**My Story**

by Les

**Part 1**

I’ve always been a bit of an exhibitionist. Even going back to junior high school, I opted for skirts over jeans and took every opportunity to let the boys (and girls) get a glimpse of my knickers. In high school I wore my skirts just as short as I could get away with. I learned a little trick where I would push my skirt down as low as I could get it on my hips, making it seem longer and throw a sweater over my outfit. Only once or twice did Mom make me change out of a skirt because it was too short. If she saw how I really wore them she would have never let me out of the house in them. I grew up in a small town and Mom would have died if she knew how I was really dressing.  
  
By the time I was a senior in high school I had developed quite a reputation. I always sat like a proper young lady at home, knees together or legs crossed at all times. Home was about the only place I did this, though. At school I was always keeping my legs a little bit apart. People thought I was careless, or maybe a little eccentric, but everyone knew what color my knickers were. Most people thought I was a slut but the boys that I went out with knew I was a tease. I was still a virgin on graduation day. I had only let a couple boys feel me up and the closest I got to having sex was with one special guy who I let see me completely naked. Sex for us was getting naked, him feeling me up, and me giving him a handjob. We dated for about 4 months and did this just about every weekend. He wanted to go further but I didn’t let him.  
  
While I loved showing my underwear to everyone, I didn’t know that what a turn-on it was to be embarrassed and vulnerable until just before graduation. With a couple weeks left of school I was sitting around with a bunch of girls. Julie was the new kid and my next door neighbor. I didn’t know her very well. She had transferred to our school halfway through senior year. Her parents were both executives for a big company and traveled a lot. Julie had an au pair that lived in with them and she took care of Julie during her parents frequent business trips. Anyway, we were sitting around thinking about what to do and someone suggested going to the local deli. A couple of the girls didn’t have any money so they didn’t want to go.  
  
“Well, maybe the slut can spread her legs and get the guy to give us some free Cokes or something. How about it Amy, you spread your legs everywhere. Will you flash for some Cokes so we can go to the deli?” Julie taunted. Everyone laughed and I blushed. I couldn’t explain it but I was getting aroused by Julie’s taunting. “You could take your knickers off and we’ll get free Cokes for sure,” she continued. Everyone was laughing and teasing me. I found myself wanting to do it.  
  
“What, you think I’m just going to go ask the guy at the deli if we can have free Cokes if I let him look up my skirt? Just like that?”   
  
“Sure, why not?” Julie said, laughing. Everyone got quiet as they realized that I hadn’t said “no” to this idea. I was getting very horny and was hoping Julie would push this. She did. “I’ll ask the guy if you’re willing to put on the show. How’s that?” she said. All eyes were on me. I couldn’t claim that I was too modest. I had my legs open most of the time anyway and never minded who saw it.  
  
“OK, I’ll do it but you have to ask the guy,” I said. Everyone laughed. I was so turned on.  
  
“Great, let’s go to the deli!” Julie said. “You should probably take your undies off before we get there, though.”  
  
“Huh?” I hadn’t agreed to take my knickers off. I had never flashed my bare pussy to anyone. Everyone was looking at me like I had agreed to this. “I have to take my knickers off?” I asked.  
  
“Of course, silly. The guy has probably already seen your knickers, anyway. Everyone in this town has. Why would he give us free Cokes for that?” Julie was the ring leader but my 3 other friends were pitching in with her and they all expected me to do this. And I was so horny at this point. So, I agreed and we all climbed into a car and headed for the deli.  
  
Soon I found myself in the back seat of a car with my 4 friends. I was in the middle and had one leg on either side of the hump thing on the floor. I was wearing a very short skirt and my knickers were now in the front seat. Julie was up front in the passenger seat. When she turned to look in the back seat she was looking right between my spread legs.   
  
“You might want to blot before we go into the deli,” Julie said. I was so embarrassed! This whole thing had made me wet and now my friends were talking about my wet pussy. You could see my pubic hair glistening from the moisture. I couldn’t think about anything but how horny this was making me. It just got worse when Julie passed my knickers back and I used them to wipe away the moisture between my legs. Everyone was laughing at me.  
  
Julie handled the negotiations at the deli and really embarrassed me. She offered the guy a view of my pussy for the Cokes. I had to lift my skirt to prove to him that I was naked underneath. Then Julie selected a seat for me where the deli guy could see me and became the self-appointed judge of how far apart my legs should be. We were there for an hour with the guy looking at me every chance he got. And my friends, led by Julie, of course, teased me unmercifully about whoring for Cokes all the way home. They dropped me off at my house and I was inside before I realized that Julie still had my knickers.  
  
I was so horny I masturbated as soon as I got home. I had the best orgasm of my life thinking about what had happened. I had never shown off like that before and the teasing and embarrassment provided by Julie was so hot. After dinner I masturbated again. Around 8:00 I called Julie and asked her if I could come over to get my knickers. She laughed and told me to come on over. I was out the door right away. I couldn’t wait to see her again.  
  
Julie’s au pair answered the door. She was a pretty girl and I later learned that she was 19 years old. Julie’s parents were both out of town and I was surprised that such a young girl was Julie’s adult supervision. Julie was 17 and I had just turned 18 a few days ago. The au pair was just a little bit older than we were! She invited me in and offered me a seat in the living room while she told Julie I was there. Julie came down and sat down.  
  
“So Amy, it’s unusual to see you sitting with your knees locked together,” Julie said with a laugh. I blushed. I didn’t want to sit like I normally did since I was still not wearing knickers. Julie wouldn’t get off the subject, though, and soon I had my knees about a foot apart. Julie noticed immediately that I wasn’t wearing underwear and she laughed at me. I could feel myself getting aroused again. I asked her if we could go up to her room and talk. I wanted to talk about this afternoon but I didn’t want her au pair overhearing the conversation.  
  
“Sure, we can go to my room, but first I want to do something. Don’t move a muscle, ok?” I nodded and she smiled at me. “Estelle!” she called out. I froze. The au pair came into the room and there I was in a short skirt, no underwear, and my legs spread. Estelle laughed when she saw me.  
  
“This must be the girl that was showing her twat for Cokes at the deli!” she laughed and Julie laughed with her. I was mortified. “I hope you had her legs spread further apart than that in the deli! All you can really see is pubic hair,” Estelle said. She looked directly at me. “If you want to show off sweetie you should shave that forest you have growing down there. Julie told her we were going up to her room and up we went.  
  
The next hour was surreal. We sat on Julie’s bed and talked about the afternoon. Julie made sure I was on display the whole time and I confessed to her how horny I had been during and after my exhibition. I told her how I loved the feeling of being embarrassed and how her imagination and creativity had pushed me over the edge. I found myself telling her I wanted her to help me create embarrassing situations and I wanted to really show myself off. She listened to me ramble on, nodding and smiling the whole time. Finally I ran out of things to say.  
  
“So, what you’re saying is you want to be my personal Barbie doll? I can dress you up and pose you just like my Barbie doll? And you want me to embarrass you?” Julie asked. It sounded awful when she put it like that but that was exactly what I was asking her to do. She got up and went into her closet and came back with a Barbie doll. She held it up to my face and laughed at me. “Know how I like my Barbie dolls?” she asked. She was stripping the doll as she asked this. I sat mesmerized while she took Barbie’s dress off and held the naked doll up for me to see. “Come on, Amy doll, strip!” My hands were shaking as I took off my skirt, blouse, and bra.

**Part 2**  
  
I stood there naked in front of Julie. She laughed at me. “This is kinda cool! Are you embarrassed?”  
  
“Embarrassed and horny!” I answered.  
  
“Well, don’t get carried away with this, Amy doll. I’m not your girlfriend…I’m not sure I’m even your friend. I had fun embarrassing you today and I’m going to enjoy doing it tomorrow and the next day, but remember that I’ll be laughing at you, not with you. If we do this we’re going to do it my way. If it’s fun for me I’ll keep doing it but I’m not responsible for you. I’m not going to watch out for you or protect you, I’m just going to embarrass you. You decide for yourself if you want to continue, got it?” Julie lectured me. Somehow knowing she wasn’t my friend or looking out for my best interests made this all even more exciting. I told her I understood her.  
  
“Now, I think I know a way to make this a little more embarrassing for you,” Julie laughed. As she spoke she tugged at my pubic hair. I froze for a minute, knowing what was coming. I instantly decided that I would shave it all off. I didn't wait for her to tell me to do it, I volunteered to do it as soon as I got home.  
  
“Oh, why wait? Go find Estelle and tell her what you want to do. I’m sure she can get all the supplies you need,” Julie said with a smirk.  
  
I blushed from head to toe. I couldn’t believe I was going to go tell a complete stranger I wanted to shave my pubic hair and ask for supplies. I couldn’t deny the rush I was feeling from this humiliating order, though. “Do you have a robe I can borrow or should I just get dressed?” I asked.  
  
“Neither, sweetie, just go as you are. Nobody is home but Estelle and my parents are both out of town. I’m sure Estelle will understand that you can’t shave your pussy with your clothes on,” Julie said laughing at me. I can’t really describe what was going on in my head as I left Julie’s bedroom stark naked to find Estelle. I can describe what was going on between my legs, though. I was soaking wet!  
  
Estelle didn’t seem all that surprised to see me. She just seemed amused. I was so embarrassed I could barely speak and when I finally did manage to tell her what I wanted she laughed and told me to follow her. She rummaged around in the bathroom on the main floor and handed me two fresh disposable razors, scissors, a hand mirror, some shaving gel, and some aloe lotion. “Do come back and show me when you’re done, OK?” she said chuckling. I agreed and headed back to Julie’s room. I didn’t want to think about the impression I had made on Estelle.  
  
When I got near Julie’s room I heard her laughing. I walked in to find her on the phone. “…here she is now with an armload of supplies to shave her pussy. Yes, she is…naked as can be. She is! Look, I’ll prove it.” Julie pointed the phone at me and it flashed. Shit! She just took my picture. “Ok, here it comes. You’ll see I wasn’t lying…yeah, come on over…Estelle will let you in. Ok…bye,” She clicked the phone closed.  
  
“Before you start, Amy doll, run down and tell Estelle we’re expecting company and ask her to let them in when they get here,” Julie said.  
  
“Company? Who were you talking to? And who did you just send my picture to? I don’t think I want you taking naked pictures of me? Please don’t send it to anyone else, OK? And who’s coming here?” I blurted out everything without giving Julie a chance to answer. She just waved my questions away.  
  
“Go tell Estelle there are people coming over and then get up here and start shaving. All you need to know is this will be embarrassing for you. Do it or you can go home now and our little game is over. I’m not going to bother with you if you’re going to refuse to do everything I ask. What’s it going to be?”  
  
I put the shaving supplies down and told Estelle about the company coming over. She giggled and told me she’d take care of it. “Be careful shaving! You don’t want to cut yourself down there!” she shouted at me as I headed back up the stairs.  
  
I ran some water in the tub and while it was filling I sat over the toilet and trimmed my pubic hair as short as I could get it. Julie watched and snapped another picture of me with her phone. I wanted to stop her from taking pictures but I was so horny I wasn’t thinking straight. The picture of me trimming myself was vulgar! I had my legs spread wide and both hands by my crotch. And I was wet! Finally I finished with the scissors and got in the tub. It took about 15 minutes to shave all the hair. Julie snapped two more pictures while I was doing it. I will never understand why, but I just let her photograph me. I didn’t even complain. Julie left the room and I finished up with the shaving and spread the aloe over my now hairless crotch. When I was done I looked in the mirror and a wave of embarrassment came over me. I looked like I was 10 years old! I’m not a large girl and I have small breasts (b cup, if you must know) and without my pubic hair I looked like a child. Julie was right about shaving making my nudity more embarrassing.   
  
As I walked into the bedroom I saw Julie on the phone again. “…yes, she’ll be totally naked…yes, she’s standing here right now….no, Estelle will answer the door…oh, OK, I suppose that would be embarrassing…OK, I’ll have her do it…OK, see you when you get here….bye,” She looked at me and whistled. I blushed and she chuckled. “Before you even think about it…don’t ask. You’ll find out who is coming when you let them in the door. Go show Estelle your new look and tell her you’ll get the door when our company comes.”  
  
I was speechless but so turned on. I couldn’t believe how much my life had changed in the last few hours. I did as instructed and found Estelle. She complimented me on my shaving job and agreed that I looked 10 years old. I told her I would answer the door so she need not bother. “Are you getting dressed or are you answering the door like that?” she asked. That question brought me back to reality and the enormity of what I was about to do hit me like a ton of bricks. Estelle laughed when I couldn’t answer the question. “I think I’ll have to stick around and watch this.”  
  
Julie came downstairs and she and Estelle discussed my shave job and my body like I wasn’t there. I was squirming around from the intense arousal but kept quiet. “It looks like she’s ready to start fingering herself right here in front of us,” Estelle said.   
  
“Oh, it’s a bit early for that but I’m sure she’ll be doing that later on,” Julie said. There was an awkward silence and then the doorbell rang. Both girls looked at me and I wanted to die right on the spot. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was open that door. When I opened the door I was conscious of flashes going off in front of me and behind me. I had been photographed nude again!

**Part 3**

That night was the most embarrassing night of my life! Julie had managed to let everyone in our circle of friends know I was naked and they should come over to see. My closest friends, some of them with boyfriends that I didn’t know, and a couple of boys, one of them with a girlfriend that I didn’t like, all saw me spend several hours as the only naked person in the room. I couldn’t just tell everyone that I had let Julie intentionally embarrass me. I had to act like it was my choice and preference to be naked. That made it so much more embarrassing for me.   
  
I learned a few things that night that could only be learned by being the only naked girl in a room full of dressed people. First, I learned that people will feel like its OK to stare. I learned that every one seems to have a camera phone and that people with camera phones will take your picture a lot. I learned that people will openly discuss your body if you’re the only one naked. This is not such a good thing if you have b-cup titties and look like you’re 14 without pubic hair. I also learned that people with clothes will act superior to you when you’re naked. I learned that if you sit with your legs spread, showing off your knickers all the time, your friends will expect you to sit like that when you’re naked, too (blush). I also learned that all of this made me terribly horny. Finally, I learned that Julie is very creative. She always managed to start little conversations about me as if I was a piece of meat and then just move on. She seemed to be able to bring a conversation about any subject back to naked me.  
  
I was so horny I couldn’t think straight. I should have been concerned with all the camera phones pointed at me but all I could think about was if I could sneak out for a few minutes and masturbate. I thought about just going into the bathroom and getting myself off but I realized I’d need about 15 minutes to get off and compose myself before I could walk back into the room naked. I asked Julie if there was someplace I could go to masturbate. She just laughed at me and suggested standing on the coffee table in the living room would be a great place. I declined her offer but I only got more aroused thinking about what she suggested.   
I would never live it down, of course, if I just hopped up on the table and started fingering myself. I managed to keep my hands off myself for the two hours or so everyone was over at Julie’s house. I am sure a lot of the people there could tell how excited I was.  
  
Since it was a school night the party broke up pretty early. I couldn’t wait to get home and relieve myself. Unfortunately, Julie had other ideas and, after every one had left, Julie, Estelle, and I sat around talking about the experience. Both girls teased me about the show I had put on and how I had added to my reputation. I guess being naked all night would make people believe I was a slut but I hadn’t done anything slutty other than that. It wasn’t like I was giving blow jobs or letting people screw me. I pointed that out and both girls just laughed. Estelle said, “Maybe next time.”  
  
After a little while Julie announced she was going to bed. “See you at school tomorrow, Amy-doll,” she said. I was disappointed that she hadn’t given me some instructions for embarrassing myself at school the following day. At that point I was so horny I would have agreed to anything. As it turned out, I skipped school the following day, anyway. I stayed up pretty late masturbating and still couldn’t get to sleep. I told my Mom I wasn’t feeling well. She wanted to take me to the doctor but I convinced her I’d be OK and she went to work. I was naked and playing with myself before her car was out of the driveway. Aside from sending a long e-mail to Julie, all I did all day long was masturbate.  
  
My e-mail to Julie was long. I thanked her profusely for providing such an erotic experience. I let her know that I had spent hours masturbating and thinking about it. I was so appreciative. After all, I had been showing myself off for years and never did anything so blatant before. She engineered the most arousing exhibitionist experience of my life so easily. I wanted more and I told her so. In fact, I told her I’d do just about anything she thought up. I talked about practical limits, like I wasn’t about to walk naked into a police station or anything, but I told her that I would never use the excuse that something was “too embarrassing” or “too humiliating”. I also said I wouldn’t refuse anything without a discussion. I wanted to be her Amy-doll and I wanted her to make me feel like I did last night. I encouraged her to be mean and cruel to me. I masturbated a couple times while composing the e-mail. Finally, I was sated and I took a nap.   
  
I woke up around 1:00 in the afternoon. I was feeling much better after my nap. I was also no longer horny beyond belief. I dressed in a skirt and a t-shirt, not bothering with underwear since I wasn’t planning to go out. Reality began to set in and I started thinking about what all my friends must be thinking of me. I thought about all the pictures that were taken last night. Posing for naked pictures was a long-time fantasy of mine but I wasn’t sure I was ready to make it real. It was a little late for that now, though. Last night and this morning I was rubbing my pussy thinking about my naked pictures being posted on the ‘Net. Now I was worried about it. Some of the people that saw me and photographed me last night weren’t exactly friends. I figured it was inevitable that some of those pictures would make it to the ‘Net.  
  
I also thought about the e-mail I had sent to Julie. What seemed like a good idea when I was so horny now seemed kind of stupid and kind of dangerous. I know I had made a lot of commitments in that e-mail. I wasn’t feeling so good about those commitments right about now. I logged onto the ‘Net to re-read that e-mail. I don’t know what I thought I could do about it now that it was sent. I should have guessed that Julie would check her e-mail from school. She had already read my embarrassing e-mail and responded to it. I was so nervous I was shaking as I opened up her response.  
  
Julie wrote: Hi Amy-doll! I was a little surprised by your e-mail this morning! When you didn’t show up for school this morning I was thinking you were too embarrassed to show your face. You should be! Everyone is talking about you! LOL I showed your e-mail around and everyone laughed at the real reason you stayed home! I had a great time last night and I’m really gonna enjoy having you as my little dress-up doll. I’ll be home around 3 this afternoon and I want you at my house when I get there. Mom and Dad are still gone but Estelle will be home. I have some great ideas for outfits for you and I’m dying to try them out.  
Oh yeah, I almost forgot…check out this website!  
  
I was mortified. I re-read the e-mail I had sent to Julie and it was so embarrassing! And she had showed it around to people! My heart was pounding at the thought of other people seeing that e-mail. Worse, I didn’t know who had seen it. How could I ever face anyone again? And how was I going to face Estelle after last night’s performance. All she knew about me was that I got naked for everyone last night. I was so embarrassed. I clicked on the link in Julie’s e-mail and things got even worse.  
  
The link was to a site called Web Shots. It’s a place where people can upload pictures for everyone to see. The link was to an album called Amy-doll. I was stunned. There were pictures of me on the ‘Net. Lots of pictures! 84 to be exact. 84 pictures of me completely naked! I thought I was going to faint. Words can’t describe the feelings I had looking at all these pictures of me, knowing that anyone that knew they were there could see them. In addition to being completely mortified, I was immediately horny. So horny, in fact, that I spent the next hour with my hand up my skirt.  
  
As it got near 3:00 I cleaned myself up and dressed, with knickers this time, and headed over to Julie’s house. Her car wasn’t in the driveway, which was good since she said she wanted me there waiting for her when she got home. I was still very embarrassed about last night and was dreading seeing Estelle again. I knew she would laugh at me. How could she not laugh? I stood in front of the house for about 10 minutes before I got up the nerve to knock on the door.  
  
I had just about convinced myself that Estelle wouldn’t laugh at me and I rang the bell. I was trying to look as dignified as possible. Estelle opened the door and burst out laughing when she saw me. I blushed.  
  
“Julie said you were coming over. I didn’t believe her. I figured you’d be too embarrassed to show your face around here. Come in,” she said. It was a very awkward moment to say the least. She suggested I sit in the living room and I did. I was feeling self-conscious and I sat with my knees locked together. I’m sure the blush on my face was visible.  
  
“Well, aren’t we the modest one today” she taunted me. She sat across from me and spread her legs wide apart. Of course, she was wearing pants, not a short skirt like I was. “I thought you always kept your legs spread,” she laughed. She had a point. I didn’t sit this modestly even when my mother was around. Still, something in me, probably the intense embarrassment I was feeling, was making me keep my legs demurely closed. I was even wearing one of my longer skirts and I still felt exposed.  
  
“No matter, sweetie,” Estelle laughed. “I can see all of you anytime I want. You’re pictures are on the Internet, you know,” she said, enjoying my discomfort. I was mortified. Just then Julie came through the door.

**Part 4**

“Amy-doll! What are you doing with all those clothes on? Hi Estelle,” Julie said. I froze. She couldn’t expect me to strip again, right here in the living room. I didn’t move. I just continued to sit there, knees locked together. I made no move to take my clothes off. I was overwhelmed with feelings of embarrassment. I could feel my knickers getting moist, though.  
  
“What’s the matter, sweetie? Is this too embarrassing for you?” Julie laughed. She took some papers out of her purse and handed them to Estelle. “Check out this e-mail Amy-doll sent me.” I cringed. It was bad enough that she was letting Estelle read that horribly embarrassing e-mail but it was even worse that she was reading it right in front of me. Even worse was that I had agreed to do anything Julie asked me to do, no matter how embarrassing it was. And right now she wanted me to strip.  
  
“OK, lets try this another way. Amy-doll, I’m not going to argue with you every time I want you out of your clothes. So, here’s what we’re going to do. Follow me! Julie walked to he front door and stepped out. I followed her outside and she shut the door. “I want you to go home and decide whether you meant all that shit you wrote in that e-mail or not. I had some really fun stuff planned for us today but I’m not interested in arguing with you. I’ll give you 30 minutes to decide if we’re done with this game or not. If you don’t want to play, just stay home. If you do want to play, be back here by 3:45. Oh, yeah, one more thing. If you come back, you come back naked.”  
  
“Julie! What do you mean ‘come back naked’?” I asked, afraid of the answer.  
  
“I mean exactly what you think I mean. I’m not asking you to strip again today. If you want to continue our game you can strip at your house and run your little naked butt over here. I know your mom is at work and you can wear some of my clothes to get back home again,” she said.  
  
“But I could be seen! I can’t run over here naked in the middle of the day!” I pleaded with her.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, you could have stripped when I told you to but you didn’t. So, this is a little punishment for you. If you want to come back here you come back naked. If you’re not willing to come back naked, don’t come back at all!” she said.  
  
“I can’t streak the neighborhood! Please, Julie, let me come back inside. I’ll strip right away and I won’t be any trouble, I promise.”  
  
“Go home, Amy-doll,” she said and turned and went inside the door. I reluctantly walked home. I was so horny thinking about what I had to do! The whole exchange with Julie made me so horny I knew I couldn’t stop the game. I knew I was going to run across the yards to her house naked. I just didn’t know how I was going to get the nerve to do it! I cursed myself for not stripping when she told me to. I just needed a push to do it because it’s so embarrassing. Well, I got the push I wanted. A shove is more like it. I went straight to my bedroom and stripped. I still had 25 minutes to spare and I was standing naked just inside my front door. I opened the door and stuck my head out a few times but lost my nerve. Finally I decided I would count to twenty and go through the door and over to her house without stopping. I glanced at my watch and saw it was 3:25. I hit twenty and stepped through the door, quickly closing it, locking myself out, before I could lose my nerve. After a short run I was standing at Julie’s door completely naked, frantically ringing the bell. Nobody was answering it!  
  
“Aren’t you going to let her in?” Estelle asked with a laugh.   
  
“In a few minutes. She loves this stuff! Can you see what she’s wearing?” Julie answered.  
  
Estelle looked through the peephole. “She’s really close to the door so I can see all of her, but I think she’s naked,” Estelle laughed.  
  
“Let her squirm there for a few minutes then let her in. I’ll be upstairs. Send her up,” Julie said.  
  
I stood in the doorway of my next door neighbors house for five minutes that seemed like forever. I was terrified that someone would see me. I would have been screwed if she didn’t let me in. I was naked and locked out of my house in the middle of the afternoon! When Estelle let me in I was grateful to see her even though she was laughing at me and mocking me. I’m sure she could tell by my hard nipples and swollen pussy lips that embarrassment wasn’t the only thing going on with me, too.  
  
Julie was in her bedroom and she was laughing at me, too. “Sweetie, we both knew you were going to strip for me. Why did you make it so hard on yourself? I didn’t know how to answer her. She didn’t press me for an answer, though. She continued lecturing me like a child. “Look, Amy-doll, your little fetish is going to get you naked for lots of people. I didn’t think you wanted to show off for the neighborhood you live in, though. Maybe I’ve underestimated you!” she laughed. “I don’t really want you naked on my doorstep so don’t force me to make you do that again. Are we clear, Amy-doll?” I felt totally stupid as I nodded my agreement.  
  
Julie looked me up and down, appraising me. “You look horny, Amy-doll. Do you need to masturbate again?” I wasn’t expecting her to ask me that! The truth was that I did want to masturbate and I told her so in a very low voice. I was humiliated. She laughed at me. “OK, why don’t you masturbate while I pick out some clothes for you,” she said.  
  
“You mean here? Now?” I desperately wanted to masturbate but I had never done it in front of another person before.  
  
“Yes, now, no, not here. Go ask Estelle where you should masturbate,” she said.  
  
“Oh Julie, I couldn’t!” I was shocked at the very thought of doing that.  
  
“What’s the matter, Amy-doll? Too embarrassing for you?” She tossed the print-out of my e-mail to me. “Didn’t you tell me that nothing was too embarrassing for you? Were you lying to me?” I was trapped.  
  
“All right, Julie, you win. I’ll go ask Estelle.” This was the third of fourth time this afternoon that I had been embarrassed beyond what I thought was possible. Julie patted me on the head and told me I was a good girl. I was nearly in tears when I found Estelle. It’s not easy to approach someone you barely know, naked, and ask where you might masturbate. Predictably, she laughed in my face. She decided the living room was the best and a few minutes later I was sitting on the sofa. Estelle stood there smirking at me.  
  
“I don’t suppose I could have some privacy, Estelle?”   
  
“Oh no way, girl! I’m watching this. Get started!” Reluctantly I started rubbing my clit. I was so horny that I eventually closed my eyes and really started working on myself. I was tugging on my nipples and fingering myself. Aside from the occasional giggle from Estelle I wasn’t interrupted and I just imagined that I was alone and really enjoyed myself. I gave myself three strong orgasms. The third was especially strong and I arched my back and screamed as I climaxed. I heard applause and opened my eyes. Not only was Estelle watching me but Julie was there pointing a video camera at me!  
  
The two girls stood there laughing at me and discussing my masturbation technique right in front of me. I couldn’t do anything but sit there and take it. I had no idea how much of my performance Julie captured on video but I knew she got the big finish. I wondered what she would do with the video.  
  
“Come on, bimbo, we need to get you dressed. We’re going to the mall.  
  
I followed Julie upstairs to her bedroom. I asked her if I could get cleaned up and she wouldn’t let me. “You smell like sex. There’s no way I walk into a mall smelling like that! It would be way too embarrassing for me,” she said with a smirk. She saw the look of shock on my face and laughed. “It could be worse, sweetie. I was going to have you go to the mall wearing one of Dad’s shirts. You know, give you the ‘just fvcked’ look to go along with your just ‘jvst ...ed smell,” she continued. “Of course, you’re not going to like what you’re wearing instead,” she laughed. She tossed me a pink dress. It looked like a child’s dress and I said so.  
  
“Isn’t it great? I found it in the attic a while back. I was eleven years old when I wore that last,” she laughed. I was mortified. I couldn’t go out in public in this horrid dress. It was faded pink and had a high elastic waist just under the breast. There were 3 buttons up top. It just hung straight down from the high waist to the hem. I thought wearing this dress would be embarrassing until I put it on. I realized this was going to be thoroughly humiliating for me. The dress was way too small. I got it on but there was no way I could button any of the buttons on top. I don’t have cleavage but this dress showed a lot of chest skin. It was very obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra. The worst part was the length. The hem just barely reached the bottom of my butt. This dress was less than an inch from being indecent. I had never work a skirt this short and this dress was way more dangerous than any skirt!  
  
“I cannot go out like this! Everyone will know this stupid dress is all that I have on! People are gonna see everything!” I pleaded.  
  
“You catch on quick, Amy-doll. I’m sure it’s decent enough so you won’t get arrested and I’m optimistic that you won’t get tossed out of the mall. I don’t care whether it keeps you covered or not, but for the record, I agree with you…people are gonna see everything,” she laughed. She handed me a pair of high heels. “Put these on and we’ll be ready.”  
  
The shoes had a 5-inch heel. I had trouble walking in them. They also made my butt jut out just enough that the f-ing dress didn’t quite cover it. I begged Julie to let me wear tennis shoes instead.  
  
“Ok, you can wear tennis shoes but if you do, we’re going to have to go shoe shopping. Think about it, Amy-doll, do you really want to be shoe shopping in that dress? It’s Ok with me!” she laughed.  
  
There was no way I was shoe shopping in this dress. I reluctantly put on the shoes and we went out to the car. Mercifully, we didn’t see Estelle on the way out. I didn’t need to have her laughing at me in this outfit. In the car I had other worries. With the windows up, the smell of my arousal was obvious. I begged Julie to turn around and not do this. She laughed. All too soon we were at the mall.

**Part 5**

Julie passed up a bunch of good parking spaces and parked her car way out in the middle of nowhere. I saw at least a hundred empty parking spaces closer to the mall. As she was parking the car I pleaded with her to change her mind. I couldn’t imagine going into the mall in this obscenely short, ridiculous dress.  
  
“Julie, I know I said I wouldn’t refuse to do something because it was too embarrassing but I don’t think I can do this! This dress makes me look like a fool and a slut and it’s too short its too tight and most of my chest is showing and people are going to be able to look right up it! Please! Let’s do something else, OK?” I know I’m a bit of an exhibitionist but this dress was so humiliating and the thought of wearing it into the local mall was freaking me out. I’m used to flashing my knickers but I’ve always chosen the time and place to do it. I’m not going to be able to prevent flashes in this dress and it isn’t going to be knickers that I’m flashing. I was also fixated on another fact. This was a child’s dress and I’m 18 years old. I look totally stupid in it.  
  
“Amy-doll, you’re perfectly justified to be embarrassed. You do look like a fool and a slut in that dress. You got into this situation willingly. You asked me to do this to you. I didn’t pressure you into this. You are a fool, and you are a slut, so it’s only right that you look the part,” she said with a laugh. “I know this is embarrassing. It’s supposed to be embarrassing. You like being embarrassed.”  
  
“Julie, please! I don’t want to do this. Everybody from school hangs out at this mall! People I know are going to see me dressed like this! I want you to take me home right now!” I actually surprised myself with my forceful tone of voice. I was hoping Julie would see how serious I was about not wanting to walk into the mall in this dress.  
  
“Amy-doll, you should think about your position before you take that tone of voice with me again! I could force you to do anything I want you to do. You’re pretty vulnerable at the moment, don’t you think? I mean, you’re in my car, wearing nothing but my dress and my shoes, and you’re 10 miles from home. You could have a much bigger problem than a little embarrassment, don’t you think? Just think about what would happen if I got mad and made you give me back my clothes and get out of my car. If you don’t want me to leave your scrawny ass here naked and barefoot, you better not yell at me again,” Julie said. She seemed really angry when she said this, too.  
  
“Julie, I didn’t mean to yell at you. It’s just that I can’t do this. I look ridiculous and I may as well be naked. Please don’t make me do this,” I said. I was getting really scared at this point.  
  
“Well, that’s an improvement. At least you’re acknowledging that I can make you do this. I think it’s good that we both understand who is in charge here. Remember I’m only doing this because you asked me to and you asked me to embarrass you because you like it. It makes you horny. Are you horny, Amy-doll?”  
  
“I don’t see what that has to do with this. I thought we were friends, Julie,”  
  
“Friends? No, not really. I’ve lived next door to you for months and you’ve never really spoken to me before this week. When you thought you could use me for some perverted, kinky fun you became my best buddy. Now that things aren’t going exactly as you planned you want to claim friendship. I don’t see you as a friend, Amy-doll. You’re more like a toy to play with.”   
  
OK, I was scared before, but now I was terrified. I had never considered that I was using Julie. Obviously she had, and felt that using me in return was justified. I really felt that she should just take me home. As I write this I realize that every one of you readers is rooting for Julie to win this argument and make me get out of the car. All of a sudden I realized that Julie and I weren’t friends. I had put myself in a position of huge vulnerability with her and she just told me she thought of me as a toy. She could humiliate me horribly without any guilt or remorse. Between the fear and the vulnerability and the extremely revealing outfit I had on I was getting terribly horny. I realized that she would have no trouble carrying out her threat to take back her dress and shoes and leave me here. I nearly came when I realized that I was going into that mall no matter how I felt about it.  
  
I guess Julie saw the scared look on my face and felt sorry for me. She was obviously angry when she was lecturing me and threatening me. Now her tone was back to friendly. She offered me a way out. It only furthered my humiliation, though.  
  
“Amy-doll, I’ll make you a deal. If you can prove to me that you’re not getting off on this situation, I’ll drive you right home and give you a reasonable outfit to walk home in. If you’re really so scared your pussy should be dry as a bone. If it is, we’ll go home. If you’re wet, though, you’re gonna choose right now between going into that mall and doing everything I say and acting like you enjoy it, or giving me back my dress and walking home,” she said.  
  
I was sopping wet and was pretty sure I was leaving a big wet spot on her car sear. I told her I’d go into the mall with her.  
  
“Not so fast, Amy-doll. We have to check you out,” she said with a grin. I was very embarrassed about how much this situation was turning me on. I did not want to show her how wet I was. The dress was still covering my pussy while we sat in the car. Just barely covering it, but I was covered. I had one small vestige of dignity left. Her seeing me so aroused would crush that little bit of dignity into dust.  
  
“Hike the dress up and put two fingers up your pussy,” she said. I blushed deeply. I didn’t want to do this but I didn’t dare argue with her. No matter what happened, I did not want her throwing me out of her car naked. I did as she asked,  
  
“Now, fingers out and wipe them on the tip of your nose,” she said. She held up her cell phone camera and snapped a picture. Even though my dress was up around my waist and my legs were a bit open, she took a picture of my face. I was almost in tears as I wiped my very wet fingers on my nose. She snapped another picture of my face. She spent a minute or so looking at the pictures and laughing while I sat with my dress up and my fingers and nose wet from my arousal. She could tell from the look on my face that I was beaten.  
  
“I’m guessing you know what happens next, sweetie. If you don’t want to go to the mall I’ll   
take that dress now. And the shoes,” she said. I guess ‘want’ is a relative term. I didn’t want to go into the mall but I sure couldn’t get out of her car totally naked so far from home and just watch her drive off. I told her I wanted to go into the mall.  
  
“Excellent, Amy-doll! That’s the spirit!” she laughed. “Just a couple more things to do before we go in. First, you need a little perfume. Dip your fingers again.” I paused for a minute trying to pretend that I didn’t know what she wanted me to do. I could tell from the look on her face that she was running out of patience with me. I put my hand between my legs, blushing furiously.  
  
“Swish them around good, Amy-doll, then dab your earlobe for me. That’s good, sweetie, now dip again and do the other earlobe.” She kept me doing this until I had hit all the pressure points. She had me finish with my nose. The whole car smelled of my pussy.  
  
“OK, out you go,” she said as she opened her door. Reluctantly I got out of the car. She pulled me to the front of the car and stopped me.  
  
“I want to see something. You’re going to do a pirouette for me. Just like a ballerina. Hands up, fingertips touching over your head and do a nice slow turn.” I saw her get the camera phone ready. I raised my arms and the hem of the dress came up as well. When I was in the required position the hem was around my waist.  
  
“Now, I may want to show you off to some people in the mall. If I tell you to pirouette for me, that’s how you do it. Don’t worry that your dress is up to your waist. That’s the whole point. Also, I’ll be using this as a punishment for you today. If you don’t want to be pirouetting in the Food Court I suggest you pay close attention to me and do everything you’re told right away. We’re here to embarrass you, not me. You’re doing this willingly and I won’t allow you to act like I’m forcing you into anything. Are we clear?” I agreed. I was standing with my arms over my head and my dress around my waist in public in broad daylight, It was not a good time to argue!  
  
“OK, put your arms down, Amy-doll. She pulled my arms around my back and had me grasp each elbow with my wrist. This caused the billowing dress to ride up a little in back, showing even more of my ass. “Unless I tell you otherwise, your hands are to be in this position all the time. If you move them for any other reason, you will be punished.” Just as she finished saying that a gust of wind came and blew the dress up in front, exposing me completely. I accepted the inevitable and found myself getting lost in the humiliation of all this. My horniness was overcoming my common sense. The part of me that wanted to walk all the way across the parking lot with my pussy exposed was not disappointed. The wind blew my dress around and I was exposed for most of the walk to the entrance. I was seen by people and even made eye contact with a couple. I was really getting off on the humiliation.  
  
Just inside the mall entrance Julie told me to walk to the Food Court and when I got there I was to keep walking around. Like every other mall, the Food Court is where the kids hang out. In addition to the dress being very revealing, it also made me look stupid. And I would be adding to the impression I was stupid by walking around in circles with my arms crossed behind my back. And, I would be parading my stupidity in front of people that knew me! I was blushing like a tomato at this point. Julie walked behind me to the Food Court. I tried to look down all the time desperately wanting to avoid eye contact with the people walking the other way. I reached the Food Court and began walking around the perimeter. I heard people talking about me and laughing but I stubbornly refused to look. It was almost like if I didn’t see them, they didn’t really see me. Maybe I really was stupid!  
  
After a couple times around the Food Court I saw Julie wave me over. She was talking to two girls from our school. I knew Beth and Sandy by name, but had never really talked to them. We weren’t friends, barely acquaintances. They had obviously been talking about me. I watched them giggling as I walked over to them.  
  
“Oh my God! Look at that dress. Wow! I love how it makes it so obvious she’s not wearing a bra. Not easy to do with those little girl titties!” Sandy said. “I bet she’s been showing a lot of panty flashes, too. That dress is super short. She must have a thong on. I saw half her ass when she walked by.”  
  
“Well, I don’t think she’s been flashing her knickers much. In fact, I’d be surprised if anyone has caught even a glimpse of panty,” Julie said. “What do you think, Amy-doll, has anyone seen your knickers?” she taunted me.  
  
I played along. I was in my own little world of humiliation and didn’t care about the consequences. Julie was an expert and used humiliation just like a knife to inflict little cuts whenever she wanted. I was into this and I announced to the three girls that nobody could possibly have seen my knickers. I was almost hoping for Julie to tell me to do a pirouette right there. Instead, Sandy just grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it up to see for herself what I was or wasn’t wearing under the dress. Naturally, my naked puss brought out laughter in all three. She held my dress up and they all saw my swollen clit and my wet pussy. I was mortified.  
  
The girls chatted about me like I wasn’t there. Julie told them I was her Amy-doll and she could dress me anyway she wanted. She told them how much I love showing off. She told them we were shopping for more appropriate clothes for me.  
  
“Oh, you shouldn’t shop here for her clothes. She looks so young with her tiny tits and no pubic hair. You should dress her as a little schoolgirl. Just go to Walmart and buy some plaid pleated skirts, white blouses and stockings. You could have her put her hair in pigtails and not wear makeup and she’d look 10 years old,” Beth said, laughing. All the girls agreed with her and laughed at me, too.  
  
“I just saw a magazine in the book store with a sexy schoolgirl on the cover. Knee socks and no makeup are good for making her look 10 years old but you can also make her look real slutty with thigh high stockings, high heels, and tons of makeup to go with her schoolgirl uniform,” Sandy added. “Of course, the slutty schoolgirl skirt has to be really short. I don’t think you’ll find any really short ones at Walmart.”  
  
“Oh, I can sew and my mom has a machine. Get any length skirt and I can make it as short as you want it. It only takes a few minutes and I’d love to help,” Beth volunteered.  
  
“Great idea! I think she’d look adorable as a little schoolgirl. I think we’ll do that!” Julie said.  
  
“You can also get her some bug fluffy little girl knickers at WalMart,” Sandy said.  
  
“Oh, I don’t think this schoolgirl will be needing knickers. She really loves showing her puss and I’m sure she won’t want knickers in the way of all that fun. I think I’ll take her to Walmart now. You guys want to come along?” Julie asked. Neither girl wanted to go to Walmart. Julie told them we would see them later on. I had no idea what she meant by that. Soon I was marching out of the mall the same way I went in, with arms clasped behind my back.

**Part 6**

The trip to Walmart was embarrassing, but not quite as bad as the trip to the mall. It was a little creepy having the old guy greeting shoppers at the door undress me with his eyes. Almost immediately inside the door I overheard two women talking about me and clearly calling me a slut. I wasn’t offended, though. I looked like a slut in this dress and was getting into the humiliation of knowing that people were judging me only on the amount of skin I was showing. I’m pretty sure Julie has figured out that having people think that I’m a slut turns me on.  
  
Julie had me try on several plaid schoolgirl skirts. She bought 5 skirts for me. I’m glad her parents are rich. Even though the skirts were not expensive, I didn’t have the money to buy 5 of them. The skirts seemed a bit big on me. I wasn’t worried about the length since I knew they were going to be shortened. They’re all a bit loose in the waist. I hope they shrink a bit in the wash because they’re loose enough so I can just suck in my breath and they’ll fall right off. Julie also bought me some white blouses and a couple tube tops. The blouses and tube tops all seemed a size too small for me. I wonder if she’s thinking that clothes that just don’t fit right are part of my humiliation.   
Whatever. I now have a bunch of plaid skirts and white tops that don’t quite fit.  
  
Julie called Beth on her cell phone and asked her when she could shorten some skirts for me. I wasn’t surprised when she said she could do it right away. At least I wouldn’t have long to wait before I found out how short my skirts were going to be. If the dress I was wearing was a guide, they were going to be very short. I was so horny that it seemed like the shorter the better. I was about to learn to be careful what you wish for.  
  
Beth lived with her parents but both of them were at work and she had the house to herself. It’s a good thing because I was still parading around in the outrageously revealing dress. I carried the shopping bags into the house. Beth’s mom sewed a lot and the sewing machine was in a room just off the living room.  
  
“Amy-doll, take your dress off and show Beth your new skirts,” Julie commanded. I don’t know why I was surprised. I knew I would be trying the skirts on so Beth could measure and all and I knew I would have to take off the dress. I guess I just figured I wouldn’t strip until she was ready for me to put on a skirt. Instead, I found myself feeling stupid, standing there in just high heels, while Beth looked at the little skirts and laughed.  
  
“She’s going to look adorable in these! So, what are we doing to them? How short do you want them?” Beth asked.  
  
“Well, I want them very short but let’s get one on her so I can show you exactly what she wants,” Julie said as she passed me a skirt. I put it on but I felt no less self-conscious as I was still topless.  
  
“I made sure she got a size too big so the skirt could sit very low on her hips. I want her hip bones on display and I want the skirt low enough so it feels like it could slip down her hips to the ground at any second.” Beth tugged down on the skirt and positioned it so low on my hips that my pubic hair would have shown over the top of the waistband if I weren’t shaved bald.  
  
“She could wear it this low if you want. It will show her belly nicely but it will require constant adjustment. This is below the widest part of her hips so her body won’t hold it up. She’ll have to tug it up every couple of steps or she’ll walk right out of it.” Beth answered. They had me walk to a mirror. I literally had to hold the skirt up at the waistband to keep it from falling off me. It felt like it would slip off of me when I was standing still. It showed more of my belly than my bikini bathing suit bottom. I had never worn a skirt that revealed so much from the top!  
  
“You should probably have her wear it here,” Beth said, tugging it up a couple inches. This is right even with the wide part of her hips and she’ll be able to keep it on. Any  
lower and she’ll constantly tugging it up. It still shows a lot of hip bone and belly,” Beth said.  
  
“Hmmm…that works. I don’t want her always tugging at the skirt…just a couple times a minute,” Julie laughed. The skirt was low enough on my hips to be very embarrassing and it would be hard to wear like this.  
  
“A couple times a minute is what you want?” Beth asked. She tugged the skirt a little lower on my hips. “About here should make her tug it up a couple times a minute. Now, how  
short do you want it?” Beth asked, smirking at me.  
  
“As short as it can be. I want the hem to be exactly even with her pussy. I don’t want any material to spare. The skirt should cover her only when it’s positioned perfectly and no more,” Julie answered.  
  
Beth laughed. “You’re cruel! She’s going to put on quite a show with this skirt. How about the back? I can taper it a little so it’s longer in the back. If I cut this even it  
won’t cover her ass.”  
  
“Cut it even. She doesn’t mind if her ass shows a little,” Julie answered with a laugh.  
  
“If I cut it even across, it will show more than a little of her ass. It will probably show the lower third of her ass. Let me pin it so you can see what it will look like.”   
  
Beth was laughing at me as she pinned the skirt up. Even though this was a mini-skirt when we bought it, more than half the material was going to get cut off! Beth was right about how much of my butt was going to show. This was a very short skirt.  
  
“That works. We’ll want three of her skirts cut to that length. We’ll just do 3 for now. I haven’t decided about the other two. I’m thinking maybe a bit shorter.” Julie answered.   
  
Shorter? She couldn’t be serious. This skirt was about 5 inches, maybe less, from top to bottom. How could I wear anything shorter?I couldn’t stand it and I spoke up. “Anything shorter won’t cover me. I think this one is too short! Way too short. It’s indecent. You can’t expect me to wear anything shorter than this!” I pleaded.  
  
“Why, Amy-doll? Too embarrassing?” Both girls giggled at the comment.  
  
“OK, sweetie, you can take the skirt off now. I don’t need her to try the others on. I can do this one and measure it to cut the other two,” Beth said. I took the skirt off and  
handed it to her. I stood their naked as Beth and Julie chatted. Beth got ready to cut the skirt.  
  
“I can put a big hem on this in case you decide it’s too short and want to make it longer,” Beth said.  
  
“No need,” Julie answered. “I’m sure we won’t want it any longer.”  
  
I felt very self-conscious standing there naked with the two clothed girls. Fortunately, it didn’t take Beth long to cut the skirt and hem it. I think she had the whole thing done  
in about 15 minutes.  
  
“So, let’s see the tops you got her,” Beth suggested. Julie agreed and handed me one of the white button-front blouses to put on. I was hoping I would get the finished skirt to  
put on, too, but Beth made no move to hand it to me. The girls talked about the top being too small and Julie told her it was intentional so I couldn’t button them up. They laughed at how much of my chest was showing. It really hurt when Beth remarked that my tits would show “if I had any.”  
  
“You know, another way to go would be to get her blouses that are too big and just not let her button them. That would show a lot of her chest, too,” Beth commented.  
  
“I thought of that but I figured she would lose her nerve and button them up when I wasn’t watching. This way I know they’re staying unbuttoned.”  
  
“Well, we can fix that in a jiffy,” Beth answered. She took another one of the blouses and sat at the sewing machine. In seconds she had all of the button holes sewed closed. “See? Not a chance she’ll button these,” she laughed.  
  
Next they had me put on one of the tube tops. The top was tight and flattened my already small tits. It was white and my nipples showed prominently, so it was embarrassing.  
  
“I think you want to get tube tops in a bigger size, too. You can see her nipples in this one but there’s no chance it’s going to slip down. With a bigger one, she’ll be adjusting it all the time. At some point it will fall…or it will need adjustment at the very same moment her skirt does…either way, she’s gonna show something,” Beth explained.  
  
“Good point! I’ll get her some a couple sizes bigger. Look how wet she’s getting!” Julie laughed. “She really likes her new clothes.” Both girls laughed at me. Wearing just the blouse and not even having pubic hair to cover me meant I couldn’t conceal my arousal. This was so embarrassing.  
  
“So, she’s really going to wear this stuff? Like out in public and everything?” Beth asked.  
  
“Yep! She likes it when I embarrass her and she’s promised to let me embarrass her any way I want! She claims she won’t refuse anything I tell her just because it’s too embarrassing,” Julie answered.  
  
“So, you can make her wear anything you want?” Beth asked  
  
“So she tells me. We’ll see if she was lying when she has to wear her little schoolgirl skirt out in public,” Julie laughed.  
  
“Oh, I have something fun. An old boyfriend gave me a bikini. I can’t believe he expected me to wear it. I never even let him see me try it on. It’s a thong, of course, and it’s tiny. I’ll get it,”  
  
Beth returned with a very small handful of material with long strings hanging from it.   
  
“Here, I’ll never wear t. It’s all yours,” she said, handing the bikini to Julie. Julie held it up and laughed hysterically.  
  
“Gee, this isn’t going to cover much, is it”? she laughed. I shivered, wondering where I’d have to wear that.  
  
“Well, we should get going. Amy-doll, put your dress back on. Beth, when can you get to her other skirts?”  
  
“It won’t be long. If you want I can mark one right now and she can take the finished one with her,” Beth answered.  
  
Julie liked the idea and after another few awkward moments I was walking out to the car with a very short skirt and an armload of white tops.

**Part 7**

I could tell that Julie was getting carried away with all this and I was starting to get worried. I looked at the very short skirt and wondered if I could ever wear it in public. I was very horny but that skirt was so short!   
  
“Um, Julie, can we talk about this?” I asked.  
  
“Sure, Amy-doll, what’s on your mind?” Julie asked. How could she not know?  
  
“Well, I love the embarrassing things you make me do and I really appreciate you doing it,” I said, not sure how to continue. After a pause, “Can we tone it down a little? I mean, this is way too short to wear out in public!” I said, holding up the skirt. “And these are indecent,” I said, holding up the tops. “I’m willing to do a lot of the things you want but this is too much. People will think I’m a slut and will see way too much of me. How about making the skirts a little longer…or maybe allowing some underwear or something?” I stammered.  
  
“Amy-doll, first of all, I’m not making you do anything. Everything you do is because you want to do it. I haven’t threatened you or tried to blackmail you, have I?” Julie answered. I nodded my head in agreement. “Good, then let’s not blame any of this on me. Now, deep down inside you love to be a slut and let everyone know it. You love to get naked and show everyone your body. You love it all. You just don’t have the nerve to do it on your own. So, I’m not making you do this, I’m just inspiring you to be who you are.” All of this was technically true.  
  
“The only hold I have over you is that I will stop playing your little game if you don’t take risks and push yourself. You get off on being embarrassed, right? Well, what’s more  
embarrassing for you…you deciding what you’ll wear or me?” Julie asked. It all made sense but she was sitting in the car wearing jeans and a top and I was wearing the ridiculously short dress with no underwear, holding onto an even shorter skirt. We were just about home  
at this point. I sat silently as Julie pulled into her driveway. I looked over at my house and saw the empty driveway. My mom wasn’t home yet. Julie noticed it, too.  
  
“Tell you what, Amy-doll. We’ll talk more about this tonight. I want you to, come over around 8:00 so we can finish this discussion. If you really want to stop, we’ll stop. Think about it and if you really want to stop, you can wear anything you like when you come over. If you want to continue our little game, you have to come over naked. Come around the back and I’ll be waiting for you in the back yard.” Julie said.  
  
I didn’t like this at all! I was already sure I wanted to continue. I just wanted things toned down some. Sneaking out of my house naked and going to Julie’s house naked wasn’t my idea of toning things down, “Julie, someone could see me! I can’t keep coming over here naked!” I said. OK, I actually whined that part.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, if we continue to play this game you’re going to be naked a lot. If you’re naked a lot you will be seen. That’s just the way it is. Lots of things could go  
wrong. Your mom could see you leaving naked. My mom could see you naked. The neighbors could see you naked. All very embarrassing for you, I would think” she continued. “Taking  
chances is always going to be part of our game. So, as hard as this could be for you, if you want to keep playing this game you’ll need to find a way to do it. We’re not even  
going to talk about this any more unless you show up in my back yard naked at 8:00”.  
  
She and I both knew I was going to do this. I hated it but I was addicted. I was already getting wet at the thought of sneaking out of my house naked.  
  
“Is your mom going to be home tonight?” I asked.  
  
“I guess that’s important information for someone coming over naked, isn’t it?” she laughed. “Yes, she’ll be here so we’ll have to be careful. At least it will be dark out for your trip. That’s not a luxury you have right at this minute. Now, give me back my dress and go home and think about your future,” she said, laughing at me.  
  
“Can’t I bring the dress with me tonight? I will carry it instead of wearing it.” I realized I was doing a lot of whining but it was still light out and my mom would be home any minute.  
  
“You can’t carry the dress with you tonight because you’re giving it to me right now. You best get a move on or you’ll get caught. Wouldn’t want you to meet your mom in the driveway,” she laughed. I reluctantly stripped off the dress, said goodbye and dashed across the lawn. It only took a few seconds but it seemed like forever before I was inside the house. I beat my mom home by about a minute. My secret was safe for now.  
  
Mom had take-out Chinese with her and we ate almost as soon as she got home. I barely had time to dress before dinner. By 6:30 we had finished and I was back in my room. Finally I had a chance to think about what I was going to do tonight. I had no idea how Julie expected me to sneak out of my house naked and over to hers without getting caught. My mom was home and so was hers. Even if I made it out of my house and into hers, I would still have to get back into my house. I didn’t know if Julie would make me come back naked but I had to assume she would. Even if she gave me clothes to wear, she had already made it clear that her choice of clothing would not meet with my mom’s approval.   
  
I hated her for this! I had already told her she could embarrass me and humiliate me! I had already flashed a stranger in front of my friends, let her au-pair see me naked, shaved my pubic hair, attended a party totally naked, and let her pick out a very revealing outfit for me. She made me admit I wanted her to do this every step of the way. And now, she was making me take this incredible risk of being caught naked by my own mother. And for what?   
Just because I complained about how short the skirt is that she’s going to make me wear? OK, what I really hated her for was making me take this risk to prove that I wanted to be her Amy-doll. I couldn’t believe I was sitting here trying to figure out how I was going to get to her house naked!  
  
At first I thought I’d leave my house dressed and just strip in my back yard, leave the clothes, and then have something to put on when I got back. The obvious weakness in that plan was that Mom could find the clothes in the back yard and I’d be busted. I would never be able to explain that. So, it looked like I’d have to somehow leave my bedroom naked and find a way to get back here later, probably also naked. I was getting horny again and all I could think about was how to do this. I never gave a thought to how stupid this whole thing was. I was definitely crazy to want all this embarrassment, degradation, and humiliation.  
  
Still wearing the skirt and T-shirt I wore for dinner, I took a walk through the house to see where Mom was and what she was doing. She was in the den, sitting at her computer  
catching up on the day’s news. I would have to go right by the doorway to the den. This would be risky but once I got past that door I’d be able to get outside. I thought once more about calling this whole thing off. It was too risky and even if I was successful, the end result was going to be more crap like this. Logically, I should have stayed home and stayed clothed. Logic lost the battle, however, and soon I was standing in my room looking at the clock. At 7:45 I slipped my skirt and T-shirt off, took a deep breath, and stepped out of my bedroom.  
  
I was a bundle of nerves. Trying to sneak by Mom naked was the stupidest thing I’d done so far in my life. I realized that later tonight I’d be doing something even more risky.   
Getting back inside my house was going to be far more risky than getting out. At least now I knew where Mom was at the moment! And if I got caught what would I say? What could I  
say? I stood in the hallway quietly, listening for sounds of movement. I couldn’t help thinking what a bitch Julie was for making me do this! Of course, she wasn’t really making me do anything. That was her whole point. She was forcing me to admit to myself that I’ll do almost anything to get her to keep treating me like her own personal plaything. I hated her but most of all, I hated myself. I was so horny and I was letting my pussy override my  
brain.   
  
Just then the phone rang, startling me. I jumped back inside my room. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and was shocked by my reflection. As if being naked wasn’t  
embarrassing enough, my pussy lips were swollen and moist. I may as well be wearing a sign telling the world I was horny! I heard Mom talking on the phone and decided this was my chance. I left the safety of my bedroom and headed for the back door. I didn’t dare look in the den to see if Mom saw me. I figured I’d know from the yelling if she noticed her daughter walking through the house naked. She apparently didn’t see me and I was through the back door before I slowed down. I took a deep breath and headed for Julie’s back yard.  
  
I heard Julie laughing before I saw her. I heard another voice laughing which I correctly guessed was Estelle. I was mortified as I approached the two laughing girls. Time seemed to move in slow motion for me. Their laughing hurt me. It was degrading. Of course, I couldn’t really blame them for laughing, given the situation. I even realized that I would have laughed, too, if I was sitting in my back yard, fully clothed, and some other bimbo was sneaking over to meet me totally naked. Worse than being naked was the reason why I was naked.  
  
Suddenly, the backyard was filled with light. I froze for a minute and then covered up as best I could with my hands. This caused more laughter from the two girls sitting at the  
picnic table in the back yard. In the light I saw that Julie had brought her Barbie doll outside with her. Like me, the Barbie doll was not wearing any clothes.  
  
“Hiya, Amy-doll,” Julie said with a laugh. “Nice outfit! Have a seat!”  
  
“The lights? Why are the lights on?” I asked, my voice giving away the panic I was feeling.  
  
“Motion sensor. Keeps the house safe from burglars and perverts. It will go off in a little while,” Julie answered. “Speaking of perverts, care to explain your choice of outfits for this evening?”  
  
I groaned to myself. I shouldn’t have been surprised that she was going to make me embarrass myself by telling Estelle why I was naked. I sat on the bench, crouching down and covered myself with my hands and started to explain the events leading up to my showing up here naked. Julie stopped me before I really got started.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, if you didn’t want people to see you naked you would be wearing clothes. So, sit right up on the table and show yourself off! Come on!” Julie said. I did as she  
instructed. As I did, that part of my brain that demands me to humiliate myself took complete charge. I sat on the table, feeling like I was under a spotlight. I hoped Julie’s mom didn’t look out the window. I continued with my explanation of why I was naked to the laughter of the two girls. Just as I was finishing up the light went off.  
  
“So, you want me to continue to help you embarrass yourself and you came here totally naked to prove it to me. And you’ll do whatever I tell you to do and won’t refuse to do things just because they’re too embarrassing? Is that right?” Julie asked in a very condescending tone of voice. I was too embarrassed to speak and nodded my head.  
  
“OK! Now you wanted to talk about the things I’m going to make you do. I think you said you wanted to tone things down a little, right? I did agree to discuss it with you if you showed up here naked. I’ll keep my end of the bargain and we’ll talk, but first a little test. This will be embarrassing for you. Ready?” she asked.  
  
I felt that warning pang in my gut. I slowly nodded my head and waited for her instructions.  
  
“Oh, don’t be such a gloomy Gus! You might even like this. All you have to do is stand up on the table, hold your arms out at your side, spin around for us, sit back down, and masturbate yourself to an orgasm. I don’t want to hear a word out of you until get yourself off.” Both girls were smirking at me. I was very horny but I didn’t want to masturbate in front of these two girls. I thought briefly about calling this whole thing off. I imagined myself running home and getting dressed. I also thought about how much fun this whole thing could be if I could just get Julie to tone things down a bit. I took a deep breath and stood up.  
  
I don’t know why I was surprised to suddenly be bathed in bright light. Julie had told me the light was connected to a motion sensor. The whole reason for having me stand up and spin around was to turn the damn light on! Julie likes to say getting me naked causes me to lose 50 IQ points. She got a picture of me just as the light came on. I have the  
stupidest, most confused look on my face. She loves showing that picture to people and the look on my face is the most embarrassing part of it, even though it is a full frontal nude photo! Looking back on everything that’s happened since, I realize this moment taught Julie that making me look stupid was as much fun as making me look like a slut. I was utterly humiliated as I sat down and masturbated on command. I saw flashes going off and assumed the girls had their camera phones out. I was too far gone to care about pictures and climaxed in about a minute. It was later that I learned that girls were using a high quality digital camera.  
  
After my humiliating masturbation the girls took me inside and we went up to Julie’s bedroom. Julie’s parents are rich and her bedroom had a little seating area. I sat on the floor in front of the chairs. Julie took a seat and Estelle went to the computer to download the pictures they had just taken.

**Part 8**

“So, Amy-doll, you want to talk about your future, right?” Julie asked me with a grin. I nodded with an embarrassed smile. A wave of embarrassment crashed over me. I guess it was the fact that I was sitting on the floor naked with two dressed young women chuckling at me.  
  
“You mentioned something about wanting me to tone things down, right? Oh yeah, and you think your new skirt is too short, too. How about the pictures we just took? Need to talk about them, too?” I hated the tone of her voice. She was acting like my concerns were trivial. No, worse, she was acting like I was trivial. All at once it hit me! How could I be so stupid as to think she would treat me like an equal? Nobody looking at us would confuse us for equals.  
  
“Let’s cut right to the bottom line, Amy-doll. If we’re going to play your little game you need to understand that it’s going to be my way or the highway. I’ll tell you what that means and give you another opportunity to quit or keep playing. Personally, I don’t care what you decide but judging from what you’re wearing right now, I think you’re going to keep playing,” she laughed. “Let’s give Estelle a few minutes to post your pictures and we’ll all talk. In the meantime, why don’t you have another cum?” she said.  
  
“P-p-post my pictures? Where?” I asked.  
  
“On the Internet, silly! Where else would we post your pictures?” Julie laughed.  
  
“All done!” Estelle got up from the computer and sat with Julie.  
  
“Where did you post my pictures?” I asked, starting to panic.  
  
“Shhh, Amy-doll. You were just about to have a cum for us. Don’t keep me waiting,” Julie said, waving at me with her hand. I couldn’t believe she expected me to masturbate again! “Amy! I’ve told you before that we aren’t going to play this game unless you put you heart in it. I know it’s going to be embarrassing for you to sit there and bring yourself off but you either start doing it or you can run along right now!” she hissed at me. Reluctantly I started rubbing myself. Naturally both girls burst into laughter as I did. Unless you’ve ever had to masturbate on command you’ll never understand how humiliating this is. At least the girls didn’t take more pictures of me.  
  
I came and I came hard. It was totally embarrassing! I felt totally ridiculous and judging by the laughter of the two girls, I looked ridiculous, too. The next few minutes were the most awkward of my life. I just sat there, naked, legs spread, and feeling stupid. I didn’t know what to do next. Part of me wanted to run and hide, part of me wanted to finger myself again. Finally, Julie spoke to me, breaking the awkward silence.  
  
“Ok, Amy-doll, here’s the story. In the few months I’ve known you I’ve noticed some things. First, you never wear pants. You wear mini-skirts all the time. You obviously like to show your underpants off because you always seem to have your legs open a bit. We’ve all worn short skirts before and I know as well as anyone else that the occasional glimpse of knickers is unavoidable even when you’re careful. You never bother being careful, though. Everybody sees your knickers every day. You never wear a bra. With those little titties you don’t need one, for sure, but you like to flaunt it, don’t you? And you date a lot. I’ve heard a bunch of people call you a slut but the guys you go out with tell me you never give it up. You’re a tease yet you like people thinking you’re a huge slut. And I know why you do all this, Amy-doll. It makes you horny. I bet you masturbate a lot, don’t you? Well, of course you do! You’ve done it twice in the last hour!” Both girls laughed at this last comment. There was nothing I could do but just take it. Everything she had said was true.  
  
“I tried to humiliate you by making you flash for cokes in front of your friends. You loved it! I had you strip for Estelle, you loved it. I had you naked at a party and you loved that, too! Then I got the e-mail from you practically begging me to keep humiliating you. You promised to do everything for me, didn’t you? I even had you run home bare-ass naked in the middle of the day and you loved it! Then I realized that you’d do just about anything cause you’re addicted to the rush you get from this. You just don’t realize it yet,” she continued.  
  
“So, I got to thinking. I thought to myself, I can change this girl’s life. I can use her addiction to make her the laughing stock of the whole town. All I needed to do was to get you to understand for yourself that you need this stuff. I bet you know how bad the things you’ve done so far are for your reputation. You’ve got dozens of naked pictures on the Internet already and we’ve just got started. I know you know this because you want me to tone things down. I’m not going to tone things down at all, though. We’re going to tone them up! And you’ll play along because you’re addicted to the rush.” Damn! This girl knew me better than I knew myself. I wanted to be dignified but her talk had made me so horny that I couldn’t resist and soon my hand was between my legs again, much to the amusement of Julie and Estelle.  
  
“So, from now on, this little game is going to get extreme. I only want to play if it’s extreme. I think you’ll go along with it. You will put up with a lot from me, won’t you, sweetie? You sneaked out of your house totally naked just for the chance to have this conversation because you need this treatment, don’t you? Most girls in your predicament would be trying to figure out how they’ll get home without any clothes. You can’t think about that at the moment, though. All you can think about it your next orgasm, which looks to be just seconds away,” Julie said. She was right, of course. At some point Estelle had picked up the camera again and I saw flashes going off as I came for the third time.  
  
“So, what we’re going to do is just make everything a bit more extreme for you. Your skirts will be a bit shorter and your tops a bit more revealing. You’re going to continue sitting carelessly and letting everyone look up your skirt. Only thing is, from now on it won’t be knickers you’re flashing, it will be that little-girl pussy with no hair on it that people see instead. And you’re going to shave that thing every day. Doesn’t that sound like fun?” she asked.  
  
“Julie, my mom is never going to let me out of the house in skirts shorter than what I usually wear. She already fights with me about skirt lengths. I don’t see how I can wear them any shorter. She won’t allow it,” I said.  
  
“Not a problem Amy-doll. We have two weeks left in school. You can wear whatever you need to get past your mom out of the house. Just stop over here on the way to school and we’ll get you dressed properly. My parents go to work early so it will just be Estelle and me. We’ll pick out your outfits and make sure you look hot!” Julie answered.  
  
“Julie, I can’t wear that skirt Beth made for me today to school. It is too short and I’ll get thrown out for wearing it,” I whined. The thought of being made to wear that tiny schoolgirl skirt to school with no knickers was making me horny again. What was wrong with me?  
  
“Yeah, you can wear it and yeah, you’ll probably get thrown out of school. I think the teachers will give you as much slack as they can, given you’re two weeks away from graduation but eventually they’ll toss you. I’m sure you have enough credits to graduate anyway, though. You’re 18 now, so you can demand the school not notify your parents when they toss you out and you can hang with Estelle till school’s out. It’s only two weeks and I’m sure you’ll get through a week just by promising to wear less revealing clothes. You won’t be keeping that promise but go ahead and make it when you get called to the office for dressing like a slut.”  
  
“Now I’m going to ask you a question and I want the truth when you answer. Are you really a virgin?” she asked. I nodded. OK, have you ever given a boy a blow job?” I shook my head. This line of questioning continued until I had admitted that I had let my boyfriend see me naked and had given him a number of hand jobs. Even to me this sounded stupid but it was true. Up until I started playing this little game with Julie I had only let one guy see me naked. And when he did see me naked I had a big bush of pubic hair covering me down below.  
  
“Well, I’m not going to make you do anything you haven’t done before, but we’re going to change this reputation you have of being a tease. You’re about to become a slut for real. From now on, every date you have includes you getting completely naked and giving a hand job. If you decide to give one guy a blow job, then every guy gets a blow job. If you let a guy screw you, then you’re going to let every guy screw you. See how this is going to work?” she asked. I nodded. At this point I had started fingering myself again without even realizing it. She had me and we all knew it.  
  
“I’m telling you, if you want to play, we’re playing hard and we’re playing everywhere. Are you still with me, Amy-doll?” I didn’t know how to answer. What she was describing was way more than I wanted. She knew it, too. She had just taken my favorite masturbation fantasies and added to them. I wondered if I could go through with it. I wondered why I wanted to!  
  
“Julie, does it have to be all or nothing? You’re talking really extreme stuff here. This is stuff that people will never forget! Can’t we ease into this? Take it a little slow?” I asked. I think I already knew the answer before she gave it, though.  
  
“Nope, sorry! It’s all or nothing. And you haven’t even heard the worst of it yet. I’m planning to strip you completely naked in public. You’re not going to believe the places you’re going to get naked at! Oh! I almost forgot! I’m going to have you rubbing out orgasms in public like every day, too! And if guys get horny watching you prance around in your too-short skirts you’ll be right there offering up a hand job to relieve them,” she laughed. “So, are you in or out, Amy-doll?” Both Julie and Estelle were watching me, waiting to see how I’d answer.  
  
“Um, I just don’t know! This is way too much. I want to play the game but I just don’t want to play it quite so extreme. Can I think about it?” I couldn’t believe I hadn’t just said NO. Was I crazy? I couldn’t help myself, though. I didn’t want to do any of this stuff. I would have said OK right away if Julie would find some way of making me do it. I just couldn’t bring myself to volunteer for all this.  
  
“Sure, Amy-doll, you can think about it. Take the weekend to think about it. Try going out in your new clothes. Give a couple hand jobs, whatever. I’ll need your answer before school Monday morning. Tell you what…come over before school Monday morning either way. If you want to play, bring the outfit Beth made you. If you bring the outfit, you wear it to school. If you don’t bring the outfit we’ll never talk about this again. All you’ve really lost at this point is a couple dozen naked pictures and a small bunch of people that have seen you naked. It’s all up to you,” she said.  
  
“You’re sure you won’t consider a less extreme game?” I asked again.  
  
“Sorry, Amy-doll. You have my answer. Now go home. I don’t want to see you again until Monday morning.

**Part 9**

“So, what do you think? Is she gonna do it?” Estelle asked with a laugh.  
  
“Yeah, I think she is. I learned about this thing called compulsive behavior in school. I even looked it up on the Net. If you have this compulsive behavior thing you just can’t help yourself. She understands how bad this is going to be for her but she can’t help herself. I think I know a certain someone who will be going to school Monday in a really short plaid skirt and a too-small white top,” Julie said with a laugh.  
  
“So, what are you going to do to her if she goes through with it?”  
  
“I’m going to trash the little bitch’s reputation as much as I can. I think I can make the next couple of weeks something that will haunt her for the rest of her life. I guarantee she won’t want to live around here when it’s done!” Julie said with a laugh.  
  
“Well, duh!” Estelle laughed. “She just about agreed to strip naked any place you tell her to and you already have her running around her own neighborhood naked. How could she agree to do this after learning what you want her to do?” Estelle asked.  
  
“Look, it’s this compulsive behavior thing. She can’t help herself. But it’s not the getting naked part that will make her reputation. Did you notice that she didn’t object when I told her every date gets a hand job? Word about that will get out quickly and she’s going to be a very popular girl! And, after a little while hand jobs will become blow jobs. And then, blow jobs will become screwing. Can you imagine the line of people that will want to date her when all the guys figure out she puts out on the first date, every time?” Julie laughed.  
  
“Well, I think she’s gonna come to her senses and stop all of this. I bet that she’ll be wearing pants to school next Monday,” Estelle said.  
“You think so? I think she’s gonna be in her little schoolgirl outfit and hating herself for it. In fact, I think in a couple years some therapist is gonna get rich trying to undo the damage I plan on doing over the next couple weeks. I might even keep her at this through the summer. Just think, I could have her all to myself at the cottage all summer. And there will be all kinds of boys for her to show off for and have sex with and all the girls getting pissed off at her about it. The possibilities are endless!” Julie gushed.  
  
“Well, we’ll see on Monday, won’t we? Of course, she might be grounded by then. I wonder if she made it into her house OK. I have to admit I was surprised when she showed up here naked. And, she didn’t even ask for any clothes to go home in. Heck, you might be right about her after all!” Estelle said.  
  
I crouched in my back yard trying to get an idea of where in the house my mom was. I hated myself at the moment. How could I be so stupid that I ended up here in my back yard at 9:30 at night, totally naked? I hated Julie and Estelle, too. Those two had just had a big laugh at my expense. I imagined that they were calling their friends right now telling them about the stupid bimbo that came over naked and masturbated while they took pictures. Oh God! The pictures! They weren’t low quality camera-phone pictures, they were high resolution pictures taken with a very expensive camera. High-resolution pictures of me with my legs spread fingering myself in Julie’s back yard. And, they were who-knows-where on the Internet already. Most of all, I hated my defective brain that loved this degrading treatment and made me so horny.  
  
I was getting desperate to get in the house but I didn’t see any sign of Mom. She could be anywhere. It was getting chilly and the cold air on my wet pussy was making me uncomfortable. I also was anxious to masturbate again. I was so horny! I couldn’t help thinking about all the humiliating things I had just done and all the humiliating things I was going to be doing in the future. Damn Julie! She knew how all this affected me and she was going to make me pay a steep price. She was going to ruin my life! Well, I wasn’t going to let that happen. If I could just get in the house without getting busted by Mom I’d get dressed, including underwear, and forget this whole thing. I knew I was kidding myself but I had to concentrate on getting in the house.  
  
Finally I saw the light go on in Mom’s bedroom. About a minute later her bathroom light went on. This was my chance! I held my breath as I slipped in the house and went directly to my room. Fortunately, I made it to my bedroom undetected. Feeling safe for the first time in a couple hours, I got on the bed, spread my legs and got my fingers working. Just as I started I heard the phone ring. Mom picked it up on the second ring and a few seconds later knocked on my door.  
  
“Phone for you, Amy. It’s Julie from next door,” Mom said. I heard her walk back towards her room as I picked up the phone.  
  
“Hi Amy-doll, did you make it home OK?” Julie asked with a laugh.  
  
I heard Mom hang up the extension and wondered if she had heard Julie call me Amy-doll. “Yes, I did, Julie. I just got in a few minutes ago,” I answered.  
  
“Well, good for you, Amy-doll! I hope you haven’t gotten too comfortable yet. I have some bad news for you. I forgot to tell you something so you need to come back over,” she giggled.  
  
“Wh-what? You want me to come back over now? What do you need to tell me? Can’t you tell me on the phone?” I asked.  
  
“No, sorry, you need to come over,” she insisted.  
  
“Um, OK, I’m not dressed yet. Give me a few minutes to put some clothes on and I’ll be right over,” I answered. I hoped I was going to be able to get out of the house without a long discussion with Mom.  
  
“No need to get dressed, Amy-doll. You can come as you are,” she laughed.  
  
“It’s no bother, Julie. I’ll just throw on a skirt and a T-shirt and I’ll be right over,” I answered. I was getting very curious about what she could possibly need to tell me that she couldn’t or wouldn’t say over the phone.  
  
“No, Amy-doll, you don’t understand. I want you to come over just the way you are. Naked. Got it?” Julie said in a firm voice, as if talking to a child.  
  
“Julie, please! I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to keep wondering around the neighborhood with no clothes on!” I pleaded.  
  
“You’re right, it’s probably not a good idea for you to be wondering around the neighborhood naked. You could get caught and that would be so embarrassing you wouldn’t stop fingering yourself for a week!” she laughed. “Now get over here! Now!” She hung up the phone without giving me a chance to answer.  
  
I threw on a robe and knocked on Mom’s door. “Mom, I have to run next door for a few minutes. Julie needs an assignment from school,” I lied.  
  
“Ok, dear. Don’t be late, though. You have school in the morning,” Mom answered.   
  
I dashed down the stairs and out in the back yard. This time I wasn’t worried about Mom wandering about and finding my robe. I dashed across the yards naked for a second time this evening. Julie and Estelle were laughing as I approached. I had to admit their laughing was justified. I mean, here I was for the second time, coming over here without a stitch of clothing on. Both of our moms were home and this was really a stupid risk to be out here naked like this.  
  
“Well, hello again, Amy-doll,” Julie laughed.  
  
“So, what did you need to tell me, Julie?” I asked. I was a little annoyed that whatever she had to say could only be said to me in person while undressed.  
  
“Well, I really just wanted to show you something,” Julie answered.  
  
“Show me what?”  
  
“I wanted to show you that even though you were so worried about getting back into your house naked you’d put yourself right back in the same position and do it all over again just because I told you to,” she laughed.  
  
I should have just shut up and let them laugh at me. Basically, she was right. I wanted to put clothes on to come over here. I was naked because she told me to be naked. Still, my pride was wounded.  
  
“Well, I’m not as stupid as you think, Julie! I have a robe sitting right outside my back door!” Somehow I got some small satisfaction out of being smart enough to leave the robe to help me get back in the house. Talk about missing the big picture!  
  
“Oh really, you have a robe outside? Go get it and show me,” Julie laughed.  
  
The fact that I fell for this is more embarrassing than the fact that I was running around outside naked. I fetched the robe and handed it to Julie. Did I mention that my IQ drops 50 points when I’m naked? Naturally, Julie took the robe.  
  
“Now the next time you come over naked you’ll have something to wear home!” Both girls laughed at me as I walked away feeling like a complete idiot. At least I made it into the house without getting busted by Mom. I knew, though, that if I kept doing this she was going to catch me sooner or later.

**Part 10**

My ordeal was finally over. I went to bed. Tomorrow was Friday and, presumably, I would be free of Julie’s demands until Monday morning. Of course, I would need to decide what I was going to do. I was mulling over the alternatives as I drifted off to sleep. I started thinking I would go to school Friday in pants, knickers, bra, shirt, and a sweatshirt on top of everything and try to get off this self-destructive path I was on. As I started thinking about the events of the evening and the last couple days I began to change my mind.  
  
I woke up Friday morning with a plan. I was going to wear a revealing top and the shortest skirt I had that Mom would allow me to wear to school. I’d put a sweater over the blouse so Mom wouldn’t notice I was wearing such a revealing top with no bra. I also decided I would go without knickers. I had never gone to school without knickers before and I’d never worn this top without a bra anywhere. I planned to put the sweater in my book bag as soon as I left the house. I figured if I could get the nerve to do this embarrassing stuff on my own I could control it and not have to let Julie push me to do far more than I wanted to do. I was a little embarrassed at the breakfast table. Mom commented on how short my skirt was and reminded me to be careful sitting. If she only knew I wasn’t wearing underwear. I didn’t know if I could force myself to sit with my legs open a little with out knickers on. If I kept playing with Julie I wouldn’t have a choice, so I decided to try.  
  
As soon as I was out of sight of my house I took the sweater off and put it in my book bag. The blouse I had on wasn’t transparent but it was lightweight and clingy. You couldn’t actually see my boobs but you could clearly see their shape. I figured it would be obvious I was bra-less from a pretty good distance. I started to get wet. As luck would have it, I was walking past Julie’s house just as she came out.  
  
“Woo hoo! Nice outfit, Amy-doll! What’s the occasion?” she asked me.  
  
I couldn’t believe how embarrassing it was to explain to Julie that I was experimenting with more revealing clothing. She laughed and said I had done a nice job up top but it was too bad I didn’t have a shorter skirt on. I told her it was the shortest skirt Mom would let me out of the house in. She laughed.  
  
“After 8 years of Catholic school, I think I can help you with that problem. May I?” she asked.  
  
I didn’t know what she had in mind but I wasn’t in the mood to argue and I nodded. She laughed as she put her books down and grabbed the waistband of my skirt.   
  
“Suck your tummy in for me,” she instructed. I did and she folded the waistband down, inside the skirt.   
  
“Ok, we’ll have you fixed right up here. This is called rolling the skirt and all the Catholic schoolgirls do it. Every morning the nuns would check to make sure our skirts were long enough and then everyone would head to the bathroom to roll their skirts to shorten them up. See how much shorter this is now?” she asked. The skirt was a good two inches shorter and much more daring than it was before. She looked at me with a frown.   
  
“Hmmm, one more little trick and you’ll be in business.” She reached around for something in her purse. I didn’t see what it was, but later learned it was a small binder clip. “OK, suck your tummy in again, Amy-doll.” I did as instructed and she hiked the skirt up high on my waist, pinched the waistband together and put the binder clip on it. She put it in the back. I didn’t realize she had put it right out in the open where everyone would see it, though. The skirt was now hanging about two inches above the bottom of my butt.  
  
“OK, let’s have a look at you. Spin around for me,” she instructed. I started to worry that one of the neighbors would see this little skirt adjustment. I didn’t argue with Julie, mostly because I wanted to get this done and resume walking to school.  
  
“Very nice! Not as short as what you’ll be wearing next week, but very short. You’re gonna attract some attention in this outfit! Hope you have matching knickers on,” she said laughing. She reached down and lifted up my skirt in front to see what color my knickers were and, of course, saw I wasn’t wearing any.  
  
“Amy Anderson! You slut! You don’t have any underpants on!” she yelled and burst out laughing at me. I blushed and tried to explain that I was testing myself to see if I could do this. We were standing on the street, just a couple doors down from my house and she was still holding my now very short skirt up in front. She reached a hand between my legs and ran a finger through my pussy. I was mortified when she held up her finger. It was glistening with wetness. She wiped her finger on my nose as she laughed at me.  
  
  
“So, trying to get a feel for what life will be like in a few days? Well, how do you like it?”  
  
“Um, it’s ok, I guess, but can I put my skirt down now?” I stammered. I was getting incredibly aroused and I was totally embarrassed.  
  
“Well, if you really want a taste of things to come, let’s do this,” she said. She tucked the front of my skirt into the waistband, leaving me totally exposed in front. “Now, just carry your book bag in front and nobody will notice a thing. Well, they might notice your skirt is up, but they won’t see your goodies anyway,” she said.  
  
“Um, OK, but just for a little while and then I’m putting my skirt down, OK?” I asked.  
  
“Sure thing, Amy-doll. We’re not playing the game today so you can put your skirt down now if you want to,” she answered.  
  
“Oh, I’ll leave it up for a little while. I mean, I have to get used to this kind of stuff, don’t I?” I answered. I was shocked to hear myself say that! It sure sounded like I had decided to go through with everything Julie was demanding. I wondered if my sub-conscious had, in fact, already decided I was doing this.  
As we walked to school I told Julie that I would think about the game and would have the appropriate clothing with me if I was going to continue. I asked her what time her parents went to work. Both her parents were off to their jobs in the city by 6:30 AM, plenty early enough to not be around when I arrived Monday morning. I was already planning out the logistics of getting changed into my little schoolgirl skirt Monday morning. I even laughed at the irony of not wanting Julie’s mom to see me in the outfit but letting everyone in school see me in it.  
  
As we approached the school I adjusted my skirt. I slung my book bag over my shoulder and there was nothing covering me but the most revealing outfit I have ever worn to school. I saw that a lot of the other students were giving me long looks. It wasn’t until I saw my frontal reflection in the school’s glass doors that I realized how revealing my outfit was. Even in the reflection it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra. The skirt was dangerously short! I suddenly realized I didn’t know if I could sit in this skirt. When I last sat down in it the hem was about 5 inches closer to my knees!  
  
Julie shocked me out of my thoughts by rubbing a hand under my skirt and on my bare ass. “You have a great day in school, Amy-doll. Plan to meet me outside the cafeteria just before lunch. I’ll want an update on your day!” It was getting close to time for class to start so I went directly to homeroom. I was a little shocked at the feeling of the cold seat on my bare butt. I discretely ran my hand around the hem of the skirt. I was mortified when I realized it didn’t come down to the chair. Everyone that looked at me would see every inch of my legs from the side. I sat with my knees locked together and my hands folded in my lap. I tried once to sit like I normally do but I couldn’t bring myself to open my legs an inch. I wondered if Mister Perry, my homeroom teacher, wondered why I wasn’t flashing him my knickers today.  
  
After homeroom my morning classes were mostly the same thing. In each class I sat demurely, unable to bring myself to open up. I wanted to. I really wanted to. For some reason I just couldn’t. I realized that I was never going to be able to do all the embarrassing, humiliating things I craved on my own. I needed to be “forced.” Julie wasn’t really giving me that feeling of being forced like I had hoped. Still, the threat of her not helping me do all these embarrassing things was sort of like being forced. I kept thinking about that and resolved to try it in my classes after lunch.  
  
I met Julie just before lunch. She smiled when she saw me and her smile turned into a laugh as I blushed.  
  
“I kinda thought you’d have adjusted that skirt by now. I’m proud of you for leaving it the way it is. I’ll bet everyone is enjoying looking at your legs. Shown anything else I should know about?” she said with a laugh. I explained all about how I wasn’t able to open my legs but I thought I had a plan for it that I’d try after lunch. Naturally, she pressed me for every embarrassing detail and laughed at me when I told her the full truth.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, if you want to think of my not playing this game with you as being the same as me forcing you to do this, that’s cool with me. Lunch will be a good time for you to work up the nerve to flash some skin, though. The teachers aren’t really who we want to embarrass you in front of, anyway. It’s your fellow students that we want seeing this show. So, go get a tray and pick a seat at the end of a table where you can be seen easily. Then sit just like you did yesterday when you had undies on,” she said with a laugh.  
  
I had thought I would be eating lunch with Julie but she wanted to sit where she could watch me, not where she could talk to me. I was reminded once again that just because she was willing to torment me and expose me, that didn’t make her my friend. I couldn’t think about that now, though. I was dripping wet at the thought of opening my legs here in the damn cafeteria with this short skirt on. I started to walk away and felt her lift my skirt in the back. I heard a boy’s voice say, “Nice ass! Love your thong!” as I walked away. I felt a rush from the comments and didn’t know if I was disappointed or relieved that he thought I was wearing a thong under my skirt. I got in line to get my lunch tray.  
  
“Did you guys see the outfit Amy Anderson is wearing today?” Julie asked the crowd of girls at her lunch table. A few of the girls had noticed. Some of these people were my friends!  
  
“I can’t believe she’d wear that top without a bra. She must think people want to see her little titties,” one girl said.   
  
“I think the boys approve. She isn’t big up top but she sure is showing what she’s got today,” another girl laughed.  
  
“And how about that skirt? Did you see she has a binder clip pinching it at the waist? And why does she have it so high up on her waist. If she wore it like it was supposed to be worn it might cover her ass a little better,” another girl said.  
  
“My friend Bobby is in one of her classes. He told me she isn’t wearing any underwear!” Julie told the group.  
  
“Oh! That’s just some boy’s wishful thinking. Amy doesn’t care who sees her knickers so I don’t doubt he got a look up her skirt. Big deal, everyone gets a look up that slut’s skirt. She must be wearing flesh colored knickers today,” another girl said.  
  
“I don’t know. Bobby seemed pretty sure. He also said she’s shaved! Completely shaved!” Julie answered.  
  
“Well, she just sat down over there so we’ll know in a minute. She always sits with her legs spread,” one of the girls said. All the girls at the table were staring at her now.  
  
  
I sat with my legs tightly closed. I couldn’t believe that I actually wanted to show myself off like this! The thing is, while I love the embarrassment once it’s over, I don’t like it very much while it’s happening. It’s…well, it’s embarrassing! Anyway, I was halfway through my lunch when I took a deep breath and opened my legs. I don’t want you to get the wrong idea. I never sat with my legs wide open, but a foot or so of space between my knees was normal. It’s a whole lot different when you aren’t wearing knickers! I should have looked around before I tried this. I had no idea that a whole table of girls was staring at me, waiting to see my show.  
  
“Oh my God! What a slut!” I blushed deeply. I knew that comment had to be directed at me. I heard laughter erupt at a nearby table and when I looked over I saw Julie and 8 or 9 other girls looking at me and laughing. I slammed my legs shut. I’m sure I was as red as a tomato. I could actually feel my face get hot from the blush. I realized this was nothing compared to the embarrassment I was going to feel on Monday if I kept playing with Julie. I tried to make myself open my legs again and couldn’t do it. It was just too much knowing I was being watched.  
  
“Nice pussy, slut!” A girl I had seen around but didn’t know had seen my show. I couldn’t answer her. She laughed and walked away. I saw the table full of girls still laughing at me. Word was spreading. I could feel my arousal building. I got the feeling I had past the point of no return. I could see people talking about me and it seemed like everyone was looking. I kept my legs clamped shut through the rest of lunch.   
  
Julie was waiting for me outside the cafeteria. She laughed in my face and asked me how I liked having all those people looking at me and laughing. I wanted to cry. “You’re probably going to be watched closely for the rest of the day. You don’t have to do anything today but remember, if you want to keep playing the game, everybody that glances your way sees the goodies. Oh yeah, I’ll be doing this to you every once in a while, too,” she said with a laugh. As she said this she reached down and lifted my skirt to my waist. The hallway was filled with kids and people started yelling. I yanked my skirt down. I wanted to yell at her that I wasn’t going to play the game but I couldn’t. As embarrassing as lunch was, I couldn’t say I was not going to be doing Julie’s bidding come Monday. She had proven that she would be ruthless in embarrassing me and I still couldn’t say ‘no.’  
  
**Part 11**

The rest of the school day was horrible. Apparently word had spread about my lack of underwear and I was the center of attention. I had gym during last period and everyone in the locker room saw that I wasn’t wearing underwear. A couple girls tried to pull my gym shorts down in the gym but I grabbed them before they could. The gym teacher saw enough to see that I wasn’t wearing underwear, though, and she told me she wanted to see me after class. I got through class and showered, enduring the teasing of my classmates. I put the skirt on normally, without the binder clip, and went to Mrs. Harris’ office. I sat there through an embarrassing lecture on personal hygiene. She also asked me if I needed information about birth control. Incredibly, the conversation got even more embarrassing.  
  
“Amy, I know that what you’re doing can be thrilling. It’s normal for a girl your age to be experimenting sexually. I understand that a little pubic foreplay can be fun. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with it and I’m not going to tell you to stop doing it. I’m a little concerned about your health, though, so that’s why we’re having this little chat. If you’re going to run around in little short skirts without knickers you’re going to be exposing your vagina to lots of germs every time you sit down. Make sure you wash that area 3 or 4 times a day. You should use a good antibacterial soap,” Mrs. Harris said.  
  
This was so embarrassing! I was relieved that Mrs. Harris wasn’t lecturing me about my outfit but I wasn’t exactly comfortable about talking about it like this with her. She was only five or six years older than I was but she was still a teacher! I just nodded my head to her comments.  
  
“I saw you come into school this morning and I saw you at lunch in the cafeteria,” Mrs. Harris continued. I noticed that you had your skirt rolled all day and it was quite a bit shorter than it is now. I don’t know if you lost some bet or if you’re doing this to excite a lover, but after spending the day with your skirt the way it was, it would be a shame to quit now that the school day has ended. I went to a Catholic high school and my group of friends always rolled our skirts once in the morning and then again in the afternoon. Even a regulation skirt becomes quite short when you roll it a second time! You can go ahead and do that and finish off whatever it is you’re doing in a big way,” she said.  
  
I blushed. Did she expect me to roll the waistband of my skirt right here in the office? She didn’t really say I should, but she sure implied it. I didn’t know what to do.  
  
“I also noticed you had this skirt up high on your waist. I saw some type of clip in the back holding the waistband together. That clip was a dead give-away that your skirt adjustments were intentional. I don’t see the clip now. Do you still have it?” She asked.  
  
I had left the binder clip in my locker. I figured I’d get if after my talk with Mrs. Harris but I had no intention of using it. I was simply going to give it back to Julie. I told Mrs. Harris I had the clip in my locker.  
  
“Well, go get it and I’ll help you get all adjusted for your big exit from school,” she said with a smile.  
  
This was surreal! Now it was out in the open. She did expect me to make this skirt shorter for the walk home. I felt the first wave of arousal hit me. This was getting really embarrassing. Without giving myself time to think about it I got up to get the clip from my locker. I could have just left the building but for some reason I didn’t. I brought the clip into Mrs. Harris’ office.  
  
“Huh! A binder clip. Very clever! It’s too bad we never thought of this when I was in school,” she laughed. “Ok, go ahead and roll the waistband over.”  
  
I clumsily folded the waistband of the skirt inward, shortening the skirt by about two inches. Mrs. Harris stepped behind me.  
  
“Ok, this morning you were wearing the skirt about here,” she said as she tugged up on the waistband just like Julie had done before school. I felt the skirt go up to the point where it was very daring. To my surprise, Mrs. Harris didn’t put the clip on my skirt. Instead, she let the skirt drop normally.  
  
“Ok, Amy, now that classes are over and you don’t have to be worried about the entire school seeing you, it’s time to get really daring. Ready for the second roll? I remember back in high school when we’d roll our skirts again after last period for the trip home. Everybody could see my knickers when I sat on the bus. I think that’s why men like the schoolgirl look so much!”  
  
OMG! Was I ready to make this skirt even shorter? What if it was too short and didn’t cover everything it had to cover? Could I walk out of school with it like that? I blushed. I started rolling the waistband over a second time. I figured I could always change my mind. I also figured I was probably going to be wearing a skirt this short next week, anyway. Looking back I realized I had already made my decision at this point and was going to tell Julie we were continuing the game. I just had not admitted it to myself yet. Rolling the waistband over a second time made the skirt really, really, short. It was way shorter than anything I had ever worn before. My butt cheeks were peeking out below the skirt hem.  
  
“Now that is a short skirt!” Mrs. Harris said with a big grin. “When we put it back up on your waist where you were wearing it this morning you’re going to be showing lots of leg!” She tugged the skirt up high on my waist and clipped it with the binder clip. I felt like I was bottomless. I looked in the mirror in Mrs.’ Harris’ office and could see half my butt on display.  
  
“Oh! Mrs. Harris! This is too short! I couldn’t walk out of here like this. I have to take the clip off!”  
  
“Now Amy, before you do that let’s talk about it. I don’t know why you dressed like you did today, but there was obviously a reason. You’re showing somebody that you’ll wear very short skirts without knickers to school. Whoever that person is, don’t you think he or she will be impressed with how your skirt looks now? It’s true that your butt is pretty exposed and even a little of your vagina is showing. Isn’t that the idea? You let dozens of people see everything you have in the cafeteria at lunch, so whatever the plan is here, showing seems to be the objective. You’ll be able to walk out of here with that skirt just the way it is and still have a smaller audience than you had at lunch today. And the fact that you had this skirt on without underwear isn’t a secret around school anyway. Won’t this skirt, the way it is right now, be better?” she asked. I had to admit everything she said was correct. I was already enjoying the embarrassment I was feeling just being in front of Mrs. Harris like this and was anticipating the intense feelings I’d get if I just walked home this way. I pictured myself stopping at Julie’s house and getting her reaction and agreed to do it.  
  
“You know, I play little dress up games with Mr. Harris, too. I don’t do it at work, of course, but outside of work I wear some pretty revealing clothes myself. I know that it’s the most fun when I think it’s gone just a bit too far. You’re making the right decision,” she said. “I get the feeling that you’re not quite ready to share the story behind your revealing choice of clothing today. I don’t know if this is a one-time thing or if you’ll be doing this again. All I can tell you is that if you need someone to talk to about it, I’m here. I won’t judge you for it. I’ve been out with my husband in an outfit every bit as revealing as your is now. If you ever need to talk to someone who will understand, just come see me, Amy.” I couldn’t believe Mrs. Harris was being so nice and understanding. I didn’t think I could confide in her, though. She is a teacher, after all. Still, it was nice to know that there was someone I could talk to if, or should I say when, my game with Julie got bad. I took a deep breath and left Mrs. Harris’ office with my skirt up high, feeling like everything was on display.  
  
Fortunately, the walk home from school is less than a mile. I felt very exposed with my skirt up exposing my ass and even some of my pussy. Some cars passed me without a glance. Others slowed down, blew their horns, and yelled things out the window. I tried to ignore it all. About halfway home I came to a convenience store. I saw a boy from school that I knew. He told me how great I looked and said he really liked my outfit. I was embarrassed but I thanked him for the compliment. I continued on my way and he walked with me. I was nearly to Julie’s house when the boy asked me to go on a date. I asked him what he had in mind and he suggested dinner and a movie. I decided to accept. I figured it would be fun. He said he would pick me up at 7:30. I asked him to call me at 7:00 because I might be at a friend’s house. He jotted down my cell number and said goodbye.  
  
I had been thinking about what I was going to have to do on dates if I played Julie’s game and instantly decided I would give that a try tonight. Timmy, my date, couldn’t know it yet, but he was going to get a hand job from me tonight. I wanted him to call me at 7:00 because I was hoping I could have him pick me up at Julie’s house. If she would let me come over before my date I would let Julie dress me for the date. I was so horny thinking about my date and what I was going to do on it that I decided to go straight home to masturbate. Julie pulled up in her car just as Timmy started to walk away so my gratification was going to have to wait a bit.

**Part 12**

“Whoa! Amy! Look at you!” Julie exclaimed. She had a huge grin on her face as she looked me up and down. “This is a great look for you, Amy-doll! And who was the little nerd you were talking to? Come on in and give me all the details,” she said. I followed Julie to her house. I was hoping Estelle was busy because I was too embarrassed and didn’t want her to see me dressed like this. It was no use.  
  
“Estelle! Come see how the little slut next door is dressed. Bring a camera!” Julie yelled at the top of her lungs. I stood there awkwardly as Julie put her books down and kicked her shoes off. In a couple minutes Estelle was there, laughing at me. She took a couple pictures which I figured would be put on the ‘Net along with my others. The thought of that only made me even more horny. I couldn’t wait to masturbate and found myself hoping these two girls would make me do it right in front of them and photograph it all.  
  
“So, Estelle, what do you think of our slut now? I found her outside on the street, dressed like this, making a date with some nerd kid from school!” Julie asked  
  
“She was out in the street with her skirt up like this? She’s too much!” Estelle agreed with a laugh.  
  
At Julie’s prompting I explained all about my day at school, particularly my last class and my encounter with Mrs. Harris. At various points during my explanation the girls laughed, of course. I noticed that they were using my name less and less and just referring to me as the slut. I don’t know why I found that exciting but I did. And, I began to think of myself as a slut. In reality, I was a tease. I was still a virgin and had very little sexual activity in my past. I had let a couple guys feel my tits while making out, of course, but I only let one guy touch me below the waist and had only given hand jobs. Even the hand jobs were all for one guy, a guy I considered to be my boyfriend at the time. And yet, I knew Timmy was going to get a hand job tonight. And maybe more. And I was going to be dressed like a tramp for my date. I also knew that what little clothing I wore on my date with Timmy would be coming off. I was truly a slut but my experiences hadn’t yet caught up with me.  
  
The girls were very amused when I told them I was experimenting to see what life was going to be like beginning Monday. While I still had to decide whether I was going to allow Julie’s suggestions to become mandatory or not, it was starting to seem to the girls, and to me, that I had already decided. I hadn’t decided, of course. I was trying to find the strength to stop all of this. I knew I’d be much better off if I could control myself and not let Julie control my humiliation. I had my doubts about whether I could do this without her, though. I knew for sure I wouldn’t be able to stop experiencing the humiliation I craved, though. When I asked Julie if I could have my date pick me up at her house she readily agreed.  
  
“So, Amy-doll, why is it so important for your date to pick you up here instead of your house?” Julie asked.  
  
“If my mom knows I have a date she’ll want to help me get ready and will suggest an outfit for me to wear. I was thinking I’d wear something a bit more daring than Mom would approve of,” I answered.  
  
“Oh? Do tell, Amy-doll! What are you planning to wear?” Julie said with a laugh.  
  
“I haven’t decided yet but I was thinking I would, um, err, um, I was thinking I would wear my new plaid skirt and white tube top,” I answered. I was embarrassed to tell her I was planning on full slut-wear for my date but she was going to find out eventually. Naturally, she burst into hysterical laughter at this.  
  
“Well, my parents won’t be home until at least 8:00, so you can get ready for your date here. I have an idea! Why don’t you leave the clothes you’re wearing now here and you can go get your date clothes and bring them over. Estelle and I will help you get ready for your date! You can spend the night here and you’ll have mom-approved clothing to go home in tomorrow,’ Julie suggested.  
  
“Ok, thanks! How about I come back around 6:00 or so? That will give me an hour and a half to get ready,” I suggested.  
  
“Oh, I was thinking you’d just go home now and leave your mom a note telling her you were having dinner here and spending the night. My parents usually go out for a late dinner on Friday nights, so even if your mom checks up on you my parents won’t know you went out on a date.’ I nodded. “So, it’s settled, you’ll leave those clothes here and go get your date clothes and bring them right back,” she said, matter of factly.  
  
This wasn’t what I wanted at all. I wanted to go home and masturbate! I needed relief and with Julie’s plan I wouldn’t be alone until sometime tomorrow. There was no way I could go all the way to tomorrow without relieving my itch! Between my embarrassing day at school, my walk home with my butt hanging out of my skirt, and anticipation of my date tonight, I needed relief. I decided on the direct approach and told Julie what was on my mind.  
  
“Oh, don’t be silly! You can’t masturbate before a date! I’m sure that nerd boy…what’s his name? Timmy? I’m sure Timmy would much rather have you horny for your date. And you’ll enjoy getting all slutted up for him much more if you’re horny,” she said. Reluctantly, I agreed.  
  
“So, it’s settled. Get out of those clothes and go get your slut-wear for tonight.”  
  
“What? You want me to strip now and then go get my clothes for tonight? So I go home to get my clothes naked?” I asked.  
  
“Look, Amy-doll, you said you wanted to know what things are going to be like starting Monday, right? Well, starting Monday you’ll not only be wearing more revealing clothes, you’ll also be spending more time with no clothes at all. You’ve seen my Barbie-doll a few times, right? Have you noticed that my Barbie-doll never seems to have clothes on? Well, why would it be any different for my Amy-doll?” she said, eliciting a laugh from Estelle.  
  
I had not planned on doing another streak between my house and Julie’s house. Still, I had pulled this off a couple of times yesterday and it wasn’t so bad. I knew Mom wouldn’t be home for at least another hour or so, and I wasn’t likely to get caught. The idea seemed a bit exciting so I agreed and pulled my top off and my skirt off. Estelle snapped a couple pictures of me stripping and also of my run across the back yards to my house. It felt a little strange going into my house naked but I was only inside for a couple minutes to grab the slut-wear and write a quick note. Soon I was back in Julie’s back yard. Julie and Estelle were out back smoking cigarettes and I stood there nude, waiting for them, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be naked with these two clothed girls.  
  
Inside, Estelle ironed the skirt I had worn to school. The waistband was all wrinkled from being rolled over. She also ironed the plaid skirt I was planning to wear on my date. I put the skirt and tube top on and modeled it for the girls. Damn! The skirt was short! I could sit fairly modestly in the skirt because of the pleats. If I opened my legs a little, though, the skirt lifted up and showed everything! We experimented with some knee socks and Mary-Jane shoes like a typical schoolgirl would wear. We also tried some white thigh-highs and high heels. I liked the knee socks and flats but Julie overruled me and decided on the thigh highs and heels. There was a 6-inch band of flesh between the stocking tops and the skirt hem. I looked like a street-walking whore! The shoes had a 5-inch spike heel and I had some trouble walking in them at first.  
  
With my outfit decided, I was instructed to take everything off and put the heels back on. I spent the next 2 hours wearing just the heels. The girls took care of my make-up and hair. My hair was braided into two pigtails and Estelle put more make-up on me than I normally wore in a week. Finally, my fingernails and toenails were painted whore red. That’s what the bottle said for the color. Whore red. Estelle was very talented with the make-up and the blue eye shadow and bright red lipstick made me look very slutty. The blush on my cheeks made me look like a little girl.   
  
With my hair, make-up, and nails done, and still wearing nothing but the high heels, the girls had me pose for pictures. In all, Estelle took about 40 pictures. Julie had put a comedy CD in and it was very funny. I was smiling and laughing in most of the pictures. Also, in all but a few of the pictures, I was spreading my legs shamelessly. Estelle downloaded the pictures and showed them to me on her computer. It was an amazing set of pictures. With all the make-up they had on me, it wasn’t obvious that the pictures were of me. Anyone that knew me would recognize me, but any stranger who had seen the pictures would never recognize me without all the make-up. Julie had me sign some form she had printed off the computer. The form had a scanned picture of my driver’s license on it. I made sure she wasn’t planning to post this form on the ‘Net before I signed it.  
  
The girls kept me naked until it was time for my date. Timmy had called right at 7:00 and I gave him Julie’s address to pick me up. He asked what I was wearing and all I would tell him was that it was a surprise but I would look nice for him. I spent the next 20 minutes or so sitting and talking with the girls, going over the “rules” for my date. Julie wanted my legs apart for the whole conversation. She had to remind me a couple times, but for the most part I sat spread open. The rules for my date were optional for tonight but would become mandatory after Monday if I continued as her Amy-doll. There weren’t many. First, I had to initiate the first kiss early in the date. I was required to rub Timmy’s penis, outside of his pants, every time we kissed. I was to allow him to feel me up as much as he wanted and to cooperate with any efforts he made to grope me. For instance, if he put a hand on my thigh, I had to open my legs for him. At some point in the date I had to strip completely naked for him, and of course, I had to give him a hand job. These would be all mandatory things for dates starting on Monday. I agreed to all of them.  
  
I was also told that I was free to screw him and/or blow him. I didn’t have to do either of these, but I could if I wanted to. If I did either of these things, I didn’t need to give him the hand job, of course. I had never had a penis in my mouth before and I was very curious about it. Obviously, I knew guys loved this and decided that if the mood was right, I would give my very first blow job to Timmy tonight. Lastly, I would have to give a report on my date to the girls when I returned.  
At about 7:20 Julie took me into the kitchen and helped me get dressed. I was thinking I’d dress like a slut but in reality, I looked more like a hooker in this outfit. I heard the doorbell ring and Estelle answered it. Julie started pinching and twisting my nipples. In a couple minutes my nipples were erect and threatening to poke right through the thin material of the tube top.  
  
“Show time, slut! Let’s go meet your date,” Julie said.

**Part 13**

I’m sure Timmy figured I would be dressed provocatively for the date. After all, I was wearing a skirt that didn’t even cover my butt when he had asked me out. Still, I don’t think he was quite prepared for what he saw when I came into the room. He had certainly never seen me wearing heavy make-up like this. The hair in pigtails was a new look for me, too. I hadn’t worn my hair like this since I was 8 years old. Of course, with all that, I think it was the clothes that shocked him. I had on a thin white tube top and my nipples were visible through it. And, thanks to Julie, my nipples were very erect. The tube top left most of my belly bare. The pleated red skirt was worn low on my hips and showed off my hipbones nicely. The skirt was also incredibly short, with the hem coming right up to pussy. It was literally just long enough to cover me in front. In the back, it was quite different. The entire lower half of my butt was exposed. I hadn’t measured, but I would guess this skirt was no more than 6 or 7 inches from waist to hem. Below the skirt was bare thigh for about 6 inches, then white seamed thigh highs, and finally 5-inch heeled, black patent leather shoes. I could tell by the look on Timmy’s face that he was shocked.  
  
I was feeling very slutty, of course. I walked over to him, ignoring the skirt that had started slipping in the 8 or 9 steps I had to take to get across the room. I said hello and put my right arm around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. As I was slipping my tongue into his mouth I massaged his crotch with my left hand. I felt him start to harden down below and the girls were making comments. I heard Estelle say, “oooh!” and I heard Julie comment that “someone’s gonna get lucky tonight.” I broke off the kiss and tugged my skirt back into position. Timmy was a bit flushed.  
  
“So, where are you guys going tonight?” Julie asked.  
  
“I was thinking dinner at the Olive Garden and then a movie. Anything special you want to see, Amy?” Timmy answered.  
  
“Dinner and a movie? Well, I guess that’s OK,” Julie answered. “I wouldn’t bother with anything fancy, though. It doesn’t take steak and lobster to get into Amy’s knickers, does it Amy?” she continued. I blushed and shook my head ‘no’,  
  
“See, Timmy? I think a Big Mac and fries will be enough to get in her knickers tonight. That is, if she’s even wearing knickers! Amy, are you wearing knickers under your little skirt?” Julie taunted.  
  
Julie was making me out to be a total slut and a cheap one at that. I blushed and was really embarrassed but there was nothing I could do to but play along. I told her what she already knew about whether I was wearing knickers or not. I wasn’t mad at her for this, though. I know she was just trying to embarrass me and it was working! It wasn’t like we would get very far into the date before Timmy saw I wasn’t wearing knickers. With a skirt this short, its hard to keep secrets like that. And, if I tell the truth, her talking about me like I was some cheap slut was really turning me on. And she wasn’t quite done yet!  
  
“If you haven’t picked out a movie yet maybe you want to reconsider,” Julie continued.   
  
“Why?” Timmy asked. Timmy was a bit naïve and still a bit overwhelmed by my outfit. Julie seemed to be having tons of fun playing with him at my expense.  
  
“Well, think about it, Timmy! Look at how your date is dressed. I doubt she got all whored up for you so she could sit in a dark movie theater. Take her out someplace! Show her off!” Julie said.  
  
Naturally, Estelle had to take a shot, too. These two worked well together.  
  
“Maybe he figures a dark movie theater would be a good place to feel her up. It’s not a bad idea when you think about it. She’s half-naked all ready, the place will be dark. Is that the plan, Timmy?” Estelle asked, laughing. I just blushed and kept quiet, wondering how far these two would take this. Timmy was speechless.  
  
“Timmy,” Julie took over. “You can feel her up anywhere. I have an idea! Why don’t you take her bowling? Amy loves to bowl!”   
  
Bowling?! In this outfit? She can’t be serious! I actually did like bowling and would have jumped at this suggestion if I were wearing pants and a decent top. Or knickers. Or even a longer skirt.  
  
“Um, I don’t think Amy is dressed for bowling,” Timmy answered. I could tell he was imagining exactly what I would look like bowling in this outfit. I was, too. And I was getting all hot and bothered by the thought. It would be so embarrassing! Julie shot me a look and I remembered her requirement that I cooperate with her efforts to embarrass me. I took a deep breath.  
  
“Um, bowling would be OK with me,” I said.  
  
“Are you sure, Amy? I love your outfit but that skirt is very short and if you’re not wearing underwear, well, you know. And the bowling alley is probably gonna be pretty crowded. Are you sure?” Timmy asked. Timmy was such a gentleman!  
  
“Look Timmy, Amy knows what will show when she bowls. If she had a problem with letting it show, would she be wearing that tiny skirt in the first place? And why would anyone wear a micro-mini like that without knickers? Don’t you see? She wants you and showing you the goods is her way of getting you interested. I know you can’t feel her up at the bowling alley like you could at a movie, but I think she’ll let you feel her up afterwards, won’t you Amy?” Julie replied.  
  
So, there it was out in the open. I’m dressed up and made up like a cheap hooker and I’m going on a first date. And now, I’m supposed to just announce that I’m going to let him feel me up? And just how am I supposed to figure out how to answer this question now that I’m so horny I can’t think straight? I certainly was going to let Timmy feel me up. Everyone in the room knew that already except for Timmy.   
  
“Yes, Timmy, we can go some place private after bowling,” I answered with a blush. I was proud of myself for not coming right out and telling him he could feel me up. He got the message, though.   
  
“So, it’s settled, then?” Julie asked. “Fast food, bowling, and sex is the perfect cheap date and Amy is the perfect cheap date girl!” What a humiliating little summary of what I was about to do. Finally, the torture ended and Timmy and I headed for the door.  
  
“Wait, Timmy! Make sure you use a condom!” Julie said.  
  
Condom? This was going too far! I had no intention of losing my virginity to Timmy tonight. It wasn’t going to happen. I was going to play the perfect slut for him and expose myself at a bowling alley. I would strip for him and give him a hand job or maybe a blowjob, and I was going to let him feel me up all he wanted, but I wasn’t screwing him.  
  
“I’m good, thanks,” Timmy answered with a big smile. I wondered if I’d be fighting him off later. I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it. We left with the laughter of Julie and Estelle echoing in my ears.  
  
I had been feeling pretty comfortable in my slut outfit in the house. Maybe the couple of hours spent totally nude before getting dressed helped. I even enjoyed having the girls talk about me being a cheap slut in front of my date. The enormity of what I was doing hit me like a ton of bricks as soon as I stepped outside with Timmy. Here I was, looking just like a hooker, about to go out for fast food and bowling with a guy who was now sure he was getting sex. His attitude sure changed when he realized he had a sure thing on his hands. Once we got in the car he kissed me. I dutifully rubbed his crotch during the kiss. His hand went between my legs, too. A delicious wave of humiliation rolled over me as I spread my legs to accommodate his hand. His inexperience with women was apparent as he immediately started jamming his fingers in me. I raised off the seat a little and arched my back to make his abrupt attack less painful. He probably thought this was my way of showing I liked what he was doing. It was a good thing I was already very wet. His thumb found my clit and he had thee fingers in me when I had an embarrassingly public orgasm in the car which was still parked in Julie’s driveway. I looked up and saw Julie and Estelle at the window laughing at me. Timmy started the car and I immediately began worrying about the next humiliation on the schedule. How was I going to walk into a McDonalds in this outfit?  
  
“Did I tell you she was a slut? Did I tell you?” Julie asked with obvious excitement.  
  
“You did! I gotta tell you, I am impressed!” Estelle answered. “I can’t get believe what just happened! She looked just like a hooker and you convinced her date to cancel dinner and a movie for a burger and bowling! And making her tell him right up front that he was going to get to feel her up was genius. He obviously took that to heart,” she laughed.  
  
“Yeah, you know you’re a slut when you let your date bring you off in the car before even pulling out of the driveway,” Julie laughed.  
  
“I’d love to watch the reactions when people see her bowling in that little skirt! We should go to the bowling alley,” Estelle said.  
  
“No, I have a first date tonight, too. I’ll be doing the dinner and movie that our little slut was supposed to get. I’ll be home early, though. I can’t wait to hear about Amy’s date!” Julie answered.  
  
“Well, I have no plans, so I’ll be here in case Amy gets back before you do,” Estelle said.  
  
“Great! Do me a favor, will you? Get her out of her skirt and top as soon as she comes in, OK?”  
  
“Sure thing. You want her naked. Got it,” Estelle answered.  
  
“No, not naked. Stockings and heels only,” Julie answered with a laugh. Julie headed upstairs to change for her date.

**Part 14**

The ride to McDonalds only took a few minutes. I was a little nervous about playing this close to my house but it couldn’t be helped. Timmy turned off the car but made no move to get out.  
  
“How about another kiss, sexy?” he asked. We were parked right by a window of the place but that just made it more exciting. His lips covered mine and I reached for his crotch with my left hand. His hand touched my thigh and I spread my legs wide for him. I felt like the biggest slut in the world! Anyone walking by could have seen us. People in the restaurant were probably watching us, too. My skirt was up around my waist at this point. I wasn’t surprised to feel him pull my tube top down, leaving me effectively naked. His hand mauled my tits roughly. I was so horny! Suddenly, I was not sure I was going to be a virgin when this date ended. We kissed and groped each other for about 10 minutes in the car. I got very close to another orgasm but didn’t get over the top. I was so horny I think he could have had my virginity right there if he had just kept going a bit longer.  
  
Incredibly, he wanted to get something to eat. I was so frustrated as I struggled to get my tube top up and my skirt down. Like a true gentleman he got out and opened my door for me. I tried not to think about what I must look like as we walked inside McDonalds. I figured the best case would be that people quietly stared at me in my whore clothes and we could eat and get out of there. That wasn’t how it happened, though. As soon as we walked in the door a table near the window with 4 teenagers at it erupted in applause and catcalls. The kids at the table had a clear view of what had just gone on in the car and were openly laughing and telling us to get a room, calling me a whore, etc. At that moment, the idea of getting a room sounded much better than getting burgers. I could only imagine what the bowling alley was going to be like!  
  
I felt like there was a spotlight on me as we stood at the counter. We were behind some guy who was ordering a ton of food. I could see my reflection in the window of the restaurant. It wasn’t me in the reflection; it was some cheap trailer-park whore. And a young one at that! Between the makeup and hair in pigtails and the schoolgirl skirt, I looked like I was 14. I cringed when I saw just how much of my ass was visible. I tugged the skirt down, trying to preserve some small amount of modesty. When I tugged it down I nearly tugged it right off. Almost instantly I found myself tugging it up again. I thought back to the conversation when Beth was hemming the skirt. Julie had mentioned that she wanted me to have to adjust the skirt a couple times a minute. At the time she said that I was thinking about how annoying that was going to be. I never considered just how hard it would be to adjust the skirt to not show too much! Try to be somewhat covered and it feels like it’s gonna fall off. Pull it up so it feels secure and it doesn’t cover what it’s supposed to cover. I thought the evil in this skirt was the amount of flesh it revealed and how it just yelled, “cheap slut” to everyone who saw it. The real evil is that I can’t go more than 30 seconds without thinking about how short my skirt is and what is visible from underneath it.  
  
Timmy was oblivious to all the emotions I was feeling, of course. Finally we were at the front of the line and Timmy ordered burgers for us. While he was getting the food I went to get the straws and napkins and stuff. While I was doing that a couple people came up to me and commented on my appearance. I knew I looked like a cheap slut but I didn’t really need people pointing it out to me. Even after we sat down to eat strangers were making rude comments. Some guy asked how much I charged and if I was available later. I was blushing red like a tomato all through dinner. I was pretty happy to get out of there. Timmy kissed me again in the car. This time I didn’t wait for his hand to go between my legs, I just spread them apart.  
  
“Your outfit caused quite a stir in there, Amy,” Timmy said. “Are you sure you want to go bowling?” His hands were all over me as he asked the question. Truthfully, I didn’t want to go bowling. Judging by the erection he had, he wasn’t all that interested in bowling, either.   
  
“Let’s go someplace private instead of bowling,” I answered. He started the car and headed out. He drove to an industrial park where some of the companies worked all night. This was a favorite spot for teenagers to go parking because you could park between the workers parked cars and not get bothered by the cops. On the way I considered my options. I knew my clothes were coming off and Timmy would get a hand job at least. I decided that tonight would be the night I would give my first blowjob. I was thinking very seriously about letting Timmy go all the way. At the start of the date I had ruled that out. Now I was no longer so sure. I was very horny so I decided to just see how things went.  
  
One we parked things got a little awkward. From Timmy’s perspective, there was no need to get me naked since my outfit gave him al the access he needed. We kissed and groped each other a bit and he didn’t make any move to take any of my clothes off. I knew I didn’t really have to get naked for him but beginning Monday, this would be a requirement for me on every date. Timmy was already thinking he had a sure thing and that I was a total slut. Somehow, between all the groping I had to get out of my clothes. Finally I got an idea.  
  
“Why don’t we get in the back seat, Timmy? There’s way more room back there,” I said. He agreed and was out of the driver’s seat in a flash. I got out of the car and pulled my top and skirt off and tossed them in the front seat and then hopped in the back. I hear a horn blowing and saw a car flashing its lights from the row of cars behind us. Some other unknown people now knew I was a slut. Once in the back seat I took my heels and stockings off and tossed them into the front seat. Next I was working on unfastening Timmy’s pants.   
  
I won’t go into detail about what happened in the back seat of Timmy’s car. I had always pictured my first time to be wildly romantic. I imagined a very handsome man, a large bed with satin sheets covered with rose petals, all combining into a magical evening that I would remember for the rest of my life. Everyone says you always remember your first, right? I hope that’s not true. My very handsome man was an inexperienced teenage boy, my bed with satin sheets was the back seat of a 5-year old Chevy, and my magical evening consisted of about 1 minute of clumsy thrusting. He didn’t even take his pants off; he just pulled them down. I got a nasty scratch on my leg from the zipper of his jeans. When he was done there were a few minutes of awkward silence and then he took me home. I had him drive me back to Julie’s house. At least he asked me for another date on the way home. I told him to call me next week. I knocked on Julie’s door. Estelle let me in. The clock in the living room was just hitting 9:30 and my date was over.  
  
Estelle was surprised to see me so early. “I want to hear all about your date, Amy-doll, but first, Julie left instructions for you to strip off everything but your stockings and heels. I set up the video camera so you won’t have to go through this twice. So, get out of the clothes and tell me all about it,” she said. I could see she was trying not to laugh at me. When I started to take my skirt and top off without even making a comment she couldn’t hold back any longer, though, and the video I made started out with me stripping with her laughter in the background.  
  
She had set up a little barstool in front of the camera and I sat down. She sat next to the camera. She spread her legs wide apart and motioned for me to spread my legs and I did. Of course, she was wearing jeans and I was naked.  
  
“So, how was our little virgin-pretending-to-be-a-slut’s big date?” she said.  
  
“Well, first of all, I am no longer pretending to be a slut. It’s official. I’m a slut. And, I’m no longer a virgin,” I answered.  
  
“Oh? Do tell! I want every detail,” she answered, laughing. She rubbed her hand into her crotch and motioned for me to do the same. Blushing, I did as ordered. I spent the next 20 minutes naked, fingering myself, and recounting every humiliating detail of my date with Timmy. At the end of my story I finished by having three huge orgasms. I had been horny for hours and finally got the relief I needed. I didn’t even think of the video camera with the little blinking red light until I was done. I realized that I had just made a very embarrassing video. As soon as Estelle turned the camera off I asked if I could go shower. Estelle told me I could but warned me not to mess up my hair or makeup. They were already messed up, of course, but she wanted me to preserve the freshly-fvcked look. When I got out of the shower I put my stockings and heels on and went down stairs. My skirt and tube top were no longer by the door where I left them. Just then, Julie came home from her date.

**Part 15 - Conclusion**

The absolute worst part of my whole night was replaying the video I made. Julie and Estelle laughed hysterically throughout. They stopped the tape and replayed certain sections several times. They mocked me, called me a cheap slut, and laughed in my face. I was getting horny again and started rubbing my pussy. This caused them to break out in wild laughter. What had I become? Here I was, sitting naked, legs spread wide apart, masturbating myself of my own accord with two fully clothed girls watching and laughing. Worse, I realized that I liked it. I felt thoroughly degraded and I liked it!  
  
“So, Amy-doll, you really like this stuff, huh?” Julie asked. I nodded.  
  
“Well, are you really going to wait until Monday to decide your fate or are you ready now? Tomorrow’s Saturday and we could have tons of fun with you if you’re ready to decide. On the other hand, you could stay home all alone and think about it. It’s a big decision, I know. Hmmm, do you want to forget all this and make believe it never happened or do you want to become the town slut?” Julie laughed at me. Her tone of voice was so condescending! Here I was, totally naked and she was mocking me. Why couldn’t I just get up and leave?  
  
“Do you have to mock me like that?” I asked. I don’t know what answer I was hoping for. A part of me realized her attitude and constant mocking was a turn on. It was definitely humiliating and it was turning me on.  
  
“Well, I suppose I don’t really have to…but I like it so I’ll keep doing it!” she said with a laugh.  
  
“Well, does this have to be so public? Can’t we be a little bit discreet about this?” I asked. Again, I had no idea what answer I was hoping for.  
  
“Discreet? I don’t think so! You’re going to become the town slut and be available to everyone. What fun would it be to make you available to everyone but not tell anyone? No, if you decide to play our little game you’re going to you’re going to play hard and you’re going to play everywhere.” Julie said. She knew she had me and she was just taunting me.  
  
“So, what do you think? Are we waiting till Monday or are we starting right now?” Julie asked.  
  
I didn’t know what to do! I knew this was wrong. I knew this was going to ruin my reputation. I knew I should just put my clothes on and go home. I also knew I had never been so horny in my life. I knew I’d never be able to stop thinking about this. I knew that no matter how I answered this question I was going to regret it for a long time. If I said no, this would always be the opportunity lost. If I said yes, I was going to be spending a lot of time dressed like a street-walking whore. I took a deep breath.  
  
“I can’t decide! We can play tomorrow if you want but I can’t decide about this. I need more time.”  
  
“No, sorry. If you’re in, we’ll play. If you need more time to decide you’re on your own. I’ll tell you what, if you decide to be my Amy-doll, you stop here Monday on your way to school. Come around to the back. You can strip in the back yard and I’ll pick out a nice embarrassing outfit for you. If you don’t want to be my Amy-doll, don’t even come over,” she told me.  
  
I stood there, naked but for the stockings and heels, more confused than ever. Julie plainly wanted nothing to do with me unless I was willing to be her play-toy. I resolved right then and there to tell her ‘no’. I had intended to do it immediately. What came out was some stupid promise to think about it over the weekend and to give her my answer Monday morning. She went upstairs and got the clothes I wore over to her house earlier that day. She literally threw them at me.  
  
“Any time you decide you’re in, feel free to come over. Whatever happens, you’ll either be here Monday morning, all nice and naked, or we’re not playing. See ya,” she said. She literally pushed me out the door.  
  
I didn’t go out for the rest of the weekend. I couldn’t think of anything else but whether I was going to do what she wanted. In the moments I could think rationally I was certain I should say ‘no’. I kept getting horny, though, and it was clear that my body wanted to say ‘yes’. I also kept thinking about what she would make me wear to school Monday if I said yes. By bedtime Sunday night I still hadn’t made a decision. Needless to say, I didn’t sleep well! All too soon it was Monday morning. I know I had a conversation with my mom at breakfast but I don’t remember a word of it. I was trembling as I walked through the back yard to Julie’s back door. I stood at her back door for a while, not really aware of my surroundings. I honestly don’t remember how I finally decided what to do. I don’t remember ringing Julie’s doorbell. I vividly remember the evil grin on Julie’s face as she opened the door to let her naked Amy-doll in, though.  
  
The end.