let me continue. Dr. Beaupre, we watched you do G-spot test on her, and we want talk to your team how we probably do it. We think it better for subject to stand rather than sit. We still tie her, but only hands and feet - no straps. Have you considered that idea?"

Beaupre shook his head and said, "Sofie, please call me Pierre. And, no, we haven't thought about having Amy stand up while being stimulated. Please explain what you have in mind. What's the advantage? Why no straps?"

Magnusson said, "All right. Our device about one plus quarter meters width and two plus half meters tall. Made of heavy wood or metal. Adjustable cuffs on top crossing bar; fixed cuffs on bottom bar."

Beaupre cut in, "So, it would be about four feet wide and eight feet tall. We would connect her wrists to the upper handcuffs and her ankles to the lower cuffs. Is that right?"

Magnusson smiled and said, "You understand me good. Cuffs are vid spread; so arm and leg vid apart."

Beaupre interrupted again, "You said 'vid'. Does that mean 'wide'?"

She replied, "So sorry for my poor English. Yes, 'vid' is Norwegian word; it means 'wide'. Now, no straps means she can thrash wildly in orgasm; gives her more intense experience. Standing with spread legs gives ourselves easier access to vagina and anus."

Amy blushed as she heard this description. She would be spreadeagled with the stimulating dildo in her cunt and the anal monitor in her ass. She wasn't sure that the lack of straps would intensify the orgasm, but she was certain that her reactions during an orgasm would be more readily apparent to everyone nearby. She hoped that this was just a hypothetical discussion and that the Norwegians didn't have such a device to use today.

Beaupre must have been thinking the same thing, because he asked, "That sounds like an interesting device, but you don't have such a device here, do you?"

Magnusson said, "Yes, in Oslo. Not here. But we talk Mr. Thorson about it, and he could make it fast." She gestured at Amy and asked, "Maybe she be back tomorrow again?"

Beaupre said, "No, Sofie, I'm sorry. Amy is not available to us after tonight."

Magnusson sighed and said, "I thought that way, too. But Anders and I can use your chair for our experiments tonight. Yes?"

Beaupre said, "Oh, of course, Sofie. We are all interested to see what you and Anders can do with Amy. Shall we get started? Please describe what you want to do."

Magnusson said, "Thanks, Pierre. Anders and I think your experiments interesting, but not so real. You name them 'Single Point Stimulation', but man and woman doing intercourse do many stimulation points on the woman - clit, G-spot, breasts, buttocks, vagina, neck, anus. Many spots. We want to do many stimulations on her."

Beaupre looked over at Amy and then back at Magnusson saying, "Yes, we agree that our experiments are not similar to what happens during real lovemaking. Our experiments stimulate only one part at a time to collect data about that spot. We can certainly set Amy up for your multi-point stimulation experiment, but please explain the scientific purpose of it."

Magnusson said, "Well, our purpose is learn about your equipment. You have new technology computers equipment. We want verify that new computer makes subject orgasm faster and longer than our old computer."

Beaupre said, "Ahh, I see. So, it's more about how to use the equipment than about sexual stimulation. Is that right?"

The woman nodded, "Yes, you are right. We could read manuals about your computer, but practicing on the computer with real woman attached would be better."

Beaupre said, "Okay, we can do that. We can hook up Amy in the chair any way that you want, and we can let you manipulate the computer controls. You will be able to vary the stimulation speed, select specific stimulation points, or view various kinds of graphs. You can even adjust the lighting and temperature of this room. Is that okay?"

Magnusson merely said, "Yes, okay."

Beaupre went on, "Good. The computer equipment is already set up for you, but we need to figure out what stimulation devices you want to attach to Amy. Did you bring specific things with you? We have almost anything you might need to hook up to Amy and this computer." Magnusson was just about to respond when Beaupre raised his hand and said, "Oh, sorry to interrupt. I just remembered that our pistoning equipment is out on loan; so, it's not available. But everything else is at your disposal."

Magnusson looked puzzled and said, "Pisning? What that?"

Beaupre replied, "My apologies for the unusual word, it is pronounced 'pis-to-ning'. When 'piston' is used as a verb in English, it means to go in and out. This piece of equipment is a machine that drives a phallus in and out of a body opening such as a vagina or anus. We actually have two of them, but they are both loaned out. I'm sorry."

Knoxx piped up in an irritated tone, "Dr. Beaupre, who did you loan this to? Are they local? Can we get the devices back here in the next hour or so?"

Beaupre said, "Sorry, Dr. Knoxx, but we lent both of them to Chalfont Research over in Vermont. So, they are not readily available. Again, I apologize."

Knoxx sighed and said, "Oh, that's too bad, because they sound just like the kind of thing I was hoping to use to raise the intensity of Miss Suzuki's punishment this evening."

Amy had just been standing there naked with her hands at her sides for the last few minutes, but now she glanced from Knoxx to Beaupre and back to Knoxx. She could see that the Chancellor was clearly annoyed by Beaupre's "mistake". She assumed that Beaupre would be penalized somehow; she wasn't too worried about that, but she was worried that Knoxx would use it as some sort of an excuse to punish her. But it was out of her hands. She saw Knoxx write something on his pad of paper, and she just bowed her head and looked down her body at her pubic strip and her bare feet.

As Knoxx disgustedly flipped his hand in a gesture to indicate that they should continue, Beaupre said, "Sofie, please tell us what you want."

The woman said, "The 'pist-ning' device would be good, but it's not here. We want stimulation on both breasts and her clitoris. And we want vibrate dildo in vagina and ass. We have those dildos. But need other."

Beaupre smiled at her and said, "Good. We have the devices for her nipples and her clit. And if Anders can show the dildos to Cranfield, he can figure out how to hook them up to our equipment. Of course, we will let you and Anders connect the dildos and other things to Amy's body in any way that you wish."

Amy's eyes widened and she slightly raised her head as if looking to the heavens for help, but she quickly lowered her head and looked over at Knoxx and his committee to see if they noticed her mistake. She was relieved to see that the men seemed to be focused on Beaupre and Magnusson right now rather than her. But actually Brandon Kirkpatrick had noticed her reaction, and he made a mental note of it.

Forsberg brought up a little case and as he handed it to Magnusson, he whispered something in her ear. He then left and went out the door.

Beaupre looked at the case and asked, "Are the dildos in there?" Magnusson nodded and Beaupre continued, "Good. Logan, I want you and Sofie to connect these to our equipment. And Travis, please go get the nipple and clit stimulators that we used with Amy last week." He turned to the naked girl and said, "Amy, this setup is going to take a couple of minutes. You can just rest in the chair til we're ready." Amy gave him a brief smile and then stepped up onto the platform and sat down in the strange chair.

Cranfield looked at the vibrators and determined that the electrical connections were a bit different, but he quickly found the appropriate converters in his tool box. And he hooked them up and let Magnusson test them in her hands.

Winstead hooked up the suction-cup devices to the console and briefly tested each of them. He showed them to Magnusson, who just nodded her agreement. But he had to look in several drawers before he finally found the little pad with a nub on it that they would use on Amy's clitoris. Again, he tested it and Magnusson agreed.

Just then, Amy noticed Forsberg coming up onto the stage, and she assumed that he was going to attach the cuffs and straps. She obediently rested her wrists on the arms of the chair and spread her legs so her ankles were near the cuffs. And she sighed as she leaned back. She was just about to close her eyes when she noticed what Forsberg was getting out of a paper bag he had brought with him - shaving cream and a razor. She reflexively started to close her legs, but she stopped as she realized that might be a mistake. But she did say, "Umm, Dr. Beaupre, could you . . ."

Beaupre looked over and saw what was about to happen. And he stepped up on the platform and said, "Anders, please hold it for a minute. We need to talk about this."

But Anders looked determined and said, "We shave her down there. No want hair for experiment." And he squirted a dollop of shaving cream on Amy's pubic mound.

Now Beaupre gently pushed Forsberg to the side and repeated, "Please, Anders. Let's discuss this."

Forsberg backed away as Magnusson returned to the stage. Beaupre looked at them and said, "We have an agreement with another professor that we will not shave Amy's pubic hair. As a researcher, I understand why you want to shave it off, but the instructor for the art class that she poses for wants it to look like this for artistic reasons." He turned to Amy and continued, "Amy, are you finished posing for Dr. Whiteside? If so, maybe we should allow Anders to shave you?"

Amy shook her head and said, "No, I'm not done. I pose for the classes tomorrow morning and then I think that Dr. Whiteside wants me to pose again at the art and wine festival on Saturday."

Beaupre turned back to the Norwegians and said, "I'm sorry, but please do not shave her today. But I can show you how we attached the clitoris stimulator last week off to the side of the strip of pubic hair. It worked out okay."

Forsberg and Magnusson conversed briefly in Norwegian, and then they both shrugged as Magnusson said, "Okay, we understand." And Forsberg said, "Sorry" as he tossed a towel to Amy. The naked girl blushed as she stood up and wiped the glob of shaving cream off of her pubes.

There was a slight pause and then Beaupre said, "Well, okay. I guess we're ready to get going. Amy, please have a seat. Logan, please attach the cuffs and straps. And I will help Sofie and Anders attach the sensors and stimulators, if they need it."

Amy sat back in the big chair and numbly let Cranfield connect the cuffs and straps. Then, Forsberg came up and attached the sensors to her arms, inner thighs, breasts, forehead, and an extra one just above the strip of pubic hair. He attached the breast sensors to the sides of her boobs rather than above them.

Next, he massaged her right nipple until it was erect, and then he attached the suction cup device to it. He repeated those steps on her left breast.

Amy closed her eyes as she knew where he was headed next, and she flinched just a bit when she felt fingers separate her pussy lips to expose her clit. She looked down just as Beaupre reached in to extract her clit from its tiny hiding spot. He rolled her clit with his fingers and Amy gasped. Beaupre then showed Forsberg where to position the little pad so that the nub was right over the engorged clitoris.

Amy was breathing heavily now as Forsberg spread her pussy lips farther down and slipped in the vibrator. It was fatter than the earlier dildo, and Amy thought it was tight enough already. But Magnusson came up with a small can of compressed air and inflated the vibrator so that it really did fill her vagina.

Magnusson and Forsberg conversed briefly in Norwegian, and then Forsberg went under the chair. Amy flinched again as the man spread her cheeks and slid the other vibrator into her butt. Magnusson also inflated this one. To Amy, this one felt like a turd that she needed to expel, and she involuntarily tried to force it out. But it did not budge.

Beaupre said, "Well, Sofie, I think we're set to go. How long to do you want to run it?"

She gave him a puzzled look and replied, "Of course, we run it all night."

Amy gasped, and Beaupre said, "Uhh, Sofie, we don't think that's appropriate. The longest Amy has been stimulated was 30 minutes, and then we let her rest."

Magnusson said, "Oh, no. Need much longer for good test."

Beaupre looked at Amy and said quietly, "Maybe we could do an hour?" Amy knew how she must answer that question, and she said, "Okay."

Before Beaupre could say something to Magnusson, the lady said, "How late she be here tonight?"

Beaupre said, "We want to finish by . . ."

At that instant, Knoxx interrupted and said, "There's not really a fixed time to finish. Let's figure out what our Norwegian friends want, and then we can negotiate from there."

Magnusson repeated, "We want all night."

Beaupre was exasperated now and said, "No, Sofie, we're not going to do it all night. All of us, including Amy, need to get home tonight. It's 5:45 now, and in my situation, I told my family that I would be home a little after 8. And I know Travis has a final exam tomorrow that he needs to study for." He looked over at Newman and LaSalle and said, "Pat, Dennis? When do you need to be home? And Logan, what about you?"

Newman said, "Well, I'm not really constrained. Midnight?" Amy gasped loudly and Knoxx looked up at her.

LaSalle said, "9 o'clock at the latest." Cranfield shrugged and said, "Any time is okay for me."

Beaupre gave Knoxx an angry look and said, "Dr. Knoxx, as I remember it, Amy's schedule said 8 o'clock. Also, remember that she has art class posing at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. Please help us figure this out."

Knoxx looked irritated as he said, "Well, Dr. Beaupre, I need to point out that Miss Suzuki is available after 8 o'clock tonight. The 8 PM notation was just in case someone else wanted to use Miss Suzuki's services after that time, but no one except these visiting researchers said anything. So, as far as I'm concerned, she is available until midnight as shown on the schedule. However, I understand the time constraints that the rest of us have, and so, I'm going to make an executive decision and declare that we'll go til 9:30 tonight. Those of you that need to leave, please go whenever you want. As long as we have one researcher, either American or Norwegian, and one intern available, we should be able to run the experiments."

Amy felt tears welling in her eyes again. 9:30 meant that she had to endure almost 4 more hours of this.

Beaupre sighed and gave Amy an apologetic glance as if to say, "I'm sorry, I tried." Aloud he said, "Okay, 9:30 it is. And I suggest one hour sessions followed by a 15 minute rest. So, starting now, a session would end at 6:45, rest til 7, session til 8, rest til 8:15, and then a final session ends at 9:15, and then we spend a few minutes to put things away. Fifteen minutes between sessions may not be long enough; Amy might want to use the restroom, stretch, take a nap."

Magnusson spoke up, "No nap. We want her going all time. Fifteen minute okay. We don't want toilet either, but reluctantly accept."

Beaupre said, "Okay, let's give it a try. After the first session, we'll see how Amy is doing. We'll make adjustments if necessary. Okay with everyone?" He looked around the room, and everyone including Amy either nodded or shrugged. He turned to Magnusson and said, "Okay, Sofie, she's all yours."

She replied, "Thank you, Pierre." She turned to Cranfield at the console and said, "I'll come start her up." And she walked up to the console and Cranfield showed her the controls - an on/off switch and 5 little speed control knobs, one for each breast stimulator, one for the pussy vibrator, one for the clit stimulator, and one for the ass vibrator. There was also a big knob that controlled all 5 stimulators; it sent the same speed signal to each of the 5 devices. Magnusson flipped the on/off switch, and Amy yelped as the stimulators and vibrators immediately started oscillating at a fast speed. Cranfield reached over and turned the big knob down to low speed, and he told her, "Please, Dr. Magnusson, we need to start her off at a slow speed and then gradually increase it." The Norwegian lady just nodded.

They all sat back and watched the naked girl; she twisted in her bonds as the oscillation rate ramped up. Her first orgasm occurred about 15 minutes later. Amy moaned loudly and strained against the stomach strap as she rose up from the chair back. There was a strong odor of female arousal as her juices dripped from her pussy.

The pizza arrived a few minutes later, and the 12 observers ate as they continued to watch Amy and to monitor the results on the console.

After Amy's second orgasm, Magnusson took over the controls. Instead of just using the big knob, she tried various settings with the smaller knobs to stimulate Amy's erogenous zones at different rates. She wanted to find out if there was a combination that would make Amy come faster and/or more intensely.

Amy's next orgasm happened only 5 minutes later, and Magnusson thought she was onto something. And so she left the knobs in the same positions with high stimulation on the breasts and medium-low stimulation in her anus, but Amy didn't come until 20 minutes later, and that was just as the hour session was coming to an end. Cranfield gradually turned the big knob down to slower speed, and he let Amy glide back to a resting state.

Magnusson said, "Disappointing. Only three times, and only 4 or 5 contractions each time; not intense enough. Let us discuss."

Amy was sweating profusely, and her hair was in a mess all over her face. Beaupre came over and tenderly wiped her hair back. She opened her eyes part way, and Beaupre said, "How you doing, Amy?" She groggily replied, "Uhhh, Whaaat?"

Beaupre started to undo the straps, but Magnusson came over and said, "No. Leave straps."

Beaupre replied angrily, "She needs to rest. I'm unhooking the straps and cuffs."

Magnusson gave him a frustrating look, and then she backed away. Beaupre said, "I'll leave the stimulators and sensors attached, but with the restraints undone, she can at least get up and stretch. The wires are long enough for that."

He unhooked the cuffs and straps and helped the naked girl to her feet. The wires to the vibrators and her clit stimulator dragged up through the hole in the chair. She was a strange sight with several sensor wires and the breast suction tubes hanging down from the ceiling to her body, and then the wires to the lower sensors and the vibrators hanging from her pubic region.

Amy partially came out of her daze as she stood there stretching. Beaupre asked her again, "How are you doing, Amy? Do you need to use the restroom?"

Amy shakily replied, "I guess I'm okay. No, I don't need to pee. Just let me stand for a few more minutes. Can you get me a towel?"

Beaupre said, "Okay, you got it. Logan, please bring her a towel and help her dry off. Also, wipe off that chair." He then turned to Magnusson and Forsberg and said, "Well, how do you like the fancy equipment? Does it do what you want?"

Magnusson smiled and said, "Yes, excellent machine. Many knobs means many possibility settings. But I am not satisfied with her response. I need try clit knob more."

Beaupre said, "Yes, clitoris stimulation is important for a woman to achieve orgasm quicker and more intensely." And he continued talking with the Norwegians about various settings that they could try.

As they were talking, Cranfield handed a towel to Amy, and he used another one to wipe down the chair. But the naked girl was still a bit dazed, and she had trouble using the towel because of the wires still connected to her. Finally, she just dropped it on the floor and looked pleadingly at Cranfield with tears in her eyes. Cranfield picked it up and used it to dry off the almost helpless girl. She just stood there as he wiped her legs, arms, back, and butt. Then, he carefully patted down her tummy and upper chest between the wires. She smiled at him and said, "Thanks. Can you help me with the wires as I sit back down?" The two of them worked in tandem to feed the wires back into their appropriate spots as she sat down in the strange chair.

She sat there with her eyes closed as Beaupre and the other researchers continued their discussion for a few minutes. She had almost dozed off when she felt a hand on her leg, and she looked up to see Forsberg standing over her. He wasn't smiling; he was just looking at her as he pulled her legs apart so that he could re-attach the cuffs and then the straps on her thighs. Then, he re-did the cuffs on her wrists and the tummy strap. Then, he re-checked all of the restraints making sure that they were tight. And now Amy was securely strapped to the chair again with her legs wide apart.

Forsberg continued with the preparation by checking all of the wires and tubes. He reached between her legs and wiggled the vibrator back and forth in her pussy to make sure that it was still firmly inserted, and he did the same with the rear vibrator as well. And without saying anything to Amy, he just turned and gave a thumbs-up signal to Magnusson who was sitting at the console. Magnusson flipped the switch, and Amy winced as the vibrators and stimulators came to life. And the naked girl leaned her head back and let the impersonal devices to go work on her body.

Magnusson immediately went to work on Amy's clit turning up the oscillation rate on that sensitive spot to a fairly rapid rate. And about 5 minutes later, Amy came wildly in an intense orgasm. Magnusson smiled as she said to the group, "Good one. 11 contractions." But Amy wasn't listening; she was already in her own little world.

For the rest of the session, Magnusson giddily twisted the little knobs up and down. She and Forsberg watched the contortions on Amy's face as the naked girl squirmed in her bonds. Amy came eight times during the hour, and each time there were at least 9 contractions.

As the Norwegians were focused on the machine and on Amy's reaction, Beaupre gathered the Wytham researchers off to the side. He began, "Guys, I just got a phone call from my wife, and I really need to leave pretty soon. And I am concerned about our visiting colleagues; they don't seem to be concerned at all about Amy's welfare during these experiments. And I don't think that Chancellor Knoxx and his committee are either. I would feel much better if I knew that at least one of you will be here to kind of rein them in, so to speak."

He went on, "Travis, I know you have that exam to study for, and so I don't expect you to stay. In fact, I'll be upset if you do; studying is more important than this. But what about you, Dennis and Pat?"

LaSalle replied, "I really need to leave very soon as well. I'm sorry, Pierre."

Beaupre said, "That's okay. Pat, what about you?"

Newman replied, "Yeah, Dr. Bo, I can stay, and I understand your concern."

As Beaupre was turning to Cranfield, he said, "Good, thanks, Pat. What about you, Logan?"

Cranfield replied, "I'll be happy to stay as well."

Beaupre said, "Wonderful. Please use your best judgment, but here are my suggestions. Make sure that the final session really is the final session and that it ends at 9:15. Then, help Amy over to Bayou as soon as possible after the session; I think it's better for her to get away from this room and rest. There's a microwave in there; so, take these extra pieces of pizza and put them in Bayou so that she can eat if she wants. I assume that she'll want to rest; maybe she'll even spend the night on that couch. And get her backpack from my office and leave it there with her; make sure her cell phone is there and turned on. But to appease Dr. Knoxx, please leave her panties hanging on the hook; she can get them from there whenever she leaves. Please stick around for a while in the lab to see that she's doing okay. But if she falls asleep, feel free to go home, but leave her a short note about the food, and then give me a call so that I know she's still there sleeping. I will call her cell phone at midnight or so to check up on her. Any other ideas? Any questions?"

Newman said, "You're making this sound like we're hiding her from the Chancellor and the Norwegians. What do we tell them?"

Beaupre replied, "Yeah, I guess I am kind of hiding her. I tell you what. As soon as this second session is over in a few minutes, I'll explain it to Dr. Knoxx, Sofie, and Anders as a recovery procedure, which is what it really is. I think if I present it just the right way, they'll leave her alone after she goes over to Bayou."

And about 5 minutes later, Magnusson tried to glide Amy back to normal, but she turned off the power just a bit too early while the stimulators were still going. Amy's eyes fluttered partially open and she said unsteadily, "Huhhh? Whaa--aat happ--ppened?"

Beaupre went up on the platform with a small towel and knelt next to the naked girl. He gently pushed her hair back, wiped her sweaty face, and said, "It's okay, Amy. Just sit still for a few minutes, and then we'll let you stretch again."

And as Amy was regaining her senses, Beaupre spoke to Knoxx and the Norwegians. He explained very diplomatically the recovery procedure that Newman and Cranfield were going start as soon as the final session was over. He must have worded it just right, because they did not object.

Then, Beaupre and Cranfield unhooked the straps and cuffs and helped Amy to her feet. She wobbled a bit, and Cranfield wrapped an arm around her waist to keep her from falling. Beaupre asked her if she needed to use the restroom, and Amy nodded slowly.

Magnusson gave a disapproving sigh, and as Cranfield continued holding her, Beaupre started unhooking the wires and tubes. And finally he said, "Okay, Amy, I'm going to remove the vibrators now." She spread her legs and Beaupre reached in, let the air out of the inflated device, and slowly slipped it out of her pussy. He then went around behind the naked girl and did the same thing with the anal device.

Without a word, Amy meekly let Cranfield lead her out of the lab and down the hall to the ladies room. Cranfield said, "Do you need any help? I think I could get Miss Stapleton, Dr. LaSalle's secretary, if you do."

Amy replied, "No, thanks, Logan. I can do this myself." And she slowly shuffled into the restroom. She sat on the bench for a couple of minutes, and then used the toilet. Before leaving, she carefully cleaned herself up using one of the nice big fluffy towels.

She was able to walk back with Cranfield unassisted to the big lab. She silently went up on the platform, faced Knoxx, and just stood there with her head down.

Knoxx then stood up and addressed the group, "Well, everyone. We have this one more session to go, but I understand that several of you need to leave including the other 4 members of my committee. So, I will say 'good night' to those of you leaving, and I will stay to observe the final session." Amy truly wished that she had the option to leave.

With that, Beaupre, LaSalle, Winstead, Kirkpatrick, Telford, Farmer, and Laird left, and Knoxx sat down in his chair again. This left Knoxx, Newman, Cranfield, Forsberg, and Magnusson as well as the very naked Amy.

Magnusson looked at the clock and said, "Well, it now 8:25; she took too long rest. We want complete hour session. So, we go until 9:30."

Before saying anything, Newman looked at Amy, who just nodded and whispered, "Okay". Newman then said, "All right, we will go to 9:30, but we will follow the rest of Dr. Beaupre's instructions after the session. So, Amy, if you are ready to go, please have a seat, and Anders will hook you up."

Forsberg first re-attached the cuffs and straps, and then he roughly handled Amy's boobs as he re-did the suction cups. Next, he lubed up the anal vibrator, and Amy winced as he shoved it in place. He came around to her front, lubed up the pussy vibrator, spread her lips, and mechanically shoved it in place. Amy's eyes were watering as he used the canister of compressed air to inflate the two devices, and she grunted when he gave them each a final push. And lastly, he re-attached the sensors to the spots on her body.

Forsberg looked up at Magnusson who was sitting at the console and said something in Norwegian. Amy interpreted this to mean "She's ready" or something like that, and the naked girl clenched her teeth waiting for her private parts to be stimulated. And sure enough, a moment later the dildo in her pussy began to vibrate rapidly. And Amy was soon back in her little confused world of ecstasy and anguish.

Once again, Magnusson was almost frivolous as she twisted the knobs this way and that trying to make Amy come more intensely than before. During the hour long session, the strapped down girl came 9 more times, and several of them were powerful with 14 or 15 contractions. The onlookers watched Amy's face flush a bright red as her head twisted from side to side during some of the orgasms. Her moans of pleasure filled the otherwise quiet auditorium.

At 9:25, Newman could see that Magnusson was so focused on her task that she didn't realize that it was time to slow things down. So, the researcher came up to the console and politely said, "Sofie, it's time to wrap this up." Magnusson scowled at him and turned up the big knob again causing Amy to jump in her bonds. But Newman reached across and slowly turned the knob back down, and he kept his arm there to physically prevent Magnusson from getting to the controls again. He let Amy coast downhill into the real world.

Newman turned off the machine, and he could tell that the Norwegian researchers were noticeably unhappy that they couldn't continue to stimulate the naked girl. But he held his ground and asked Cranfield to unhook everything from Amy's body. The vibrator in her vagina was the last thing that Cranfield removed, and she gave an involuntary relieved sigh as it slid out. He let her rest in the chair for several minutes as he put away the equipment.

Finally, as he was helping her stand up, Knoxx came up on stage and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, that was quite a performance. And I guess, I will see you tomorrow. Good night. And good evening to the rest of you as well." He stepped down from the platform and walked out the door.

The two Norwegians also left; they merely waved at Newman and Cranfield and said nothing at all to Amy.

Amy was still dazed as Newman said, "Well, good riddance to all of them. Now, Amy, we're going to help you over to the Bayou lab where you can rest and recover."

And the two men in their white lab coats helped the naked girl down from the stage, out the door, and down the hall with Newman holding her right arm and Cranfield her left. They guided her into the grungy smaller laboratory and over to the old couch.

Amy sat there for a couple of minutes looking dully at the two men, and then she just lay back and put her head on the pillow. Her naked body was stretched out the length of the couch. And a couple of minutes later she was sound asleep.

Cranfield brought her backpack and the extra pizza plus a Coke from the machine into the lab. And Newman wrote her a note that said:

Amy,

You can rest here as long as you want. There's some food on the table; the microwave is on the counter - help yourself. Your backpack is next to the couch; your panties are still on the hook. If you need anything, please call Dr. Beaupre. (603) 555-9287.

Thanks

Before leaving, Newman turned on a small light on the other side of the room, and then he flipped off the big overhead lights as he and Cranfield walked out the door.

**Chapter 62 - Recovery Time**

A couple of hours later, Amy's eyes opened. She groggily looked around trying to figure out where she was. She frantically turned her head this way and that for several seconds, before finally recognized the room and remembered being helped here by Newman and Cranfield.

She thought that she had awakened to a noise; maybe it was her cell phone? She looked around some more and spotted the phone on the table next to the ratty old couch where she was now sitting. But there was nothing on the display right then. Was she dreaming?

But as she was putting the phone back on the table, it rang in her hand. She flipped it open and answered, "Hulllo?"

"Hi, Amy", the voice said, "It's Dr. Beaupre. I just wanted to see how you are feeling."

Amy smiled when she heard his friendly voice, "Hi, Dr. Bo. I just woke up, and I'm still woozy. Did you just call a minute ago?"

Beaupre, "Yeah, I did. It rang six or seven times, and I wondered if I got the right number. And so, I tried again. Glad I got you. So, are you still in the Bayou lab at Wytham?"

"Uhh, yes. I just figured that out myself."

Beaupre said, "Good. If you haven't seen Dr. Newman's note yet, there should be some pizza and a soft drink on the table, if you're hungry. And of course, you are free to leave at any time. But first, tell me how are you really feeling?"

Amy sighed and replied, "Well, physically, my groin and ass are a bit sore, but not too bad. And so are my breasts. Otherwise, I guess I'm still groggy from sleeping. What time is it? Or maybe, I should ask, what day is it?" She laughed as she said the last part.

He answered, "Oh, it's just before midnight on Thursday. You've probably been sleeping for two hours or so. But I'm glad that you seem to be okay. Do you want a ride back to your dorm? I can be there in 20 minutes or so."

Amy hesitated. She really would like a ride, but she was concerned that Knoxx would somehow manipulate Beaupre's help into a rule violation as he had done in the past. So, she replied, "Oh, thanks, Dr. Bo, but I think I'll just walk back. It's all on campus sidewalks, and that should be safe. And the exercise and fresh air will do me good. Oh, where are my panties? I don't see them here."

"Oh, they are still on the hook outside my office as per the Chancellor's instructions. But okay, if you want to walk that's fine. However, let me say something first, and I'm not exactly sure how to say this; so, let me try it this way. Amy, I've really enjoyed knowing you more as a person than a research subject these last few weeks. Do you understand what I mean?"

Tears of gratitude welled up in Amy's eyes and in a broken voice, she said, "Yes, Dr. Bo, I do. You have been very nice to me."

Beaupre went on, "I'm sure that we will get some useful information from our experiments, but I sure wish I had met you under different circumstances. So, tell me, what are your plans after graduation?"

Amy spent a couple of minutes describing her new job near Boston and plans to share an apartment with Linda.

Beaupre replied, "Well, that sounds wonderful. And I guess I'll let you go now. Please call if you need help on the walk home."

"Yeah, okay. Good night", she said.

She was almost ready to hang up the phone when she heard him say, "Oh, Amy, one last thing."

"What's that?"

Beaupre said, "Go, Red Sox!" They both laughed and Amy said "Goodbye" again and hung up.

Amy spent a few more minutes in the room. She warmed up the cold pizza, quickly ate a couple of pieces, and drank the Coke. Then, she grabbed her backpack and phone and left the lab. The light in the hallway was very bright, and it took her a moment to adjust to it. She made a quick stop in the ladies room to pee and to freshen up a bit.

As she stepped back into the hallway, her phone rang again. Without looking at the display, she answered, "Hello, this is Amy."

She smiled as she heard Linda say, "Oh, Amy, I've been so worried. Where are you? Are you okay?"

Amy said, "Yeah, Lindy, I'm okay. I'm just leaving Wytham. I'll be back there in 20 minutes or so. I'll tell you about it when I get there."

"Oh, Sooz, that's a big relief. Will you be okay walking so late at night?"

Amy replied, "Yeah, I'll be fine. See you soon. Bye."

The naked girl then continued down the hallway and around several corners to room 144. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw a pair of white panties with yellow and blue polka dots hanging there. She slipped them on and then found her way to the front door.

She stepped out into the cool weather, and she felt her nipples tighten up immediately. And she looked at her arms and saw them covered with goosebumps. She noticed that the sidewalk was wet with many puddles, and so she was thankful that it was no longer raining. She set out on the cold, damp walk across campus.

The campus was a lonely place at this time of night, and she was almost naked. A spooky feeling, and she hurried along. Even though the street lights were on, there were places where they were spaced fairly far apart, and Amy was walking almost in the dark. She felt very vulnerable.

As she passed Kameron Hall, she saw a figure approaching from an adjoining sidewalk. She picked up her pace, but she paused when she heard a familiar voice say, "Miss Suzuki, are you okay?"

She turned to see Officer Olsen coming up to her. She gave him a relieved smile and said, "Yeah, I'm fine. I'm on my way home now."

Olsen replied, "Good, glad to hear that. Dr. Beaupre called and asked us to keep an eye out for you. If you don't mind, I think I'll just walk along with you. Okay?"

Amy hesitated but then said, "Yeah, that would be good."

And the two of them continued along. A nearly naked gorgeous girl and the bundled up guy in his security uniform. They chatted as they walked, and Amy found out that he was a Red Sox fan as well. And the last 10 minutes of the walk passed pleasantly as they talked baseball. He opened the dorm lobby door for her, and then they shook hands before Amy hopped on the elevator.

As Amy walked into their room, Linda jumped from her chair and rushed over to her. The two friends hugged, and Linda said, "Oh, Sooz, I was so worried. I didn't know you'd be gone so long. Come on, sit down."

Through her watering eyes, Amy said, "Actually, Lindy, can we turn up the heat? I'm cold, and I'd like to stand by the heater."

Linda looked down at Amy's erect tits and the goosebumped covered body. She smiled and said, "Sure, we'll talk over there." Linda watched as Amy turned the heat and fan up to their highest settings and stood in front of the blowing air.

It was almost 1 AM as Amy told her friend about the long afternoon at Wytham. She didn't mention the morning posing in art class; it just didn't seem important compared to the degrading exposure during the experiments.

And she had forgotten about the morning's final exam until Linda asked, "And how did your last test go?"

Amy smiled and said, "That seems so long ago now. But I'm sure I did fine. I'm actually sorry that I don't have any more studying to do, because it seemed like a pleasant diversion from all this other crap that I've had to do. And there's more of that crap to come the next few days."

She went on, "You know, I need to get to bed. Tomorrow's crap starts as usual at 8AM, and I want to get at least a few hours sleep. But first I need to finish today's crap - the diary crap."

So, Amy then powered up her computer and quickly typed up the daily one-sheet and the diary entry.

About 1:45, she crossed off another day on the calendar, looked over at Linda who was already sound asleep, and then flipped off the light and plopped herself down on the bed.

**Underpants Amy - Days 16 & 17**

**May 18, Friday**

**Chapter 63 - Final Art Class Posing**

Amy awoke with a start, and she thought, "Oh no, I've overslept again." But she turned and looked at her digital clock, and it read 6:15 AM. And then just to confirm that, she picked up her cell phone and it also read 6:15. She breathed a sigh of relief, and she switched off the alarms so that they would not awaken Linda, who was sawing logs. Amy smiled to herself as she looked at her friend; Linda's snoring had often bothered her, but it was such a minor inconvenience compared to their great friendship that Amy had never mentioned it to her.

Amy climbed out of bed, and being as quiet as possible, she booted up her computer to read her latest email. And she was surprised to see a message titled "Auction instructions" from Tyson Laird.

With trepidation, she read the following:

*Miss Suzuki,*

*This message is just a reminder that you are required to participate in the Prime Cut Auction today (Friday) at 12 noon. You should report to DaddyO's Adult Emporium no later than 11:45 AM. You are to leave all of your clothing at home. That is, you are to report totally naked; no panties, no necklace, no headgear. If any ornamentation is needed, DaddyO will provide it. Please remember that you are expected to be clean and presentable for the gentlemen's enjoyment. You will not be permitted to have any food or bathroom breaks during the event, which will be over by 4:30 at the latest.*

*Also, our committee will expect you to be present at our usual 5 o'clock meeting later in the afternoon. Naturally, you will hang today's panties on the hook before entering the room naked for the meeting.*

*Please make the appropriate arrangements so that you can follow these instructions.*

*Tyson Laird Vice Chancellor, Legal Affairs, Bancroft University*

Amy closed her eyes and shook her head hoping to avoid breaking out crying. She wasn't entirely successful, because the tears started to roll down her cheeks, but at least, she didn't wake up Linda. Her shoulders shook as she buried her face in her hands to muffle her gasps.

She read the message again. She wondered what "ornamentation" and "gentlemen's enjoyment" meant. But mostly she was worried about the timing. She knew that DaddyO's was on the other side of town in kind of a seedy section. It would take her well over 30 minutes to walk there, which from a timing point of view wouldn't be a real problem getting there, but it would be a problem afterwards to get back to Kameron by 5 o'clock. She thought of a taxi, but how would she pay for it without carrying money? Also, where could she store her panties so that she'd have them to hang on the hook?

So, she decided that she needed to get a ride or borrow an automobile. She then smiled broadly as she thought of Dwight. Even though it was 6:30 in the morning, she thought that he was probably awake already, and she decided to call him. She grabbed her phone and went out in the hall where she was glad to see that she was alone. And she dialed his number.

It rang four times, and she was afraid that it was going to roll over into voice mail. But then he answered with a drowsy, "Huuu-lllo?"

"Hey, Dwight, it's me, Amy. Are you up?"

Dwight instantly perked up, "Hey, beautiful. Ummm, no, I'm not up. Well, actually part of my body is up just thinking of you, but no, I'm not out of bed yet. But that's okay. What's up?"

Amy giggled and then explained her need for transportation for both before and after the auction, and Dwight readily agreed. He said, "Yeah, I'd be happy to. But where is this place? I've heard of it, but I don't know how to get there. And what is this auction anyway?"

Amy answered, "First, we can look it up on MapQuest; let's both do that. Second, I don't know much about the auction, except that the title is 'Prime Cut Auction' and I'm part of the merchandise that being auctioned off to a bunch of older men." She could hear him gasp and she continued, "I know, I know, it sounds awful. But I've got to do it. And it will be finished by 4:30."

"And you'll be there in just your panties with all those old guys looking at you?"

"Umm, actually, I'll be naked the entire time. In fact, they told me to report totally nude. And so, is it okay if I leave my panties in your car while I'm in there?"

Dwight gasped again, "Oh my, Amy, how do you put up with all this shit that they are throwing at you? But yes, of course, I'll keep your underwear while you're gone."

Amy sighed, "Well, it's only a few more days, and then it will be all over. If I made it this long, I can make it til Monday. Anyway, I need to get cleaned up and eat breakfast. Can you pick me up here at 11:30?"

"Yes, that sounds good. See you then. Bye."

"Bye bye". And she hung up.

After she showered, she sighed and picked up her razor. She knew that her pussy was going to be in full view most of this day, and so she carefully shaved and trimmed her pubic area.

\* \* \*

Amy had heard the rain falling overnight, and so she was very glad to see that it had stopped by the morning. However, she still had to walk on wet sidewalks and around puddles on her way to Wakefield Hall.

She walked into the art classroom for her last day of posing. It was several minutes before class was to begin, and she slid off her panties and hung them on the hook. Not many students were there yet nor was Eva or Whiteside. She just went up to the stage and sat down on the edge of it. This time she carefully remembered to keep her legs open and her arms at her sides. She just nodded at the students as they arrived.

A couple of minutes later, Eva walked into the room - in all of her naked glory. She walked up the aisle and sat down next to Amy. The dark haired nude smiled at the honey-blonde nude, and said, "Hey, good morning, Eva, I guess this is our last time together. But maybe I'll see you at graduation?"

Eva sighed and said, "Sorry, Amy, I guess I never made that clear. Even though I've been here for four years, I'm not graduating on Monday. I still need a whole bunch of credits, and I'll be back next year. I should be able to finish up in one more year. Anyway, there's almost zero demand for a new graduate with a degree in Art History right now, and I'm not sure what I would do to earn a living. I make really good money doing this nude posing, and Dr. Whiteside said she'd try to add a few more hours each week of posing next year. And as I said, I really enjoy doing it, too. So, I guess for the next year, this will be my career."

Amy replied, "Sorry, I misunderstood. But since you really like doing this, I'm glad that you'll be able to continue." But inwardly, Amy was thinking, "I'm sure as hell glad that I won't be doing it any more."

They continued to chat about it for the next few minutes.

Just as the 8 o'clock bell rang, Whiteside came up on the stage and the two nude girls got up and stood beside the instructor. Whiteside started, "Good morning, everybody. Welcome to the final session for this class. None of you except Amy were here for yesterday's 9 o'clock class, and it was her poses for that class that inspired me for today's poses at this class. In that class, Amy posed - naked naturally - with the men from the class. The men were clothed, and so we had a nice contrast of an unclothed female and several clothed males. Today, I want to do something similar, but the contrast will be two nude females set in typical everyday settings that you might see around this campus. In the first one, we're going to pretend that Eva and Amy are running a small restaurant. One of them will be the cook and the other the waitress. And I'm going to ask four of you students to come up and be customers of this little café."

And Amy helped Whiteside set up the little round tables and a few chairs. And Eva set up a fake stove on a long folding table using some of the pots and pans from the props cabinet. Eva bent over the phony stove as if cooking an omelet. Amy stood taking orders from the customers at one of the tables. They held these poses for about 15 minutes switching off the customers a couple of times.

After Amy cleared away the little tables and the pots and pans, Whiteside described the next pose, "This next one is going to be class registration. And we'll have naked Amy sitting behind the table pretending to assign naked Eva to a class. And we'll have a line of students behind Eva who are awaiting their turns."

This one was easier to set up and Amy took her seat behind the table with several pads of paper and pencils in front of her. Eva bent over as if signing a form with her breasts hanging enticingly. Whiteside said, "Please sketch this one quickly, because I'm going to change it slightly in about 5 minutes."

After the 5-minute pose, Whiteside said, "Okay, good. Now, Eva, I want you back in line, maybe 3 people ahead of you. And Amy, I want you standing, bending over slightly, pointing a finger at the student, who I guess will be Miss Nichols here, as if arguing with her. I want frowns on the faces of everyone in line including you, Eva. We'll do this one for about 10 minutes." Whiteside made the minor adjustments so that Amy's boobs and Eva's pussy were prominent in the pose. And the class sketched the scene for the next several minutes.

Whiteside came up on the stage, and she had Amy and Eva take down the folding table. Then Whiteside said, "Okay, the last one is going to simulate what we've been doing in this class. Eva, you are going to pretend to be an artist with an easel sketching a nude female model, Amy."

She went on, "So, Amy please get one of those spare easels and set it up here on stage. And Eva, I want you sitting in a chair in front of the easel with your hand raised as if drawing on the sketch pad."

After Amy set up the easel and Eva sat down in the chair, Whiteside had Amy standing in front of the easel doing a neutral pose with hands on her hips, one leg slightly forward, legs slightly apart. Whiteside adjusted Eva's position so that her breasts were in full profile as she pretended to draw. And the class sketched this for the rest of the session.

As the students were leaving, Amy pulled Eva aside and said, "Eva, I still have the ankle pouch that you lent me. Are you going to be around for the next few days? I can get it back to you somehow."

Eva replied, "Sorry, Amy, I'm leaving right after this class. You can just keep that pouch; you might need it for something over the weekend."

"Okay, thanks. And, Eva, it's been really nice knowing you. I hope you have a good summer and then a good final year of college." She reached out to shake hands, but instead, Eva pulled her into an embrace. And the two naked girls hugged for several seconds, boobs against boobs. And as Eva stepped down from the stage, she turned and said, "Bye, Amy. Have a nice life."

Amy watched as her naked friend walked down the aisle, and then they smiled and waved at each other as Eva walked out the door.

Amy stood there for a minute or so, and then made a quick trip down the rustic stairs to the ladies room in the basement. Fortunately, there was no line in the hallway, and she was able to get in and out very quickly. But a couple of guys coming down the stairs squeezed to the side to let the naked girl pass, and then they turned to admire her bare ass as she dashed up the stairs.

The last hour of posing was somewhat exhausting for Amy, because Whiteside had her do physical exercises for the class. Jogging in place, push ups, sit ups, jumping jacks, barbells, plus a couple of others. Whiteside told the class, "These motion exercises will give you practice at sketching moving things. See if you can capture that motion in your sketches somehow. On a female like pretty Amy, the bouncing breasts are one thing that you might want to emphasize."

When the hour was over, Amy was sweating profusely, and her hair was almost plastered down. She realized that she would have to shower again back at the dorm before going to the auction. As she was just about to slip on her panties, Whiteside lightly grabbed her arm and said, "Amy, thanks for posing for my classes these last few weeks. You've helped the budding artists more than you know." Amy smiled wanly and just nodded.

Whiteside wrapped an arm around the naked girl's waist and went on, "Now, about tomorrow. Remember that you're going to help out at the art and wine festival. My sister and I have thought of an intriguing task for you. I'd tell you about it now, but we need to make sure tonight that we can get all of the needed supplies before knowing for sure if we can do it. So, we will wait til you get there to tell you what you'll be doing. The festival opens at 9 AM. So, please arrive by 8:45 so that we can set things up. We will provide lunch for you, and we'll schedule some bathroom breaks as well. It's being held at Maple Park in town. There's a big headquarters tent near the middle where you can find me and Valerie. Any questions?"

Amy's curiosity was piqued, but she couldn't think of a way to get more info about of Whiteside. But she was worried about something and said, "Umm, Professor, this is a city park, right?" Whiteside just nodded and Amy continued, "Uhh, will the city police allow me to be, uumm, naked there?"

Whiteside gave a short laugh and said, "Oh, no, don't worry about that. Cal talked . . . Oh, sorry, Dr. Knoxx talked to them after your run-in with them last week. The town cops know all about Underpants Amy. They won't bother you."

This surprised Amy, because Knoxx had not mentioned this to Amy in any of the subsequent 5 o'clock meetings. And then it dawned on her - Knoxx had intentionally withheld this from her knowing that she would worry about the city police any time she was unclothed off campus. He had just done this to make her sweat a little bit, and it had worked, because she had worried about this several times.

But after a moment, Amy just said, "That's good. Thanks."

Whiteside said, "Any other questions?"

Amy replied, "No. I'll be there."

Whiteside slid her hand down from Amy's waist and lightly patted each of the naked butt cheeks, and she said, "Good, Amy. See you then."

Amy slid on her panties and walked out the door thankful that she was seeing the end of these daily naked posings.

**Chapter 64 - Prime Cut Auction**

After Amy got back to the dorm, she realized that she didn't have as much time as she had originally thought. She had hoped to take a half-hour nap, because she'd had less than 6 hours of sleep last night. But it was already 10:15 AM when she walked into her room, and she needed to shower, do her hair, and eat lunch - all before 11:30.

Showering was quick, but fixing up her hair for the "gentlemen's enjoyment" took considerably longer. She finished that just after 11 o'clock, and then she and Linda ate a quick lunch at the dining hall. And then a quick trip to the bathroom and some last minute makeup adjustments before she dashed down the stairs to the lobby just after 11:30.

She was happy to see Dwight waiting for her in front of the dorm. She tossed her backpack in the back seat, hopped in the front passenger seat, leaned over to give him a quick kiss, and simply said, "Hi."

He smiled at her and gave a quick look at her heaving boobs. He said, "Wow, you look great this morning. But how are you doing? Any more crises since I talked with you earlier?"

Still breathing heavily, she said, "No, nothing dramatic. Just the usual posing - but this time was the last time. But I'm really apprehensive about this afternoon. We need to get going. I looked up the directions."

Dwight, "Yeah, I did, too. Main Street to Highland and then east a couple of blocks. Is that what you got?" Amy agreed as they pulled out of the parking lot.

It took less than ten minutes to get to DaddyO's. They gave each other an uncertain look as they looked at the old, run down buildings in this seedy part of town. Amy was very nervous and her hands shook as Dwight pulled into the parking lot in front of store with the painted over windows. She said, "Oh god, Dwight. This place looks terrible. But I've got no choice. You'll pick me up at 4:30?"

He replied, "Yeah, I'll be here. If you get done early, call me if you can."

Amy slid off her panties and put them on the center console. Then, she leaned over and gave him another quick kiss.

Then the naked girl hopped out of the car and scampered over to the door that said "DaddyO's Finest Adult Novelties". She yanked on the handle, but the door was locked. She was a bit flummoxed for a moment before she heard a voice over an overhead speaker say, "Okay, come in." She looked up and saw the video camera next to the speaker, and then she heard the buzzer make its harsh ring. She yanked on the door handle, and this time it opened. She gave one last longing look at Dwight, and then she walked into the shop.

The terrified girl looked around for a moment to get her bearings. There were several men in the shop who stopped what they were doing to look at the gorgeous nude girl who had just come through the front door. She padded over to the main counter and said to the wide-eyed young guy behind the counter, "I'm here to see DaddyO?"

The guy continued to stare as he pointed down the hallway and said, "Daddy is in his office."

Amy scooted down the hall, spotted the office, and since the door was open, she lightly knocked on the door jamb. The man behind the desk was heavy set with long graying hair with a matching full beard. Amy thought he kind of looked like Santa Claus except that he was dressed in a plaid flannel shirt and jeans. He looked up and waved her in. He stood up and they shook hands. He said, "Hello, Amy. I'm Daniel O'Flaherty. But please call me Daddy."

She made a slight move towards the visitor's chair, but he said, "Oh, please just stand there so I can look at you." Amy blushed, and just stood there in front of the desk, hands at her sides with her boobs and pussy in full view for the man.

He said, "Well, you must be a Ty girl."

Amy gave him a puzzled look and said, "Huh? No, actually, I'm of Japanese heritage, but I was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, where my folks live. So, I'm American."

Now Daddy was confused and said, "What? I don't care about that. As long as a girl is beautiful, which you definitely are, I don't care what race or nationality you are." They looked at each other for just a second and Daddy continued, "Oh, I think I understand what the confusion is. I said 'Ty girl', spelled 'T-Y' as in 'Tyson Laird', not 'T-H-A-I' as in 'Thailand'."

Amy chuckled and said, "Sorry for the misunderstanding. But you said 'a Ty girl' and I guess I still don't completely understand. Did he ask another girl to come today, too?"

Daddy laughed and said, "And now I apologize. No, you are the only one. But our members sometimes invite girls to participate and I guess that's how we refer to them initially. You know, like 'a Bill girl', 'a Kurt girl', or 'a Jeff girl'. I use those three examples because those guys have each invited several girls over the years. But you are actually the first girl that Ty, that is, Tyson Laird, has ever invited." He chuckled again saying, "So, Amy, are we clear now?"

Amy also laughed again, "Yeah, I understand now. Mr. Laird told me to come." But she was irritated by the word "invited", because she had been ordered to be here rather than given an invitation.

Daddy said, "Good. But where are your clothes?"

"Mr. Laird told me not to wear any clothes."

"Well, I guess that's okay, but it was his call, not mine. The other girls will be here any moment, and they'll be undressing in the next room down the hall. Now, please turn around slowly so I can see all of you."

She blushed again, but she did as he asked. He looked her over again and said, "You're very pretty; I like your 'landing strip' trim" as he pointed to her pussy. He continued, "I don't know what Ty told you, so let me fill you in. There's a club of older gentlemen that come here once a month for a meeting and some entertainment. Actually, they meet across the alley in a mostly vacant building. The club is unofficially called "The Old Geezers", and you have to be at least 60 years old to join."

"I used the word 'entertainment', but it's always some sort of an auction. And today's auction is based on a 1972 movie called 'Prime Cut'. Ever heard of it?" Amy just shook her head.

"Well, it's kind of a guilty pleasure, cult classic kind of thing starring Lee Marvin, Gene Hackman, and a very naked Sissy Spacek. Not the kind of role that we've come to think of her doing, but it was one of her very first movies, and I guess she thought she had to show a little skin, and boy, did she ever! Anyway, one of the famous scenes has several naked girls in cattle pens lying in the straw with men inspecting them before the upcoming auction."

"And that's where you and today's other young ladies come into the picture. We've got the livestock display pens set up across the alley, and we'll put one of you in each of the pens. In the movie, the girls were drugged into submission, but I don't believe in using drugs like that. And all of you are paid volunteers, and so to simulate the submission, your hands will be cuffed behind you and you are not permitted to speak. The pens are filled with hay and all you will have to do for the first couple of hours is just lie there. The straw may get stuck in some private spots like your ass and cunt, but that's okay."

"Actually, Ty tells me that this is part of some kind of punishment for you. And so I guess you're not exactly a volunteer, but he assures me that you've agreed to do it, and that's all that matters to me.

He went on, "He also told me that your money will be donated to the university foundation, and so it's all for a good cause, to boot."

"Now, about that money. It will be earned from the auction. After the two hours or so of inspection in the little corrals, you'll be auctioned off to the men in the club. In the movie, the auction had a much more sinister undertone of female slavery, but naturally, we don't believe in that. Instead, you will do a lap dance for the winner of your auction. The winner is allowed to touch you, but no penetration is permitted. That is, there will be no sexual intercourse, and in fact, he is not permitted to stick his fingers or any objects into your mouth, ass, or pussy."

"If in case it's not obvious, just let me make it clear. You will be naked the entire time during the display period, during the auction, and during the lap dance. Actually, we'll give you some high heels to wear during the auction and lap dance, but that's all. And absolutely no talking. Any questions?"

Amy was shaking slightly, and she felt his gaze on her jiggling breasts. She just quietly said, "No, I understand."

Daddy said, "Good. Now, just to be sure, I mentioned that Tyson Laird said you agreed to this, but I want to hear you say it. Are you doing this willingly?"

Amy hesitated for a few seconds, because she sure wasn't doing this willingly. Daddy detected her hesitation and said, "Actually, let me re-phrase that question. Do you agree to participate in today's entertainment?"

Amy gulped and slowly nodded her head. But Daddy said, "Sorry, Amy. I need to hear you say it."

Just above a whisper Amy replied, "Yes, I agree. Do you need me to sign something?"

Daddy replied, "Thank you, Amy. And no, you don't need to sign anything. My attorney says that a verbal agreement is all that is required. Anything else?"

Again in a very soft voice, Amy said, "Can I use the bathroom before we start?"

Daddy replied, "Of course, it's on the other side of the store down the hallway. And that reminds me, this will be your last opportunity for the toilet, and I hope you've eaten lunch, because even though the men will be eating, you won't be. And be sure that you're clean down there after you pee, okay?"

Amy meekly said, "Okay", and she turned and walked out of his office. At the end of the hall, she anxiously looked out across the store and spotted the hallway on the opposite side. She glanced at the several aisles that she could see to check which one was empty, but none of them were. So, she stepped out and quickly scooted down one of the aisles that only had a couple of men browsing the shelves. She said, "Pardon me, can I get by?" as she approached them. They were young guys, not very well dressed, and they turned and stared at the gorgeous nude. But they smiled and stepped aside to let her pass. She got to the center aisle and quickly surveyed the other side aisles to find her best way to the bathroom. Again, none were completely free of men, and so she picked the one with the best dressed men in it. She smiled and asked to get by and the crowd of six guys parted to let her through. But as she passed the last two guys, she felt two hands, one from each side, lightly squeeze her bare ass cheeks. She gave a slight yelp and continued down the aisle.

Finally, she got to the women's restroom, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she turned the knob. But the door didn't open. Amy was afraid that she'd have to go back across the store to get a key from Daddy, and she was just about to turn back when she heard a voice from inside, "Hey, I'm in here. Hold your horses. I'll just be a minute."

So, Amy stood in the narrow hallway near the door and waited. A moment later, a guy came out of the men's room farther down the hall; he stopped in his tracks when he saw the pretty naked girl standing there. He lightly whistled, looked her up and down, and then smiled as he went by.

But a second later, coming from the opposite direction was a big guy. Amy guessed he was 6' 5" and 250 pounds. He had on leather chaps and a bandana tied over his head. "A biker?", she thought to herself. He was also stunned to see her standing there naked, but he didn't pass by. Instead, he stopped. And Amy squeezed her back right against the wall as he put his hands on the wall about a foot over her head. He towered over her, and he had a wicked smile on his face as he looked down at her. Amy was scared and tried to squeeze out to the side, but he spread his feet and stuck a leg out to keep her trapped, and now he was even closer to her. She could smell the alcohol on his breath. He said, "Hey there, cutie. I'm Hank, what's your name?"

Before she could answer, the bathroom door opened and another naked lady stepped out. The other nude immediately realized what was going on, and she said, "Okay, Hank, that's enough. Quit intimidating this lady. Beat it." And the big man quickly dropped his arms and sheepishly backed away. He turned and continued down the hall to the men's room.

The other woman smiled at Amy and said, "He's actually a pussycat, but he can be obnoxious after a few drinks." She reached out her hand and said, "Hi, I'm Janelle. I guess you and I are going to be part of today's merchandise?"

Amy was still scared, but she tentatively shook the woman's hand and said, "Hi, Janelle. I'm Amy. Yeah, I'm here for the auction."

Amy looked over the woman and saw that she was a few years older, probably 30 or so. Her breasts were sagging just a bit. Her butt had slightly uneven skin, probably cellulite just beginning to form. And there were faint aging lines under her eyes that her heavy makeup couldn't really hide.

Janelle said, "I haven't seen you here before. Is this your first time?"

Amy was thinking to herself, "First time, and only time!" But aloud she said, "Yes. You've done this before?"

"Oh, hell, yes. Lots and lots of times. The money is good. And in a kinky way, it's kind of fun. The old guys really get a kick out of it. Oh, you should know that I work at Naughty Girlz down the street. You know, the strip club?"

Amy had seen the sign as she and Dwight had driven down the street earlier. She nodded and said, "Yeah, I know. Do you know what's going to happen today? Daddy mentioned 'Prime Cut' and kind of described it. Are we safe?"

"Oh, fuck yes. Those old farts wouldn't hurt a flea. But thanks for letting me know about 'Prime Cut'. I didn't realize that's what we'd be doing today, but I've done it many times in the past. We won't be using our real names for this one. Instead, like the movie, all of us are given names of flowers. I'm usually Poppy, like Sissy Spacek is in the movie. Other names are Violet, Rose, Fleur, Pansy, Tulip, Daisy; things like that. You'll probably have straw sticking to your ass crack and pussy after sitting there for two hours, but it's not too bad."

Amy mumbled, "Uh-huh. Daddy mentioned that."

Janelle kept going, "Actually, the Prime Cut theme is one of my favorites that they do. Last month, we nude women were statues holding flowers; we had to stand still for two hours, and that was tough." Amy thought that sort sounded like the posing she had done in art class, but she didn't say anything.

Janelle continued, "Another time we stood in ten foot circles. The men could not enter the circles or touch us, but they could give us instructions. Like spreading my pussy lips or sticking a finger up my ass or lifting my boobs by the nipples. That kind of thing."

Amy cringed at the thought and Janelle resumed, "A few times we've done a jail motif with us behind chain link fence sections. But the old guys don't like that one very much because they say the fence hides our best parts, like our pussy and boobs, too much."

"Once Daddy had us stand with our hands tied above our heads, almost on tiptoe. The men could get in very close, but no touching was allowed. And several times we were naked waitresses serving hors d'oeurves and then lunch to the men during the inspection period."

Amy said, "And the auction itself?"

Janelle laughed, "Oh, that's nothing. You just stand there on stage showing off your stuff."

"And the pay-off is a lap dance?"

Janelle replied, "Yeah, is that a problem? Have you ever done that before?"

Amy blushed and said, "No. And I'm not even a very good dancer when I'm dressed."

"Oh, you'll do fine. Those old gents just like having naked young female flesh to touch."

Amy cringed, "Daddy said that touching is allowed. What's that like?"

"Well, they're not allowed to stick anything into you, but it's pretty heavy petting. Lifting boobs, twisting nipples, squeezing butt cheeks, even spreading pussy lips, but that's rare."

Amy gasped and was just about to say something else when Janelle kept on, "Last time, the pay-off was a bit different. A couple of the guys are recent grandfathers, and they needed practice with diapers. And guess who they practiced on?" Amy just laughed, but she was glad that wouldn't happen today.

And Janelle continued, "Here let me look at you. We don't get Asian girls here that often. Where are you from? You speak great English. Are you from Bancroft?" And she looked Amy up and down. She brushed Amy's strip of pubic hair and said, "Hey, I like that."

Amy blushed again and said, "Actually, I was born and raised in Rhode Island. My father's side is Japanese. Yes, I'm a senior at the university, and I'm graduating on Monday."

Janelle exclaimed, "Hey, congratulations. I hope you can get a better job than the ones I've got. Stripping is lucrative, but I wonder how much longer I'll be able to do it. I wish I could use my brain rather than my body to make a living."

Janelle was just about to continue talking, but Daddy arrived. He looked at the two naked women and said, "Hey, Janelle. We need to get going; let Amy get ready." He looked over at Amy and then gently turned her, patted her lightly on her bare butt, and said, "She'll talk your pretty ass off if you let her. That's another good reason for the no talking rule!" He and Janelle laughed as he guided Amy to the bathroom door. He opened the door for her and said, "Hurry up." As Amy was closing the door, she saw Daddy put his arm around Janelle's naked shoulder and the two of them walked back across the store to his office.

Amy did her business, and she carefully cleaned herself up "down there" - fore and aft - as Daddy had instructed. Just as she was finishing, she heard a knock on the door. Amy quickly fluffed her hair and opened the door to see yet another naked women. They smiled at each other, and Amy started back across the store as the other girl closed the bathroom door.

But this time, Amy just took the shortest route across the store, and she didn't pause to ask the men to step aside. She just pushed her way through, and she got the expected pats on her ass along the way. She returned to Daddy's office where he and Janelle were standing kind of snuggled together. They broke apart, and Daddy said, "Okay, let's go next door. Carmen will be back from peeing in a moment, but I can introduce you to the others."

And he guided the two naked women a few feet farther down the hall and into a room with three other naked girls. There were piles of clothes on the tables and chairs. Amy sighed as she realized that she was the only one who had to report for duty today totally nude.

Daddy introduced Claudia who seemed to be about Janelle's age; she also worked at Naughty Girlz. Next were Bridgette and Jenny, who were both students at Bancroft; Amy had seen Jenny before around campus, but not Bridgette. And a moment later, Carmen arrived back from the bathroom; she was an African American beauty about Amy's age who worked at Naughty Girlz. Carmen and Amy were the prettiest of the bunch, but the others, all Caucasians, were good looking, too.

Daddy then said, "Well, today we are going to do the Prime Cut motif before the auction. Amy here is the only newcomer; all the rest of you have done Prime Cut at least once before. And Janelle and I have already filled in Amy on how this works. So, let me assign your names for the day. Janelle, you're Poppy, as usual. Carmen, you're Violet. Claudia, you're Jasmine. Bridgette, you're Pansy. Jenny, you're Rosebud. And Amy, since you're new, I'll call you Cherry Blossom as a tribute to your heritage."

"Now, please all of you line up, and I'll get you ready to go over. Pansy, Cherry Blossom, Rosebud, Violet, Poppy, and Jasmine. Facing the door about two feet apart."

The nude women fumbled around a bit as they tried to remember the names that were just assigned to them, and Amy found herself second in line. Next, Daddy opened a cabinet and brought out six pairs of handcuffs. The other 5 women meekly put their hands behind their backs, and Amy did the same when she saw the girl in front of her do it. They all just stood there as he attached the cuffs; he gave each lady a light pat on her bare ass after cuffing her hands.

He then brought out some hobble chains. Amy gasped and the others kind of groaned. He said, "Sorry, girls, but one of the old gents asked for these today." And he knelt down in front of Pansy/Bridgette and started to attach the ankle cuffs. But then he looked at Bridgette's pussy and then up between her breasts to her face. He saw the tears in her eyes and saw her slowly shaking her head. And he said, "Oh, all right, I'll figure out some excuse to say to the old guy." And he put the ankle cuffs and chains back in the cabinet. He used a tissue to dry Bridgette's eyes, and she whispered, "Thank you."

Next, he brought out a twelve-foot long chain. Again, Amy heard the other naked ladies groan. He laid it on the floor right next to each woman's right foot and said, "Sorry again girls, but this one is required today. Step your right foot over the chain, and I'll hook it to your handcuffs." He started at the rear hooking the end of the chain to Jasmine/Claudia's cuffs. Then, the lady gasped as he raised the chain so that it was fed between her legs and up into her crotch as he attached the chain to the next girl in line. After a minute or so, Amy felt him clip the chain to her cuffs, and he came around in front of her and lifted the chain so that it nestled in her ass crack and then in her pussy slit as he hooked it to Pansy/Bridgette's cuffs. Finally, he pulled it up between the first girl's legs, and they let out a collective gasp as he gave a tug on the chain.

He looked over the six-girl chain gang and said, "Okay, we're ready. Remember, no talking. No resisting." He looked at Amy and said, "Cherry Blossom, the rest of these ladies actually enjoy this Prime Cut thing; so, I hope you can have fun with it, too." Amy felt the chain wedged in her pussy and she still had a distressed look on her face, but she managed to nod at him.

With that, he led them out the door into the hallway and then out the back door into the alleyway and the bright sunlight. The girl in front of Amy stumbled a bit and she raised her bound hands as if that could prevent a fall, but all it did was to yank the chain higher into Amy's pussy, and she let out a short gasp and stumbled a bit as well. Amy was able to keep her hands down on her lower back and this avoided a literal chain reaction to the girl behind her. Amy and Pansy/Bridgette regained their footing, but the chain was now firmly jammed between Amy's pussy lips.

Daddy said, "Oh, careful, Pansy. And the rest of you, watch your step. The surface is a bit uneven and there are puddles here, and we don't want your feet to get dirty, do we?" As they moved along, Amy didn't see anybody in the alley, but she did spot a fairly big rat running for cover under a nearby dumpster. The alley was about 20 feet wide, but he led the chain of naked ladies past two buildings and then into a building on the opposite side.

As they entered the building, Amy had to adjust her sight again; this time to the darker interior. But then she saw that it was a big empty room with a concrete floor and a very high ceiling. It looked like it could have been an auto repair shop at some point. And she saw that they were being led between two rows of older men. She assumed that these were "The Old Geezers".

She heard one guy say, "Hey look. A Chinese chick. Cool!"

But another one said, "How do you know she's Chinese? Could be Korean or Japanese. Or even from Indonesia or Singapore." With that, Daddy paused and held up his hand to signal the girls to stop for a moment.

The first guy then said, "Well, look at the tits. Chinese have pointy tits like that. Right?"

Now, several of the men roared with laughter, and one said, "Holy crap, Roy. You can't generalize like that. Women's boobs around the world have all different shapes. Besides, I wouldn't exactly call them pointy. They look nice and full to me. I guess you think that the superb little dark-colored nips make them seem pointy, but not to me." He then looked Amy in the eye and said, "Well, sweetie, are you Chinese?"

She shook her head and mouthed "No", but she said nothing. Then, she felt a hard swat on her ass as Daddy said, "Hey, Cherry Blossom, no talking. Remember?"

Amy wanted to complain that she hadn't said anything, but she just turned and followed the leader as Daddy resumed pulling the chain of women into the middle of the big barn-like building where the floor was covered with hay.

Even though they had explained the setup to Amy, she still looked at it with stunned amazement. In the middle of the hay covered floor were six livestock display pens. They were organized in a kind of six-pack formation, three on one side, three on the other. Each pen was defined by a four-foot high metal fence with several horizontal slats and a padlocked gate on the side. Each was filled with straw about two feet deep and a few bales of hay.

Amy watched as Daddy disconnected the last girl Jasmine/Claudia from the chain and led her over to one of the pens. He unlocked the gate and led the naked, cuffed girl through the hay to two bales of hay that formed a corner. He helped the girl sit down in the hay and lean back against the hay bale. As he was leaving, he gave each of her tits a playful twist, and then he locked the gate.

Tears started to form in Amy's eyes as she thought, "I'm going to be displayed naked here just like a farm animal for the next few hours!"

The old men gathered around as Daddy repeated the process of displaying the next three women. And then it was Amy's turn. He unclipped the chain from her cuffs and then gently unwedged the chain from her pussy. Amy stood there trembling as he unlocked the gate to her pen; she saw her fake name, Cherry Blossom, on a little sign attached to the gate. He led her through the deep hay over to a hay bale. With her hands still cuffed behind her back, it was difficult for her to sit down next to the bale, but with Daddy's help, she got her bare butt down to the straw covered floor. He helped her shift herself to a slightly more comfortable position, and then he reached between her thighs with two hands and said quietly, "Spread them out just a bit so they can see your cunt. And remember, no talking." And then he gently twisted her nipples and left, locking the gate.

As Daddy situated the last woman in her pen, Amy closed her eyes and shifted her butt around trying to get it in a better spot. But even with the carpet of hay, she could feel the cool dampness of the concrete underneath her. And the more she shifted, the more the straw worked its way into her ass and pussy. Her arms were already sore from being bound behind her. Finally, she kind of gave up and just leaned back against the hay bale as best she could. When she opened her eyes again, she saw several men leaning over the fence rail looking down at her naked body. She really wanted to cover herself, but it was physically impossible to do that with her hands cuffed behind her.

Amy resigned herself to her fate for the next few hours. She decided to treat the situation sort of like posing in art class. But there were some significant differences. In art class, there was a clock on the wall, and the pose was changed after 15 or 20 minutes. Here, she had no idea what time it was or how long she'd been there, and here, she was not permitted to change her position. And so the time passed very, very slowly for the naked, bound, and fully displayed young woman.

After a while, she became aware of the pleasant smell of food. Fried chicken? Ground beef? Mexican food? She wasn't sure, but she knew it was food rather than someone's body odor. She looked up and saw the men were now eating as they gazed at her over the fence. One guy was eating a big sub sandwich. Another had a juicy looking hamburger. Another was working on a bag of potato chips. And others were holding bottles of beer. Even though she had eaten lunch an hour or so earlier, she heard her tummy growl. She closed her eyes and tried to think about something else besides the food.

But she was knocked out of her self-imposed daze when she felt something hit her left thigh. She looked over to see what it was, but she didn't see anything; evidently, whatever it was had sunk down in the hay next to her leg. Then, she felt something similar hit her stomach, and she saw a green grape roll into her navel and come to a rest there. She looked up and saw a gray-haired man picking a grape off of a bunch that he was holding. As he lined up another shot, he said, "My aim's not so great today." And he let it fly, and an instant later Amy felt it hit her pussy. He yelled, "Bullseye!" She felt the grape roll down her slit and come to a rest in the hay. He said, "Hey, it looks like you just laid a tiny green egg." He and three other men laughed loudly. And then the four of them took several more shots at her pussy and her breasts. Amy winced as one of the grapes scored a direct hit her left nipple. One of the men saw her reaction and said, "Hey, that's enough. We don't want to hurt her. She's going to be the prize of the auction, and we don't want damaged goods now, do we?"

Amy returned to her bored stupor looking up at the men crowded around her pen. They were laughing and pointing and saying crude things about her body. She couldn't see the adjoining pens very well, but if she could, she would have seen that the crowd around her was much bigger than the other girls. She had struck their voyeuristic fancy.

During a lull when the crowd had subsided around her, she saw a pair of nicely polished shoes and grey wool slacks approach her pen. She looked up and saw Tyson Laird looking down at her. She stared daggers at him, but he didn't really notice, because he was staring at her slightly spread pussy lips. After a minute or so, his gaze shifted up to her boobs where he paused for several seconds before finally looking her in her eyes. He gave her a smirkish smile and walked away without saying a word to her.

Finally, after seemed like an eternity to Amy, she heard a loud clanging sound, and one of the men yelled, "All right, everyone, the viewing and observing period is now over. And we are going to get these ladies ready for the auction. Daddy, please prepare them for us."

Daddy went around to each pen. He unlocked the gate and then helped the naked woman stand up, but he left her hands cuffed behind her. He brushed off the hay and then led the woman out to stand in front of her pen. For Amy, he picked the grape out of her bellybutton and tossed it away. And he also carefully pulled a few pieces of straw out of her ass and pussy. She stretched her legs and seductively bent this way and that trying to work out the kinks from sitting there for almost two and half hours. The men gathered around each of the now standing women; they were laughing and getting in some last-minute close-up looks of the pretty naked ladies, but the men didn't touch them at all.

Daddy had them stand in a line in the same order in which they had come in, and then he said, "Okay, turn and face me. We're going to find some shoes for each of you. Remember, no talking." On a little cart, he had about two dozen shoe boxes, and Amy could tell from the labels that they were high heel shoes. Daddy consulted a piece of paper and quickly found the right size shoe for each of the other five women; evidently, he had done this before for all of them. He helped each of them put on the shoes. But for Amy, he brought out a Brannock foot measuring device, and he had her step into it. It showed size 9, which is what Amy knew she wore back in the days that she was allowed to wear shoes. Daddy quickly found a pair of size 9 black high heel shoes, and he steadied her as she lifted each leg to put them on. With her hands still bound behind her, it was difficult for Amy to gain her balance in this strange pair of shoes; these were the first shoes she had worn in almost three weeks. He said, "Okay, Cherry Blossom, take a couple of practice steps." She wobbled on the first two steps, but she quickly got the hang of it. She fell back in line, and then Daddy had them walk to the other end of the big room where two stages were set up.

One stage was directly in front of several rows of folding chairs where the men were now congregating. The other stage was off to the side. Daddy led the naked ladies up the steps onto the side stage. It was an enticing sight. Six beautiful nude women, hands cuffed behind them, in high heel shoes walking up the aisle and up the few steps. Daddy had them stand there in a line facing the old men with their legs slightly apart. Six beautiful faces, twelve pretty boobs, six open pussies in full view for the men's enjoyment.

From her spot on the side stage, Amy counted the number of assembled gentlemen. Five rows of 12 chairs each, and only 5 empty chairs. 55 men plus Daddy plus the one man on the front stage who seemed to be in charge. And most of them were looking at the naked ladies rather than at the head guy who said, "Hello, everybody, can I have your attention?"

And as the audience quieted down, he continued, "Well, here we are for our monthly entertainment. I see we have a few new attendees, and Daddy tells me that we have a new lady on stage. So, let me introduce myself. I'm Joe Whisman; I'm the current president of 'The Old Geezers'. And let me welcome you all, and I hope we can interest you new men in joining our fun little group." He turned to Amy and said, "And, Cherry Blossom, welcome to you, too."

Turning back to the audience, he said, "So, for you newcomers, let me take a few minutes to describe how this auction is going to work. All of you have had over two hours to evaluate the merchandise." He chuckled and looked over at the naked women. "And now, we're going to auction them off one by one. After each auction item, we will have the lady give the winner a lap dance here on stage." And he pointed to the arm chair on the other side of the stage. "After the dance, the winner and the lady dancer will return to the side stage where they can watch the bidding for the subsequent items. And in a little bit of a change, we're going to do it in a reverse order today; that is, Jasmine will be the first item of merchandise. So, Jasmine, please come on over here, and we'll get started."

As Jasmine/Claudia gingerly made her way down the steps in her high heels and walked over to the main stage, Whisman said, "There is no minimum or maximum bid. The only restriction is that each new bid must be at least $10 more than the current high bid. All of the money from the winning bidder will be paid to the pretty lady, who can pick up that cash at the end of auction."

Jasmine made her way up onto the stage. Her hands were still cuffed behind her, and she stood there facing the men. She was one of the strippers from Naughty Girlz, and she smiled as she gyrated this way and that; her breasts swayed and she turned slightly to show off her ass. She was trying to sell herself.

Whisman yelled, "What's the opening bid?"

A voice from the back yelled, "Twenty dollars". Several people booed, and there was an immediate raise to $30, and $40, and $50. After a couple of minutes and some prodding, Whisman said, "We've got Nathan over there at $200. Do I hear $210? No? Going once, going twice, and sold! All right, Nathan, come on up and claim your winnings."

Amy looked at Nathan. She guessed that he was 80 if he was a day. Nathan used his cane as he slowly climbed the stairs and handed ten $20 bills to Whisman, who said, "Okay, Nathan, here's the key to her heart." There was a loud laugh and Whisman continued, "Well, okay, it's actually the key to her handcuffs. Please free this young lady from her bonds so she can do her dance for you."

Jasmine/Claudia knew the routine, and she turned sideways and bent over slightly allowing her boobs to dangle in profile to the men, and she lifted her cuffed hands back to Nathan who unlocked the cuffs with the key. Jasmine raised her arms in the air and danced around wildly for a few seconds.

Nathan sat down in the arm chair to await his lap dance. Whisman guided the naked Jasmine over in front of the seated man, and said, "Okay, Nathan, you know the rules. Touching is permitted, but no penetration of any kind." Whisman flipped on the music as the young lady gently sat down on the old man's lap and started her dance. There was about a 50 year difference in age, but the man seemed like a kid in a candy store. As Jasmine twisted and turned, Nathan's hands ran all over her body - her hair, her breasts, her legs, her pubic hair. But he didn't actually touch her pussy. This went on for about 5 minutes until the music stopped.

As Nathan stood up, Amy thought she could see the hard-on in his trousers. He embraced Jasmine and gave her a kiss on the cheek. Whisman said, "Okay, let's lock her up again. We don't want her to get away, do we?" And the group chuckled at this obviously old, old joke. Nathan clicked the handcuffs back onto the naked woman, and he escorted her back over to the side stage. Someone from the audience brought one of the spare folding chairs up onto the stage for the old man to sit in; Jasmine stood slightly off to his side and behind him with a hand on his shoulder.

There was a big round of applause. Whisman waited for it to die down before continuing, "Okay, Poppy is next. Please, darling, come on over here, and let's see how much you can bring in."

Poppy/Janelle scampered down the steps, and she didn't wait to show her stuff. She sashayed her way over to the main stage, swinging her boobs and ass to loud cheers. When she got on stage, she continued with her stripper-like moves for half a minute or so. The bidding for her was livelier, and she eventually went for $260. Her dance for the winner, who was a man named Baxter, was pretty much the same as Jasmine's. And the two of them returned to the side stage.

Violet/Carmen was next. Carmen was the gorgeous African American stripper. She really knew how to work the crowd and she earned $290.

Rosebud/Jenny was the first of the college students. She wasn't as skilled as the strippers, but the men liked her youth (Amy guessed that Jenny was an 18-year-old freshman). And she netted $380.

And now it was Amy's turn. She blushed as she tentatively stepped down from the side stage and made her way over to the main stage. She stumbled a tiny bit in the strange shoes going up the other stairs, but she didn't fall. She tried to smile and do a little dance like the others had done. Even though she felt like she had been too awkward, the men gave her a big round of applause. Whisman said, "All right, all right, gentlemen. As I said, this is Cherry Blossom's first appearance here, and I sure as hell hope it won't be her last. Now, what's the first bid for this beauty?"

From the front row, someone yelled, "One hundred dollars." Followed quickly by $125, $140, $175, $200. Amy was dizzy listening to the bidding. It eventually fell into a back-and-forth match between two men. $320, $330, $350, $360, $375, $400, $410. And finally one of them yelled, "Five hundred dollars!" There was a collective gasp from the audience, and Whisman looked at the competing bidder, who paused for several seconds before shaking his head and sitting down. Whisman yelled, "Sold to Warren Timmerman for $500! Come on up here, Warren, and claim your prize."

Amy was blushing a bright red reflecting her extreme embarrassment at being auction off naked like this. But she followed the example of the previous girls by turning her profile to the men and bending while holding her cuffed hands out behind her. Her boobs hung nicely below her, and she felt her nipples tighten up even further. The man, Warren, was in his mid 60's with a full head of silver grey hair, and he delicately patted her ass before he undid her handcuffs. Amy waved her arms around as if enjoying her freedom, but it was actually to stretch her stiff arms which had been bound behind her for several hours.

Whisman said, "Okay, Warren, please have a seat, and let's have this Asian beauty show us her best stuff." Amy followed Carmen's lead of starting out sitting on the man's knee as if she were a little girl. She felt one of Warren's hands on her waist and the other on her thigh, and as the music started, she began her dance. As she feared, she felt very awkward and her moves weren't nearly as smooth as the other girls. But she persevered, as she knew she had to. One of her final moves was to straddle Warren's hips and to lower her pussy into his lap. She could feel his erection against her pussy; only a couple of layers of fabric separated his cock from her vagina. Warren was very aggressive in his touching; he especially liked Amy's "landing strip" and he rubbed his fingers through it several times. And he patted her pussy lips a few times as well. As the music ended and Amy stood up sideways to the audience, Warren knelt down in front of her and gave her slightly exposed clit two quick flicks with his finger. She jumped enticingly in response.

The audience gave her a huge round of applause as Warren re-attached her handcuffs. He led her back to the side stage where she stood slightly in front and to the side of him. She felt his hand resting on her right butt cheek. He left it there for the rest of the auction, and he gave her butt many hidden squeezes.

The final girl was Pansy/Bridgette. The men must have preferred the younger girls, because like Amy and Jenny, Bridgette brought in more money than the strippers. She earned $410, and she gave what Amy thought was the best lap dance performance. She finished it by taking off her shoes and standing on the arms of the chair above the man with her legs wide spread. The man reached up and gently parted her outer pussy lips and looked up into her.

After Pansy and her man returned to the side stage, Whisman said, "Well, guys, I'm sorry to say that about wraps it up for today. But let's give our girls a big round of applause. This was one of our better auctions, don't you think?" The men stood and applauded for almost a minute before Whisman waved his arms and said, "Good night, everyone."

Amy wasn't quite sure what to do next, and so she just waited to see what the other girls did. They all just kind of stood around with the winning men getting in some last minute free feels; the girls were still not permitted to say anything. After a minute or so, Daddy came up on the stage with the shoe boxes. He helped the six naked and cuffed ladies take off their shoes. And then he said, "Okay, ladies, line up down on the floor; same order. And I'll hook you up for the trip back to the store." Amy just sighed as she realized that this was just one last bit of embarrassment that he could inflict upon her and the other women. She grunted as the chain was pulled up into her pussy again. The men formed two lines and the naked women were dragged between the lines; the men clapped their hands in appreciation as the women walked back out into the alleyway. Amy forgot about the puddles and accidentally stepped in one getting one foot very wet and a bit muddy. She tried to wipe it off on the mat as the chain gang entered the backdoor of the store, but she was only partially successful. But Daddy didn't seem to notice, and he dragged them back down the narrow hallway to the room next to his office.

He said, "Okay, ladies, you can talk and get dressed now. My thanks to all of you. I have your money. Please get it as you're leaving."

The naked women shook hands and said goodbye. Since Amy didn't have any clothes to put on, she just followed Daddy into his office. He said to her, "Amy, thanks again. I hope we'll see you back here again. I've got your shoe size written down; size 9 shoes will be waiting for you. Tyson Laird said that he would pick up your money and make sure that it gets directed to the university's foundation."

Amy was only slightly listening to all of this. Of course, she would never come back here. She just wanted to get the hell out of there, and she glanced at the clock. 4:30 right on the nose. Daddy noticed that she was distracted and looking at the clock, and he said, "Your boyfriend's out there in the parking lot waiting for you. In fact, he's been out there the entire time. I talked with him briefly while you were in the corral, and he seems like a nice guy. In fact, let him know about our equivalent women's club called 'The Old Bitches'; they have a monthly entertainment meeting of their own, and your handsome guy could earn a lot of money at one of those. What's your boyfriend's name?"

Amy smiled broadly and just said, "Dwight." But she was thinking about the word "boyfriend". No one had used that word to describe Dwight's relationship to her; not even Amy herself had used it. But she just gave a yelp of joy, smiled at Daddy, and said, "I've got to go. Bye."

**Chapter 65 - Boyfriend / Girlfriend**

And the totally naked girl ran down the hallway, through the store brushing passed several customers, and out the front door. Her breasts bounced wildly as she dashed across the parking lot to Dwight's car, yanked open his driver side door, pulled him up facing her, and said, "Are you my boyfriend?"

He gave her a puzzled look and said, "W - what?"

She repeated, "Are you my boyfriend?" Her eyes were sparkling and she had the biggest grin of her life.

He said tentatively, "Yeah, I guess. Why?"

She looked him deep in his eyes and said, "Well, I'm your girlfriend, and I just wanted to make it official. Okay?" And she grabbed the back of his head with both hands and pulled him into a long, deep kiss. It was a strange sight in the seedy parking lot - a gorgeous naked girl standing partially on tiptoe showing her bare backside to everyone as she kissed the surprised young man. There was a group of men a few feet away on the sidewalk, and they started clapping.

Dwight pulled his mouth away just a little bit and whispered, "I love you, Amy. But maybe we should continue this inside the car?"

She blushed, gave him another quick kiss, dashed to the other side of the car, and hopped in. She said, "There. Satisfied? Now, can we continue?" She leaned across the console, put her chin on his shoulder, and kissed him on the cheek.

He smiled and said, "Hang onto that thought. I'm going to drive to a more appropriate spot, and then we can continue."

He pulled out of the parking lot a bit too fast, and the car skidded slightly before he regained control. He said, "There's a little park down one of these streets that's always empty. And there's a box of Trojans in the center console; get one ready."

Amy giggled in anticipation as she opened the lid of the console. And she giggled some more when she spotted her polka dot panties lying on top of everything else; she had forgotten about them. She dug a few inches down through the miscellaneous stuff, and she continued to giggle as she said, "This is just like a woman's purse. We have our handbags full of girl stuff, and you guys have your car consoles full of boy stuff." She found the box of Trojans, ripped it open, and pulled out a sealed condom. She tore open the little packet and waggled the neatly coiled condom in his face.

Dwight turned down on a side street, shook his head, and made a right turn down another little street. Then he said, "There. On the left side." He pulled into the tiny 4-car parking lot, and they surveyed the scene. Not a soul in sight. He grabbed a blanket from the back seat and said, "Over there under the bushes." They climbed out of the car and held hands as they dashed across the little grassy area and under the big bushes. Amy was breathing rapidly and between breaths said, "Here, I'll do the blanket. You get undressed."

There was a flurry of activity with the blanket and his clothes flying about. But they were soon slowly making love consummating their newly anointed relationship. Amy moaned loudly as they both climaxed together. Dwight rose up above her just slightly and said "Shhh" as he smiled down at her. But Amy just giggled and rolled so that she was on top of him. And she rose up a bit, continued to giggle, and slowly brushed her tits playfully back and forth across his chest with her pretty long dark hair swaying across his face. And then she collapsed on top of him and slowly rolled off to the side. They snuggled, and he played with her erect nipples.

As they cuddled for the next couple of minutes, they heard another car enter the little parking area, but after a minute or so, they heard the engine start up, and the car left. Then, Amy sighed and said, "You know, we've got to go. I've got that stupid 5 o'clock meeting."

Dwight responded, "We've got plenty of time. We're only a few minutes from campus. But you're right. I don't want you to be late because of me." She pecked him on the cheek, stood up, and reached down to help him to his feet. The naked couple hugged for several seconds and then Dwight quickly got dressed as Amy folded up the blanket.

Back at the car, Amy used a towel to wipe herself off, and then she slipped on her polka dot panties. They laughed and joked as they made the short drive to Kameron Hall. At 4:55, they pulled up in front of the administration building, and Dwight turned serious. "Can you come over tonight?"

Amy sighed and said, "Yeah, but I've got that other auction to prepare for this evening. It starts at 7. I'll call you when I'm done. Probably 9:30 or 10?"

"Okay. Where will you be?"

She said, "Gamma Gamma Theta. Do you know where it is?"

"Yeah, it's not that far from me. Say, why don't I wait for you here? Then we can grab a bite at the Union Cafeteria and I'll drive you over there?"

As she reached around and grabbed her backpack from the back seat, Amy smiled and said, "Good plan. But please don't wait for me outside the Gamma house all night." She opened her eyes wide and added, "Okay? Boyfriend?" with special emphasis on the last word.

He looked back at her with the same wide open eyes and replied, "Okay, girlfriend." They both giggled and then kissed. And she left.

\* \* \*

Dwight watched Amy scoot up the steps into Kameron Hall. As she opened the door, she turned and waved at him. He couldn't believe that he had such a gorgeous woman for a girlfriend, but he also wished he didn't have to share that beautiful body with the rest of the world. But he knew it would only be for a few more days, and then they could return to a new kind of normal.

As usual, the building was emptying out just before 5 o'clock, and Amy had to put up with the stares and a couple of "accidental" brushes of her breasts. But she made it to Knoxx's office in plenty of time. She wiggled her butt at Mrs. Duckworth, hung her panties on the hook, and waited naked outside Knoxx's door. As the digital clock clicked over to 5:00, the door opened and Knoxx invited her in.

She just never got used to appearing naked before these well-dressed gentlemen in this nicely furnished office. She blushed as she took her special spot in front of his desk.

Knoxx said, "Good afternoon, Miss Suzuki. We don't have a lot on the agenda for today, and so, why don't you tell us about the auction this afternoon. Actually, I notice that you're a little bit more flushed than normal and do I detect a hint of feminine arousal? Does that mean that the auction was a stimulating experience?"

Amy wasn't quite sure how to respond to this and said, "Yeah, I guess. I was naked for several hours with all those men looking at me."

Knoxx went on, "Just looking? No touching?"

Amy mumbled, "Oh, during the lap dance, there was some touching."

Knoxx pressed on, "Anything more than touching? You look sexually excited to me."

Amy knew where this was going and decided she'd better get it over with. "Well, after the auction, I was excited and I made love with my boyfriend."

Knoxx smirked, "Oh, boyfriend? Mr. Henderson, I presume? I haven't heard you describe him as a boyfriend before."

A little bit annoyed, Amy said, "Well, he is. What can I say?"

"And where did this happen?"

"In a city park. Just a couple of blocks off Main Street, not far from campus."

Knoxx just couldn't let up embarrassing her, "Well, it must have been a real quickie, because the auction didn't end til 4:30 and you're standing here at 5 o'clock."

Amy blushed and replied, "Yes, we did it fast, because I didn't want to be late for this meeting."

Knoxx said, "Well, thank you for filling us in. And Tyson tells me that the winning bid for you was for $500. The university foundation will really appreciate your support. Now, Tyson could tell us what happened this afternoon, but we'd like to hear it from you; your perspective on the events was much different than his.

Amy was really embarrassed now, and so she decided to give them a chronological overview of the afternoon. And she spent several minutes telling them about the 6 naked women being pulled by a chain, displayed in animal pens with hands cuffed behind them for a few hours, auctioned off while wearing high heel shoes, giving lap dances to the winners, and then being pulled by a chain back to the store. She tried to describe it from a third person perspective rather than the more embarrassing first person view that she knew Knoxx was fishing for.

Knoxx pushed the issue a bit, "Well, what was it like to be sitting naked in the hay like that? Was it stimulating? Did you get sore? Did the hay get stuck in your private places?"

Amy quietly said, "Yes, to all of those. It was a bit stimulating to have those men looking at me, my arms did get sore tied behind me, and the straw crept into my lower regions."

Knoxx turned to Laird and said, "Well, Tyson, it sounds like this was some very appropriate punishment for this young lady. Thank you, for lining it up."

He turned back to Amy and said, "That's probably about it for today. Now, since you are going over to Gamma Gamma Theta this evening, let me give you the panties from yesterday to take with you. And on your way out, please pick up today's panties and take them with you, too. You'll give both of these to the Gamma guys for the auction. Also, remember that Marie, oh I mean, Professor Whiteside is expecting you at the art and wine thing tomorrow during the day."

Amy took the panties that he handed her and said, "Okay, I'll deliver the panties. And I'll be at the art and wine festival tomorrow."

Knoxx concluded, "Well, if there aren't any other issues, here are some beige panties for you to wear. I guess they actually call these 'nude' or 'bare'; very appropriate for you, don't you think?"

Amy just nodded, slipped on the panties, and left. In the waiting room, Mrs. Duckworth glared at her as she grabbed the panties from the penis hook and stuffed both pairs into her backpack.

She then scooted down the hall to the restroom. During the last few minutes of the meeting, she had felt her bladder starting to complain. And so, she was happy to get away from those men so she could pee. She was alone in the restroom, and she called Dwight. He said he was waiting outside in the visitor's parking lot next to Kameron.

A couple of minutes later, she hopped into his car, and as they leaned across the console for a long kiss, he fondled her breasts. She didn't complain and continued to kiss him.

He made the quick drive to the Student Union, and they walked arm in arm to the cafeteria. It was only 5:30, and she said, "If you don't mind, I'm going to get a full meal rather than just a sandwich. I'm starving, and we've got lots of time." He agreed, and they both bought the daily $7.99 special, which was a big plate of pasta with meatballs plus salad, dessert, and a soft drink. They huddled at a table in the corner. Many of the diners at the other tables looked over at the strange couple, but Amy and Dwight were oblivious to the onlookers as they whispered about some new lovemaking positions they wanted to try later. Amy could feel her breasts puckering up and a slight dampness between her legs.

They lingered at the table for over an hour before Amy said, "Oh, foo, we've got to go. Let me use the restroom; I'll be right back."

After using the toilet, Amy carefully cleaned herself up, because she knew she'd probably be nude much of the evening. Her panties were a little damp in the crotch, but not too bad.

They held hands as they walked back to the car where Amy grabbed her cell phone from the backpack. She said, "Let's go. While we're driving, I'm going to call Linda."

As they pulled out of the parking lot, Amy dialed and said, "Hey, Lindy."

"Hey, Sooz. Hi, how are you doing? We are just leaving for the dining hall. Can you join us?"

"Sorry, I just ate with Dwight. I just wanted to let you know that I'll be at his place tonight. Didn't want you to worry."

"Oh, good for you. I may see you there. Mark and I haven't decided what we're doing tonight."

In a slightly disappointed tone, Amy said, "Yeah, okay. Maybe I'll see you."

Linda immediately picked up the undercurrent and said, "Umm, well, as I say, we have no plans yet. Uhhh, Sooz, my dear, I detect something here beyond just a good old-fashion fuckfest. Are you and he, how should I say it, a couple, now?"

Amy blushed, turned away from Dwight, and almost whispered into the phone, "Yeah, as of this afternoon."

Linda almost yelled, "Sooz, Sooz, that's great. Good for you, girl!"

Amy said, "Thanks. But I've got a few difficult days to get through before I can really enjoy it."

Linda, "Oh, you're going to the Gamma house tonight, aren't you?"

Amy sighed and said, "Yeah, we're on our way there now. And I guess I won't see you til tomorrow evening sometime. So, have fun tonight. Bye."

As she closed her phone, she noticed that they had pulled up in front of Gamma Gamma Theta. She was a bit surprised, because she hadn't been paying close attention to the route they were taking. And she said dejectedly, "Oh, we're here already? Oh well, I guess I better get in there. Now, please don't wait out here for me. I'll call you. Okay, boyfriend?" Again, she smiled as she emphasized the last word.

He agreed. They kissed. And she hopped out of the car with her backpack.

**Chapter 66 - Naked Girl in the Gamma House**

But Dwight sat there watching his beautiful girlfriend walk almost naked up the walk to the front door.

At the front door, Amy hesitated. She had never been sure about the protocol for going into a sorority or fraternity house. Was it like a dorm where you just walked in? Or was it like a private home where you rang the doorbell? She decided on the later and pressed the button. She looked back at Dwight and playfully waved him to leave, and then the door opened revealing a nerdy looking guy.

The guy gave her a goofy looking smile and said, "Welcome to Gamma Gamma Theta, Miss Suzuki. Can I take your things, madam?"

For a normal woman, this would have meant taking her coat, scarf, purse, etc. But afterall, this was Underpants Amy, and so her only "thing" was her panties. Plus her backpack.

Amy knew this was a semi-serious joke, and that she could not refuse. So, she handed him her backpack and started to take off her panties. But the guy interrupted her saying, "Please, ma'am, allow me." Amy sighed and merely clasped her hands behind her back and mockingly said, "Thank you." And he knelt in front of her and slowly slid the beige panties down her legs to the floor. She stepped out of them and the guy reached down to grab them, but he never took his eyes off of her bare pussy.

All this time, the front door was still open, and Dwight was irritated as he watched his new girlfriend being embarrassed by this nerdy guy. He opened the car door and hopped out. As he was about to close the car door, Amy spotted him and saw the angry look on his face, but she slowly shook her head and mouthed "No" to him. An instant later, the frat guy closed the front door. Dwight stopped and got back in his car. He was fuming as he drove away.

Amy continued to stand naked in the entryway as several other guys came in from nearby rooms. The nerdy guy stood up, spread out her panties between his hands, and looped them over something on a table. Amy looked more closely and saw that it was a phallic-shaped vibrator attached in an upright position to the table top. The nerdy guy said, "Maybe we'll have a ring toss game later in the evening? Except we won't be tossing rings!" Everyone except the naked girl laughed at this.

There was an awkward pause and then Don Seligman stepped forward. He shook her hand and said, "Hi, Amy. We've got a lot of work to do the next few hours. So, let me show you around."

The naked girl numbly said, "Hi, Don. Okay, what should I do?" And she followed him as he walked down a side hallway and into a big room. It was kind of like a gymnasium with a couple of basketball hoops pulled up into the rafters.

Seligman said, "Well, we're going to discuss that. And here are the other committee members." Brockington, Brown, the two Larsons, and Zacharias came over as soon as Amy walked into the room. Amy also noticed an older woman standing off to the side watching; the naked girl was relieved that there would be at least one other female around tonight.

And then Seligman waved to the older woman and said, "Come on over here, Mom, and meet Amy."

Amy smiled at her and they shook hands. Seligman said, "Amy, this is Gloria McFarland, our housemother. She's not actually the mother of any of us, but we call her 'Mom' anyway. We're really lucky to be one of the last few fraternities with a real live housemother."

But Amy's feeling of comfort was fading as she saw how McFarland was looking at her. The housemother said, "Well, hello, dearie. I'd ask you how you are, but the whole world can see how your body is doing, can't they? Please slowly turn around so I can see what we've got to work with."

Hesitantly, Amy did as she was asked. And then Mom slowly circled the naked girl for a second look. She paused in back and briefly squeezed Amy's bare butt cheeks, and then back in front, she lifted Amy's left breast for just a moment. Mom said, "Well, Don, you've got a very pretty one this time. Are you guys going to draw straws for turns with her?"

Seligman blushed and said to Amy, "Oh, Mom's such a joker." And turning to McFarland, he said, "No, Mom. As we told you, Amy's here to help us for tomorrow's auction. No funny stuff tonight. And please, no more touching. It's part of our agreement with Chancellor Knoxx."

The housemother continued in her mocking voice, "Oh, okay. I'll just watch to make sure you boys behave yourselves this evening. But remember, if you need any sexual advice tonight, I'll be right here." And she turned to Amy and said, "And that goes for you, too, dearie."

Seligman said, "All right, Mom, we'll remember that." He looked over at Ned Zacharias, and went on, "Ned, why don't you describe the physical setup and how we're going to run things tomorrow?"

Zacharias said, "Okay, Amy. As you see, we've got a platform over here with a podium on it. And the audience will sit in these chairs. Come on, let's go up on the stage."

Amy followed him up the few steps and onto the platform. She looked over and saw that about 40 chairs had been haphazardly set up, and she was puzzled because she thought they'd said they expected a hundred or so. But she just nodded as she turned back to Zacharias, who continued, "Phil Brockington here will run the auction from behind the podium. You will stand off to the side where everyone can see you. You will hold up each pair of panties as they are auctioned off. The winner will come up on stage, and the two of you will pose for a photo. The auction winner will select the pose of his own choosing. He can touch you, but not in a sexual way. For example, his arm over your shoulders is okay, but his hand on your breast is not."

Zacharias went on, "Steve Larson will be the photographer. The photo or photos will be transferred to the computer where Mitch will quickly process them and add them to the document. Mitch will discuss the computer setup with you in more detail later."

"We'll set up a card table here next to the stage, and Jamal Brown will handle the money and keep track of the various winners. All of the money will go to the Bancroft Foundation. Our goal is $1000. There will be a $5 admission charge, which should get about $500. And then we hope to get about $25 for each pair of the 20 or so panties for another $500. Any questions?"

The naked girl was already uncomfortable standing on the stage with the dozen or so guys looking at her. She thought, "Oh, this is going to be awful with a hundred or more people."

But aloud she said, "No, it sounds okay so far. What do you want me to do?"

Zacharias said, "Well, as you can see we've got some chairs set up. But the rows aren't very straight. We want you to get the chairs set up nicely including the rest of them."

Amy looked around the room to see where the other chairs were stored. She didn't see them immediately, and so she asked, "Where are the other chairs?"

Zacharias smiled and said, "They're in rental truck out back. The chairs you see here now belong to the fraternity; we rented 60 more along with the truck to haul them. Here are the truck keys. We'll let you get started with those chairs."

Amy took the keys and said, "Umm, okay. How is this going to work? Do you want me to hand the chairs to you guys? Or maybe the other way around so I can set them up?"

Zacharias smirked and said, "Well, actually, we're not going to do anything except watch. You're going to do it all. You're probably going to want to move the truck to one of the side doors to cut down the distance that you've got to carry them. It's all up to you. You're a smart woman; you can figure it out, okay?"

Amy was stunned and tears started to well up in her eyes. But she stiffened her back, thrusting out her boobs and in as strong a voice as she could muster said, "Okay, I guess I need to get cracking."

She had no idea where the side doors were located or where the truck was parked, but she resolutely walked down the steps and over to the opposite side of big room. She found a couple of doors, but they led into another hallway. A little farther on, she found a set of double doors with push bars. These looked more promising, and she opened one and found that it exited to the outside, but there was no sign of a driveway or a truck, just a sidewalk with a garden. This didn't look promising, and so she walked to what seemed to be the back of the big room where she found another double door. She opened this one and saw that there was a driveway just outside. She smiled and then looked back at the frat guys and yelled, "Okay, I found the door. Now, where's the truck?"

They all just smiled and shrugged their shoulders. Zacharias said, "Figure it out."

The naked girl was now very angry, but she knew she couldn't show it. And so, she just opened the door and walked out onto the driveway. She had kind of lost her bearings, and she didn't know exactly which way the street was. So, she started walking one direction, came to a gate and peered over it, and there was the street - no truck in sight. She walked back to the doors and then on past another zigzag bend in the driveway, and there in the parking lot she spotted a yellow Hertz moving truck.

She quickly darted over to the truck, tried the keys in the door lock, and she was glad when they worked okay. But now she had to figure out how to open the back compartment which was about 4 feet above the ground. Then, she noticed the lift that was folded up underneath the rear bumper. And a few minutes later she had figured it all out and had the truck running and the back door open.

In the meantime, this pretty naked girl rummaging around in the parking lot had attracted the attention of not only the Gamma members, but guys from two other nearby fraternities that shared the parking lot. And when she climbed out of the truck, she was surrounded by six college guys staring at her nude body.

She tried to act nonchalant and said, "Hey, guys, can you give me a hand? I need to back this thing back down the driveway to those side doors. I'll drive, but I need someone to guide me down that narrow drive."

One of the neighbor guys said, "Yeah, sure, Underpants Amy, I'm Dan and I'll help you. Chet will, too, won't you? But where are your underpants?"

Amy smiled and said, "Thanks, guys. I'm not permitted panties tonight." And without further explanation, she hopped back into the truck and put it in reverse. She had never driven a truck like this before, much less without shoes in the twilight in a narrow driveway in reverse - and in the nude.

The truck blasted its backup alarm as she slowly backed it down the driveway - beep, beep, beep, beep. She watched in the two side mirrors as the two guys monitored her progress; she got a bit too close to one side and the guy yelled, "You're too close. Veer back to the middle." And then she carefully maneuvered through the zigzag bend as the two guys continued to guide her. Finally, she had the truck back by the double doors. Amy hopped down out of the truck and came back to the guys. She said, "Thanks, guys. I really appreciate it."

Dan asked, "Can we help you with the chairs? It looks like there's a bunch of them."

Amy replied, "Thanks for the offer, but they told me to do it myself."

He responded, "Well, that sucks. What jerks!"

The nude girl just nodded, shook hands with them, and they left.

She went back to the building door and yanked on the door handle. Locked! She thought, "Oh, dammit." And she just started pounding on the door. After about 30 seconds, she was about to give up and try to find her way back to the front door. But then the door opened, and Zacharias held it open for her with a smirking grin on his face. She just glared at him and kicked down the doorstop so that the door would stay open.

Now she started the tedious process of unloading the chairs. She found that she could put 8 of them at a time on the lift and lower them to the ground. Then, she carried them 4 at a time, 2 under each arm, into the room. She felt her boobs wobble in front of her as she bent over slightly as she struggled along with the chairs. And of course, she felt the eyes of the collection of Gamma guys staring at her as they just sat or stood nearby.

It took her about an hour and a half to unload and set up the 60 chairs, and another 15 minutes or so to straighten out the 40 Gamma chairs. It was now almost 9 o'clock when she returned to the room after returning the truck to the parking lot. Her breasts were heaving and her skin was glistening with a damp sheen as she just tossed the keys back to Zacharias and said, "Okay, what's next?"

Zacharias looked over the gorgeous nude girl and said to his nearby friends, "Hey guys, you've heard the old saying - horses sweat, men perspire, but women glow. Well, how often to we get to see an all over glow such as this!"

He turned back to Amy and said, "Well, you did that very well. Please remember how you did it, because you'll get to do it in reverse tomorrow night."

Amy briefly closed her eyes and sighed, because that would add a couple of hours to Saturday night's embarrassment. Then, she looked at him and just nodded.

Zacharias went on, "Okay, shall we do the computer stuff now? Mitch, I'll hand her over to you now." And he grabbed Amy's hand and guided her back to the stage where Mitch Larson had set up a small folding table with a laptop computer and a printer.

Larson sat down in front of the computer and said, "Okay, Amy, let me show you what I've done. Here's a folder with the one-sheet documents that you emailed to me for all the days up through Tuesday. Do you have the one-sheets for Wednesday, Thursday, and today? What about tomorrow's? Also, Dr. Knoxx said you would bring yesterday's and today's panties with you this evening. Do you have those?"

Amy said, "Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. They're in my backpack. I'll go get them."

Larson said, "No, I'll send Ned." And he yelled over to Zacharias, "Hey, Ned. Go bring Amy's backpack." He turned back to Amy and said, "Okay, back to the computer."

The nude girl felt her breasts hanging conspicuously near his arm as she leaned over to look at the computer window showing the listing of the 16 documents. She brushed her hair aside and looked at him, but she noticed that he was looking at her boobs instead of her eyes. She said, "Well, Wednesday and Thursday's one-sheets are on BOSS - you know the Bancroft Online Storage for Students that the university provides us. If this is hooked up to the internet, I can download them from BOSS."

Just then, Zacharias returned with her backpack and Amy quickly got the two pairs of panties and handed them to Larson, who immediately handed them to Zacharias and said, "Make sure these are tagged and throw them into the bag with the others. And take her backpack back to entryway."

Larson continued to sit in the chair and said, "Now, where were we? Oh yeah, you want to get on BOSS; go ahead and login. And then drag them into this folder." She expected him to get up from the chair and let her sit down, but he just sat there. So, Amy sighed and reached her naked form across in front of him. It took her about a minute to use the keyboard and mouse in this awkward position to get the two files. She flinched a bit when she felt someone's clothing brush against her bare ass; she turned to see Zacharias and Steve Larson standing right behind her looking over her bare shoulders.

Mitch Larson said, "Okay, good. Now, what about today and tomorrow?"

Amy stood and moved a foot or so away so that the three guys weren't so close to her and she said, "Well, I haven't had time to do today's yet. Do you want me to do it now? And I can do tomorrow's just before the auction starts, okay?"

Larson said, "Sounds okay. How long does it take to write up today's one-sheet?"

She said, "Only five minutes or so. Can I sit in front of the keyboard?"

Larson smirked as he reluctantly got up and mockingly held the chair for the naked girl. She was surprised how cold the steel chairseat was on her bare butt considering that Larson had been sitting there for the last few minutes. Using her journalistic skills, she whipped out the document very quickly describing the previous evening's experiments at Wytham, the morning's art class posing, the afternoon Prime Cut auction, and the 5 o'clock meeting. Like all of the previous one-sheets, she carefully noted where her panties were during each of those times. But she didn't mention the glorious lovemaking session with Dwight in the park.

Larson took his seat again and said, "Umm, why didn't you mention setting up the chairs and the other things we're going to do this evening?"

Amy testily replied, "Remember that these one-sheets run from 5 PM to 5 PM, and so as far as these are considered, today is over. I'll describe tonight's goings-on in tomorrow's one-sheet. Okay?"

Larson replied, "Okay, I'm sorry, you're right. So now, let me use what you just wrote and fit it into the template that I've used for the other one-sheets."

A few seconds later, Amy blanched when she saw that he had added in a big font the title "Underpants Amy" with today's date. Then, she leaned in close to the screen again and read the following that he pasted in as the first paragraph:

*Amy Suzuki broke one of Bancroft's behavioral rules by streaking on the night of April 30 of this school year. She was punished severely for this infraction, and her punishment included being prohibited from wearing any clothes except for a pair of panties such as these. She was assigned to wear these panties by the Discipline Committee at approximately 6 PM on (fill in the previous date) and she wore them until approximately 6PM on (fill in the date here). There were periods during that time when she was required to remove these panties while performing community service activities in the nude. These panties were auctioned off with the proceeds going to the Bancroft University Foundation. The winning bid was made by (fill in winning bidder's name here) in the amount of (fill in the amount here). The rest of this document describes in her own words what happened to her and to her panties on that day.*

Her breasts quivered a bit as she read this, but she just quietly said, "Yes, that's okay."

Larson said, "Good. Now, let's take a couple of practice photos. And I'll show you how we're going to do that. Let's see, Jamal's got the last two days panties from your backpack, and we'll use today's panties for these photos. Jamal, come on up here."

After a moment, Larson continued, "Okay, Jamal. You get to pick the poses for the two photos."

Jamal Brown then said, "All right, Amy. Here's what I want for the first picture. We're going to stand side-by-side, each of us with an arm behind on the other's waist. Kind of arm-in-arm, like lovers do. And with our outside free hands, we'll hold up the panties between us below your boobs, but above your pussy, because we want those special spots in view."

Amy blushed, but she did as she was told. Steve Larson snapped 3 or 4 pictures of this pose, making minor adjustments to exposure and camera position.

Brown then said, "Okay, good. For the second one, I want to be kneeling while taking off your panties. You can put them on, but only up to your knees."

Amy blushed again as she pulled the panties up and left them bunched around her knees. She just stood there as Brown adjusted them, and Steve Larson took the pictures from his spot in front of the stage.

Mitch Larson then said, "Okay. This is not one of those fancy cameras that can send the pictures wirelessly. So, we need to get the memory card from the camera down there to the computer up here on the stage. You'll help us out here, Amy. After taking each set of photos, Steve will hand you the card and then you'll pass it here to me at the computer. I'll give you another card that you can give back to Steve. Kind of a shuttle arrangement. Let's give it a whirl."

From his spot on the floor, Steve took the card from his camera, and Amy started to walk down the steps. But Mitch said, "Uh, wait, Amy. You don't need to walk down there; that will take too long. Just bend over from the stage and Steve will hand it up to you."

Amy immediately realized their real intent was to show off her dangling breasts to the entire audience. Just another way to ratchet up the embarrassment! She sighed and bent way over to get the memory card from Steve's outstretched hand.

Then she turned and took it to Mitch at the computer. Mitch handed her another card, which she took over to the edge of the stage where she bent over again to hand it to Steve. She glanced from one Larson to the other and saw that each had a smirking grin on his face.

Mitch then quickly copied the photos from the card to the computer, decided which two photos to use, make some quick cropping adjustments, and then dragged them into the one-sheet document on the computer screen. And after a quick final check, he printed the document on the color printer. He brought it over to Amy, who just blushed in extreme embarrassment at seeing her naked image on the printed sheet. Amy thought, "This is embarrassing enough with just these few guys here. What is it going to be like doing it 20 times in front of an audience of a hundred people?!!"

Mitch said, "Well, I think the one-sheet turned out just fine. And the procedure seems to work. So, Ned, I guess I'm finished with her. What's next?"

Zacharias returned to the stage and said, "Good going, Mitch. And Amy, too. Now, we need to advertise this event. Amy, we want you to help us put up these posters. You may have noticed some on the campus bulletin boards already, but we want to put some up around town, too. We've got a small pickup truck out front with about 20 of these posters attached to stakes. Phil Brockington will drive and I'll ride shotgun. You can ride in back, and when I see an appropriate spot, you'll hop out and pound the stake into the ground. There aren't that many of them, and it shouldn't take us much more than an hour. Everything we need is already in the truck. So, Phil, Amy, let's get going."

Amy was stunned again. She'd be riding around in the rear of a pickup in the same way that a pet dog might. And this would be on city streets in the middle of the night. She sure hoped that Knoxx had really told the city police about her nudity. The naked girl just bowed her head and obediently followed the two guys out the back door, down the driveway, out the front gate, to the red pickup truck parked on the street. The two guys just smiled as they watched the pretty nude climb into the back of the truck.

The two men got into the truck and settled into the two bucket seats while naked Amy tried to figure out the best way to ride in back. She finally decided to sit on the floor and lean back against the truck cab. But the posters were stacked in that spot, and she had to shove them to the very back. As she was moving them, she glanced at one of the posters. There was just enough light from a nearby street light to let her see the picture of herself provocatively posed on the edge of Knoxx's desk with her fingers looped over the side edges of her panties; her face had kind of a come-hither look on it with a faint smile and her nipples were erect. She hadn't realized that she'd posed so seductively that night. As the truck started up, she almost started crying, because she knew her image would be plastered several places around town on these 18" by 24" posters.

After only a minute or so, the truck pulled to the curb, and Zacharias yelled, "Okay, Amy. There's a good spot over there by that fence. Use that hammer and pound that sucker into the ground."

The naked girl climbed out of the truck, reached back in for a poster and the hammer, and then scampered the ten feet or so over to the chain link fence. Her breasts wobbled wildly as she pounded the stake into the ground. It was right under a street light, and she could now read the inscriptions on the poster. In big letters across the top, the title read "Underpants Amy" and the writing below the photo said:

*Panty Auction
7PM Saturday, Gamma Gamma Theta House
Panties from Amy Suzuki's Punishment
Admission $5*

She climbed back into the truck, and as it took off, she was still kneeling in the truck bed at the back gate peering out at the road behind them. Her eyes filled with tears and her long pretty hair blew in her face as the truck raced along. She really did feel like that pet dog dutifully following its master's orders to stay in the rear of the pickup truck. It was the second time today that she had been made to feel like an animal; first, in the display pens, and now with her hair flying in the back of this little truck.

The subsequent stops didn't get any easier for the naked girl. She was totally embarrassed at displaying these posters which were inviting strangers to come look at her naked body and bid on her panties. And the temperature was dropping as the minutes went by; she noticed that the guys had rolled up the windows and probably turned on the heat while she sat naked and exposed in the back. There were a few cars that honked as they drove by, but mostly the streets were empty at this time of night, and Amy was thankful for that small favor. One city police car passed, but he didn't stop; Amy wasn't sure if the officer had seen her or not.

Finally, a little after 11 o'clock, they returned to Gamma house and parked in the street. The two guys were talking about sports as they walked to the front door. Amy was shivering as she followed them back into the house. Seligman was in the hallway to greet them and he said, "Well, how did it go? Any problems?"

Amy just slowly shook her head and Zacharias said, "Nope. We picked good spots for the posters. Hopefully, we'll attract a crowd."

Zacharias went over to the table and got her panties from the vibrator post. As he handed her the panties, he said, "Well, Amy, that about wraps it up. Here are your underpants. Do you need a ride back to your dorm? I'll even let you ride in the cab this time." He chuckled as he said the last part of that.

Amy was still shivering and said, "N-no, th-thanks. I'll-ll just c-call my b-b-boyfriend." With her panties still in her hand, she bent down to her backpack and got out her phone. She punched in the speed dial code for Dwight, and she wedged the phone between her ear and her shoulder as she awkwardly slid on her panties.

As Dwight answered, Amy said dully, "Hi, please come get me." And she hung up without saying goodbye.

She didn't say anything; she just stood on her tiptoes looking out the high window on the front door waiting for Dwight. At 11:15, she smiled as she saw his Taurus drive up. She yanked open the front door, and she heard Zacharias yell, "Bye, Amy. See you tomorrow night" as she ran down the short walk to the waiting car.

Dwight saw the anguished look on her face as she sat down. He reached over and took her left hand and said, "Oh, Amy. Was it as bad as it looks?"

She started crying and nodding her head. He said, "Your hand is really cold. Here, let me turn up the heat."

He sat there holding and rubbing both of her hands for a moment before she said, "Please, let's just go. I'll be okay once I get to your place."

**Chapter 67 - Alone with Dwight**

It was only a mile to Dwight's apartment, and Amy was looking forward to taking a warm shower. As they made one of the last turns, both of them spotted one of the panty auction posters. Amy didn't say anything, but Dwight slammed on the brakes and pulled over next to it. He said, "I don't think that was there earlier in the evening when I dropped you off. Did they put that up this evening?"

Amy nodded and quietly said, "Yeah, I put it up." She hadn't realized that she was so near his apartment when the frat guys told her to put up this poster next to the road.

Dwight was just about to say something, but Amy continued, "Please, Dwight, let's get inside. I'll tell you about it then."

But Dwight yanked on the door handle, started to get out of the car, and said, "In a minute. But first I'm going to take down that sign."

Amy grabbed his arm and said, "No, don't do that. Just leave it. I'll get in trouble if it disappears."

He slowly got back in the car, looked at the tears on her face, and quietly said, "Yeah, you're right. Oh, Amy, I'm so sorry. I just don't want to see you hurting like this."

They drove the last few blocks in silence. At the apartment, they scooted up the stairs and Dwight quickly opened the front door so Amy could get inside to warm up. Amy looked around and said, "Are we alone? Where's everyone else?"

Dwight replied, "Yes, we've got the place to ourselves tonight. Kevin left yesterday; he's a junior and there was no reason for him to stick around for the graduation ceremony. And Mark told me that Linda surprised him with some last minute plans to spend the night at a hotel downtown with a nice big jacuzzi in their room."

Amy smiled, because she realized that in their phone call a few hours earlier, Linda had picked up Amy's unspoken desire to be alone with Dwight tonight. Amy knew that her good friend had made sure that Mark would not be in the apartment tonight.

Dwight saw her smile and went on, "Oh, it's so nice to see you smiling. Come here and let me give you a big hug to warm you up."

Amy pressed her bare breasts against his sweatshirt and looked up into his eyes as he tightened his arms around her. After a minute or so, she said, "I think I'm going to take a shower. That will warm me up even more."

He said, "Want some company?" And Amy nodded enthusiastically. Dwight continued, "I'll turn up the furnace and you get the shower going. I'll be in to join you in a moment."

A half hour later after a hot shower and passionate sex, Amy rolled the condom off of his still erect cock. And then she tenderly wiped it clean with a tissue before snuggling down next to him on the bed.

She said softly, "You know, at dinner, we talked about some special positions we wanted to try tonight, but I'm really tired right now. Do you mind awfully much if I take a raincheck? Maybe tomorrow or Sunday?"

He smiled at her and said, "No, that's fine. And that reminds me that I need to tell you about some possible good news I got this evening." She leaned up on her elbow and he went on, "I've got a follow-up interview tomorrow with the recruiter from Jacobson Drillings about a possible job. They are a small oil drilling firm with headquarters near Boston. They must be serious, because they want to talk with me on campus for a couple of hours and then take me out to dinner. But that means I won't be able to pick you up after the art and wine thing tomorrow afternoon or to go to the auction tomorrow night."

She beamed at him and replied, "Hey, that's great news. And don't worry about me; I'll walk or get a ride after the art festival. And, umm, I'd actually prefer that you do not come to the panty auction."

Dwight looked at her and said, "But I'm worried about you, and I thought my presence would provide some moral support."

She was learning some new things about her new boyfriend today, and she realized that he had a protective side to him. She thought that was a good trait to have, but maybe not for this situation. She said, "I understand that, but I'd just rather that you not see me being embarrassed like that. I'm a big girl, and I'll deal with it myself."

He replied, "Well, okay, if that's what you want. But I'll pick you up afterwards."

She nodded and said, "And that reminds me that I need to look up the location of Maple Park. I don't think it's too far from here. Let's go look it up on the city web site." She pulled him up from the bed, and the naked couple walked into the living room, sat down on the couch, and fired up the laptop computer that was sitting on the coffee table. As it was booting, she giggled as he fondled her breasts.

Amy brought up the city map and said, "Yeah, there it is. Just three blocks over there." And she pointed out the window behind them.

But Dwight frowned and said, "Umm, you said the name was Maple Park, but the park near here is called Maplewood Park. I don't think they're the same thing. Let me look." He scrolled farther down the map on the screen and said, "There it is. It's on the south side of town in that newer subdivision."

Amy said, "Oh, god, I hope that's not it, because that would take a long time to walk there, 45 minutes, maybe even an hour. And why would they have a pre-graduation event so far from campus? Let's find the web site for the festival itself." After a quick Google search, she sighed and said, "Well, you're right. It's way over there. I sure don't want to walk almost naked all the way across town. But don't worry about me, I'll get a ride. And you knock their socks off at the job interview!"

He said, "Okay, let's hit the hay." And after an awkward pause, he added, "Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

Amy cringed as she remembered the afternoon sitting naked in the hay, but she said, "That's okay. Oh, and that reminds me of one more thing. I promised to tell you what happened tonight at Gamma house. You still want to hear?"

He answered, "Yeah, I would, but only if you want to tell me."

She said, "Uh, it's okay." And she spent several minutes telling him about setting up the chairs, doing the computer and camera stuff, and finally putting up the posters - all in the nude. When she finished, he silently pulled her into a tight embrace and kissed her on her forehead. He whispered, "Oh, Amy, I'm so sorry. It's almost one o'clock; we should go to bed." She just nodded, and she let him guide her back to the bedroom.

**May 19, Saturday**

**Chapter 68 - Body Painting**

The two naked lovers were jolted awake by Dwight's alarm clock and seconds later by Amy's cell phone alarm at 7 AM on Saturday morning. Dwight was covered by the sheet, but Amy lay there uncovered. She looked over at him and they smiled at each other. Then, she ripped back the sheet and said, "If I can't use a sheet, then neither can you." And she laid her naked body on top of his. Within moments, she felt his cock getting hard against her stomach. She chuckled and said, "Your aim's not very good this morning, sir. That thing doesn't belong against my tummy." And she grabbed a condom from the bedside table and slid it onto him. Still on top, she guided the now rock solid cock into her pussy. She smiled down at him and said, "There. Now, it's properly located. Make love to me, big guy." He buried his face between her boobs, and they spent the next few minutes having glorious sex.

After snuggling for a couple of more minutes, Amy climbed out of bed and said, "I'm going to take another shower. Can you fix breakfast for us?"

He said, "Sure" as he watched the gorgeous naked lady walk across the hall to the bathroom. They smiled at each other while she turned on the shower and climbed in. The bathroom door remained open as they both knew was required.

Dwight was dressed and standing in the kitchen when she came out of the bathroom still naked. She asked, "Where are my panties? I thought I left them in the bathroom, but they're not there."

At first, he thought she was joking, but a quick look at her face told him that she was serious. He gave her a puzzled look and said, "Sorry, Amy. I don't know. The last I saw was when you walked into the bathroom last night. When I joined you in the shower, you weren't wearing them."

Amy knew that she probably wouldn't be wearing them very much today anyway, but she also knew that if she reported to the 5 o'clock meeting without them that she would be punished somehow. She was growing a bit worried, but she wasn't frantic yet. Dwight continued, "Come on over and eat breakfast, and then we'll search for them together in a few minutes."

They watched the early morning news on the Boston TV channel as they ate cereal and drank coffee. Not much was said, and Dwight could tell that she was worried.

After they finished, Dwight said, "Okay, let's think about this logically. It's 8:05 now, and we need to leave at 8:30 to get you there by 8:45. So, we've got 25 minutes to find your underwear. They're beige, right?" Amy nodded. He continued, "Let's re-trace your steps from last night. We were hugging right here, and then when I went over to the thermostat to turn up the heat, you walked into the bathroom, right?"

Amy hesitated and said, "Oh, goodness. Did I go straight to the bathroom or did I go into the bedroom first?"

They spent a couple of minutes talking back and forth like this before he said, "Sounds to me like you went directly to the bathroom. I know you already searched there, but maybe a second set of eyes will help." And they went into the bathroom together. There weren't that many places to look in that room. They even emptied the clothes hamper out onto the floor.

Amy was getting more and more worried now, and she said, "Oh, shit. How could I be so dumb? What is Knoxx going to do to me now? Is a stupid pair of lost panties going to cost me my college degree?" Tears started to form in her eyes as she knelt on the bathroom floor. Dwight bent over and rubbed her bare shoulders as she started to put the dirty clothes back into the hamper. The last item was a big light brown towel, and as she picked it up, the panties tumbled out onto the floor. She let out a gasp and said, "Oh, thank heavens. Look, they're almost exactly the same color as the towel, and the two things must have been wadded up together." She slipped them on, and Dwight gave her a big hug.

A few minutes later, they left. Amy picked up her backpack and patted her own ass just to make sure that she really did have her panties on.

It took about 15 minutes to drive across town. Amy was happy to see that the park was in a mostly upscale part of town, but she had noticed that the route they took to get there went through the same seedy part of town as she was in yesterday at the Prime Cut auction. Even though she had told Dwight that she would get a ride, she was not at all sure who she could ask. And so she was afraid that she would really have to walk back to campus from here afterall. And she sure didn't want to walk almost naked through the seedy section. She didn't say anything to Dwight, but she just wasn't certain about another route to take to get her back to Knoxx's office at 5 PM.

As they pulled up to Maple Park, they spotted one of the panty auction posters across the street. Dwight said, "Did you put that up?"

Amy answered, "I guess I must have. But it was dark, and I wasn't paying close attention to where we were. I was just being the obedient little naked robot girl doing what I was told." She was trying to be funny with the last comment, but neither of them laughed.

It was 8:40 AM, and Amy sighed, "Well, I guess I have to do this. Give me a big hug for luck?" And they awkwardly leaned across the center console and embraced for several seconds. She said, "I'll call you after the auction, probably 10 o'clock or so." She broke the embrace and started to open the car door when she looked back and said, "And, boyfriend, break a leg at your interview. I just know you'll get that job. I love you!" And she hopped out of the car.

There weren't many people around, but the few that were stared at the almost nude girl as she walked into the booth area. Amy guessed that these were vendors or artists putting their work up for sale. She wasn't exactly sure where to go, but this seemed like a main aisle. She glanced back at the street and saw that Dwight was still sitting there in his car looking at her. She smiled and then gave him a mocking wave as if to say "Go on, get out of here." She watched as he drove away.

Amy smiled and nodded at people as she walked along, and then she spotted a big tent in the middle, which seemed like it matched Whiteside's description. She paused at the entrance to the tent, took a deep breath, and pulled the canvas flap aside and stepped in. Several people turned to look at the beautiful bare-breasted girl who had just walked in. Amy looked around and saw Whiteside waving at her from the back corner.

Amy walked over and stopped in front of the drawing class instructor and said, "Good morning, Professor." Whiteside grasped Amy by her shoulders, looked her up and down, and then hugged her briefly. Amy felt very awkward about the seemingly warm welcome from this person who she considered to be an adversary rather than a friend.

Whiteside guided Amy a few steps farther on and said, "Amy, you remember my sister, Valerie Steadman?"

Amy smiled briefly as they shook hands, and she said, "Yes, with the boys' soccer team."

Valerie also gave Amy the full up-and-down scan, and she said, "Ah, our star for the day has arrived." She reached for Amy's backpack saying, "You won't be needing this today; I'll store it here under the table. And please remove your panties. You won't be needing them today, either. Quickly please. We need to get you ready."

The several people in the tent turned to watch Amy slowly slide her panties down her legs. After she stepped out of them, she dangled them from her fingers. Valerie grabbed them from Amy's hand and looped them over a little knob on the side of the tent pole; Valerie said, "That looks like a good spot for them for the next several hours."

Now, both sisters, Whiteside and Steadman, circled the naked girl, and said some things in French that Amy did not understand. Steadman said, "Please, dear, spread your legs. I need to see how smooth you are down there."

Amy wasn't sure where this was going. What did the woman mean by "smooth"? But she spread her legs and then let Steadman spread them even further. Steadman knelt in front of Amy and peered at her wide spread pussy. More French conversation between the sisters, and then Whiteside said, "Amy, ma cherie, please bend over so we can inspect you from behind; keep your legs apart, please. Here you can put your hands on the seat of this chair to brace yourself."

Amy blushed as she followed the instructions, and a moment later, she felt Steadman lightly brush her pussy lips. And Steadman said, "There's a little bit of hair down here, too." The woman patted Amy on her butt and said, "Amy, you can stand up now."

The two women came around and faced the naked girl. Steadman said, "Oh, Amy, I detected a bit of dampness and a hint of arousal down there. Did you have sex this morning?"

Amy blushed even deeper and whispered, "Yes."

Steadman lifted and tweaked Amy's left breast and said, "Well, good for you, girl."

After a moment's pause, Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy. Have you ever looked at the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue in the last few years?" Amy nodded and Whiteside went on, "Well then, you probably saw the pictures of the girls covered only in paint. And that's what we want to do with you today. Body painting. Your body is going to be the canvas for some very artistic designs."

Amy bit her lip and gulped. She thought to herself, "So, this will be the adornments that Knoxx was referring to." Aloud, she said, "Okay. How is this going to work?"

Whiteside said, "Well, I was just getting to that. First, we'll need to shave all of the hair off of your body - at least from the neck down. Especially, down here." And she brushed her hand through Amy's strip of pubic hair. "Your underarms and legs seem to be okay. So, I guess we'll just do your pubes including underneath where Val noticed a few stray hairs."

Amy gulped and Whiteside went on, "Then, Val and I will sketch out the design on your body. Each design will basically be like a swimsuit. And then we'll let the others fill in the colors. You know, kind of like painting by the numbers. We will tell the others what colors to use where. Sounds pretty simple doesn't it? Any questions?"

Amy asked quietly, "Who are the 'others' that you mentioned?"

Whiteside replied, "Oh, anybody who wants to pay $5. And once again, you'll be doing the university foundation a big favor, because the money we raise will be donated to them."

Steadman interrupted at this point, "Actually, $5 is the minimum. That's for the non-premium spots like shoulders, back, and tummy. But these spots go for $10." She tweaked Amy's boobs again. "And back here goes for $10 as well." She squeezed Amy's butt cheeks. "And then this primo spot goes for $20." And she touched Amy's pussy just above the clit.

Tears welled up in her eyes as Amy realized that her body would be used to make money again. It was for the same good cause, but it's not what nice girls like her did with their bodies. Perfect strangers would be paying for the right to drag paint brushes across the most intimate parts of her body.

Steadman saw the tears and said, "Oh, come now, girl. This could be fun. Enjoy it. I did it myself years ago, and it was kind of stimulating. But at the very least, you will get used to it by the end of the day. We're going to try to do 5 different designs on you. The paint washes off easily, and so after the painting, we'll take a few photos and then wash you off. And then we'll start again. We'll give you a couple of bathroom breaks plus a short lunch break. And then we'll wrap it up by a little before 5 this afternoon."

Through her tears, Amy asked softly, "Dr. Whiteside, can you give me a ride back to Kameron this afternoon? I need to be there at 5 o'clock for the meeting."

Whiteside answered, "Sure. I'll make sure that someone gets you there by 5. Now, we need to get started with the shaving. We don't have a professional like Mr. Lindstrom, but it's only this little strip plus a few other hairs. So, Val and I are going to do it." She rubbed her hand through Amy's "landing strip" and slightly tugged on the strands of hair.

Whiteside added, "Here, Amy, hop up on this table and lie on your back."

Amy looked over and saw the big craft table with a plastic sheet covering it. And she cringed when she saw the ropes attached to the legs at the four corners. But she did as she was told and felt the cool plastic on her bare back and butt.

Whiteside said, "Good. Now, spread your legs, and I'll tie them down. And just to be sure you don't move around, let's do your hands as well."

A minute later, Amy was spread eagled on the table, and she looked up to see the gathering crowd around the table to watch. She squirmed when Whiteside idly walked her fingers across Amy's bare stomach. Whiteside said, "I think Lindstrom's idea of using a tummy strap is a good one, don't you?"

From her bound position, Amy just mumbled, "Yeah, I guess."

Whiteside said, "Now, what can I use for that? I don't see any straps around here; so, I think I'll just wrap rope around your waist several times. Raise your butt up in the air and hold it there for a moment while I loop this around you."

Amy raised her mid section and looked between her breasts at her elevated body. She blushed as she saw her pubic area being so prominently displayed. And then she felt the rough rope being dragged under her and then up across her tummy.

Whiteside looped it around her four times and then said, "Okay, mon amie, lower your pretty tush back to the table, and I'll tie off this rope." Amy gasped as the scratchy rope tightened around her bare waist and was tied off on the side of the table.

Amy was now securely tied down to the table just like she had been in Knoxx's office. But this time there were a lot more people around, and she was outdoors in this tent. She felt a slight breeze come through the tent and along her wide spread pussy lips. She lifted her head and gazed at her spread out body, and she saw the goosebumps forming on her heaving breasts.

Whiteside looked down at her pretty naked subject, and as she was lathering up the shaving cream in her hands, she said wistfully, "It's actually a shame to shave this off. Lindstrom did such a nice job on it, and it was such a pleasing contrast to Eva's smoothly shaven pussy. But since your days of posing for my classes are over, it doesn't really matter. And we certainly want this part of your body canvas to be smooth for our painters, n'est pas?"

Amy didn't answer. She just closed her eyes and waited for the inevitable. And a moment later, she felt Whiteside fluff up her strip of dark pubic hair followed shortly by the woman clipping it away with a pair of scissors so that the hair was down to a fine stubble. Then, Whiteside laid a warm wet washcloth across Amy's pussy for several seconds before applying the shaving cream in blobs over the entire area.

Whiteside said, "Well, Valerie, she's all yours." And Steadman stepped forward with a long straight razor and began dragging it across Amy's pubes. Amy flinched a tiny bit, and Steadman said sharply, "Hold still. We don't want any nicks down there, do we?" Steadman used her fingers to hold the skin taut as she shaved the area where Amy's strip used to be. And she shaved the surrounding area just to be sure that it was all evenly smooth. Steadman wiped the area clean with the wet washcloth, and then she and Whiteside surveyed the work so far. Each of them dragged a fingernail, and Whiteside pointed out a tiny spot that needed to be smoother. Steadman applied another blob of cream and quickly shaved it smooth.

Steadman looked Amy in the face and said, "Okay, pretty lady, we need to do the ones underneath now. So, we want you to spread your thighs as far apart as you can. And then we'll attack those little guys."

Amy strained against the ropes to get her thighs as wide apart as possible. Steadman shook her head and said, "Not far enough. Marie, reach in there and open her thighs for me."

Amy just lay there as Whiteside reached across her pubic area and put her hands on Amy's inner thighs and pushed them apart. Steadman looked up into Amy's pussy using a little flashlight, and she flicked a couple of hairs near the lips. But Steadman shook her head and said, "I can't get in there from here. We need to do those from behind. Undo her and then, Amy, I want you to kneel on the table with your butt facing me."

Amy stretched her arms and legs for a few seconds after Whiteside untied her, and then she turned over and knelt on all fours as Steadman had requested. Her breasts dangled enticingly below.

Steadman spread Amy's legs, and said, "Bend over and put your head on your hands; that will open up things back here."

Amy remembered this embarrassing position from the first Wytham visit and Lindstrom's pubic trimming. She trembled slightly as she rested her head on her arms.

The two sisters jabbered away in French for several seconds, and then Amy felt fingers gently stroking her pubic lips. Steadman said, "Good, Amy. Now, be really, really, really still while I shave away these little suckers. I'm going to lather you up and then run this really sharp razor right along your lips." Amy took a deep breath and then held it as she made her body rigid. She felt two hands pull her butt cheeks apart as another hand applied the shaving cream. Steadman said, "Okay, hold still. Here goes." Amy felt the sharp blade slowly scrape along her very private lips.

There was a collective sigh of relief as Steadman wiped the area clean with the towel. Amy held the position as instructed while the two sisters carefully inspected their work. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy, get up, and let everyone have a look."

Amy slowly climbed down off of the table and shyly stood there with her arms at her sides as everyone present looked at her cleanly shaven pussy. Whiteside then guided the naked girl over to a full length mirror, and Amy saw for the first time her hairless pussy. She thought to herself, "Oh, god, it hasn't looked like that since I was seven years old!"

Whiteside said, "Ah, très bon. Now, let's get on with the real show for the day. Let's take a few photos and print them so we can sketch out our thoughts on paper rather than on this pretty female canvas." Steadman led Amy over to the side of the tent and used the white canvas as a backdrop for the pictures. Before snapping the first photo, she pinned up Amy's hair so that it wouldn't get in the way of either the paper sketching or the body painting.

Amy stood there numbly as Steadman took a photo from the front, one from each side, and finally another from the rear. Then, Steadman scurried off with the camera to the computer and printer at the front of the tent. Amy just stood there and waited for Whiteside to come over and tell her what to do next. And a moment later, Whiteside did come over, smiled at her, and silently led the gorgeous nude out the back of the tent onto the lawn.

Whiteside said, "While my sister is printing those pictures, let me describe how this is going to work. This is where you're going to be standing for the rest of the day. It's in the shade now, but later it will be sunny and then back in the shade in the afternoon. The change in lighting will add interest to the project as the day goes on. We sure hope you're not susceptible to sunburn, because we don't want to use any sunblock on you; it would just interfere with the paint. I would think with your light olive colored skin that burning is not a problem. N'est pas?"

Amy just stood there for a moment before she realized that the instructor was asking her a question. She said, "Oh, sorry. No, I don't burn easily. I should be okay today."

Whiteside went on, "Very good. Now, as I said, Val and I will draw the outline of the design on you. We're mostly going to use these little paint sticks; they look like Magic Markers, but they hold paint rather than ink. They're good for drawing lines, but not so good for covering large areas of your skin. We'll let the customers use paint brushes to apply most of the paint on you, but we'll keep these handy in case a customer wants to use one."

She continued, "We'll let you stand in the grass, but we'll put down plastic sheets for the customer to stand or kneel on so they don't get their clothes too dirty. We'll also give the customers a smock to wear. We thought about having you stand on plastic, but we thought it was a bit more artistic for your bare feet to be in the grass. Sort of like communing with nature. N'est pas?"

Amy just nodded as Whiteside rambled on, "We've never done this before, and so we don't know how long each design will take. We're going to start out with a simple one and see how it goes. But we'd really like to do 5 today and get about a hundred dollars each time. After each one is finished, we'll take some photos, and we'd really like to see a smile on your face." She reached up and lifted each side of Amy's mouth. "I don't think we've seen you smile yet today. But it would help business and provide better photos, if you did. Okay?"

Amy gave her a brief smile and said, "Okay." And then she returned to her passive expression.

Whiteside continued, "After each photo session, we'll wash you off. Actually, it will be a customer who will do that. We're going to charge $10 for the privilege of hosing you down. We'll do that over there next to those bushes where there's a faucet. Sorry, we don't have a hot water tap available, and so, it might be a bit cool, but you'll survive. We'll give the customer a washcloth and sponge to use on you, and then a towel afterwards. Hmmm, anything else? Well, my naked friend, what do you think? Any questions?"

Amy was still pretty stunned at what was happening to her, and she almost blurted out, "What do I do with my hands? Can I talk? Can I hold a bottle of water? Can I . . ."

Whiteside interrupted, "Whoa, slow down. Oh, here comes Valerie. I'll answer your questions and then we'll talk about the sketch photos." As Steadman joined them, Whiteside said, "I've explained the procedures to Amy, and I'm just about to answer her questions."

She turned back to the naked girl and said, "Let's see. Your hands? I guess just hold them out of the way at your side or behind your butt. But you know your rules - no covering up. Umm, talking? Let's say, no talking unless you are asked a question. Water? Well, they've got a cute little water cart that comes around, and we'll get you a bottle from there. But let's leave it over by the tent and you can motion to one of us to bring it to you. And you were about to ask something else?"

Amy hesitated trying to remember and then said, "Oh, yes. Does it matter what way I face? Can I turn to avoid looking into the sun?"

Whiteside looked at Steadman and shrugged before saying, "No, I don't think it matters which direction you're facing. But if the customer wants you to turn, please do as you're asked. Anything else?"

Amy quietly said, "No, that's all."

Steadman then took control and said, "All right. I see that we've got a line of customers already forming. So, we need to hurry here. We're going to sketch the design on these pictures first, making any necessary changes on paper, and then do the outline on your body." She held up several sheets of paper, each one had four color pictures on it. These were the four profiles of Amy's naked body - front, right, back, and left - that were taken earlier. Steadman went on, "Marie, you said you had an idea for a simple one to get us started?"

Whiteside replied, "Oui. You know how all the ladies on Ipanema beach wear skimpy thongs? Well, I guess not all of them, and many of them that are wearing thong suits really shouldn't be." She turned to Amy and went on, "Now, this gorgeous girl could certainly wear a thong on that famous beach, but there are a couple things preventing that right now. First, we're not in Rio de Janeiro, and second, she's not allowed to wear clothes right now - even such a skimpy suit as a thong. So, we need to pretend that we're on that lovely beach, and we need to paint a black thong onto this beautiful nude body. Here, let me sketch my idea on one of those sheets."

Whiteside grabbed one of the sheets from her sister, and using a fine tip black marker, drew a tiny triangle over Amy's pussy, thin straps up to high on the hips, a slightly bigger triangle on each boob, a strap connecting the two boob cups, and straps from the cups up to behind her head. She skipped the side views and on the rear view, she drew the lines from high on the hips down to the ass crack where she added a very tiny triangle. And then she added the bra strap across the back.

She said, "All in black. We can sell the pussy spot, the two boob spots, and the butt spot. But only a few non-prime spots. So, we'll only get about $70 for this one, but it will give us an idea how the concept is working."

Steadman said, "Very good, sister; I like it. Let's bring the crowd over, and let them watch as we outline the spots on this pretty naked canvas." She motioned to one of the other attendants who was holding up a rope to keep the crowd back. There were about 15 people who gathered around Amy and the two sisters. All but 3 of the group were men.

Steadman waited for the crowd to calm down and said, "Good morning, everyone. We're going to try something different this year. We are incredibly fortunate to have the services of this pretty lady for the day. This is Amy Suzuki, and some of you may know her story, but for the rest of you, let me briefly describe why she is here naked today. She was caught streaking a few weeks ago, and she is being punished by the college for that. Part of her punishment is to help us with body painting today. Here's how it's going to work. My sister and I are both artists; she's a professional; I'm just an amateur. We're going to sketch out the design on Amy's body, and then you will have the opportunity to purchase the right to fill in the areas in our outline. Like all women, Amy has some very special spots, and we are going to charge more to fill in those special spots. Specifically, we charge $20 to paint over her vagina area, $10 for each breast, $10 for her buttocks, and then $5 for the other spots. Now, my sister is going to draw the outline, and then you folks can purchase the rights to fill in. Okay?"

Whiteside stepped forward holding Amy's hand and said, "Good morning. All of our designs are going to simulate swimsuits, and this first one is very simple. It's a tiny Brazilian thong. I'm going to sketch it with this paint stick, and you folks can use either a brush or this paint stick for your work. Now, let me get started."

She started on Amy's left boob by drawing a triangle around the areola. Then, a matching one on the right breast. Followed by the straps around the neck, between the two triangles, and around to the back. Amy flinched a bit on the second triangle, which caused the line to be a bit crooked; Whiteside whispered sternly, "Hold still."

Then she knelt down in front of Amy and drew the top line of the triangle about an inch above the top of her pussy lips. That line was slightly curved as Whiteside extended it only a couple of inches towards Amy's hip. At the natural dip between the right thigh and the tummy, Whiteside drew two lines up for the thin thong strap up high on Amy's hip. She drew a matching set of lines on the left side. Around in back, she drew a small triangle right at the start of Amy's ass crack, and continued the strap lines from the hip down to the rear triangle. And lastly, she tapped Amy on the inner thigh, and after Amy dutifully spread her legs, Whiteside drew a line on either side of her pussy from the front triangle to the rear one. Again, Amy squirmed at the intimate touch of the felt tip paint stick. As Whiteside stood up, she leaned into Amy's ear and crossly whispered, "What did I tell you? Quit squirming."

Steadman stepped up again and spoke, "Okay. We've got the outline drawn. Now, let's see if we can sell the painting rights. Let's start with the high price territory - her vagina." She turned to the man nearest her and said, "How about you, sir? Do you want to fill in the vagina? Ooops, I said that wrong. Do you want to paint her groin area?"

The middle-aged man nodded his head enthusiastically, reached for his wallet, and said, "You bet."

Just then, a younger man on the other side of the crowd yelled, "Hey, I was in line ahead of him, and I want to paint her pussy."

Several other men almost simultaneously shouted, "Hey, me, too!"

Steadman gave a worried look over at Whiteside, who just shrugged her shoulders. Steadman then waved her arms and said, "Okay, okay, okay. Everybody, settle down." She waited a few moments before continuing, "All right. Let's figure this out. Everybody who would like to paint Amy's vaginal area, please raise your hand." And six men quickly thrust up a hand.

Steadman then said, "Well, we didn't expect this. So, why don't we have a little informal auction? The bidding will start at $20 with a minimum increment of $5. So, do I hear $20?" And all 6 men yelled $20. "How about $25?" Again, all six. "$30?" Only two men responded. "Okay, now we're getting somewhere. $35?" And one of the guys shot up his hand and yelled "$50 for that pretty pussy!" Steadman looked over at the other bidder, who just shook his head. And Steadman yelled, "The vagina goes for $50!"

The man stepped forward expecting to start painting, but Steadman held up her hand and said, "Hold your horses, sir. Let's get the other spots sold off. All right, let's do the left breast next. Same procedure except this starts at $10. Do I hear ten for a tit?" Several responses. "How about $15?" Still several. "Twenty?" A couple. "$25?" Pause. And finally a guy said, "Yeah, I'll go twenty five." Steadman replied, "Anyone else? No? Left breast for $25."

And so the bidding went. Amy's right boob also went for $25; her butt for $20; and the hip straps for $15 each. The upper straps went for $5 each. All the winners were men except for the lady who bid $20 for her butt. And naked Amy stood there aghast that her body parts were auctioned off so impersonally.

Steadman said, "Okay, now the real fun begins. We're going to start at the top. Let's do the left breast first, and if the winner will come up, I'll show you how to begin."

Amy continued to just stand there with an oh-well-there's-nothing-I-can-do-about-it look on her face as the young man walked up. He was obviously a college student, but Amy didn't recognize him.

Steadman said to him, "Hello. You get to be first, congratulations. Now, I think you're going to want to use a brush rather than this little paint stick, because you've got to fill in this little triangle." And she dragged her finger around the lines drawn on Amy's boob. Again, Amy flinched and Steadman gave her a stern look.

Steadman went on, "For your protection, we will lend you this artist's smock, and I'll lay down this plastic sheet for you to stand on. And just for grins, here's an artist's cap that you can wear as well." And she put the beret-like hat on his head.

She spread out the plastic sheet on the ground in front of the naked girl and handed the guy a small can of black paint and a smallish paint brush.

The guy stepped onto the plastic sheet only a foot or so from Amy, and he said, "Hi, Amy; I'm Gil. Nice to meet you." Amy gave him a wane smile and replied softly, "Hi, Gil." But she immediately wondered if she should have said that; she glanced over at Whiteside, who was slowly shaking her head and giving Amy a hard look.

Tentatively, Gil dipped the brush into the can and brought out a fully loaded brushful of paint. And he slowly dabbed it right on her nipple, which was pretty much in the center of the triangle. Amy tried to remain still, but her boob jiggled just a bit, and the paint dripped from her tit down to her left foot landing on the middle toe. Steadman was watching and said, "Spread it around in the triangle, but then try a little bit less paint the next time you dip the brush."

Gil laughed as he brushed the paint around Amy's areola and the surrounding breast. Then, he knelt down so that he could see the bottom line of the triangle which was drawn on the underside of Amy's boob, and he carefully painted the underneath part. Amy could feel her nipple begin to tighten up, and she was sure that Gil noticed that as well.

It didn't take too long for him to fill in the little triangle, and he stood back and admired his work. He handed the can and brush back to Steadman, and he said, "Thanks. That was really fun. And thanks to you Amy, as well." Amy just nodded and gave him another wane smile.

Steadman helped him take off the smock and the cap, and she said, "Okay, now the right breast. Will the winner please step up?" And an older man, probably 60 or so, came up. Steadman set him up the same way, and Amy just stood there as the man filled in the triangle on the right breast. As he finished, he gave her tit a quick flick with the tip of the brush.

Then came a man who used the paint stick to fill in the strap from the top of one triangle, around the back of her neck, and down to the top of the other triangle. And the next guy drew the strap from the sides and around her back. And finally, a guy who did the short strap between the two triangles; he looked disappointed that his strap was so short and that he finished so fast.

Before continuing, Steadman said, "Okay, everyone, we've got the top on her. And this is the first brassiere-like thing that Amy has worn in 3 weeks." Amy just stood there passively as the crowd looked at her naked-from-the-boobs down body.

Steadman gave them a long pause to look and then continued, "Now, let's do the really fun stuff. Where's that pussy winner? Sorry, that's a little gross, but you know what I mean." And the guy who had bid $50 came up. He was another college student, and Amy had seen him around campus, but she didn't know him personally.

He waved his hands to the crowd as if he'd just won an election, and then he turned, shook Amy's hand, and said, "Well, hello, Underpants Amy. But I'm sure glad you don't have your underpants on now, because we're going to get to be really close friends in the next few minutes. Oh, by the way, my name is William, but you can call me Will for short." Amy just stared at him and said nothing as they shook hands.

Steadman outfitted him with the smock and cap followed by the can of paint and a brush. Then, Will knelt down in front of the naked girl, put down the can and brush, and used his hands to spread apart her thighs. Amy obediently spread her legs, and she knew that her pussy was now open and that the guy was staring at it from just inches away. He made a show of looking at it from various angles as if trying to figure out how to attack the little project.

He picked up the brush, dipped it in the can, and said, "There's this one really, really special tiny spot that I think I'll do first." And he dabbed a drop of paint on her partially exposed clit. Her thighs quivered just a bit, but she held her ground. He leaned back and looked at her pussy again before dipping the brush in the can for the second time. And now he started to paint the top part of the little triangle above her pussy. That only took a few seconds, and then he started painting the pussy lips themselves. Amy felt the tip of the brush creeping just slightly into her pussy as Will did the inside of her lips. He used the thin brush handle to tap her inner thighs again, and she spread out even farther. He looked in underneath and painted the outlined area between her legs.

But then he backed out and asked Steadman, "Where do I stop in there? I don't see a line showing how far to go."

Steadman replied, "Well, as you can see, things are a little tight down there. So, you should just go to the perineum. You know, the spot between her anus and her vulva. The butt winner will do from the perineum back."

Amy blushed at hearing her body described in such intimate detail, but she held her legs well apart as Will knelt way down again and finished his painting job.

As he finished, he asked Steadman, "Do you have a wet rag? It's starting to drip down her leg just a tiny bit."

Steadman handed him a damp paper towel, and he wiped away the drip that was forming just below her pussy on her right leg. He stayed down there for several more seconds just to make sure that there weren't any new drips forming.

He stood up and gave the crowd another election winner wave. Then, he shook hands with Steadman and Amy. He whispered to Amy, "I hope you get your underpants back, but not too soon!" She just glared at him.

Steadman said, "All right. Let's have the butt person come up." As an older woman walked up, Steadman added, "Ah, that's right. We had a female winner for Amy's butt."

The woman and Steadman shook hands, and then the woman shook hands with Amy and said, "Hello, dearie. I'm Janice." Amy looked her over and based on the graying hair guessed that the woman was in her mid 50's.

Steadman was just about to say something when there was a sound of bells ringing nearby, almost like sleigh bells. And Steadman smiled and raised her hand and said, "Ah, that must be the water cart coming around. Let me pause for a moment to buy Amy a bottle of water."

Amy turned her head and was surprised to see a cute little Shetland pony pulling a small cart with many water bottles sticking out of a tub of ice. The pony was being led by two teenagers, a boy and a girl, who stared and then smirked when they saw the partially painted naked girl standing there.

Steadman said, "Please, ladies and gentlemen, here's a not so subtle sales pitch. Please, buy some water from these young people. It's for another good cause; the proceeds will help fund the high school choir's trip to Britain this summer. They're not actually going to the Shetland Islands where this pony is from, but they will be going to nearby Scotland. My daughter is part of the choir, and she's looking forward to the trip."

Steadman and several other people from the crowd went over and bought bottles of water. Steadman held it out to Amy and said, "Want some?" Amy nodded her head and took the bottle. After a few swigs, she said "Thanks" and handed it back to Steadman who said, "It will be right over here in the cooler by the tent. Just wave when you want some more."

The crowd gathered back around the naked girl and Steadman said, "Now, we have Janice here who will be filling in the triangle on Amy's butt as well as completing the crotch part underneath. Janice, since you've seen how the other budding artists have done things, I don't think you really need any further instructions from me. So, here's the smock, cap, brush, and paint. You might want to use the paint stick in the tight places, but I'll let you decide that."

Janice rubbed her hands together very quickly, took Amy by her bare shoulders, and turned her around. She knelt down, grabbed the paint brush, dipped it in the can, and with an air of authority, quickly filled in the small triangle just above Amy's ass crack. Then, she reached her hands between Amy's thighs signaling the naked girl to spread her legs, which she did. Janice then lay down on the ground facing up with her head between Amy's legs and used the paint stick to complete the thin strip between the front and rear triangles. Then, Amy blushed as she felt Janice spread her butt cheeks with one hand and draw the felt tip paint stick on both sides of her asshole. When she finished, Janice confidently gave Amy a hard slap on the ass.

Steadman said, "Okay, good job, Janice. Now, we're almost done. Only these two thin straps." And she traced her fingers through the outline on Amy's left hip from front to back. "Let's have both of the gentlemen who will be doing these straps come on up here, and we'll do both of these at the same time."

One of them was middle aged and the other was another student, who Amy did not know. They both shook her hand, but she didn't catch either name. These straps were done very fast as they each used a paint stick to fill in the lines.

Steadman returned to Amy's side and raised Amy's arm as if she were a winning boxer. Steadman said, "Well, everyone, what do you think? Our naked lady is now no longer naked. I want to thank those of you who did the painting. Now, we're going to take a few photos for posterity, wash her off, let her rest for a bit, and then start all over again with a new design on her naked body. Feel free to come back; Amy will be here all day long. And remember, this is all for a good cause - the Bancroft University Foundation."

Just then, a man walked up from the tent and whispered something in Steadman's ear. Steadman then said to the crowd, "Oh, a couple of more things. I forgot to ask if anyone wants to help wash off Amy. We're charging $5 for that privilege. Any takers?" After several guys raised their hands enthusiastically, Steadman sighed and said, "Well, I guess we'll have to auction off that task as well. We'll do that in just a second after I say this other thing. We've decided for the rest of the day that we'll skip these little auctions and sell of the rights on a first-come-first-served basis. So, the first one in line will have the first chance to buy painting rights to the body area that he wants. And we've decided to raise the prices a bit from what we originally were asking. This is our administrator, Quentin Hardy; he has made up a sign showing the new prices." And Hardy held up the hand lettered sign which read:

*Body Painting*

*First-Come, First-Served*

*Amy's Vagina $35
Amy's Left Breast $25
Amy's Right Breast $25
Amy's Butt $20
Amy's Other Spots $10
Washing Amy $10*

Amy shut her eyes and just shook her head after seeing the sign with her name and body parts essentially listed for sale.

Steadman then said, "Well, I guess I promised you guys an auction for washing off this paint. So, we'll do this one last auction just for this. I know I said $5, but let's start the bidding at $10 as this sign suggests with $5 increments." After a brief back-and-forth bidding contest, another student, Charles, was the winner for $25. After that little auction, Hardy drew a line through the $10 figure for Washing Amy and wrote $20 instead.

Steadman told Charles to stand by the tent, and she grabbed Amy by the hand, took her into the tent, let down her pinned up hair, and stood her in front of the mirror. And Amy saw herself "dressed" for the first time in weeks. She thought it actually looked pretty good; she just wished that it were on some other girl's body!

Whiteside came up with the camera and had Amy move over to the spot next to the side of the tent. She pleaded with Amy to smile and then had her do a couple of provocative poses similar to those she had done in the art class, and Whiteside snapped off several photos.

Whiteside then said, "Okay, let's get you cleaned off. Here, hold onto this bucket and come with me." She grasped Amy's hand, and as they left the tent, Whiteside grabbed Charles with her other hand saying, "Come on. We're going over there by the bushes."

On the other side of the walkway, Amy saw the faucet and coiled up hose in an area away from the booths and tents. And then Whiteside said to her, "All right, Amy. Here's how this is going to work. And you, Charles, listen up as well. Amy, in the bucket, there is a shower cap. I'll pin up your hair again, and then you'll put on the shower cap, because we don't want that long pretty hair of yours to get wet, do we? But that's all you will have to do, because the rest is up to Charles. In the bucket, he will find some wash cloths, sponges, and soap. And he will use those along with this hose to clean you off. He can use any technique that he wants, but we want you completely clean everywhere and we want him to do the cleaning. The paint will come off easily with the water, but he may need to do some scrubbing to get it out of your crevices. Oh, I forgot the towels. I'll let Charles get started on you, and I'll go get some towels that he can use to dry you off. Okay, Charles, I'm going to pin up her hair and then she's all yours."

Whiteside quickly pinned up Amy's hair and slipped on the shower cap before turning and leaving. This left Amy and Charles standing in the grassy spot, but there was a small crowd beginning to form around them. Charles gulped, shook Amy's hand, and said, "Hi, Amy. I thought I was just going to help you get cleaned up rather than doing it all myself. I'll try to be gentle. Oh, and please call me Charlie."

Amy smiled at the seemingly friendly guy and said quietly, "Hi, Charlie. I've seen you around campus, but I don't think we've had any classes together. Nice to meet you. But they've told me not to talk today. So, I don't think I should say anything more. Go ahead and get started." The painted girl then stood back, spread her arms and legs, and waited as Charlie uncoiled the hose and turned on the water.

He let the water run for several seconds, feeling it to test the temperature. He said, "Oh, this is pretty cold, but I don't think we've got a choice. Sorry. But here it goes. I'm going to do your chest first."

Amy steeled herself and a moment later the soft spray of cold water hit her breasts. She breathed heavily as it was almost more than she could take. But she was able to endure it without saying anything.

Charlie got in close and said, "It's working. The paint is just flowing to the ground. Lift your arms and I'll do the straps." He spent only a minute or so rinsing the top half of her body; the lower half was streaked with strips of black paint flowing down her legs to the ground. Then, he knelt down in the wet grass and aimed the hose at her pussy. And the light spray quickly uncovered that intimate spot. He worked his way around to the back removing the straps and the small triangle. Then he continued hosing down her legs to get all of the paint off.

He stopped spraying her for a moment and said, "Well, I guess you know where I've got to do next." And Amy meekly spread her legs. He sprayed her pussy full on from underneath after getting himself pretty wet as he whipped the hose into position. He moved to the rear and sprayed around her anus. He said quietly to her, "Amy, please use your hands to spread your lips and cheeks; I don't think it would be right for me to do that." Again, Amy meekly complied, and he sprayed the water up into her. The nearby crowd looked on in amazement.

After he finished, Amy stood there for a moment with her hands still spreading her butt cheeks. She was in a daze kind of waiting for instructions that it was okay for her to let go, but when she realized that he was filling the bucket, she let go and dropped her hands to her sides.

Charlie filled the bucket and lathered up the soap with a washcloth. He said, "I need to get this spot on the back of your neck where the painted strap went around." She just nodded and let him gently wash off her neck. Next, looked her over front and back and said, "Umm, Amy, sorry, but there's still some paint underneath your breasts; I'm going to use the washcloth under there." And she blushed as he gently cradled her left boob in one hand and washed underneath; then he did the same with her right boob.

He stood back and looked her all over closely one more time. He said, "Okay, I think I'm done, but I should probably rinse you off one last time." Just then Whiteside came up and said to him, "Did you do between her legs?" He nodded, but Whiteside continued, "No, I mean with the cloth or sponge. I don't think just rinsing is sufficient."

He looked at Whiteside and said, "No, I didn't. But I will." He looked at Amy with a look that said, "I'm sorry, but I've got no choice." And Amy submissively spread her legs again as Charlie lathered up the washcloth. He knelt in front of her and wiped the white washcloth through her pussy. Amy noticed the satisfied look on Whiteside's face when there were some noticeable black streaks on the washcloth. Then, Amy was surprised when Charlie pushed on her back to bend her over so that he could scrub her more thoroughly from behind. He said, "Stay in that position, and I'll give you the final rinse now."

Amy shivered as he lightly sprayed her entire body. She felt the water running down her legs and also dripping from her tits. She was just about to stand up straight, when she felt Whiteside's hand on her back; Whiteside said, "Just a second, Amy, I want to check back here." Amy felt the woman's hands spread her butt cheeks and then her pussy lips. Finally, Whiteside patted her on her butt and said, "Okay, good. Get her dried off, and then, we'll let her rest for a few minutes."

Amy was shivering noticeably as Charlie dried her off. The towels felt good on her bare skin. She wished she could wrap herself up in a big fluffy towel to warm up and to hide her body from all these onlookers; of course, she knew this was impossible.

After Charlie finished drying her, he removed her shower cap and now she was back to being totally nude in front of this crowd of people. She looked at Charlie and smiled; his clothes were very wet and his shoes were soaked. They shook hands, and he left.

Whiteside led the naked girl over to the tent and said, "That was good, Amy. I actually saw you smile a few times, and so I hope that you were kind of enjoying it. I hope so, because we're going to do it several more times today." Amy looked at the clock in the tent, and she was stunned to see that it was not even 10 AM yet. All of this had happened in less than an hour, and she still had almost seven hours left. She just couldn't imagine seven more hours of this.

Whiteside said, "Do you need to use the toilet? There are port-a-potties out by the street. But if you do, I'll want to clean you down there again before we start the next painting." Amy just shook her head and Whiteside continued, "Well, okay. So, why don't you sit and rest for the next 10 minutes or so? I'll get your water bottle from the cooler."

Amy said, "Thanks. It will feel good to sit down." But she flinched when her bare butt touched the cool metal folding chair. Whiteside came back a moment later and handed Amy the bottle of water. Amy moved the chair a few feet around the corner of the tent so that she could sit in the sun and warm up a little bit.

Amy sat there at the side of the tent watching all of the activity. It was all very normal stuff that she had seen at other similar craft fairs - vendors in their booths showing their wares, people slowly walking along looking at the art, customers at the cash registers paying for their purchases, people sipping wine, etc. And here she was totally naked a few feet away. In a way, she felt detached from all of it even though she was right smack in the middle of everything, and in a few minutes, her body would be used as canvas again.

After a couple of minutes, she just bowed her head and looked down between her bare breasts to her now smoothly shaven pussy. She really wasn't thinking about anything; she was just in her own little hellish world. A few minutes later, a tap on her shoulder brought her back to reality. Steadman looked down at the naked girl and said, "Time to get going again." Amy stood and followed the woman back to the middle of the grassy area.

Steadman waited for the crowd to gather around, and then she said, "Okay, ladies and gentlemen, this is our second body painting demonstration of the day. And for those of you who weren't here for the first one, let me tell you who our model is and how this is going to work." And Steadman spent a couple of minutes repeating her introductory speech about Amy's punishment and the purchasing of rights to paint the private parts of her body.

Steadman concluded her speech by saying, "Body painting usually simulates swimsuits, but for this design, my sister and I decided to simulate underwear. As most of you know, Amy has been allowed to wear only underpants these last few weeks, and hence her nickname 'Underpants Amy' was coined. So, for this design, we are going to paint panties on her bottom and a bra on her top. The panties will be the same simple style that Amy has been wearing - low rise bikinis. We'll make these pink. We realize that Amy has not been wearing a brassiere; so, we'll just make a simple brassiere design based on one from my own lingerie drawer." And she showed a white bra to the crowd. "My sister and I will now draw the outlines for these garments."

Amy just stood there obediently as Whiteside started on the panties. Whiteside used a pink paint stick to draw a line around Amy at hip level starting about 4 inches below her bellybutton. Then, she drew in the leg openings from her pussy to her hips so that the side panels were about 2 inches high. She tapped Amy's inner thigh and the nude girl spread her legs so Whiteside could extend the pink lines between her legs next to her pussy and asshole. She also drew in a few other lines to delineate where the pussy and butt painting areas would end.

Steadman then held up the bra next to Amy so that Whiteside could sketch something similar on Amy's breasts. Amy tried to hold still, but she flinched once which caused Whiteside's white line to be come jagged. Whiteside whispered, "I told you before. Hold still." Whiteside had to use a damp towel to fix the jagged section. This design covered a lot more of Amy's boobs than the thong swimsuit, and the back strap was much wider also. The two shoulder straps were pretty thin.

Steadman said, "Okay, I think we're ready now. We'll start on top. Let's see, my sheet says that Lydia Willingham will do the left breast. Lydia?"

And a young girl came up. She looked college age, but Amy didn't recognize her. The girl shook hands with Steadman and Amy. And then Steadman tweaked Amy's left nipple and said, "Lydia, you'll notice that Amy's areolas and nipples are really pretty, but they are fairly dark. So, I want you to pay careful attention and make sure that they are completely covered with this white paint. Okay, here's the brush and the paint. Get going." Whiteside pinned up Amy's hair, and Lydia started her painting on the nipple; she came back to it after doing the rest of the boob and put a second coat of paint on the pointy tit.

And so, the second round of painters did their work on Amy's naked body, and when they finished, Amy was "clothed" again; she was "wearing" a brassiere for the first time in weeks. Whiteside let down Amy's hair and the crowd applauded the pretty painted lady in her simulated underwear.

Whiteside took several photos of Amy in this "outfit". Then she put the shower cap over Amy's hair and led her over to the washing area near the faucet where a young guy was standing holding a beer. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy, this is Scooter, and he's going to wash you off." Amy shook hands with the guy, but she was immediately leery of him, because of the way he looked at her, and she thought she could smell alcohol on his breath. She wondered why he had a beer at a wine event; she guessed that the can he was holding was not his first of the day even though it was only 11:30 AM or so.

And Scooter said to her, "Hey, Amy. How you doin'? I liked watching your naked body being painted, but I'm really, really going to enjoy washing it off." And then he theatrically removed his shirt and started to unbutton his knee-length shorts, when Whiteside said sternly to him, "Young man, you will keep your trousers on. Only this girl will be naked here today. Understand?"

Scooter held his hands up and said, "Hey, sorry. I just wanted her and me to be equals. But I'll follow your silly rules." And then he removed his shoes and socks and took the hose from Whiteside.

He said, "Okay, girlie, spread 'em wide." And he turned the hose on as high as it would go and blasted Amy's butt with the full force of the water. Amy yelped, and Whiteside immediately turned down the water and said to Scooter, "Please be careful. We don't want to hurt her."

He nodded and then used his thumb to create a spray with the hose end, and he sprayed Amy's front with it. Even this was much stronger than anything Charlie had done, but Amy knew she would be able to tolerate it and she said nothing. There was nothing subtle about the way he washed her; he just sprayed her from head to toe roughly turning her so he could do the sides and the rest of her back. He got down on his knees and using a sponge with the hose crudely washed her pussy and asshole. And finally he lifted her left breast by the nipple and aggressively scrubbed underneath, and repeated the process on her right boob.

Then, Whiteside handed him a towel and he roughly dried her off. He really rubbed the towel hard between her legs. When he finished, he tossed the towel to Whiteside and stood back and looked at the naked girl. He said, "Ah, that's the way I like my ladies - naked as a jaybird." He gave her boobs a quick tweak and then left without saying anything else.

Amy was a bit shaken as Whiteside led her back to the tent. Steadman met them and said, "Well, I suggest that we take a lunch break. Amy, there's some sandwiches, chips, and soda over there. Help yourself. Then take it easy, use the restroom, or whatever for the next 30 minutes or so, and then we should have time for three more designs this afternoon."

The two sisters then walked away leaving the naked girl to fend for herself. But that was fine with Amy, because she really didn't want to talk with anybody anyway. She grabbed two sandwiches and a bag of chips from the table and made her way back to the folding chair. She sat down on the chair, and let out another yelp as her bare butt hit the metal seat which was now very hot from sitting in the sun for the last hour. She grabbed a couple of towels and draped them over the seat and chair back, and then she sat her naked body down to eat and rest.

She quickly ate the sandwiches and chips. And she realized that she needed to pee. But she hesitated because that would mean a long walk through the crowded aisles to the port-a-potties out by the street. She contemplated sneaking into the bushes behind that water faucet and doing her business there, but she was afraid that if she got caught that Knoxx would find out about it.

So, the naked girl stood up, took a deep breath, and headed for the toilets. She walked through the administration tent and out into the crowd at the nearby cash register table. The stunned customers gawked at her as they stood back to let her pass. She just looked straight ahead as she walked. A couple of times she had to ask politely to get by people, but otherwise she said nothing - even in response to a few catcalls from some men.

She was relieved when the line of blue port-a-potties came into view, but she gasped when she saw the long line waiting to use them. The units were the unisex design style, and so the line had both men and women in it. But she had no choice; she needed to pee. The people continued to stare as she took her spot behind an elderly man, and a moment later a middle-aged lady lined up behind her.

Then, Amy felt a tap on her shoulder, and she turned as the lady asked somewhat indignantly, "Young woman, why are you naked?"

Amy blushed and said simply, "I'm part of the body painting demonstration."

The lady persisted, "Okay, I understand that. But you could at least wear a robe while standing in line."

Amy quietly said, "They told me not to."

And now the older gentleman turned around and gasped when he saw the pretty nude standing right next to him. He said, "What is going on here?"

The lady looked Amy up and down, and her gaze fell on Amy's bare pussy. The lady said, "Oh, you've even shaved down there. This is just not appropriate at all."

Amy mumbled, "I'm so sorry that I've offended you. But I really need to use the bathroom before I go back."

The line was moving along fairly quickly, but Amy was sandwiched between these two adults. They continued to berate her, and she continued to sheepishly apologize as they all waited. Her anxiety about the awkward situation seemed to intensify her need to pee, and by the time they reached the front of the line, she was squeezing her knees together and squirming around trying to hold it in. The older man saw her discomfort, and when it was his turn, he said, "Go ahead." And she dashed down the line of blue stalls to the one that just became vacant.

She let out a sigh of relief as the door banged shut behind her, and she quickly locked it. There weren't many advantages to being naked like she was, but this was one of them. She didn't have to struggle pulling down a tight pair of jeans and then panties; she just dropped her bare ass on the toilet seat and let her bladder empty. She had briefly looked around for a paper seat cover, but the container was empty and it was just as well, because those extra few seconds would have just prolonged her discomfort.

As she sat there, it occurred to her that she may have just broken the "no hiding" rule by closing that door. And then she thought, "Have I been breaking it all along when I've closed a stall door while using the toilet in a normal ladies room? Knoxx has never said anything about it. But I'm sure as hell not going to mention it now!"

She finished and then cleaned herself as well as she could. Then, she tentatively opened the door and heard the gasps as she stepped out naked to rejoin the crowds. The trip back to the big tent was uneventful, but still extremely embarrassing to the nude girl.

As she walked through the tent, she glanced at the clock; it read 12:15 PM. Still over four more hours of this current nightmare to go. She just sat back down in her chair and enjoyed a few minutes in the warm sun. Like she had done earlier, she bent her head down and looked between her two bare breasts at her bare pussy. And she returned to her meditative-like state not really thinking about anything at all. And within a minute or so, she had nodded off to sleep.

Several minutes later, Amy was jolted awake by Whiteside shaking her bare shoulders and saying, "Hey, wake up, sleepy head. Come on, it's time to get back to work." Amy opened her eyes, looked around, and tried to remember where she was. She looked blearily at Whiteside and then it came back to her what was expected of her this afternoon.

Whiteside reached down, flicked Amy's nipple, and said, "You must have been having a wonderfully exciting dream, because your tits are rock solid hard." Amy didn't respond except to grab her water bottle and take a quick drink. Then, she stood up and let Whiteside guide her by the elbow over to the painting spot.

Amy really wasn't listening as Steadman repeated her introductory speech, but she did hear Steadman describe the next design which was based on the 1960 hit song "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini". Steadman said, "You know, in those days, a teenie weenie bikini was pretty big by today's standards. So, this is going to cover more of this pretty girl than the previous designs. We'll let you painters do the yellow background, and then, my sister and I will fill in the polka dots. The song really isn't clear about the color of the polka dots; so, we have arbitrarily selected blue today. First, we will draw in the outline on her." Amy spread her arms and legs and let them draw in the outlines with yellow paint sticks.

After they finished, Steadman looked at her sheet and continued, "Okay, let's have Bruce Kellerman come up and meet Amy." And for the next 45 minutes, Amy stood there as several amateur artists brushed the yellow paint onto her private parts. Then, Whiteside and Steadman dabbed on a lot of little half-inch size blue polka dots. Amy modeled it for the crowd for a couple of minutes and then Whiteside took the photos.

Steadman guided Amy to the washing area, and Amy was surprised to see Charlie there holding the hose. He said, "Hi, Amy. I'm back." She smiled at him, because she remembered how gentle he had been with her in the morning. If she had to be washed naked in public by a strange man, this was the guy she wanted to do it. She almost willingly spread her arms and legs, and she let him hose her down with the cold water. And she continued to be compliant as Charlie used the washcloth between her legs and under her boobs, and then later when he dried her off. He politely shook hands with her after he finished.

Amy walked over to her chair and sat down. Whiteside followed her and removed the shower cap to let her pretty long dark hair flow down her back. Whiteside said, "We're a little tight on time here. So, you've only got a few minutes to rest. Please try to stay awake this time."

Amy just nodded and sat there soaking up the warm rays of the sun. But Whiteside was back only a few minutes later and said, "Come on."

Once again, Steadman gave her introductory speech followed by a description of the next design. It would be an old-time bloomers style swimsuit. This one would take longer because it would cover a lot of Amy's body - essentially from her neck to a few inches down her legs below her pussy. It would be dark blue with scalloped fringes of white.

After the two sisters drew the outlines, there was a progression of folks from the audience that filled in the many outlined areas. And then the sisters did the white fringe bits. This design was actually a bit uncomfortable on Amy, because of all the paint - strangely, it felt heavy to her, even though she knew the paint actually weighed only a few ounces.

After the photos, Steadman led her back to the washing area. Amy was hoping that Charlie would be there, but he wasn't. However, she was not totally disappointed, because instead there were two girls standing there. Both were pretty long-haired blondes wearing cut-off short shorts and bikini tops; neither was as well-endowed as Amy. Both were sipping from glasses of red wine.

Amy figured that females would be more gentle washing off the paint than men like Scooter. So, she smiled at the two girls as they shook hands.

But then the first one said, "Hi, Amy. Remember us?", Amy was immediately concerned. Who were these women? How was she supposed to know them? They were probably students, but she couldn't place them. Amy slowly shook her head and hesitantly replied, "No, I'm sorry, but . . ."

The second girl interrupted and said, "I'm Kaylee Keplar and this is Shauna Denton. Remember now?" But again, Amy couldn't place the names, and she just shook her head.

Keplar continued, "Well, Wendy says 'Hello'."

And Amy closed her eyes and her shoulders sagged at the mention of Wendy's name. Wendy Chang was her supposed friend who had orchestrated the streaking incident and Amy's apprehension that led to this 3-week long nightmare. And she now vaguely remembered that night in the bar when she was having a beer with Wendy, and two girls walked up to Wendy for just a moment. Wendy didn't introduce them to Amy and after a short whispered conversation with Wendy, the two girls had left. It had been dark in the bar where they were sitting and Amy was pretty sure that the girls had different colored hair then.

After a moment, Amy could see where this was headed and she tried to diffuse the situation by saying, "Oh, yeah. I remember now. Hi, Kaylee. Hi, Shauna. You look different now. I like what you've done with your hair."

And Denton smirked, pointed to Amy's pussy, and said, "And I like what you've done with your hair, too!"

Keplar said, "Wendy wishes she could be here today, but she starts her new job in Chicago on Monday, and she had to skip walking at the commencement ceremony. But she asked us to turn up the heat on you some way today." And she reached over and aggressively twisted Amy's painted right nipple. Keplar looked at the dark blue paint on her fingers and continued, "Ewww, ugh. That's not nice. Here, we need to get started washing you off." And she threw the wine in Amy's face.

Steadman immediately stepped up and said, "Hey, that's not necessary."

But Keplar said, "Oh, come on, lady. You shaved off her pubic hair, paraded her around naked all day, and allowed strangers to brush paint on her pussy. All of that is okay, but a little wine isn't? It will wash off. Give us the bucket and the hose. You might as well give us the washcloths and sponges, too, but we brought our own instrument." And Denton held up a little scrub brush.

Steadman backed off a bit and said, "Well, okay. But be careful with that brush. We still have one more design to paint on that body this afternoon, and we don't want it all scratched up."

Amy was angry at having wine thrown at her, but she just kept her balled up fists at her sides. She just stood there expecting to be blasted with cold water at any moment. Instead, she was hit in the face with the wine from Denton's glass as well. And now she felt tears in her eyes as the wine dripped down her cheeks and nose. Through the tears, Amy wailed, "Oh, Kaylee, Shauna. Why are you doing this? I don't even know you; we only met that one brief time."

As she was filling up the bucket, Keplar shouted, "Hey, you stuck-up bitch! I've been in 3 of your classes, and Shauna lives in your dorm. And you've never given us the time of day! We're doing this because we can. It's fun. We're just like Wendy; we just enjoy seeing girls humiliated like you've been the last few weeks."

The tears and wine were flowing down Amy's cheeks and onto her chest where they started to form streaks. Amy just let them drip. But Denton stepped up to her with a tissue, roughly wiped Amy's face and said, "Those drips are going to mess up our plans. Now, quit crying and hold still."

Keplar dipped the little scrub brush in the bucket and then dragged it across Amy's left breast. Amy flinched as the bristles scraped her tender skin. Keplar ignored her obvious discomfort and continued to remove the paint a little bit at a time from her boob. After a minute or so, Amy looked down and saw that Keplar had carefully removed the paint only from her breast forming a nicely curved line with the surrounding paint. Keplar lifted the breast and scrubbed underneath; Amy couldn't see exactly what she was doing, but it felt like she was forming a line down there, too. As a final flourish, Keplar gave one last swipe of the brush across Amy's nipple, and Amy grimaced.

Keplar stepped back and looked at Amy, who now had one bare breast sticking out from the dark blue paint. Denton said, "Nice job, Kaylee, let me do the right boob." She reached out her hand for the brush, but Keplar said, "I'll do the right one, and then you can do the pussy. Okay?" Denton smirked and said, "Oh yeah, that will be just fine."

Keplar got the brush wet again and proceeded to do Amy's right boob the same way. Amy had to hold back the tears as she felt the painful scrape of the brush on her breast. She thought to herself, "If it hurts this much on the breast, what is it going to feel like on my pussy?"

After Keplar finished, she asked Steadman, "Do you have a mirror? I think Amy needs to see this. Two bare mounds in a field of dark blue. It looks really cool."

Steadman smiled and said, "Yep, we've got one in the tent. I'll go get it while you girls continue your job."

Now, it was Denton's turn. She took the brush, dipped it in the bucket, and said, "Let's see. How big should we make this circle?" She and Keplar knelt in front of Amy, and Denton said, "How about something like this?" And with her finger, she traced a circle starting on Amy's inner right thigh about an inch below her pussy, going up to a point about two inches above the top of her pussy lips, and then down to the left inner thigh. They laughed and said together, "Oh yeah."

Then Denton went to work. She told Amy to spread her legs, and Denton started with the brush at the top of the circle. She was more concerned about making the circle a smooth curve than about Amy's discomfort. After a moment, Denton said, "Okay, I've got the circle formed; now, I need to make those pussy lips shine." And Amy yelped as Denton dragged the little scrub brush down her tender lips and up underneath. Amy let out another short high-pitched cry when Denton retraced the route back up her lips and stopped at her clit where she made an exaggerated point of cleaning off that tender nub. Denton spent another minute or so cleaning up the last bits of paint around Amy's pussy lips. After she finished, she said sternly to Amy, "Okay, close your legs, stand straight with your hands at your sides." She looked Amy in the eyes and continued, "I told you not to cry." She cruelly twisted Amy's right tit and wiped her face with another tissue.

Amy was still sniveling as the two mean girls stood in front of her checking their work. Keplar said, "I can still see a little bit of blue there in her pussy. Here, give me the washcloth. We need to clean her inside some more. Open your legs again."

Amy meekly obeyed and Keplar wiped the wet washcloth up into her pussy. She twisted it around roughly and then scrubbed back and forth harshly between Amy's legs. Amy started crying again, and Keplar brusquely said, "What did we say about crying? Now, stop it." And she wiped the washcloth across Amy's face.

As the two girls were surveying their work, Steadman returned carrying the full length mirror. The woman rested it on the ground a few feet in front of Amy. Amy could now see that her two boobs and her pussy were prominently displayed in circles of bare flesh surrounded by dark blue paint. Then Whiteside appeared with the camera and took a few photos.

Whiteside said, "Okay, girls, you've had your fun. Now, please quickly wash off the rest of this paint so we can get on with our next design."

Just then, the cute little pony and water cart rolled into the area again, and Steadman said, "Hey, wait everybody. Let's give the crowd a chance to buy some water for the good cause. Amy, your bottle is almost empty. Do you want another one?"

Amy just nodded, but Keplar asked, "You're going to make her pay for that, right?"

Steadman paused and then said, "Uhhh, no. My sister and I are paying for Amy's water today. Seems like the least we can do."

Keplar shrugged and said, "Oh well, okay. I guess she'll earn it when it's her turn, won't she?" Amy was puzzled what this meant, but she didn't say anything. And she didn't notice the knowing look that Whiteside gave Keplar.

Amy just stood there in her partially painted state as the high school students sold several bottles of water to people in the crowd. Steadman bought the water and signaled to Amy that it would be in the cooler, and then the two sisters wandered back over to the tent.

Denton went over to the faucet, turned it on full, filled the bucket, and then aimed the stream of cold water at Amy's butt. Amy cried in alarm as the blast of icy water hit her. Denton hosed down her back and then yelled at her, "Raise your arms; I need to do your sides." Denton quickly did her left side and Amy flinched when the water hit the side of her left boob. Denton then roughly turned Amy and did her right side. Finally, she yelled, "All right, turn to face me, and I'll do your front."

Amy was worried about the full force of the water hitting her breasts and pussy, and she was relieved when Steadman ran over to the faucet and turned down the flow of water. Steadman yelled at the girls, "Hey, be careful with that; it could easily hurt her." The girls just smirked in response and sprayed Amy's front. Even though Amy's boobs and pussy had been cleaned previously, the girls spent a lot of time hosing those areas down again. Then, they spread her legs and squirted under there. Keplar grabbed the sponge and roughly scrubbed between her legs again with special emphasis on Amy's rear, which still had a lot of paint around her asshole. After a quick inspection by Steadman, Denton turned off the water and the two girls quickly, but very roughly, dried her off.

Amy was shaking, both physically and emotionally, as she shook hands with the two girls who had just treated her so heartlessly. Amy thought they were almost being vindictive in some way.

She then wandered over to her chair and sat down in the sun again. "How much longer? How much longer?", she thought to herself. She knew the 5 o'clock meeting and the panty auction would be terribly embarrassing each in its own way, but she really wanted this afternoon to be over and done with.

She'd only been sitting for a couple of minutes when Whiteside appeared and said, "Stand up. I need to look you over."

Amy stood and Whiteside added, "Spread your legs. I need to make sure that scrub brush didn't mark you too much."

Whiteside looked closely at Amy's skin in several places - back, chest, breasts, butt, hips, sides, tummy, etc. Several times she said, "No problem here." Even after a close inspection of her pussy and asshole, she said, "No problem here." But she told Amy to spread much farther and when she looked at Amy's upper inner thighs just below the vagina, Whiteside said, "Well, I was afraid of that. Your skin is pretty red in here." She dragged her fingernail across the red area, and after Amy flinched, Whiteside said, "I assume that hurt a little bit, didn't it?" Amy nodded and Whiteside went on, "Well, that may alter our design a little bit, but you'll be okay." Then, she gave Amy a friendly pat on her bare butt and guided the naked girl over to the painting area.

Steadman gave her little speech again and then described the design. "We're going to do sort of an animal skin design. No, it won't be a cavewoman outfit, but it will be a nice one-piece swimsuit. Kind of a light brown with some white dots like you might see on a young white-tailed deer, and we'll add some black streaks for accents. The light brown paint that we've picked should look really nice on Amy's skin. So, my sister and I will sketch the outline, you folks will do the background color, and then my sister will do the white spots and accent streaks. Are you ready, Amy?"

Amy gave her a weak smile and nodded. Whiteside used a paint stick to outline the design. She whispered to Amy, "We've decided to cut it high on the hips rather than more of a horizontal edge running over to the groin, and that will keep the paint off the scratched area below your pussy."

A few minutes later, the nude girl had the required lines drawn on her and Steadman said, "Let's have Ken Brightman come up, and he'll do the pussy area first." Amy was relieved to see a nicely dressed man walk up; he was about 50 and Amy guessed he was an executive of some sort. She shook his hand and then spread her legs for him. As he knelt down with the paint brush, Whiteside knelt down with him and said, "Please be careful of this red area. It got scraped up earlier today, and we want to keep paint off of it."

Brightman said, "So, it's just these spots at the very top of her legs? Is it okay for me to paint over her lips?"

Whiteside said, "That's right. We want her pussy painted. Have fun."

And for the fifth time today, a man brushed paint onto Amy's pussy lips. In a way, she was getting used to it. However, in another way, even this time, it felt like such a violation of her very private space. But she knew that it had to be done.

The other paying painters finished filling in the background color that complemented Amy's skin so well, and then Whiteside did the dots and the accent streaks. The big crowd gave her a huge round of applause as she modeled the painting for them. The two sisters thanked the crowd for their financial support, and then they led the painted girl back into the tent for the final photos. And when Amy looked at herself in the mirror, she actually liked what she saw. This design was the best of the bunch, and it looked very good on her.

Amy was not really surprised to see Charlie waiting for her with the hose and bucket. He said, "Hi, Amy. I hope you don't mind me doing this again. This is probably the best $65 I've paid for anything in my life." She just smiled and said, "No, I don't mind."

Before he started, he said, "Wow, you look great in that outfit. It's almost a shame to wash it off." Amy blushed and said, "Thanks." And then he gently washed all of the paint off her body. After he tenderly dried her, he stood back and looked longingly at the beautiful nude girl. She shook his hand, and then he left.

She wandered back into the tent and looked at the clock. It read 4:30 PM, and she knew she needed to leave. Whiteside was at the front of the tent talking with one of the cashiers, and Amy waved at her and pointed at the clock. Whiteside returned to the rear of the tent bringing Amy's panties along with her. As she handed the panties to Amy, she said, "Here, go ahead and put them back on; we're done for the day. And just to let you know, they just told me that you raised $895 today. On behalf of the university foundation, I thank you for your help." She paused and laughed, "More in the buff money for the BUF - Bancroft University Foundation. Right?"

Amy shrugged, slid on her panties, and said, "You said that you'd find me a ride back to campus? I hope so, because I'm cutting it a little close right now."

Whiteside said, "Oui, mon amie. Come, I'll drive you myself. Get your backpack and let's go."

As they walked up to Whiteside's green Ford Fiesta, Amy was surprised to see Charlie hurrying over from the opposite direction. He said, "Hi again, Amy. Can I talk to you for a minute?" Amy glanced at Whiteside who gave her a quick shrug.

Amy said, "Sure", and she and Charlie walked several feet away. He said, "Umm, I don't know exactly how to ask this, but would you like to go out with me sometime? I know we met under awkward circumstances and I know school is over, but I felt we had a bit of a connection today, didn't we?"

The nearly naked girl took his hand, and said, "Yeah, I think we did, too. But I'm seeing someone special right now, and I don't want to mess that up. But I really do thank you for asking."

He bowed his head in disappointment, but he said, "Well, I'm glad that you've got a nice lovelife going. But I just had to ask and I'm glad I did. Hope you have a wonderful life ahead of you. I'll let you go. Bye."

Amy kissed him on the cheek and said, "Bye, Charlie."

She returned to Whiteside's car and got in. Whiteside said, "Sorry, I couldn't help overhearing. But just think, you would never have gotten that nice offer if you hadn't been naked today. So, it really wasn't all awful stuff today after all, n'est pas?"

Amy just shook her head and smirked as she thought to herself, "This lady just still doesn't get it. All of this stuff is truly awful." But aloud she just said, "Please, let's go."

**Chapter 69 - Taking Everything Away**

Dr. Whiteside dropped off Amy in front of the administration building. As she was getting out of the car, Amy looked at Whiteside and said, "Well, this will probably be the last time I see you. So, good-bye, Professor." And she reached across to shake hands. But Whiteside said, "There are still a couple of days to go, and our paths may cross yet again." Amy hoped not, and she slammed the car door.

There weren't many people around on Saturday afternoon as Amy made her way up the steps at Kameron Hall. In fact, she found the main entrance locked. She walked around back and was relieved to find the secondary entrance to be open. As she waited for the elevator, she thought, "Only a couple more times will I have to make this humiliating trip to that asshole's office. Maybe only one more time after today. But I wonder how all of this is going to end."

She rode the elevator alone up to the seventh floor and made a stop in the bathroom, because she wasn't sure when she'd get another chance. Then she padded down the hall and walked into Knoxx's empty waiting room. But since the lights were on, she assumed that Knoxx was waiting for her. She put down her backpack, slid off her panties, and hung them on the hook. Since it was still a few minutes before 5 o'clock, she just stood near the office door and waited. Just before the nearby digital clock clicked over to 5, she lightly knocked on Knoxx's door.

A moment later Lucas Telford opened the door and silently motioned her to come in. Amy was extremely surprised to see Knoxx sitting at his desk gently holding a small kitten. He smiled at her as she took her usual spot standing naked in front of his desk. Telford took his seat with the other committee members.

Knoxx began, "Good afternoon, Miss Suzuki." He pointed at her newly shaved pussy and said, "I see that your appearance has changed a little bit from yesterday. Dr. Whiteside mentioned to me that she might shave off your 'landing strip' today. Looks good to me." Amy blushed and just nodded as Knoxx went on, "Now, Miss Suzuki, your punishment period is coming to an end. And today we want to tell you how this endgame operation is going to work."

Amy thought, "What the fuck do you mean by 'endgame'? This may be just a game to you, but it's very important to me; I want my diploma."

Knoxx looked at her quizzically and continued, "You had an odd look on your face for just an instant there. Do you have something to say? Need to use the toilet?"

Amy blushed and said, "No, sir. I am just wondering what's going to happen these next two days, and it sounds like you are going to tell me."

Knoxx pulled out a copy of her schedule and replied, "Indeed I am. Okay, here's the overview. This evening, there is the auction of your panties. Then, tomorrow, that is on Sunday, you have nude photos, ground crew work, and the usual 5 o'clock meeting. And then on Monday, we're going to have you come in here at 11 AM, since your punishment period is scheduled to end at noon. That morning meeting will probably be our last opportunity to meet with you, and it will give us an opportunity to review how your punishment period has gone. Then, there is the commencement ceremony at 3 o'clock, and then, we might possibly want you to come back in here at 5 o'clock on Monday as well. We will figure that out and let you know at the 11 o'clock meeting if there will be a 5 o'clock meeting."

Amy thought this sounded mostly okay, but the possibility of a meeting at 5 on Monday bothered her a bit.

Knoxx continued, "Now, let me fill in some details. First, at the auction this evening, we want you to kind of act as the master of ceremonies - or perhaps the mistress of ceremonies. We want you to make the welcoming remarks, give the background about why the auction is being held, and to make a public apology for your behavior. The Gamma guys have assigned someone to be the actual auctioneer, and he will explain how the logistics of the event will work and then do the auction of the items. But this is your show tonight, and we want you front and center. Okay?"

Amy just nodded, but she hadn't really prepared anything except an apology speech. And she only had a couple of hours to figure it out.

Next, he motioned to a picture frame standing on his desk; the picture was facing him so that all Amy saw was the back of the frame; she couldn't remember seeing it there before. He went on, "Miss Suzuki, please pick up that frame and look at what's in it."

Amy stepped up to his desk and reached for the frame. She felt her breasts dangle embarrassingly as she leaned over the desk. But she grabbed the frame and then let out a little gasp as she looked at it. The frame held her diploma! Her eyes started to water as she looked at this precious piece of paper.

Knoxx said, "I'm glad to see a happy reaction on your face, Miss Suzuki. Please put it back on my desk, but you can leave it facing you, if you want." Amy gently put it back down so that she could see the diploma as she stood there naked in front of his desk. Knoxx continued, "Have you read the instructions for the commencement ceremony? That is, time and place to report; that kind of thing?" Amy nodded. "Well, you probably saw the paragraph in there saying that the graduates would be handed a nice padded folder at the ceremony, but the actual diploma would be mailed later. That is true for everyone except you. Your padded folder will hold one of two things. It might hold this diploma, or it might hold a letter from us explaining why you won't ever be receiving a diploma from this prestigious institution. So, you won't actually know if you graduated until you open that folder."

"If the decision were to be made right now, this committee would recommend that you be given the diploma. But we're going to defer the final decision until after the 11 o'clock meeting on Monday. You have successfully completed all of the academic work; for most students, that is enough to earn the diploma. But for you that is not the only thing that is required for you to graduate; you must convince this committee that you deserve to graduate."

Amy's momentary tears of joy were turning to tears of anguish as she heard this. She felt the eyes of the five men on her breasts which were jiggling as she struggled to avoid breaking down in a sobbing fit. But she managed to hold her composure.

Knoxx went on, "Now, remember several days ago how we told you that we would have a zero tolerance policy about future violations. Well, we used the phrase 'zero tolerance' as kind of a threat to make you behave rather than really meaning it in the literal sense. So, in a way, we kind of misled you. Now, let me explain why I'm saying this. Even though you have behaved very, very well these last several days, we have still had several reports of infractions, and we feel that you deserve some additional punishment."

Amy's breasts continued to jiggle as she stood there almost trembling.

Knoxx stared at her and continued, "Now, let me outline the violations that we have observed or that were reported to us. There are several on this list, and so, I'll number them as we go so we can go back and discuss them afterwards. All right?" Amy just nodded.

"Number one. At art class on Tuesday, you posed with some soccer players, and it was reported to me that you moved during one of the poses after you had been instructed to remain still. You squirmed after a boy tickled your foot."

Amy opened her mouth to complain, because Whiteside had told her that this would not be reported. But Knoxx interrupted her before she could say anything, "Please, Miss Suzuki, let me finish the list, and then you will have an opportunity to explain. Understand?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, sir. I understand."

Knoxx started up again, "Number two. Just before art class on Wednesday, one of our observers saw you cross your legs and arms while talking with Miss Cobb, which hid your vagina and breasts from view."

"Number three. On Thursday at Wytham, you were assisting some Norwegian researchers with their experiments, and I observed you trying to avoid Mr. Forsberg's examination of your vaginal area. You bent back out of the way when he reached between your legs."

"Number four. I admit that this one is a little bit iffy, because it really wasn't your fault. But I'll mention it and we'll discuss it later, if necessary. Dr. Beaupre said that the lab had two pistoning devices that would have provided some useful info for the Norwegian researchers, and in my opinion, they would have been useful punishment tools, because of the level of embarrassment that they would have caused you. But Dr. Beaupre had loaned out the devices to another lab, and so the researchers were unable to run that experiment on you."

Amy was angry about this, because as he said, she had no control over the situation. She would complain about it when given the chance.

"Number five. Again on Thursday, Mr. Forsberg wanted to shave your pubic area, but you prevented him from even starting by closing your legs. It turns out that Dr. Beaupre knows about Ms. Whiteside's desire for you to have a small amount of pubic hair for posing the next morning, and he would have stopped Mr. Forsberg from shaving you anyway. You should not have tried to stop him yourself; you should have let Dr. Beaupre handle the issue all by himself."

"Number six. Also on Thursday, Mr. Kirkpatrick observed you sort of complaining about some of the devices the Norwegians wanted to attach to your body for the experiments. He said that you kind of looked up as if asking for divine intervention somehow. Did I get that right, Brandon?"

Kirkpatrick replied, "Yes, Dr. Knoxx. I understood that look on her face as meaning that she didn't want to cooperate with our Norwegian visitors."

Amy closed her eyes; she wanted to shake her head, but she knew that would be interpreted as yet another violation. She remembered being stunned by what the Norwegian lady was proposing, but she didn't think anybody had noticed her very slight reaction to it.

"Number seven. More on Thursday. There was a discussion amongst the researchers on how long to run the experiments. And I heard you gasp noticeably when one of the Wytham men, I think it was Dr. Newman, said he could stay until midnight. Since your schedule showed that you were available all evening and since the Norwegian lady, Ms. Magnusson, had even suggested running it all night, we thought that going til midnight was a reasonable compromise. And we actually finished at 9:30 - well ahead of the midnight time that you complained about."

Amy said nothing but she remembered that she had not left the Wytham building til after midnight, and she didn't get to bed til 1:30 or so. She was not sure if she would say anything like that later or not.

"Number eight. Yesterday afternoon at the Prime Cut auction, you were told to not talk at all. But once, someone asked you a question and you answered. Tyson, you were there. Please fill us in."

Tyson Laird said from his chair, "Yes. One of my fellow club members asked her if she were Chinese. And Miss Suzuki answered 'no' rather than just shaking her head like she should have done."

Amy knew that she had not actually verbalized the word "no"; instead, she had mouthed it to the man. She decided that she'd mention that later.

"Okay. Thanks, Tyson. Number nine. Also yesterday, after the auction, you and Mr. Henderson hid under a bush and had sex. It's okay for you to have sexual intercourse, but it is not okay to hide your body from the view of one of our observers who was in the park at the same time."

Amy was not really surprised about this, because she had heard a car pull into the parking lot while she and Dwight were cuddling. And she had admitted to the committee yesterday that they had made love in the park. She would not contest this so-called violation.

"Number ten. After yesterday's 5PM meeting where you told us about the Prime Cut auction, I did a bit of investigating and found that two of the other female participants were also students from here at Bancroft. That's not the sort of behavior that we usually condone, and you should have told me that two students were involved. I would like to talk with them about it, but I haven't been able to find out who the two girls were. Do you know?"

Amy was between a rock and a hard place here, because she would feel guilty about snitching on the two girls. But if she didn't tell, things might get even worse for her. So, reluctantly, she said, "Uhh, yes, sort of. I only know their first names. Bridgette and Jenny. I'm sorry I don't know their last names or even how to spell their first names."

Knoxx replied, "Thank you, Miss Suzuki. I will check into it further. But you really should have told us about this yesterday and so, I am going to leave this as a violation of the 'respect-authority' rule in our agreement."

Amy just stared at him as he paused before saying, "And finally number eleven. Ms. Whiteside reports that you talked during today's body painting after being told to remain silent."

Amy wasn't exactly sure what this was referring to, but she couldn't dispute it because Whiteside had asked her to keep quiet. Whiteside had not given her an explicit order to not talk; it had been more like a strong suggestion. She was certain that if she tried to explain the situation that way to Knoxx that he would simply interpret it as Whiteside giving her an order. And she couldn't dispute that she had talked, because she did chat briefly with the friendly guy named Charlie as well as with Keplar and Denton. Whiteside probably overhead one or the other of those conversations.

Knoxx gently petted the kitten while gave Amy a moment to ponder the list and then said, "Now, Miss Suzuki, you have an opportunity to comment on each of these. Let's just do them in order, okay?" Amy nodded and he said, "Number one. Squirming while posing with soccer boys."

Amy replied, "Umm, I admit that this happened, but I couldn't help it because the boy tickled my foot. However, I discussed it with Dr. Whiteside, and she told me that she would not report the incident if I posed an extra two hours, which is what I did. And so, I don't think it's fair to charge me with a violation now that I've already served the punishment time, as it were."

Knoxx replied, "Well, let me give you a little more background on this situation. One of our observers was in attendance at the session where you squirmed and messed up the pose, and so that observer reported it to me. Later, another observer who was in one of the later classes that morning reported to me that you had posed for them which was unusual, because you had never posed in that class before. I waited a day expecting to hear from Ms. Whiteside about these two incidents, but when I didn't, I called her and asked her about them. She confirmed what you just told me. So, basically, I scolded her for not handling it appropriately; it was not her job to decide on the punishment for the violation. That decision must be made by this committee, not by Dr. Whiteside. So, the violation remains on this list and we will figure out the punishment for it. Those extra two hours that you spent posing will not be considered when we determine the appropriate punishment."

Amy blinked back a tear but said nothing further about the incident. Knoxx went on, "Number two. You hid your pussy and boobs before art class. That's a violation of the no-hiding rule. Anything to say about that?"

The naked girl just shook her head and quietly said, "No, I don't. I slipped up, and I'm sorry."

"Number three. You backed away from Mr. Forsberg when he tried to examine you. That's a full-cooperation violation. Comments?"

Again Amy meekly shook her head and said, "No. It was a reflex reaction, and I'm sorry."

"Number four. Avoiding the pistoning devices."

Amy raised her voice and said, "This one is just not fair. I had no control over that. If those devices had been available on Thursday, I would have let the researchers use them on me."

Knoxx thought for a moment and said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, I agree with you. But let me check with the other members of the committee. Gentlemen, is it okay with you if we delete this violation from the list?" After a moment, all four men nodded their heads and Knoxx said, "All right. Number four is removed."

"Now, number five. Closing your legs to prevent Mr. Forsberg from shaving your pubic area. That kind of falls under the full-cooperation and respect-authority rules."

Amy replied, "I don't know what to say about this. It happened the way you described it, and I was just trying to avoid a problem - uh, that is, another violation - the next morning at art class, because Dr. Whiteside would have been upset if I showed up with no pubic hair."

Knoxx came back, "Well, Miss Suzuki, this committee thinks you should have handled the situation differently. The violation stands."

He went on, "Number six. You looked up in the air to show your unhappiness with the Norwegians' devices."

Amy quietly said, "Yes, I did. And I'm sorry."

"Number seven. You complained about how long the experiments would last. Comments?"

Amy thought about this for several seconds, which was a bit too long for Knoxx who said, "Miss Suzuki, we're waiting."

Amy cleared her throat and was about to explain how she hadn't got to bed til after 1:30, but at the last instant, she decided to say nothing except, "Yes, it happened as you described. And I'm sorry."

"Number eight. At the Prime Cut auction, you talked after being told not to."

The nude girl looked up and said, "Actually, I didn't say the word 'no'; I just mouthed it to the man like this." And she demonstrated by forming her lips into the shape for the word without saying it. "So, I don't think I broke the no-talking order."

Knoxx quickly responded, "Well, everybody else thinks you did. The man called Daddy spanked you for it, and Tyson Laird here thinks that you should have shaken your head. And frankly, I think moving your mouth like that constitutes talking even if you say you made no sound, because you might actually have spoken so softly that no one else could hear. Violation stands."

Without pausing, he went on, "Number nine. You hid under a bush to have sex."

Amy didn't like the crude way he said it, because she considered that special moment to have been private lovemaking. But she demurely said, "Yes, Dwight and I wanted our privacy. So, I admit that I hid under the bush."

"Number ten. This is the issue with the other two college girls at the auction. We've already discussed that, and I'm leaving it on the list."

"Number eleven. Talking during body painting. Any comments?"

Amy decided not to argue this issue knowing that she would lose, and so she just said, "Yes, I remember talking a couple of times there today. I'm sorry."

Knoxx said, "Well, that completes the list of violations. I guess we've got ten to deal with. So, now, the punishment. First, Dr. Whiteside wants you to come to the festival again tomorrow afternoon. She wants you there at 1 PM, and she will let you leave in time to get here for the 5 o'clock meeting. Understand?"

Amy just nodded. But she also sighed, because she knew that this dashed the plans that she and Dwight had made last night. They had planned to fly a kite in a reclusive park somewhere tomorrow afternoon; he said he was going to match the amount of clothing she wore by wearing only a skimpy swimsuit. But now she would probably be getting her body painted again by strangers in a very public park.

Knoxx went on some more, "As I said earlier, you will come back here for a meeting at 11 AM on Monday morning. At that meeting, you will bring a bag with the clothes that you want to wear to graduation. Whatever you think is appropriate under the graduation gown. Now, at that meeting, you will get yourself dressed for graduation. There is a shower in the basement of this building; before the 11 o'clock meeting, you will take a shower down there. There will be a washcloth, soap, and shampoo down there, but no towel. You will then come up here at 11; we'll give you a towel to dry off and then you'll finish your preparation. That includes makeup as well as getting dressed. This may be the last opportunity for this committee to meet with you, and we want to make sure you present yourself well as the punishment period ends. So, just to repeat, on Monday morning, you shower in the basement before 11 AM, come here at 11, dry off, put on your makeup, do your hair, etc. And then get dressed. Got it?"

Amy quietly said, "Yes, I understand."

Then he took the kitty from its spot in his arms and placed it on his desk. The cat meowed its displeasure at having been moved from its comfortable spot. Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki, please look carefully at this little kitten. It's a cute little thing. He showed up out back of this building when I came in an hour ago. I guess he's a stray, but we'll try to find his owner. At any rate, please look at the cat then answer my questions. Okay?"

Amy was wondering where this was going and just said, "Okay."

Knoxx asked, "Is the kitty wearing any clothes?"

She replied, "No."

"Is it wearing panties?"

"No."

"Is it wearing jewelry?"

"No."

"Does it have a backpack?"

Amy sighed and again said, "No."

"Does it have an ankle pouch?"

"No."

"Does it have a cell phone?"

"No."

Knoxx continued, "Does it have any money?"

Amy was getting annoyed, "No."

"Does it have any keys?"

"No."

"Does it ride in a car?"

Amy paused for a moment and answered, "No. I don't think so."

Knoxx went on, "How does it get around?"

"I guess it just walks on its four feet."

Now Knoxx paused before saying, "Okay, now please think about yourself in this cat's position. Not its physical position here on my desk, but its place on this planet. For the next couple of days, you are going to be like this cat. No clothes, no panties, no jewelry, no backpack, no ankle pouch, no money, no keys, no cell phone, no car rides - nothing. You can use two feet rather than four, but basically you are going to find your way in the world as naked as the day you were born. In fact, with your recent shave, that portion of your body looks very much like it did the day you were born."

Amy gulped, and she felt her breasts jiggle again. She could probably handle the complete nudity, but how could she get by without money, keys, phone, and car rides for two days?

After giving her a moment to think about this, Knoxx said, "I mentioned jewelry, and I guess I've never noticed jewelry on you before. But now that we've prohibited it, we need to check you over. Please come around to this side of my desk."

Amy slowly walked around the side of the desk, and Knoxx motioned her to a spot just a few inches from him. He remained seated in his chair as he said, "Please hold out your hands." Amy held out both hands and spread her fingers and after a moment, turned them over.

Knoxx stood up and said, "Good. Now, please hold back your long hair and let me check for earrings." Amy sighed and pulled her hair back with one hand. Knoxx looked at the small ruby stud earrings that she was wearing and said, "Ah, those are not permitted for the next couple of days. Please remove them."

These pieces were some of her favorite earrings, because they had been given to her by her grandmother when Amy had her ears pierced many years ago. But the naked girl took them off as instructed and dropped them into Knoxx's outstretch hand.

He said, "I will put these in an envelope and slide them into your backpack. Now, anything else? Body jewelry?" He looked at her quivering tits and then at her nose and eyebrows. He shook his head and glanced down and said, "What about between your legs? Please stand up on my desk and spread your legs so I can have a look."

Amy gulped and then climbed up on his desk. Knoxx moved some papers on either side and motioned for her to place her feet in those spots. She carefully put a foot in each of the small spaces that he had cleared, and this spread her legs fairly far apart; her pussy was a few inches above his head as he sat in his chair. Knoxx put the cat on the desk next to her foot and he leaned in between her legs and looked up. But he said, "I can't see very well; please spread your thighs a bit farther apart." Amy blushed a bright red as she squatted a little bit to open her thighs more. He said, "Thank you. That's much better", and he looked up at her bare pussy. She actually expected him to touch her, but he didn't. However, the kitten rubbed her leg and Amy flinched briefly. Knoxx picked up the cat, and said, "Good. You can get down now." She climbed down from his desk and stood there right next to his chair. He went on, "I noticed some red scratches high up on your leg. You should probably get those treated. Actually, I've got some Neosporin here. Do you want to use that?"

Amy pondered this for a moment, because she could feel the scratches a little bit. She said, "Yes, maybe after the meeting I could do that."

Knoxx replied, "No, let's do it now. Here's the tube. Do you need help applying it under there?"

Amy blushed as she took the tube and said, "Thanks, but I can do it myself." Amy squatted awkwardly in front of the men and rubbed a liberal amount of the medication onto the red areas next to her pussy. When she finished, she handed the tube back to Knoxx. Another embarrassing act, but the ache had already subsided noticeably. She quietly said, "Thank you for that."

He said, "Okay. Let's get back to what we were talking about." He looked her in the eyes and said, "Any other jewelry besides the earrings?"

She shook her head, but Knoxx asked, "What about a diaphragm? Are you wearing one of those? If so, please remove it now. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to inspect you physically; so, I will just take your word for it."

Amy blushed even brighter and she said, "No, I don't use a diaphragm, and I don't have one in me now."

He looked at her sternly and said, "No diaphragm? So, the only birth control you do is to insist upon your partners using a condom?"

Amy continued to blush brightly, but she was annoyed by his use of the plural word "partners" which falsely implied she slept around. Also, the subject of birth control had never been mentioned in these daily naked meetings, and she considered that subject to be even more private than her private body parts that she had been forced to display. She quietly said, "I use birth control pills."

Knoxx said, "Oh, okay, that's good. Now, there are going to be a few exceptions to the total nudity rule. But first, let me have Tyson Laird clarify some legal aspects here. Ty?"

From his chair, Laird looked up at the naked girl and said, "Miss Suzuki, a few weeks ago, when we were negotiating this punishment with you and your attorney, we reluctantly decided that you would be allowed to wear underpants during this punishment period. We wanted to impose total nudity on you at that time, but we felt we might be on shaky legal ground if we did. However, in light of your continued violations, we feel that we are on solid legal ground in this additional punishment. And let me repeat what we've said all along that actually our strong preference was to expel you a few weeks ago, and we'd like to expel you right now, but we still feel that would be a bit iffy in a legal sense. So, total nudity is your punishment for the next couple of days."

In reality, Laird did not believe what he just said. It still was shaky legal ground, but since it was late on a Saturday afternoon, he knew that this young woman and her lawyer wouldn't really have time to do anything about it until Monday, when the punishment was scheduled to end anyway.

Knoxx then said, "Thanks, Tyson. Now, Miss Suzuki, as I said, there will be a few exceptions to total nudity. First, the panty auction is scheduled for 7 o'clock tonight, and the frat guys want you to be wearing panties at least for the start of the auction; they said they will auction off the pair that you're wearing sometime during the evening. So, I will deliver a pair of panties to them as soon as this meeting is over, and they will tell you when to put them on after you arrive."

"Also, Mr. Garoni wants you to wear your mortarboard and high heel shoes for at least part of tomorrow morning's photoshoot. So, you may bring those along tomorrow morning. But only for the photoshoot. Oh, Garoni doesn't know that you won't have panties; you'll have to explain to him that he will just have to shoot all of his pictures with you naked. And the final exception is that Ms. Whiteside may have some adornments of some sort for you."

"And of course, you will follow the usual rules. No hiding. No covering up. Full cooperation. Be on time. Etc. Let's see it's now 5:30 and the auction starts at 7, and you probably want to eat before then. So, you probably need to get going. Any questions?"

Amy was still stunned. But she did manage to ask, "What about my backpack? Can I take it back to the dorm?"

Knoxx rubbed his chin and said, "Actually, we'll just keep it here til Monday, since you won't be needing it."

Amy then asked, "Am I allowed to make phone calls using other phones?"

Knoxx answered, "Oh, yes, of course. You just can't carry a cell phone around with you. We don't want you carrying anything at all around with you. Let me be clear about our intentions here. We don't want you wearing or carrying anything these next few days. We realize that will probably make you feel extremely vulnerable in some ways, and that is our intent. Your punishment will include feeling very vulnerable as well as feeling very embarrassed."

"Can I at least turn off my cell phone so that the battery doesn't run down?", Amy asked quietly.

He said, "I'll take care of that."

Amy blushed and asked, "Mr. Garoni asked me to also bring a vibrator to the photoshoot along with the mortarboard and high heels. I'll need to bring a little tube of lubricant and a small towel, too. Is that okay?"

Knoxx frowned, "Yes, the vibrator's okay, but do you really need the lubricant? I'd have thought that you would have enough natural juices down there."

Amy knew that he was just trying to rub in some more humiliation, but she blushed anyway and said, "Yes, I always use lubricant with the vibrator; the instructions say to do that."

"Well, okay. You can take the tube of lubricant and a towel. I look forward to some interesting pictures."

Amy hesitated and then asked, "There's not really time for me to walk to the dorm, eat dinner, and then walk over to the Gamma house. Can I at least get a ride to the frat house?" But as soon as she finished the last word, she knew that she had just made a mistake.

Knoxx frowned some more, "Umm, Miss Suzuki, I think you know better than to ask that. This kitty is permitted to complain, but you are not. It's a shame that you added another violation before you even stepped out of this room. We'll deal with that violation tomorrow. You'll have to work out your timing this evening by yourself. So, I'll bid you goodbye for now, but we will see you at the auction this evening."

Amy turned to leave and as she was opening the door, Knoxx said to her, "Oh, Miss Suzuki, another thing this kitty is permitted to do is to ride the elevator. But you are not. The exercise will do you good."

As she walked through the waiting room, Amy looked longingly at her panties and backpack. And then as she stepped into the hallway, the naked girl started running down the empty hall to the stairwell. She flung the door open and dashed down two floors before she started to sob uncontrollably. She sat down on the steps and cried for a few minutes. Those awful men just kept finding more and more ways to thoroughly humiliate her. She wiped her eyes with her hands, and then reached behind her to get a tissue from her backpack before remembering that she had absolutely nothing now - not even a simple Kleenex tissue. She sat for another few moments as she composed herself wiping her eyes with her hands, and then she slowly descended the final few floors.

As she entered the lobby, she heard the elevator ding. The door opened, and there was Knoxx and the other four men. And the little kitty, which was nestled in Knoxx's arms. Dangling from Knoxx's fingers under the kitty was a pair of white panties. The men just smiled at her as she walked completely nude out the front door.

**Chapter 70 - Pre-Panty Auction Prep**

As Amy's bare feet hit the sidewalk, she felt the tears starting to well up again. Knoxx was right; she felt more vulnerable right now than she had at any time in the last few weeks. Even though she had been almost naked for those few weeks, she did have panties to wear and a backpack to carry. The panties at least had covered her most private spot, and even though the backpack didn't cover much of her body, it did provide her with support for her daily activities. It had her cell phone, her wallet, her keys, her school books. And now she had none of those things - no clothes, no phone, no money, no nothing. And she didn't have her grandmother's earrings, which had often provided a tiny bit of emotional comfort. And now she didn't even have the tiny strip of pubic hair any more.

She had to make her way in a cruel world absolutely naked. It would only be for a couple of days, but they were crucial days in her life.

As she got to the corner and waited for the traffic signal to change, she realized that she had a couple of immediate problems to solve. First, she was hungry. Second, she had to get to the fraternity house.

She pondered these dilemmas long enough that she missed one cycle of the signal. But in that time, she decided that she'd go directly to the Gamma house and ask them to feed her. But that only solved half of her problems, because she didn't really know exactly how to get to Gamma house from campus. Yesterday, when Dwight had driven her, she was talking on the phone to Linda and not paying close attention to the route that Dwight had taken. If she had her phone, she would call someone to ask directions; there were a few pay phones still on campus, but none were near where she was standing, and she didn't have any money to make the phone call anyway. She knew the general direction, because most of the fraternity and sorority houses were bunched together in a neighborhood, and so, she headed off in that direction. She passed one of the posters she put up last night and noticed that it didn't have the address on it - everyone was just supposed to know where Gamma Gamma Theta was located.

It was about a 20 minute walk to Greek Street as the area was called, and the totally nude girl got lots of catcalls - especially as she walked past the fraternity houses on Madison Way. But she reached the end of that street without seeing the house where she had been last night. She turned the corner and walked a block over to Jefferson Avenue. She was growing a bit frantic now, because this street was mostly big private residences rather than frat houses. An elderly woman was sitting on a porch, and Amy started to ask her where Gamma house was, but the lady disgustedly went back into the house as Amy stopped to talk to her. She considered going back to Madison where all the catcalls had come from and asking those guys, but she decided to try one more street first. So, she went back past Madison to Monroe Street and turned the corner. She breathed a big sigh of relief when she saw Gamma house only three houses from the corner, and she scampered up the short walk to the front porch.

She rang the doorbell and then waited apprehensively. It took a concentrated effort for her not to hold her hands in front of her pussy; she knew any such action would be interpreted as a violation and would be reported to Knoxx. She knew that this house was full of observers, and in fact, Knoxx himself might be in there right now. Her breasts rose and fell as she waited.

A moment later, the door opened and she saw a guy wiping his mouth with a napkin. He smiled at the nude girl and said, "Hey, Amy, you're early. We're in the middle of dinner, but please come in." As he escorted her down the hallway, she noticed a clock showing that it was only 6:15 PM. Next to the clock, she saw a coat hook with a pair of white panties hanging on it. There are lots of white panties like this in the world, and these could have just been a trophy that one of the frat members had collected from a recent conquest, but Amy was certain that they were her very own panties that Knoxx had delivered earlier.

When they entered the dining room, the buzz of conversation stopped when they saw the pretty naked girl. Don Seligman got up, came over, shook her hand, and said, "Hi, Amy. As you can see, we're eating dinner. Are you hungry? Do you want to join us?"

Amy smiled and said, "Hi, Don. Yes, I am hungry. Dinner sounds great right now."

Amy looked around the big room with three long tables running the length of it. It kind of reminded her of the Hogwarts' dining hall shown in the Harry Potter movies. Guys were clustered at various spots along the tables, and she even saw a couple of girls in one of the clusters along with the Larson brothers - Steve and Mitch.

Steve Larson got up and came over to Seligman and Amy. He said, "Hi, Amy. Why don't you come over and eat with us? I'll introduce you to my family, and then I'll get a plate of food from the kitchen."

Amy hesitantly followed him, and she felt the roomful of eyes following her as she walked across the front of the big room. At the table, Larson said, "You know my brother, Mitch. This is my father, Jim, and these are my sisters, Alyson and Nicole. Everybody is here for my graduation on Monday; our mother will be here tomorrow." Amy smiled weakly as she shook hands with all of them.

The father, Jim, gave her a wary look, but he looked her over from head to toe. The two girls giggled as they stood to face the nude girl. Steve said, "Please forgive these twerps. Alyson is a high school senior, and she'll be here at Bancroft in the fall. Nicole is a junior." He jokingly said, "Obviously, they still have some growing up to do." He then pulled out one of the high-backed chairs that were lining the tables and held it for Amy to sit down next to Nicole.

Amy felt really out of place being naked in the midst of all these clothed strangers. She knew some of the guys from last night, but the father and the two teenage girls were new to her. Jim and Mitch started chatting with her about schoolwork and graduation, and Amy meekly added the expected replies. Steve brought a dinner plate full of the evening's food - fried chicken, mashed potatoes, and green beans - along with a glass of apple juice.

Amy started eating and listened as the two girls started asking questions. Alyson, who was sitting across the table from Amy, asked, "Have you really been naked for three weeks?" Amy just nodded, and Alyson went on, "But what's this about the panties being auctioned tonight? Doesn't naked mean no clothes at all?"

Amy took another bite and then explained that the punishment allowed her to wear panties.

Alyson said, "Okay, that explains the panties. But you're naked now. So, you're naked part of the time and wearing only panties the rest of the time?"

Amy sighed and blushed, "Yes, that's right." And she explained some of her community service activities such as today's body painting and the art class posing. This conversation was becoming uncomfortable, and Amy wished that she could derail it somehow, but she felt that it was already beyond her control.

Alyson continued, "Well, what is it like to be the only nude person in a room like this?"

Amy merely said, "Embarrassing, humiliating, shaming."

Alyson persisted, "It's only the middle of May, and it still gets pretty cold up here. How do you handle the cold mornings?"

Amy gave a weak laugh and said, "I run fast between buildings."

Then, the younger girl, Nicole, asked, "Don't your boobs hurt when you run?"

Amy just nodded. She was now certain that she'd lost control of the embarrassing conversation.

Nicole went on, "If you're nude so much, what do you do about pads during your period? Oh, maybe you use a tampon? But doesn't the string hang out?"

Amy was really embarrassed now, but she quietly explained that she was fortunate, because she wouldn't have a period during this punishment time. Amy added, "I really don't know what I would have done if I'd had a period during this time. I guess I'd use a tampon, but I just don't know."

Nicole continued, "You don't have any pubic hair. Do you always have it that way or was that part of your punishment?"

Amy said in almost a whisper, "Part of the punishment. It was shaved off today."

Nicole gasped, "Oh, my. I've heard it itches after shaving. Does yours itch?" Amy weakly nodded, and Nicole asked, "Can I touch it? I'd like to understand what it feels like. Maybe, I'll want to shave off my own."

At this point, the father, Jim, interrupted, "Nickie, please. Those are really personal questions. You need to be courteous. I don't think Amy has to answer them or let you touch her."

But Mitch responded, "Dad, actually, Amy is required to cooperate with such things as part of her punishment." And he looked over at Amy.

Amy blushed as she understood the look, and she knew what she had to do even though she thought there were restrictions about sexual touching today. Amy obediently stood up and faced the young girl still seated in the chair next to her. Meekly, she said, "It's okay, Nicole. Go ahead."

The room had grown quiet as everyone had turned to watch the nude coed standing submissively in front of the high school girl. Nicole slowly dragged her finger over the area just above Amy's pussy lips, and then she used her fingernail to trace her pussy lips just to the point where they went underneath. Amy squirmed a bit at this intimate touch. As Nicole re-traced back up the lips, she stopped at Amy's clit which was just peeking out between the lips.

Nicole said, "That's your clitoris, isn't it?"

Amy whispered, "Yes, it is."

Nicole went on, "Is it always showing like that? Mine doesn't do that."

Again Amy answered quietly, "Yes, it often is. I guess every woman is a little bit different."

Nicole looked over at her father and asked, "Daddy, can I have some money? I'd like to bid on her panties tonight. Kind of as a way to remember her. Sort of a souvenir, you know?"

Jim answered, "Okay, sweetie. I'll give you some after dinner. Now, why don't we let Amy finish eating?"

Amy finished eating dinner in relative peace. She continued to talk with the two girls, but the conversation was about her upcoming new life near Boston rather than her current nude life in New Hampshire.

The conversation lasted a few minutes after she finished dinner, and then she felt a tap on her bare shoulder. She looked up and saw Knoxx who asked, "Miss Suzuki, can I have a word with you please?" Amy got up and Knoxx led her firmly by her elbow up to the front of the room. They were out of hearing distance of everyone, but still they were in full view. The people at the tables saw the well dressed man talking sternly to the very naked girl.

Knoxx said, "Just a few reminders. Please remember that you're the MC tonight; we expect a good performance from you. Also, we understand you have some cleanup duties to perform after the auction; please remember what we said about riding in a motor vehicle or an elevator."

Amy gulped at this. She would be required to load the folding chairs back into the rental truck, and that would be very difficult to do without moving the truck and using the truck's lift.

Knoxx went on, "After you finish all of that, you will need to get safely back to your dorm in the dark. We just wanted to let you know that Tyson and I will take care of that. Now, do you have any questions?"

Amy was relieved to hear that they'd be giving her a ride home rather than walking naked along the dark streets. She gave him a weak smile and said, "Thanks. Umm, and actually, I do have a question. That cleanup job requires carrying folding chairs. I know you don't want me carrying anything, but are those chairs okay?"

Knoxx said, "Uhhh, good point. Those chairs might cover you up somewhat, but it needs to be done. So, yes, it's okay. Anything else?"

She quietly said, "No", and he put his two hands on her shoulders and looked her sternly in the eye and said, "Good. Now, don't disappoint us this evening." Amy just nodded, but she knew that everyone had been watching this little meeting and that it must have looked like a father scolding a naked daughter.

She meekly returned to the Larson group and asked, "Steve, can I use a telephone, please?"

Larson replied, "Umm, did Chancellor Knoxx say that is okay?"

Amy was annoyed but only said, "Yes, he just doesn't want me carrying a cell phone around with me."

Larson said, "Okay then. There's a phone in the hallway, just outside the dining hall."

Amy turned and walked across the front of the room to the door knowing that all the eyeballs were following her. She looked at the clock and saw that it was 6:45, and that meant that Dwight was still at dinner with the recruiters. She really wanted to talk with him for moral support, but that wasn't possible right then. So, she called Linda.

Linda answered, "Hello?"

"Hi, Lindy, it's me."

"Oh Amy, we've been so worried. I've been trying to call you for the last couple of hours. And then you didn't show for dinner. Didn't you get my messages?"

"No, I don't have my phone. They took it away."

Linda gasped, "What do you mean - took it away?"

Amy whispered, "Knoxx took away my panties, my backpack, my phone, my keys, my money, my right to ride in a car, everything. I'll get them all back on Monday, but I'm totally naked for the next two days."

Linda gasped again, "Oh, Sooz, that sounds awful. Where are you now? Anything I can do?"

Amy's voice cracked as she said, "I'm at Gamma house now, and I'm going to be late tonight. Are you going to be in the room? I don't have my keys and I'll need to get in."

Linda hesitated for a moment before saying, "Uhh, Mark and I are going out tonight. But I'll make sure I'm back by, umm, what time?"

Amy knew from the tone in her best friend's voice that Linda had been planning to spend the night with her boyfriend, and now, Amy was asking her to change her plans. Amy felt guilty, but she said, "Probably 11 o'clock, maybe midnight. But, hey, Lindy, I don't want to mess up your plans. It should be okay for us to leave the door unlocked for a few hours."

Linda quickly said, "No, Sooz, it's all right; I'll be here. It sounds like you'd like to talk after you get home. So, Mark and I will get our loving done early. He'll understand that you need my help."

Tears were rolling down Amy's cheeks as she said, "Oh, Lindy, you're the best friend ever. Yes, I'll probably need a shoulder to cry on tonight."

Linda was starting to cry also, but she managed to say, "Okay, I'll be here for you. In fact, maybe I should get someone to pick you up. Gamma house is a long way from here, and you shouldn't be walking that far naked in the dark. What about Dwight? Can he give you a ride?"

Amy partially recovered her composure and said, "No, he's busy tonight with an important interview, and he didn't know when he'd be done, but Knoxx said he'd give me a ride."

Linda groaned, "Eeeww, that sounds icky."

Amy chuckled and said, "Yep, but it's better than walking. Umm, I need to go. See you later, okay?" And they said goodbye.

As she hung up the phone, Mitch Larson came up to her and said, "Amy, you still owe me a one-sheet for today. Do you have it?"

The naked girl slumped her head and said, "No, I'd forgotten about it. Umm, is the computer set up on the stage?" Larson nodded and Amy shrugged as she said, "Okay, I'll go do it." She glanced at the clock and it showed 6:50. "Oh, god, I don't have much time." She turned, but Larson grabbed her arm and said, "Amy, put these on." And he handed her the white panties from the coat hook. Amy quickly looked for the small red mark on the rear hem, and after she saw it, she slipped on the panties.

She dashed down the hall, into the rec room, and up onto the stage. The crowd was already gathering, but she sat down at the computer and dashed off a couple of quick paragraphs about the auction preparation and the bodypainting. She whispered to Larson, "There. Be sure to do a spell check on it."

As she got up from the computer, she saw Zacharias and Brockington standing there. Zacharias said, "It's 7 o'clock. You need to get started."

**Chapter 71 - Amy's Panties Up for Bid**

She looked out at the waiting crowd. Almost all of the 100 folding chairs were occupied and there were another 20 or so people standing in the back and on the sides. Almost all were men or boys; there were the two Larson girls, the Gamma housemother, and another 5 or 6 college girls. But as she took a deep breath, she really wasn't focused on the crowd, because her heart and her mind were racing. She knew what she had to do, but she needed to calm her nerves first. She took another deep breath and stepped over next to Brockington, who was standing at the podium. He handed her a microphone, and she stepped away from the podium, because she knew she could not hide any part of her mostly naked body behind it. If she had looked at Knoxx sitting in the second row, she would have noticed him looking at his watch.

As her breasts continued to rise and fall, she began, "Ladies and gentlemen, good morning, I'm Am . . .", and she caught herself, "I'm sorry, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, forgive me, but I am very nervous. I'm Amy Suzuki, and I want to welcome you to tonight's auction of my panties. Most of you probably know my story, but just in case, let me describe briefly what happened and why we're having this auction."

"On the night of April 30th, I made a very bad mistake. Just before midnight, I streaked around the campus quad, and I was apprehended by a university security guard. The next day, I was brought before the Discipline Committee, who explained the seriousness of the offense. The usual punishment for streaking is expulsion from this fine university, but the gentlemen on the committee were lenient enough with me to allow me to choose either expulsion or remaining almost naked until the school term ended. Since I was so close to graduation, I decided to accept the mostly naked punishment. Bancroft is a very prestigious institution, and I wanted to finish my bachelor's degree and get my diploma, and if that degree and diploma are awarded to me, I will value them for the rest of my life."

"So, I have been mostly naked for the last three weeks. There have been times when I was required to be totally nude in public places, but for most of my daily activities, the committee allowed me to wear panties - and only panties, nothing else. Just like I'm wearing right now here in front of you. And it's those twenty pairs of panties that are be auctioned off tonight as part of my punishment. The proceeds from the auction will be donated to Bancroft Foundation; so, it's for a very good cause - please, bid high."

"One last thing before we start the auction. I want to make this very public apology for my behavior that night. I did it on a lark, but it was a very, very stupid thing for me to do. I am truly sorry for having done it. And I want to thank Chancellor Knoxx and the Discipline Committee for allowing me to avoid being expelled from school."

"Now, let me turn over the microphone to Phil Brockington, who will run the rest of the auction."

Brockington took the mike and said, "Gentlemen", and after a pause he added "and ladies" to acknowledge the few females in the room besides Amy. "As Amy said, we have twenty panties to auction off, but the winner of each auction will also get a couple of other things. First, he or she will get to have their photo taken with Amy; actually, we'll take two separate photos, if that's what the winner wants. Second, there will be a one page write up of what Amy did that day; Amy herself actually wrote up these documents, and we will print the one or two photos on that sheet which will be given to you. And let me add a few words about those photos. You can be in the photo with Amy or you can have Amy pose in whatever way you want. It's okay if you touch her, but not sexually. For example, holding her hand or an arm over her shoulder is fine, but touching her breast is not."

"Now, about the panties themselves. They are all good quality from Victoria's Secret; original cost was between $5 and $10 each. Amy actually wore these panties from about 5 PM on the previous day until 5 o'clock on the day shown on the document. They have not been laundered since she wore them, and so you might see some stains, which will add some character to the panties." Amy blushed at the mention of the stains caused by her own pussy juices.

Brockington went on, "The minimum bid will be $2 and the increment will also be at least $2. As she said, the money is being donated to a good cause. So, nobody here is getting anything out of this except the right to see this beautiful young woman naked. And that leads us to the first item which will be put up for bid, and that is the pair of white panties that Amy is wearing right now. Since she just put these on a few minutes ago, she has not written up a one-sheet for them. But the winner will get the two photos and in addition, he will be allowed to remove the panties from her." As he was saying this, he reached over, grabbed the top hem of Amy's white panties at the side panel, and pulled it out from her skin a couple of inches. Again, Amy blushed, but she just stood there.

Brockington started the auction with, "Okay, do I hear $2? Good, how about four?" And someone yelled "Ten dollars" from the back of the room. After a moment, another man bid $12. And this led to a back-and-forth bidding contest that didn't end til one of them bid $30. Brockington finally said, "Sold, to the young man standing in back. Please come up and claim your prize."

Amy felt her eyes beginning to water, but she just stood there and watched the very young man come up onto the stage. Brockington said, "Hello, what's your name, man?"

The guy answered, "Bill Pratt" and Brockington said, "Okay, Bill, nice going. Now, let me suggest that one of your two photos should be of you sliding the panties down her legs. The other photo can be your choice. All right?" Pratt nodded enthusiastically and the auctioneer said, "Good, go ahead."

Pratt turned to face Amy, reached out his hand, and said, "Hi, Amy, nice to meet you." Amy gave him a wane smile as she limply shook his hand. Then, he knelt down in front of her, grasped each side of her panties, looked back briefly at Steve Larson who was aiming the camera, returned his eyes to the panties, and slowly slid them down her long legs exposing her hairless pussy to the audience. There was a murmur of surprise that rippled through the crowd followed by a smattering of applause as Amy now stood totally naked facing the large group. She stepped out of her panties as they hit the floor, and Pratt waved them in the air as he stood up.

Brockington said into the mike, "Well done, Bill. You've uncovered the last, and I might say, the best parts of Amy's lovely body for our viewing. And now, what would you like for your second photo?"

Pratt asked, "Can I put my hand on her butt? Or is that too sexual?"

Without hesitating, Brockington said, "Sure, her ass is okay."

Pratt said, "Good. So, I'm just going to stand next to her and put my left hand on her right butt cheek and hold up the panties in my other hand." And he dangled the white panties from his right hand as Larson took the second photo.

Brockington said, "Good job all around, Bill. Now, please step back to the table, give them the money, and wait for Mitch to print the photos for you. And Amy, please get the memory card from Steve and take it over to Mitch for the photo processing."

The naked girl stepped to the front edge of the stage, bent over with her breasts hanging nicely below her, and took the little memory card that Steve Larson was handing to her. Amy turned around and went back to the table where she gave Mitch Larson the memory card. As she turned to return to the front of the stage, Mitch whispered, "Amy, here's another memory card. Give it to Steve for the next set of photos." Amy took the card and blushed as she returned to the front, bent over again, and handed the card to the older Larson. She now realized that she would be making that embarrassing bend with her breasts drooping many, many times during this evening.

Brockington said, "Good, one down - literally - and nineteen to go. Now, this next pair is also kind of unusual. It turns out that Amy did not actually wear these panties, and I'm going to let Amy explain what happened here." He handed Amy the mike and also the pair of pink striped panties.

Amy gulped. She hadn't been expecting to say anything else during the auction. She felt her underarms getting a bit damp with sweat, and her voice broke a little bit as she said, "Uhhh, umm, let's see, how do I say this? These panties are actually a replacement pair for an identical pair that was stolen earlier in the day. The originals were hanging on a hook in the hallway as I was helping with an experiment, and someone took them from the hook. I could not find the originals, and so Dr. Knoxx asked me to buy these as a replacement for this auction. I actually did wear them, but only for a minute or so to make sure that they were the right size. Umm, the one-sheet that I wrote up describes what happened to the original pair of pink striped panties rather than this pair itself. Umm, I guess that's all I need to say. Okay?" And she looked back at Brockington.

Brockington said, "Umm, actually, Amy, isn't there a bit of a story about where you purchased these?"

Amy paused for a moment kind of glaring at him as she took back the microphone. They were just trying to further embarrass the nude girl, and Amy knew that she had no choice but to explain. "Yes, that's right. Dr. Knoxx told me to purchase the replacement panties from Victoria's Secret. He probably meant for me to go the VS store in the local mall, but at that time, it would have been very embarrassing to me to go into the mall almost naked. So, I purchased them online and had them shipped to me. Dr. Knoxx figured out what I had done, explained that I had broken one of the rules, and added some additional punishment." Amy paused for a moment and handed the mike back to Brockington.

But Brockington said, "What rule did you break? What was the punishment?"

She took the mike back and said sheepishly, "When I was originally punished for streaking, I signed an agreement that included several rules. One of them was that I could not cover myself or hide from view, and buying the panties on the internet was essentially hiding my body from view at the mall. I don't remember the exact punishment for that violation, but this panty auction was probably part of the punishment."

She handed the microphone back to Brockington and she was relieved when he said, "Okay, thanks for the clarification. Now, let's get on with the auction of these replacement panties." But Amy glanced down and saw that Knoxx was writing down some notes. She knew that her description had been vague, and now she was afraid that she'd added another violation to his list, but it was too late to do anything about it now.

Brockington coordinated the bidding process, and the pink striped panties only fetched $18. The winning bidder was a young man wearing overalls; Amy thought he was probably an auto mechanic or maybe a plumber. For the first photo, he used the same pose that the previous guy had done with a hand on Amy's bare butt. For the second, he had her pose alone in a spread eagle style holding the stretched out panties way above her head; her pussy was wide open in this position. The nude girl then shuttled the memory cards back and forth between the Larson brothers.

Brockington said, "Okay, that's two panties down, eighteen to go. And we're going to do these in a completely random order. I've got the panties here in a bag, and I'm going to have Amy reach in and pull out the next pair to auction off."

He held open the bag, and the naked girl blushed as she reached in and pulled out a pair of beige panties. She held them out for him, but instead of taking them, he pointed the microphone at her and whispered, "Tell them the date."

Amy blushed and softly spoke into the microphone, "May 9th."

But Brockington said, "Louder, Amy, so that everyone can hear. Also, please describe them for those at the back of the room, and also please include the day of the week that is shown on the tag."

Amy blushed again and spoke louder into the mike, "I wore these panties Wednesday, May 9th. They are beige colored; kind of a flesh-tone. Some girls call the color nude or bare."

A guy in the audience yelled out, "Put them on so we can see what they look like on you."

But Brockington replied, "Sorry, but Amy has to remain naked the rest of the evening. So, no, she won't be modeling the panties for you. Now, do I hear $2?" And the bidding continued $10, $15, $17, $19, $21, and finally $23. The winning bidder was the guy who had yelled out earlier, and for the first picture, he asked Brockington, "I'd like to put the panties on her and then have the photo taken while I'm sliding them back down her legs. Okay?"

Brockington frowned and said, "Just a minute. Let me discuss it with our auction committee." He went back to the table and talked briefly with Ned Zacharias. When he returned, he said, "Well, here's what we've decided. Since Amy is required to remain naked, we don't want her pussy covered up the rest of the evening. So, you can slide the panties part way up her legs, and then we'll take the photo in that position and then you can take them off of her." The winner smiled and said, "Great" and he held out the panties for Amy. She stepped into them, and then blushed some more as the guy dragged his fingers up her legs as he raised the panties to just a couple of inches below her pussy lips. The photo was taken and he repeated the finger dragging as he slid the panties off of her. The second photo had him shaking hands with Amy.

Brockington said, "Good going. Now, please step back to the table where they will collect your money and process the photos." Amy did her little routine of exchanging the camera memory cards with her bare breasts dangling enticingly each time.

The next pair that Amy pulled out of the bag was pink, and she announced, "These are pink panties from Wednesday, May 16." The bidding went up to $28. The winner was another guy, Amy recognized him as one of the Gamma members, and he repeated the previous winner's action of sliding the panties up her legs, but before the photo was taken, he told her to spread her legs as far as she could stretching out the panties which were just below her pussy. For the second photo, he just put his arm around her shoulder.

The next three pairs went much the same as Brockington, Amy, and the other Gamma guys fell into a routine. All the winners were male; in fact, Amy had not heard any female voices in the bidding so far. But for the next pair of panties, which were the polka dot pair, she heard a familiar girl's voice get into the bidding. She looked out to see Nicole Larson taking an active part in the bidding. Nicole didn't win, but she had pushed the winner up to $36.

For the next two auctions, Nicole tried again. Losing each time, but the winning bids each time reached $40. Amy found herself kind of rooting for the young girl to win one of the auctions.

And it finally happened on the next auction, which was for the May 11th yellow panties. Nicole ended up winning the bid at $30. The young high school girl was almost giddy as she scampered from her seat, up the stairs, and onto the stage next to Amy. She was really excited and Brockington had to calm her down by saying, "Okay, Nicole. Settle down. You need to select a couple of poses."

Nicole was giggling as she said, "Ummm, okay, Amy. I want you to hold one side of the panties and I'll hold the other just below your vagina." And Nicole knelt down next to Amy, handed one edge of the panties over to Amy, held the other edge of the panties with one hand, pointed at Amy's pussy with her other hand, and smiled as her brother took the photo.

Then, Nicole said, "Oh, this is fun. For the second photo, I want to be kissing her on the cheek from the side. I don't want to be blocking any of this good stuff." And she pointed to Amy's breasts and pussy. Then, she put an arm around Amy's shoulder, leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek as the photo was taken. Amy was blushing at this overly affectionate display from the young girl.

Nicole stood off to the side still rubbing her hands in excitement and watched as Amy took the memory card from one of Nicole's brothers and handed it to the other brother. As the youngster walked back to the table, she asked Brockington, "Can I bid again? Please, please, this is just so much fun."

Brockington said, "Sure, Nicole. We want to raise as much money as we can."

Nicole said, "Oh, goody." And she yelled over to her father, "Daddy, Daddy, can I have some more money?" But her father didn't give any indication one way or the other. And Nicole just turned and gleefully watched the document and the photos being printed.

The last eight panties went much the same as the previous ones. Amy had noticed that Nicole's father had spoken to her firmly after she returned to her seat, and Nicole didn't bid again the rest of the night. But her sister, Alyson, did bid although she didn't win any of the auctions. Seven of the eight winners were males ranging from college students to an older gentlemen. The one female winner was Kimberly Hill, a student who Amy had seen around campus, but she didn't know her personally.

The poses that the eight winners requested varied widely although since Amy's ass seemed to be fair game, there were several poses with the winner resting a hand on her bare butt. There were a few stealthy squeezes of her butt when the organizers didn't seem to be looking. Most of the winners wanted to be in the photos with Amy, but a few had her posing alone. One had her facing away from the camera, bent over with legs wide spread, and looking back between her hanging breasts and legs at the camera. Two of the guys kissed her on the lips including one in an extended embrace. Another had her kneeling in front of the guy and reaching up for her panties that he was holding just out of her reach. And most embarrassing to Amy was Kimberly who told Amy to spread her pussy lips wide apart with her hands so the photographer could take a close-up shot of her inner pinkness.

Amy had been mentally counting down the panties as they were auctioned off, and she was very relieved when the last pair had been done. Even though she had been kept very busy during the auction by posing for the photos and by shuttling the memory cards between the Larson brothers, she thought that this auction was probably the most humiliating exposure of her naked body yet. Several times she had to fight the impulse to cover her pussy or breasts from the view of the big crowd; she even wondered if she had accidentally covered herself at some point, which would trigger another violation from Knoxx who seemed to be watching her intently throughout the evening.

After the last pair of panties, Brockington announced, "Well, that pretty much wraps things up. I've just been told that we raised $560 from the auction plus $650 from your admission fees for a total of $1210 that will go to the Bancroft Foundation. We thank all of you for your generous participation." He turned to Amy and said, "And a special thanks to this lovely young woman. Let's give her a hand." And the audience applauded and whistled loudly. Then, Brockington said, "Okay, Amy, I'll give the mike back to you and you can make some closing remarks."

Again the naked girl had not expected this and she hesitated a moment before taking the microphone and saying, "Umm, I'll repeat what Phil said. Thank you everyone for helping out the Foundation. And let me also repeat what I said earlier. I sincerely apologize for my behavior on the night of April 30th. I deserved to be punished for streaking, and I thank the Discipline Committee for allowing me to remain in school and get my degree. With that, I'll bid you all a good night." There was another big round of applause and then the crowd got up and started to leave. Naked Amy just stood there holding the microphone for several seconds looking out over the departing crowd. She had a faint smile on her face, and this was actually a somewhat real smile, because she knew that another shameful episode had come to an end. The evening was not over yet, but at least the auction was done.

She continued to stand there at the edge of the stage not knowing exactly what to do next. Then, she noticed two guys, probably college students, coming to the front of the stage below her. One of them reached up a hand, and a whole series of thoughts went through Amy's mind in a fraction of a second. "He's trying to touch my pussy, which is only a few inches from his face. A normal girl would jump back and not allow a stranger to touch her in such a private spot. But I'm not a normal girl; I'm this naked freak and I must cooperate with everyone, and so I cannot jump back out of his reach. During the auction, the Gamma guys did not allow anyone to touch me sexually, but now the auction is over. Is he now allowed to touch me there? I'm just not sure, and so I've got to stand here and appear to cooperate with him." All of this passed over her brain cells in a millisecond or two.

But she had an anguished look on her face as she looked down at him. Then she recognized him; it was Kurt Manning who had been the winning bidder on one of the pairs of panties. He was holding a pen in his hand that he was reaching up to her. Manning said, "Hi, Amy. I was wondering if you would sign the one-sheet that was printed for me with the two neat photos on it? And could you do the same for Ernie here who won your polka dot panties?"

Amy was relieved that all they wanted was her autograph rather than a free feel of her pussy. Her anguished look turned to a smile and she said, "Sure." She bent over to get the pen and the one-sheet from the guy, and her long hair fell into Manning's face and her full breasts dangled right in front of his eyes. She blushed and said "Sorry about that", and she stood up with the piece of paper and the pen. She scooted back to the table and used it as a hard surface to sign the paper. She came back to the front of the stage, pulled back her hair with one hand, and handed the pen and paper back to him with her other hand.

Then, Ernie Stephens, the other guy, handed her a pen and his one-sheet. This time Amy just knelt down and used the stage as the hard surface for signing the paper providing the two guys with another close-up look of her hanging breasts. She handed the pen and paper back to Stephens, and the two guys simultaneously said, "Thanks, Amy" and they turned to leave. Amy wanted to avoid any other such requests, and so she went back to the table to wait for her further instructions.

**Chapter 72 - All Chairs Present and Accounted For**

The auction organizers were clustered around the table counting money, shutting down the computer setup, and other wrap-up procedures. Zacharias said to her, "Amy, you need to get started with the chairs. The brown ones with the padded seats belong to the fraternity, and you should put them on the racks over there at the side of the room. There should be 40 of them; please make sure that they are all there. The gray metal chairs with 'Hartfield' stenciled on the backs belong to the rental company, and they need to go back on the truck. Again make certain that all 60 chairs that we rented get back on the truck. Why don't you do the brown chairs first? When you finish, I'll give you the truck key. Okay?"

Amy nodded sullenly, but as she turned to go down the steps, she stopped as Nicole Larson was coming up to join her brothers on the stage. Nicole was holding the yellow panties and the one-sheet from her winning auction. She still had a giddy expression on her face, and she said, "Hey, Amy, I saw you signing the documents for those two guys. Can you do mine? Please, pretty please?"

Amy looked at the young girl and realized that Nicole was going to be a real stunner in a few years. The young girl already had a full figure with nicely shaped breasts behind the tight long-sleeve red sweater that she was wearing. Her tight jeans accented thin legs that would probably fill out some more in the next year or so. And her face was very pretty too with a nose turned up just enough surrounded on either side by high cheeks. All nicely set off with blonde hair in a bob-style haircut similar to Linda's. The only thing currently holding her back was an immature attitude that Amy thought Nicole would probably grow out of. Amy thought back to her own days as a 16-year old teenager, and she knew that she had probably been viewed similarly by the adults, because her beautiful looks and figure were just starting to develop at that point.

The naked girl said, "Sure, Nicole, I'll sign your one-sheet", and she took the paper and signed it with a thin-style magic marker pen that was sitting on the table. Amy then handed it back to Nicole and started down the stairs again. But Nicole stopped her again and said seriously, "Amy, I know this is really embarrassing for you, but I wanted to thank you for providing an entertaining evening. This would have been a very boring evening sitting around talking with my Dad and my brothers otherwise. So, I just wanted to say thanks." After a brief pause, she continued, "Now, Mitch told me that you're going to fold up the chairs. I'd like to help you with that as a way of showing my appreciation. What do you want me to do?"

Amy looked at the young girl and was surprised by the more adult demeanor that the girl had just shown. Amy certainly didn't like providing the naked entertainment for the evening, but she appreciated the girl's sincere compliment and offer of assistance, and she said, "Thanks, Nicole. I appreciate the offer, but they told me that I need to do this myself as part of my punishment. Okay?"

Nicole looked disappointed and said, "Well, okay, I guess I understand that. And, Amy, I really do hope that you have a wonderful life after you graduate on Monday."

Amy teared up a little bit and said, "Thanks, Nicole." Amy tried to wipe her eyes with her hands, and Nicole said, "Here, let me give you a tissue." But the girl reached into the pocket of her tight jeans and said, "Oh sorry, I couldn't squeeze any Kleenex into these pockets." After a brief apologetic pause, Nicole said, "Oh, why don't you use these?" and she handed Amy the yellow panties.

Amy blushed in embarrassment at being offered her very own panties to use as a handkerchief by the panties' new owner. But the naked girl realized the sincerity of Nicole's offer and took the yellow panties and used them to wipe her eyes. Amy handed the panties back to the teenager and again said, "Thanks, Nicole."

And then Amy gave the girl a friendly hug with Amy's naked breasts pressed against Nicole's clothed breasts. Amy could feel the girl's brassiere through the sweater, and it reminded her of how much she had missed wearing a bra the last few weeks. The naked girl wondered how much the three weeks of going topless would speed up the inevitable sagging that would happen as she got older.

After a few seconds of this contemplation, she heard Zacharias say, "Hey, Amy, you need to get going. We don't want to be here all night."

Amy trudged down the steps and onto the floor of the big gymnasium-like room. She sighed as she looked up at the clock which read 10:05 PM. She did a quick mental calculation and figured that it would take her at least an hour and a half to put away all of the chairs. She noticed that the chairs which she had arranged into neat rows the previous night were now in kind of a haphazard layout after people had moved them before and after the auction. She started with the brown chairs nearest the rack on the side of the room; she quickly folded up four chairs, leaning them against her bare hip before carrying them over to the rack. She saw that the rack had eight slots, and so she knew that she had to put 5 in each slot. She shoved in the 4 chairs and went back for 4 more to put on the rack.

The naked girl repeated this process several times, and she realized that she was putting on quite a show for the remaining crowd. But there was nothing she could do about the display of her wobbling breasts and bare pussy; she had to get the job done. During one of the trips back to the rack with two chairs under each arm, she heard Nicole yelling, "Go, Amy, go. Go, Amy, go." She looked over and saw that the young girl was sitting on the edge of the stage waving at Amy, and Amy realized that the girl's immaturity had returned. But the nude girl just smiled wanly at the teenager and continued with her task. While walking back to get the next batch of chairs, Amy noticed that four of the frat guys had sat down next to Nicole and started talking with the high schooler. Amy thought back to what Nicole had said about a potentially boring evening with her family, and Amy was now certain that would not have been the case. Even though Nicole was only a high-school junior, she was only a couple of years younger than the four young frat guys that she was talking to. Nicole was certainly going to have company this evening whether there had been a panty auction or not!

After Amy had stored away all of the brown fraternity chairs that had been out on the floor, she noticed that there were spaces for two more chairs. Only 38 of the 40 chairs were there. Where were the other two? Zacharias had warned her to make sure that every single chair was stored in its proper spot. She looked again at the remaining chairs on the floor, and they were all gray rental chairs. She thought to herself, "O god, what happens if I come up two chairs short?"

The nude girl walked to the back of the room to see if someone had moved the 2 missing chairs back there; no luck. Similarly, she didn't see them along the opposite side of the room from the chair rack. So, she wandered back to the stage area where Nicole was now engrossed in flirtatious conversation with the four guys. Amy walked up on the stage and noticed that Mitch Larson was sitting on a brown folding chair next to the computer, but she wasn't sure if it was one of the 40 chairs or not.

So, she hesitantly walked over and asked, "Umm, Mitch, is that one of the chairs that needs to be stored on the rack?"

Mitch smiled at the pretty nude and said, "Yeah, Amy, it is. But I'll need to use it for a few more minutes. Can you come back later to get it?"

Amy said, "Sure", but she was anxious to get this first part of the chair job finished. And she went off on a search for the other missing chair. It wasn't along the wall at the front of the big room, and so she circled the entire room again looking for it. Still no luck. As a last resort, she looked under the stage. She had to get down on her hands and knees to lift up the skirt material around the edge. She crawled around the entire stage lifting the skirt at several places. Finally, she spotted it lying flat under the stage near the steps; someone had shoved it in about 3 feet and Amy had to lie flat on her bare tummy and breasts to wiggle in a little bit to reach it. Again, she knew she was putting on a show for the guys, but she had to get that chair. She was pretty sure that someone had intentionally hidden it in this hard-to-reach spot just to irritate her. She was really angry as she put that 39th chair on the rack.

Amy returned to the stage where Larson was still sitting on the last chair while working on the computer. She scowled as she turned to Zacharias and asked, "Ned, can you give me the truck keys so I can get started on the rental chairs? I'll get that last brown chair when Mitch is finished, okay?"

Zacharias pondered it for a moment, reached into his pocket for the keys, and said, "Umm, sure, Amy. Here are the keys. The truck is in the same back parking lot. But please make certain that you get that last brown chair on rack and then let me know so we can lock them down with the chain."

Amy took the keys and glanced at the clock again. 10:55 PM. She slowly shook her head as she realized that it would be midnight before she got out of here. So, she picked up her pace as she scooted down the steps and out onto the floor again. She quickly folded up four chairs and carried them to the back door. She temporarily leaned the chairs against the wall, opened the door, and carefully flipped down the door stop so that the door would stay open for her many trips to the truck.

The nude girl grabbed two chairs under each arm and stepped out into the alleyway. She noticed that the pavement was very wet, but she was thankful that it was not raining at that moment. She trudged up the driveway to the parking lot and she was pleased to see that there was no one around.

Amy leaned the chairs against the truck's left rear tire. She really wanted to move the truck to the spot closer to the building's door, but she remembered Knoxx's reminder that she must not ride in a motor vehicle or to use the truck's lift. So, she just climbed into the cab and used the lever to unlock the rear door.

She returned to the rear and opened the big truck doors. She looked longingly at the nearby button to activate the lift, but she knew she couldn't use that. The bed of the truck's interior was about 4 feet above the ground; most people would have called this chest high, but for a nude girl, a better term would be nipple high. She hefted two chairs up to the level of her boobs, slid the chairs up into the truck, and then clambered up into the truck. She moved the four chairs to the front of the truck's interior and started to fill up the racks as she had found them yesterday.

When she climbed down from the truck, she was surprised to see the two guys, Dan and Chet, from the next door fraternity standing there. Dan said, "Hi, Amy. Need some help?"

But the naked girl just shook her head and said, "Hi, again. Thanks, but just like last night, they've told me to do this by myself tonight." And she ran back down the wet driveway to the building door. She carefully wiped her feet on the mat before stepping in onto the wooden floor - she didn't want to risk another violation for getting their precious floor dirty.

As she stepped back into the big room, she heard the entire conversation pause for just a moment as everyone looked at her. She ignored the stares and picked up 4 more chairs and started towards the back door again. But then Zacharias yelled at her, "Hey, Amy. Larson is done with this chair. Please come do this one now so we can lock up our chairs." She let out an exasperated sigh, leaned the chairs against the wall, and trudged back up to the stage.

Zacharias was standing next to the now empty chair holding a chain and a pad lock. He said to the nude girl, "You grab the chair, and then you can help me lock them up." Amy folded up the chair, walked down the steps, and put the final chair into the rack. Zacharias then said, "Good. Now, the chain kind of weaves its way from the top to the bottom, through the gaps in the chair backs, and around the rack supports. I'll start at the top and feed it down to you." Amy sighed again as she knelt down and reached way back into the rack to grab the end of the chain; she knew she was putting on another show for the group of guys watching from behind, but there wasn't any other way to do it. She looped the chain around the support and fed it up to Zacharias. They repeated these steps several times and then he closed the padlock around the loose ends of the chain. When they finished, he leaned down to the kneeling nude, patted her on her head, and said, "Good girl" as if talking to his pet dog, and then "Okay, go finish the rental chairs."

Amy walked back across the room, picked up the 4 gray chairs again, and headed for the back door. As she was walking across the floor toward the door, she was aware of someone following her looking at her bare ass as she carried the chairs. Then when she stepped out onto the outside walkway, she heard Knoxx behind her say, "Miss Suzuki, don't mind me. I just want to monitor your progress on this task. Tyson and I are waiting for you." Amy turned her head and gave him a smirking grin, and then continued walking.

But she stopped in her tracks when she saw the truck parked right next to the rear building door, and then she saw the two neighboring frat guys waving at her from down the driveway. She smiled at them and was already to say "Thanks" when Knoxx spoke up, "Umm, Miss Suzuki, I thought I was very clear about you not driving a motor vehicle. Why did you move the truck?"

Amy replied, "But, sir, I didn't move it. I think those two guys walking down the driveway did." And she motioned to the two guys who waved again.

Knoxx seemed disappointed that he hadn't caught her in another violation, and he said, "Oh, sorry about that. Did you ask them to do that?" Amy just shook her head and Knoxx went on, "Well, I guess it's okay that those guys did it, and it will speed up this little chore of yours so we can get home at a reasonable hour. But where did those guys get the keys?"

Amy leaned the chairs against the tire and turned to face Knoxx. "Umm, I guess I must have left them in the truck. Yeah, now I remember, I just left them in the ignition."

Knoxx pressed on, "Well, you were fortunate that it was those two helpful guys who found the keys. What if it had been a car thief and the truck had been stolen?"

Amy just said, "But it wasn't. They were just being nice."

Knoxx said, "Well, it was still not a very smart thing to do." And Amy sagged her head as she just realized that she'd just earned another violation. She didn't say anything, but she felt her eyes starting to tear up as she slid the four chairs up into the truck and hopped up in after them.

Knoxx watched the nude girl move the chairs to the front of the truck's interior and as she returned and hopped back down to the damp pavement. He said to her, "You know, Miss Suzuki, I only said that you could not ride an elevator, such as the lift on this truck. I didn't say that the chairs couldn't ride on the lift. So, I suggest that you load the lift with as many chairs as it will hold, lift them up to the truck bed, and then move them back into the truck. And to speed up things even more, I'm going to ask the Gamma guys to help out here, because it is just taking you too long to do it yourself. You get the lift ready to use, and I'll get some guys to carry out some chairs."

Amy said, "Thanks, that will be a big help." But from the way he had said that she was taking too long, Amy feared that he had just contrived another violation of some rule. But there was nothing she could do about that now. She just went to the truck cab, flipped on the ignition to accessory mode, and pressed the button to release the lift rack from beneath the truck to get it ready for a load of chairs.

A moment later, Nicole walked out carrying two chairs followed by her retinue of four Gamma guys each carrying 4 chairs. Then, Alyson appeared carrying a chair followed by three frat guys who had gathered around her. Now, Amy had more chairs than she knew what to do with. The nude girl quickly loaded up the lift with 10 chairs, hopped up into the truck, and unloaded them from the lift onto the racks inside the truck.

Another group of frat guys appeared with a bunch more chairs, and Amy signaled to them to just hand the chairs to her two at a time. She bent down from the truck with her pretty boobs dangling right in the guys' faces as she grabbed the chairs. She decided that even though this was an embarrassing technique, it was much faster than using the lift. And so she fell into the routine of taking the chairs two at a time up into the truck.

After a few minutes of frantic activity, the stream of chairs being handed to her stopped. She was breathing heavily and the collection of frat guys plus the two Larson girls were watching her breasts rise and fall, and her nude body was lightly covered in a glowing sheen of sweat.

Zacharias climbed up into the truck with her and started counting chairs, and Amy noticed that he went around the truck interior at least three times. She was becoming concerned when she heard him say, "Oh, Suzuki, you're one short again. There are only 59 chairs here."

Amy noticed that he had called her only by her last name, and his voice had a tinge of irritation in it. She could sense another violation being reported to Knoxx. She quickly started counting the chairs herself, but she lost count after a few racks because there weren't the same number of chairs on each rack. So, she scurried to even out each rack with exactly five chairs, and sure enough, the 12th rack only had four chairs on it.

So, the naked girl hopped down out of the truck and looked around the parked truck. Not seeing the missing chair, she immediately suspected another prank and sprinted back into the big room after carefully wiping her wet feet on the mat. As she dashed across the room toward the stage, she glanced briefly on each side of the room just to be sure.

But she was pretty certain that she'd find the chair shoved under the stage, and she beelined toward the same spot next to the steps where she'd found the other chair. She stretched out flat on the floor on her bare tummy and boobs, lifted the stage skirt, and looked underneath. There was no chair at the spot this time. But while she was lying on the floor, she visually scanned the entire under-stage area for the chair. This was difficult because of all the support bars under there, but then she spotted what looked like a chair resting at an angle on the opposite side of the stage.

Amy stood up and started around the stage to the other side. But she paused when she saw three frat guys standing at the edge of the opposite side, and they were smirking as they looked at her. So, her speculation about a prank was confirmed.

The nude girl really wanted to yell at the three guys, but she restrained herself and calmly walked up to where they were standing. She lay down flat on the floor again and peered underneath the stage again. The chair was wedged in there about four feet from the edge, and she sighed as she knew she was putting on another show as she wiggled her way in under the stage so that only her bare butt and legs were visible to the guys above.

She grabbed onto the bottom bar of the chair and pulled, expecting the chair to slide out. But the backrest was wedged up into the support bars and wouldn't budge. She scooted her nude body farther under the stage and tried to reach up to undo it. But from her prone position, she could not see what it was hooked to. She shook the chair, but it didn't budge. She needed to turn over so she could see what was wrong.

But it was a tight fit under there, and there wasn't enough room for her shoulders to make the 180 degree turn to a supine position. So, she sighed again and slid back out on her stomach. Now, she was going to put on an even more graphic show for the three guys as she lay flat on her back and wiggled her body in face up under the stage. First, her face disappeared under the stage, then her boobs disappeared, and finally her bare pussy disappeared from the view of the little audience.

Now she could look up to evaluate the situation. And she was relieved when she quickly spotted the loose support bar that had got caught on the edge of the chair's backrest. She unhooked it so that the chair could lie flat on the floor, and then she wiggled her way back out on her back dragging the chair with her arms above her head. The dramatic show of her wiggling nude body had now attracted several more frat guys, and she heard Nicole Larson cheering again, "Go Amy, go. Go Amy, go. Yeah, you did it."

Amy was blushing a bright red as she silently stood up with the chair and scurried back out the door to the truck. She put the chair on the rack and said curtly to Zacharias, "There. That's it. Get out so I can lock up the truck." She quickly scanned the 12 racks to make sure that each one had exactly 5 chairs on it. Then she got down, retrieved the keys from the ignition, locked the big back doors plus the cab doors, and handed the keys to Zacharias. She scowled at him and said, "Satisfied?" After he nodded, she just turned and went back into the big gym-like room to find Knoxx.

The totally naked girl saw that the clock read 11:45 as she walked up to the Chancellor. She said to him, "Dr. Knoxx, I think I'm finished. Can we please go now?"

Before replying, Knoxx looked over the naked girl. Her hair was messed up, her tummy and breasts were covered in dust which had mixed with her glowing sweat, and her knees were somewhat scraped up. He said, "Please turn around, Miss Suzuki."

Amy replied, "W-what?" Knoxx repeated, "Please turn around." And Amy obediently did as instructed so that Knoxx could look at her bare back and ass. He saw that back and butt were also streaked with dust and perspiration. He said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, please face me."

Amy was getting tired of being given orders and being treated like a child, but she felt like she had no choice as she turned to look at Knoxx.

Knoxx said, "All right. We'll go in a minute. But your appearance is not very presentable. Please go to the restroom and clean yourself up. Maybe one of the young Larson girls can lend you a comb for your hair?"

Nicole immediately said, "Oh, sure. I've got one in my purse over there. Follow me, Amy."

And so the naked girl obediently followed even more orders, and she sullenly followed the teenager over to the ladies room. Nicole handed Amy the comb, but she then followed Amy into the restroom and watched as the nude girl washed her boobs, tummy, and knees with a damp paper towel. At first Amy didn't say anything, and she just let Nicole chatter away about what a good time she had had tonight. But Amy sheepishly asked, "Nicole, could you please wipe off my backside?" And the young teenager gleefully washed and dried Amy's back and butt while Amy combed out her pretty dark hair.

Amy looked at her nude body in the mirror with the clothed high schooler standing just off to the side. Amy smiled at the girl and said, "I think I look okay now. Right?"

Nicole vigorously nodded her head and said, "Amy, you are a gorgeous naked woman. And I'll bet you will look even better with your clothes on in a few days. But here, let me check you over before we go back out. Do a slow 360 for me." Amy reluctantly did as instructed. Nicole went on, "You know, Amy, you have perfect boobies; very nicely proportioned. I like the small dark brown areolas. There are some Asian girls in my gym class, and they have dark pink nips. I prefer yours." Amy just blushed.

And with that she lifted Amy's breasts. Amy briefly backed away but realized that she must let the teenager continue to kind of juggle her boobs. Then, Amy is stunned when Nicole grabbed her head and kissed her deeply on the lips.

After a couple of seconds, Amy pulled away and in a daze said, "Nicole, are you gay?"

Nicole smiled at her and replied, "I'm not sure. I'm just a teenage kid exploring. I had sex for the first time two weeks ago. My boyfriend was very gentle with me, but it was only a so-so experience; there was some bleeding. But the next three times, including day before yesterday, it was awesome as we both really got into it."

Amy wanted to get out of here, but her mother's sexual counseling flashed through her mind. Many, many times while Amy was in high school, her mother had cautioned her about unprotected sex, and she had told her that she didn't care if Amy had sexual intercourse or not, but she wanted Amy to be sure to take precautions. Amy had been using birth control pills since she was 15 even though she remained a virgin til 18, and then she had insisted that her partners always use a condom. Amy suspected that her mother's concern was based on her own experience when she got pregnant with Amy before she and her father had been married. Amy was born only 5 months after her parents were married.

And so instinctively she interrupted, "Nicole, I hope you two took precautions. Did he use a condom? Are you taking birth control pills or using a diaphragm?"

Now it was Nicole's turn to be taken aback and she said, "Umm, yeah, we did, because that was really hammered into our brains in the Sex Ed class. My boyfriend used a condom each time." Then she giggled, "I had fun sliding that thing onto his dick."

Amy merely said, "Good", and she turned towards the door. But Nicole continued to hold onto Amy's shoulder and said, "But now that I've tried it with a man, well, actually a boy, I'd like to try it with a woman - a really gorgeous, hot woman like you. Please come back to the hotel with me. Aly won't mind if I tell her to go read a book in the lobby while you and I have some fun in bed."

Amy stared open-mouthed at the girl, and she wanted to say "Hell no" and then run away, but she knew that would be a risky thing to say to the immature girl. So, Amy replied, "Sorry, Nicole, but I can't tonight. Maybe some other time?"

Nicole frowned briefly but then smiled broadly and said, "Yeah, some other time would be great. Let's keep in touch. I like to use email and Twitter. Let's exchange email addresses." Amy reluctantly nodded her head, and they swapped addresses verbally, although Amy didn't make a sincere effort to remember the strange Yahoo address that Nicole recited even though Nicole said the numbers were her measurements (36-22-34) and the letters were her initials.

And with that, Nicole grabbed Amy by the hand and dragged her back out in front of Knoxx. Nicole said to Knoxx, "Look, sir. We got her all cleaned up for you."

Amy blushed and said, "Thanks, Nicole."

Knoxx looked at the teenager and said, "Yes, Miss Larson, thank you for your help." Then he turned back to Amy and said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, let's go."

**Chapter 73 - A Dark and Stormy Night**

Knoxx waved an impatient arm at Tyson Laird and yelled, "Come on, Tyson." And naked Amy quickly shook hands with some of the frat guys and then followed the two men out the front door.

But it was misting and the two men paused to open their umbrellas. Amy knew she was not permitted to use an umbrella, and so she waited on the porch til the men were almost at the big Lincoln Towncar. Then she raced down the walk past the men and stood by the back passenger side door waiting for Knoxx to unlock it.

But when the men walked up, Knoxx said, "What are you doing, Miss Suzuki? Please get going."

Amy gave him a puzzled look and replied, "Please open the door so I can get in out of the rain."

Knoxx said, "Umm, you're forgetting one of today's new rules. You are not allowed to ride in a car. So, you will walk and we will follow. Okay?"

Amy could feel the tears forming and she choked as she said, "But you said you'd give me a ride home tonight."

Knoxx replied, "No, I'm sorry, Miss Suzuki, but I never said any such thing. You misunderstood. You are probably referring to our conversation after dinner, and I was very careful about my wording. I believe that I said, 'Tyson and I will make sure that you will get home safely in the dark.' Tyson, isn't that what I said?"

Laird looked at the naked girl and said, "Yes, Miss Suzuki, that's what the Chancellor said. He never said he would give you a ride tonight. But we will follow you as you walk back to your dorm to make sure that nothing happens to you. Now, it's almost midnight, and we'd like to get home. So, please start walking. Feel free to run or jog if you wish. It's probably wise if you stick to sidewalks next to streets where we can drive behind you."

With that, both men closed up their umbrellas and got into the car. Amy stepped back away from the car and onto the sidewalk as Knoxx pulled out from his parking spot.

Amy was stunned as the tears rolled down her face. She stood there motionless in the light rain on the wet sidewalk for a moment looking at the idling car. Laird rolled down the window and yelled at her, "Come on, move it."

The nude girl really wanted to scream obscenities back at the two men, but she knew it would do no good, and in fact, it would probably be another non-cooperation violation. And so she started walking slowly down the sidewalk back towards campus, and Knoxx put the car in gear and crept along behind her.

After she'd gone only a few hundred feet, she was already pretty wet from the misting rain. And she paused when she saw someone running towards her. It was a guy in a hooded rain jacket, and he slowed down only briefly as he passed the naked girl. She recognized him as one of the Gamma guys, and she gave him a pleading look. But he just smiled as he zipped by and said, "Good night, Amy. Thanks for the entertaining evening." And she slowly trudged on.

As she reached the street corner, she realized that she needed to figure out a route back to the dorm. Considering the difficulty she had finding the Gamma house in the daylight without the rain, she knew she was in some trouble now in the rainy nighttime. She could retrace her steps back to campus and then use her familiar route back home, but that route had lots of cross campus sidewalks plus a between neighborhood walkway where Knoxx couldn't follow in his car. Even though Laird had implied that she could use those non-streetside walkways, she was afraid that she'd be punished somehow if she did.

She decided to use Hamilton Boulevard which ran along the edge of the campus and then Polk Avenue over to the dorm. But she was still several blocks from Hamilton. The fastest way would be the shortcut walkway between the Greek Street neighborhood and the adjacent residential area, but that would mean Knoxx couldn't follow her. So, she decided to turn left and go through an area that she knew only vaguely, but she was pretty sure that the street ran all the way up to Hamilton. She scooted across to the right side of the street so that Knoxx would be right behind her, and as she did, she saw his car pull up along side her and stop. She looked over to see if Laird wanted to say something, but she saw both men looking at the screen for the navigation system. The naked girl wished she could look over their shoulders at the screen to verify that she was going the right way, but she didn't dare ask their permission for that. And so she trudged on along the street which was starting up a fairly steep hill.

This was a dark stretch of road with only a single street lamp and it was on the opposite side of the street. Amy was a bit concerned, because Knoxx hadn't started driving again, but she walked on with the light from his headlamps shining on her bare butt. But just after the crest of the hill, Knoxx's lights disappeared behind the hill and she was in darkness again. And then she stopped when she heard talking and laughing ahead of her. She could make out the faint silhouette outline of a bus stop shelter and some faint flashes of orange light which she assumed were from lighted cigarettes. She was now scared, and she didn't know what to do. She didn't want to turn around and run back to beg Knoxx to let her in the car, and she was certain that if she sneaked across the street in the dark that Knoxx would consider that to be a violation of the no hiding rule. Whoever was at the bus stop had not seen her yet, and Knoxx had promised to make sure she was safe although she sure didn't feel safe right now. So, she decided to continue on and see if she could somehow sneak by the bus stop without being seen. She walked another hundred feet or so and turned to look for Knoxx, but he still hadn't crested the hill yet.

As she approached the bus stop, she could make out the shadowy outlines of five people, and their voices indicated they were all men. They were all seated on the benches under the canopy out of the rain. The naked girl stayed on the sidewalk as far to the right away from the bus stop as she could, but then she heard one of them say, "Hey, guys, look over there - a naked woman." And the talking stopped as all five men turned to look at her through the opening in the shelter.

Amy was now really scared as the five guys got up and gathered around her. She didn't say anything, but she was visibly shaking with fright as one of the guys turned on a flashlight and shined it on her.

The guy with the flashlight said, "Wow, Hoss, you're right; she totally naked." And two more flashlights were turned on and shined up and down her bare body. One of the lights stopped right at her pussy, and the guy said, "Holy shit. I can't believe it. And look, she doesn't have a bush over her cunt either. Must be a real whore."

Another one said, "Hey, sweetie, let's get in under the covering out of the rain, and we'll see what we can work out here." And he grabbed Amy's hand and dragged her into the shelter. She tried to pull away, but his grip was too strong. Now, the last two guys turned on their flashlights, and Amy's naked body was illuminated from all sides.

One said, "Oh my, oh my. A gorgeous Asian cunt. Do you know that Korean whore, Isabelle, who works this part of town?" Amy shook her head and stammered, "N-n-no. Please, just let me go." But the guy ignored her and said, "Well, how much do you want? There's five of us, and we could all have a fun little party with you for the next few hours."

Another one cut in, "Hey, you're that Underpants girl from the college, aren't you? I saw that topless photo of you on the poster for some sort of auction. I recognized your nice pointy tits with the little dark brown nips."

Amy was shocked at being recognized by her breasts rather than her face, but she just nodded and said, "Y-yes, that's me. But please let me go. I'm just trying to get home."

Again, the guy ignored her and said, "What's your name again? Emily? Underpants Emily, or something like that? But where are your underpants, anyway? Not that we're complaining about getting to see your pretty bare pussy and butt up close and very personal like this." And he squeezed her left butt cheek.

Just then Knoxx's car drove up and stopped next to the bus shelter. Laird rolled down his window and yelled, "What's going on here? Are you all right, Miss Suzuki?"

One of the guys said, "Suzuki? So, she a Jap. We can play our kamikaze game with her." Amy had no idea what a "kamikaze game" was, but she sure didn't want to find out.

Laird and Knoxx got out the car, and Knoxx yelled, "Shut up, all of you. We are escorting this young woman home. So, why don't all of you just sit back down and let her leave?"

The biggest of the guys looked over at the two older men and said, "Hey, there's only two of you, and you're both geezers - what are you 70 or more? The five of us can whip your asses and then do what we want with this pretty nude thing."

Knoxx was in his 50's and Laird was in his early 60's, but the big guy was right about the two of them being overmatched by the gang of five. Knoxx said in a calmer voice, "Okay, gentlemen, let's just calm down. The police will be here in just a minute. We called them from a cell phone as we drove up and saw what was happening."

That wasn't true, but the guys didn't know that, and they took the threat seriously. One of them said, "Hey, Hoss, we don't want any more run-in's with the police. Let's get the fuck out of here. I'd sure like to get a piece of that Japanese pussy, but with our records, the cops would throw the bleeping book at us." Hoss was the big guy and seemed to be the leader of the little gang. He shined his light over Amy's naked body again, but then he said, "Yeah, Rex, you're right. Let's vamoose while we've got a chance." And they all ran out of the shelter and back down the hill.

Amy was shaking almost uncontrollably now, and she started to cry. Knoxx and Laird looked at her, but they just shrugged and got back in their car. Through the window, Laird said, "You're okay now. See, I told you that we would keep you safe. Now, please get going and we'll stay closer behind you the rest of the way."

As Amy started to say, "But can't I ride . . .", Laird rolled up the window and Knoxx pulled away from the curb. But after a few feet, he stopped the car, and Laird gave her an impatient wave through the glass to urge her to resume walking. Amy's head slumped, and she started crying again as she started walking again on the wet pavement.

**Chapter 74 - Safely Back in the Dorm**

The rest of the trip to the dorm was uneventful, except that the rain picked up. By the time she got to the dorm, she was soaking wet and her pretty long hair was plastered down around her face and shoulders. As she was walking to the side dorm door, Knoxx pulled up behind her, got out of the car with his umbrella, and came over to her. He said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, you have safely arrived home. But before wishing you a good night, let me say that the only reason we offered this escort this evening was because of the darkness. So, I don't want to set a precedent for your journeys tomorrow. We understand that you'll be making a long walk across town to Maple Park for the Art & Wine Festival, but that will be during the daytime when the safety concerns are much less than they were tonight. We want you to make that daytime walk naked and alone without riding in a vehicle and without an escort of any kind. As we said this afternoon, a primary part of this punishment is for you to feel vulnerable as you go through the next two days naked in the world. So, no escorts tomorrow, is that clear?"

Amy bowed her rain-soaked head and quietly said, "Yes, sir. I understand."

Knoxx said, "Good. Well, we will see you tomorrow afternoon, and we expect to have good reports about your behavior during your activities earlier in the day. So, you are free to go. Have a good evening." And he climbed back into his big car and drove away.

Amy trudged up the steps to the side door and pulled on the door handle, but the door didn't open. She yelled in frustration, "Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!" They locked the side doors of the dorm at midnight, and naturally, she didn't have a key with her. And so she ran around to the front door which was always unlocked.

As she entered the empty lobby, she looked at the clock over the night attendant's desk. It read 12:45 AM. The attendant was one of the guys from the men's section of the dorm. He didn't seem surprised to see a naked and thoroughly soaked girl wander into the dorm at this hour. He just gave her a brief wave and said, "Hi, Amy."

Amy padded her wet feet across the tile floor to the elevator. She knew she was making a messy trail on the floor, but she didn't care. And water continued to drip from her hair and body as she waited for the elevator, but then she remembered about the no-elevator rule. And so she turned and sullenly trudged up the 8 half flights of stairs to the 4th floor. As she opened the stairway door, she was surprised to see Kelly Stubbins, her antagonist RA, sitting alone reading a book in the 4th floor common area. Amy tried to walk by nonchalantly, but when there are only two people in an open lobby area like this, it is hard to walk by unnoticed. Stubbins sprang to her feet when she saw the naked girl.

Stubbins grabbed Amy's arm and said, "Well, finally. I've been waiting for you. I was told to make sure you behave yourself after you got home here, and I see that you've already screwed up. Look at the mess you've made here on the floor. You've got 5 minutes to get your naked body dried off and to drag your bare ass back here and mop up this mess." She swatted Amy's butt and went on, "Got it?"

Amy sighed and said, "Yes, Kelly, I'll be right back." She picked up her pace as she walked down the hall to her room. She quietly turned the knob not knowing if Linda was awake or not. But when she saw the lights on in their room, she pushed the squeaky door all the way open. She was surprised to see Linda, Maddie, Sharon, and Rekha sitting there talking with worried looks on their face. But those worried looks turned to big smiles when they saw Amy walk in. Linda rushed up to her friend and gave her a big hug around her still wet shoulders.

Linda said, "Oh, Amy. We were so worried. Are you okay? You look awful."

Amy said, "Oh, thanks, Lindy. It's so good to be home and see all of your friendly faces. But I need to dry off quickly and go get the mop. Stubbins wants . . ." She stopped in mid-sentence when Kelly Stubbins walked into the room without knocking.

Stubbins said, "Go on. You were saying 'Stubbins wants'. Well, tell them what I want."

Amy sheepishly said, "Kelly wants me to mop up the mess I made in the hall and lobby."

Stubbins said, "That's right, Suzuki. I want that wet trail removed and the floor sparkling clean. And that includes the stairway, and I suspect the first floor lobby as well. You and your little friends can talk after you get your chores done." And the RA left the room.

Linda grabbed two towels, tossing one of them to Amy and using the other to start wiping Amy's wet legs. Linda said, "Here, let me help. You do your top; I'll do your feet and legs. Lift a foot and I'll clean it off." Amy braced herself with one hand as she tried to towel off her breasts with the other. Then, she switched feet when Linda said to.

A moment later as Linda was drying Amy's thighs, she exclaimed, "Oh, Sooz, what happened here?" And she lightly touched Amy's pubic area. "What happened to your pubic hair?"

Amy almost started crying again, but she restrained herself and said, "They shaved it at the art festival this morning. I'll explain in a few minutes after I do the mopping." The other two girls had grabbed towels and were drying off Amy's back and hair. And after a quick swipe of the towel on her butt and between her legs, Amy dropped the towel and said, "Thanks, guys. I'll be right back."

Amy scooted back down the hall toward the common area being careful to avoid walking in her own wet and muddy footprints. When she got to the lobby area, there was a couple making out on one of the sofas. Amy recognized them as Rick and Maxine who lived in separate wings here on the 4th floor. They were going at it hot and heavy, but then Maxine noticed Amy and pulled away from the embrace. Rick looked up and stared at the beautiful nude girl who had just appeared, and Maxine gave him a playful punch as if to say, "Look at me, not at her."

Amy was embarrassed about breaking up such a tender scene, and she just said, "Hi, Max. Hi, Rick. I need to mop up the mess I made. Sorry." And she grabbed the mop from the nearby storage closet and returned to do the hallway from her own room to the common area. When she returned to the common area, the couple was just leaving through a stairway door and she heard them giggling as they went down the stairs. Amy speculated that they were going to continue their make-out session in the third floor lobby area.

Amy quickly mopped up the wet trail in the common area, and then went back to the stairway where she had to do each step individually all the way down to the first floor. The nice granite tile floor in the main lobby was easy to do. Then, she wrung out the mop out on the front porch with her hands. And as she made her way back up the steps, she ran the mop over several of them again just to be sure.

Back on the fourth floor, she backed her way through the door as she lightly mopped the landing again. And then she looked up and saw Stubbins glowering at her. Amy said, "Does it look okay, Kelly? If so, I'll put the mop away and go to bed."

Stubbins said, "It looks okay, Suzuki." And as she turned to leave, she gave Amy's left nipple a quick, but vicious twist.

Amy yelled, "Ouch, that hurt." But Stubbins was already gone through the door into her room.

Amy was getting very tired of being ordered around, picked on, and feeling threatened. She just wanted this nightmare to be over with, but there was still over a day to go, and she was getting the feeling that it might not be over even after graduation on Monday. Once again, tears started to well up in her eyes as she slowly walked down the hall to her room.

When Amy walked into her room, Linda could see the tears and she rushed over and gave her naked friend another big hug. Amy cried on her friend's shoulder and said, "I'm really cold, Lindy. I'm going to stand next to the heater."

Linda said, "Oh, fuck it, I'm going to get your fluffy pink robe. They'll never know that you were wrapped up here in your own room. None of us are going to snitch on you."

Amy shook her head, and through her tears, she said, "No, no, Linda. I just can't take a chance. You saw how Stubbins walked in here without knocking a few minutes ago. She might be waiting in the hall with her ear to the door right now waiting to catch me breaking another rule. I'll just stand here by the vent and turn up the heat. And I know you guys are curious what happened to me today, and so, while I'm warming up, I'll give you the abridged version. Okay?"

Her three friends sat down on the beds and chair, and Amy told them about the pubic shaving and body painting at the art and wine festival followed by the total nudity punishment inflicted on her at the 5 o'clock meeting. And then about the panty auction and the strange Nicole Larson teenager. And then finally about the confrontation in the bus stop shelter.

Amy started crying again as she talked about being naked and wet surrounded by the five tough looking guys. She said, "I was really afraid that I was going to be raped. It was probably the most scared I've ever been in my entire life. Knoxx said he'd protect me, but he really didn't. I was so scared I was literally shaking with fear, and I almost peed in my pants." At this point, Linda started chuckling a little bit.

Amy looked at her best friend and said seriously, "Lindy, why are you laughing? It wasn't funny at all. I was really, really, really scared."

Linda regained her composure and said, "Oh, Sooz, I'm so, so sorry. I know it's not funny. But I wasn't chuckling at that. I was laughing at what you said. You said you almost peed your pants. But Amy, you're not wearing any pants!"

And now after a brief pause reflecting on what Linda had said, Amy burst out laughing, and soon all four of the girls in the room were laughing out loud. Amy now had tears of laughter filling her eyes, and she choked back another laugh and said, "Oh, Lindy. Only you could come up with that and make it so funny."

And the mood in the room had immediately changed from downbeat to upbeat. Linda was still laughing when she said, "Amy, you need to check your phone messages. Both Dwight and your parents called earlier this evening, and they said they'd been trying to get you all day or all evening on your cell phone. They left messages, and then they finally called our landline number here in the room."

Amy replied, "Well, since Knoxx took away my cell phone, I can't check the messages. But I'll call Dwight now, and I'll probably just send my Dad an email since it's so late."

Linda said, "Oh, Sooz, you should know that you can get your cell phone messages from any phone."

Amy said sheepishly, "Oh, I didn't know that." She picked up the landline phone, and asked, "Okay, Miss Smarty Pants, how do I do it?"

Linda laughed at being called Smarty Pants by a pantless girl and she said, "Oh, my dear friend, Amy, you're such a smart lady yourself, but why, oh why, do you have such a mental block about using your cell phone for anything except phone calls? A week or so ago, you didn't know how to use the alarm clock feature. And you never, ever answer my text messages. And now, I learn that you don't know how to listen to your messages from another phone. Sooz, Sooz, Sooz. It's the 21st century. Get with it, lady."

Amy laughed and asked innocently, "Did you really send me text messages? Sometimes a strange display shows up on the screen with some mumbo jumbo about a message, but I always thought it was just some sort of spam, and I ignored it."

All four girls were laughing again, and Linda said, "Well, teaching you how to text is too big of a thing for tonight, but to get your messages, here's how to do it. Step one: Pick up the phone on your desk." This was one instruction that she didn't mind obeying, since she knew Linda was being overly sarcastic. So, Amy giggled as she picked up the phone. "Step two: Dial your cell phone number." Amy did as she was told. "Step three: Wait for your outgoing message."

Amy got a puzzled look on her face and said, "What's an outgoing message?" Again, the other three girls erupted with laughter. Linda replied, "Oh, Sooz, don't tell me that you never set up an outgoing message that people could hear when they tried to call you?" Amy slowly shook her head and started to laugh again; her breasts were bobbing all over the place as she laughed at her own naïveté. Through her giggling, she said, "But I always, always answer my cell phone when it rings. No one ever mentioned a going-out message before."

Linda continued laughing and said, "Lady, the word is 'outgoing' not 'going-out'. Sounds to me like you want to be 'going out' on a hot date with your new boyfriend." And they all continued laughing so hard that they were doubled over. Finally, Linda said, "Okay, Sooz. Now that I think about it, there have only been a few times I've left you a message, and you're right, you just use the generic message that says something like 'You have reached 603-555-8725. Please leave a message after the beep.'" And they all laughed some more when Amy said, "Yeah, that's what I just now heard when I called my cell phone. And it's now recording this stupid conversation that we're having about cell phones."

Linda finally wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes and said, "All right, Sooz. Hang up the phone and we'll try it again. Step one: Pick up the phone. Step two: Dial your cell phone number. Step three: Wait for the generic message." The naked girl had a huge smile on her face as she followed the instructions step by step. And finally Amy said, "Okay, I'm hearing that message. What now?"

Linda wiped her eyes again and said, "Step four: Press the pound key. Do you know where that is on the keypad?"

Amy feigned a disgusted look and said, "Yeah, yeah. I see the pound key down in the corner." And she pressed it. Then, she smiled and said, "Oh, now I hear the usual thing about entering my PIN." Amy typed in the number, smiled again, and said, "Yep, she's telling me how many messages and how to listen to them. She says I've got 7 messages. I'm going to listen to them now; so, you guys need to stop laughing." And of course, the four girls roared with laughter again.

As the first message was playing, Maddie stood up and whispered, "Amy, I need to go; I've got church in the morning. I'm sure glad you're okay. Good night." And Sharon and Rekha also got up and gave Amy a friendly hug and bid her good-bye as well.

Two of the messages were from her father just asking when and where to meet her on Monday. The next one was from Vince Garoni reminding her to meet the photography club at 7AM in front of the dorm. The last three were from Dwight including one about midnight. He sounded very concerned about her, and even though it was now almost 1:30AM, she decided to call him. She borrowed Linda's cell phone and went out into the stairwell for a tiny bit of privacy. She sat down with her bare butt on one of the stairsteps.

He answered in a very groggy voice, "H-h-hullo?"

She was still in an upbeat mood after the fun few minutes with her friends and she said, "Hey, boyfriend, it's me."

Dwight immediately perked up and said, "Hey, yourself, babe. How are you doing? I was concerned when you didn't answer your phone, but Linda told me about Knoxx's taking it away. Please tell me that you're okay?"

She was smiling at the sound of his pleasant voice and said, "Yeah, I'm okay. But enough about me. How did the interview go? Did you get the job?" She idly twisted her own nipples with her free hand; she wished it was Dwight's hand fondling her, but it was just so good to talk with him.

He paused for a moment and said, "Umm, the interview went okay, and they did offer me a job. And . . ."

But Amy interrupted, "Hey, that's great. When do you start?"

Dwight replied, "Umm, but I didn't accept it. It just wouldn't have worked."

Amy asked, "But why?"

"Umm, several things. First, it wasn't in Boston afterall; it was out of New Orleans. Second, when I say 'out of New Orleans', I mean it literally. It would have been on an oil rig for months at a time. Third, it was just a sort of maintenance job related to the platform. I want to do something related to geology. Fourth, and most important, I didn't want to be away from you."

"Oh, Dwight, I'm so sorry. And that was the only thing that you still had pending as a possible job, too. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, that's okay. I'll just go back home to Brookline, and I'll see if I can get into the MBA program at Boston University. So, I'll still be near to you. Just up the road actually."

Amy said, "Well, that part will be wonderful. But I'm still sorry you didn't get what you really wanted."

He said, "Okay, and now that's enough about me. What about you? Was it another difficult day?"

Amy lied, "Oh, it wasn't too bad. Some posing at the festival and then the panty auction tonight."

"Uh, Amy, even over the phone, I could tell that wasn't very truthful. We need to be honest with each other. Please tell me what happened. I want to help."

Amy's eyes filled with tears of loving emotion and she said, "Okay, honey. It was actually a pretty awful day." And she spent about 10 minutes telling him everything. He interrupted a few times to ask questions and she could sense that he was getting angrier and angrier as she continued the story.

As she sat there bare-assed on the stairs, she didn't notice Kelly Stubbins peeking through the hallway door window behind her.

After Amy finished her story, he said, "That fucking Knoxx. How can he possibly do this to you?"

Amy said calmly, "Sweetie, please calm down. Today is over, and there is only one more day to go. Oh, I forgot to say that I have to go back to the art and wine thing tomorrow afternoon, and that means I can't go kite flying with you."

He said, "That's okay, babe. But I'm still upset about Knoxx. How can I help?"

Amy said, "Well, you can let me get to bed real soon. But seriously, I just want you to think good thoughts about me tomorrow, because it's going to be a full day. How about we get together tomorrow night? Maybe dinner at the cafeteria again?"

Dwight replied, "Well, okay. But you just said that you need to go back to Maple Park. I know you said you can't ride, but maybe I can follow you like Knoxx did in his car?"

Amy vigorously shook her head and said, "No, no, no. The last thing Knoxx told me tonight was that I needed to do that completely alone. It will be awfully humiliating, but that's the way it's got to be. You stay home and watch the Red Sox or something."

"But Amy, it's actually two long walks. First to get over there and then the second one is to get back. I'll figure out something. You need some help somehow."

Amy raised her voice and said sternly, "No, no, you won't, Dwight. I realize that it will be two long nude walks, but I don't want you anywhere near me, because it would just get both of us in trouble. Is that clear?"

This response caught Dwight by surprise. He hadn't heard Amy speak so forcefully to him before. He just replied, "Okay, okay, babe. I understand. But at least let me make a suggestion about a walking route to Maple Park. Okay?"

Amy softened her tone and replied, "Well, okay."

Dwight went on, "This morning, I drove you the shortest route, and as you saw, that went through a not-so-nice part of town. So, when you do it tomorrow, why don't you take a slightly longer route more towards the east? It's more upscale residential rather than commercial over there, and then there's a bike path that goes over the old covered bridge and down along the river to the park. If you walk fast, it should take about 45 minutes, and you'll be much safer. From campus, just head east on almost any street and you'll hit the bike path where you'll turn south and follow it along the river, across the bridge, and down the other side."

Amy thankfully replied, "Oh, that's a good idea. Thanks." She paused for a moment and went on, "I love you, boyfriend. I'd like to keep talking, but I really do need to get to bed."

Dwight whispered, "And I love you, too, Amelia Suzuki. You're a special person to me. Sleep tight."

She replied, "Bye bye, my love." And she hung up the phone and hugged her arms under her bare breasts. And she returned to the room where Linda was already in bed, but still awake reading a book.

Linda said, "I'm glad you got to talk to him. How's he doing?"

Amy replied, "Umm, he actually sounded pretty angry about what Knoxx is doing to me."

"Sounds like he's got a protective streak in him. That's usually a good thing."

Amy said, "Yep, I've learned that about him already, but I worry what would happen if he actually met Knoxx in person. I would hope that Dwight would control his anger, but I'm not sure."

"Well, just keep your boyfriend under control for one more day. But now, we need to get to bed. Please use the alarm on my cell phone as your backup alarm clock. What time are you getting up?"

Amy answered, "6 o'clock. That's only 4 hours from now. But I need to meet Garoni at 7." Linda groaned.

She looked at Linda's smartphone and sighed, "Oh, Lindy, I'm sorry, but could you please set this thing for 6 AM?"

Linda crawled out of bed and, in mock disgust, grabbed the phone from Amy. She said, "Oh, Sooz, you and cell phones just don't get along. But you know, as a journalist you're probably going to be given a fancy phone to use, and you're going to have to learn sooner or later." Linda set the alarm and tossed the phone back to her naked friend.

Amy said, "Thanks. Umm, how do I turn it off when the alarm rings in the morning?"

Linda shook her head and smiled at Amy. Then she sat down on the edge of Amy's bed, and said, "Here. Just press any of these buttons on the side of the phone; even the volume buttons will turn it off."

Amy said, "Thanks again, Lindy. You're right. The newspaper told me that they'd give me money to buy an Asteroid phone, whatever that is, as soon as I start my new job."

"Umm, Sooz", Linda said, "I think you mean Android rather than Asteroid. Android is Google's phone system used by many cell phone companies."

Amy replied, "Oh dear, now that I think about it, my new boss probably did say Android. I guess cell phones just seem to intimidate me for some reason. I'll probably have to spend my entire first week at work learning how to use it." And they both laughed as Linda went back to bed.

Before Amy flipped off the light, she quickly dashed off the diary entry for the day. She gave a slight sigh when she realized she didn't need to do a one-sheet any more; that made her further realize that this nightmare was coming to an end, but she still had another entire day to go. She plopped her naked body down on the sheet covered bed.

**Underpants Amy - Days 20 & 21**

**May 20, Sunday**

**Chapter 75 - Penthouse Posing in the Playground**

Amy opened her eyes and saw that the clock showed 5:55 AM. She had not slept very well at all, because she had known that she would have to get up early and because she was concerned about what challenges she would have to face today. It seemed that the days were becoming more and more challenging as graduation day approached, and she feared that today would be more of the same.

She lay there for a couple of minutes and then reached over and turned off her alarm clock so that it wouldn't wake up Linda. Then, she remembered the alarm on the cell phone. Linda had shown her how to turn it off once it started ringing, but she hadn't shown Amy how to cancel the alarm so that it wouldn't go off. Amy browsed the menus for a minute or so looking, but she couldn't find the alarm clock options. So, at 5:59, she buried the phone between her bare breasts and scooted out into the hallway closing the door behind her. As she stood there waiting for the alarm to go off, her next door neighbor, Jennifer Grafton, in her Union Jack pajamas stepped out into the hallway. They were both surprised to see someone else up at this early hour, and as the alarm started ringing faintly between her boobs, Amy said, "Hey, Jenn, good morning. I'm just trying to muffle this stupid alarm so that it doesn't wake up Linda."

Jennifer replied drowsily in her heavy British accent, "Oh, hi, Amy. I'm just making a quick trip to the loo, and then, I'm going back to bed. See ya."

Amy reached between her bare breasts to feel around on the phone for a button, and after a bit of fumbling, she found it and turned off the alarm. Then, she quietly returned to her room, put the phone on Linda's desk, grabbed her bathroom tote with washcloth, towel, and makeup supplies, and she walked back out the door. On the way to the bathroom, the naked girl and Jennifer in her jammies nodded at each other as they passed in the hall.

She took a quick shower and then spent several minutes working on her hair, which had taken a beating last night in the rain. But the conditioner did its job and her hair returned to its usual full shape. Finally, some lipstick and a touch of makeup on her cheeks, and Amy thought she was ready for the embarrassing photoshoot.

At 6:30, she consciously remembered to use the stairway as she made her way to the dining hall, which was just opening for breakfast. As she walked in, she frowned when she saw Kelly Stubbins sitting at the checkin desk. It was usually just a formality to get checked in, since by now all of the RA's doing dining room duty knew all of the dorm residents by sight. And so the naked girl just nodded at Stubbins and started to walk on in. But Stubbins held up her hand and said, "Whoa, there, naked one. Let's see some ID."

Amy smiled at this seeming joke and tried to ignore it by saying, "Good morning, Kelly, you must have had a short night of sleep, too; I hope you slept better than I did. What are they serving in the mainline aisle this morning?"

But Stubbins repeated, "Where's your ID card?"

Amy could now sense that the RA was going to be a hard-ass this morning and said, "Oh, come on, Kelly. No one has asked me for a card the last 3 weeks. You know who I am."

Stubbins said, "Well, this is crackdown day. No ID, no breakfast."

Amy began to tear up and said, "But you didn't ask those guys just ahead of me for their ID's. And you know I'm not permitted to carry anything with me today."

Stubbins replied, "Well, those guys were cute, and they were kind of flirting with me. You're just a naked, stuck-up bitch. And it's not my problem if you're not allowed to carry a simple little piece of paper. Actually, I guess it's laminated plastic. Oh, did they ever give you a new one after you went all topless on us? You really do have pretty boobs, and they are as identifiable as your face and should be in your ID photo." Amy said nothing, and Stubbins paused a moment before saying, "Go back and get Hathaway to come with you and let her carry your ID."

Amy was just about to turn and go back to her room when Mrs. Jefferson, the dining hall director, came out from her nearby office and said, "Good morning, Amy, please wait a moment. Kelly, what's the problem here? I saw you talking with Amy, and you didn't look very happy."

Stubbins's tone changed and she said, "Umm, well, Suzuki here doesn't have her ID card with her. And I thought you said that we should check the cards carefully today to avoid guests sneaking in for free meals. So, I was just doing my job. That's all."

Maria Jefferson was an elderly African American woman wearing her usual kitchen attire with a clean white apron. And she said sternly, "Miss Stubbins, we all know who Amy is, and I think you're just giving her a hard time. So, check her off on the sheet and let her through. Okay?"

Stubbins reluctantly did as the director said, but after Jefferson turned around, Stubbins gave Amy a hard swat on her butt as the naked girl walked into the serving area. Jefferson heard the sound, but when she turned around, Amy was already through the door rubbing her ass and Stubbins just weakly smiled. Jefferson glowered at the RA, and then returned to her office.

Sunday morning breakfast at the dining hall is not usually well attended, and since most of the underclass students had already gone home for the summer, today there were even fewer people there, and Amy was thankful for that. She grabbed a tray and then just got an omlette from the serving pan along with her usual muffin, OJ, and coffee. The only other people in the eating area were the three guys that Stubbins had just let through. They just stared at the naked girl as she took a seat at a table on the opposite side of the room. Amy could sense that they wanted to talk with her, and she wanted to avoid anything that would make her late. So, she ate very quickly, drinking only part of the hot coffee. She hadn't finished the muffin yet, and she was ready to eat it on the way back to the room. But she remembered the no-carrying rule, and so she quickly gulped it down while seated at the table. As the three guys continued to watch her, she picked up her tray, put it on the conveyer belt, and left.

Back in her room, she tried to be very quiet to avoid waking up Linda. But the mortarboard was wrapped in crinkly paper, and Linda groggily opened her eyes as Amy unwrapped the graduation hat. Amy cringed and said, "I'm sorry, Lindy, I was trying to be so quiet."

Linda looked at her naked friend and said, "Oh, that's okay. I'll go back to sleep after you leave. What are you unwrapping there anyway?"

Amy said, "They want me to bring my mortarboard, high heels, and a vibrator to the photoshoot. And this cap was wrapped up in this stupid noisy paper."

Linda was awake now and said, "Vibrator? I didn't know that you even had one." And she added sarcastically, "Where have you been hiding that little jewel? I've been through all of your drawers and I didn't see it." Amy gave her friend a mock scowl and replied, "Yep, I keep it well hidden."

Linda continued, "Mortarboard and high heels along with the vibrator? My, my, that sounds like a sexy combination."

Amy chuckled, but she blushed and said, "Yeah, doesn't it?"

Linda said seriously, "What time are you going to be back here today? I'll be sure to be here to let you in."

Amy, "Probably not til dinner. 6 o'clock or so. Actually, now that I think about it, I need to get this cap, these shoes, and the vibrator back here after the photo thing which is supposed to end at 9 AM. I wonder how I can do that and still meet the groundskeeper guy. Can you stay around here til 10 AM or so just in case?"

Linda smiled and said, "Sure, I may still be asleep. But I'll be here."

Amy looked at the clock and said, "Thanks. I gotta make a quick pit stop and then meet Garoni downstairs. I'll be right back to get these things."

After the quick trip to the toilet, Amy cleaned herself very well "down there", since that very private part of her body would be in full public view all day, and then, she returned to the room. She smiled when she heard Linda snoring loudly as she quietly grabbed the three things and hurried down to the lobby just before 7 o'clock to meet Garoni.

She struggled with the mortarboard under one arm, the vibrator and small towel under the other, and the shoes dangling from her left hand; the tube of lubricant was stuck in one of the shoes. As she opened the front dorm door with her right hand being careful not to drop the graduation cap, she saw Garoni look at his watch, but she was also surprised how cold it was outside, and she felt her nipples immediately harden up. She smiled at the assembled photographers, but she noticed that they weren't looking at her face or her erect tits; they were all focused on her panty-less and hair-less pussy.

Garoni looked up and smiled back at her and said, "Good morning, Amy. How are you doing? Hope the cool temps aren't too much for you."

Amy shook his hand and said, "Good morning, Vince. Yeah, it's cold, but I'll be okay."

Garoni then glanced down at her pussy again and said, "Umm, I notice some changes down here. Where are your panties?"

Amy blushed and replied, "Oh, dear, I guess Dr. Knoxx didn't tell you. I'm not allowed to wear panties until noon tomorrow; total nudity til graduation. So, sorry, but you can't use panties in today's shots."

He said, "But I see you carrying the mortarboard, shoes, and vibrator. Are you allowed to wear those today? I sure hope so."

"Yeah, there's a limited list of things that I can wear or even carry with me, and the Discipline Committee permitted these."

Garoni asked tentatively, "And, umm, the pubic hair? What happened there?"

Amy explained that it was shaved before the bodypainting yesterday, and Garoni said, "Well, that's actually too bad from a photographic point of view, because that little strip you had certainly added visual interest; it kind of pulled the eye down to your pussy lips. I'm sorry that it's gone."

Amy chuckled and said, "Well, you're not half sorry as I am about it."

Garoni looked at her struggling to keep the mortarboard from falling out from under her right arm, and he said, "Amy, are you okay carrying all that stuff? I've got an extra equipment bag here that's almost empty. I can empty it completely and let you put your things in it. Are you allowed to carry a bag like this?"

Amy started to say, "Sure, and t-thank . . .", but she hesitated as she looked at the good sized bag. And she went on, "Actually, now that I think about it, I don't think it's permitted. Chancellor Knoxx didn't say anything about bags." And then she let out a little gasp as she realized that this equipment bag was about the same size as her bathroom tote bag that she had carried down the hall to the bathroom. She knew that she had accidentally violated the no-carry rule. But she relaxed a bit when she realized that only Jenn Grafton had seen her with that bag, and Jenn certainly wasn't one of Knoxx's spies, and besides Jenn was half asleep as the two of them had passed each other in the hallway.

Garoni noticed her gasp and said, "Amy, what is it? Did you forget something?"

Amy replied, "Actually, I just realized I made a mistake, but it's too late now to do anything about it."

Garoni said, "Well, okay, but if we can help, let us know. For example, how about if one of us carries the bag with your things in it? Is that permitted?"

Amy smiled at the friendly man and said, "Yeah, that's okay. And I would really appreciate it." And Garoni quickly emptied the contents of the bag into his car trunk, and then Amy dropped the graduation cap, vibrator, towel, lubricant, and the high heels into the bag. Garoni handed it to Sidney and said, "Sid, we'll trade this off amongst all of us this morning, but could you please carry it for now?" Sidney nodded and took the bag.

Garoni continued, "Now, about today's shoot. First, we're going to drive over to the other side of campus and take some pix around the main entrance with the nicely designed Bancroft sign. Then, Dr. Knoxx asked us to go to the day care center playground and do some shots there. Since it's Sunday morning, there won't be anyone there. And then we'll walk on over to the maintenance plant where Mr. Thorson will be waiting for you. Does that sound okay?"

Amy wanted to say, "Of course not. I'd rather be sleeping under warm covers in my bed." But aloud she said, "Umm, actually, Vince. There are a couple of things. Another punishment that Dr. Knoxx imposed yesterday was that I cannot ride in motor vehicles. So, I've got to walk over to the main campus entrance. The other thing is related to that bag of stuff. Since I can't carry it around the rest of the day, could you please bring it back here to the dorm when we're done? Ask them at the desk to call my roommate, Linda Hathaway, in room 423, and she'll come down and get it." Amy chuckled for a moment and went on, "She may still be sawing logs at 9AM, but tell the desk guy to let it ring til she answers."

Garoni jotted down the room number and name, and then he replied, "Oh, sure, Amy. I'll drop off your things when we're done. And as far as walking to the other side of campus, that's okay, too. We'll take some photos along the way. We'll just take a few fewer photos over there. But I really would like to get over there, because it would be a nice spot to take some pictures of you in your outfit, so to speak."

Amy blushed and said, "Okay, I guess we better get going."

Garoni continued, "Just a few more things. Are there any other things you can't do this morning? We know about the no-panties, no-carrying, and no-riding restrictions. Anything else we should know about?"

"Well, I can't ride in an elevator, either."

"That shouldn't be an issue this morning. Now, the rules for today are the same as Wednesday, and the agreement that we signed is still in effect. We're using film rather than taking digital photos. The negatives will be kept in our photo lab, and the only printed copies will be kept there also. These pix will not be converted to electronic form, and so, they will never show up on the internet. But these are going to be explicit pictures, and you will do the poses that we ask you to do. Agreed?" And he reached out his hand to her.

Amy's eyes teared up as she shook his hand and said, "Yes, Vince, I agree. Thanks."

Garoni said, "Okay, you know everyone else here. There are only 9 of us this morning. Hal, Stu, Felix, and William have already left for the summer." Amy smiled and nodded at the other 8 photographers. Garoni went on, "We're going to go over to the lab right after we get done and spend a few hours developing these pictures. Chancellor Knoxx asked me to bring a representative collection of them to the 5 o'clock meeting this afternoon." Amy just blushed slightly and nodded. Garoni went on, "Okay, let's get going. Amy, since you live over here, why don't you lead the way to the heart of campus, and then we'll meander on over to the main gate from there?"

Amy pointed to the sidewalk that was her usual route to the quad, and the group set off. The sun had risen, but it was still low in the sky, and the photographers knew that they had to take advantage of the special morning sunlight fairly soon. And so, not far from the dorm, Roberto said, "Hey, I'd like to shoot her on that bench bathed in this neat orange glow. Sid, can you get the vibrator out for her?"

Amy took the vibrator that was handed to her and sat down on the metal bench; she shivered as her bare ass and back touched the cold metal bars. She was facing east with the rising sun in her face, and Roberto had her sit on the front edge of the bench and lean back so that her entire front was bathed in the glowing sunlight.

Amy positioned her butt at the edge of the seat and spread lubricant on the long tapered silicone tube. Amy had three different vibrators, and this was her favorite, because it was soft and smooth. Her other two vibrators were phallic shaped, one of them had a scrotum at the base; they were okay, but she just liked this smooth, 8-inch, pink one. As the group watched, she spread her legs and then using her fingers spread her pussy lips and shoved in the vibrator as far as it would go. But Roberto said, "Umm, Amy, could you bring it part way out? Maybe halfway? I'd like the pink color to be clearly showing. Okay?" Amy blushed some more and made the adjustment.

Among the many embarrassing things that had happened to her in the last 3 weeks, this was pretty close to the top of the most embarrassing list. Using a vibrator had always been a very intimate, private event. She didn't even talk about it with her very best friend, Linda, or with her mother, with whom she had confided some other personal sexual things. The only times she had ever used one in front of another person was twice with her ex-boyfriend, Josh, when she let him watch her use this pink vibrator as foreplay to a lovemaking session. But those were the only times that someone had watched. And now she was doing it outdoors in public!

Roberto continued, "Okay, close your legs a little bit, and then turn it on. But leave your hand on the end. Good. Okay, gang, shoot away."

Amy sat there with her mouth open and eyes partially shut as she experienced the pleasurable pulsation in her pussy. Through her daze, she glanced down at her erect tits and then further down to the pink plastic protruding from her pussy. She was only vaguely aware of Jackie saying to her, "Hold that pose a little bit longer, Amy. I'm going to slide on your high heels and your mortarboard." Amy remained in her almost reclined position as Jackie worked her feet into the shoes and adjusted the cap on her head.

For a couple of minutes, the group clicked away with their cameras pointed at the aroused naked girl from many different angles.

Amy was still in a haze when she felt Garoni tapping her on her shoulder saying, "Amy, earth to Amy. That's good; you can turn it off now." And Amy shook her head to try to get back to normal, and she turned off the vibrator and slid it out of her pussy.

Gregg helped her to her feet, and she wobbled a bit in the high heeled shoes. He said, "Okay, Amy. See the neat orangish red in the clouds there to the east? I want you to look and point at it with your right hand, and I'm going to shoot you from behind; I'll be down low on your left. I'll be able to get the pretty clouds and your pretty left breast in kind of a profile all in the same picture. Okay?"

Amy was still in a bit of a stupor, but she followed his instructions and let him make appropriate adjustments to her head and arms. She held the pose for a minute or so as he and the others took several photos. Then, Gregg said, "Good, Amy. Now, point with your left hand instead, and I'll be able to get your pointy nipple and your pointing finger in a close-up." Amy blushed, but did as he asked.

After another minute or so, Garoni said, "Okay, let's get moving again. Amy, keep the shoes and cap on; hold the vibrator in your left hand. And we'll take some pictures as we're walking along."

Amy took a few hesitant steps to get used to walking in the shoes, and then she started down the sidewalk in a confident jaunt with the photogs off to the sides clicking away. This went on for a few hundred yards until Garoni said, "All right, Amy. Those were great. But we need to move faster; so, take off the shoes and carry them. Or give them to Angela to put in the bag." Amy slipped off the shoes and dropped them into the bag along with the vibrator; she kept the cap on as the group picked up the pace. The naked girl led the way along the familiar path to the campus quad area.

At the quad, Jerry had her pose leaning against the statue of the university's founder with the vibrator inserted almost all the way into her vagina. There was a striking contrast between the naked young woman in high heels and a graduation cap and the stern looking sculpture of the elderly Samuel Bancroft. There were a few people milling around the quad and they came over to watch the intriguing photoshoot.

They only did that one pose in the quad, and Garoni moved them along quickly. The main entrance was only a short walk down the campus's main sidewalk. As they arrived at the distinctive sign at the main entrance, Amy sighed as she remembered being in this exact spot two weeks ago having her picture taken for the foundation's "In the BUF" campaign brochure. Garoni gathered the group and said, "Amy, we had a whole bunch of photos planned for this spot, but since we don't have as much time here, we're only going to do two poses. First, we want you to put on the shoes and mortarboard, and then sit down at the base of the sign; knees up and legs wide spread. Use the tip of the vibrator to sort of tickle your clit. Okay?"

Amy blushed, nodded, and said nothing as she took her position. Stimulating her clitoris with the vibrator caused her to moan and lean her head back against the concrete sign; her long hair bunched up against the last few letters of "Bancroft University" blocking them out, but the location of the photo would still be obvious. The group of photographers formed a semi-circle in front of the naked girl and took a bunch of shots.

Garoni gave Amy only a brief moment to gather her wits and he said, "Okay, Angela. You wanted to do something special here."

Angela helped Amy to her feet and said to her, "Umm, Amy, I'm going to push the envelope a little bit here. The pose that I'm going to have you do is kind of at the edge of being too explicit. I apologize in advance, but it will give us good practice today. Please put your cap and shoes in the bag and hand me the vibrator."

The naked girl did as instructed, and then she gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as Angela led her gently by the elbow across the damp pavement to a spot in front of the famous sign. There were still puddles of water from last night's rain, and Angela pointed to a fairly large shallow puddle and said, "Amy, I want you to lie down here on your back with your butt in the middle of this puddle. But lie down in a way that your head is over this dry spot. Okay?"

Amy didn't like the sound of this, but she just nodded and sat down in the puddle with her bare ass in about an inch of water. She shivered and brought her arms briefly together under her breasts, but then she reluctantly lay down on the sidewalk and stretched out her legs. Now, most of her back and legs were also in the puddle, but her head was resting on dry concrete. She tentatively looked up at Angela waiting for the next order.

Angela looked down at Amy's gorgeous naked body and said, "Good girl." Amy cringed at the remark, because once again she felt that she was being treated like an animal. It was as if Angela was telling her golden retriever to lie down on the ground. But Angela went on, "Now, I want you to spread your arms and legs wide apart so that you're in kind of an X formation." Amy meekly complied, and Angela made some adjustments to her legs so that her feet were turned out opening up her pussy a little bit more. Angela also spread out Amy's long hair on the dry part of the sidewalk around Amy's head.

Again, Angela said, "Good girl", bothering Amy for a second time, but Amy could tell that Angela wasn't finished yet, and she girded herself for what Angela was about to say. And Angela went on, "Now, I'm going to have four guys hold down your arms and legs. I want guys with heavy male-looking hands maybe with some hair on their arms, because that's the only part of them that will be in the photos. Bob and Sylvester fit the bill and will hold your legs. And we've attracted quite a crowd of onlookers, and I've picked out two guys to hold down your arms. Okay, all four of you guys, take your positions. Hold down her wrists and ankles. And of course, Amy, you should not move a muscle." The guys knelt down in their assigned positions, and Amy flinched as their hands touched her.

But Angela was still not done, and she said, "And finally, I want a pair of pretty female hands shoving the vibrator into your pussy. Jackie has nice long fingers with dark pink nail polish that will go well with your pink vibrator. Then, the rest of us will be shooting you from various angles." She turned to the other photogs and said, "Remember guys, the only things I want in the photos are this beautiful girl, the 5 pairs of hands, the puddle of water, and if you can get it, that distinguished Bancroft sign. All right, Jackie, here's the vibrator; get in place. Be sure to turn it on once you get it inside of her."

Jackie was a nice looking brunette, and she knelt down in the puddle about a foot from Amy's waist. She reached in to spread Amy's pussy lips with her left hand, and then she slowly slid the vibrator into Amy's damp pussy. She moved her left hand to Amy's tummy, actually just below the belly button, spreading out her fingers to make sure that the painted nails were prominently visible in the photos.

Amy shifted her hips a tiny bit in the shallow puddle as the vibrator went in about halfway. And then she let out a loud moan when Jackie flipped the switch to turn it on. Amy started writhing a little bit twisting her head back and forth, and Angela chastised her, "Hold still, girl. You're messing up your hair." And Angela knelt down near the top of Amy's head, re-arranged her hair, put her hands on Amy's face near her ears, and repeated, "Please hold still." Then Angela gave Amy's nipples a gentle twist as if it were possible to get them any more erect than they already were. Amy did her best to stay motionless, but it was difficult with the vibrator buzzing away in her pussy.

The photographers took several positions around the laid out naked girl; Angela even climbed up on top of a nearby four foot high wall for a more elevated perspective of the pose. And for the next couple of minutes, they took many photos of the naked, wet, cold, constrained, aroused, and highly embarrassed Amy.

The crowd of onlookers was growing bigger as some early churchgoers stopped to join the group. Most of them just stood there in open-mouthed amazement at the erotic sight, but several of them stomped away in disgust.

Finally, Angela hopped down from her perch on the wall, waved her arms, and yelled, "Okay, everyone, that's all for this pose. Thanks to all of you."

Amy let out a moan as the vibrator was pulled out, and then she grabbed Angela's outstretched hand and pulled herself to her feet. Angela put her hands on Amy's shoulders and said, "And especial thanks to you, Amy. That was great. But your backside is a mess." Angela grabbed a towel and gently wiped off Amy's entire back, butt, and legs. Amy flinched when Angela spread her butt cheeks to clean in there, and she flinched again when Angela gave the towel a quick wipe through her entire crease, front and back. Then, Angela gave Amy a hug, and Amy limply returned it.

Garoni came up with the bag and said, "Yeah, Amy, thanks from the rest of us. I know that was at the edge of decency, but you did great." He turned and said to the group, "Okay, gang, let's get on over to the playground."

The naked girl took a few uneasy steps and then fell in behind the others as they started walking back toward the quad where they turned east towards the day care center. As they were walking, Jerry started talking idly to Amy about her final exams, and he asked her, "How did you do on the finals? Get the grades you expected?"

Amy replied, "Umm, actually, I don't know. I just haven't had time to sit down at the computer and look it up."

Jerry answered, "Oh, why don't we do that with my phone while we're walking? I can bring up the university's web site and you can login." Amy nodded her agreement, and a moment later he had the login screen on his phone. He reached out the phone to hand it to Amy as they walked, but Amy stopped and said, "Oh god, no."

Jerry gave her a puzzled look and said, "What's wrong, Amy?"

Amy stammered, "I'm n-not allowed to c-c-carry a phone." She had just realized that she had carried Linda's phone out into the hallway this morning. As with the bathroom tote bag, her neighbor, Jennifer Grafton, had seen Amy with the phone. But now all that Amy could do about it was to hope that Jenn hadn't noticed.

Jerry was still puzzled by her reaction, but he said, "I understand. So, why don't I just hold the phone while you enter your ID and password?"

The nude girl smiled hesitantly and replied, "Yeah, I guess that will work." And they paused as Amy tapped in her ID and password on the tiny keyboard. She said, "Okay, go ahead and bring up my exam grades. I don't care if you see them."

He soon had them on the screen and he showed it to Amy, who frowned. As she feared, she'd gotten a C on the psych test, and she was surprised to see a C for the Formal Logic exam as well. She had thought she had done better than that, and she sighed, "Okay, bring up my final grades. I'm afraid that I'm not going to like what I see, but I've got to know sooner or later."

A moment later, he showed her the screen with her grades for this term. They were all A's except for a B- in Psychology and a C+ in Formal Logic. When she saw the C+, she gasped and said, "Oh, no. That's going to hurt. Can you find my final GPA?"

He replied, "Uh, okay, in a moment. But what is this little lower-case 'd' in parens next to the grades? Let me get to the GPA screen and maybe there will be an explanation." A moment later, he showed her the GPA. It was 3.46, and her heart sank. She needed a 3.5 to graduate with honors, and she had just missed. Probably the psych and logic grades had done her in. She said quietly, "Oh dear, I just missed a 3.5."

Jerry said, "Oh, sorry about that. But there's a little 'd' next to that 3.46 number as well. Let me figure out what that means." And they continued to walk as he scanned through the transcript web pages. Finally, he said, "Oh, here it is. The 'd' means 'pending disciplinary review'. Is that related to your streaking punishment?"

Amy was stunned and stammered again, "Umm, uh, I g-g-guess so." But she was thinking to herself, "And so that asshole Knoxx is holding up my final grades until the very last moment. And is that stupid 'd' designation and explanation going to show up on my final transcript, which will be sent to my new employer? And what about my diploma? Is he going to put some permanent blemish on it, too? I'd hoped that this naked nightmare would be permanently behind me tomorrow, but now I'm not so sure. It's already cost me graduating Cum Laude, but oh god, I hope like hell that it's not going to cost me everything else."

Jerry said, "Well, sorry about that, too. I'm going to go ahead and logout. Okay?" Amy just nodded and fell into a silent funk as the group continued to walk to the playground.

At the playground, Amy was relieved to see that there really wasn't anyone else there. And Garoni said, "Okay, we've got time for two poses here. Sylvester, you told me that you had an idea here?"

Sylvester said, "Yep, I do. Amy, please come over to this little swing. See if you can fit your butt into that small seat."

As the naked girl approached the tiny bucket seat, Garoni held up his hand and said, "Let me check these ropes to make sure they're strong enough." After a moment, he said, "Yeah, here's the tag. Up to 150 pounds. You're less than that, right, Amy?" The naked girl nodded and merely said, "One ten." Garoni said, "Okay, give it a whirl, but I don't know if you're going to fit."

Amy blushed as she put her butt just above the bucket seat and grabbed the heavy vinyl ropes. She eased her bottom down into the little seat, but she shook her head and said, "It's not going to work. I can't go any further and I don't feel the base of the seat touching my butt."

Sylvester said, "Well, hold it there for a moment and we'll take a few photos anyway. I'd like to get the vibrator in between your legs, but that's not going to work on this seat. Hold your hands up a little higher on the ropes so your boobs are showing more." Amy sighed and followed his instructions.

After the group took a few pictures, Sylvester said, "Well, that didn't work very well. But there's a bigger swing over there with a bigger seat. Amy, let's try that, and maybe we can work the vibrator in on this one."

Amy blushed again as she wiggled out of the tiny seat and walked over to the bigger swing set. The seat here was almost flat and there was no back on the seat. She sat down on the swing and Sylvester said, "Good, that seems to be better. Here's the vibrator. Spread your legs as much as you can and try to get it into your vagina. Maybe you'll need to scoot a bit forward in the seat." As Jackie held the ropes to steady the swing, Amy used both hands to fumble around working the vibrator about halfway into her pussy and flipped the little switch to turn it on.

Amy held the base of the vibrator with her right hand and the swing rope with her left hand. She allowed the swing to sway very slowly as the group took their pictures.

After they finished, Amy slid out the vibrator and started to stand up, but Sylvester said, "Hang on, Amy. We're not done here yet. I'd like you to slide way back on the swing seat and work the vibrator into your anus. We'll take some pictures from behind as you're doing that."

Amy let out a gasp, but she worked her butt back so that it overhung the back of the seat. Again, Jackie held the ropes to keep the swing steady as Amy tried to work the vibrator into her rear opening. After several attempts, she shook her head and said, "Sorry, I can't get it in back there."

Sylvester looked at Angela and said, "Ange, can you help her?" And Angela came up behind Amy, and as Amy held onto the ropes, Angela spread the naked butt cheeks and worked the lubricated vibrator into Amy's ass. Angela said, "Okay, it's part way in, but for safety sake, I don't think we should leave it there very long. Hold still, Amy, and we'll quickly take some pictures back here." Amy was blushing a beet red now as she displayed her butt and the vibrator for the photographers.

At Sylvester's signal, Angela slipped the vibrator out and Amy stood up, but she held onto the swing ropes for a minute to help her regain her composure after the shaming pose. Angela used the towel and some cleaning gel to wipe off the vibrator before handing it back to Amy.

It was now Bob's turn, and he said, "Okay, Amy, I guess this is going to be the last pose of the day. I want you over there next to that little jungle gym. I want you to kind of stand there next to it, maybe with your butt resting on one of the horizontal bars. And, of course, we'll use the vibrator here, too."

The pretty nude walked over to the jungle gym which had reddish brown bars running both horizontally and vertically. Bob pointed to a bar about 30 inches above the sandy floor and said, "Yeah, there's a good spot. Why don't you kind of sit on that bar, spread your legs, and slide in the vibrator?"

Amy followed the instructions and then let him make final adjustments to her arms and legs. Just as she was about to turn on the vibrator, she heard a young voice say, "Mommy, why doesn't that lady have any clothes on?"

The group of photographers was mostly blocking Amy's view, but as they all turned to look, Amy was able to see a mother and a young girl coming into the playground. Amy guessed the girl to be about 6 years old.

Garoni quickly said to his group, "Guys, stay where you are to kind of shield Amy."

But the little girl pulled away from her mother and ran up close to the sandy pit around the monkey bars. Just at the moment, Amy pulled the vibrator out of her pussy and stared at the girl.

The girl looked back at her mother who was coming up to join her and said, "Mommy, why did she have that pink stick in her wee-wee?"

The mother glared at Amy but quietly said to her daughter, "Because she's not a very nice lady. Honey, I think we should go."

But the little girl persisted, "And she doesn't have any hair on her wee-wee like you do. You told me that I'd grow hair there when I get to be a big girl. Why doesn't this lady have hair?" The mother opened her mouth and was about to say something when the little girl went on, "And look at her milk jugs. They're much bigger than yours that you use to feed Baby Joey. I want big ones like those when I grow up."

The mother blushed, bent down to her little girl, and said, "Sweetie, let's go for a little walk, and I'll explain some things as we go." She stared daggers at Amy and said to her daughter, "We'll come back after these naughty people leave."

As the mother and young girl left the playground, Amy and the photographers stood there in silence. Tears welled up in Amy's eyes as the impact of what had just transpired sunk in. It was just wrong that this young child had seen Amy here; Amy knew that the young girl would probably remember this encounter for years to come.

After a moment, Garoni said quietly, "Amy, I'm very sorry about that. I was certain that we'd have the place to ourselves. I'm so, so sorry." He paused for a moment and went on, "Okay, gang. I think that will about do it for today. Let's head on over to the physical plant. You guys can take some photos along the way, if you want."

It was about a 10 minute walk to the physical plant, and the club members asked Amy to stop a couple of times for some last minute photos in her high heels and mortarboard.

As they approached the big door of the maintenance building, Garoni said, "Right on time. It's just before 9. Amy, again, we all thank you for these opportunities to shoot you. It will help us be better photographers. I'll make sure that your things are given to your roommate." And with that, the naked girl shook hands and said goodbye to all of them.

She turned, took a deep breath, and walked into the building.

**Chapter 76 - Beautiful Bare Body and the Bulletin Boards**

As naked Amy stepped through the door, she was surprised by the spooky feel to the place. Even though it was Sunday morning, she expected at least some activity. But except for one emergency exit light above the door she had just come through, there were no other lights on in the hallway. She called out, "Hello? Mr. Thorson?" No answer. So, she yelled as loud as she could, "Hello. Is anyone here?" Again, no answer.

But since Vince Garoni had just said that it was 9 AM, she knew that she wasn't late. And from her previous visits, she knew where to go. And so she tentatively walked down the dimly lit hallway and opened the door to the big work room. There was more light in here than the hallway because of a few windows, and she easily made her way over to Mr. Thorson's desk. And as she had done before, she just planted her naked self in front of his desk and waited apprehensively.

She breathed a sigh of relief when a minute later, she heard a door open and a few seconds later, all of the lights in the work room came on. She expected to see Thorson appear with his cane, but instead, she was surprised to see a strange man walk into the room and over to Thorson's desk. The naked girl continued to hold herself at attention as if she were in the military. Without saying a word, the man took off his coat and sat down in the chair next to the desk. Amy continued her straight ahead stare, but she could feel the man's eyes scanning her naked body up and down from his somewhat side view of her.

Finally, he got out of the chair and came over to her and smiled, "Hello, Amy, I'm Marvin Conrad." As they shook hands, he continued, "Sorry, I just couldn't resist giving you the silent treatment. Just a little joke." Amy responded with a nervous chuckle and said, "That's okay."

He went on, "I'm Mr. Thorson's assistant. I guess you could call me second in charge, and we're going to be working together today."

Amy was surprised that this young looking guy was the number two man, and he kind of read her mind and he continued, "You're probably thinking that I look pretty young to be in charge, but I've always had this baby face. I'm actually 29 years old, and I've been working with Edgar for 8 years now."

Amy blushed and admitted, "Yeah, I was wondering about that. Do you go by Marv?"

But Conrad gave her a stern look and said, "Amy, I'll ask you to use 'Mr. Conrad'. Okay?"

Amy looked at him and sheepishly said, "Yes, Mr. Conrad. Sorry for being too familiar."

Conrad gave her a curt nod and said, "Okay. Now, today, I see that I've got you til noon. Actually, it's going to be til 11:30 when you'll head back here to clean up and I'll feed you a quick lunch before you head off on your jaunt to the other side of town. I'll make certain that you're out of here by noon at the latest."

Amy smiled at him and said, "Thanks, Mr. Conrad."

Conrad went on, "You know those notices you posted around campus almost 3 weeks ago? Well, today's project will be just the opposite. I want you to take them down, since school is over for the year. Since it's a lot easier to take them down than it was to put them up, you'll have plenty of time. So, I'd also like you to sort of clean up the bulletin boards while you're there taking down the notices. You'll see a lot of staples, masking tape, and torn scraps of paper on the boards, and I want you to remove all of that stuff. We ask students to use push pins on the boards, but not everybody does. Also, please remove the obvious out-of-date stuff that's still on the boards. If there is any question in your mind about a notice, just leave it posted. Any questions?"

Amy gulped, because this sounded like a huge job; a lot more than two and half hours. She thought back to that cold morning when she had put up most of those notices. It had taken her over two hours, and she hadn't finished. She had to spend another hour or so in the afternoon finishing that job.

She said, "Umm, Mr. Conrad, I'm not sure two and half hours, or even less than that now, is enough time. I think it took me over three hours to put them up." Then she smiled and went on, "But I'll give it the good old college try."

Conrad kept the stern look on his face and replied, "Yes, I'm aware of that. So, I'm prepared to help. I'm going to do the boards that have a glass door and require a key. You'll do all of the others. I don't know the exact number, but it should be doable if you hurry. Okay?" Amy wasn't so sure, but she just nodded.

Conrad pulled a campus map out of the desk drawer and said, "Now, let's get started. Here's a map showing where the open bulletin boards are located. They're shown with red push pin symbols; the green ones are the ones that I'll do." And from under the desk, he pulled a little tool box and a plastic trash bag. He put the box on the desk and opened it to show her what was inside. "Here are the tools that you'll need. A few types of pliers, some screwdrivers, a little hammer, and a utility knife. Use whatever you need. Put the trash in the bag, and then empty it if it gets full. There are lots of trashcans around campus; many of them near the bulletin boards. So, go to it. And be back here at 11:30. Any last questions?"

Amy said, "Umm, actually, a couple of things. Chancellor Knoxx prohibited me from carrying unapproved things today. Are all of these tools and this bag okay? Also, . . ."

But Conrad interrupted, "Yes, Amy, I talked with Dr. Knoxx just before I got here this morning, and he reluctantly agreed that they are okay. He really didn't want me to give you all these tools; he thought a single pair of pliers would be sufficient. Nor did he think a trash bag was necessary. I had to persuade him that you would really need these things. What else?"

Amy glanced down at the toolbox and said, "Thanks for getting the extra tools. Umm, is there a watch or a clock in there? I'm not allowed to wear one today. How will I keep track of time?"

Conrad gave her a stern look and said, "No, there is no timepiece in there, and Dr. Knoxx did not explicitly say that I could lend you one. So, you'll have to figure out that problem for yourself. There are some outdoor clocks around campus. Or you could ask a passerby."

Amy's face fell and she just quietly said, "Okay." She wanted to press the point, because it was important to her. But she knew that would risk a non-cooperation violation.

Conrad closed up the toolbox, handed it plus the trash bag to her, and said, "See you at 11:30."

The naked girl took the box and walked back outside. She sighed heavily and then studied the map for a minute or so. The red marks were scattered all over campus. She decided to walk somewhat north out to the edge doing a few boards along the way and then work her way around the campus and back in to the maintenance building. This was going to be very embarrassing for her, because she would be all alone; there wouldn't be a group of friendly photographers accompanying her for this. But she took a deep breath and headed out at a brisk pace, almost jogging, but not quite.

The first board was only a hundred feet or so from the building, and she stopped at it. She immediately saw the notice about her punishment, and she pulled it down and re-read it. She thought, "Oh, how I wish I could have those underpants today! Even a tiny bit of covering would have been nice today." But she balled it up and tossed it in the trash bag. Then, she looked over the board and saw several notices for events that had already happened; she tore those down, tossed them in the bag, and moved the push pins to the corner of the board. Next, she saw the staples that Conrad was referring to. There were perhaps 20 of them. She tried to use her fingernails to pry out one of them, but it was buried a bit beneath the surface, and she realized that technique wouldn't work. So, she opened the toolbox and picked out a pair of needle nose pliers, and she smiled when she found that the tool worked very well. She had to stand on tiptoes to reach some staples near the top of the board; she glanced around to see if anyone was watching her stretch out her naked body like this, but no one was around. And she pulled off a few bits of masking tape and their attached bits of paper and tossed them into the bag along with the staples. When she finished, she stepped back to look over the cleaned up board, and she was satisfied with how it looked. And she was relieved how quickly the task went, only a minute or two.

She closed up the toolbox, but she left the pliers out, because she decided to just carry them to save a few precious seconds at the next board. And she headed on down the path to the next board where she repeated the procedure. She noticed that one of the posters advertised a department graduation luncheon for tomorrow, Monday, and so she left it up. But she was concerned, because it was put up with staples rather than push pins. So, she carefully removed the 4 staples and replaced them with the 4 push pins from her punishment notice, but that extra step took an extra minute. She hoped that wouldn't happen again.

But at the very next board, the same poster was attached with staples. She decided that it would be too time consuming to replace the staples with push pins for all of these, and she just left the poster as it was. She knew that she was taking a chance at another violation by doing this, but the risk of running out of time was even bigger.

As she walked along to the next bulletin board, she noticed a group of three people coming the opposite direction. One was a student who Amy recognized, and the other two must have been her parents. As they got closer, she saw that they stopped and were pointing at her while talking to their daughter. Amy quickly looked for a different path to take, but there wasn't one, and so, she just walked on. As she passed them, she said, "Hi, Beth" to the girl who had been in some of her classes. Amy didn't stop, Beth just nodded, and her parents stared open mouthed at the totally nude girl. The next bulletin board was about a hundred feet farther down the walkway, and as Amy put down the toolbox, she glanced back at the three. They were still staring at her, and Amy gave them a wane smile and a quick wave. And then she ignored them as she cleaned up the bulletin board. But they continued to look at her as she stretched and bent her naked body while working on the board. Amy was relieved when they didn't come up and say something to her, and she finished up the board and continued along the path. She thought, "Oh, that was embarrassing. And how many more times is that going to happen today?"

She continued north along this main sidewalk and did two more kiosk-style bulletin boards. And then she zigzagged back and forth along some of the side pathways off this main artery doing boards near the entrances to some of the buildings. She met a few people along the way, and mostly they seemed friendly, and a couple actually offered to help her, but she declined. But there was a group of three guys skateboarding who stopped as she was working on a board, and they asked the now-oft-repeated question, "Hey, Underpants Amy, what happened to your underpants?" Amy just smiled at them and gave them a mocking wave as the skated off.

Amy looked down at her map, and she now realized that she really needed a pencil or pen to mark off the boards that she had already done. She squatted down and looked in the toolbox. No pencil. But she was really lucky when she looked under the bench of this kiosk bulletin board, and she spotted a ballpoint pen on the ground back by the base. She got down on her hands and knees and poked her head under the bench and reached in to grab it. As she worked her way back out, she was surprised to hear some clapping behind her. A guy and a girl were applauding, and the guy said, "Wow, Amy, what a delightful little show you just put on for us. Nice little ass and cunt you've got there." Amy blushed and was about to say something about the pen, but the couple walked off.

She used the pen to check off the boards she had done, and then she dropped the pen in the toolbox. But as she stood up holding the box, she thought, "Uh oh, that pen was not on the approved list of things I can carry." She really needed/wanted that pen, but was it really worth the risk? What happened if she ran into Conrad nearby and he wanted to borrow a tool and he saw the pen and he told Knoxx? That's a lot of ifs, but it was certainly possible. But would it be enough to expel her? She already knew of one for-sure violation (i.e. asking for a ride to Gamma house yesterday) and she suspected a few others such as leaving the keys in the truck, carrying the cell phone this morning, and carrying the tote bag also this morning. Plus she was pretty sure that Knoxx would come up with some others. And so, would putting a ballpoint pen in the toolbox push her over the edge and deny her the diploma and degree that she fervently desired? After thinking through that list of logical steps, she decided that carrying that pen around would be too much of a risk, and she sighed as she reluctantly laid it down on the kiosk bench and walked on to the next board. She started to cry softly as she thought about her precarious situation where a simple ballpoint pen might make a huge difference in her future life.

Amy cleaned off a few more bulletin boards in the area, and then turned west along another major pathway. She turned to go up the steps of the agricultural building, Stevens Hall, to do the board on the landing. As she started up the steps, she heard a little voice say, "Look, Mommy, look, look. There's that naughty lady again. And she hasn't put on her clothes yet." Amy turned quickly and saw the little girl and her mother from the playground staring at her. It as all that Amy could do to avoid bringing the toolbox up in front of her pussy, but she held her hands and arms at her sides. She looked at the woman and started to say, "I'm s-sorry, ma'am, this is p-p-part of my p--punish . . ." But the woman glared at Amy, grabbed her daughter's hand, turned around, and hustled her daughter away. But Amy could see the little girl looking back at her naked body as the mother dragged her along. And once again, Amy started to cry as she walked up the steps to the bulletin board.

Amy did several more boards on the surrounding buildings and kiosks, and then she headed toward the dormitory area along Polk Ave where she knew there was a board in front of each dorm, including her own, Blankenship Hall. She did all of the dorm boards leaving Blankenship to the end. When she walked up to her own dorm, she ducked into the lobby and looked at the clock over the front desk. 10:45 AM. She breathed a sigh of relief, because that meant she had lots of time to do the remaining boards. And she borrowed a pen from the desk clerk, and from memory, she marked off the boards she had done on the map.

Then she returned to the front porch and started cleaning off the bulletin board that she had looked at so many times over the last four years. She had never thought too much about the board until she had posted the notice about her own punishment almost three weeks ago. Each time she had passed that bulletin board since then, she had been reminded about her stupid behavior and her current nightmarish situation. Today, she yanked down that notice, crunched it up, and tossed it in her trash bag. At that moment, she then realized how fortunate she was that her parents wouldn't see that embarrassing punishment notice about their own daughter either here at her dorm or anywhere else on campus. She smiled with relief as she quickly cleaned up the rest of the board like she had done the others. She then emptied her bag of trash into the trashcan next to the door.

As the naked girl picked up her toolbox and trash bag, she heard someone say, "Hey, Amy." It was her friend, Rekha Shah, who went on, "Good morning. Glad to see you up and about after last night. A bunch of us are going over to the union for brunch. Want to come along?"

Amy smiled at her good friend and replied, "Hey, Rake. Yeah, I've been up for a few hours now. Doing some more punishment time. So, I'm sorry, but no, I can't join you, even though I would love to."

The two friends hugged and Rekha said, "Oh, that's right. More Knoxx stuff?"

"Yeah, I'm doing grounds crew work this morning. Removing my punishment notices and cleaning up these bulletin boards."

Rekha sighed and said, "I remember asking you if you needed any help putting up those notices. You said you were required to do it alone. I don't suppose he'd let me help you now." She chuckled and said sarcastically, "We need to get your naked body off the street as soon as possible."

Amy laughed, "Yeah, Rake. I'd sure like to have you help me get off the street, too, but sorry, this job is all mine. I earned it."

Rekha smiled at her naked friend, gave her another hug, and said, "Amy, I'm glad you've kept your sense of humor through all of this. So, will you be around for lunch or dinner?"

Amy replied seriously, "Not for lunch, but I guess so for dinner. Check with Linda about 6. Okay?"

Rekha said, "Okay. And good luck the rest of the day. See you later." And she walked back into the lobby. And naked Amy walked down the sidewalk and glanced up at the window of her own room wondering if Linda were out of bed yet.

For the second time this morning, Amy made the naked trek along the familiar pathway to the quad. She stopped at the one kiosk-style bulletin board on the path and quickly cleaned it off. And then a detour to each side of the path to do the boards at the entrances to two buildings.

She was surprised that she hadn't encountered anyone coming along the pathway to and from the dorms. But that changed when she got to the quad where there were she saw 20 or so people either walking the paths or sitting on benches. No one had seen her yet, but she knew that she had to do the dozen or so bulletin boards in the area. She surveyed the area and noticed that there was a couple sitting on a bench right next to one of the boards and there was a group of four people standing and sitting near another one; the four looked like a graduating senior guy, his parents (who were seated), and a younger girl, probably his sister. She decided to attack the other boards first hoping that the couple and the family would move on by the time she needed to do those boards.

The naked girl took a deep breath and walked up to the nearest bulletin board. As she was working on it, she noticed that the nearby conversations had stopped, and she tentatively turned her head both ways and saw that everyone was now looking at her. As she continued to work, she glanced again at the senior guy who seemed to be explaining something to his parents as he pointed at her naked body. She finished the first board and then walked quickly over to the next board which was at the entrance to Kameron. The eyes of the family of four followed her.

Amy noticed that the couple who were sitting next to a board had left, and so she scooted over to do that board while it was free. Again the family just watched her. It took her only about 10 minutes to do that board plus all the others in the quad area except for that one board next to where the family still stood. She knew that she couldn't put it off any longer, and she picked up the toolbox, took another deep breath, and then walked confidently up to the board only a few feet from the four people. She smiled at them and said, "Good morning, and please excuse me, but I need to clean off this bulletin board. Don't mind me; I'll be done in a jiffy." Amy recognized the student, but she didn't know his name; she just gave him a nod and he returned it as if to say that he understood the situation. The parents tried to continue their casual conversation on the bench, but soon they stopped and just looked at her. The younger girl looked to be 12 or 13 years old, and Amy overheard the girl whisper to her mother, "Why doesn't she have pubic hair?" The mother said something inaudible. Amy was blushing brightly, and she really wanted to try to explain to the young girl, but she knew that would take too long. As she was finishing, she spotted two staples near the top of the board that she couldn't reach from the ground. She continued to blush as she hopped up on the bench and stretched out to get the staples; she could feel the eyes of the guy and his father looking at her bare ass and flattened breasts only a few feet away. She got down from the bench, picked up the toolbox, and said quietly to them, "I'm so sorry if I offended you. But I'm done here, and I'll be going. Goodbye." She quickly scampered away as the tears welled up in her eyes.

Amy hurried down the path toward the main entrance where there were two bulletin boards. She wiped her eyes as best she could with her left hand, and she saw that there was another collection of people around the sign she had posed at a couple of hours ago. But she knew she was in the home stretch now; after these two boards, there were just a few left to do on the path back to the physical plant.

The totally nude girl sucked in a deep breath of air and made her way through the gaping crowd to one of the boards. She glanced across the street and noticed that the Presbyterian church seemed to be letting out after a morning service, and she suspected that's where most of these people came from. She ignored their stares and quickly cleaned up the two bulletin boards. She didn't say a word to any of the people while she was there, and she left as fast as she could.

After doing the next board at the side campus entrance, she saw that the nearby clock read 11:10AM. She studied her map as saw only 4 more boards; it should be no problem to get them done and return to the maintenance building. But then she noticed that next of those four boards was at the day care center, and she thought about the two embarrassing encounters with the young mother and child. She hoped to avoid a third confrontation, but she knew that she had to do that bulletin board.

She hesitantly approached the front entrance of the day care center and put her toolbox down in front of the bulletin board. She looked around and didn't see anybody; she even leaned around the corner so she could see more of the playground - no one in sight. She let out a sigh of relief and started to work on the board.

But a moment later, she heard some running footsteps in the out-of-sight part of the playground, and then the same little voice, "Oh, Mommy, there's that bad lady again. Why doesn't she put on her clothes?" Amy was stunned as she looked over at the little girl peering at her through the chain link fence, and then the mother appeared. The mother glared at her with anger in her eyes, and the mother said, "Are you following us? Why do you keep showing off your naked body to my child? Get the hell out of here." Amy could see tears forming in the mother's eyes, and the mother's tone softened as she said, "Please, just leave."

And now Amy started to cry as well, and she quietly stuffed the last bit of trash into her bag, grabbed her toolbox, and ran as fast as she could down the path. A few hundred feet down the path, she arrived at the next kiosk bulletin board. She was sobbing loudly as she quickly did this board. She kind of regained her composure, but even after wiping her eyes, she knew that it would be obvious to anyone that she'd been crying.

She hurried as she cleaned off the last two boards, and then she sprinted to the physical plant. The digital clock just inside the door read 11:29AM, and she hurried back to the big work room where Conrad was sitting at the desk looking at his watch.

Conrad looked at the naked girl whose pretty boobs were rising and falling with each heavy breath. He said, "Well, Amy, I'm glad to see that you made it back on time - barely. Are you okay? Looks like you've been crying. Why?"

Amy wanted to explain about the little girl, but she knew it would be pointless, and she just said, "It's been stressful, and I've been running the last few minutes to get here in time."

Conrad just nodded and said, "Okay. Now, we need to get you cleaned up and fed before you leave. Just toss the trash in this waste basket and leave the toolbox on the desk." He stood up as Amy stuffed the trash bag into the bin. He came around next to her and said, "Come on", and he guided her by the elbow out into the hallway.

The naked young woman meekly allowed the man to guide her through a door marked "Men". Inside, she paused as he got a bar of soap, a washcloth, and a shower cap from a cabinet. He handed them to her and said, "Here, you get started and I'll get some towels."

As Amy slipped on the shower cap, she wondered if Knoxx had approved it, but she didn't say anything and walked into the big open shower area. She turned on the water and got in under the pleasant spray of warm water and started washing herself. A moment later, Conrad re-appeared and sat down on a bench to watch her. And Amy thought, "Yet another very private thing that I'm now doing in front of a stranger." She just sighed and continued washing. When she finished, she walked over to Conrad to get the towel and she dried herself off. He handed her a comb and some makeup, and then he stood back and watched as she fluffed up her hair and put on some lipstick and a bit of cheek powder. When she finished, the embarrassed girl handed the things back to Conrad and stood there as he looked over her clean naked body. Not a word had been said during the entire time.

Conrad opened the door and said, "Come on. Lunch time." And Amy sullenly followed him down the hall to the meeting room where she had been introduced to workmen a couple of weeks ago. Today, she and Conrad were the only people there, and Conrad said, "Have a seat at that table. I'll get the sandwiches out of the fridge." And moments later, he put two deli sandwiches and two Cokes on the table, and then he pulled up a chair and sat down across from her.

As she started eating, Conrad asked her, "How did it go with the bulletin boards?"

Between bites, Amy answered, "Uh, okay, I guess. They look good to me."

He went on, "And the staples? You got all of them?"

Amy replied, "Umm, yeah. I used the needle nose pliers on most of them."

Conrad continued, "Good. I've got a few more glass-enclosed boards to do. I used some sharp tipped pliers on the staples, too. Did anyone hassle you about your nudity?"

Amy blushed and said, "Oh, a little bit, but I've kind of learned to live with that the last few weeks." There was a bowl of bananas sitting on the table, and Amy went on, "Can I have one of those?"

Conrad pushed the bowl over to her and said, "Sure. You're going to need your strength this afternoon. Eat up." Amy wasn't sure exactly what this meant, but she munched on the banana as the man silently watched her.

A little before noon, Amy stood up and asked, "Is it okay if I use the bathroom before I go?" He just nodded and she plodded back down the hall to the restrooms. She was glad to see that the small ladies restroom was unlocked, and she enjoyed the couple of minutes of privacy.

Conrad was waiting for her in the hallway, and he said, "Okay, Amy. Thanks for your hard work this morning. Now, let me look you over before you set out for the park. We want to make sure that you're presentable, don't we?" The naked girl stood there as the man slowly circled her looking over her body from all angles.

He said, "Looks good." They shook hands briefly and Amy walked back outside.

She thought to herself, "One more embarrassing activity down. And now on to the next one."

**Chapter 77 - Ponygirl**

Amy followed Dwight's advice and headed for the east side of the campus, but she carefully avoided the day care center which was in that general direction. When she reached Clay Street which bordered the east edge of campus, she hesitated, because from here on she would be in city jurisdiction. But she had no choice and she really hoped that Knoxx had mentioned her nudity to the city police like Whiteside had said. She scooted across the quiet street and looked north and south trying to decide which one of the east-west streets was a better choice. After a moment, she shrugged and continued straight onto Silver Avenue, which Dwight said would run all the way east about 2 miles to the bike path along the river.

This was a nice residential neighborhood, probably having the homes of many university staff members. The naked girl made it through the first three blocks without incident, but in the next block, a yapping dog, a brown Cocker Spaniel, ran out from a front yard. Amy tried to ignore it and just continued on along the sidewalk, but the dog persisted. And after a few moments, a lady came running out of the house and yelled, "Coco, Coco, get back here." The lady paused at the sidewalk when she saw Amy's naked form walking in front of the barking dog. But the lady hurried on and grabbed the dog's collar and said to it, "Bad dog, bad dog." Amy had paused and looked back, and the lady looked at the naked girl and said, "Oh, Amy, I'm sorry about that. Please continue. I know that you have to get to Maple Park, and I'm sorry my dog bothered you."

Amy mumbled "Thanks, ma'am" and continued on her way. But she was surprised that the lady, a complete stranger, had known her name and her destination. She couldn't decide if this was a good thing or a bad thing.

But as Amy walked along the street, she got to thinking, "Has anything good at all happened to me the last three weeks?" She shook her head and thought of the many humiliating things that she'd had to do. The sum total was well beyond her original expectations when she and Marriott had negotiated the punishment agreement that allowed her to stay in school. If someone had told her then what would happen to her, she would have just packed up her stuff and gone home three weeks ago.

And yet, a smile came to her face as she thought about Dwight. If Knoxx hadn't forced her to be an almost naked usher at the Mozart concert, she would never have encountered Dwight. It had been the most marvelous piece of good luck that they met that afternoon. The movie date and the wonderful lovemaking sessions that followed had been the highlights of the last few weeks - in fact, they were the highlights of this entire school year. Then, she chuckled out loud as she thought, "What if we get married and our children or grandchildren ask how we met? Should I say, 'Oh, I was usher at a classical music concert and I was wearing only a pair of black panties'? Yep, that's exactly what I should tell them!" But she knew that she was getting well ahead of herself, because she had only known him for a couple of weeks and because this three-week long nightmare was still not quite over.

There were a few catcalls and waves from neighbors and from passing cars, but the rest of the walk through the neighborhood to the bike path was uneventful. When she got to the bike path, she turned south and walked along the path for a few blocks without meeting anyone coming either direction. Then, she came to the famous Crockett's Bridge which crossed the river. The town had built up around the bridge, and when the city was incorporated decades ago, it adopted the name Crockett's Bridge as the name of the town. The bridge itself was a picturesque covered bridge with mostly open sides which had been converted into a pedestrian-only bridge many years ago; pictures of it often showed up in calendars featuring scenes of New England. The naked girl felt a bit self-conscious as she walked across the bridge; she turned to see if anyone was watching, and she was surprised that no one was around. She thought of all the people in the 1800's who had ridden across this bridge in their horse-drawn buggies on their way to town from their farms; she wondered if she were the first person to walk across it totally naked.

On the other side of the river, she saw a distinctive old-time clock showing that it was only 12:40; she had lots of time. And then she spotted a restroom next to a little picnic area, which was also deserted. She ducked into the ladies room and was pleased to see that it was not only empty, but also very well maintained with clean fixtures and lots of towels - even the hot water was working. She used the toilet, and then standing in front of the mirror she looked at herself as she thoroughly cleaned between her legs. She was expecting to be the bodypainting model again, but she wasn't sure. But in any event, she knew that her pussy would be on full display, and so she wanted it clean.

She stood there for a few more minutes appreciating the brief period of privacy, and then she watched her pretty boobs rise and fall as she took in a deep breath and let it out. And she walked back out and continued south along the bike path on this side of the river. Again, she was surprised to be alone along here, because Maple Park was only a few blocks ahead and the path ran right into the park.

As the naked girl approached the park, she slowed down to a hesitant pace. She saw that she was approaching sort of from the back side of the art and wine festival, and she was surprised to see the area where she had been bodypainted yesterday was now filled with a display of sculpture. Large and small, on tables and on the ground, many different materials - steel, stone, plastic, wood, and even glass. She even saw a Chihuly glassware piece; she had loved looking at the Chihuly pieces at an art show in New York last summer. She liked the look of the pieces as she walked through, but she was now concerned, because it appeared that bodypainting would not be today's activity. From the way things were going for her, she feared that the change would be for the worse rather than the better. She ignored the stares and pointing from the few people back here, and she made her way to the back entrance of the administration tent.

Inside, the stir of activity stopped when she came in, and a moment later, Whiteside and her sister, Valerie Steadman, spotted her naked form and rushed over. Whiteside said, "Well, Amy, welcome. You're actually a few minutes early; you must be anxious to get started." Amy limply shook hands with the two sisters, but she was taken aback when she saw Kaylee Keplar and Shauna Denton standing nearby. They had been two of Amy's antagonists at the bodypainting event yesterday with their humiliating scrubbing of her naked body after one of the bodypainting sequences, and in a taunting gesture, they had even thrown wine in Amy's face. But today, Keplar and Denton were outfitted differently; yesterday, they had been wearing skimpy outfits with a tiny halter tops and short shorts. Today, they were wearing western garb - jeans, cowboy boots, plaid shirts, and bandanas. They gave Amy a smirkish wave from their spot in the next aisle.

Whiteside noticed Amy looking at the two girls, and she gently touched Amy's chin turning it toward her. Whiteside said, "Okay, Amy, look at me. Those girls will be helping us this afternoon, but let me explain what we're going to have you do for us. Okay?" Amy nodded and Whiteside continued, "Oh, but first. Do you have to use the bathroom? There won't be a break in the action, so to speak, and so this will be your only chance for a few hours."

Amy blushed and whispered, "No, I just went down the trail aways. I'm okay."

Whiteside replied, "Très bon. Let's go out back and get going." Whiteside held Amy's left elbow and Steadman her right elbow, and they led Amy back out of the tent the same way Amy had entered.

But they led her off to the side away from the sculpture display into sort of an alleyway between the tent and a row of bushes, and Amy saw the cute little wagon that had carried bottled water for sale yesterday sitting there near the bushes. But the charming little Shetland pony was nowhere in sight. There was a man holding a bag standing next to the wagon; Amy recognized him as Valerie Steadman's husband, who she had met at the lunch for the boys' soccer team. The two sisters tightened their grip on Amy's elbows as they approached the man; they stopped next to the wagon.

Valerie said, "Amy, you remember my husband, Sam?" And Amy nodded and shook hands with the man who was looking over her naked body.

Whiteside said, "Okay. And Amy, yesterday you saw that the high school students were selling bottled water for their trip. Right?" Amy nodded. "Well, unfortunately, they were able to rent that cute pony only for yesterday. The owner said he had a previous gig lined up for today, but he didn't need the wagon today. So, what we want you to do is to pull the little wagon around the festival so that we can sell bottled water again."

Amy gasped a little bit and looked at the little wagon with its two shafts at the front. She said, "W-what? You want me to pull it around and sell water bottles?"

Whiteside said, "Yeah. Is that okay?"

Amy thought about it for a moment thinking that even though it would be embarrassing, it probably wouldn't be too bad being a naked sales person. But she realized that she didn't have any choice in the matter, and she nodded tentatively as Whiteside went on, "Well, actually you won't be selling the water; just pulling the wagon. Kaylee and Shauna will be helping with actual sales of the bottles." Now, Amy wasn't so sure.

Whiteside went on, "So, let's get you set up. Come over here and step between the shafts." The naked girl stepped in front of the wagon and Whiteside continued, "Okay, lift up the shafts and let's make sure they're at the right height. They're still set for the pony, but I think we need to raise them a little bit for your arms. Here, hold your arms at your sides and bend your elbows so that your forearms are parallel to the ground. Good. Sam, why don't you make the adjustments?"

Sam said, "Okay, Amy. Move up to the front of the shafts. That will look better, and the shaft angle won't be as severe." He guided her ahead so that her hands were right at the end of the shafts. He went on, "Now, there are a couple of other notches on the wagon where the shaft mechanism can attach. I'm going to try the next notch up to see if that gets the shafts to be parallel to the ground and to your bent arms."

It took him a couple of minutes to make that adjustment, and Amy just stood there holding the ends of the shafts. He said, "Okay, Val and Marie, stand back and check it out." The two sisters looked it over, and Whiteside said, "Yeah, Sam, that looks good. Now, go get the bag while I fix her hair."

Amy was still standing there holding the shafts as Whiteside gently grabbed her hair from behind. She felt Whiteside bunching it up into a pony tail and twisting a hair wrap around it. Amy stood still, but then said, "Umm, Professor, I'm not permitted to wear anything at all today. Did Dr. Knoxx approve that hair wrap?"

Whiteside stepped around in front of Amy and said, "Yes, ma cherie, he gave us free rein with you today, so to speak." And as Whiteside chuckled, Amy wondered what was so funny. Whiteside continued, "Now, we have some other things for you; please come back by the side of the wagon."

Amy put down the shafts, stepped over them, and then back a couple of steps next to the wagon. She smiled as Whiteside pinned a couple of flowers in her hair, but the smile turned to horror when she saw what Sam was getting out of the bag. She gasped as she looked at the bunch of long hair attached to a butt plug. Sam said, "It's real horse hair, and it's almost the same color as your own pretty hair."

Amy's eyes bulged and her mouth opened. She started shaking her head and she turned and ran back towards the tent, but Keplar and Denton had just come out of the tent and were sort of blocking the way. The naked girl turned and gave an anguished look at Whiteside, and then she stopped in her tracks.

Whiteside slowly walked back towards Amy and said soothingly, "Amy, Amy, please let me explain." The naked girl continued to breathe heavily and stare at Whiteside, and the art instructor went on, "Amy, let me show you this device. It has been especially designed to fit you. We consulted with Dr. Beaupre, and he told us how big of a device you can hold comfortably. And he told us how we could make minor adjustments as we fit it into you. We won't hurt you, I promise." Whiteside stopped in front of the shaking girl, reached out her arms so that she had a hand on each of Amy's shoulders, and began rubbing gently up and down. Whiteside's tone changed a little bit as she went on, "Amy, you've only got one more day til graduation. You want to graduate, right?"

Amy wasn't really crying but she was close to it, and she choked out, "Y-yes, I w-w-ant to graduate." She paused for moment, slumped her shoulders, and whispered, "Go ahead."

Whiteside rubbed Amy's shoulders and neck and said, "Bon", and she led Amy back over to the rear of the wagon where she slowly pushed Amy's chest down to the wagon floor so that Amy's bare butt was thrust out. Whiteside stooped down and spread Amy's legs wide apart, and she said in a soothing voice, "Hold still, Amy, while Sam inserts the tail."

Amy was now choking back tears as she felt the man's hands spreading her butt cheeks and rubbing a bit of lubricant into her anus. He said, "Amy, I'm going to put it in now. The plug has been well lubricated and it should slip in easily." And a moment later, she felt the dildo-like thing work its way well into her ass.

Whiteside put a hand on Amy's chest and urged her to stand up straight. Sam knelt behind the naked girl and said, "Amy, please hold still while I test the fit." He shoved up on the plug, twisted it around, and then lightly pulled on it. And it stayed in place.

There was an extra puff of light hair on the tail right at the plug, and Amy felt that puff tickling her butt cheeks as Sam twisted the plug around in her asshole. Sam asked gently, "How does it feel, Amy? We want you to be comfortable, but we also want it to stay in you for the next few hours. Try walking several steps."

Amy sure didn't like things crammed up her ass, but she had to admit that this device wasn't hurting her physically. And after taking some tentative practice steps, she said quietly, "It's okay. Not too tight, not too loose."

Valerie Steadman brought out the full length mirror from the tent and placed it off to Amy's side so that Amy could see what the tail looked like. There was that puff of hair right at the base of her ass and then a long tail that went almost to her ankles. Amy guessed that the tail was about 20" long.

Amy meekly let Whiteside and Steadman lead her back between the shafts, and they reached down and lifted the shafts up to Amy's hands. Steadman lightly rubbed Amy's back as Whiteside said, "Amy, you look great. Now, we're going to attach your arms to the shafts; this will help you pull the wagon along."

Whiteside pulled out some black bondage tape from the bag. She showed it to Amy and said, "I'm going to wrap this around your arms and the shafts. This tape does not stick to your skin or hair; it only sticks to itself and to the shafts; kind of like Saran Wrap, if you know what that is." Amy just nodded and Whiteside tightly wrapped each of her arms to the shafts. Whiteside then said, "Now, we're not thrilled with the look of that tape; so, I'm going to cover it with these pieces of leather. These don't fit tightly; they just cover up the tape. This is just for looks." Again, Amy nodded and Whiteside wrapped the 10" square leather pieces over her arms and threaded some leather straps through the button holes on two edges.

Now, Amy's arms were securely attached to the shafts, and she could use her arms as well as her hands to pull on the shafts as she walked. Whiteside said, "Take a few steps, Amy." Amy took a few steps pulling the wagon a few feet down the alleyway. Whiteside asked, "How does that feel?"

Again Amy had to admit that it wasn't too bad; she had been able to easily move the wagon. She said, "It's okay, Professor."

Whiteside said, "Ahh, good. Now, open your mouth and let's put this bridle in."

Amy opened her mouth but it was to let out a gasp rather than to follow the order. She then shook her head violently and yelled, "No, no, no, no. Don't do that." And then she tried to run down the alleyway, but she couldn't move very far or very fast, because she was pulling the wagon. Then, she stopped, slumped her shoulders, and started sobbing.

Again, Whiteside came up and stood beside the naked bound girl and rubbed her back gently from her neck to the base of her spine. As Amy continued to cry, Whiteside asked quietly, "Amy, Amy, what's wrong?"

Through her tears, Amy yelled, "What's wrong? What's wrong? You're treating me like an animal. That's what's wrong!"

In a soft but firm voice, Whiteside said, "Amy, you're not an animal. You are a wonderful human being, and you have one of the most beautiful female bodies on the planet. But you made a bad mistake a few weeks ago, and you're being punished for it. You signed an agreement that allowed you to stay in school and to be punished in other ways besides expulsion. Part of that agreement says that you permit your body to be used for scientific and artistic purposes. And that's what we're doing today. We are using your gorgeous naked body for our artistic expression. Not all art is static like the posing you did in my classes or the bodypainting yesterday. Art can also be dynamic like dancing, acting, or singing - or in this case, the graceful pulling of a wagon. So, you are not an animal; you are a lovely piece of movable art today. These adornments are just a minor part of the overall presentation."

Whiteside paused for a moment and then went on, "So, that's my explanation for what we're doing. I guess you could call it performance art. And I should tell you that we have a couple of more things to do to your body after the bridle. Now, I ask you: Do you want us to stop and let you go home? We will certainly do that if you wish, but you know the consequences - no graduation, no degree, no diploma."

Amy really, really wanted to get the hell out of here, but Whiteside was right - the consequences were too severe. But she didn't answer Whiteside directly; instead, she asked in a whisper, "What else are you going to do to me after the bridle?"

Whiteside smiled briefly and said, "Okay, Amy, full disclosure. We're going to decorate your breasts and vagina. Probably just makeup, but we haven't decided for sure yet. Also, you will be whipped very softly with a buggy whip as you're pulling the wagon this afternoon. That's all. As I said, this is artistic expression. Now, remember, you have complete control over what we're doing with you this afternoon, but there are consequences whichever way you decide. Do you want us to stop?"

Amy hesitated for a moment. She really wanted them to stop, but she knew she had to let them continue, and she whispered, "Okay, go ahead." And the tears started flowing down her cheeks again. She bowed her head and let Whiteside wipe her eyes dry with a tissue. And finally, Amy reluctantly opened her mouth and let Whiteside slide in the leather bit and wrap the bridle over and around her head and then tighten the straps in back. Then, Whiteside attached the bridle reins to the loops at the ends of the bit; Whiteside tossed the reins over Amy's shoulders so that they trailed down her bare back.

Whiteside continued to stand in front of Amy rubbing her bare shoulders as if comforting a pony. And she said, "Okay, Amy. It's probably better if you don't try to talk from now on, because with the bit in, we won't be able to understand what you're saying anyway. If you really want to say something, just stomp your foot several times, and we'll take off the bridle. But we'd prefer that the bridle stay in, because it's part of the overall effect. Okay?" Amy just nodded, but she could feel the drool forming already around the bit in her mouth.

Whiteside went on, "Now, I want you to spread your legs so that my sister and I can decide what to do about your pussy. It's kind of too bad that you don't have pubic hair anymore, because that would have added visual interest down there." Amy smirked behind her bit as she thought to herself, "Well, lady, you were the person who shaved off my pubic hair. And it's ironic that you want it back now." But she meekly spread her legs as the two women knelt down in front of her. She felt one of them (it was Steadman) trace her finger along Amy's left pussy lip and part way up the front of her pubic mound.

Steadman said, "Marie, why don't we put reddish brown lipstick on her lips and then extend it a little ways up her front? Sort of enhancing the look of her pussy a little bit."

Whiteside replied, "I like that idea. I'll be right back. Amy, keep your legs apart, please."

A moment later Whiteside returned with a tube of lipstick, and Amy felt Whiteside's hands kind of massaging her pussy lips before spreading the lipstick on them. Amy flinched as Whiteside went past her clit and part way up her mound. Whiteside said, "You moved a little bit, and the line is crooked. I'm going to touch it up to remove the little kink." Amy held still as Whiteside fixed the flaw. When she finished, the two sisters stood back and looked at Amy's private lips. Steadman said, "Yeah, that's what I had in mind. Looks good, Sis. Now, let's think about the boobs."

Whiteside reached in her pocket and brought out some trinkets that looked like earrings, except the clamps were bigger. She dangled them in front of Amy, and Amy's eyes widened and she started to shake her head but then stopped and slowly nodded.

Whiteside massaged Amy's left tit to get the nipple a bit more erect, and then she slowly tightened the little clamp. Amy yelped as the nipple was squeezed. Whiteside repeated the process on the other nipple; Amy felt tears running down her cheeks again.

The two sisters looked at the dangling trinkets. Steadman gently jiggled one of them, and Amy was surprised to hear a little bell tinkling as the ornament swung from her tit. But Steadman shook her head and said, "You know, Marie, it just doesn't look right. I think her boobs look better completely bare, don't you? And the faint tinkling sound will be drowned out by the bells on the wagon."

Whiteside thought for a second and then agreed, "Yep, Val, you're right. Let's take them off." She quickly undid the clamps letting the ornaments drop into her other hand. Then, she massaged Amy's tits again to try to restore the feeling in them.

Whiteside then stooped down to the bag on the ground, and she brought out a little buggy whip. Again, Amy's eyes widened and she started to shake her head, but she paused for a moment and then just nodded. Whiteside said, "This is mostly for decoration to enhance the effect, but you will be whipped very softly. Here, I'll demonstrate." And she stepped to the side and lightly swatted Amy's bare butt. Amy bowed her head as the tears welled up again. Whiteside dropped the whip into the wagon.

Steadman brought out the mirror again and rested it in front of Amy as she said, "Okay, Amy, I guess we've fixed you up the way we want. Have a look. And please remember this is art."

Amy let Steadman wipe her eyes and then glanced at herself in the mirror. Arms bound to the shafts, a bit in her mouth, a bridle over her head, and a pussy exaggerated with lipstick. She couldn't see the tail from this view, but she could sure feel it; the dildo was wedged in her ass and the hair tickled her butt and her legs. She just nodded at the two women.

Whiteside and Steadman shook hands then they each patted Amy on her head. Steadman said, "Yeah, sis, she turned out great." The naked, gagged, and bound girl just stared at them.

Whiteside waved to Keplar and Denton and yelled, "Okay, girls. Please come here." A moment later, the two girls sauntered up and Whiteside said, "All right, ladies, we've got her set up for you, and now, it's your responsibility to sell lots of bottled water. And Amy, just to let you know, Kaylee and Shauna have each kicked in a generous $50 donation to the high school choir trip fund, and so, we're allowing them lead you and the wagon around the festival today and sell water to the visitors. Now, Shauna, why don't you come and help us fill the coolers and then move them from the tent into the wagon while Kaylee removes yesterday's debris from the wagon."

Denton and the two sisters walked back to the tent leaving Keplar alone with Amy. Keplar quickly cleaned out the wagon, tossing the empty plastic bottles into the recycle barrel and the other trash into the garbage can. Then, Keplar said, "Oh, looky here" as she picked up the buggy whip.

Keplar walked back and faced the naked girl dragging her left hand the length of the whip to the small leather flaps at the tip; she stared Amy in the eyes as she bent the whip a couple of times. Then, Keplar said, "Okay, Suzuki, you're all ours for the next couple of hours. You, Shauna, and I are going to have some fun." And she gently brushed the tip of the whip across Amy's nipples; the leather flaps were somewhat stiff, and Amy's nipples tightened up as the flaps grazed them. Keplar glanced back at the tent, and seeing no one, she reached around and swatted Amy's ass hard with the whip. Amy yelped behind her gag. Keplar said, "Just a sample. We're going to use it to keep you under control."

Amy stared daggers at the blonde girl. But Keplar ignored her and went on, "I overheard everything that Dr. Whiteside was saying. And you know as well as I that it was all just bullshit. That business about artistic expression and performance art was just crap. Those two ladies are just like Shauna and me; they are reveling in the chance to humiliate a naked girl - and you just happen to be the only nude female around today. Whiteside was just trying to sugarcoat it. But not me. You're just a naked ponygirl, aren't you?"

Keplar looked back at the tent and saw that she was still alone with Amy, and she stood back in front of Amy and looked over her naked body from head to foot. She said, "I like the way your arms are spread out in front of you. Kind of a welcoming gesture, don't you think? It's like you're saying, 'Come on in and examine my boobs and cunt.' So, I think I will. Spread your legs." Amy strained to close her arms to keep Keplar away, but the shafts didn't have any give in them and Amy's tightly bound arms remained wide spread, and Keplar stepped in and knelt down in front of Amy. She tapped Amy's inner thighs with the whip, and Amy reluctantly spread her legs.

Keplar ran her finger along Amy's pussy lips from front to back, and she said, "You know, the female crease is such an interesting place. For most of us, there's some pubic hair above it, but my, my, slutty Suzuki doesn't have any hair here, does she? Well, maybe a little stubble, but no hair like a real woman. But the real crease starts here in the front showing just an inch or so of your lips, but it's got your clit right there for easy access. And yours really sticks out, doesn't it?" Amy flinched as Keplar flicked her clit with a fingernail. Keplar continued, "Then, the lips slip underneath as if trying to hide from view, but all you have to do is to spread your lips like this to see the little peehole." Keplar spread the pussy lips with one hand and stroked Amy's tiny orifice; she went on, "But the real center of activity is your vagina with all of its folds and flaps; that's what all the guys really want, isn't it? They like to stick their cocks in there. How many cocks have sneaked into your pussy hole?" The mean girl then stuck a finger up into Amy's vagina before continuing, "Then, of course, you've got your asshole at the back end of the crease. But I see that you're kind of plugged up back there today, aren't you?" And she gave the butt plug a little twist causing the horse tail to flap back and forth across Amy's bare legs. Tears were now streaming down Amy's cheeks as she endured this intimate inspection.

Keplar stood up and looked at Amy's breasts. She gently lifted them, cradling one in each hand. And then she massaged the nipples for a moment before tightly pinching them and lifting upward. Amy yelped as her tits were stretched, and then she yelped again when Keplar let go and the breasts fell back down.

Keplar stepped back as Denton, Whiteside, and Steadman came back out of the tent each carrying a cooler full of ice and several bottles of water. They put the coolers in the wagon, and Denton and Steadman went back into the tent as Whiteside came up and looked at Amy.

Whiteside scowled when she saw the tears and the anguished look on Amy's face. She said, "Kaylee, what's going on here? What have you done to her?"

Keplar said innocently, "Oh nothing. Amy and I were just having a little talk. Girl talk, you know? Well, actually, I did all the talking; she just listened."

Whiteside wiped Amy's eyes and nose with a tissue and said, "Well, okay. But I don't want any funny business today. You are not allowed to hurt her at all. You can use the buggy whip, but only lightly for dramatic effect. Is that clear?"

Keplar said, "Yes, we understand that."

Steadman and Denton returned with two more coolers which they put into the wagon. Now, the four women gathered in front. Actually, there were five women, including Amy, but the naked girl was feeling less and less like a human being as the moments went by.

Whiteside said, "All right, Shauna and Kaylee, we want you to guide Amy and the wagon around using these reins. This morning we showed you the big circular route you can take through the festival, and you should be able to make two or three loops. Stop as often as necessary to sell the water bottles. We'll check on you from time to time, but mostly you'll be on your own. At 3:45, please stop wherever you are, and one of you should come get us so that we can unhook Amy and get her ready to leave. Any questions?"

The two girls just shook their heads and Whiteside said, "All right, then. Just a final few things. We've told Amy if she really, really wants to stop, she should stomp her feet. Amy, why don't you practice so they can see what to look for?" The gagged girl stomped her right foot several times followed by several with her left foot. Whiteside said, "Good, but Amy please remember what happens if you stop. And also remember, no talking. And be sure to keep that tail inserted; don't let it slip out. Okay?" Amy sullenly nodded. Whiteside said, "Okay, get going. And raise a bunch of money for the good cause."

Denton grabbed the reins, Keplar gave Amy a gentle tap on the ass with the buggy whip, and Amy took her first step with the loaded wagon.

The naked girl had no choice but to follow Denton who was guiding her with the reins connected to the bit in her mouth. She noticed that even though the grass was still a bit wet from last night's rain, the wagon rolled easily as she pulled it, and she was surprised how easily that she and the wagon made the turn at the end of the little alleyway.

But as soon as they made that turn, she heard Keplar say, "The coast is clear. Let's stop for a minute and give her a lesson." Amy didn't like the sound of this, and she continued to walk on even though Denton had stopped. But a moment later, Keplar whacked her on the ass with the buggy whip, and Amy stopped in her tracks.

Denton stepped right in front of Amy between the two shafts and said sternly, "When we say 'stop', you will stop. Understand?" To emphasize her point, Denton poked Amy's left nipple very hard; hard enough that the nipple and Denton's fingertip disappeared into the soft flesh of the breast. Amy winced, but she nodded slowly. Denton withdrew her finger and then kneaded the breast back into its normal shape.

Keplar joined her friend in front looking at Amy, and in a softer tone said, "Well, ponygirl, do you want some water before we start?" This sounded good to Amy and she nodded, because that's all she could do with the bit in her mouth. Keplar got a bottle from one of the coolers and opened it. Then, she said, "There's room around the edges of your bit to pour it into your mouth. Here, let's give it a try. Tilt your head back." Amy did as instructed and Keplar held the bottle to her bitted lips and poured. Most of the water poured down Amy's chin and onto her chest rather than into her mouth. Keplar said, "Open up, and I'll pour it in on the side." Amy opened as wide as she could, and Keplar poured water into her mouth. Amy gulped it down as best she could, but Keplar continued to pour and the water overflowed her open mouth, down her chin, onto her chest, and finally onto her boobs where it dripped to the ground from her nipples.

Keplar said, "Okay, good, that works. Open up and I'll give you more." But Amy was already satisfied and she meekly shook her head. Keplar said sternly, "I said 'Open up', didn't you hear me?" The gagged girl gave her a questioning look with her eyes and again slowly shook her head. Keplar was angry now and said, "Does that mean that you didn't hear me or that you don't want any more water? Either answer is the wrong one. Now, open your fucking mouth."

Amy knew this was a losing battle, and she hesitantly opened her mouth. Keplar poured in several more ounces until her mouth was full. Amy gulped it down and started to close her mouth, but Keplar started pouring some more. Amy drank a little bit more and then started coughing behind her gag, and she coughed up the water. Keplar smirked and said, "Well, I guess you've had enough for now. But I'm going to let you in on a little secret; you're going to drink a lot more in the next couple of hours. And you know why? Because we want you to pee like a pony in front of all these people. No restroom for ponies!"

Amy bowed her head and started to cry. But Denton yanked on the reins jerking her head back up straight, and Amy started pulling the wagon again. Keplar swatted her hard with the whip again and said, "Quit crying. You're going to scare away the customers."

They walked a few more yards next to the bushes and then turned up an aisle with vendor booths on either side. All of the conversations stopped as people turned to stare at the strange sight of a pretty naked girl pulling a wagon. Keplar and Denton started yelling, "Water for sale. Get your water here. Help the high school choir. Only three dollars a bottle."

They didn't even make it past the first booth until they stopped. The crowd of people gathered around the front of the wagon. Amy couldn't stand it, and she closed her eyes hoping that would make this ordeal go away. But of course, it didn't. As her two tormentors handed out the bottles of water and collected the money, Amy just stood there with all of the unbelieving eyes looking at her naked and bound body. She felt the plug move in her ass when someone pulled on the horse tail. She heard a guy behind her say, "Yeah, Scottie, it's real horse hair, and it's really stuck up her butthole."

Amy kept her eyes closed and steeled herself expecting someone to either touch her or to pull on the tail again. Instead, she felt the reins being pulled and she heard Denton say, "Giddyup, horsey." And she started walking and pulling again. For the next half hour or so, this scene was repeated several times as the girls sold bottles of water. A couple of times, Amy felt hands from the crowd feel her breasts and butt, but since she had her eyes closed each time, she didn't see who had done it. Another time, she watched as an older woman stomped away in disgust on seeing the naked ponygirl. And twice people called her by name and said that they were going to complain to the police about her treatment. But mostly the crowd just seemed to enjoy looking at her naked, bound, gagged, and plugged body as they bought lots of bottled water. Lots of laughter. But Amy wasn't laughing; she just stood there dully.

Back in the opposite corner of the festival, there was another vacant area, and Denton guided Amy and the wagon into it. Keplar looked around and said, "We're okay in here. Nobody's going to see us. So, Amy, do you need to pee yet?" And as Keplar wiped her hand between Amy's legs, she went on, "You're pretty much dry down there. Let's get some more water into you. Open up."

But Amy was already beginning to feel the need to relieve herself, and she didn't want to drink any more water. So, she shook her head and kept her mouth closed.

Keplar swatted her hard with the whip and said, "Oh, so you're not going to cooperate, huh? Isn't that a violation of some sort?" Amy just shrugged, because she'd decided to take a chance by refusing any more water. Keplar said, "Well, Shauna could pry your mouth open and I could pour the water in. Or maybe we could squeeze a tit so hard to make you scream and then pour the water in? So, what's it going to be, ponygirl." Amy just shook her head and made a point of closing her mouth as much as she could with the gag in it.

Keplar said, "Shauna, come here and hold open her mouth, and I'll dump it into her." Denton used both hands to pry open Amy's mouth, but one hand slipped leaving just the other hand on Amy's upper teeth, and Amy closed her mouth, biting hard into Denton's fingers. Denton screamed in pain and then yelled at Keplar, "Give me that damn whip. She's going to get it now."

Denton grabbed the buggy whip and gave Amy two very hard whacks on her bare butt. Amy shrieked through her gag. Denton was winding up for another vicious swat when Whiteside came running up and yelled, "Hey, stop that, Shauna. I told you repeatedly that Amy was not to be hurt. I was just coming to check on you gals, and I see you beating her. What the hell are you doing?"

Denton yelled, "The bitch bit me. She deserved it." Denton was winding up again, but this time Whiteside grabbed the whip out of her hands.

Whiteside continued to hold the whip as she raised her hands up and said in a calmer voice, "Okay, tell me what happened. She's got a bit in her mouth; how did she bite you?"

Denton said, "Well, we were trying to get her to drink water. You said to keep her hydrated, and that's what we were doing. But she wouldn't drink any and so I was trying to hold her mouth open when she bit me. I don't know how she did it with a bit in her mouth, but she did. Look at the teeth marks on my fingers." She showed Whiteside the obvious teeth marks on the outside of her middle and ring fingers halfway between the first and second knuckles.

Whiteside looked at Amy and asked, "Is that true?" Amy just nodded. Whiteside looked at Amy's butt and saw the several red marks from the whip, and then she looked over at Keplar and Denton and continued, "You've whipped her several times. So, there must be more to the story than that, right?"

Denton shook her head and said, "Nope, she just didn't cooperate."

Whiteside looked skeptical and said, "I want to hear Amy's side of the story. I'm going to loosen the bridle so that we can slide out the bit at least part way." She put the whip in the wagon and then undid the straps in back of Amy's head and slid out the bit so that it dangled near her chin. Whiteside went on, "Okay, Amy, what do you have to say for yourself."

Amy briefly worked her jaw this way and that to loosen it up, and then she said, "I didn't want any more water; I've had enough and I'm not thirsty."

Whiteside asked, "But why be so forceful about resisting? Why bite her?"

Amy said, "Biting her was kind of an accident. She momentarily let go of my lower teeth, and my mouth snapped shut while her other hand was still on my upper teeth."

"But you had a bit in your mouth. How did you bite her with that thing in there?"

Amy answered, "I'm not sure; it happened so fast."

Whiteside went on, "You said it was 'kind of an accident'. So, you're not sorry?"

Amy glanced over at Denton and insincerely said, "Shauna, I'm sorry I bit you. But I really didn't want any more water."

Whiteside asked, "Why? Drinking water in stressful situations is good for your health."

"Umm, they gave me a lot of water earlier, and I'm not thirsty."

Whiteside said testily, "Come on, Amy, I can see that you're not telling me everything. What really happened?"

Amy could feel tears coming on again and she said softly, "Okay. They wanted me to drink a lot of water so that I would have to pee like a pony in front of all of these people."

Amy expected Whiteside to be shocked by this, but instead Whiteside just said, "Well, that would have been an interesting addition to the performance that we were expecting from you. I'm not sure I'd call peeing on the ground to be very artistic, but some people might. Do you need to pee now?" She looked down at Amy's bare pussy as she said this.

"Umm, sort of, but I can hold it til afterwards. It would just be so humiliating to piss in front of everybody."

Whiteside thought for a moment and said, "Okay, I want all of you to continue with the performance. Amy, I'm going to re-attach the bit and the bridle, and I don't want you to say anything else. And I want you to just hold it in; you can use the restroom when you leave. Shauna, Kaylee, don't force her to drink any more water if she doesn't want any. But be sure to offer it to her nicely a few more times this afternoon. And no more hitting with the whip. I'd take the whip away from you, except that my sister and I consider it to be an important aspect of this little show. You can rest the tip on her body, but that's all. No hitting. Do you all understand?"

Almost simultaneously, Amy, Keplar, and Denton meekly said, "Yes".

Whiteside re-did the bit and bridle leaving Amy gagged again, and then she made some adjustments to Amy's hair so that the flowers were more prominent. As she was leaving, she said, "Carry on. Sell a bunch of water." As Whiteside walked away, Amy slumped her shoulders knowing that she was now back in the hands of these two harassers.

As soon as Whiteside turned the corner and was out of sight, Keplar grabbed the buggy whip and waved it in the face of the naked and gagged girl. Keplar taunted, "Okay, Suzuki. Did you think you were going to get rescued by Professor Whiteside? Think you were going home? Well, no such luck. You're still ours for another hour or so."

Denton piped up, "Okay, Kaylee, let her have it. I want to whip the shit out of her for biting me. Give me the whip, I'll do it." She turned to Amy and ordered, "Open your legs, bitch. I'm going to whip your pussy as well as your ass." She reached out her hand to Keplar as if asking for the whip.

Keplar looked at her friend and replied, "Umm, Shauna, we can't do that. Did you see the way Whiteside was inspecting Suzuki's ass? She was actually counting the red marks on her butt, and if we whip this pony any more, there will be even more red marks back there and around her pussy." Keplar stepped closer to Amy, stuck the tip of the whip under the naked girl's chin, and said, "Look at me, horsey. We can't whip you, but we'll figure out some other ways to humiliate you. Come on, let's go."

Amy had indeed hoped that Whiteside's visit and rebuke of the two girls would allow her to leave early, but no such luck. As she pulled the wagon back into one of the main aisles, she saw a cuckoo clock displayed at one of the booths; it read 2:05, and Amy realized that she still had about 100 minutes of this torment left to suffer through.

Shortly, another crowd gathered around the wagon, and Denton slipped back behind Amy, pulled on the reins, jerking Amy's head back, and said, "Whoa, there, pony." She draped the reins over Amy's shoulder so that they trailed down her bare back, and Keplar brushed the tip of the whip back and forth across Amy's bare ass.

As Denton handed out bottles of water and collected the money, Keplar moved to Amy's front and said, "Okay, open up so people can see what you've got down there." At first, Amy thought this meant to open her mouth, but when she felt the tip of the whip between her legs, she knew otherwise. She reluctantly spread her legs. Now, Keplar knelt down in front of her and gently tickled Amy's pussy lips with the whip. Keplar deftly worked the corner tip of one of the flaps in right at Amy's clit and started flipping it back and forth while the gathered crowd watched in amazement.

Amy tried to control herself; she really didn't want to come in front of all the people. But she felt her body beginning to betray her as the stimulation on her clit increased, and soon her eyes and mouth opened, and she let out a moan of pleasure. Overcome with embarrassment, Amy let her head slump forward with her chin resting on her chest. Keplar said, "Keep those legs open." Amy could feel pussy juices starting to trickle down her leg. Amy stood there with her head slumped for a few more minutes as Keplar continued to drag the whip in her pussy and also across her nipples.

Finally, Denton said, "Okay, Kaylee, we need to move on. We've only got a few more bottles in the coolers, and we need to get back to the main tent and restock."

As Denton led the way with the reins in hand, Amy slowly pulled the wagon along, and Keplar sold the remaining bottles. And a few minutes later, they pulled up in the back alleyway next to the administration tent. Steadman appeared from the tent with a smile on her face and asked, "Well, ladies. How's it going? Have you raised a lot of money for us?"

"Yeah, we're doing okay. We sold out, and we need to restock", Keplar responded.

Steadman replied, "Wonderful", and she gave Denton and Keplar each a big hug. But she did not say anything to Amy; she didn't even acknowledge the presence of the naked girl pulling the wagon. Steadman grabbed the two clothed girls by their elbows and said, "That's great. Come on, let's get some more bottles from the tent."

Denton said, "Okay, but first let me tie off these reins. We don't want her to run away." And she looped the reins around one of the posts holding up the tent so that Amy was tethered in place by the straps running from her bridle to the tent post. Amy tried to let her head slump again, but the reins kept her head upright and slightly raised. As Steadman, Denton, and Keplar disappeared into the tent, Amy started crying again.

A minute or so later, the three of them along with Whiteside reappeared; each of them was carrying a case of water bottles. Amy couldn't see them filling up the coolers behind her, but she could hear them laughing and chatting idly about the nice weather. But they never mentioned the naked girl serving as a pony for them. Amy had just become an object to them.

After a few minutes, the four women came up to the front of the wagon, and Amy could see that they were all snacking on granola bars. Steadman looked at Amy but said to the others, "What about her? Does she want one of these?"

Amy was about to nod her head, when Keplar said, "Nah, she can't eat that with the bit in her mouth. Hey, horsey, do you want some more water?" The four women laughed at this, but Amy just slowly shook her head as best she could with the reins still tied to the post. Amy could feel her bladder filling, and even though a drink might feel good now, it would just hasten the time that she needed to pee.

Whiteside said, "Okay, girls, you need to get going again. Now, remember what I said about that whip. No hitting. See you in an hour or so. Have fun and raise a bunch of money."

Keplar said, "Hey, Shauna, why don't we switch duties? I'll lead her with the reins, and you carry the whip."

"Good idea, KK", Denton replied.

As Keplar unhooked the reins from the post, Whiteside and Steadman returned to the tent. And Denton rubbed Amy's ass with her hand and then lightly tapped the same spot with the tip of the whip. Then, Keplar gave the reins a solid jerk, and Amy started walking with the wagon behind her.

The next hour was more of the same. They stopped several times to sell water to the festival goers, and at each stop, Keplar and Denton tormented Amy somehow. More tickling and stimulating with the whip, twisting the tail and the butt plug, lifting her breasts by the nipples, wiping the pussy juice from her legs, dribbling water down her front and back, describing her body in gross terms to the crowd, etc. There were some gasps of outrage at their treatment of the bound girl, but mostly it was a lively, laughing crowd that followed the wagon around.

Finally, at 3:45, they were approaching the administration tent again, and Keplar said, "Oh rats, time's up. Shauna, run in there and get Whiteside."

Denton handed the whip to Keplar and dashed into the tent. Keplar then dragged the tip of the whip down Amy's front from her neck to her pussy, and then back up circling each boob. Keplar said, "Well, ponygirl, you're almost done. Did you have fun?" Amy just stared blankly at her, and a moment later, Whiteside and Steadman appeared with Denton followed by Sam Steadman.

Whiteside looked at Amy and said, "Okay, Amy. Just pull that thing around to the backside of the tent again. Here, Kaylee, give me the reins."

And Whiteside led the naked girl and the wagon quickly past the last few booths, around the corner, and into the alleyway. The two girls and both Steadmans followed.

Whiteside unbuckled the bridle and slipped the bit out of Amy's mouth before lifting the entire thing off of Amy's head. Amy worked her jaw and mouth back and forth, but she said nothing. Then, Whiteside quickly removed the leather cuffs and used a pair of round nosed scissors to cut off the bondage tape on her arms. And now Amy moved her arms and shoulders around to work out the stiffness, but she still said nothing.

Whiteside said, "Sam, since you're the expert on that tail, why don't you take it out of her?" And Sam led Amy to the back of the wagon, leaned her over so that her ass was at the correct height, and then he said, "Okay, Amy. This might hurt a tiny bit, but here goes." And he gave the butt plug a quick tug and it popped out. Amy gasped a little bit, but then she stood up and faced the group. She asked quietly, "Can I go now?"

Whiteside came up to the naked girl and put her hands on Amy's shoulders and said, "Thank you, Amy. You helped raise several hundred dollars for the choir trip. Yes, you can go."

Without saying anything else or even looking at any of them, naked Amy turned and walked back to the bike path. As soon as she got on the path, she started crying, and she ran as fast as she could away from all of the afternoon's horrors.

**Chapter 78 - Busted Again**

Through her tears, Amy was relieved to see that the bike path was deserted again. And she continued running hard with her boobs bouncing wildly, all the way to the little picnic area with the nearby restroom. She really needed to pee now, but she was running mostly to put as much distance between herself and the festival as quickly as possible.

She was breathing hard when she got to the picnic area. She glanced at the antique clock and saw that it was only 4:05 PM. She had plenty of time to get to Kameron for the 5 o'clock meeting.

And then the naked girl glanced around to make sure that she was still alone, and she seemed to be. So, she ducked into the ladies restroom and saw that she was also all alone in here. She breathed a huge sigh of relief and sat down in one of the stalls. The butt plug tail had worked over that part of her body, and so she did both number 1 and number 2. She wanted to stay seated on the toilet, but she was pretty sure that would leave an embarrassing ring on her bare butt, and so she reluctantly got up and left the stall. She glanced around the restroom for a second time and noticed a tile bench that she had overlooked the first time, and she plopped herself down on it. And there she sat for several minutes. She was halfway napping, but she knew she couldn't actually fall asleep, and so she just kind of meditated while resting there.

Finally, she stood up and stationed herself in front of a mirror. That's when she noticed that she still had a flower in her hair. There was just one flower and Whiteside had put in two; so, she must have lost one while running. Then, she realized that her hair was still in a ponytail, and that the elastic hair wrap was still holding her hair. She gasped as she thought about Knoxx's total nudity decree, and she took off both the flower and the hair wrap so that her hair fell back into its usual pretty shape around her face. What if Whiteside noticed that she'd left with the flowers and hair wrap? Amy momentarily thought about going back and returning them, but she laughed out loud at even considering a return trip to that park of horrors. So, she just left both the flower and the hair wrap on ledge above the sink.

Then, she looked down at her pussy in the mirror and saw that the garish makeup was still there as well. She wanted to remove that embarrassing reminder of the horrendous afternoon, and so she grabbed two paper towels and started scrubbing her own pussy. She was happy to find that the restroom had been stocked with nice soft paper towels rather than the usual scratchy ones found in most park restrooms. Using elbow grease plus soap and hot water, she was able to remove the lipstick down there. And then she thoroughly cleaned her entire crease again so that she was "presentable" for the next inevitable inspection of her private parts.

She wanted to stay in this pleasant private place, but she knew she needed to get going. So, the naked girl took a deep breath in front of the mirror and then walked out of the restroom. The clock showed 4:15 PM. She was still in good shape time-wise, and she returned to the bike path, walked only a hundred feet or so, and turned onto the quaint covered bridge. When she was about halfway across, two bicyclists came onto the bridge from the other side. Amy thought they were both guys, but she wasn't sure, because they had on helmets and gender-neutral biking outfits. When the first bicyclist spotted the gorgeous naked girl, he almost ran into the side of the bridge, but he caught himself just in time and avoided a spill. He gave Amy a friendly wave as he continued on, and the second cyclist smiled and said, "Hi" as he passed.

Amy picked up her pace as she turned north on the bike path. She decided to use the same route as she had earlier in the day, and so she looked for Silver Avenue, which had worked well on the trip over. After a couple of blocks, she spotted the street sign and she turned west on Silver. But after only one block on that street, she heard a siren behind her. She turned to see a city police car, actually an SUV, coming up behind her with its lights flashing. And her heart sank. She just stopped, faced the approaching vehicle, slumped her head, and waited.

The SUV stopped and the two officers got out. But they left the lights flashing on the vehicle. Amy saw that they were a man and a woman, probably both about 30 years old, dressed in the usual police uniforms. They walked up to her, and the man said, "Good afternoon, young lady. What are you doing?"

Amy gulped, "Umm, I'm walking back to campus."

The man said, "I'm Officer Snow, and this is Officer Oxford. Can we see some ID, please? Driver's license? Student ID?"

Amy gulped again and said, "Umm, I don't have any ID."

Snow replied, "Why not? People are supposed to always carry ID with them."

Amy choked back a tear and said, "I'm not allowed to carry anything with me. I'm Amy Suzuki, and I'm being punished by the university."

Oxford took over at this point and said, "Yes, we know who you are, and we're aware of your, uhh, situation. But our procedures require that we ask for ID."

Amy was somewhat relieved to hear that these cops knew about her "situation", but she was still concerned.

Oxford asked, "Do you know why we stopped you?"

Amy mumbled, "I guess for indecent exposure?"

"That's correct. But as I said we understand why you are naked. Well, actually, let me re-phrase. We understand why you don't have many clothes on, because we were told that you are allowed to wear panties during your punishment period. In fact, we hear some people referring to you as 'Underpants Amy.' So, we don't understand why you are totally nude now. Please explain."

Amy's mind was in a befuddled state, and she was unaware that her hands dropped down in front of her pussy as she said, "I, umm, am n-nude, because . . ." And she paused for a moment to regroup her thoughts and then she continued, "They increased my punishment by requiring me to be totally nude until tomorrow. They said I can't carry anything at all, no cell phone, no ID, not even a tissue unless they approve it."

Oxford looked over Amy skeptically before replying, "And they increased your punishment because you did some more things wrong?" Amy just nodded. Oxford went on, "Well, let's talk about those other things you did wrong, but this is not the right place to do it. So, let's go downtown and have that discussion. Okay?"

Amy gasped and said, "Oh, no, no, no. I can't do that." And she turned and took a couple of steps.

Oxford grabbed her arm and said sternly, "Miss Suzuki, you just made another very bad mistake. It appeared to us as if you were trying to resist arrest just now. A lot of officers on our force would have immediately wrestled you to the ground, pinned your arms behind your back, and roughly handcuffed you. But you're fortunate that it was us today, because I'm going to just politely ask you to put your hands behind your back so that I can gently attach the cuffs. Will you please do that for me?"

Amy made a slight twisting motion as if to get away again, but she knew she had to cooperate with them now. She started crying again and meekly put her hands behind her back. And a moment later, she was shackled again with FlexiCuffs - the plastic straps that kind of worked like cable ties. She was surprised that they didn't use metal cuffs like the cops had used on her a few weeks ago.

Oxford said to Snow, "Go call this in. And bring up her record on the screen, if she's got one. We need to figure out what to do."

The woman officer then pulled out a tissue and tenderly wiped Amy's eyes and nose. The officer said, "Now, Miss Suzuki, why did you try to get away a moment ago? Why don't you want to go downtown?"

The handcuffed naked girl replied through some more tears, "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have tried to leave. But I've got a 5 o'clock meeting with Chancellor Knoxx, and if I miss that meeting, I'll be expelled for sure. I'm supposed to graduate tomorrow, and I'm certain that he'll prevent that if I'm not in his office at 5."

Oxford was about to say something else when Officer Snow waved her over to the vehicle; Amy tentatively followed even though they didn't tell her to. She looked around and realized that they had left her alone and that she could easily run away, but she also knew that a naked, handcuffed girl would not get very far. And so she stood there next to the car.

Amy couldn't hear everything that they were saying in the vehicle, but she did hear a few words, "Kameron . . . cuffs . . . meeting". Then, she looked over Oxford's shoulder at the computer screen in the police car, and she was surprised to see her own picture. It was the full frontal naked mug shot that the campus security officers had taken of her the night that she had been caught streaking. She sighed as she now realized that she had a criminal record and that there was a naked photo of her on file.

She continued to watch the two officers from outside the police car, and she saw Snow point at the naked photo and say something including the words "pubic hair". Both Snow and Oxford looked back out the window at Amy's pussy, and they both kind of laughed. Amy realized that they were comparing her very full bush of pubic hair in the photo with her hairless pussy now.

Amy heard a cell phone ring in the police vehicle and saw Oxford answer the call. All that Oxford seemed to say during the minute-long call was "yes, sir . . . yes, sir . . . yes, sir". After that call, the two officers talked for a moment and Amy didn't hear anything that they said.

Then, the two officers got out of the car and came back over in front of the naked girl. Officer Oxford said, "Miss Suzuki, we've just finished talking with Chancellor Knoxx, and he confirms what you said about the 5 o'clock meeting being very important. He wants you there on time. He said to remind you that you are not permitted to ride in a vehicle. Also, he told us that he's disappointed in your behavior with us, and he told us to leave the handcuffs on as punishment. So, you will complete your naked trek back to campus with your hands cuffed behind you. Understand?"

Amy whispered, "Yes, I understand."

Snow took up the conversation at this point, "So, we - and when I say 'we', I mean the city police - are going to let the university continue with its punishment of you. We're not fond of people being naked in public - even if they are as pretty as you, but in this case, it sounds like the university's punishment is appropriate. Now, I suggest that you get started walking again. There is plenty of time for you to get there in time for the meeting if you hurry. And just to be on the safe side, we're going to follow along next to you in the police car."

Amy replied, "Thank you for letting me go. But umm, umm, Dr. Knoxx explicitly told me not to have anyone follow me in a car this afternoon; he was very clear about that. Did he say anything about that to you?"

Oxford replied, "No, he didn't. But I think it's a good idea if we follow along anyway. Afterall, our job is to protect the public, and you are part of the public even if you are naked and handcuffed. What happens if you fall or someone accosts you? I think he'll understand that we're keeping you safe as you walk. So, you should get started." Oxford smiled at Amy, and then she gave Amy a playful pat on her bare ass. And Amy was on her way again.

Amy took a few tentative steps to get the feel of walking with her hands cuffed behind her back, and then she picked up the pace as she got the hang of it. At the first corner, she stopped at the edge of the curb and slowly made the step down into the cross street. She glanced both ways and then continued. The police vehicle crawled through the intersection next to her.

The two-mile walk was like earlier in the day, except for the handcuffs. No one bothered her although there were more catcalls and waves from the neighbors. It seemed that almost everybody was out on their front porches to watch the amazing sight. Amy carefully kept her head down looking at the ground watching carefully where she placed each step. Only once did she stumble, but she regained her balance without falling.

When Amy reached Clay Street, she noticed that Officer Oxford rolled down the window in the police SUV. Amy expected her to say that since Amy would be entering the campus that the two officers would end their escort. But instead, Oxford said to her, "Miss Suzuki, please don't use the cross campus pathways. Please stick to the campus streets so we can continue to follow you. We realize that our jurisdiction actually ends here at the city limit, but we feel it's important to keep you safe the rest of the way."

Amy smiled at the lady and said, "Okay, thanks." And she made her way across Clay Street and then walked a block north to College Avenue where she turned back west again. The police vehicle followed obediently. As she made that turn, Amy looked at the nearby clock; it was 4:50. It was going to be a close call getting to Knoxx's office by 5 o'clock, and so she picked up her pace to a very fast walk, which was somewhat risky for the naked and bound girl to be doing.

But she made it safely to the front steps of Kameron Hall. She had encountered a couple of families walking the campus on the nice pre-graduation day afternoon; they gaped at her, but Amy just ignored them and pushed on.

Before going up the steps, she stopped and merely said "Thanks" to the police officers who had followed her. But at the top of the steps, Amy faced another quandary - how to open the door. There was no one around that she could ask for help including the police who had already driven away. In fact, she wasn't at all certain that the door was unlocked, because it was a Sunday afternoon. What if Knoxx had pulled his I-didn't-know-the-door-was-locked trick on her again? There were actually 4 doors here on the front, and Amy had found that on weekends only one of them was unlocked, but it was not always the same one. Fortunately, these doors had simple pull handles, but the doors were heavy and they were spring loaded so that they automatically closed quickly after they were opened. Amy first tried her chin on one of the door handles, but the door didn't budge and her chin hurt from the effort. So, she tried reaching up with one foot on another door, but she lost her balance and fell down, and again the door didn't move at all. She struggled to her feet and tried the next one where she turned around and bent over so that her hands could reach up to the door handle. She chuckled as she realized that her breasts were dangling enticingly in front of her, but there was no one around to see. But this technique worked as the door opened and she was able to shove a foot in before it closed, and she struggled with her feet and shoulders to open the door wide enough to let her in.

Once inside, she glanced at the digital clock in the lobby. It was now 4:55 and she had seven flights of stairs to climb plus a few more doors. So, she dashed over to the stairwell door and used the same technique on it to get into the stairwell. With her arms cuffed behind her, she couldn't use her hands on the rails, and so she had to carefully take the stairs one at a time. It was slow going, but she made it to the seventh floor and she was pleased to find a simple push open door into the seventh floor hallway. The clock there showed 4:59 as she scampered down the hall to Knoxx's door, which had a fancy twist knob on it. But Amy was able to get it open using the same technique, and she got in just before the clock on the secretary's desk clicked over to 5:00.

She hurried over to Mrs. Duckworth, who was sitting behind her desk, and asked, "Can you please open the door to the Chancellor's office for me?"

The secretary smirked at the naked and struggling girl and said, "Today's meeting is being held in the Administrative Meeting room on the 8th floor. Room 801. They are waiting for you up there. I see that you're having trouble with door handles; so, I'll get this one for you."

Amy's head slumped, but she said, "Thanks, Mrs. Duckworth, I appreciate the help" as she walked back out into the hallway and headed for the stairwell. She wanted to ask the secretary to open the stairwell door for her, but Mrs. Duckworth had already returned back into Knoxx's office and closed the door. So, Amy struggled with the stairwell door and methodically climbed up one more flight of stairs. On the 8th floor, she pushed open the door into the hallway and saw the sign for room 801 at the far end of the hallway. The clock above the "801" sign showed 5:05 PM. Amy couldn't believe that it had taken her 5 minutes to get up here; this clock must be a few minutes fast, but Amy knew she was going to be late and her shoulders sagged.

The naked girl trudged down the hall and had her now usual difficulty opening the big door with its pull handle. She had never been in this room before, and so she didn't know what to expect.

**Chapter 79 - On Trial**

But she sure didn't expect what she saw after she struggled butt first through the door. This was a small auditorium with perhaps 50 seats in 4 slightly curved rows in a stairstep configuration like many of the newer classrooms on campus. She heard a low gasp before turning around to see the room partially filled with about 30 people - and these were people that she knew from either today or yesterday.

Linda Hathaway was sitting in the front row, and when she saw her best friend struggling, she rushed up and embraced Amy. Linda said, "Oh, Sooz, Sooz, are you okay? What have they done to you?" Then, she turned to Knoxx, who was sitting at a long table facing the audience along with the rest of the committee, and she said angrily, "Dr. Knoxx, what's the meaning of this? Please take off her handcuffs."

Knoxx said calmly, but firmly, "Miss Hathaway, please sit down."

But Linda continued to stand next to her naked friend with an arm around her bare shoulders and replied "But the handcuffs, sir? They're not necessary; she's naked and she's not going anywhere. Are you, Amy?"

Amy shook her head, but whispered to her friend, "Lindy, I'm okay. Please don't get yourself in trouble. Do as he asks. Please."

Knoxx said, "Miss Hathaway, please sit down. Miss Suzuki is being punished and the handcuffs are part of the punishment, and so they'll stay on for now. Please have a seat. And, Miss Suzuki, please come stand in front of the table facing the committee." Linda sat back down.

As Amy walked the few steps over to the table, she glanced around at the audience. In the back rows were Garoni and the eight photography club members and the six Gamma Gamma Theta guys plus Nicole Larson. Then, Marvin Conrad, Kelly Stubbins, Kaylee Keplar, Shauna Denton, Valerie Steadman, and Sam Steadman were in the second row. And in front sat Linda, Jennifer Grafton (their next door neighbor at the dorm), Professor Whiteside, the two city police officers, and the woman from the playground. The looks on their faces ranged from anguished (Linda and Jennifer), to passive (the cops, the Steadmans, the photographers), to smirkish (Stubbins, Keplar, Denton). A moment later, Mrs. Duckworth entered the room and also sat down in the front row.

The naked and embarrassed girl stood in front of the table. Amy felt like she was being put on trial in a courtroom. She slumped her head and started to cry softly.

Knoxx said, "Good afternoon, Miss Suzuki. Glad you could make it albeit a few minutes late, which we will discuss in a moment."

Amy looked up at him through her tears as Knoxx continued, "There are a few things on the agenda for this afternoon. First, Mr. Garoni has some pictures from his two photoshoots to share with us. Then, we need to discuss any additional violations. And finally we might need to assign some additional punishment. Okay, let's start with the photos. Mr. Garoni has given me this folder full of pictures. They seem to be the standard 8 by 10 size. He put this together for the committee to view, but we think we should share them with everyone who is here. So, we'll display them on the screen behind me with this overhead projector. Here's the first one."

Amy saw the huge naked image of herself stretched out on the bench with legs wide spread from the evening photo session. She heard a murmur in the audience behind her. She was glad that Knoxx quickly moved onto the next photo, which also from Wednesday evening; it showed her bent over from behind with her lower lips and anus in full view. The next two were from the old security office in Wakefield Hall, including one of her standing in front of a urinal. The next one was from earlier today with her sitting on the bench with the pink vibrator in her pussy and an aroused look on her face. There was one of her standing next to the Bancroft statue again with the vibrator in her vagina. Next were two of her lying in the puddle using the vibrator. And finally one in the playground using the vibrator while sitting on the swing.

After the last picture, Knoxx said, "Thank you, Mr. Garoni. I hope that your club got some unique practice during these photoshoots. And I look forward to seeing all of the pictures sometime. I assume that they will be available online somewhere, right?"

Garoni hesitantly stood up and said, "Umm, well, Dr. Knoxx, these were all shot with film cameras, and so there are no electronic copies of them. So, I'm not planning to post them on a web site."

Knoxx scowled, "But you could scan these photos or the negatives into digital form, right?"

Garoni glanced at Amy and then said, "I'll see what I can do, but I won't promise anything."

Amy was surprised that Knoxx accepted this answer. But Knoxx just replied, "Okay, let me know." Then Knoxx turned to Amy and said, "Miss Suzuki, you've had an interesting day, to say the least. And I am shocked to hear that you have committed numerous violations of our rules just in the last 24 hours." He held up a stack of notes scribbled on paper of various styles. Even from several feet away and blurred vision, Amy recognized the top piece of paper; it was Linda's distinctive blue scratch paper with scalloped edges. Knoxx continued, "We've had these documented violations, but also there were many from this afternoon that have not yet been written down yet." Amy's head slumped again as she realized that even her best friend had been forced to snitch on her, but Amy couldn't imagine what she had done that Linda could possibly report.

After a pause, Knoxx said, "Okay, we're going to go through these one by one; you will be given a chance to respond. I've asked the people who wrote them to come this afternoon so there won't be any misinterpretation. I want to thank all of you folks for coming." He turned his focus back to Amy and continued, "We will give you a copy of our summary at tomorrow morning's meeting. Let's start with this top one, okay?" He held up Linda's note.

Amy nodded and listened as Knoxx read from the blue piece of paper, "Amy borrowed my cell phone to call her boyfriend last night." He paused for a moment and continued, "That was from Linda Hathaway, and actually, that doesn't sound like a violation, because we allowed you to make phone calls." But after another brief pause, he said, "Ah, but did you carry that phone with you?"

Amy still had tears in her eyes with no way to wipe them out, but she sighed and said, "Yes, I walked out to the stairwell so I wouldn't bother Linda who had already gone to bed."

Knoxx frowned and said, "Well, it sounds like you did carry the cell phone even if it was only a short distance, and we prohibited you from carrying anything, but we expressly disallowed a cell phone. So, we'll leave that violation on the list. But that note reminds me, where is your boyfriend, Mr. Henderson?"

Now it was Amy who frowned through her tears, "Huh? Dwight? I don't know; I haven't talked with him since that phone call last night."

Knoxx said, "Well, we've been trying to contact him to confirm that you did indeed call him. We tried his cell phone and his apartment phone, but no answer. We left messages asking him to come to this meeting, but as you can see, he's not here. We even used your cell phone to call him thinking that he would surely answer after seeing on his cell phone display that it was you that was calling, but again no answer. Incidentally, your cell phone and backpack are safely stored in my office; they will be returned to you tomorrow. So, you don't know the whereabouts of Mr. Henderson?"

Amy was now worried about Dwight and she said, "No. I sure hope he's okay." And she started to cry again.

Knoxx looked over at Linda and said, "Miss Hathaway, please help your friend. Wipe her eyes and nose, please."

Linda got a tissue from her purse and came up to her naked and handcuffed friend. She again embraced Amy, but this time she whispered in Amy's ear so that no one else could hear, "Dwight is fine. I warned him not to answer his phone." As Linda wiped her eyes, Amy whispered back, "Thanks, Lindy."

Knoxx could see that the two friends were whispering and he said, "Umm, Miss Hathaway, what were you two just talking about?"

Linda replied, "Nothing, sir. I just asked her if she's really all right, and she said she is. I was just trying to comfort her a tiny bit."

Knoxx replied, "Okay, good. Now, Tyson Laird, our legal counselor, has just passed me a note suggesting that before we start discussing each documented violation, we really should clarify the violations that happened this afternoon at the art and wine festival. Before you arrived, Miss Suzuki, I was discussing this with Professor Whiteside, who mentioned some disturbing behavior on your part in the last few hours, but we didn't get a chance to finish that discussion. So, Dr. Whiteside, why don't you tell us what happened and we'll talk about them with Miss Suzuki?"

Whiteside stood up and the naked girl turned to the side so that she could easily look at either Whiteside or Knoxx. Whiteside said, "Well, for everyone else's benefit, let me describe briefly what we had Amy do for us this afternoon. My sister and I decided to have her put on an artistic performance of pulling a little wagon around the festival so that Kaylee Keplar and Shauna Denton could sell bottled water carried in the wagon." She pointed out the two girls in the audience and then went on, "We decorated Amy's naked body with a tail, some flowers in her hair, and a bridle; sort of like a pony pulling the wagon." There was a slight murmur through the audience at this point. Whiteside went on, "Well, Amy didn't like these decorations and twice she tried to run away. But each time, we convinced her that she should continue with the performance. Also, there was an incident part way through the performance; an argument between Amy and Ms. Keplar and Ms. Denton. And finally, Amy left without returning all of the decorations."

Knoxx said, "Thank you for that overview, but now, let's talk about the details. You said she tried to run away twice. What was the first time?"

Whiteside said, "It was when we showed her the tail that we wanted her to wear. Here, we brought it with us, and I'll show you." Sam Steadman opened the bag under his seat, pulled out the tail, and handed it to Whiteside. Whiteside held it up for the audience to see and then handed it to Knoxx.

Knoxx said, "So, this fits in her anus, right?" Whiteside just nodded. Knoxx continued, "Maybe you can demonstrate it on her so we can understand why she objected. We know that Miss Suzuki was fitted with anal devices during the Wytham experiments, and this looks to be similar in size to those things."

Amy gasped and started crying again. Whiteside said, "Sure, we can do that. Amy, why don't you come up and bend over the front table? Sam, can you please insert this into her again?"

There was a stunned silence as Whiteside led the naked girl up to the table where Knoxx was seated. Whiteside bent her over so that her bare breasts were pressed against the table top and her bare ass was thrust out towards the audience.

As Sam Steadman was starting to spread lubricant in Amy's ass, Linda stood up and yelled, "Stop it, stop it, stop it. You can't do this to her." And Linda came up and hugged Amy's bent over shoulders. Both girls were crying, but Amy managed to say, "Lindy, it's okay, it's okay." It really wasn't okay with Amy, but she didn't want Linda to get in trouble.

Knoxx leaned over and lifted Linda from Amy's bent over form, and he said to her, "Miss Hathaway, please return to your seat." Whiteside led Linda back to her seat in the front row; Linda tried to dry her own tears with a tissue. Steadman finished spreading the lubricant in Amy's ass and on the butt plug, and then he quickly shoved it into her butthole as the audience gasped. Whiteside helped Amy stand up straight, and then she guided Amy's shoulders so that the naked girl made a 360 degree turn for the audience and the committee. A piece of paper had stuck to one of Amy's breasts when it had been pressed to the table, and Whiteside removed it and returned it to the table.

Knoxx looked at the tail hanging from Amy's butt and said, "Miss Suzuki, why did you try to run away after having this put in? Does it hurt you?"

Amy sniffed back her tears and said, "I tried to leave before it was inserted, not after. No, it doesn't hurt, but I knew it would be really embarrassing, and it's just as embarrassing now as it was then."

Knoxx replied, "Well, as I've told you many times, a large part of your punishment is supposed to be your embarrassment. Okay, Dr. Whiteside, what happened the second time?"

Whiteside said, "Well, we had hooked her to the wagon, and . . ."

Knoxx interrupted, "How did you hook her to the wagon?"

"Oh, sorry, sir. The little wagon had shafts on the hitch, and we used special tape to strap her arms to the shafts. This would help her pull the wagon along; that is, she could use the strength in her arms rather than just her hands to pull the wagon."

Knoxx nodded and said, "Go on."

Whiteside said, "We have a bridle-like device with a bit that we wanted to fit over her head and into her mouth, but she complained, shut her mouth tightly, and tried to run away. But she couldn't get far, because she would have had to pull the wagon."

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki. Why did you resist?"

"I felt that they were treating me like an animal rather than a human being", she replied.

Knoxx essentially ignored what Amy had just said, looked at Whiteside, and said, "Can you demo this device for us so we can understand better?"

Whiteside nodded and took the bridle and bit from Sam Steadman. Amy just stood there, opened her mouth, and let Whiteside slide the bit in and fit the bridle over her head. Then, Whiteside attached the reins to the bit and led the naked girl across the front of the room and back again.

Knoxx smirked and said, "So, this was how she was led around except at the festival she was pulling a wagon?" Whiteside just nodded. Knoxx continued, "Well, Miss Suzuki, can you talk with that bit in your mouth?"

Amy mumbled, "N-n-not . . ery . . ell, . . ir."

Whiteside translated, "She tried to say 'Not very well, sir'. Since she wouldn't be understandable, we just told Amy not to talk during the performance."

Knoxx said, "All right. We understand why she tried to get away those two times. But were those the only decorations for her?"

Whiteside replied, "No, I also put her hair in a ponytail using a brightly colored elastic hair wrap, and I put two flowers in her hair."

Knoxx replied, "Oh, you must have done that before putting on the bridle, right?" Whiteside nodded and Knoxx said, "Well, maybe you can do that for us now? Feel free to remove the bridle, if you need to."

Whiteside said, "Umm, well I've only got one of the flowers; evidently, it fell out when we took off her bridle, because I found it on the ground a few minutes later. When Amy left the festival, she was still wearing the other flower and the hair wrap. I don't know what happened to them. But here, I'll slide in the one flower to show the general effect."

Knoxx frowned and said, "Okay. Any other decoration?"

Whiteside said, "We also used lipstick to accent her vaginal lips. Just to make them sort of stand out more. Again, when Amy left the fair, she still had that lipstick on, but she doesn't now. I can quickly do it again so you can see the idea. Okay?" Knoxx nodded. And Whiteside knelt in front of the trembling naked girl and re-created the exaggerated pussy lips on her shaved pubic mound. Whiteside turned the naked girl to face the committee, and Amy could feel the men's gaze on her pussy.

Knoxx then asked, "Anything more decorations?"

Whiteside replied, "Umm, not exactly decoration on her, but we also had a buggy whip that we asked Kaylee and Shauna to use as part of simulating control over Amy." Sam handed Whiteside the whip.

Knoxx said, "So, you actually whipped Miss Suzuki?"

Whiteside answered, "Unfortunately, yes. Not me or my sister, and we explicitly told Shauna and Kaylee to only pretend to hit her. But later I noticed some red marks on her buttocks, and they told me that they had whipped her. You can still see the red marks on her ass." She turned Amy so that the committee could see her naked butt and pointed to the several red marks, which had faded a bit, but were still clearly visible.

Knoxx frowned and said, "Well, I'm very sorry to hear that. Miss Keplar and Miss Denton, I'm appalled that you would hit her after being told in no uncertain terms not to. And Miss Suzuki, I apologize for the whippings. It was never, ever the intent of this committee for you to be corporally punished like that. We only meant for you to have non-corporal punishment such as embarrassment." Amy just stared at him.

Then without any instruction from Knoxx, Whiteside led Amy back and forth across the front of the room showing off the decorated naked girl and brandishing the whip.

Knoxx said, "Ms. Whiteside, please remove the bit and bridle so she can talk to us. But leave the tail, the flower, and the lipstick - and of course, leave the handcuffs." Whiteside unbuckled the bridle strap and slid the bit out of her mouth.

Knoxx said to Amy, "All right, Miss Suzuki. You've got some more explaining to do. What happened to the hair holder and the flower? Why did you remove the lipstick on your lower lips?"

Amy said, "After I left the festival, I stopped at a restroom a few blocks away. I noticed that I was still wearing the things in my hair, and I knew that you wanted me to be totally nude. So, I took them out and left them in the restroom. Similarly, I wiped off the lipstick, because I didn't think it was permitted outside of the festival." She turned to Whiteside and said, "Professor, if you want those things back, they are sitting on the ledge above the sink in the ladies restroom close to Crockett's Bridge, you know, the famous covered bridge not far from the park."

Knoxx said, "But you admit that you walked a few blocks with the flower and hair wrap, right?"

Amy said sheepishly, "Yes, sir."

Knoxx said, "And that was another violation of the total nudity rule, right?" Amy just nodded sullenly.

Knoxx looked over at Lucas Telford, who was taking notes, and he said, "Luke, it sounds to me like we've got two non-cooperation violations plus one required-nudity violation. Please add those to the list." Amy's head sagged.

Knoxx looked through the stack of papers, pulled out a slip, and then went on, "Now, you mentioned an argument between Miss Suzuki and these two girls. Is that related to this note from Miss Denton that Miss Suzuki had bitten her? I thought she had a bit in her mouth all the time, and so how could she say anything much less argue? And how could she bite Miss Denton with that in her mouth?"

Whiteside answered, "Yes, it's all part of the same incident. We asked the girls to make sure to give Amy water to drink during the performance. And at one point, Amy refused, because she wasn't thirsty. She refused by shaking her head and keeping her mouth shut; so, I guess it wasn't a verbal argument. And the girls decided to force the issue, and Shauna tried to hold open Amy's mouth while Kaylee poured in the water. Somehow during the struggle, one of Shauna's hands slipped from her mouth and Amy's jaw snapped shut on the other hand which was still on her upper teeth. We don't quite understand how it happened with the bit still in Amy's mouth, but the marks on Shauna's fingers are proof that it did."

Knoxx motioned to Shauna Denton who was sitting in the second row and said, "Miss Denton, please step down in front of the table."

Denton stood right next to Amy and Knoxx said, "Why did you force her to drink if she didn't want to?"

Denton said, "Dr. Whiteside told us to show control over her as part of the performance, and we basically were trying to pretend that we were punishing her."

Knoxx was puzzled and said, "Umm, I'm not following. So, prying her mouth open was the punishment? What was she being punished for?"

Denton fidgeted and lied, "We were punishing her for talking. Dr. Whiteside told us that Amy was not allowed to talk, but she tried to several times behind her bit."

Amy shook her head violently and said, "That's not true! I never said anything. The only noises I made were screams when they hit me with the whip. They were trying to force me to drink enough water to make me pee on the ground like a horse does, and I didn't want to do that."

Knoxx looked at Whiteside and asked, "Well, Professor, what's the story here?"

Whiteside said, "This is the first I've heard about Amy breaking the no-talking rule, and the business about forcing her to pee like a horse is consistent with what Amy told me at the time."

Knoxx looked at Denton and said, "Miss Denton, I'm sorry that you were bitten, but frankly, it sounds like you deserved it in a way. So, I'm going to tear up your note. We're not going to charge Miss Suzuki with any violations due to this incident. Please sit down, Miss Denton."

Knoxx sighed and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, what can I say? But you know that the punishment agreement that you signed allowed your naked body to be used for artistic purposes, and that's exactly what Ms. Whiteside was doing with this performance. So, I'm leaving those three violations on the list. Also, I should remind you that the original punishment schedule did not include this time at the festival today. We added that punishment activity plus the total nudity punishment because you misbehaved a few days ago. So, in a sense, you brought all of this on yourself." The naked girl bowed her head and watched her boobs jiggle as she held back a sob; she knew he was technically correct.

Knoxx continued, "Okay, that wraps up the discussion for this afternoon's performance. But we're going to leave the tail, handcuffs, flower, and lipstick on you for the rest of this meeting, Miss Suzuki. Now, let's see if we can pick up the pace here a bit. Yesterday, you asked us to allow you to get a ride to the Gamma house just moments after we told you that you weren't permitted to ride in a car. That's a non-cooperation violation. Next, you were late starting the panty auction last night; my watch showed 7:02 PM when you began. That violates the being-on-time rule. That brings us to the next one in this stack of paper. Mr. Zacharias says that you left the keys to the truck in the ignition making the truck susceptible to theft. Is that correct, Miss Suzuki?" Amy just nodded.

Knoxx continued, "Let's see, I already covered your carrying the phone to the stairwell last night. But related to that is Miss Stubbins's complaint that you were hiding your body in the stairwell. Miss Stubbins, please explain."

Kelly Stubbins stood up and said, "As the RA on our dorm floor, I was monitoring the hallways about 1:30 AM when I heard talking coming from the stairwell. I peeked through the window of the firedoor and saw Suzuki's naked body sitting on the step with a phone to her ear. It looked to me as if she were seeking a private refuge so I wouldn't see her body."

Knoxx turned to Amy and asked, "Comments, Miss Suzuki?"

Amy just said, "I was talking to my boyfriend, Dwight Henderson. I wasn't trying to hide my naked body; I just wanted privacy while talking."

Knoxx brusquely replied, "Sounds like the same thing to me. That's a no-hiding violation. The next one on this stack is from Jennifer Grafton. She has two items on this piece of paper. First, you were carrying a cell phone into the hallway early this morning. Second, a couple of minutes later she saw you carrying a big purse down the hall. Miss Grafton?"

Jennifer stood up and in her deep British accent said, "Kelly asked me to write down these things after I told her about seeing Amy in the hallway. With the mobile, oops, I mean the cell phone, Amy said she was just trying to muffle the alarm noise so that it wouldn't wake up her roommate, Linda. Amy wasn't actually making a phone call. After I went to the loo, that is, the toilet, Amy and I passed in the hallway; she was carrying a bag, which I guess contained her makeup supplies. Kelly told me that Amy is not allowed to carry anything today."

Knoxx looked at Amy and merely said, "Comments?"

Amy sheepishly said, "Yes, that's right. And I'm sorry I made those mistakes."

Knoxx continued, "Next. Miss Stubbins said you didn't have your ID card when you came to breakfast, and you asked her to let you in anyway. Miss Stubbins?"

Stubbins said, "Yes, sir. That's right. Our kitchen supervisor, Mrs. Jefferson, told us on Saturday to check ID cards this weekend to make sure that non-students didn't sneak in for a free meal. Suzuki didn't have her ID. Eventually, I let her in because Mrs. Jefferson told me to."

Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki?"

"That's correct. But I wasn't carrying the card, because I'm not permitted to carry anything today."

Knoxx replied, "Well, I'm sorry but the non-cooperation violation stands, because you could have asked someone, such as Miss Hathaway, to carry the card for you. Next, another complaint from Miss Stubbins. This one says that you carried your food tray in the cafeteria." Stubbins stood up, but Knoxx went on, "No further explanation is needed, Miss Stubbins. This is very clear. Miss Suzuki could have asked you or Mrs. Jefferson or anyone else around to carry the tray for her. Next, I have two notes here from my secretary who talked with Mrs. Sally Wright, who is sitting here in the front row. The first note says that Miss Suzuki hid her body from your view. The second says that she removed a vibrator from her vagina. Mrs. Wright, could you please explain?"

The woman stood up and said nervously, "I'm Sally Wright, and I wanted to take my 6-year old daughter, Stacey, to the day care center playground this morning. My husband, Tom, is a contract employee for the plumbing company that the university uses, and that employment allows us to use the day care center on campus. And we really want to thank you for letting us use such a nice facility for a nominal charge. But I was appalled to be confronted not once, but three times by this naked woman. Why is she permitted to run around naked corrupting the morals of young children like my Stacey? The first time we met her was when we walked into the playground, and there was this nude girl leaning against the jungle gym with a bright pink vibrator stuck into her vagina with a group of these photographers taking her picture. Thankfully, the photographers formed a semi-circle around this naked lady to try and block her from my daughter's view. But my daughter scooted to the edge of the semi-circle and watched as this woman pulled the vibrator, or dildo, or whatever it is, from her 'wee-wee' as my daughter calls it. I was disgusted and I pulled my daughter away, and we left. We walked around campus for an hour or so, and I let my sweetie play around some of the statues and other things, and lo and behold, here comes this naked tramp again flaunting her body at us. I turned and guided Stacey away. Then, later about 11 o'clock, we were playing in the playground when this naked thing shows up again doing something to the bulletin board. She mumbled some apology and left. I sure hope that this is the very last time in my life that I see this woman's naked body."

After a two or three second pause, Knoxx said, "Well, Mrs. Wright, let me extend an additional apology to you. Most of your complaint should be addressed at this committee, since we were the ones who allowed Miss Suzuki to be naked here today. Actually, we insisted that she be naked as part of her punishment. So again, I'm sorry. But I also thank you for coming today and helping us confirm Miss Suzuki's rule violations. Removing the vibrator is a non-cooperation violation. And hiding behind the photographers is a no-hiding violation. Mr. Garoni, can you say something about this please?"

Garoni stood up from his seat in the last row and said, "Mrs. Wright, I'm also very sorry about what happened. I did indeed urge our photographers to try to block your daughter's view of Amy. For your sake, I'm glad I did that, because it helped a little bit. But for Amy's sake, all I can say is that I'm sorry, because it seems to have cost you another violation. I'm sorry, Amy."

Knoxx said, "Okay, two more violations. Next, this note from Mr. Conrad says that you didn't clean some bulletin boards as he instructed. Mr. Conrad?"

Marvin Conrad, the deputy maintenance supervisor, stood up and said, "Yes, sir. I asked Amy to remove all the staples from the boards that she processed this morning. We ask people posting notices to use push pins rather than staples, but staples still appear too often on the boards. But when I checked a few boards after Amy left, I saw notices still posted with staples."

Knoxx shook his head as he looked at Amy saying, "Miss Suzuki?"

Amy smiled briefly at Conrad and said, "Yes, I did leave some staples behind, but only in non-expired posters. There were several copies of a poster advertising a graduation lunch for tomorrow, and Mr. Conrad told me to leave such posters up on the bulletin boards. Unfortunately, these were put up with staples rather than push pins. On one board, I replaced the staples with push pins from elsewhere on the board, but it took a lot of extra time to swap out those staples with push pins, and if I did that for every board, I would not finish on time. So, I elected to leave those luncheon posters up so I could finish the overall job. It was a trade-off, and it sounds as if I made the wrong choice."

Knoxx said, "Yes, you did. You should have figured out a faster way to remove those staples. So, that's a non-cooperation violation. Actually, we've been saying that wrong during this meeting; rather than a 'non-cooperation' violation, it's a violation of the full-cooperation rule."

Knoxx kept going, "Anyway, we're almost done. The two city police officers sitting here handed me a copy of their report. Although I can make out a few things in it, like '311 indecent exposure' and '647 lewd conduct', most of this is abbreviations and jargon that I don't understand; so, let me ask them to explain. Let's see, Officer Samantha Oxford and Officer John Snow, will one of you please explain what happened about an hour ago?"

Amy had been surprised to see the two cops sitting in the room when she arrived, because the cops had seemed to drive away when they stopped escorting her. Evidently, they had parked nearby and come up the elevator while Amy was coming up the stairs.

Officer Oxford got up and said, "Yes, on our neighborhood patrol this afternoon, we encountered Miss Suzuki walking naked along the sidewalk. This is an obvious case of indecent exposure, that's code 311, at the least or lewd conduct, code 647, in some situations. When we explained that we would have to take her downtown for further questioning, she attempted to run away, which we interpreted as avoiding arrest. So, we handcuffed her and called it in. We were told to talk with you, Dr. Knoxx, and after doing so, we decided that your punishment of her was sufficient and so we let her continue. You asked us to leave the handcuffs on her. To ensure her safety, we followed along in our police vehicle. That's about it, sir."

Knoxx replied, "Thank you, officer. So, let me clarify. Miss Suzuki attempted to flee, and we consider that to be a non-cooperation violation. Also, she let you follow her even though we very explicitly told her not to permit anyone to follow along like that."

Oxford said, "Yes, she did make a slight motion that we interpreted as attempting to flee the scene. But for the following-her-along-in-a-vehicle issue, that was our idea. Miss Suzuki did try to talk us out of it, but we insisted for the sake of her personal safety. It is very dangerous for a pretty young woman like this to be walking alone in the nude down city sidewalks especially with her hands cuffed behind her back. Personally, I don't think you should penalize her for us following her."

Knoxx pondered this for a moment and said, "Well, okay. Now, as I told you on the phone, this committee has established its own rules that Miss Suzuki is required to follow as part of her punishment. Specifically, she is not allowed to hide or cover her body from anyone else's view. Did you see her doing that?"

Oxford sighed and said, "Yes, sir. We did. When we drove up to her, she was standing still facing us with her hands at her sides and her fists kind of clenched; her full front was visible to us, face, breasts, pubic area. But when we started to question her, she dropped her hands in front of her pubic region as if hiding it."

Knoxx looked over at Amy and said, "Miss Suzuki?"

Amy gave him a surprised look and said, "I don't remember doing that, but since they saw me do it, I must have done it accidentally. I'm sorry."

Knoxx responded, "Okay, out of all of that, it sounds like we've got two violations. One non-cooperation for trying to leave and a no-covering violation. We'll ignore the no-escorting violation. Thanks to both of you officers. Now, finally Miss Suzuki, you walked in this door at 5:02 PM by my watch, which I think is accurate. This meeting was supposed to start at 5 o'clock sharp. So, that's a not-on-time violation."

Knoxx was about to continue when Amy interrupted, "Excuse me, sir. Can I say something about that?"

He gave her an annoyed look but said, "All right. But quickly."

Amy said, "Thanks. I'm sorry, but I didn't know that today's meeting was going to be held up here til I got to your office. And I arrived in your office right at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Duckworth then directed me to come up here." She turned to Duckworth and gave the women a quick glance and a smile.

Knoxx also looked at the secretary who just nodded back at him. But Knoxx said, "Well, I see your point. But you should have left enough slop to allow for such a thing. If you got to my office exactly at 5, then you cut it too close. The on-time violation stands." Amy slumped her head and shoulders.

Knoxx turned to Telford and asked, "Okay, Luke, what do we have?"

Telford replied, "8 full-cooperation violations, 2 on-time violations, 1 required-nudity violation, 2 no-hiding violations, 1 no-covering violation, 3 no-carrying violations. That's a total of 17 violations in the last 24 hours. Shame on you, Miss Suzuki."

Amy felt her breasts begin to shake as she started to cry. She was really afraid that she was going to be expelled in the next few minutes, and all of her naked determination would be for naught. She glanced over at Linda and saw that her friend was also crying.

Knoxx said, "Miss Suzuki, we're going to talk about your additional punishment in a minute, but we want you to be totally naked for that. So, Ms. Whiteside, could you please remove her decorations? And officers, could you please remove her handcuffs? Officers, please go first."

Snow came up behind the naked girl and used snippers to remove the plastic ties around her wrists. Amy briefly rubbed her wrists, but she then let Sam Steadman lean her over the table again and he pulled the butt plug out of her ass; he held her down with a hand on her bare back as he wiped her ass with a tissue. She tried to get up when he seemed to have finished, but he continued to hold her down as he wiped another tissue through her entire crease, front to back; Amy started to cry again at this intimate cleaning by a virtual stranger. After he let her up, Whiteside slipped the flower out of her hair and then asked, "Umm, Dr. Knoxx, what about the lipstick down there?"

Knoxx said, "Just leave it. She can wipe it off before she goes to bed."

The totally naked girl just stood there as Knoxx addressed the entire audience, "I want to thank all of you for coming this afternoon. You have helped us immensely. You are all free to leave. Oh, those of you who live at her dorm, please don't wait for Miss Suzuki. We want her walking back there alone. So, Miss Suzuki, please stay here and we'll discuss your punishment. Good night to the rest of you."

As Amy stood facing the committee, she felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to see Nicole Larson's tear-streaked face. Nicole said quietly, "Oh, Amy. I had no idea that they put you through this kind of hell. And I just wanted to tell you again that I hope you have a wonderful life after graduation. Bye." Nicole was staring daggers at Knoxx as she hugged Amy. And Amy teared up in appreciation and she let Nicole hug her tightly although Amy didn't really return the hug.

As Nicole was hugging her, Amy saw that Linda was standing behind Nicole as if waiting her turn. And after Nicole left, Linda softly said to her, "Sooz, it's getting late to make it to dinner. But Rekha and I will wait for you by the dining hall door til 6:25. I'll have your ID card with me, just in case Stubbins will be a hard-ass again." Amy whispered back, "Thanks, Lindy. I'll try to get there in time."

After everyone filed out, Amy was left standing naked in front of the five men. And Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, punishment time, but I heard Miss Hathaway say something to you about being late for dinner. So, let me quickly describe your punishment for this evening, and we'll discuss some more tomorrow morning." Amy gulped as Knoxx went on, "Actually, you've already experienced part of the punishment. When I spoke with the police officers on the phone, I told them to leave the handcuffs on you as punishment. So, that was part of it, but not all." He paused briefly before going on, "Now, I understand that you are sort of an amateur barber. You cut your father's and brother's hair when you were in high school, right?"

Amy was stunned. This was sort of private family secret; she had never told anyone about cutting her Dad's and Jason's hair. She just stammered, "Huh? H-how d-do y-y-you know about that?"

Knoxx gave her his devilish smile and replied, "Well, it's amazing what one can find on the internet these days." And now Amy remembered that in a computer class in high school she had put together a little web site as part of an assignment, and one of the pages was titled "Things you don't know about me". On that page, she had mentioned the haircuts. But the instructor had told her that those practice web sites would be deleted at the end of the term. And that was five years ago. Amy had frequently Googled and Bing'ed her own name on the internet, and that old web site never showed up in the search results. But somehow Knoxx had found that page.

Knoxx looked at her and asked again, "So, you did do their hair?"

Amy blushed and said, "Yes, I did."

Knoxx continued, "Well, good. Because tonight you're going to use that expertise to provide free haircuts in the lobby of your dorm. Only to men. Kind of a free tune-up for them for tomorrow's commencement ceremony." Amy slumped her head and listened as Knoxx went on, "We've put together these advertising signs, which you will carry back to the dorm. Then, you'll post them in the lobby before you go to dinner. Miss Suzuki, you're not looking at me. Please look at the signs."

Knoxx propped up two almost identical signs about 24" x 30" that read:

Hey, Guys! Do you want a free haircut tonight? Underpants Amy is going to be giving free haircuts in the lobby of Blankenship Hall. 7:30 PM til 11:30 PM But surprise, these are the only underpants of hers that you'll see tonight!

And on the right side of the poster, Amy saw a pair of her panties taped up in a spread-out fashion. One poster had a pair of her white panties, the other a pair of her flesh colored panties.

Amy stared in disbelief at the signs as Knoxx said, "You'll carry these back-to-back holding them above your head as you walk back to the dorm. Your total nudity rule still applies; so you'll be giving these haircuts to the guys in the nude. That is, you're nude, they're dressed." He paused for a moment looking at her pussy and then continued, "Umm, actually, you can wipe off that lipstick before starting the haircuts. Where was I? Oh, Mr. Conrad, the maintenance guy, will set up an appropriate chair in the lobby along with a table and the supplies that you will need. And Mr. Conrad has volunteered to be your first customer. If your barbering skills are kind of rusty, you can get a bit of practice on him. Any questions?"

Amy quietly said, "No, sir. I understand."

Knoxx said, "Good. Oh, at 11:30, you will remove the panties from these signs and give them to the next two guys in line as kind of a consolation prize. But you can stop at 11:30 and go to bed." Amy just nodded. Knoxx went on, "And I hope you get a good night's sleep, because you'll report back here, well, actually to my office, at 7:30 tomorrow morning for some additional punishment. Total nudity tomorrow morning, but you are permitted to bring along a bag with the clothes that you want to wear when your punishment ends at noon. You don't need to bring panties, since we have three pairs left. Those panties are pink, flesh color, and off white with sort of a subtle pattern. Please bring along three brassieres that will coordinate with those panties. The committee will decide which panties and which brassiere you will wear under the outer clothes of your choice. The other panties that we have left in my drawer will be returned to you along with your backpack when you leave at noon. Now, you need to get going. And, Miss Suzuki, please, please try to avoid any more violations. You are at the very edge of our patience. At the moment, I can tell you that you will probably - and I emphasize that word 'probably' - get your diploma tomorrow. But we still might expel you even if you don't commit any more violations. Good night, Miss Suzuki."

Knoxx put the two posters back-to-back and handed them to the naked girl. Without being told, Amy immediately raised them above her head as she walked towards the meeting room door. She held them briefly with one hand as she opened the door, and then used both hands as she walked down the hall to the stairwell. Even while descending the eight flights of stairs, Amy held the signs above her in the deserted stairwell. She was glad that the main lobby was empty, but she continued with the posters over her head across the lobby and out the main front door. Down the steps and onto the sidewalk.

**Chapter 80 - Dinner at the Dorm Dining Hall**

As naked Amy walked along her usual path back to the dorm, she was surprised that there were now more groups of people out and about. More family groups in town for graduation, she supposed. She got the usual gasps and stares from these people, but she walked on. She felt just as vulnerable now even though her hands were not cuffed, because holding the signs above her head opened her entire body to view. A couple of times, guys stopped her so that they could read the signs - or so they said; she suspected that they just wanted a close-up view of her totally nude body. She was glad that it was only a 10-minute walk.

In the dorm lobby, she saw Marvin Conrad and two other workers just starting to set up the chair and the supplies that she would need for the haircuts. She just propped up the signs in a couple of prominent spots in the lobby, and then she headed for the dining hall.

Linda and Rekha were waiting for Amy at the door, and they each gave their naked friend a big hug. Amy was relieved to see that Kelly Stubbins was not on checkin duty tonight. Linda had brought along Amy's ID card, but Amy was still worried that Stubbins would hassle her somehow about getting into the dining hall. But the RA on duty, Jerry McKnight, just smiled at the naked girl and waved her through.

Linda said, "Uh, oh. There's Stubbins sitting over there watching us, probably trying to catch you doing something wrong such as carrying a tray again. So, Amy, I don't want you picking up a single thing until we sit down - not even a napkin. You tell me what you want, and I'll put it on a tray for you." Amy replied, "Okay, Lindy, thanks."

After telling Linda what food she wanted, the naked girl walked into the dining area and picked out an empty table, sat down, and waited for her friends. Unlike this morning, the room was fairly crowded with probably a hundred people or so, and most of them stopped and stared at the pretty nude as she walked to the table and sat down.

A minute later, Linda put down the tray in front of Amy and then returned to get her own tray. The three girls chatted idly about the surprisingly good ravioli as they ate, but soon Amy asked, "Umm, Lindy, what happened this morning after I left, anyway? Umm, why did you write that note to Knoxx? Sorry, if that sounds accusatory, but . . ."

Linda interrupted, "No, Sooz, it's okay. I understand. Let's see, uhh, I guess it was 9:30 or so when that camera guy, Garoni - is that his name? - called me and I met him in the lobby to get your stuff - the shoes and mortarboard, etc." Linda and Amy glanced at each other with a knowing look because each realized that the 'etc' referred to the vibrator; they each smiled and Rekha gave them a puzzled look. But Linda went on, "And when I was walking back to the room, I spotted Stubbins in our hallway going door-to-door talking to everybody. When she got to our room, she told me that she knew you made a phone call last night and asked about the phone. When I said it was my cell phone that I lent to you, she asked me to write that down on a piece of paper; I didn't want to, but I knew that you'd want me to avoid getting in trouble, and so I did. And Stubbins then told me that Knoxx wanted me at your 5 o'clock meeting. A few minutes later, Jenn from next door knocked on our door, and she was crying and told me that Stubbins had asked her to do the same things - write a note and come to the meeting. Jenn and I talked about it, and we realized that Knoxx was going to embarrass you in front of us and force us to snitch on you publicly. And then I thought of Dwight and how he seems to be protective of you. So, I called Dwight right away, explained the situation, and convinced him not to answer his phone the rest of the day or to come to the 5 o'clock thing. It took some arm twisting, but he finally agreed."

Amy replied, "Oh, thank you, Lindy, for doing that. I'm sure glad he didn't have to see me embarrassed like that. It was bad enough that you and Jenn were forced to go to that meeting. Umm, can I borrow your phone now? I'd like to talk to Dwight."

Linda replied, "Sure. I'll carry it over there where you can have a tiny bit of privacy." She pointed to the other side of the room. Amy nodded, and the two of them walked to the opposite side of the room where there was no one sitting nearby. Linda handed the cell phone to Amy and then walked back to the table where Rekha was sitting. Amy then punched in Dwight's number. Amy knew that she couldn't hide herself visually, but at least she could talk privately. She stood next to the wall, but she consciously turned so that she faced towards the tables; her full frontal nudity was on display to all of the diners.

The phone rang four times, but then he answered. He said, "Hey, Linda. Is she okay? Is Amy okay? Where is she?"

Amy smiled broadly and said, "Hey yourself, boyfriend. It's me. Yeah, I'm okay."

Dwight replied, "Oh, Amy, Babes. Oh, I have been worrying about you all day. It's so good to hear your voice."

She smiled and said, "And for me to hear yours, too."

Dwight went on, "Amy, Amy, Amy. Are you really okay? Please tell me you're really okay."

Amy replied, "Yes, Dwight, I'm okay. And please calm down. You're sounding overly dramatic about all of this."

Dwight changed his tone, but only slightly, "Babes, I'm sorry for that. But I am truly worried about you."

Amy felt the good kind of tears welling up and she said, "Yes, I'm okay now. I'm still naked, but I'm at the dining hall with Linda and Rekha. She let me use her phone again. Today wasn't too bad, so don't worry . . ." She paused at this point remembering their promise about complete honesty. She started over again, "Umm, honey, we vowed to tell each other the truth. So, umm, it was actually a truly awful day, and it's not over yet. I was . . ."

Dwight interrupted, "I'm coming over. Meet me out front."

Amy said, "No, no. Dwight, I'd really like to see you, too. But they imposed some more punishment on me, and I'm going to be busy for the rest of the evening. In a few minutes, I've got to be a naked barber giving free haircuts til 11:30."

There was a brief pause and then he replied, "Oh, Babes. That bastard Knoxx. He's stretching this crap out til the very last minute, isn't he?" He didn't wait for her reply and added, "Linda was probably right about keeping me away from that meeting this afternoon. I would have murdered that asshole and the other guys. If I ever see them . . ."

Amy gasped, "Dwight, Dwight. Stop it. Don't even say the word 'murder'. Do you hear me?"

Dwight paused a little bit longer this time before saying, "Oh, Amy. I'm sorry. My temper was getting the better of me. Of course, you're right. And I'll be seeing him at commencement tomorrow, won't I?"

Amy was noticing another side of her new boyfriend, and it troubled her. But she knew that she could deal with it, since she really loved him.

She said calmly, "Can you come over at 11:30? Maybe we can spend a few minutes together before I go to bed? I need to go now, but I'll tell you more about my day later, okay?"

Dwight said, "Okay, girlfriend. It's a date. I love you."

Amy smiled and said, "And I love you, too, boyfriend. Bye."

Amy stood there holding the phone making a conscious effort to not take a single step with the phone in her hand. A moment later, Linda glanced over at her, and Amy signaled for Linda to come over. As Linda approached, Amy handed her the phone.

On the way back to their table, they passed where Kelly Stubbins was eating. Linda saw that Stubbins was writing something down, and Linda stopped and snarled, "Kelly, don't you dare report any violations. Amy did not carry a single thing; she did not take a single step with something in her hands. Got it!" Stubbins was taken aback, but she smirked at Linda and her naked friend and said, "Yeah, okay."

Back at the table, Rekha said, "I just went to the bathroom while you were on the phone, and I saw posters about you giving haircuts tonight. Haircuts, Amy? What's going on? Those posters weren't up there a few minutes ago."

Linda said, "Huh?" And both Linda and Rekha gave their naked friend a puzzled look. Amy blushed and said, "Yeah, it's my punishment for this evening. Knoxx gave me those posters to put up in the lobby."

Linda said, "Haircuts? Why haircuts? Have you ever cut a guy's hair before?"

Amy replied, "Actually, I have a bunch of times - my Dad's and Jason's. It's kind of a family thing. My mother used to cut my Dad's hair and then my brother's to save money before my father's business was well-established; money was tight in those days. And I would watch her do it. Let's see, I was in the second grade, so I guess I was 7 or 8 at the time, and I asked if I could do it, and both Dad and Mom agreed to let me try. It turned out well that first time, and I thought it was fun. So, we continued, and I did my brother's hair after he got a bit older, too. And I've been doing their haircuts ever since; the last time was when we were all together at home at Christmas time."

Linda wiped a tear from her own eye and said, "Oh, Sooz, that's a neat story. And a neat family tradition. I've never heard you mention it before, but you told Knoxx?"

Amy replied, "I guess it's been kind of a private family secret. And no, I never told Knoxx, but he said he found out about it on the internet. Probably from a practice web page I did in high school." Amy sighed and continued, "So, he decided to use it to embarrass me some more - right up til this very last minute. I only know how to do a couple of hairstyles, and I've certainly never done it naked. It will be embarrassing, but I'll muddle through somehow."

Linda said, "You said 'right up to the last minute'. Does that mean tomorrow morning as well?"

"No, but he told me to come to his office at 7:30 tomorrow morning for some additional punishment. Umm, so, can I ask a favor? Can we do this song-and-dance routine with the ID card and the dining trays at breakfast in the morning?"

Linda smiled and said, "Oh, sure. But I guess that means I have to get my sorry ass out of bed when you get up early tomorrow, doesn't it?"

Amy laughed, "Yup, Hathaway. That's exactly what it means." She glanced up at the clock and said, "Can we go now? I'd like to take a quick shower before starting the haircuts." As they were getting up, Amy laughed again and said, "You know, if they don't give me my degree tomorrow, my new job at the newspaper is going to fall through, and I'll need to do something to make a living. Maybe I could open a topless barbershop? I'll bet I could make a fortune." They all chuckled nervously and returned to the dorm.

As the three girls walked up the side stairs, Amy intentionally walked behind her two friends just to avoid the tiny bit of additional embarrassment of them looking at her bare ass. In their room, Amy picked up her washcloth, towel, and soap, and she asked, "Lindy, can you please carry these down the hall for me?"

Linda replied, "Yeah, sure, Sooz."

The two walked wordlessly in the hallway to the bathroom where Amy turned on the shower, stepped in, and took the washcloth from her friend. Linda said, "I'll be back in 5 minutes to carry these back, okay?"

Amy answered, "Uhh, thanks, but actually, I'll just leave them here and you can get them at your convenience. And I'll just go directly from here to the lobby." Linda agreed and went back to the room.

**Chapter 81 - The Beautiful Bare Barber**

Amy wiped the lipstick off of her pussy, finished her shower, stepped out of the bathroom, and made the automatic turn back towards her room. But then she remembered that her destination was the very public lobby rather than her very private dorm room. She sighed, turned around, and headed for the main stairway.

The naked girl made her way down the stairs, and just after she made the final turn to go down the last short flight of several steps, she heard a collective gasp from the lobby followed by a round of applause. As the lobby came into her view, she saw a gathering of about 30 guys watching her descend the final few steps. She smiled nervously as she looked out over the male-only crowd.

She looked to the right and saw Conrad standing next to little platform with a chair on it. Conrad motioned her over and said, "Hello, Amy. How do you like our little setup?"

Amy looked it over and realized that she would be on a stage while giving the haircuts. The stage was similar to the one at the panty auction, but this one was only a foot or so high rather than 3 or 4 feet. She gulped and asked, "Uhh, looks okay, Mr. Conrad, but why so elaborate? Can't we just put the chair on the floor?"

Conrad replied, "Well, that's what we thought at first, too, but we need to secure the chair to the floor and we sure didn't want to drill holes in this nice granite tile. So, we brought over this little speaker's platform and used heavy-duty suction cups to hold it solidly to the tile floor. Here, look underneath, and you can see how we did it." Amy bent over exposing her rear end dramatically to one part of the gathering and her hanging boobs to another part. She saw the suction cups and just nodded. Conrad said, "Pretty ingenious, huh? And then we modified this secretary's chair so that we could attach it with bolts to the platform. Solid as a rock."

Conrad went on, "We're going to have the guys line up in kind of a circular fashion so they can watch while waiting, and let's see, there's a table over there at the back of the platform with supplies - a couple of trimmers, some scissors, a razor, shaving cream, towels, hair dryer, etc. And even though we're not charging these guys for the haircuts, they can still leave tips in this bowl. We'll give that tip money to the charity of your choice. Do you have a favorite charity?" Amy shrugged and said, "Not really." And Conrad said, "Well, think about it and let me know later tonight. Now, I'm going to be your guinea pig to practice on. Shall we get started?"

Amy gulped and stepped up onto the platform as Conrad sat down in the chair. Amy draped the barber cloth around his neck, and Conrad said, "There's a height adjustment lever under the front of the seat. Why don't you experiment with it to see what level works best for you?" Amy blushed as she reached between his legs groping for the bar under the seat; she finally found it off to the left side, but not before her long hair had brushed across his face and her boobs were only a few inches away.

She pulled the lever and the chair sank to its lowest level, and Conrad said, "Well, I guess I need to raise my butt a little bit if you want it up higher." Amy nodded and said, "Yeah, I do want it up." There was a snicker of laughter and some guy in the crowd muttered, "Yeah, we've all got it up already." Amy blushed some more, but she got the chair adjusted the way she wanted.

The naked girl sighed and said, "Okay, Mr. Conrad, how do you want it cut? Trim around the edges and a bit off the top?"

He replied, "Yeah, that sounds right. And be sure to lift it off of my ears."

Amy's hands were shaking as she picked up a comb and the electric clippers from the table. She flipped on the trimmer, and then she tentatively ran the comb through his hair deciding what length was appropriate. And she made her first cut by running the trimmer across the comb guard. That worked okay and so she repeated it again a few inches away. She quickly got the hang of using these tools, and she fell into her routine that she had used many times on her father's hair - thinning out the sides and back, using scissors on the top, adjusting the sideburns, skimming the hairs from his neck, etc.

Amy worked deliberately trying to focus on the job at hand, but she was well aware of the way she moved around giving the crowd many different views of her naked assets. She worked silently, and she was glad that Conrad didn't say much either.

It took her about 20 minutes to finish, and when she did, she removed the barber's cloth from him and shook it out. She handed him a mirror and she held another one behind, and she waited for his approval. Finally, he said, "Okay, Amy, it looks good. But I suggest that you pick up the pace. We want to do as many guys as possible before you quit at 11:30. Don't worry about the hair on the floor; my guys will mop it up as you go along."

Amy said, "Okay, Mr. Conrad." And then she looked over at the line and said, "Next."

A cute guy that she sort of knew stepped up on the platform. She smiled and said, "Hi, Bert. Have a seat." He sat down and she put on the cloth and slightly adjusted the chair height. And she said, "Okay, just a trim? Any special requests?"

Bert sheepishly said, "No, Amy, nothing special. Just a trim like you did on him." And Amy went to work repeating what she had done. A couple of times, she sort of brushed her bare pubic mound against his arm. And once, her boob brushed across his ear. Each time she apologized with a quiet, "Sorry." It took her about 15 minutes, and at the end, he asked her to thin out the sideburns and raise them just a bit. He dropped a five dollar bill in the tip bowl, thanked her, and stepped down.

The next hour passed slowly, but she was gaining more confidence about doing the haircuts with these tools, in this environment, and in the nude. She did five haircuts in the hour. There were a few embarrassing incidents, including twice when she stuck a nipple directly into the ear of two different guys. And the crowd seemed to enjoy watching her bend over to adjust the chair height. It was really embarrassing to have her pussy so close to the hands and arms of the guys, but there wasn't much that she could do about that. Most of the guys so far wanted to talk about her nudity, and so she kind of just nodded and didn't say much. But one guy wanted to talk about the Red Sox, and she enthusiastically talked to him about the Sox's recent win over Kansas City. That guy gave her a ten dollar tip when he left.

After a pause of a couple of minutes to get a drink of water and to relax her hands, she took the next customer, who was a stranger to her. He was a big guy with a buzz cut, and Amy had to lower the chair to get him at the correct height. She shook his hand and said, "Hi, I'm Amy. What would you like done?"

He replied, "Hi, I'm Jake. And I would like what you've got, okay?"

Amy gave him a puzzled look, fluffed up her own long hair, and said, "You mean like this?"

He gave her a smirkish smile and said, "No, like this." And he briefly brushed her pubic mound with his fingers. "I see you've got a tiny bit of stubble down there, and I would like just a little bit more than that, but up here not down there." Amy blushed, but she put a number 1 attachment onto the clippers and quickly ran over his entire head. The guy was disappointed when Amy finished so quickly, and he asked for some additional trimming of his sideburns and mustache just to keep her naked body close to him for a little bit longer.

About 9:30 during one of her brief breaks, she spotted Kaylee and Shauna watching from the fringes. They waved at her and gave her a smug smile.

A little while later, a guy from the dorm, Ed Rollins, sat down, reached behind her, poked her butt, and said, "What are those little red marks? Did you get whipped for doing something wrong?"

Amy heard Kaylee and Shauna giggling, and she knew that they had put Rollins up to this. Amy replied uncertainly, "Yeah, I guess you could say that." And she didn't say anything more about it even though he tried to press the issue a little bit.

Most of the rest of the haircuts were routine trims, but there was one guy, Kyle Maxwell, who had a long ponytail. Amy worried when she first saw it that Maxwell would want the ponytail removed, but all he really wanted was a trim around the edges and his short beard shaped, and Amy was able to do that for him. The nipple-in-the-ear accident happened three more times even though she had tried to avoid it. And there were several quick gropes of her butt and breasts. And one guy even managed a quick fondle of her pussy; Amy yelped a little bit when he did it, but nobody else seemed to notice.

About 11:15, there were still a dozen or so guys in line, but Conrad told her, "Okay, Amy. This is your last one. So, go apologize to the others, but I guess Dr. Knoxx told you to give the panties to the next two guys in line. So, do that first. Okay?" The naked girl just nodded.

As the last guy sat down, Amy retrieved the two posters and carefully removed her panties that had been taped to them. She walked over to Tom Axelson, who was the next guy in line and who she knew from her classes, and she said, "Tom, sorry, but there is not going to be time for me to do your hair. But here, you can have this pair of my white underwear. I hope that will kind of make up for not getting a haircut."

Axelson looked crestfallen, but he said, "Oh rats, Amy. Umm, thanks for the panties, but umm, can I have the flesh colored ones instead?" Amy shrugged and handed them to him. She smiled at him, shook his hand, and said goodbye.

She didn't know the next guy in the line, and as she shook his hand, she said, "Hi, I'm Amy, and I'm very sorry that I won't get to cut your hair. But if you want, you can have these white panties instead?"

The guy said, "Hi, I'm Troy Williams, and yes, I'm sorry, too, because as you can see I needed a trim before graduation tomorrow. But yes, I'll take the panties. Can I ask if you ever wore these panties?"

Amy couldn't remember if these were some that she had purchased or not, and she couldn't tell by looking at them. And her immediate fear was that Williams would ask her to slip them on for a moment just so he could say for sure that she'd worn them. But that would have presented her with a dilemma; if she put them on just for a second, that would be a total-nudity violation; if she declined, that would be a full-cooperation violation. So, she decided to take a chance and she lied, "Yes, they came from my drawer in the dorm; I probably wore them in April sometime." He seemed to accept that.

Next, the naked girl turned to the other ten guys still standing in line and said to them, "I'm really sorry, guys, but there's not time for the haircuts and I don't have any more panties." She shook hands briefly with each of them. And she returned to the platform and gave the final haircut of the evening.

When she finished, she breathed a big sigh of relief and looked at Conrad. She said to the baby-faced man, "Can I go now, Mr. Conrad?"

He nodded and said, "Yes, in just a minute. My guys and I will clean up everything here, but tell me what charity I should donate the tip money to. There's about $80 here in the bowl."

Amy looked over at Keplar and Denton and said to Conrad, "Please give it to the Battered Women's Alliance." The naked girl then shook hands with Conrad, and she scooted out the front dorm door to look for Dwight. She didn't see him, and she turned to look at the lobby clock which showed 11:29. When she turned back around, there he was driving up and parking next to her.

He hopped out of the car, and the two of them fell into a silent extended hug. Amy knew that people in the lobby could see her bare butt through the window as she stood there naked hugging her fully clothed boyfriend, but she didn't care.

As they broke slightly apart, he said, "Oh, Amy, I want you. I want you."

She smiled and said, "Yeah, I could feel that when you pressed against me. And I want you, too."

He looked down at her erect tits, gave one of them a quick kiss, and said, "Yeah, I can see that, too."

They both laughed and kissed again. He said, "Come on, let's go back to my apartment."

She sighed and said, "Oh, that sounds wonderful, but you know I can't ride in a car tonight. Can we postpone it til tomorrow night?"

He persisted, "How about that flea bag motel down the street? We can walk there."

She shook her head and said, "Yuck, that place is a dump, and it probably doesn't have any vacancies the night before graduation anyway. Please, boyfriend, can we do it tomorrow? We can fuck like bunny rabbits all tomorrow night. Okay?"

He said, "Well, okay. But what about your parents? They'll be in town. Won't they be upset if they know you're spending the night with me?"

Amy laughed and said, "Oh, heavens no. They know I'm not a virgin. My Mom and I have had a lot of frank talk about sex."

Dwight looked at her quizzically, "So, you told her about us?"

Amy blushed and nodded, "Yes, she knows we've made love, but I didn't give her any details."

They both giggled, and he said, "Well, tomorrow night for sure." He paused for a moment and continued, "Uhh, Babes, how much have you told your folks about the last three weeks?"

Amy replied, "Some, but not a lot. They know about my wearing only panties, about my posing nude in art class, about the topless ushering where I met you, about the daily naked meetings, and umm, I guess that's about it."

Dwight continued, "What about the two auctions, or the photoshoots, or Wytham, or the baseball game, or the ground crew work? Or the things that happened today that even I don't know about?"

Amy simply said, "Nope. They don't know about those. I'll probably tell them everything sometime, but not tomorrow. And I promise to tell you about today tomorrow night, if you know what I mean?"

"Well, okay, I won't say anything to them. And I am meeting them tomorrow, right?"

Amy answered, "Oh, of course. Please meet me outside Kameron at noon. That's where I'm meeting my parents, and Linda and her mother will be there, too. Bring your parents and sister, too; I'm looking forward to meeting them. We'll all go out to lunch before graduation. And you know what?"

"What?"

Amy giggled, "I'll be clothed for the first time since we've been dating. These tits won't be so easily accessible to you. Can you handle that? Oh, pardon the pun."

Dwight laughed, "Yup, girlfriend, I can handle that. But I'll sure have fun unwrapping the package tomorrow night, and your gorgeous body will be all mine. I won't have to share even the view of it with anyone else." He cupped both of her breasts and lightly brushed his thumbs across her even stiffer nipples.

She let out a soft moan and said, "Oh, that feels good. But, hey, boyfriend, I'm tired. I've been naked and on my feet almost all day, and I need to get up early again tomorrow."

They kissed again as they said goodnight, and Amy waved at him as she walked back into the dorm. She gave Conrad an acknowledging wave as she scooted past him and up the steps.

Back in the dorm room, Amy and Linda talked for an hour or so. Next, Amy quickly typed up the day's diary entry. Then, as she and Linda were setting the alarms and turning off the light, she said, "Good night, Lindy." Amy glanced at the digital clock which showed 12:48 AM; she did a bit of mental arithmetic and said softly to herself, "Only 11 hours and 12 minutes left."

**May 21, Monday, Graduation Day**

**Chapter 82 - Beginning of the Endgame**

The alarm clock jarred them awake at 6:15 AM. As Linda got dressed, Amy actually had a spring in her step even though she was still totally naked. She was smiling because she could be a normal American girl this morning and pick out what she wanted to wear even though she couldn't put it on until noon. She selected a pair of black slacks, a dark blue silk blouse, black stockings, and a pair of black low-heel loafers. And she opened the drawer that held her brassieres for the first time in 3 weeks. She picked out 3 bras that would match the pink, off white, and flesh colored panties that Knoxx still had in his office. And she got the string of special pearls that her mother had given her. She dropped all of these things into a big Nordstrom's shopping bag.

Amy and Linda were the first ones in line at the dining hall door just before it opened at 6:30. They were disappointed to see Kelly Stubbins doing the checkin duty, but Linda pulled out two ID cards - her own and Amy's. Stubbins just glanced at Linda's card, but she pondered Amy's card for several seconds as if comparing the picture on the card to the person standing in front of her. Stubbins scanned Amy's naked body from head to foot and said, "You know what I'm going to do this summer, Suzuki?"

Amy gave her a puzzled look, shook her head, and said, "Uh, no. What?"

"Well, I'm going to do some backpacking in Yosemite in California", Stubbins replied. Amy shrugged as Stubbins continued, "One of the places we're going to go is Stubblefield Canyon. And that sounds like a very appropriate name for what I see here this morning. You've got a field of stubble down there in your canyon - your very own Stubblefield Canyon. I'll bet Yosemite's Stubblefield will be a lot better looking than Suzuki's Stubblefield." Stubbins laughed at her own pun, but no one else did.

Amy briefly glanced at her bare pussy and saw the slight stubble that Stubbins was talking about; Amy said nothing and continued to stand there blushing for Stubbins's inspection.

Stubbins went on, "And, Suzuki, as I said yesterday, I think they should have issued you a new ID card when you decided to parade around in your undies. Nobody looks at your face anymore, just at your boobs and more recently your pussy. But I guess this picture really is you. So, go on in." Amy's eyes teared up at being embarrassed by this mean girl for one last time, and as she expected, she felt Stubbins swat her ass very hard as she walked by, and she heard Stubbins yell, "And get a shave, Suzuki."

Amy followed Linda into the serving area, and she awkwardly held her hands at her sides as she watched Linda put two plates on a tray. But almost without thinking, she reached for silverware. However, just before her fingers were about to pick up two forks, Linda grabbed her hand and said, "Amy, don't pick those up. Don't even think about touching anything til we sit down. Stubbins is watching us like a hawk."

Amy looked back over her shoulder and saw that Linda was right; Stubbins was looking directly at Amy. Amy pulled back her hand, and in an exaggerated gesture, she spread her fingers wide and showed the empty hand to Stubbins. And the naked girl meekly followed Linda around showing her what food to put on the plate. She sneaked another look at Stubbins and found her still looking at Amy. And just before exiting into the dining room, she looked again and saw Stubbins still staring at her, but Stubbins was talking to someone on her cell phone. Stubbins seemed to be just waving the students through the checkin process without checking any more ID cards.

Amy and Linda finished breakfast without any further incidents except for the now expected many stares at Amy's naked body.

Back in the dorm room, Amy asked Linda to carry her toothbrush and toothpaste to the bathroom and wait as Amy brushed her teeth. Amy wasn't going to take any chances; the only thing she was permitted to carry today was the shopping bag with her clothes in it.

Before leaving the bathroom, Linda asked, "Are you going to take a shower? I can go get your caddy of showering stuff."

"Uh, no", Amy answered, "They told me not to bother showering because I'll take a shower later at the admin building after doing some punishment chores this morning." Linda frowned, but said nothing, and the two of them returned to the room.

The two friends talked for a couple of minutes finalizing plans for lunch with their families at noon, and then Amy grabbed her Nordstrom's bag, let Linda give her a good luck hug, took a deep breath, and headed out for one final embarrassing episode - or so she hoped.

She was glad to see that there weren't many people outside at 7:15 as she began the walk to Kameron Hall. The 10-minute walk also went by without incident except for some more stares from the few passers by. She climbed the stairs to the seventh floor and was only mildly surprised to see Mrs. Duckworth already at her desk at 7:28 when she walked into the office.

Duckworth frowned at the naked girl and said, "Here, give me that bag. Dr. Knoxx told me to keep it here by my desk this morning while you are being punished." She made is sound as if Amy was going to be lashed to a tree and whacked with a big paddle. Amy meekly handed over her clothes to the woman and then took her spot next to Knoxx's door to await the morning meeting.

Right at 7:30, the door opened and Knoxx waved her into his office. Laird, Telford, Farmer, and Kirkpatrick were seated in their usual chairs, and the naked girl stood in front of Knoxx's desk with her hands at her sides.

Knoxx said, "Good morning, Miss Suzuki." Amy just nodded as he continued, "I just had an interesting phone call. Please step around to the back of my desk so I can examine you more closely." Amy gulped, but she did as instructed standing only a few inches from the man keeping her hands at her sides.

Knoxx stared directly at Amy's bare pussy and said, "Yep, Miss Stubbins was right. You've got a lot of stubble showing down there, and I agree with her that it doesn't look very good. And that's a violation of the acceptable appearance rule in your agreement, isn't it?"

Tears started to form in Amy's eyes and she silently nodded.

Knoxx went on, "Actually, it's a bit more than that. What did Miss Stubbins tell you after checking you in for breakfast?"

Amy stammered, "Umm, uhh, she said something about going to Yellowstone this summer. Uhh, no, I think it was actually Yosemite. I get those two mixed up. Backpacking in . . ."

Knoxx interrupted, "No, that's not what I mean. What did she say to you as she gave you a friendly spank on the butt?"

Amy wanted to tell him that it wasn't a friendly pat, but she replied, "Oh, I think she said something like 'Amy, you need a shave.'"

Knoxx replied, "No, that's not what she told me. She actually said 'Get a shave, Suzuki.' Didn't she?"

Through her tears, Amy said, "Yeah, I guess that's what she said. But isn't that . . ."

Knoxx interrupted again, " 'Get a shave' is an order given to you by a person of authority. Did you shave your pubic area after Miss Stubbins told you to?"

Tears dripped down Amy's cheeks and she quietly said, "No, I didn't."

"Why not?", Knoxx asked.

Amy wiped her eyes with her hand, but her voice still broke as she answered, "W-w-well, y-you told me not to bother taking a shower b-before c-c-coming here this m-morning, and I us-usually do my sh-sh-shaving in the shower."

"But you could have shaved this morning without taking a shower. Right?", he countered.

Amy was tearing up again, and she meekly replied, "Yes, that's right. I'm sorry."

Knoxx's voice raised as he said, "So, it sounds to me like this is actually three violations, not just one. The first one is when Miss Stubbins noticed your unacceptable appearance. The second one is when you did not follow her instructions. And the third one is right now when this committee sees your still unacceptable appearance. We will have to deal with those violations this morning."

After a brief pause, he went on, "You know, Miss Suzuki, a simple 5-minute shave before breakfast would have saved you these 3 violations. That's been kind of a recurring theme these last few weeks; a single mistake or oversight by you expands into multiple violations on these lists." He held up the lists of her previous violations. Through her tears, Amy watched him wave the papers for several seconds.

Knoxx then said, "All right, you can return to your usual spot in front of my desk, and I'll tell you what's going to happen this morning." Naked Amy resumed her position facing the desk and the four men and Knoxx went on, "Do you know what the phrase 'on the bubble' means?"

Amy wasn't sure where this was going, and so she just shook her head.

"Well, it's a phrase heard often just before the big college basketball tournament each March.", he said. "The teams that are pretty good, but not great, are said to be 'on the bubble' for making it into the tournament. Sometimes the selection committee lets such a team into the tournament, but other times they reject the team - that is, bursting its bubble."

"So, think of yourself as being 'on the bubble'. This committee will decide your fate today. But that decision won't necessarily be an in-or-out-of-the-tournament like in basketball; there are possible shades of gray." He held up the pieces of paper again and waved them as he said, "In our opinion, you have not behaved very well these last few weeks. We thought we were being generous in allowing you to continue in school to work toward your journalism degree, but you've disappointed us time after time as these lists attest."

"So, as of right now, every single option is on the table for this committee. Let me give you some examples. We may allow you to get dressed and go to commencement. We may require you to attend commencement as you are right now - that is, very naked. We may defer the decision by telling you not to attend commencement and assigning you some additional punishment for the next few weeks into the summer at which time we would decide about your degree and diploma. We may let you go to commencement, either dressed or undressed, but not give you a degree and/or a diploma. Or we may just expel you like we really wanted to do three weeks ago. We could do any of those things or we might think of something else."

Amy felt her breasts jiggle as she struggled to avoid breaking down completely. She wiped her eyes again, but she said nothing.

Knoxx continued, "But, Miss Suzuki, this is all up to you. You have complete control over the situation. You can make it very simple for us by just leaving right now and going home. No degree, end of story. Or you can help your cause by performing this morning's punishment tasks perfectly. So, I'll ask you right now. Do you want to leave without receiving a degree?"

Amy really wanted to get this nightmare over with, and the temptation to answer 'Yes' to that question was enormous. But she was absolutely determined to get her degree, and so she pulled back her shoulders, thrust out her boobs, looked Knoxx in the eye, and forcefully answered, "No, I will not leave. I want my degree."

Knoxx replied, "Very well. Now, do you have any questions before we discuss your punishment duties for this morning?"

Amy relaxed her at-attention stance just a little bit and said, "You mentioned a possible option of extending the punishment into the summer. But the agreement that I signed says that the punishment period ends at noon today. It's not right to go beyond noon."

"You are correct, Miss Suzuki", Knoxx said. "But that agreement does permit us to assign additional punishment projects. And if this committee decides to extend your punishment beyond today, then we will draw up a new agreement that you are free to sign or not. If you don't sign it, then you would definitely not receive a degree from this fine institution."

Amy's breasts jiggled again as she bit her lip and closed her eyes. She took a few deep breaths trying to maintain her composure and then she asked softly, "What would that punishment be and how long would it last?"

"Well", Knoxx said, "it's somewhat difficult to say for sure right now. But let me ask you if you know Jillian Miller?"

Amy had heard that name before but she couldn't place it, and so she just shook her head.

Knoxx said, "Jillian is the supervisor of the University Hunt Club a few miles up the road. We have had tentative discussions with her about you helping out up there."

Amy gasped as she now remembered the name Jillian Miller. Amy, Linda, and some friends had gone up to that club for an afternoon horse ride last year, and she had met Ms. Miller, a no-nonsense person who took care of the horses. Amy closed her eyes again, because she was afraid that she knew what Knoxx was going to propose.

Knoxx continued, "Jillian would like you to help her take care of the horses and do some other chores. How does that sound?"

Amy took a couple of more deep breaths that raised her breasts noticeably and merely said, "Naked?"

Knoxx said, "Naturally, you would be naked. That is only appropriate considering your original offense and your poor behavior since then. Also, we only have 3 panties left, and we might need them for other things." He said this in such a way that it sounded as if panties were the maximum amount of clothing under discussion.

Amy stammered, "H-how long? Wh-where w-would I stay?"

"Towards the end of July. So, I guess that's about 8 weeks. She thinks she could find a separate stall for you in the barn. Or maybe you could share with the new mare that she told me about."

Amy started crying and said, "Stall? In the barn?"

Knoxx said, "Yes, again that's appropriate considering that you'll be helping with the horses and other such things."

Amy sniffed and asked, "What other things?"

"Well, you'd be pulling a wagon like you did yesterday. She saw you at the art festival and that gave her the idea. She said she would come up with a body harness so you could pull a heavier load, but she thought the bit and tail that you wore would work just fine. And she thought bells attached to your breasts would be appropriate. But this wouldn't be an artistic demonstration like yesterday; this would be real farm work."

Amy just barely held back her tears and said, "Oh, no. Don't do that to me. Not again."

Knoxx seemed to ignore that and continued, "Oh, one more thing she would want. Each July, she puts on a fox hunt for some alumni, and she thought an intriguing change this year would be to substitute you for the fox. You'd be naked, of course, and given a head start of an hour or so, and then the dogs and riders would try to track you down. If you elude their capture for three hours, you'd be given some sort of treat such as being given a pair of panties to wear while you ate a nice meal with the hunters. If they capture you, you would be punished somehow, perhaps by serving the meal to them or maybe pulling a couple of them in a wagon back to the barnyard. She would work out the details with you at that time."

Knoxx was making up most of this as he spoke. He had briefly discussed the possibility with Jillian Miller of Amy working in the stables, but Miller wasn't really interested. Knoxx was just trying to scare the naked girl, and he was succeeding because Amy was appalled at the prospect of being treated like a horse or a fox. She said, "Oh, god, please, no. I'm not an animal and . . ."

Knoxx interrupted her and said, "Miss Suzuki, please calm down. This is just one possible option. We don't even know that we will extend your punishment. And if we do, maybe it will be something else here on campus. Anyway, the better you perform this morning, the less likely such an option is for you. Okay?"

Amy wiped away the tears from her cheeks, but some tears had dripped to her breasts near her nipples and she just left them there glistening. And then she just silently nodded.

Knoxx then said, "Well, time's a wastin'. We need to get you started on this morning's punishment. Actually, I should make that plural - punishments. Our committee had already decided on a couple of activities for you to do this morning as part of the punishment for your many violations yesterday, but in light of your three new violations this morning, we need to add some more punishment."

The naked girl couldn't stop the tears, and she wiped them away as she just stood there listening to Knoxx continue, "If there had only been the one new violation, that is, Miss Stubbins's report of your unshaved pubic area, we would probably have overlooked it. But you elected to ignore her instruction to you to shave yourself, and that was a direct order from a person of authority, that is, Miss Stubbins, who you knew is one of our observers. So, we . . ."

At that instant, Knoxx's phone buzzed, and he frowned, but said, "Excuse me, but my secretary is buzzing." And he picked up the phone and listened for a moment before replying, "Yes, Mrs. Duckworth, please show her in." And a moment later, Kelly Stubbins walked into the office followed by a young man who Amy had never seen before.

Knoxx smiled at the visitors and said, "Ahh, Miss Stubbins, that was perfect timing. We were just talking about you. Please have a seat and introduce your companion to all of us."

Knoxx motioned Stubbins and the guy to the couch right behind Amy. The naked girl stepped to the side and saw the sneer on Stubbins face as she stood in front of the couch. Stubbins said, "Thank you, Dr. Knoxx. This is my boyfriend, Nate Ashford." Ashford shook hands with all of the men, and before extending his hand to Amy, Stubbins said, "And Nate, this is the naughty, naked girl that I've been telling you about, Amy Suzuki." Amy tentatively shook his hand and she could see his eyes looking her up and down. Stubbins and Ashford sat down, and Amy took her spot only a few inches in front of them so that they were looking right at her bare butt.

Knoxx resumed, "Now, Miss Stubbins, I was just about to tell Miss Suzuki about her additional punishment." At this point, Stubbins reached out a hand and pushed Amy firmly on the side of her bare hip. Amy meekly complied and moved a couple of feet to her left so that Knoxx and Stubbins could see each other. Knoxx went on, "And I thought that it would be very appropriate if you would supervise her punishment, since you were the person who first noticed her unshaved genitals this morning. We thank you for coming so promptly after our earlier phone call; I assume that you found a substitute to handle the rest of your cafeteria checkin duty?"

Stubbins nodded and said, "Yes, I asked one of the other RA's to finish my shift. And I'm very happy to hear that I'll be able to assist you in punishing Suzuki this morning."

Amy was beginning to get a very uneasy feeling about this, and she felt a few more tears drip from her cheeks to her breasts. But she just stood there waiting apprehensively.

Knoxx looked at Amy and then at Stubbins and said, "Good. The punishment that we decided on is for Miss Suzuki to shave herself this morning in a very public place - the front porch of Kameron Hall. And Miss Stubbins, we are going to give you free rein to see that she gets shaved so that she looks respectable during the rest of her morning's activities. You can let Miss Suzuki shave herself, you can do the shaving, ask passers-by to do it - it's entirely up to you. However you want to get the job done is fine with us. But remember the ground rules: must do it on the front porch, only Miss Suzuki can be naked, no physical punishment, for example, no paddles or whips. Otherwise, find creative ways to create the maximum embarrassment for her."

Amy cried even harder, and she was unable to stop an audible sob. If she had turned to look at Stubbins, she would have seen a very devilish grin on the RA's face.

Stubbins said, "Sounds good to me, Dr. Knoxx. Maybe Nate here can give me a hand. But one question: Can we spank or slap her with our hands?"

Knoxx pondered a moment and replied, "Well, yes, I suppose that's okay. But only in moderation as part of embarrassing her. You are not allowed to physically hurt her."

"Thanks", Stubbins responded, "That will help us keep her under control. When do we start?"

"In just a few minutes", Knoxx replied. "But first, we need to tell Miss Suzuki what else she will be doing this morning." He shifted his gaze to Amy and went on, "Miss Suzuki, please come with me over to the window; I want to show you something out there."

Amy meekly followed Knoxx over to the window at the side of the office. Knoxx stepped to the side and let the nude coed stand in front of the narrow floor-to-ceiling window that overlooked a parking lot and part of the quad. She flinched as Knoxx put a hand on her shoulder from behind as he said, "See those four vehicles parked down there?" Amy just nodded. "You'll wash them for us, inside and out, so that they look nice for this afternoon's ceremony. They are college vehicles that this committee will be using today." Amy saw two Toyota Avalons, a Cadillac Escalade SUV, and a Lexus LX SUV that were the only cars in the roped off parking lot. She of course knew that she'd be naked while washing those cars. She just sighed, nodded, and quietly said, "Yes, I understand."

Knoxx then put a hand on each of her shoulders from behind, turned her around, and led her back to her spot in front of the desk. He re-took his seat, looked at her naked body for a moment, and then said, "Also, there are some planter boxes on the front porch. We want you to plant a bunch of colorful flowers in them. Mr. Thorson will have the flowers, soil, tools, and everything else you need ready for you to use."

In a whisper, Amy said, "Yes, I understand."

Knoxx went on, "So, here's the sequence of events. You'll shave on the front porch. Plant the flowers on the front porch. Wash the vehicles. Take a shower in the basement. And report back here at 11AM. The committee will then supervise your personal preparation and select which clothes, if any, that you can wear. Then, we will let you know our decision about your fate. Is that clear?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, sir."

Knoxx continued, "As I told you earlier, you are on the bubble. You are well advised to avoid any further violations. Oh, since we are adding the pubic shaving to your morning's activities, we'll be a little bit flexible on the 11 o'clock time for resuming this meeting. Let's say, 11:45, at the absolute latest. And you can expect it to run somewhat past noon as well. Any questions?"

Amy wiped her eyes and quietly said, "No, sir."

Knoxx looked at Stubbins and said, "Well, Miss Stubbins, she's all yours. Everybody, have a good morning. And that goes most especially for you, Miss Suzuki. Good bye."

**Chapter 83 - Pubic Procedure on a Public Porch**

The naked girl submissively let Stubbins tightly grab her elbow and guide her out the door. There were two men in business suits sitting in the waiting room, and they gasped at the sight of the pretty nude being led through the room and out into the hallway. Ashford paused for a moment to get a small case of supplies from the secretary, Mrs. Duckworth.

In the hall, Stubbins said, "Okay, Suzuki, we're going to have a little contest. We understand that you are not allowed to use the elevator, but naturally, Nate and I are. So, we're going to race you. If you get down to the first floor before we do, then you'll get to have a woman's experienced touch doing the shaving - that is, I will be shaving you. If we get there first, you'll have a man's inexperienced approach to shaving your pussy - that is, Nate will be shaving you. Got it?" Amy sighed and just nodded. Stubbins then spanked Amy hard on her bare ass and said, "How was that for a 'moderation' spank, Suzuki? Now, ready, set, go!"

The three of them ran to the other end of the hallway where the elevator and stairway were located. Amy could feel Ashford looking at her bouncing boobs, and then at her butt as she dashed into the stairwell. Amy wasn't sure if she should hurry or not, because she didn't want Stubbins, her real nemesis, to shave her private parts; she was certain that Stubbins would treat her roughly and find ways to embarrass her even more. But she wasn't sure about having the strange man, Ashford, doing it either. From what Stubbins said, Amy guessed that Ashford had not shaved a woman's pubes before, and Amy wasn't sure about having a rookie scraping a sharp blade around her pussy.

So, it was a no-win situation, and Amy made only a half-hearted attempt to hurry down the eight flights of stairs to the lobby. She was breathing hard as she opened the door on the first floor, and she was not surprised to see Stubbins and Ashford standing there waiting for her.

Stubbins looked over at Ashford and said, "Well, my man, you get a real treat this morning. You get to practice on this tramp." Then she winked at him and added, "And then do mine, a real woman's pussy, tonight."

The clock in the lobby read 7:50 AM, and there was a stream of people reporting to work in the building. They stared at the nude girl who was being led out the front door onto the porch. Edgar Thorson was leaning on his cane off to the side taking an inventory of the gardening supplies that Amy would need later.

Stubbins looked around and then said, "Okay, here. Get down on the ground, Suzuki, spread-eagle, on your back. We'll do your front first."

Amy gave her a stunned look and stammered, "Wh-wh-what? It's c-c-cold."

"So? I don't care if it's a sheet of ice; get your naked ass down on the ground, well, actually, it's concrete. Face up. And don't say another word. Got it?"

Amy started to cry again, but she nodded and followed the order as she knew that she must. She shuddered as her bare bottom touched the cold porch surface and again when her bare back touched down, and she slid her butt a few inches so her head was at the front of a bench where Stubbins was pointing with her legs stretched legs out toward the street. She spread her arms out above her, wincing when her knobby wrist bone hit the leg of the bench. And then she slowly spread her legs wide, opening her pussy lips fully. Several people stopped as they came up the steps to look at the strange scene next to the front entrance.

Amy closed her eyes which were filled with tears, but she dared not wipe them and she felt the tears roll down the side of her face and into her ears. She just waited there for several seconds expecting the shaving cream to be applied to her pussy.

But she was shocked to feel a rope being tied to her wrists and then bound to the legs of the bench; Stubbins was doing her left hand, Ashford her right hand. Amy opened her mouth to complain, but remembered the no-speaking order. Then, she felt Stubbins grab her left foot and Ashford her right, and they pulled her a few inches further away from the bench toward the street so that Amy's arms were now stretched out tight above her almost flattening her full breasts, her small dark nipples and areolas were now eye-catchingly noticeable on her bare chest. And as she feared, they tied a rope around each ankle, spread her legs farther apart, and bound the ropes to something she couldn't see. (The ankle ropes were tied around the feet of two trash containers.) She was now tied, naked, and spread-eagled on the porch; completely helpless; completely at the mercy of her antagonists.

Stubbins said, "Open your eyes, Suzuki. Look at me." Amy opened her eyes, but she couldn't see Stubbins clearly because of the tears. Stubbins went on, "Well, now. I've been wanting this opportunity for weeks now, and I thought it would never come. But you slipped up and gave me this perfect chance to get back at you for your snobbish, stuck-up attitude. However, you know what would make this even more perfect? If your bitchy roommate, Hathaway, were strapped down here naked next to you, so I could shave both of your cunts. I'll bet she's got a nice lush bush that we could work on. Doesn't she?"

Amy knew she couldn't say anything, and so she just lay there. But Stubbins kicked her lightly in the ribs while repeating, "Hathaway's got a hairy bush. Doesn't she?"

The naked girl slowly nodded her head in agreement. Linda had a normal amount of pubic hair. But Amy was alarmed by this talk of her good friend, Linda. Had Linda done something stupid and got sucked into this naked nightmare by Knoxx or Stubbins? Was Linda going to be led out here naked and tied down next to her?

Stubbins said, "I thought so. Unlike you and your slutty, Yul Brynner style mound with its accumulation of stubble. It's too bad we can't have Hathaway here, too, and so, Nate and I will have to be content returning you to your required bald state down there. Now, we don't want you to be moving around when we've got this sharp blade so close to your privates." And she held up the straight-edge razor that Amy could barely make out through her tears. "So, hold still. We're going to start now."

Amy was surprised when Stubbins wiped her eyes with a tissue; a very minor blessing, but it allowed Amy to see more clearly. And turning her head just a bit to her right, she saw Tyson Laird standing next to her bound right hand; he was smirking down at her. Then, she saw Ashford kneel down between her wide-spread legs, and she expected him to lather up the shaving cream. But instead, she felt his fingers pull her clitoris all the way from under its little hood, and he started to massage it. Amy thought silently, "Oh, god, they're going to make me come here in front of everybody." And she tried to fight it by thinking about something else besides the sexual stimulation. She tried to think about one of the questions on her journalism final exam, but it didn't help.

Ashford said, "Hey, Kel, look at Subaru's clit. It really sticks out. It was . . ."

Stubbins interrupted him with a puzzled look, "Subaru?"

Ashford chuckled and said, "Oh, sorry. I guess I mixed up the Japanese cars. You know Subaru and Suzuki. We work on both of them at the garage."

Stubbins laughed, "Yeah, this one is a Suzuki."

Ashford also laughed and went on, "Anyway, her clit was showing clearly before I pulled it out. Just look at it. Wow, what a turn on!" He then reached farther down and slipped a finger part way into Amy's moist vagina. "Oh, I want to stick my dick in here. Please, Kel."

But Stubbins said, "No way. She's the only one who can be naked here."

Ashford protested, "But I don't need to be naked. Just let me get my cock out of my pants. Oh, please, Kel."

Stubbins replied, "Can't do it. We agreed that you could play with her, but no fucking."

Ashford persisted, "But she's getting turned on, too. She's starting to get wet down here, and look at her tits. The nips are really getting hard. She really wants it. And I'm so aroused that my balls actually hurt!"

Stubbins said, "No, we're not allowed to punish her physically."

Ashford would not give up, "Oh, I'm not going to hurt her. In fact, she's going to really enjoy it. Oh, please, Kel." He looked over at Laird as he added, "They didn't tell us we couldn't fuck her."

Stubbins hesitated a moment and then knelt down next to Amy and started to gently twist the now rock hard nipples. Amy was afraid that Stubbins was going to give in to Ashford's pleading when she heard Laird say, "Miss Stubbins, no sexual intercourse." Stubbins just looked at Ashford and shook her head. And Ashford closed his eyes, bowed his head, and let out a soft moan; Amy suspected that he had just come in his pants.

Amy raised her head as best she could and watched Stubbins lightly twisting her nipples. And farther down she saw her pubic mound rising and falling; she wasn't even aware that she was raising her butt in such a vulgar display. She lowered her head back down to the concrete, closed her eyes, and admitted defeat as her body lurched and she let out a low moan. She had just come here on this public porch; it had not been an intense orgasm, but the onlookers knew what had just happened.

After a moment, Stubbins said, "Wow, Nate. You really got her going just with your fingers. Save some of that for me tonight where there won't be any such restrictions." Ashford gave Stubbins a pleading look with his mouth open breathing very hard.

Amy lay there panting as Stubbins continued with her tits and Ashford with her clit. But after about a minute they stopped and Stubbins said to her in a mocking voice, "Well, little miss Subaru, your pleasure time is over, and we've got a job to do."

Stubbins turned to Ashford and said, "Give me that garden hose, and I'll wash her down. We need her completely wet down there before shaving."

Ashford started to get up to get the hose from the side of the porch, but Laird said, "Wait. That water's going to be really cold on her. Grab that bucket and fill it with warm water from the restroom." After all of Laird's torment the last few weeks, Amy was relieved that he actually seemed to be looking out for her welfare these last few minutes.

Stubbins was about to complain, but she then looked at Ashford and nodded. While Ashford was gone, Stubbins checked Amy's bindings and tightened one of the ankle ropes that had loosened a little bit. Then she stood between Amy's wide spread legs and looked down at the helpless naked girl. Stubbins said, "As you could probably tell from Nate's comment about Japanese cars, he's an auto mechanic, and he's used to working with his hands. But he's not used to working on a delicate thing like your pussy with a thing like this." And she brandished the straight-edge razor in front of her again. "You're a perfect guinea pig for him to practice on." She just stared down at Amy's pussy until Ashford returned when she said, "Get her good and wet down there." And she waited as the guy used a sponge to soak Amy's entire slit. Stubbins went on, "Good, now, here's the can of shaving cream. Just squirt a big glob of it on her mound and then rub it around down around her lips."

The campanile chimed eight times at 8AM as Ashford squirted the shaving cream onto Amy. He then spread it into a thin layer over her mound and then down along her pussy lips next to her legs. Amy twitched when she saw him pick up the long straight edge blade. Stubbins yelled, "Hold still, bitch, do you want to get hurt? That's why we tied you down." Amy started crying again, but Stubbins ignored her and said, "Tell you what, Nate. I'll sit on her stomach to keep her still while you shave her. Okay?" Ashford agreed, and Stubbins straddled the naked girl with one knee on each side. She faced "south" so she could closely watch Ashford work. Helpless Amy felt Stubbins's jeans on her stomach and sides, and all that she could see was the back of Stubbins's gray sweatshirt. But she could feel the sharp steel blade being gently scraped across her pubic mound just an inch from her tender pussy lips.

For the next few minutes, Amy just lay there as motionless as she could. Stubbins wasn't putting her full weight to Amy's chest, but it was still uncomfortable to the naked girl, because the edges of Stubbins's jeans pockets occasionally rubbed against her bare nipples. Amy listened as Stubbins gave instructions to Ashford on how to shave her mound, and then she felt the awkward stroke of the razor as Ashford followed the instructions. One time, Stubbins took the razor from him and showed him how to shave in the crease between the lips and the upper leg. Amy couldn't see that Stubbins had actually switched to the safety razor, and so the naked girl tried to remain rigidly still thinking that they were still using the long steel blade.

Amy noticed that Laird had moved a bit so he could watch the shaving from a better angle, and he said, "Miss Suzuki, you realize that you could have completely avoided this embarrassing operation by simply doing a 5-minute shave in private at the dorm, don't you?" Amy started to cry again as she looked up at the man leering down at her; she just nodded, because she knew he was right. She should have shaved herself earlier.

As Ashford was wiping off the excess cream with a towel, he asked Laird, "Before we turn her over, can I do her legs? I see a little bit of stubble on them, too."

Laird looked at his watch and said, "Sure, son. We have lots of time for that, and it sounds like a fine idea. And why don't you do her underarms since she's all laid out for you?"

Once again, Amy almost complained, since she had done her legs and underarms just yesterday morning, and she knew they didn't need to be shaved again so soon. And her momentary good thoughts about Laird evaporated, because he had just agreed to extend this humiliating torment for several more unnecessary minutes. She just bit her lip and continued to sob quietly, and she turned her head to see Laird go back into the building.

Stubbins whispered urgently, "Nate, Nate, he's gone. But I think it's only for a moment. Hurry, grab that hose, and we'll hose down this bitch's legs." Stubbins quickly climbed off of Amy's stomach as Ashford smiled, and he quickly followed her instructions. Amy's whole body shook in a massive shiver as Ashford sprayed the cold water on the naked girl's legs and pussy.

As Ashford was lathering up her legs with shaving cream, Amy overheard a brief conversation by some onlookers. A guy said, "Wow, who's that hot chick?" And a girl answered, "They call her 'Underpants Amy'." The guy responded, "Why? She's not wearing any underpants now. She's completely naked, and I can see right up into her pussy." The girl said, "Sorry, sweetie, I don't know why she's not wearing her underwear. I know she's being punished for streaking, but I thought they allowed her to wear panties. Maybe she did something more wrong, and they're punishing her more severely. Or maybe she's part of the graduation activities; I heard that she was at the art and wine festival over the weekend serving as the canvas for body painting and later pulling a wagon around naked. I just don't know why she's here. But come on, it's cold out here and I want to get to the union for breakfast and some nice hot coffee. I've heard they've got a band playing in the cafeteria, and then we can look at the art displays. I just heard someone say that Amy would be here performing all morning. Maybe we'll come back here later and watch her some more, if we can't find anything better to look at." From her bound position on the ground, Amy watched the feet and legs of the couple as they walked away through the crowd; she didn't know who they were. She was stunned to hear the woman use the word "performing", and she then realized that she was now just a sideshow to provide some graduation day entertainment. Amy shivered some more and continued to cry.

Stubbins whispered to Ashford again, "Nate, quick, dump out that bucket of warm water and re-fill with the cold water from the hose before that man comes back." Ashford smirked and did what she said.

A few moments later, Laird re-appeared and he didn't seem to notice the naked girl was shivering quite a bit. He just re-took his spot near her head. Amy knew that she shouldn't say anything, and she just lay there as Ashford knelt down between her legs. And Stubbins re-took her position straddling Amy's stomach again facing "south" so she could supervise Ashford's shaving of Amy's legs.

Amy felt Stubbins lean over and put her hands on Amy's pelvis. Stubbins said, "Okay, Nate, lather her up." And Ashford squirted several globs of shaving cream onto the nude girl's legs and spread it around. Then, he was about to start shaving on Amy's inner left thigh, but Stubbins said, "Whoa, Nate, you need to start at the bottom and go against the grain." Then, Stubbins turned her head and said to Amy, "See, Suzuki, I just saved you from a rookie shaver's mistake."

Ashford then started the shaving just above Amy's left ankle, and Amy lay there rigid for the next few minutes as he ran the safety razor up her legs. Amy still was not aware that he was using the safety razor rather than the straight edge, and she was really afraid of being nicked by this amateur using an unsophisticated tool on her.

As he was finishing Amy's upper legs, Stubbins again spread open the crease between Amy's mound and inner thigh so that Ashford could shave in there again even though he had just done that same area as part of the pubic shaving.

Finally, Stubbins said, "Good, Nate. Let's rinse her off now from the bucket."

Laird saw the smirks on Stubbins's and Ashford's faces and sensed that something was amiss, and he said, "Wait a second, Miss Stubbins. Let me make sure that water is still warm enough." He reached his hand into the cold water and quickly pulled it out again. He realized what had happened, but all he said was, "Mr. Ashford, this water has cooled off too much; please go back inside and re-fill this bucket with warm water."

Reluctantly, Ashford got up, emptied the bucket onto the nearby lawn, and went back inside the building.

Laird then said, "While he's gone, let me check to see if he's done a good job on Miss Suzuki." And he knelt down between Amy's wide-spread legs. He ran his finger nail across Amy's bare mound and up and down her pubic lips.

At the same time, Stubbins pulled Amy's clitoris out again and started massaging it. Amy could feel herself becoming aroused again, and she tried to resist her body's natural reaction to the stimulation of her clit and pussy lips.

Then, Laird said, "Oh, Miss Stubbins, is that ring from Adams High School in Manchester? Did you go to Adams?"

Stubbins replied, "Yes, sir, I did. Do you know it?"

Laird said, "Yes, I also graduated from Adams many years ago. What a coincidence! Do they continue to have a championship level football team every year?"

Stubbins continued massaging Amy's clit while answering, "Yeah, we were state champs three years while I was there. And I heard that they won again this year." And Stubbins and Laird chit-chatted about their memories of Adams High School while they continued their stroking of Amy's very private parts. They were oblivious to Amy's moans until the naked girl came again in a more intense orgasm than before.

Stubbins climbed off of the naked girl, and she and Laird looked down in surprise at the Amy's face which was contorted in a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment. They each just chuckled at the sight as Ashford returned with the warm water.

After Ashford sponged off Amy's bare legs, Laird made another quick inspection and nodded his approval of the shaving job. Laird said, "Okay, let's do her underarms now."

Stubbins said, "Nate, let me do these. I don't want you to have all the fun." And she again straddled Amy's tummy, but this time she faced "north".

Amy was still breathing heavily from her second orgasm, and she was rolling her head back and forth as well as straining against her bindings. Stubbins slapped Amy's face and said, "Hold still, Suzuki. Do you want your tender underarms all sliced up?" Amy looked at Stubbins dully and then laid her head back and tried to stay still.

Stubbins tweaked Amy's nipples and then lathered up the outstretched armpits. As Ashford held Amy's right arm motionless, Stubbins used her left hand fingers to hold the skin taut and then carefully skimmed the safety razor over the armpit removing the very slight stubble.

As Stubbins was doing the left armpit, Amy looked up to see Laird smirking down at her and she felt Ashford holding her left arm. The naked girl was thankful that their focus had moved away from her pubic area even though she knew that her open pussy was fully exposed to the nearby crowd of onlookers.

After Stubbins rinsed off the armpits, she continued to sit on Amy's stomach for a few more seconds; she even let her weight settled onto Amy a little bit too much. But Amy knew she couldn't protest, and she just shifted her butt a little bit to try to get more comfortable. Then Stubbins said, "Okay, naked one, we're going to turn you over and do the back of your legs and your butt crack. So, we're going to untie you, flip you over, and tie you down again. And you need to quit wiggling around, because this razor is really sharp." And she brandished the long straight edge razor in front of Amy's eyes again. She added, "Got it, Suzuki?" Amy silently nodded.

They untied Amy's wrists and ankles giving her the brief chance to flex her arms and legs. Then she followed Stubbins order to turn over and spread-eagled her limbs again. As they tied the ropes to her wrists and ankles again, she felt her nipples rub against the rough concrete; the only minor consolation was that the cement was no longer cold, because it had been warmed by her own body heat as she had lain on her back. She sighed, turned her head, and rested her left cheek on the rough surface.

Once again, Stubbins straddled the nude girl; this time almost sitting on Amy's back facing "south" to watch Ashford do the backside of Amy's pretty long legs. This went pretty quickly as Ashford seemed to be getting the hang of it.

But after they rinsed off her legs, Amy was jolted as she felt someone spread apart her butt cheeks. It was Ashford, and he shoved a handful of lathered shaving cream in between her legs. He worked his hands along her crease to get the shaving cream in there. Then, he took the safety razor in his right hand and tried to spread her rear cheeks again with his left hand. But he said, "Hey, Kel, how am I going to get in here to shave her?"

Stubbins bent over and used both of her hands to spread Amy's butt cheeks, but Ashford said, "No, I still can't get in there. I think it would be better if she were sort of kneeling with her legs spread. Kel, you're a girl, how would you do it?"

Stubbins replied, "Well, Nate, this is kind of new territory even for me. I've never shaved a woman from this angle. Let's try your idea."

Stubbins then said harshly, "Suzuki, we're going to undo your feet, and we want you to kneel with your ass in the air for us. We're going to leave your hands tied, because we still don't want you wiggling around. Got it?"

Amy tried to nod her head, but she could only move it a little bit with her face on the ground. Stubbins didn't see the slight head movement and said, "Well, bitch, do you understand?"

Amy said quietly, "Yes, I understand."

This enraged Stubbins who spanked Amy's naked butt and said, "What did we say about talking? Just nod your head if you understand. Okay?"

Amy started to quietly sob, but she made a more concerted effort to nod her head. She felt the rough concrete scrape against her facial cheek as she nodded her head so Stubbins could see it.

Stubbins said, "Good", as she untied the ropes from Amy's ankles. She continued, "Okay, Suzuki, get your butt up in the air for us."

Amy struggled to get to her knees while her hands were still tied tightly to the bench legs. She felt the concrete scrape against her knees as she moved her legs slowly up under her bent over body.

Stubbins said, "Okay, that's better", but she then reached in and spread Amy's knees even wider apart. "Face on the ground. Raise your ass." Amy reluctantly complied knowing that her most private parts were now on conspicuous display.

Stubbins then wiped Amy's crease with a towel and said, "All right, we're ready to go again." Then, she paused for a moment before saying, "Whoa, is that what we women look like down there? It's kind of gross looking, isn't it, Nate?"

Ashford smiled and said, "Oh, Kel, I don't know. It looks pretty sexy to me. Look, there's her pussy hole aimed perfectly for a cock to squeeze into it." And he worked his fingertip part way into Amy's vagina again.

Stubbins giggled and said, "Well, if you say so. And before you ask again, the answer is 'no' again. You cannot fuck her. Come on, let's get her shaved."

Amy was crying quietly at this intimate inspection and as they lathered up the shaving cream and worked it in around her asshole.

Stubbins spread the butt cheeks, and Ashford gently worked the safety razor around Amy's anus area. Then, they wiped the area with a towel, and Stubbins ran her fingertip over the shaved area.

Stubbins then said, "Eewww, Suzuki, you stink. Did you just fart?" And she spanked Amy's raised butt again. She continued, "Nate, there's a couple of hairs right there next to her hole. See, right there?" And Amy felt Stubbins fingertip almost enter her anus. And again, Stubbins spread Amy's butt cheeks and Ashford went over it again with the razor. And then they rinsed Amy's entire crease again.

A moment later, Stubbins said, "Well, I guess we're done. Mr. Laird, do you want to look it over?"

Laird kneeled down and used his own hands to spread Amy's butt cheeks. Amy felt his fingers lightly stroke her entire crease. He said, "Yes, Miss Stubbins, it looks good to me. Let her up so she can get started on her next activity."

Ashford undid the ropes on Amy's wrists, and the naked girl slowly got to her feet. Ashford then used the towel to brush off her knees and face. And he spent a little too much time using the towel to clean off her breasts.

Laird went on, "Well, Miss Suzuki, you certainly look better now. Please thank these two young people for a job well done."

Reluctantly, Amy reached out her hand and limply shook hands with Stubbins and Ashford saying meekly, "Thanks, Kelly. Thanks, Nate."

As Ashford looked longingly at Amy's perfectly bald pussy, Stubbins said sarcastically, "Yep, it's been fun working on you, Subaru. We got your drain holes nice and clean. Come on, Nate, you've got to get to work, and I've got to get back to the dorm. But I'll come over to your place this evening, and we'll make our own fun." And they turned and left, leaving Amy standing next to Laird.

**Chapter 84 - Gardens Full of Marigolds**

Amy was breathing heavily after making it through the trying ordeal, and she was still partially aroused from the nearly constant touching of her most private parts. There was still a small group of people around watching her full breasts rise and fall as she continued to take in deep breaths of air.

Laird turned to her and said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, do you need to rest or use the bathroom? You've still got a lot of work to do this morning, but you can probably add a few minutes here to rest."

Amy shook her head and said, "No, I'm okay." She just wanted to get through these last few hours, and she knew that resting now would just prolong the torment.

Laird just nodded and guided the naked girl by her elbow over to Thorson and Conrad who were waiting nearby. Laird said, "Okay, gentlemen, she's all yours for the rest of the morning. It looks like you've got all of the gardening stuff she'll need for the flowers, right?"

Thorson said, "Yep, Mr. Laird. We're all ready for her." He turned to face Amy and paused for a moment as his eyes scanned her gorgeous naked body from top to bottom, and then he said, "Okay, Amy. As you can see, we've got several pallets of these pretty yellow marigolds from the nursery, and we want you to plant them in these two big planter boxes. Have you planted flowers like this before?"

Amy nodded and quietly said, "Yes, Mr. Thorson, I've helped my mother with her garden many times including planting annuals like these."

Thorson continued, "Well, good, and so you know that soil preparation is very important. We've got a big supply of bags of Supersoil over there, and you'll want to work that into the soil that's already in the planter boxes. But first, you'll need to get the weeds out of there.'

Amy looked over at the planter boxes and saw that there was one on either side of the main walkway; they were actually raised beds about 10' x 10' surrounded by short concrete walls with a wide slab on top where people could sit. Fortunately, there weren't many weeds, and she knew she could get them out pretty fast. So, she just sighed and walked over to the first bed. There were a couple of people sitting on the edge, but they moved when naked Amy hopped up next to them and stepped into the garden. She knew that there was no way to be discrete about this; her entire naked body would be on display once again while she was working here. She just dropped to her knees and started pulling out the few dandelion-like weeds that were in the bed. Her long hair drooped in front and to the sides of her face; she wished she could pin it up to get it out of the way, but she knew better than to ask for that because that would violate the total nudity rule that they had imposed on her. She was not even permitted a few bobby pins.

It only took her about 5 minutes of crawling around in the bed to remove the weeds, mostly using her hands, but sometimes needing a small weeding tool. She felt her boobs swaying beneath her as she crawled around, and she knew that her naked rear end was a center of attention. She tried to just ignore the crowd which seemed to be getting larger again.

She hopped down out of the first planter box, walked across the wide sidewalk to the other box, and scrambled up into it. As she started pulling the weeds, she noticed that the early morning clouds were burning off and that the sun was coming out. After having lain on the cold concrete, the warming rays felt good on her bare skin.

After quickly finishing the weeding, she asked Thorson what she should do with the refuse. He said, "Put it over in that plastic barrel, Amy. We'll take it back to our compost pile later."

Amy was about to pick up the stack of weeds, but she stopped and asked, "Umm, Mr. Thorson, am I permitted to carry stuff this morning? Part of my punishment prohibits carrying anything at all today, unless the Chancellor's committee approves it."

Thorson replied, "Well, that's the first I've heard about that." And he turned to Laird who was still standing nearby and said, "Mr. Laird? What about that? Can she carry things? If not, that's going to cause a problem getting this gardening done and later washing the cars."

Laird pondered for a moment and said, "Yeah, sure. Carrying is okay. But remember that she's not allowed to wear anything - no gloves, no hat, no kneepads, no sunglasses, no shoes, no panties. Nothing."

Amy blushed as Laird, Thorson, and Conrad turned back to face her. Then, she sighed, picked up the two stacks of weeds, and carried them over to the discard barrel and dropped them in before coming back over to Thorson.

As she stood in front of the men, she brushed her hair back out of her eyes, but she noticed that her hands were already very dirty and she realized that she had probably just put a dirty smudge on her forehead. She glanced down at her knees and saw that they were also grey with dirt. She was going to be filthy by the time this job got done.

Again, she just sighed and asked, "Okay, I guess the next step is to plow up the existing soil and work in that planting mix. Do you suggest a shovel, a rake, a pitch fork, or what?" She saw all of those things in the collection of tools on the little truck nearby.

Conrad said, "Whatever you want. We've got them all here. But we also have this little gas powered tiller that would probably be faster. Right, Edgar?"

Thorson said, "Yep, Marv. But she needs to be very careful since she's not wearing any protective gear. Well, actually, she's not wearing anything at all." He turned and continued, "So, Amy, if you want to use it, please be careful. Do some slow practice runs before plowing ahead - pun intended." They all laughed lightly at Thorson's little joke. "It's all gassed up; just pull the cord to get it started."

The naked girl trudged over to the truck, moved things around so she could get to the tiller, and rolled it out of the truck and over to the garden. She couldn't quite lift it up over the wall, but she was able to stand on the wall, bend over, and kind of roll the little wheels up the side of the wall, over the edge, and into the bed. Again, she was well aware of the enticing sight that she was creating with her boobs dangling beneath her.

She was happy to find that the machine was easy to use, and she quickly got the hang of it. It only took a few minutes to run it over the two beds. But the tiller kicked up the loose dirt everywhere; it covered her legs and some even came up between her legs into her pussy. Even her breasts had a light smattering of dirt on them. She tried to brush off the dirt, but that just seemed to move it around turning it into smudges. So, she tried shaking her legs and breasts, and that seemed to work better - and of course, the crowd liked that better, too!

The next step was to work in the Supersoil, and she looked down at the big plastic bags. She didn't know how much they weighed, but she knew they would be heavy. She hoped that Conrad would offer to help her carrying the bags from the pallet over to the gardens, but he didn't budge. And she knew better than to ask. So, she bent her naked form over and picked up one of the bags. She could lift it, but it was too heavy to carry up the walk to the garden. She thought, "Why didn't they put that pallet closer to the planter boxes?" But the forklift was nowhere in sight.

She dropped the bag back on the pallet and considered the situation. Then she spotted the wheelbarrow on the back of the little maintenance truck, and she decided to use it to get the bags from the pallet to the gardens. As the men just sat there and watched, she unloaded the wheelbarrow and rolled it over to the pallet. She struggled to load one big bag from the pallet into the wheelbarrow, but she got it in and rolled it over to the garden. Again, it was a struggle to get it from the wheelbarrow up into the planter box, but she was able to do it.

She slit open the bag and dumped the potting mix onto the ground. She used a rake to spread it around a bit, and then fired up the tiller again. And this seemed to do a good job of working the Supersoil in with the existing dirt.

From the raised planting bed, the naked girl looked over with resignation at the remaining 11 bags of potting mix on the pallet 50 feet away. She climbed down, sighed, and rolled the wheelbarrow back to the pallet to get another bag. She spent about 15 minutes moving the big bags from the pallet to the planter beds, 6 bags in each bed. This was an exhausting task for the naked girl, and by the time she lifted the last bag up into the bed, she was perspiring heavily.

Using the tiller to mix in the Supersoil was a fairly easy job, but it was again a very dirty operation. After she finished, her sweat covered body was also covered with another layer of dirt. Shaking her boobs, legs, and arms only worked marginally well this time. She looked down at her dirty body, made a token attempt to wipe some dirt out of her pussy, and realized it was hopeless. She just sighed, grabbed a rake, and quickly smoothed out the two beds.

The very pretty, but now very dirty, nude girl walked over to the other pallet that held the flats of marigolds. She loaded several of the flats into the wheelbarrow and came back to the planter boxes. Conrad came over and said to her, "Okay, Amy. You've only got the easy part of this job yet to do. You may have your own technique, but let me suggest just using this hand trowel to quickly dig a hole in the loose soil. Leave the blade in the ground to hold the soil off to the side, slide in a flower, pull out the blade, and tamp down the area around the plant. Some people like a random arrangement of the flowers, but Mr. Thorson prefers straight rows. Use some string if necessary to keep them straight. Plant them about a foot apart."

Amy brushed back her hair, adding yet another streak of dirt to her cheek and forehead. She just nodded at Conrad and set to work.

As he had said, this job went really fast. After quickly laying out the grid with some twine, it only took her a few seconds to plant each of flowers. The only incident happened on the very last row of the second bed. She was kneeling on the edge of the wall, bending over to plant a flower, when a guy on the sidewalk behind her reached in and stroked her bare pussy. She was startled, lost her balance, tumbled into the bed, and fell onto her back covering her legs, butt, back, and hair with dirt. With her legs wide spread, she yelled up at him, "Oh, shit. Look what you made me do." But she quickly got back on the edge of the wall and straightened out the several flowers that had been dislodged when she fell. The filthy girl then stood on the edge at a corner with her legs slightly spread and looked over the flower bed. She then scrambled down and went over to the first bed and did the same. Since everything looked okay, she got down and faced Conrad who walked over to her.

"Nice job, Amy", he said. "Now, use this spraying device to water and fertilize the flowers. This contraption mixes vitamin B-1 in with the water in just the right combination, and it will get the flowers off to a good start." The nude girl numbly took the sprayer and hose from him and followed his instructions; it only took a minute or so to spray the two flower beds. She silently handed the device back to Conrad and stood waiting for further instructions.

Thorson came over and joined them. He looked over Amy's naked body which was streaked with dirt and sweat, but he smiled at her and said, "Well done, Amy. It has certainly brightened up the entrance to the building. I now wish we'd done it a few days ago so that our graduation visitors over the weekend could have seen such a nice display of nature's beauty." He chuckled as he paused for a moment before continuing, "But by doing it today, we all got to see another display of nature's beauty - a beautiful naked woman." Conrad laughed at this, but Amy just stood there silently.

Thorson went on, "All right, it's 9:30, and you need to get started on the cars. I'll tell you what, Marv will clean up here and put away the tools while you and I can go down to the parking lot. Okay?" Amy just dully nodded.

But Thorson continued, "Actually, you are a real mess right now, and you might actually get the vehicles dirtier rather than cleaner in your current state. Hey, Marv, there's a long hose connected to the hot water in the maintenance closet in the lobby. Go fire it up with warm water, and let's hose down this pretty worker. Amy, go stand in the lawn over there. It will just take him a minute or so."

Amy sighed, but she was thankful that she'd get to clean off some of this dirt and that it would be warm water rather than the ice cold water that Stubbins had sprayed on her earlier. She trudged over to the lawn area; as she waited, she noticed that the crowd followed her and was now kind of circling her on the sidewalks around the lawn.

A moment later, Conrad worked his way through the crowd with the hose; she noticed that there was another spraying device on the end of the hose. Conrad said, "Okay, Amy, move over there to the middle, spread your arms and legs, and I'll hose you down. Let me know if the water is either too hot or too cold."

Amy silently followed his instructions. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth and a moment later the spray of water hit her back. She relaxed when she realized how good it felt even though it was kind of like taking a shower in public. She said, "Yes, Mr. Conrad, the water is just right - right temperature and right pressure. It feels really nice."

Conrad hesitated before continuing, "Umm, what about your hair? It's really dirty. Do you want it washed out now? Maybe you just want to shake it now and then shampoo it later?"

"Yeah, that's a good idea." And Amy put on another show for the crowd by shaking her head wildly for several seconds. Naturally, other parts of her body shook nicely as well.

Then, she held up her hair and stood still to let him run the spray over her entire naked body. After he sprayed up between her legs, he said, "Why don't you use your hands to wipe off as much as possible, and then I'll rinse you down?"

Amy nodded and wiped off her arms and legs, and she tried to wipe out some of the dirt that had worked its way into her private openings without much success. A guy in the crowded piped up, "Hey, Amy, do you need a hand cleaning down there?" Amy gave the guy a weak smile and shook her head. She then reached around behind and tried to wipe off her butt. Again the same guy yelled, "Oh, please, Amy, let me do that." And another nearby guy said, "I can do your boobs. Come on, Amy, let us help." Amy ignored them and cleaned herself as well as she could.

The naked girl then held up her hair again and nodded at Conrad. He rinsed off her entire body including another spray of her pussy area. He told her to close her eyes, and he carefully sprayed her still dirty face.

Amy heard him shut off the water, and she opened her eyes expecting him to give her a towel. But instead she heard Thorson yell from the sidewalk, "Come on, Amy, let's get down to the parking lot."

**Chapter 85 - Naked Car Washing**

Amy let her hair back down and wiped the water from her eyes. And she slowly walked down the slight hill on the narrow sidewalk to the parking lot with Thorson following closely behind. She was very conscious of his eyes looking at her bare butt as she made the short walk. She was somewhat thankful that they had roped off the parking lot to keep out other cars as well as the crowd of people. She ducked under the rope and then held it up for Thorson so he could walk into the parking lot.

The four big cars were the only vehicles in the lot, and they were parked in such a way that they were spaced well apart. Amy walked over to the nearest one where the nice old man, Russ, was waiting with all of the materials that she would need. She smiled at him and as she shook his hand, he said, "Hi, Amy, I didn't think I'd see you again, and it's a pleasure, uuhh, honey." And they both chuckled at his use of the endearing term.

As Thorson was hobbling across the lot to join them, the nude girl grabbed a towel and quickly dried herself off. When he arrived, he said, "Okay, Amy. I don't think it really matters which one you do first. Arbitrarily, why don't you start with the Toyotas? We'll leave the rope up to keep out other cars til you're almost done. So, go to it, pretty lady."

Amy hesitated before she picked up the buckets and sponges, and she asked, "Uhh, again, Mr. Thorson, is it okay if I carry stuff around in the parking lot? I know you asked Mr. Laird before, but I just want to double-check. Could you please call the Dr. Knoxx? Maybe Russ can carry this stuff down for me while you make the call?"

Thorson replied, "Well, Amy, I did ask before and I did mention the car wash and Mr. Laird did agree. But just for your peace of mind, I'll call Dr. Knoxx. But go ahead and get started."

Russ opened the door of the little maintenance truck that had all the buckets, towels, and sponges, and cheerfully said to Amy, "Okay, honey, hop in. It will be just like old times, won't it?"

Amy chuckled, but said, "Sorry, Russ, I'm not permitted to ride this morning. I can only use my feet. So, you drive and I'll walk; it's only a hundred feet or so."

The naked girl took a couple of steps and the old man pulled the little truck up next to her, and they made their way down the parking lot to the furthest vehicle - one of the two Toyota Avalons.

Amy looked at the two cars and noticed that they seemed to be identical except one was dark grey and the other was a silvery tan color. She wasn't sure, but she suspected that these were university-owned vehicles, and that the local Toyota dealer had given the school a good package deal on them. In fact, that dealership sold Lexus and Scion cars as well as Toyotas, and she wondered if the Lexus SUV was part of the same purchase. She had been to that car dealer a couple of months ago looking at a Prius, because her father had hinted that he would buy her a new car as a graduation present. She really wanted that Prius, but she would settle for a Yaris or a Scion, but it all hinged on graduating. She sighed and wondered if her stupid streaking episode was going to cost her getting a new car as well as her degree and her job at the newspaper.

At that instant, Amy realized that there was more to this than just a new car. It was also her father's respect; she would be letting him down big time if she didn't graduate. Education had always been extremely important in his family, and he would be very disappointed if she didn't get a college degree.

She remembered that Knoxx had said that she was "on the bubble", and, so, in Amy's mind, the stakes were now really high. She silently resolved to herself, "I'm going to be perfect these next couple of hours. I'm not going to give those bastards any more reasons to withhold my degree and diploma!"

Russ got out of the truck and hooked up the hose for her. She stood still, being very careful not to take a single step with the hose in her hands, and aimed the hose at the car. The man turned on the water and Amy sprayed the entire left side of the car and motioned for him to turn it off. Just as she was putting down the hose, Thorson came up to them and said, "Okay, Amy. I double-checked with Laird, and he repeated what he said before. Carrying is okay. But he repeated the bit about no clothes of any sort. Not that there's any chance of that anyway; the closest thing to clothes for you that we've got here are some towels."

That mention of towels was just enough of a hint to remind the naked girl that she needed to be careful about wiping herself off. Knoxx could easily invent a no-covering violation if she used a towel to dry off her breasts, pussy, or butt. So, Amy doubled her resolve not to cover her private parts in any way while washing these cars.

Amy turned to the older man and said, "Russ, I'm going to take it from here. Thanks for your help." The man looked disappointed, but he nodded at her with a smile. And so the pretty nude walked over to the water faucet and turned it on full blast. She then carried the hose to the opposite side of the car and hosed it down. She filled a couple of buckets with water, turned off the water, and went to work sponging off the car.

The crowd had moved down to her end of the parking lot, and Amy was well aware of the enticing sight that she was putting on as she bent this way and that while washing off the exterior of the car. She started at the top using a stepstool so she could clean off the roof. Then, she had to lean way over the side of the hood to clean the front windshield and way over the trunk to do the rear window. She looked down at her boobs and saw that they were already covered in grime from just doing the windows; she quickly wiped them with her sponge but quit when she remembered her pledge to avoid covering herself.

The clouds had now completely disappeared, and Amy was soon sweating as she worked on the Avalon. And she was breathing hard when she finished wiping off the car with a chamois and towels. She then opened all four doors and vacuumed out the floors and seats; again she knew her bare rear end was blatantly displayed as she bent over, but she just continued on. She then draped large towels over the seats and climbed in to wipe down the interior. Then, a few more swift swipes with a soft towel on the outside of the doors, and she stood back and looked at the shining car.

Without waiting for any approval from Thorson or Conrad, she grabbed the hose and scooted over to the other Avalon which was parked 4 slots up the parking lot towards Kameron. The naked girl then repeated all of her moves and washed the second Toyota.

And so it went for the next hour or so. The two SUV's were a bit more difficult, because they were much bigger vehicles, both outside and inside. Even the stepstool wasn't enough on the SUV's, and she had to gingerly crawl up onto the luggage rack on the roof of each of those cars. Her dangling boobs were on dramatic display as she quickly crawled around up there. But she pressed on, because she wanted to get this tiring task over with as soon as possible.

Amy panicked a bit when she heard the campanile chime at 11AM; she was now officially late for the final meeting with the committee, but they had told her that they would provide a bit of leeway due to the additional punishment this morning. But she picked up her pace of wiping off the hood of the last vehicle, the Cadillac SUV, and then she heard a familiar voice behind her say, "Amy?"

She turned to see her brother, Jason, standing there, and after a slight awkward pause, she stepped forward and gave him a big hug, pressing her bare, wet, grimy boobs against his leather jacket. At that instant, a multitude of thoughts raced through her mind almost simultaneously: "Oh, god, it's good to see him, but he shouldn't be here yet; what is he doing here so soon? Did I miscount the campanile chimes, and it's really noon instead of 11 o'clock? I don't want him seeing me like this, toiling naked in public. Are my parents back there looking at me? Did Knoxx put him up to this?"

She pulled back from him and started to tear up as she said aloud, "Oh, Jase, it's so good to see you. But it's not noon yet. What are you doing here?" Her hands twitched as she had to make a conscious effort not to cover her breasts and pussy. Thorson was sitting in his chair watching this meeting and Conrad was also watching as he coiled up the rope, and she knew they'd report any such covering as a violation.

Jason said, "Ame, I'm sorry to catch you by surprise, but I couldn't sleep last night and I left home early this morning before Mom and Dad even got up. I tried to call your cell phone and your dorm room, but there was no answer on either. So, I was just walking around over by the union to kill time and saw the group of people over here. But why are you naked and outside doing this? I thought you were allowed to wear underwear and do only indoor stuff?"

Amy started crying and whispered to him, "Oh, Jase, I don't want you to see me like this. I sugarcoated what I told you, because I didn't want you to worry about me. Oh, god, but it's been so awful. I promise I'll tell you, Daddy, and Mom everything; I've told them even less than I told you. But we'll have that conversation some other time, not today. Please go away for now and come back in an hour, out in front of Kameron. I may be a little late. Okay?"

Jason couldn't help but glance down over his sister's beautiful naked body, but he brought his eyes back to meet hers and said, "Oh, Ame, I don't understand. But okay, I'll go back to the union and wait." He hugged her again and left the parking lot.

As he reached the street, he turned back and looked at her. She had bent down to clean the front hubcap, and he clearly saw the rear view of his sister's pussy and asshole, which were conspicuously displayed for him and the others in the dwindling crowd. He glanced down at his jacket and slacks to see the dirt and grime that his hugs with Amy had caused, but he wasn't really concerned about his clothes; he was more concerned about her. Tears started to roll down his cheeks as he thought about the embarrassing situation that his beloved big sister was in.

He couldn't remember ever seeing Amy naked before, even though she said he had. Several days ago in a phone call with Amy, he had joked that he had never seen her boobs, but Amy said that he had actually seen her entirely nude when their mother had often bathed them together when they were little kids; he was only three years old at the time, and he just couldn't remember it. Naturally, he now knew that she was gorgeous, but he didn't know her body was as pretty as he'd just seen. They had a very close brother-sister relationship, but it was more like being very best friends - there was absolutely nothing sexual about it. There had been a few awkward moments over the years when they had passed each other in the hallway at home wearing only their underwear, and he had seen her last summer at a swim party wearing a modest one-piece bathing suit that showed off her well-proportioned body. But that was all, and so, he had been shocked to see her totally nude today. Her breasts looked better than any he'd seen on his girlfriends or even in Playboy, and he was curious about her shaved pussy. Did she always do that? He continued to cry softly as he thought about her while walking back to the student union. And he wondered if he had really done the right thing by surprising her just now.

As Amy was bending over washing that hubcap, she just knew that Jason watching still looking at her, even though she didn't turn around. And she knew the gross display of her private parts that he could see between her legs. She momentarily wondered if Knoxx had concocted this meeting somehow, but she quickly dismissed that thought because she knew Jason would never have agreed to knowingly embarrass her like that. Knoxx probably didn't know about the brother-sister meeting, but if he did, she knew that he would have gloated at her extreme embarrassment; he had said over and over that her primary punishment would be her embarrassment, and nothing that had happened in the last three weeks had been as embarrassing as what had just happened to her. She really, really didn't want her family to see her naked like this, but now it had just happened with her wonderful brother. Tears continued to roll down her cheeks, and she knew that she was blushing a bright red even though no one was looking at her face right now.

She now wanted to get out of this parking lot as soon as possible, because she knew her father was a fast driver, and she was afraid he and her mother might arrive at any moment; also, she had suggested this exact parking lot as a possible parking spot for him to use this morning. So, she quickly did the remaining hubcaps and the rear bumper, and then she made a quick circle around the car looking for spots she had missed. After a few touch-up swipes of the towel, she walked over to Thorson. She said, "Okay, Mr. Thorson, I think I'm finished. Could you please check everything? If it's okay, I'll head back inside."

Thorson turned to Conrad and said, "Marv, you go ahead and look over her work. You can do it faster than I."

The two Avalons had already been moved out of the lot; Amy hadn't seen when this had happened and she didn't see the nice old man, Russ, around any more, and so she suspected that Russ had moved the cars. Conrad spent a couple of minutes quickly looking over the two SUV's, and Amy was pleasantly surprised when he came back and gave her a thumbs-up sign.

Thorson and Conrad came over to her. As they shook her hand, Amy noticed their eyes giving her naked body one last look-over. She blushed as she said good-bye, and she walked back up the pathway to Kameron.

**Chapter 86 - The End of the Endgame**

Amy wasn't exactly sure how to get to the basement or where the shower was located once she got there. But she was exactly sure of a couple of things. One: she needed to use the main entrance, not the secluded back entrance. Two: she needed to keep her hands at her sides. She absolutely had to avoid any last-minute violations. She made her way wordlessly through the small crowd near the front door and then went to the stairwell and walked down the steps for the first time; she just assumed that this was the way to the basement.

When she pushed her way through the basement door, she was surprised to see the area was filled with chain link cubicles. And she gave a short laugh as her first thought was "Is this where they keep the prisoners?" There was an aisle down the middle, and after passing only a few of the locked cubicles, she noticed the signs on them with the names of various departments and professors. This area was merely storage space, and the cages contained a variety of things such as paintings, old furniture, and even a bicycle. But mostly there were books and boxes.

And there was no sign of any restroom or shower area. She turned around thinking maybe it was behind her somewhere, maybe in a niche under the stairs. She went back into the stairwell where there was one other door, but it was unmarked and firmly locked. She returned to the storage area and confirmed that the aisle between the cages started right here at this door, but it extended the length of the basement. She was all alone down here, and she felt a bit uneasy being naked in this strange place. She continued farther down this chain link hallway. And as she approached the opposite end, she noticed that the next-to-the-last cubicle on the right was actually another short aisleway rather than an enclosed space. She turned into it and a few feet ahead, she saw that the aisle ended in an opening which had a vinyl curtain across it; sort of like a shower curtain. She pushed it aside and looked in; there was a showerhead hanging from the concrete wall. And as she walked into the nook-like space, she was startled to see a man sitting on a plastic chair off to the side.

He looked familiar, but Amy couldn't quite place him. He gave her a smirkish smile and said, "Hello, Amy, I've been waiting for you." Amy felt uneasy at his slightly sinister tone. He went on, "I'm Walt Storey, the day-shift janitor; at least, that's my schedule this week." Amy now remembered that he was the man who came into Knoxx's reception area and cleaned while she and Ken Marriott, her lawyer, were waiting to see Knoxx.

The naked girl meekly held out her hand and limply shook hands with him. She said, "Hello, Mr. Storey. I'm supposed to take a shower down here this morning. And I guess this is the place."

"Yep, it is", Walt said. "They asked me to help you." Again, the naked girl felt uneasy. Was he going to actually wash her body? Was he going to sit and watch her?

Amy turned and looked at the crude setup in the strange space. It was about 15 feet square with the showerhead and faucets in one corner; they were connected to exposed pipes running in from above on the side. There was only an open drain in the concrete floor. There was a single bare bulb lighting the drab space which had no tile or paint; just raw concrete. Besides the cheap shower curtain, there was one towel rack that held a single washcloth, and a small plastic shelf that held a bar of soap and a bottle of shampoo. There were also a couple of coat hooks mounted on the wall next to the plastic chair, but those wouldn't be needed today for Amy who obviously had no clothes to hang on them. Otherwise, the room was just empty gray space.

Amy made an entire 360-degree turn looking at the room and asked, "What is this place anyway?"

Walt replied, "Oh, we're in the process of converting it to a shower room for use by the bigwigs. We just discovered this space a couple of years ago. You're actually under the rear porch right now. Mr. Thorson was looking at some old blueprints of the building and saw that the foundation jutted out underneath the porch. So, we did some excavation and discovered this unused space. We took out one of the storage cages to make the little hallway and then knocked an opening through the wall into here. There's a similar unused space underneath the big front porch; you may have noticed the other door in the stairwell. It leads into that space, but it's still just dirt and rocks. Some day we'll fix it up, too, but with the current tight budgets, we've had to put all of this renovation work on hold."

He paused for a moment and then went on, "Anyway, Dr. Knoxx and his crew use this spartan space only rarely, but it will work fine for you today. You go ahead and get started, but I should warn you that they have told me to lock this place up at 11:25, since this is only a half workday for us. It's 11:15 now; so, you've only got 10 minutes. They told me that if you're still in here at 11:25 that I'm to turn off the lights and lock the door anyway. I don't think you want to be trapped down here naked in the dark overnight, because I won't open it up again until 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. Sorry if that seems harsh, but that's what they told me to do. So, go ahead, pretty lady. I'll just watch, but they told me to see if you displayed any modesty. They said you're not allowed to cover or hide yourself." Amy blushed and nodded as she took the washcloth from the rack.

She was relieved to find that the hot water actually worked, and she adjusted the shower to just the right temperature. She wished that he would go out into the hallway or that there was another shower curtain around the shower stall itself, but that would have meant that she was hiding her naked body from his view and that wasn't allowed.

Amy scooted in under the warm shower and used the washcloth to wipe off most of the grime. She blushed some more as she looked up while she was wiping between her legs; the man was watching her and he smirked when their eyes met.

Amy stepped out briefly to retrieve the shampoo, and she lathered it up and worked it into her long dark hair. Using her hands and the washcloth, she vigorously rubbed her head and hair; she hoped that this would get the dirt out of her hair.

Finally, she stepped out of the spray to get the bar of soap. And she used it to wash her entire body more thoroughly. Even with the dark gray concrete floor, she could see the streaks of brown dirt flow down the drain with the water. Then, she spent a minute or so just rinsing herself off; it felt so good, and she wished she could spend more time, but she looked over and saw that Walt was getting up from his chair and heading toward the exit. She quickly turned off the water and dropped the washcloth, soap, and shampoo back on the shelf. As he disappeared beyond the curtain, the light went off and Amy yelled, "Please, Mr. Storey, wait for me."

The dripping wet, naked girl caught up with the janitor as he was turning into the main aisleway. He said, "Well, girl, you barely made it. Now, the way the rest of this works is that you're going to go ahead of me, and I'm going to use this mop to wipe up the water that drips off of your bare body as you walk up to the Chancellor's office. You'll go slow enough that I can mop up right after you. Once you get up to his office, they'll give you a towel to dry off. Got it?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, I understand." And she started her journey to the Chancellor's office with the janitor following behind with a mop and a rolling squeegee bucket. He told her to pause at the basement door while he wrung out the mop and locked the door. Now, they began the slow trip up the eight flights of stairs to the 7th floor. Amy kept her eyes forward as she slowly climbed each step, but she could feel the man's eyes only a foot or so away looking at her bare ass. She didn't understand why having this man looking at her bare butt bothered her so much even though he had seen her entire naked body just a few minutes before in the shower. But it did bother her.

It was a very slow process at first, because the janitor had to wipe the mop over each step individually as the water dripped from Amy to the floor and he had to carry the bucket rather than roll it. But they were able to speed up a little bit as the girl's body dried off naturally. By the time they reached the seventh floor, only her hair was still really wet; the rest of her was only slightly damp especially between her legs.

On the 7th floor, the strange twosome got several incredulous stares from people leaving for an early lunch. But Amy ignored them and plodded on to Knoxx's office at the end of the hallway. Stepping into Knoxx's reception area, she found that there was a heavy plastic sheet forming a path from the main door over to the door into Knoxx's inner office. She was thankful that there was no one there except for Mrs. Duckworth, the secretary, who laughed out loud at the strange sight of the pretty naked girl with dripping long hair followed by a janitor with a mop.

The secretary stopped laughing and said, "Miss Suzuki, please go on in. They are expecting you."

Amy paused at the door to gather her thoughts, and then she looked to the side of the door and noticed that the penis hook was no longer there. She took that as a good sign, but she still felt insecure as she walked into the office.

As she expected, the floor was covered with plastic from the door to her spot in front of Knoxx's desk. She walked over and stood facing the man with her arms at her sides. The other four members of the committee were seated in their usual chairs behind Knoxx.

Amy felt drops of water drip from her hair onto her shoulders, breasts, and butt as she stood there awkwardly for a few moments before Knoxx said, "Well, Miss Suzuki, I've had good reports about you this morning. And I must say that your lower region looks much better after Miss Stubbins's efforts." Amy blushed but said nothing.

Knoxx went on, "Now, here's what's going to happen. You're going to dry yourself off and then fix up your hair and do your makeup. We have some towels, and we have set up a table with a mirror, a hair dryer, conditioner, some lipstick, rouge, etc. You are pretty much free to do yourself up however you want, but we may make some suggestions." Amy knew that these supposed "suggestions" would be requirements, but she just nodded as she took the towel that he handed to her.

As she dried her body, Knoxx continued to talk, "After you've fixed yourself up, we will decide what clothes you can put on. And let me remind you that you are still 'on the bubble'. We truly have not yet decided what your fate will be, and in fact, you may walk out of this office in a while and still not know the exact outcome."

Amy walked over to the table and looked at the collection of things. These were not her favorite brands, but they would do for today. She could tell by what was there that a woman had helped set up this table with these products. She assumed it was the secretary, and she was thankful for that.

But then she thought of something and said, "Uhh, Dr. Knoxx? I have a question." Knoxx looked over at the nude girl and Amy continued, "The way I do my hair requires that it be wrapped with a towel twice during the procedure. Is that okay?"

Knoxx looked at her quizzically and said, "So, you pile your hair up on your head and wrap a towel around it?" Amy nodded. "For how long?"

Amy replied, "Oh, I guess it will only be a few minutes each time, 5 at the most. I'll be doing other things like makeup and nail polish while it is drying with the towel around it."

Knoxx said, "Well, isn't there another way to do it without wrapping the towel around it? You know that you are not permitted to be covered in any way until this meeting ends?"

Amy sheepishly said, "I know, and that's why I'm asking your permission. I suppose there are other ways, but this is the way I've been doing it for several years."

Knoxx persisted, "Can't you just rub it with a towel? That's the way I do it."

Amy replied, "No, a hair dresser told me that rubbing like that causes damage to a woman's hair. Maybe men are different."

Knoxx turned and asked the committee, "Well, gentlemen, should we let her wrap the towel around her hair like that?"

They all were silent for a moment before Lucas Telford spoke up, "Calvin, my wife does it the same way, and Miss Suzuki was conscientious enough to ask our permission, and she asked very politely." The other three men just nodded.

But Knoxx still wasn't convinced and said, "Well, I think that rules need to be followed to the letter." But he looked over at Telford again, sighed, and turned back to Amy saying, "Okay, go ahead."

Amy murmured, "Thank you."

For the next several minutes, the naked girl said nothing as she followed her usual routine with her hair. She stood in front of the table, bent over enticingly, lowered her head, gathered her hair into a ponytail on the top of her head, squeezed all of the water out of it, starting at the base of the ponytail, and slowly worked her way to the end; the excess water dripped into a pan on the table. Then, she wrapped a dry towel around her head to get out the last bits of moisture. She sat down and while the hair was drying, she used some deodorant and started with her makeup. After a couple of minutes, she dumped a big glob of hair conditioner into her hands and worked it into her hair. She then piled her hair on top of her head and let it sit for a few more minutes; she sat down and continued with the lipstick and makeup.

She wished there was a shower or at least a faucet nearby, but all that was available was a big spray bottle filled with water. She used that to rinse out the conditioner and then wrapped another dry towel around her head again to absorb the excess water. She left the towel there for several minutes while she continued with the makeup. Next, she removed the towel and used the hair dryer on its lowest setting to fluff up her hair before using a comb and brush to finish it off nicely. It wasn't up to her usual standards, but it was good enough for these leering men. She had assumed that the men were watching her do all of this, but they had actually huddled near Knoxx's desk and had a whispered discussion that she didn't hear.

The makeup table had been set up next to the floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the parking lot. And as Amy was touching up her lipstick, she looked out the window and saw her father's car pull into the parking lot. She let out a little gasp as her parents got out of the car and walked toward the front of the building. A tear formed in her eye as she wondered what her wonderful folks would think if they knew that she was naked doing this very personal grooming in front of these five men.

She paused for a moment to regain her composure and then finished her preparation. She wiped the dampness from her shoulders and breasts as she said, "Okay, I think I'm done. What next?"

Knoxx came over and said, "All right, Miss Suzuki, please stand here by the window and I will look you over in this natural light."

Knoxx stood next to the window and looked at Amy who was standing with her front facing the window. And she slowly turned around so that he could see her bare butt as well. Then, he said, "Looks good, but I think you should accent your private parts some more. Please use some lipstick on your nipples and on your lower lips. And then some rouge on your butt cheeks. We want all of your body looking nice, not just your hair and face."

Amy had to bite her lip to stop from crying. She was afraid that this meant that she would not be permitted to put on any clothes before leaving his office. But she silently moved in front of the mirror and followed his instructions. She held her right breast with her left hand and carefully applied the reddish brown lipstick to the nipple and small areola, and she repeated the process on her left breast. Then, she slightly spread her legs and painted her pussy lips with the same lipstick. Before doing her butt, she meekly turned to Knoxx and asked, "Is this okay, sir?"

Knoxx looked carefully at her boobs and her pussy. He said, "Please add some more lipstick down there. You know how Ms. Whiteside did it on you yesterday? Something similar, maybe extend it up only an inch or so from the top of your vaginal lips." Amy sighed, but she did as he asked. Knoxx nodded and said, "Yes, that's better. It adds more definition down there. Now, the rear cheeks?"

Amy was about to turn her back to the mirror, when Knoxx said, "Oh, wait, Miss Suzuki. I forgot about one additional task you need to do." Amy bit her lip, because she couldn't imagine was else they could do to her, but she said nothing as Knoxx continued, "You owe us a diary entry for today, and then you need to give us the entire diary. You may sit down at my computer and finish that up for us, and then we'll do your rear cheeks afterwards. I sure don't want your butt makeup to get onto my nice chair. In fact, please sit on this paper towel to avoid any 'leakage' or lipstick problems."

Amy blushed as she took the towel from him and set it down on the leather chair. She then sat down at his computer carefully positioning her vagina over the towel and logged onto her BOSS account (Bancroft Online Storage for Students) where she had stored the diary. It took her about five minutes to type up a summary of this morning's punishments. Normally, it wouldn't have taken that long to do that summary, but Knoxx was standing behind her with a hand on her shoulder the entire time watching as she typed; he was also admiring the view from above of her pretty breasts, which jiggled slightly as her fingers flew across the computer's keyboard. Finally, she copied the entire diary to Knoxx's computer and asked, "Do you want me to print it out for you?"

Knoxx replied, "No, Miss Suzuki, I will have my secretary do that for me. Now, let's do your rear cheeks now."

The naked girl cringed as Knoxx guided her back over to the mirror. She was afraid that he was going to apply the makeup to her butt, and she was relieved when he handed her the rouge brush. She turned her back to the mirror and looked over her shoulder as she slowly brushed some rouge onto her butt cheeks and carefully feathered it out so that it blended well. She then turned so that Knoxx could inspect her decorated ass. But Knoxx had returned to his desk, and he said to Telford, "Luke, please check her over while I get this stuff ready."

Telford had Amy move to the center of the room, and he slowly circled the naked girl looking closely at her pretty naked body. She flinched when she felt his fingers lightly brush across her ass. And her breasts heaved as he closely peered at her made up boobs. He tapped her inner thighs, and she obediently spread her legs so that he had a better view of her shaved pussy and the lipstick that she had applied down there.

After a minute or so, Telford merely said, "Yes, Cal, she looks good."

Knoxx came back and also gave Amy a quick look-over and said, "All right. Now, Miss Suzuki, please come over to my desk, and we'll figure out what you'll wear."

Amy hesitatingly followed the man to the other side of the room and resumed her position in front of his desk. But she gave another small gasp when she looked down. While she had been doing her butt makeup, Knoxx had cleaned off the top of his desk and spread out some things on it.

On her left, Amy saw the three pretty brassieres that she had put in the Nordstrom's bag this morning. They were spread out with the flesh colored one at the top, the pink one a couple of inches below that, and the off-white one at the bottom of the display. But what bothered her the most was at the top of the display; they were the two nipple trinkets that Whiteside had tried on Amy's boobs yesterday. The little clamps were open and the tiny bells spread out below; they looked as if they were all prepared to be attached to her tits.

On her right, Amy saw the panties that were color coordinated with the bras: flesh color, pink, and off-white. But again the disturbing items were at the top. The horsehair tail attached to the butt plug was lying there; again, this was the same one she had worn while pulling the wagon at the festival. Next to it was an ornament that Amy hadn't seen before. It had two tiny clamps at the top with a sparkly chain dangling below and a tiny bell at the bottom. She could see that this was intended for her pussy; one clamp on each vaginal lip and then the two-inch long chain and bell which would hang between her legs below her pussy.

She felt her breasts rise and fall as she breathed heavily while looking with dismay at the display. Then, she noticed that her string of pearls was laid out at the very top of the display; this was only a tiny bit of comfort to her.

Amy thought to herself, "Where are the other clothes that I brought - the blouse, slacks, and shoes? Does this mean I'll have to be naked at commencement except for these embarrassing adornments? Or maybe they want me to wear these underneath my bra and panties? Or maybe instead of the underwear under my slacks and blouse?" She felt a tear roll down her cheek, and she knew that her freshly done makeup was now streaked.

Aloud she stammered, "Wh-what? I th-thought y-you s-s-said . . ."

Knoxx raised his hand and interrupted, "Please be quiet, Miss Suzuki, and I will explain."

He paused for just a moment to let Amy calm down a bit. Then, he went on, "Actually, Miss Suzuki, I didn't say anything about what you would be wearing. I only said that you were 'on the bubble' and we were considering all options. And that includes everything that is on this table. Also, remember that there is more to be decided than just your clothing or lack of clothing. The important decision is whether or not we will grant you your degree. Don't you think that's more important than a few bits of clothing or jewelry?"

The naked girl had been intimidated by this man these last few weeks, and right now was no different. She meekly nodded and quietly said, "Yes, sir."

He went on, "Now, while you were doing your hair and makeup, we had a brief discussion amongst ourselves. We looked over these items as well as the items in this bag." And he held up the Nordstrom's bag from behind his desk. "And we took a vote. It was not unanimous, but we decided to let you get dressed in your normal clothes. You may now put on the pink brassiere and pink panties."

Amy gave him a stunned look and then a weak smile. Then, she tentatively reached out and picked up the pink panties from the table and slid them up her long legs covering her pussy for the first time in almost two days. And then her hands were shaking slightly as she picked up the pink bra; she was happy that the men had selected this one, because it was one of her favorite bras. She looked at it for a moment as if trying to remember how to put it on. Then, she slipped her arms under the straps and fit her boobs into the cups before reaching behind to quickly hook the clasps. Then, she adjusted the straps and cups so that they were comfortable. And for the first time in three long weeks, her pretty breasts were hidden from these men's view. "Just like a normal woman", she thought silently to herself.

She stepped back to her usual spot, but she was slightly trembling as she stood there in her underwear awaiting the next instruction.

Knoxx then reached into the bag and brought out the black stockings. He handed them to her across the desk. Amy stepped over to the couch and before sitting down, she gave him a brief questioning look as if asking permission to sit down so she could put on the stockings. He gave her a brief nod, and Amy sat down and quickly slid the stockings up her long legs. She stood up and returned to her usual spot.

Next he handed her the black slacks and the dark blue blouse at the same time. She quickly slipped her arms into the blouse, luxuriating in the feel of the silk against her arms. Then, she stepped into the slacks and was surprised how loose-fitting they felt. Had she lost some weight these last few weeks? She assumed that she must have. But she tucked the blouse into the waistband and did the buttons at the side.

Then, Knoxx handed her the black low-heel loafers, and she slipped them on. One of the things that bothered her the most the last three weeks was being shoeless the entire time. She had been forced to watch every step to make sure she didn't step on a rock or nail. The lack of shoes had made her feel very vulnerable.

Finally, Knoxx handed her the string of pearls, and Amy smiled broadly as she slipped them around her neck. She remembered fondly that the last time she had worn these was on that first date with Dwight; they would always be even more special to her now than they were before because of that special night.

Now, the fully dressed young woman stood in front of the desk. She was feeling a thousand percent more confident than just a few minutes before.

Knoxx said, "Okay, Miss Suzuki, we're almost done here. Now, we want to thank you for something."

Amy gave him a puzzled look but she let him continue, "Tyson, why don't you explain this."

Tyson Laird got up and said, "Miss Suzuki, you have demonstrated to us what an effective punishment that enforced nudity can be. We could plainly see how embarrassed you were at being naked - or almost naked - these last three weeks, and that is exactly what we intended. And we are going to seriously consider offering a similar punishment of required nudity to future offenders of our no-streaking rule. If you had just accepted our original expulsion punishment and not brought in an attorney, we would never have learned what a powerful punishment nudity could be. So, for that, we thank you."

She really wanted to scream at him for such an incredible statement, but she just quietly said, "Okay."

Knoxx then opened his desk drawer and pulled out the picture frame holding Amy's diploma. She gave a big smile when she saw it, but it quickly faded when he said, "Now, we need to decide what to do about this. And to be perfectly honest, this committee is still undecided whether to award you a degree and give you this diploma." He waved the list of violations at her as he said, "This is pretty long list of violations, and we just cannot overlook them. We actually added two more after this morning's activities. First, Kelly Stubbins said you talked when you were explicitly told not to. Second, you hid your breasts and vagina from view when you pressed against that young man in the parking lot. We assume that was your brother, right?"

Amy meekly said, "Yes, that was Jason. And I'm sorry about that, but I was so happy to see him. And I'm sorry about talking when I shouldn't have."

Knoxx went on, "Well, a violation is a violation whether you're sorry about it or not. So, over lunch, we are going to review your diary and continue to discuss your degree. That is, the committee is going to discuss it - you are not invited. You will find out our decision at commencement. All of the other graduates will receive a nice folder to hold their diploma, but the folder will be empty and the diploma mailed to them. However, in your case, the folder will not be empty. It will contain either the diploma or a letter explaining why your degree will not be awarded."

Amy thought that they would give her a chance to say something, and she opened her mouth briefly, but then closed it, because she realized that since she was still 'on the bubble', then anything she said would probably have a negative affect on their decision. She just bowed her head and waited for Knoxx to say something. But Knoxx said nothing, and he just shuffled things on his desk.

She looked up to see Knoxx sweeping everything from his desktop into the Nordstrom's bag - including the horsehair butt plug and the nipple and pussy ornaments as well as her two brassieres and two panties. He handed her the bag and said, "Goodbye, Miss Suzuki. You can pick up your backpack from Mrs. Duckworth; your cell phone, earrings, and purse are in the backpack. See you at commencement."

Amy silently turned, left the room, grabbed the backpack from the secretary, and rushed out the door. She felt tears welling in her eyes again, but she didn't know if they were tears of joy or sorrow. Her naked nightmare was over, but she still didn't know about her cherished diploma.

She stopped in the ladies room to empty her bladder, but she also took the butt plug and ornaments out of the Nordstrom's bag and stuffed them well down into the trash bin. Then, she crammed the Nordstrom's bag with the bras and panties into her backpack. She found the small ruby stud earrings in the side pocket of the backpack; she smiled as she brushed back her hair and put them on. Then, she touched up her makeup before leaving the restroom.

Amy thought about running down the stairs, because that would probably be faster, but she joined the group of people waiting for the elevator. She didn't say anything to any of them, but she could tell that they were looking at her; they knew that Underpants Amy's days of near nudity were over. She silently rode the elevator like a normal person to the first floor lobby.

The clock showed 12:20 as she ran out the front door, down the steps, and into the wide spread arms of her mother and father. As she was hugging her father, she glanced over at Jason and gave him a knowing smile. Then, as she was hugging Jason, she looked over at Dwight and saw the salacious look in his eyes; she mouthed "I love you" to him knowing that he was looking forward to taking off all of the clothes that she had just put on!

**Chapter 87 - Degree or No Degree? That is the Question**

Amy's mind was wandering as she sat listening to the boring commencement address being given by a supposedly famous bio-chemist, Gorman Snelling, who had graduated from Bancroft 20 years ago. Amy had never heard of him, and his monotone speaking style was not inspiring. He was giving the usual graduation speech which could be summarized with: "You were given a fine education at this wonderful university; now, go out and use it in your personal and professional lives. Have a nice life."

One of the things Amy was thinking about was something she didn't want to think about at all. The graduates were seated alphabetically, and she was very disappointed to see Kelly Stubbins seated only a few seats down the row from her. Stubbins seemed to be taunting her out in the fieldhouse hallway as they lined up before the processional, and Amy just walked away from her and visited with her own friends up til the last moment before the grads had to march into the gym to the notes of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance". Once they were seated, Stubbins looked over at her several times with a sneer on her face, and once Stubbins had whispered something about the pussy shaving that she had done on Amy just a few hours ago. Amy was glad to hear the Sullivan twins, Kevin and Kyle, who were seated in the two chairs between Stubbins and Suzuki stick up for Amy by telling Stubbins to cool it. Now, during the boring speech, Amy looked over and saw that Stubbins was fast asleep. Amy sat back with a satisfied smile knowing that Stubbins had just embarrassed herself.

She also thought about the nice lunch that her group had just had. They all went to Crystal Inn, one of the better restaurants in town. She proudly introduced Dwight to her family, and he seemed to get along well with them. And she also hit it off with his parents and sister. Linda and her mother were the other members of the big ten-person group. It had been a fun time.

But she was also very uncomfortable, because the fieldhouse seemed much too warm to her. However, when she looked around, she didn't see anyone else except herself who was using the printed program to fan themselves even though they were wearing the same black caps and gowns that she was. Amy then realized that she had been warm ever since she had put on clothes in Knoxx's office, and at the restaurant, she had unbuttoned two extra buttons on her blouse because she was warm then, too. Those two buttons didn't help cool her off, but they sure seemed to excite Dwight who was sitting across the table looking at her cleavage. She just chuckled as she realized that nudity had a few advantages, and she would have to learn all over again how to live in the clothed world.

Another thing she thought about was that this fieldhouse was the site of some of her many, many embarrassing moments. In fact, she realized that where she was sitting on the floor was almost exactly where she had removed her panties when she walked into the gym that night for cheerleading practice. She had taken them off as soon as she saw Knoxx sitting in the stands. And then several of the cheers that they practiced had been done on this part of the floor, and she was completely naked during all of those cheers.

But the thing that was really occupying her mind during this boring speech was her diploma. Was she or wasn't she going to be given a diploma today? What was she going to say to her folks if there was no diploma in the folder that was going to be handed to her in about 15 minutes? Even though that decision was now completely out of her hands, she still fidgeted in her chair thinking about it. She even said a silent prayer even though she was not a particularly religious person.

Even if she did get the diploma, she knew that these last three weeks had been a life-changing experience for her. She was certain that it would follow her for the rest of her life in some fashion. Vince Garoni had said that he would not publish the explicit photos that his group had taken, but Amy knew that there had been many other nude photos taken of her, and they might creep into her life at some unexpected time in the future. Three weeks ago, she could never have imagined the extreme embarrassment and humiliation that she would have to endure to get the diploma. If she had known, Amy would probably have elected the expulsion punishment even though it would have meant going home to her parents in disgrace.

Finally, the boring speech was over, and Amy tightened her fists as the presentation of the diploma folders started. Since her name, Suzuki, was well down in the alphabet, she could only sit and watch as the other graduates march across the stage and shake hands with Knoxx as he handed them their empty diploma folders. She was a bit surprised to see Dwight Henderson follow immediately after Linda Hathaway; she hadn't realized that they had been seated together. But she grimaced a bit when she saw that neither Linda nor Dwight had shaken Knoxx's hand when he extended it; Amy wondered if the non-handshakes by her friends would 'burst her bubble' - so to speak. But there was nothing she could do except wait her turn.

About 10 minutes later, her turn came as the graduates in her seated row were escorted to the side of the stage, and one by one, they went up the steps to approach Knoxx. When "Amelia Nashiyo Suzuki, Journalism" was announced over the loudspeakers, she took a deep breath and stepped onto the stage. And then she heard a murmur through the crowd with a smattering of applause even though they had asked the audience to hold their applause until the end of the ceremony. When she approached Knoxx, she saw the tall stack of empty diploma folders sitting on the table beside him, but she also noticed that there were two folders set off to the side. Each had a Post-It note attached to the front; one was marked "AS1" and the other was "AS2". She sighed as she realized that "AS" meant "Amy Suzuki" and that Knoxx's decision about her degree was literally coming down to this very last second as one of the folders held her diploma and the other did not. He could pick up either folder, and at a whim, he could affect the rest of her life.

She took the last few steps up to him, gave him a neutral smile, and reached out her hand. As they limply shook with their right hands, Knoxx reached over with his left hand and it hovered over the two marked folders for just an instant. Then, he removed the "AS1" sticker from the folder, and handed the folder to Amy with just the hint of a smirk on his face. He didn't say "Congratulations" to Amy like he had to all of the others.

Amy was shaking slightly as she finished the walk across the stage and down the steps on the other side. She really wanted to peek into the folder right then, but she restrained herself until she was back in her seat.

With the folder on her lap, she took a deep breath and opened it. She let out a soft anguished gasp when she saw a letter addressed to her in the folder rather than a diploma. Tears welled up in her eyes and she knew that the people around her were looking at her. Through her tears she read the letter which was printed nicely on the college stationery with today's date.

Subject: Discipline Committee Report

Dear Miss Suzuki:

This correspondence is the official report of the Discipline Committee regarding your offense on Monday, April 30 of this year.

As you are aware, this institution has a very strict rule about streaking on campus. It has been in effect almost the entire time that you were a student here, and we feel that you should have known how severely we deal with such an event. And yet, you chose to violate this rule anyway.

Normally, this committee would have immediately expelled you from this institution, and the issue would have been closed on the next day when you would have departed this campus. However, we realized that there were some extenuating circumstances that needed to be considered in your specific situation. And after deliberation, we reluctantly decided to permit you to remain as a student here and to punish you in other ways rather than expulsion. We carefully explained the punishment to you in a legal document, which you signed to indicate your agreement. This document included the rules that you were required to follow in order to avoid expulsion.

However, you did not seem to take these rules very seriously, because you violated them many times during your punishment period. And in accordance with this agreement, this committee added several more punishments. But you still continued to violate these rules, and we added even more punishment projects.

We have been appalled at your seeming disregard for these rules. Even as recently as this morning, there were five violations reported to us, and we had to add some "eleventh hour" punishments for them. It is only after extended deliberation that with great reluctance, we permit you to receive a Bachelor of Science in Journalism from this prestigious institution. Your diploma is enclosed.

Sincerely,

Calvin Knoxx Chancellor, Bancroft University

Amy's anguish turned to a smile and a gasp of delight. At the bottom of the letter in very tiny print, she saw the following:

Contents:
1. Cover letter
2. List of violations
3. Diploma

She lifted up the letter and saw that there were several more pages in the folder. She skimmed the next three pages and found that they were a detailed list of her violations, over 50 altogether. And then underneath all of them was her diploma. She had received her treasured degree and diploma! She moved the diploma to the top of the stack in the folder, and she wanted to shout with joy and hold it up for the world to see, but she just sat there breathing heavily. She looked over at the Sullivan twins and smiled; they each shook her hand and whispered their congratulations. Similarly, the woman on the other side, Meredith Swanson, quietly said, "Well done, Amy." Even these strangers understood how important it was to her.

The last few minutes of the ceremony seemed to just drag by, and Amy sat in her seat with nervous energy. Finally, the ceremony ended and everybody spilled out into the hallways of the fieldhouse.

It was a chaotic scene with the graduates trying to find their families and friends. But Amy ducked down a short hallway to a door marked "Sports Information Office". During the fall semester, Amy had worked with the university's sports reporters as part of a class project; sort of a mini internship. And she still had the key to the office on her key ring in her pocket. She surreptitiously unlocked the door and sneaked into the office. She made a beeline to the copier room, but it was not to use the Xerox machine. Instead, she turned on the paper shredder and fed in the four pages - the cover letter and the 3 pages of violations. She watched as the confetti-like pieces fell into the plastic bag under the machine. She wished that she'd be able to dispose of the rest of her unpleasant memories as easily as she had those pieces of paper.

She turned off the machine, jotted a short note for the secretary, and left the note and the key on the secretary's desk.

Then she stealthily walked out of the office and into the crowd where she found Linda.

Linda smiled at her and asked, "Well, Sooz, did you get it?"

Amy replied with a yelp, "Yeah, Lindy, I did. I really did. Look." And she proudly opened the nice leather folder and showed Linda her diploma. And the two friends hugged tightly.

Then Linda said more seriously, "I was worried when I couldn't find you. What were you doing back in that hallway anyway?"

Amy just replied, "Oh, nothing. Just a little paperwork."

Epilog - One Year Later

It was a little over a year later, and Amy was naked again. Actually, she had been naked for the last several weeks; she wasn't sure exactly how long it had been, but she knew it was measured in weeks not days.

She was lying on a thin mat on the uneven stone floor. She had had a restless few hours of sleep, and now she heard the keys jangling in the lock and the door opened.

The man entered and turned up the lights, which were never completely off, but now they were extremely bright. He came over, grabbed her by her arm, and said sharply, "Get up." Before she could get up of her own accord, he yanked her to her feet, and swatted her ass. "Hands behind your back."

Amy was still groggy, but she obeyed. He then tied her arms tightly behind her back; wrists to elbows so that her boobs were thrust out. The man knelt in front of her and said gruffly, "Spread your legs."

Amy saw what he was holding and said, "Oh, please no!" And the man immediately stood up, glared at her, and said, "What have I told you about talking! You've just earned two more days of punishment. And now, if you utter one more word, I'll gag you and add 5 additional days. Now, shut up and spread those legs." He grabbed a nearby paddle and gave her two hard whacks on her bare ass.

The naked girl started crying when she realized that it would now be at least 6 more days til she was allowed to wear her panties again. She had diligently worked the punishment down to four days, but now she had foolishly cost herself two extra days.

As tears streamed down her cheeks, she meekly spread her legs. The man ran his index finger from her navel across her smoothly shaved pubic mound to the top of her pussy traversing the area where the strip of pubic hair had been before being shaved off for the body painting at the art and wine festival. Since she had been at this place, the men had shaved her pubes everyday so that they were perpetually smooth.

As he spread her pussy lips with his fingers, Amy trembled. She expected him to use lubricant on the dildo or to rub it into her pussy like he had done on previous days, but today he did neither. But she didn't dare complain, and she let him slide the dildo roughly into her pussy.

Then using a small cylinder of compressed air, he quickly inflated the dildo so that it filled her vagina. Then, he attached a leash to the hook at the base of the dildo and started to lead her out into the hall with the leash. But he stopped and said, "Oh, they'll probably be needing this." He retrieved the paddle and hooked the thin leather loop over the fingers of Amy's tightly bound left hand. "Hang on to this. Don't let it drop." And then he closed and locked the door behind them, and he led her down the long dimly lit hall with the leash attached to the dildo. She stumbled a bit on the rough, dusty stone floor, and she felt the tug in her pussy as he yanked on the leash and said, "Come on."

As they passed one of the other cell doors, Amy was surprised to see it open. These doors had always been shut when they'd taken her out before. The man stopped and looked into the cell. Amy looked in also and saw a naked man strapped to a pad on the floor. A woman attendant was stroking his cock which was almost rock hard already.

The man said to the woman attendant, "What's that one being prepped for? Do you need any help with him?"

The woman said, "No, thanks. He's going to the Display Room where naturally they want him erect. Is that one going to be on display, too?" She said the last part while motioning at Amy.

The man shook his head and said, "No, I'm taking her to the Directorate. I don't know what for."

The woman just sighed as she continued to stroke the naked man's organ and fondle his balls, "Well, that's never a good sign. I hear that the Japanese female has been very compliant, just like this male. Wonder what the Directorate is going to do? But I sure wish they'd do something about this other one."

The man pulled Amy further into the room, and Amy saw a naked and gagged woman with her arms tied above her with a rope up to the ceiling; she wasn't on tiptoe, but Amy could tell that it was an uncomfortable position. Amy noticed a fearful look in the naked girl's eyes as she thrashed about.

The woman attendant said, "This one's been a pain in the ass ever since she's been here. The training just doesn't seem to be working. I was supposed to put her on display today, too, but I can tell that she's just not going to cooperate, because she's still struggling even after hanging here all night. I'll tighten up the rope and let her hang for a few more hours; maybe that will make her behave. But now we've got to get the Mexican female ready instead. Vanya's next door getting that one ready."

The man said, "Well, good luck. I'll come back down after dropping off this one." And he pulled Amy by the leash back into the hallway. As they passed the next door, Amy saw that a gorgeous naked Hispanic girl was being prepared the same way Amy was with a leash attached to her pussy and arms tied behind her back. The attendant was another woman, which surprised her, because Amy had only been tended to by men during her time here. But Amy was a tiny bit jealous of the two naked women, because they still had their pubic hair whereas the men had shaved Amy's mound every single day.

The man paused for just a moment as he looked in at the pretty Latina girl, and then he pulled on Amy's leash and continued down the hall.

They turned a corner, and Amy saw the long flight of stone stairs leading upward. They climbed the stairs, and the man unlocked the heavy wooden door at the top. He said, "Wipe your feet on that mat before stepping into the hallway." She did as she was told, and they stepped out onto the highly polished floor. The man also locked the big door behind them. The hallway was lined with nicely lighted works of art, both pictures and sculptures; she felt extremely uncomfortable about being led bound and naked through this opulent space.

A few yards down the hall, he pulled her into a restroom that was clearly marked "Men". She really needed to pee, and she hoped that he had noticed that. But he just looped the leash over a faucet handle and said, "Stay here." He then walked over to a urinal and relieved himself. When he finished, he came back to her with his penis still in his hand; he roughly turned her around and wiped the remaining drops of piss from his cock onto her bare ass. He washed his hands and looked at her standing there with a pleading look on her face. He asked, "Do you need to pee?" Amy nodded, but he said, "Well, too bad. We don't have time to undo you. You'll just have to hold it." She sagged her head and then followed meekly as he dragged her back into the lush hallway.

They continued down the hall and as they turned a corner, two well-dressed women approached; the man pulled Amy off to the side of the hallway to let them pass. The older woman was wearing a distinctive business outfit, and the younger lady was tall and wore a short party dress. They were chatting quietly, but when they saw naked Amy being pulled on a leash, they stopped, looked her up and down, smirked at her, and then continued on down the hallway. As they passed, the man with the leash said, "Nice that you could come today, Mrs. Vickers. I'll see you and your daughter at the party after I take care of this." Amy's face was bright red with embarrassment at having been seen in her current condition by these strangers.

But then the younger woman stopped and said, "Mother, wait. I want to look over that one." And she came back to look at Amy. She pointed to the leash and asked the man, "How is that connected? Did you put rings in the labia?"

The man replied, "Oh, no, we don't do that at this resort. This is hooked to a phallus. Here, come look." And turning to Amy, he ordered, "Spread your legs for the lady." Amy reluctantly obeyed.

The young woman bent down, reached between Amy's legs, disconnected the leash, grabbed the eyelet hook, and wiggled it back and forth a few times shifting the dildo around in Amy's pussy. The woman asked, "It's in there securely. Why doesn't it come out?"

He replied, "It's inflatable. First, I shove it up into her and then I blow air into it using this canister of compressed air."

The young woman then said, "Interesting device. I'll have to try that on my females sometime." She re-connected the leash, got up, gently squeezed Amy's left breast, pulled on the leash so Amy was in the middle of the hall and handed the leash back to the man. The woman then circled the naked girl, removed the paddle from Amy's hand, handed the paddle to the man, patted both of Amy's bare ass cheeks, and said, "I'm intrigued by this one. Nice Asian features. Have you taught her English yet?"

The man replied, "Oh, of course. All of our trainees speak English." He turned to Amy and said, "Say something to Miss Vickers. And be nice."

Amy looked at the young woman and guessed that they were probably about the same age; maybe Amy was a year or two older. But this woman was a couple of inches taller and stylishly dressed, and here was Amy bound, naked, and being led by a leash hooked to her pussy. Amy wanted to say something sassy like "I have a college degree, you bitch. Did you make it out of high school?" But she knew that she'd be punished severely for that, and she sheepishly said to the woman, "Yes, ma'am, I speak English."

The young lady said, "Oh, even a New England accent. You've taught her well. Is this one available today? I might want to borrow her for a trial period. I could probably make room for one more female in my collection."

The man said, "I'm sorry, Miss Vickers, but I don't know the complete status of this one. However, I do know that she has a panty option. You'll have to discuss it with the Directorate. Maybe you can do that later at the party."

The tall woman frowned and said, "Oh, that damn underpants option always complicates things. But I'll discuss it with the Directorate; we can probably work out something."

The woman stepped back behind Amy, knelt down, and spread the naked girl's butt cheeks. Amy jumped, and the man sharply pulled on the leash and said firmly, "Stand still." The young woman said, "I don't see a number tattooed here. What do I use to identify her when talking with the Directorate?"

The man replied, "Oh, we don't number them until their First Phase training is done. We've almost finished that phase with this one. In fact, she's going before the Directorate in just a few minutes. So, maybe we'll inscribe the number down there tomorrow. In the meantime, you can refer to this one as the 'Japanese female', and everyone will know what you are talking about."

The tall woman stepped back in front of the nude girl, patted Amy on the top of her head, and said to her captor, "Thanks for your help." The young woman left and returned to her waiting mother. As the two women were walking away, Amy overheard the younger one say, "Will Daddy give me some more money? Or maybe I could trade a couple of females for that one?"

Amy was shaking in embarrassment, and tears started to well up in her eyes. She thought to herself, "I'm not a human being to them; I'm just a Japanese female animal to be added to her zoo. And what the hell is a 'panty option'? The men never told me about that. And they never mentioned tattooing me in my butt crack. What's going to happen to me anyway?"

The man then looped the paddle cord back over Amy's fingers and led her several more yards down the hall, until they came to another big heavy door. He stopped, dropped the leash so that it dangled from her cunt, and said, "Okay, let's make sure you look okay before facing the Directorate." First, he fluffed up her long dark hair a little bit. Then, he dragged his finger from her navel to her pussy again, but this time he also pulled her clit from its little hood and as he rolled it in his fingers, two more people passed in the hallway; this time it was a man and a woman, both dressed as nicely as the two women; they just laughed as they saw what Amy's captor was doing and the look on Amy's face.

The couple left, and her captor stood up and massaged her nipples for a few seconds until they stiffened up nicely, and then he twisted them cruelly causing her to gasp. He glared at her and said, "That was close. Absolutely, no talking. Understand?" The naked girl just nodded. He walked around behind her, squeezed her bare butt cheeks, and said, "Not red enough." He took the paddle from her hand, and gave her a hard swat on the left butt cheek followed by a similar one on her right cheek. Finally, he stepped further back and swatted her extremely hard with the paddle landing on both cheeks. He traced his fingers on her red butt and said, "Good. Just right." She started crying again. He came around and faced her saying, "Quit crying. It messes up your makeup." Using a tissue, he wiped the tears from her eyes and cheeks, and then he touched up the makeup. Next, he hooked the paddle over her fingers again. Finally, he reached into his pocket and pulled out her panties. He looped them over the fingers of her other hand and said, "Don't drop either the panties or the paddle." He looked her over again and said, "All right. You're ready for the Directorate. Remember that you are not to look them in the eyes; keep your eyes down. Got it?" She just nodded. He picked up the leash, gave each of her tits one last tweak, knocked on the big door, and . . .

Amy bolted awake, sat up in bed, and yelled, "No, no, no, . . ." Her frilly black nightie and matching panties were soaked with sweat.

Dwight was suddenly wide awake, too, when he heard her yelling. He quickly wrapped his arms around the terrified girl and said, "Amy, Amy, it's okay. You're in your own bed, and I'm here." She buried her head in his shoulder and started crying, "Oh, god, why do I keep having these nightmares?"

Dwight asked, "Was it Knoxx's office again?"

The sobbing girl shook her head and said, "No, it was the dungeon this time."

They lay back on the wet sheets, and he quietly held her for several minutes. Then, he wordlessly guided her into the bathroom, turned on the shower, removed her soaked nightie and his own pajamas. Then, they climbed into the shower, and she let him lovingly wash her body. After he dried her, he helped her into her big fluffy pink bathrobe that she liked so well. He was just about to say something, but Amy put a finger to his lips, and the two of them went back to the bedroom and silently changed the sheets. She put on a stunning white nightie and he slipped back into his PJ's. And then they went back to bed, cuddled, and fell asleep in each others arms.

The nightmares had started right after graduation. Amy didn't say anything about them at first, but after a few months of almost nightly bad dreams, she discussed them with Dwight and Linda hoping that just talking about them would make them go away. But no such luck.

Finally, a few weeks into the new year, she went to see a therapist, Dr. Mary Robbins, who was recommended by Linda's sister. Amy told Robbins that there were three different nightmares that kept reappearing. The worst one was the dungeon, but another one bothered her almost as much. In that dream, Amy was modeling panties for men in Knoxx's office. Unlike the dungeon dream, this nightmare was almost a replay of what she had actually done several times during her punishment at college. The dream was a little more extreme than the real-life episodes, because there were many more men in the office, the modeling sessions lasted for several hours well into the night, and the men were allowed to touch her and to slip the panties onto her.

The third dream was a little less extreme, but still bothersome to Amy. In the nightmare, she was back at college walking naked in the homecoming parade with the cheerleaders; she was carrying a pole that held her spread out panties kind of like a flag or a sail. Since she had appeared naked in public quite a bit during her punishment, Dr. Robbins thought this dream seemed rather tame compared to the dungeon nightmare. But it was still bad enough to wake Amy up in the middle of the night.

Amy also told Robbins that the nightmares happened only occasionally when Dwight was spending the night with her. Amy could only remember 3 times before this night when she had awakened Dwight with her thrashing and yelling after having one of her bad dreams. But the episodes were almost a nightly occurrence when Dwight wasn't with her.

The therapist spent one session trying to dissect the three nightmares. The only obvious common thread was her nudity and her panties, but otherwise the three bad dreams didn't have much in common. The doctor asked if there was dungeon-like place at college or in her current life. After thinking for a moment, Amy said, "Well, at college, there was an old building, Wakefield Hall, where I posed a lot for the drawing classes. In the basement, there was a narrow hallway leading to the bathrooms and the old unused security office that had a small jail cell in it. During the first photoshoot, they had me walk down those stairs while bound naked so they could take pictures of me in the jail. And they took me into the men's restroom to stand bound and nude in front of a urinal. But there wasn't any dildo or opulent hallway with well-dressed people. And they never spanked me that night. So, I guess there is some correlation, but it's not a replay like the panty modeling in the Chancellor's office."

Dr. Robbins nodded and said, "But there was a dildo at Wyndonham, and you were spanked sometimes, right? And was the Chancellor's office nicely furnished?"

Amy replied, "Oh, you mean Wytham. Yes, they did use dildos in me there. And Professor Whiteside did spank me when I was late that one time. There were some fake spankings during that photoshoot; they pretended to spank me, but they never actually hit me. But those two girls did hit me hard with the buggy whip during that awful ponygirl performance. Oh, yes, Dr. Knoxx's office, especially the outer office, was very nicely furnished and decorated."

Robbins paused a bit and then continued, "You used the word 'Directorate' for the people you were going to see in that room? Do you know who those people were? What happened in that room after you were led into it?"

Amy replied, "No, I don't know what happened in that room. I always wake up in a sweat as that man opened the door. I guess the Directorate was Knoxx and his committee, but since the dream always ended before I saw them, I just don't know."

The doctor then asked, "And what about those women named Vickers? Any idea who they might be?"

Amy just shook her head, "No, not really. Maybe Whiteside and her sister. Possibly Nicole Larson as the younger woman, but I never met her mother. Or it could be Mrs. Farmer and her daughter. But I don't know anyone named Vickers; so, I don't know where that came from."

Robbins continued, "In the dream, you were prohibited from speaking, and it seems like they were hinting at some kind of auction or sale to the young woman. That kind of sounds like the Prime Cut auction that you did near the end of your punishment. Right?"

Amy replied, "Yeah. So, you think in these dreams that I'm remembering things from various parts of those three weeks and forming stories out of them?"

The doctor nodded and said, "Yes, I think that might have been what happened. But let's continue dissecting the other two dreams before we draw any conclusions. So, let's talk about the modeling dream. You said it happened in the Chancellor's office, and you modeled panties for several gentlemen for a long, long time. Now, think carefully, who were all the men?"

Amy immediately started to say something, but Robbins raised her hand and said, "Please, my dear, see if you can remember each man in that room."

Amy shut her eyes and thought for a minute or so. Finally, she said, "Well, there was Dr. Knoxx and his four henchmen - Laird, Farmer, Telford, and . . . Uhh, what was that other man's name? Oh, Kirkpatrick. Behind me sitting on the couch were 3 fraternity guys. Sitting on my left side there was the two security guards, Olsen and Sweeney, and their boss, Greggson. Oh, there were 3 other frat guys sitting off to the side. Ken Marriott, my lawyer, was standing beside me. Dr. Beaupre, Logan, Travis, Dr. LaSalle, Dr. Newman, the Norwegian researcher - all of them from the Wytham sex research lab. Vince Garoni, the photography club leader, and let's see there were the 10 guys from the club. Oh, Mr. Thorson, the head maintenance man, his deputy, Mr. Conrad, and his worker, Russ, who was really a nice old man. Of course, the two city policemen that I encountered. And then in some grandstands at the back of the office, there were all the guys on the two baseball teams plus the bat boys and the 3 guy cheerleaders and the security officers from the ballgame. Also, the boys from the soccer team were sitting in those stands. And Nate Ashford, who was Kelly Stubbins's boyfriend. There were more people in those grandstands, but I can't remember who they were. Sorry."

The doctor said, "That's okay, Amy. Were there any women in the dream?"

"Nope, just me. Why wasn't Eva or Whiteside or the four girl cheerleaders or the women from the art class or the two girl photographers or Nicole or the woman cop or Stubbins there? Or Mrs. Farmer or those two awful girls from the festival - Keplar and Denton? What does it mean?"

Robbins replied, "Oh, I'm sorry, honey, but I don't know. Maybe it's as simple as you being embarrassed much more by being naked in front of men rather than women." Amy just nodded.

The therapist then said, "What about the parade and displaying your panties? Did anything like that happen at school?"

Amy said, "Well, there were several of these hooks around campus where I was supposed to hang my panties while I was nearby doing something in the nude. Wytham, the maintenance workroom, the theater manager's office, the art studio, and of course, the Chancellor's office. So, I guess that's kind of like holding them up like a flag." And she went on to tell Robbins about the naked walk across campus with Knoxx and Laird after the baseball game dangling her panties from her hand. Then she said, "Oh, I just remembered. Knoxx had me carry a sign with two pairs of my panties spread out on it when I walked back to the dorm that last Sunday. The sign advertised the free haircuts that I would be doing for guys that evening. Not exactly a parade, but somewhat similar."

The therapist said, "Well, all of that is consistent with our original guess that the dreams were stories created from various things that happened during your punishment. But it doesn't give me much of an idea yet how to stop them."

Robbins was also interested in the contradictions between the nightmares and some other aspects of Amy's life. One of these was the way that Amy was dressing these days. In college, she rarely wore provocative outfits, usually only for dates or other special occasions. But now, Amy almost daily wore suggestive clothes. Short skirts, belly shirts, visible bra straps, very short jogging shorts, and lots of cleavage. Underneath she always wore sexy panties and bras. The day after graduation, she went with her mother and Linda to Victoria's Secret to replenish her supply of panties, and Amy spent several hundred dollars on panties, bras, and nighties. They were all frilly and sexy. The panties ranged from lace bikinis to cheekies to boyshorts to thongs. There were no plain vanilla panties like she had worn during her punishment. The brassieres were mostly push up style emphasizing her full breasts. The nighties were frilly with matching skimpy panties.

For her job at the newspaper, Amy always wore skirts or dresses - usually in a business style, but always short. She sometimes wore one of her miniskirts which were tight and several inches above the knee. The blouses and shirts were rarely a tuck-in style; they usually allowed flashes of her bare midriff.

In fact, the day that Robbins discussed this with her, Amy was wearing a very short skirt and Robbins could clearly see the black panties that she was wearing as she crossed her legs. Even a middle-aged woman like Mary Robbins appreciated the view of this gorgeous young lady's long legs and partially unbuttoned red blouse.

Dr. Robbins had suggested wearing more conservative clothes to see if that would alleviate the nightmares, and Amy had tried that for a couple of months. But when the nightmares persisted, she went back to the sexier apparel that she preferred.

Another contradiction that the therapist discussed with her was Amy's visit to a clothing-optional resort over New Year's. During the autumn, Linda had off-handedly invited Amy to come along with her to the nudist vacation spot in the Caribbean. Linda hadn't expected Amy to agree, because it might remind Amy of her punishment time at Bancroft and the recent nightmares. But after thinking about it, Amy decided that it might actually help with the nightmares by going to the nudist club for a few days.

For the first few hours at the resort, Amy wore her pink lacy thong panties. But she soon realized that the "clothing optional" phrase in the advertising brochure really should have been "nudity required", because everyone else was completely naked. So, she slipped off her panties and stuffed them into her beach bag as she and Linda were sunbathing the first day; Linda just nodded approvingly when she saw the panties disappear into the bag. After that Amy did not put on any clothes until she left five days later. And Amy actually reveled in the attention that she got from the men. She and Linda were unquestionably the prettiest women there, and the men hit upon them almost constantly. But even though she kind of flirted with the men, Amy rebuffed their advances and remained faithful to Dwight by sleeping alone each night.

It was after arriving back home and having the nightmares continue that Amy had decided to see a therapist. Going naked again hadn't stopped the bad dreams, and Amy was running out of ideas of things to try on her own. Dr. Robbins had understood Amy's reason for going to the resort, but the therapist still didn't think it was the right thing to do at the time. If Amy had been her patient before the trip, Robbins would have discouraged her from going.

Another interesting contradiction was Amy's much more active sex life. In college, Amy had had a fairly inhibited sex life. She had been a virgin until her freshman year, but then she and her old boyfriend, Josh, had made love many times. But Amy was usually very tentative and passive, letting Josh take the lead. However, after her punishment period, her sex life had exploded. She and Dwight were very energetic in their lovemaking, and Amy was constantly looking for new sexy things for them to try. Part of the change was due to her becoming an independent young woman; she had just turned 23 years old, and it was only natural for her to still be learning what she liked and disliked sexually.

As an example, Amy had confided in Robbins about her pubic hair. She told the therapist how it had been shaved and "coiffed" several times during her punishment period, and then how she had let it grow out to a lush bush again in the weeks right after graduation. But then during one giggly lovemaking session, she had let Dwight shave it all off again. And she had kept her pussy smooth and bare for several months after that including the time at the nudist resort. Then, she had decided that she had liked the thin strip that she had during most of her punishment. And as she was letting it grow out again, she let Dwight shape it into the narrow strip above her pussy.

Dr. Robbins understood the growing up and the sexual exploration that is normal for women of Amy's age, but the three weeks of mostly naked punishment at college seemed to have triggered something inside Amy. Based on her psychiatric training and Amy's concern about the recurring nightmares, Dr. Robbins would have expected Amy to become more withdrawn rather than more open sexually.

Robbins probed some other aspects of Amy's life hoping to understand the recurring nightmares. She asked Amy about her relationship with her parents and brother. But there were no conflicts with her family; if anything, she was closer emotionally to her parents now than before; they were a great source of support in her transition from college life to a life on her own. Amy made several weekend trips down to Warwick to see them. And she talked to her brother, Jason, who was a junior at Cornell, almost every week. Also, over the months, Amy had been very open with her family about what had happened to her during those three punishment weeks. She truthfully answered all of their questions, and she apologized for not telling them everything at the time.

And her friendship with Linda was as strong as ever. They were sharing an apartment in Dedham, Massachusetts, near Boston, and Amy was very open with Linda in discussing the nightmare problems. Amy was happy to have someone right there to talk with every evening. During Amy's punishment at college, Linda had told Amy how proud she was of Amy for being so determined to make it through those difficult last few weeks. Amy had never considered herself to be a strong person; for example, during her punishment, Amy had broken down and sobbed innumerable times, and she didn't think a strong woman would have done that. But she did like Linda's use of the word "determined" in describing her during that time, because Amy had been very determined to get her journalism degree and to graduate on time.

Robbins asked about other of Amy's friends. Amy had made some new friends at the newspaper where she worked, and she had kept in touch with college friends, especially Rekha, Sharon, and Maddie as well as Linda, but those other three lived in other parts of the country and so Amy used email, Facebook, and the phone to communicate with them. Amy was also surprised in the winter to receive an email message from Nicole Larson, the strange high school junior who she had met at the panty auction. When Amy first saw the message in her in box, she was afraid that Nicole was going to ask her again to have lesbian sex with her, but Amy was pleasantly surprised at the more mature tone of the message. Nicole was now a senior in high school, and her message was basically a how-are-you-doing note with comments about what she was doing in her final year of high school. But Amy was most surprised by the paragraph where Nicole said that she had asked her brothers, Mitch and Steve, to be sure to delete all copies of the digital photos taken of Amy naked at the panty auction. Amy had worried about those photos showing up on the internet, and she had been surprised to never see them anywhere; those photos still existed on the printed one-sheet documents from that awful evening, and Amy just hoped that they would never be scanned back into electronic form. Also, Nicole said that she was very disgusted by Knoxx's treatment of Amy at the last Sunday 5 PM meeting where Nicole had watched Knoxx thoroughly humiliate Amy in front of so many people, and so Nicole had decided to break with family tradition and not go to Bancroft University; she was now planning to go to University of Vermont. Amy was touched enough by Nicole's email that she had replied, and the two of them had exchanged notes several times subsequently and the subjects of sex and nudity were never mentioned; Amy actually considered Nicole to be a penpal-like friend now.

The therapist asked Amy about her work to see if maybe job stress might be a partial factor. But Amy loved her new job at the weekly suburban Boston newspaper. She had been hired as a reporter, but the job really was more of a jack-of-all-trades position, because she helped in other areas such as page layout and web site design. She even wrote a couple of editorials, and she hit the streets a few times to solicit advertisements from local merchants.

But the newspaper was in financial trouble, because of the poor economy and competition from the internet. There were no layoffs, but several people resigned and their positions were not refilled. Amy was more than willing to jump in and help with those other tasks; she just loved the dynamic of working for a real newspaper. However, the shaky financial position of the paper caused her to treat this as kind of a temporary job, and she kept her eyes and ears open for other employment opportunities just in case the firm folded. Robbins thought that the uncertain job picture might be related to the nightmares, but Amy absolutely rejected that possibility because she was enjoying her work so much.

Dr. Robbins also suggested filing a lawsuit again Bancroft. The therapist was certain that the university had over-reacted to Amy's streaking. The punishment was far too harsh for the minor offense. Amy seriously considered suing the university, and she might have had a partner in the suit.

One day a few months ago, she got a phone call from Vince Garoni, the biology professor who was also head of the Bancroft photography club. Garoni had been fired by the school, because he did not hand over to Chancellor Knoxx the explicit, naked pictures that his club had taken of Amy. In fact, on his last day of work, Garoni said that he had destroyed all of the printed photos and all of the negatives from those two nude photoshoots. Amy believed him because all of those pictures were taken with film cameras rather than electronic digital cameras, and because she frequently Googled herself on the internet to see if any pictures or articles about her punishment appeared. The only one that she found was on tabloid newspaper's web site in a section called "Nudes in the News", and it showed her naked breasts as she popped up from under the water in that fountain while retrieving the coins, but that photo was not from Garoni's photoshoots. She never found any evidence that any of the explicit photos taken during those two sessions were posted anywhere on the internet or published in a magazine.

Garoni wanted to file suit against the university for wrongful termination, because he had the written agreement with Amy not to distribute those photos in any fashion, and he felt he was fired because he would have had to violate that agreement in order to keep his job. Amy had contacted her father's lawyer, Ken Marriott, and she and Garoni met with Marriott to discuss the case.

But ultimately, they decided not to pursue the lawsuit for a few reasons. First, Garoni had destroyed the photos, which would have been crucial evidence. Also, those photos actually belonged to the university rather than to Garoni personally; so, he had destroyed university property. Second, Garoni's agreement with Amy was very unofficial; it was merely a sheet of paper with a hastily written paragraph and the signature of Amy, Garoni, and each of the club members. The signatures had not been witnessed by legal entity such as a lawyer or a notary public. Marriott was certain that it would not hold up in court. Third, on graduation day, Amy had shredded the report from Knoxx's committee along with the list of violations, and so, Amy didn't have any meaningful documentation to use in the suit.

And the fourth reason was most important to Amy. Since she was keeping an open mind about having to look for another job, she would need Bancroft to send either a transcript of her grades or a verification of her degree to a potential employer. And Ken Marriott pointed out that Knoxx would probably hold up sending a transcript or a verification letter if Amy filed a suit against him or the university. She just didn't want to take that risk, and in the end, she told Robbins and Marriott that she didn't want to do it. She was sorry for Garoni's sake, but she later learned that he had found a new job at University of New Hampshire.

And Dr. Robbins had asked Amy to frankly discuss her relationship with Dwight. This brought a big smile to Amy's face, because Dwight was the best part of her life now. They spent almost every weekend together. Dwight was living at home with his parents in nearby Brookline, Massachusetts. He was working on his MBA at Boston University, because he had been unable so far to find a job in his field of geology near Boston. He recently had an offer from an oil company in Jacksonville, Florida, and another from a municipal utility company in the Chicago suburbs, but he wanted to remain near Amy. They were both confident that he would eventually find a suitable job in the Boston area.

They had several common interests including being Boston Red Sox and Boston Bruins fans plus lovers of classical music. But the real reason for Amy's big smile was the wonderful sex life that they enjoyed together. Every lovemaking session seemed to bring something new and exciting to both of them.

Finally, Dr. Robbins asked Amy to invite Dwight to come to one of her weekly therapy sessions. After the introductions, the couple sat on the couch and held hands as Robbins said, "Amy, you are very interesting person. You came to me to figure out how to stop the nightmares, and frankly, my dear, I'm stumped. I thought that just talking with you about them and analyzing things in your life would do the trick, but it hasn't." She turned to Dwight and said, "Dwight, you seem to be a big help to her with these nightmares. I realize that they still happen with you there, but not very often." And she turned back to Amy and continued, "So, Amy, I do have a suggestion on how you can minimize the bad dreams, and possibly get rid of them."

Amy smiled and said, "Doc, that would be great. What do you suggest?"

The therapist just said, "Why don't you two get married?"

Amy turned to Dwight and saw the little twinkle in his eyes and she gasped, "You knew she was going to say this, didn't you? You didn't just meet her for the first time this morning, did you? You were in on this all along, weren't you?" He gave her a big smile but just nodded. She giggled as she went on, "So, boyfriend, is this a marriage proposal?"

Dwight gave her a serious smile, pulled a ring box from his pocket, got down on a knee, pulled the ring from the box, and said, "Amy, you are the love of my life. Will you marry me?"

Amy started crying and through her tears she said, "Yes, yes, yes. A thousand times, yes." And he slid the ring onto her outstretched finger.

The End