**Who is Lynda Bare?**

by Dormouse

**Who is Lynda Bare? - Pt 1**

The limousine came round to the side of the hotel to pick them up so as to not to alert people as to what was about to happen. Amanda got in the back between Zoë and Greg, feeling rather odd as the limo pulled out of the car park and onto the country road leading to town. Soon they were travelling through a built-up area and the town’s main shopping street came into view.

“Feeling nervous?” asked Zoë as they pulled up.

“I’m about to walk naked into a bookshop,” said Amanda. “Of course I’m nervous!”

It had all started for Amanda several weeks earlier when her agent had suggested she go for an interview at a PR firm. She turned up at their offices and was ushered into an office of modern design. A smartly dressed woman greeted her and introduced herself as Zoë Walker. She had Amanda’s CV open on a tablet before her.

“I see you’ve done a bit of everything,” said Zoë by way of introduction. “You could be just the person we’re looking for. But first, I must swear you to absolute secrecy concerning what I’m about to tell you. Even if you don’t get the job, I must ask you not discuss anything I tell you today outside this office. Do you agree?”

Amanda said she did.

“OK,” continued Zoë. “I don’t know if you’ve heard of the Lynda Bare blog.” Amanda thought she had heard something about it but couldn’t remember the details. “Well, it purports to be the adventures of a young woman who likes going around naked – going to pubs and clubs, shopping, travelling on public transport. It’s proved very popular, and a publisher has got the book rights. The author has expanded the material that appeared in the blog into a full narrative. We’re doing the publicity for the launch and normally we’d send the author on a signing tour.

“The trouble is, the author is actually a middle-aged man with a bald head, a moustache and a beer belly. He made up all the stories and Lynda does not really exist. What we want is someone pretending to be Lynda going around doing the signings. The real author is happy to stay at home and receive all the royalties.

“So, if you want this job, the first thing you have to do is take your clothes off.”

Amanda jumped at the chance. Pretending to be someone else on stage was one thing, to try and do it in real life was a challenge she couldn’t pass on. And maybe she could play herself in the film version when it was made. OK, she’d have to take her clothes off, but you have to be an exhibitionist to be an actor.

Preparations for the grand unveiling of Lynda Bare took some weeks. Amanda had to read the book and really familiarise herself with it so she could convince people the events described had happened to her. Publicity photographs were taken, one set discreet and one set explicit. She had done nude scenes before including some odd appearances on stage, but now she needed to be naked for extended sessions to get used to it. There was some worry about her face. She had appeared on television and film, but never in a leading role.

“We’ll change your hair style and a make-up artist can alter your look enough that even your friends won’t recognise you,” Zoë explained. “And you’re not going to be able to tell any of your friends about this until the tour is over. Fortunately, there are no detailed descriptions of Lynda in the book. She mentions her breasts a few times, and I think yours will do. And she’s unspecific about her hair up top. However, that will have to go. We know she’s clean shaven down there.”

The trial run was arranged for a small branch of Searock’s bookshops in a small town in the north of England. Amanda was introduced to Greg, who was to be her minder and protect her from any untoward attention her nudity might provoke. Amanda took one look at Greg’s ruggedly handsome face and she went all aquiver.

“And who’s going to protect Greg from me,” she asked jokingly.

“Ah, quis custodiet ipsos custodes?” replied Zoë, showing off her classical education. “You try anything with him any you’ll have to answer to his boyfriend. And his boyfriend is even bigger than he is.”

And now – action – she was on. Trying to look confident, as if she had been doing this for years, she stepped from the car onto the pavement, which was cold on her feet. There had been some publicity about the signing, posters had been up in the shop for a couple of weeks, but there had been no mention that she would be signing naked. Still, the name was now well enough known that a few people had turned out to see her. Amanda remembered the old advice about imagining your audience in their underwear. All well and good, but if they had been in their underwear, they’d have still been more dressed than she was. A flurry of first-night nerves and then the rush of performing for an audience kicked in and she was oblivious to her nudity.

The crowd collectively gasped and then let out a cheer when they saw her as the bookshop manager, who had been warned, shook her hand and led her into the shop were a desk had been set up. There was a picture, just a head and bare shoulders shot, and a pile of books waiting. She sat at the desk, which at least covered part of her up. She remembered that the wooden panel at the back of a desk is called a modesty panel. A bit late for modesty now, she realised.

The signing session itself was a bit of a daze. Many of the people were evidently fans of the blog and asked her about the events described in it. Yes, she said, she had once pretended to accidentally spill beer over herself in a pub so she had to take her clothes off in the bar and then wash them and dry them in the ladies’ loo. And yes, the barman now lets her drink free in that pub as long as she comes in naked, but she wouldn’t tell them the location of the pub as it is only small and she didn’t want it spoiled by large crowds coming to see her. Of course, none of this had actually happened, but it was in the book.

Her wrist ached at the end of all the signing, but even then the fans wouldn’t let her go. She realised that if she got up and stood in front of the desk, people would appreciate it more, and this proved to be the case. Finally, Zoë dragged her back to the waiting car.

“Wow, that was intense!” she exclaimed when they were safely inside the car. “When’s the next one?”

The trial was deemed a success. Rather than collapsing in a heap from all the exposure, Amanda had actually revelled in it, so it was time to go full-scale.

Once word had got around, the signing sessions proved to be very popular with the fans. When she was asked to do readings as well as signings, she agreed, able to use her actorly voice and her sense of theatricality. She stalked the audience, flirting with men and women alike. The adrenalin rush was immense.

Something quite odd happened after a few weeks of this. At one shop a book was thrust in front of her to sign and she looked up to ask who she should dedicate it to and found herself looking at a pair of breasts that put her own to shame, their owner being as naked as she was.

“Laura,” said the woman. “I’m a great fan of your blog. It’s changed my life.”

“Evidently,” said Amanda, with a grin. “I’m surprised you didn’t get arrested coming here like that.”

“Why?” asked Laura. “You haven’t got arrested.”

True, thought Amanda, but I’m doing it in controlled conditions. If I had done half of the things described in the book… Surely, she thought, if she had tried to travel to France naked on the Eurostar through the Channel Tunnel, something would have happened.

Soon it was quite common for naked women to queue up to have books signed. And Laura seemed to be following her around the country just to give her her support. She seemed to have started persuading her friends to join her bare on the street, cheering her on.

The naked woman asking her to sign one day seemed slightly older than her normal fan base, although the more mature fan wasn’t unknown.

“My daughter dared me to do this,” she explained, “and I said I’d do it if she did. And here’s Daniella. And I’m Jane.” She stepped to one side to reveal the daughter. Obligingly, someone took a picture of the three of them together “for the family album”.

**Who is Lynda Bare? - Pt 2**

As the tour reached its climax, Amanda realised she had been changed by the experience. She now rarely wore clothes even when relaxing in the hotel in the evening after a signing. It saved time, not getting dressed in the morning, she thought, as she sauntered into the hotel restaurant for breakfast. She saw Zoë was already down and she went over to join her. As she walked past the tables, she noticed the familiar effect she had on people, looking at her while trying not to give the impression they were looking at her.

Zoë was a bit of an enigma to Amanda. She didn’t seem to be affected by Amanda’s nudity, but she didn’t seem to be interested in men, either. She was dressed as usual in a severe business suit, no hint of femininity. She was asexual, married to her job. If only I could get her unbuttoned, Amanda thought.

Zoë looked up and acknowledged Amanda’s presence.

“And how are you this morning?” she asked.

“Great,” she said. “Being the centre of attention like this is doing my ego wonders. It’s going to be hard to adjust to going back to being normal when this is all over. Then again, maybe I won’t have to. Saw a news item on the telly before I came down about me! Seems there has been a knock-on effect and there is so much public nudity around now the police can’t be bothered to clamp down on it, unless it’s too blatant.”

The climax of the tour was a signing at a big bookshop in London followed by filming an appearance on a chat show. “Hosted by that camp comedian,” Zoë said.

But things started badly. The car was ten minutes late at the hotel, although Amanda didn’t think to go back into the hotel to wait and was standing there on the street. When it did arrive, it barely crawled out of the hotel into a queue of stationary traffic. An accident somewhere else in London, coupled with major road works, meant traffic was at a standstill all over the city. They were going to be very late.

Amanda had lived in London, and knew Londoners never went any where by car. She knew what to do.

“There’s a tube station over there. That’ll be much quicker,” she explained, and hopped out of the car leaving Zoë and Greg to follow. She didn’t have her Oyster card with her so she had to let Zoë buy a ticket from the machines. As they started descending the escalator, Zoë turned to her.

“Are you sure you want to do this, it is pretty crowded down here?” she asked.

“I’m Lynda Bare, it’s what I do.” But, as soon as she said that, she stopped to think about what she was doing, and that nearly terrified her. It was one thing to walk around a hotel or a bookshop, but getting on to a crowded tube train was going to be a whole different matter. She was definitely getting stares from the other people on the escalator.

But she’d reckoned without the etiquette of riding on the tube. You always avoid eye contact with your fellow passengers. Mind you, the man she found herself pressed up against on the train had certainly noticed her – the movement she could feel in his trousers told her that – but he fixedly stared into the distance, trying to pretend she wasn’t there.

Tourists were another matter, and there was much brandishing of smartphones and other electronic devices.

Even the staff were courteous. As she went through the ticket barrier on the way back to the surface, the man checking that no-one tried to jump the barriers cried out, “Hello Lynda, loved your book.”

From the tube station, it was a short walk to the bookshop and the crowd waiting almost didn’t notice she was there. After all, she wasn’t the only naked woman on the pavement. Her travelling fan club had now reached double figures. Laura was there, and she was the one who spotted Amanda walking down the street.

“Here’s Lynda!” she shouted, and everyone turned to look. Amanda privately thought that actually, Laura had the better body than she did and they should really be looking at her, but that’s show business.

The streets were still congested when the signing was over, but they had plenty of time to get to the television studio.

“Let’s walk,” suggested Amanda, and set off down the street. Zoë wasn’t too sure about this.

“Maybe you’re going too far,” she said, worried. “You really could get arrested.”

“Nonsense,” she replied, “If they tried to arrest me now, they’d have a riot on their hands.”

And so it proved. They made their way through the streets relatively unmolested, apart from the inevitable tourists taking her photograph or videoing her, or stopping her to have their photographs taken with her.

The receptionist at the studio looked up as they entered and gave her a big grin.

“Well, I know who you are. Someone will be here to collect you in a minute. Do you want to wait somewhere more private?” she asked.

“Why should I want somewhere private?” she responded, disingenuously. “I’ve got nothing to hide.”

They were ushered into a room where they waited for the host and the director to arrive to discuss how the programme was going to go. When the host came into the room, he also had a big grin on his face.

“Oh, my,” he said, “I wondered if you were going to turn up like this once I heard of your reputation. This is going to be a first for this show. Are the rest of you going to be naked?” he asked, giving Greg a long stare. Greg grinned back and signalled the host that he was not available.

Then Amanda was approached by two young women to go to make-up and to have a microphone fitted. The sound technician seemed especially enthusiastic.

“Normally, we’d fit a microphone into your clothes,” she explained, “but obviously we can’t do that. Then I remembered that Canadian TV show where they have naked women reading the news. They use flesh-coloured microphones worn round the throat, with the electronic gubbins hidden under their hair, so that’s what we’re going to do. And let me say, I’m a great fan of yours.”

Amanda was sure that the two of them were a bit over-enthusiastic in their tackling their respective tasks. Did the make-up artist really have to apply make-up right down there? And did the sound technician really need to feel her breasts when fitting the microphone. Amanda wondered what the two of them got up to in private.

And then the recording started. As she came on, Amanda wondered how much the TV station was going to show “below the waterline” as it were, and when she saw the playback later she was surprised as to how much was shown. Things were definitely changing.

The host started the interview by mentioning her “fan club”.

“And we’ve invited some of them here tonight,” he announced, as he went down to walk in the audience. And sure enough, there in the front row were a whole group of naked women. Amanda recognised Laura and even Jane and Daniella were there. The host spoke mainly to Laura, dropping a smattering of saucy innuendo into the conversation: “So, it says her, you have the biggest breast of her fans, no, sorry, it says, you are the biggest of her fans.” The audience tittered.

When he returned to interviewing Amanda, he had a surprise that hadn’t been mentioned in the preparation. He had a laptop computer on a table beside him and brought up a number of videos that had been posted just that afternoon showing Amanda walking around London and travelling on the tube. Amanda was gobsmacked. She hadn’t been aware that so many people had been photographing her.

One of the other guests on the show was a Hollywood actress over in Britain to promote her latest film. It turned out that she had done a number of nude scenes in films, and the pair of them got into quite an intense discussion about the differences between appearing nude on a film set and walking down a public street naked. The actress conceded that on the set, everything was controlled, everyone was going about doing their jobs. None of this was the case for Amanda.

“But the adrenalin rush is great,” Amanda said. “You should try it some time.”

“Well, that would be one way of getting publicity,” the actress replied. “Maybe not the publicity the studio wants, though.”

And then it was over, and it was back to the hotel, by car this time as the streets were clearer now. The next morning, Amanda went down to breakfast, still naked. It was definitely now a habit.

“Well, it’s over,” she said to Zoë, “I suppose I should go and get dressed and go into hiding until all the fuss has died down.”

“I wanted to talk to you about that,” replied Zoë. “You see, the publisher and the author have been negotiating. This has been such a success, and sales are going so well, they want to do a sequel, this time about your experiences doing the publicity tour. So we’d like you to be Lynda Bare for a few more months, public appearance, game shows, and stuff. What do you think?”

“Yes!” Amanda replied.

Oh dear, thought Zoë, I hope we haven’t created Frankenstein’s monster.