The Girls Stripping Club

by Little Joe

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Sun Feb 8, 2009 21:41

86.152.6.0

A new character and a new series if you like it!  
  
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Laura felt of herself that she was a new professional woman. One of a new breed, smart, intelligent, working in a good job, but not constrained by the old social taboos. She had been qualified just two years as a solicitor and to get a position at the age of only 24 as an associate in the small but prestigious firm of Smyth and Associates was an achievement indeed. Who Mr Smyth, who must presumably have started the firm many years back, was, she had no idea. The firm was now headed by Donna Trevithick, the epitome of the new professional woman, who at an age that could hardly have exceeded 30 was already an established figure in legal circles.  
  
Donna was renowned for her legal acumen, her business sense and her outrageous sense of humour. She certainly lived life to the full and was one of those people who always craved excitement.  
  
From the moment she joined the firm Donna took Laura under her wing. Told her how to dress: smart suits with knee length fitted skirts (never trouser suits), high heels and dark stockings, tailored jackets, white blouses with a touch of lace. This was what the young professional woman wore, an outfit that exuded sexual attractiveness as well as intellect and a powerful personality. Never be reluctant to use your sexual allure, Donna counselled her, it’s the big advantage we women have. And, if truth be told, Laura did have a certain sexual attractiveness, both to men and to women. She was somewhat under average height, had short cropped dark hair and a boyish figure. Her slim legs were long, her bottom was neat and her waist was trim. Her breasts were rather boyish, but well formed and firm enough for her not to need support.  
  
Over the first few weeks Donna became Laura’s friend and mentor within the company. They lunched together, they went out for drinks together; it seemed to Donna that Laura was a young woman after her own heart; a girl who craved the same sort of excitement as she did - a girl who might well be a suitable recruit to the club. It seemed to Laura that Donna was everything, with her black hair, her steel grey eyes and her magnetic gaze she held Laura in thrall whenever they were together.  
  
One day over lunch Donna said, “Why don’t you come round to my flat for dinner after work tonight”  
  
Why Laura felt almost overcome with pleasure at the thought she did not know, she could only nod her head in assent.  
  
They worked late at the office that night. They often worked late; it was that sort of business.   
  
“You may as well come straight back with me”, said Donna, “I’ve a special treat lined up for tonight”.  
  
It was mid-winter, but the office heating was always too high. Under her fitted, tailored suit, Laura could feel the perspiration forming until her underwear became sticky. Laura always came in by the tube, but Donna cared nothing for congestion charges and parking fees. She pulled over the little Audi TT and Laura climbed in.  
  
They drove back through the bustling traffic of the city to Donna’s mews flat in South Kensington.  
  
Laura had hoped to be able to get back home, to take of her formal clothes, slip into something comfortable, but the thought of trailing all the way home, then back into Donna’s was too much. She sat in Laura’s sitting room in her jacket and fitted skirt and waited while Donna got changed. Donna came back in; she was wearing a loose fitting robe and was towelling her hair fresh from the shower.  
  
“You take a shower, love”, she said to Laura, “then I can lend you a robe for the evening, you’ll be much more relaxed”  
  
That sounded like heaven to Laura. She went into Donna’s luxury bathroom; there was a huge circular bath with whirlpool jets and a separate shower.  
  
Laura looked longingly at the bath.  
  
“Perhaps you’d prefer a whirlpool”, suggested Donna  
  
Laura couldn’t think of anything better. She was hot, she was sticky and she was tired after a long day at the office. She could think of nothing nicer than a long soak in a whirlpool bath.  
  
Donna turned on the taps.  
  
“Climb in when you’re ready”, said Donna, “I’ll come in and switch on the whirlpool”.  
  
It occurred to Laura that this would mean Donna seeing her naked in the bath. But they were young professional women together; Donna would have no qualms about seeing her naked. She found that she was actually excired at the idea of Donna seeing her naked. She stripped off, stuck her toe in the water and found it was just right, and gratefully sank down into the bath.  
  
Donna came back in. She looked down at Laura lying in the water. She had made a good choice, she thought, Laura had a lovely body, and she was enchanted with those firm ample bosoms, and her little mound of chestnut brown hair below her navel and between her legs. She smiled.  
  
“Call me when you’re ready”, she said.  
  
Laura lay and soaked for a long time. It was heaven; it was so relaxing, but in the end she thought she had better call for Donna.  
  
Donna arrived carrying a large bath towel.  
  
“Stand up, love”, she said, and Laura did as she was told.  
  
Donna looked at her. She had definitely made a good choice. Laura looked gorgeous, pink and soft from the hot bath, with the water trickling down the smooth skin of her breasts and dripping off her nipples. She wrapped the bath towel carefully round her shoulders.  
  
“Come downstairs when you’re ready”, she said and left.  
  
Laura towelled herself dry. Her nipples had gone hard, and she felt herself slightly sexually aroused, but why she should be at the touch of another woman on her naked body, she did not know.  
  
Then she climbed out the bath and wrapping the towel closely round her she crept down the stairs into the living room. The lights were low and the living coal fire cast a bright glow over the room.  
  
Donna came in; she had dressed in a comfortable flowing kaftan dress and her hair was down and draped over her shoulders.  
  
“My, this is cosy”, she said, “let me take the towel back to the bathroom for you”  
  
“You said you’d fetch me a robe”, said Laura thinking she would feel a bit vulnerable left naked in living room.  
  
“You won’t need that, it’s lovely and warm in here, love”, said Donna and held her hand out for the towel.  
  
Laura handed it to her. Well, that’s what you do when somebody holds their hand out for something, and it was Donna’s house, and she’d already seen her naked, and, they were modern professional women together, and, well Donna had asked and she would do anything Donna asked.  
  
Donna went off with the towel and Laura stood, shivering a little in front of the glowing fire. Shivering, not with the cold, but because her nudity made her a little nervous. Maybe she was a modern professional woman, but still it was just a little bit embarrassing to be naked in front of the fire in another woman’s house.  
  
Donna came back in and smiled. Laura looked so lovely in the fireglow, the red flames reflecting in flickering patterns on her skin, shining from the bath oils. She looked so young and fresh and innocent. Her eyes followed the curves of her body, the gentle curve of her thighs, the little dimple in the small of her back just above where her buttocks met, the firm smoothness of her breasts with her nipples, pink in the firelight, firm and erect. Yes, she was just right.  
  
Suddenly a loud chime echoed through the room. Laura jumped alarmed.  
  
“Just the front door”, said Donna, “I’ll get it”  
  
Laura trembled a little more as she left. The thought of being naked, when just a few feet away round the corner, people were standing at the door, was even more nerve racking. She heard voices at the door, and then to her alarm, footsteps approaching the living room, footsteps of more than one person, footsteps of several people. The door opened and she could only stare open mouthed as Donna came in accompanied by four other girls, shaking the cold of the winter’s night off their faces and their hands. They smiled at Laura, smiled encouragingly. They did not seem in the least surprised to see her there naked in front of the fire. Laura instinctively covered her sex and her breasts with her hands. Though why she should do so, she did not know. They were all like her young, professional women, dressed for a relaxing social evening, why should she worry about them seeing her naked. They smiled at Laura, and she found herself relaxing and smiling back, though still nervous, apprehensive at why Donna should have invited them in while she stood there naked. The she suddenly thought, ‘My God, I shouldn’t be here, it’s some sort of meeting’.  
  
Blushing a delicate pink, she made her excuses  
  
“Excuse me”, she said, “I must be going”  
  
But Donna, put out her hand and stopped.  
  
“No, no, Laura”, she said, “you must stay, love. You’re the centre of attention”  
  
‘Centre of attention?’, what did she mean?  
  
“What is this?” she asked, aware that the girls had seated themselves, while she still stood, naked in front of the fire.  
  
“This”, said Donna, “is a meeting of the GSC and”, she turned to address the newly arrived girls, “this is little Laura. I promised I’d bring her for you to see, and here she is”.  
  
“The GSC?”  
  
“The Girls Stripping Club”  
  
Laura flushed; had she just been stripped for the Girls Stripping Club?  
  
“I think perhaps more explanation is needed”, said Donna, “I formed the Girls Stripping Club about four years ago now. I felt I needed to do something to spice up my life a little, and found a group of similar, like minded girls – all professional women, lawyers, doctors, academics. We decided that what we needed in life was a little sex and a little fun, and what better way to get both of these than from nudity. From getting a girl and stripping her. After all nudity is sexy and funny”.  
  
“So you’ve made me strip naked because I’m sexy and funny”, gasped Laura, blushing bright red again and once more endeavouring to hide her sex and her bosoms as she realised that she was there as the entertainment for the evening.  
  
“Well that’s about it, love”, said Donna, “you see the club needs a new stripping girl. But we’ll not just strip you here. We’ll think up all sorts of fun ways and places to get you stripped. You’ll find you love it. It’s so thrilling, so exciting. I can see you’re finding it exciting now”, Laura glanced down at her tell-tale nipples, “there’s nothing quite as exciting as a young professional woman stripped naked”.  
  
“But if it’s so much fun, why don’t you all do it?"  
  
“Oh, that wouldn’t be fun at all. Our fun comes from stripping you. Your fun comes from being stripped by us.”  
  
“But what if I don’t want to be stripped!”  
  
“Oh, but you do, love, don’t you, we can see how excited it’s making you”  
  
And indeed it was. Laura could feel the surge of moisture between her legs and wondered if the others could notice it too.  
  
“But what do I have to do”, asked Laura, her knees buckling slightly  
  
“Just do as we say”, said Donna, “we’ll take you somewhere, find a way to get you stripped and we’ll strip you. It’ll be fun for us; it’ll be fun for the other people there, but most of all it’ll be fun for you. What do you say?”  
  
Laura never knew why, was it that she was carried away with the excitement of the evening, was it the strange hold Donna had over her, or was it that she didn’t really know how to say ‘No’, but she found herself slowly nodding her head.  
  
The Girls Stripping Club had found its newest recruit.

The Girls Stripping Club - 2

Sun Feb 8, 2009 21:42

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For the next few weeks Donna said nothing to Laura about the GSC, the Girls Stripping Club. Laura came into the office every day, dressed in her smart suit, with her smart skirt and did her work efficiently. Every day she lunched with Donna and every day she grew more and more under Donna’s spell. Laura almost forgot about the GSC; had it been just a joke. She didn’t know. The suddenly one day Donna said to her.  
  
“It’s the GSC meeting tonight. Come to my house at half past nine and we’ll decide on your task for this month”.  
  
Laura felt a sudden contraction of nerves. It was real, she, a young aspiring lawyer of 22 years, really had agreed to be their stripping girl., and she really had no idea what she was going to be asked to do. The idea terrified her and excited her at the same time, but the thing that excited her most was that she was going to be stripped by Donna again. Donna wanted to see her naked, and more than anything she wanted Donna to admire her naked body.  
  
She arrived at the house at nine thirty as asked, her heart thumping with anxiety. At heart she was quite a shy retiring girl, she didn’t have a lot of friends, she didn’t regard her body, with her slim hips and her boyish bosom, to be sexy, but Donna found it sexy and that gave her a sort of new found confidence. She would do anything to keep Donna’s admiration.  
  
Donna answered the door and led her into her sitting room. The other girls were there, Mary, Linda, Lynn, Janet and the strangely named Charlie.  
  
“Take your clothes off, love”, said Donna, “we want to show you something”  
  
“All my clothes?” asked Laura, though she knew the answer already.  
  
“Of course”, said Donna”, “that’s the point”  
  
Laura pulled her dress over her head; underneath she wore white cotton panties, but no bra. She wouldn’t wear a bra with that type of outfit; her breasts were small enough, and firm enough not to need it. She stood there for a few seconds a bit nervous of exposing more  
  
“Pull your panties down, love”, said Donna. Laura loved it when Donna called her ‘love’. She hooked her fingers in the top of her panties and pulled them down. And Donna loved seeing her panties come down, as did the other girls, loved to see the little triangle of soft chestnut brown hair appear over her sex, loved to see the soft downy hairs over the smooth skin of her neat little bottom. Loved to have her standing naked before them, and loving their admiring gaze.  
  
“Here, try this on, love”, said Donna, handing Laura a yellow cotton dress, “no bra, no panties, just the dress”  
  
Laura put it on. It was short and hung loose from her delicate bosoms held up by two straps over her shoulders. Donna looked at her in it. She looked sweet. Sweet little lawyer in a sweet little yellow dress. But not for long.  
  
Laura felt a gentle tug at the back of the dress, and the next thing she knew, the dress was lying in a heap at her feet and she was standing stark naked again in front of the girls.  
  
“Eek...” she shrieked involuntarily, and automatically covered her sex and her bosoms, although why she should, she didn’t really know, “what happened”  
  
“That’s the fun”, said Donna, “it’s a trick dress, the straps are just tucked in and they are the only thing holding the dress up, just a little tug and the dress comes down leaving you naked”  
  
“And I’ve got to wear this”, asked Laura, “it might fall down at any moment”  
  
“That’s right”, said Donna, “you have to wear it on Saturday morning around town. At some point, one of us, and you won’t know who or when, will just give a little tug at the dress and you’ll be left naked in the crowd.  
  
“What!” shrieked Laura  
  
“You’ll be stripped in front of everybody, won’t that be fun”,  
  
“But I won’t know when it’s going to happen; I’ll be a nervous wreck all morning”  
  
“I know, that’s why it’s so good. It’s knowing it’s going to happen and not knowing where or when that makes it so exciting for you. We might do it quickly; we might keep you in suspense all morning. You’ll just never be able to relax”  
  
“But, what’ll I do. I can’t just stand there naked”  
  
“I don’t know”, said Donna, “that’s also part of the fun, seeing what you do!”  
  
Laura picked up her clothes and put them back on. She’d do anything for Donna, but could she do this?  
  
All the way driving back home she looked at the yellow dress on the front seat of the car. Did she dare do it? She knew deep in her heart, that she would have to. Donna had told her to do it.  
  
Donna said nothing more on the subject that week and Laura waited for the Saturday in an agony of apprehension. On Saturday morning she took out the little yellow dress, and, heart thumping and mouth dry, without wearing bra or panties she slipped it on. As instructed she put on a pair of flip flop sandals and just enough money for the bus fare to the mall and went into town. She walked around the mall, looking everywhere for a sign of Donna or one of the girls, but she saw nothing. The minutes ticked by, and she was in agonies of apprehension waiting for something to happen. She had no money to buy anything, so all she could do was window shop. Ten o’clock, eleven o’clock, passed, her hopes that it would be over with soon were not to be realised. She had been round the mall about six times already, but she saw no option but to go round again, she put her foot on the top stair of the escalator down, when suddenly, out of nowhere, when she wasn’t even thinking about it, it happened. One moment she was about to go down the escalator, the next her dress was round her ankles and she was naked, she took a step forwards to stop her self topping over and her dress was left behind as the escalator bore her, stark naked downwards.   
  
She shrieked, but there was nothing she could do. She could see everybody about her staring at her as she vainly tried to hide her sex and her breasts with her hands. She looked up and saw Donna at the top of the escalator holding the yellow dress; then she disappeared. Laura realised that she, an ambitious young solicitor, one of the new breed of professional women, was stranded naked in a shopping mall wearing only a pair of flip flop sandals and penniless.  
  
She knew she had been stripped for the girls amusement, that they had probably been watching her all morning, would have enjoyed the build up of her anxiety, would have waited for the moment to cause her maximum embarrassment, would be watching her now and drinking in her embarrassment, and all she could think of was that Donna would be pleased, she had done it for Donna and Donna would be pleased.  
  
But what should she do. To be honest if she had kept her head, somebody would have come to her aid, but how can you keep your head when you’re naked in public and everyone is looking at you. She panicked and ran. As soon as she reached the bottom of the escalator she just ran. People stopped and looked amazed, but nobody tried to stop her. Ahead she saw the entrance to the Ladies restrooms and she just made for there, feeling the eyes of everyone around boring into her, seeing their looks glance down at her sex as if magnetically attracted. The passers-by watched her go, shrugged their shoulders and went about their business.  
  
Laura sat in the cubicle shaking and not knowing what to do. She was naked, she was penniless, and at some point she was going to have to venture out again. There was a little tap on the door.  
  
“Open up”, a familiar voice, Donna, “it’s me”  
  
Relief flooded over her and she opened the door. Donna was holding the little yellow dress. Thankfully Laura grabbed hold of it and put it on.  
  
“Let’s go back”, said Donna smiling, and Laura still shaking, followed her.  
  
Back at Donna’s flat the girls were sitting in front of her large plasma screen television. Donna motioned to Laura to sit down. The screen flickered to life and Laura saw herself walking round the mall. My God! They’d filmed the whole thing. Of course they had, they’d want keep a record. They’d want to see it again. Then she saw herself approaching he escalator, saw Linda move up behind. Why hadn’t she spotted it at the time? Saw the dress suddenly fall and the film freeze framed at the moment she was rendered naked, at the view of her as her hands went to try and hide her chestnut coloured sex and her small firm bosoms. Laura saw her face, the picture of shock and horror. She watched fascinated as she saw herself riding down on the escalator, a growing look of horror on her face, then the picture as the camera panned onto her rapidly disappearing bare bottom as she ran regardless of everything towards the ladies room. The girls loved it, they roared their approval; they applauded her run.  
  
“You see”, said Donna, “it’s much better when you don’t know when it’s going to happen. That’s when we get the real look of horror, the real panic reaction. That’s where the fun lies”  
  
And Laura, when she saw it, saw her naked body exposed to all those people felt a sudden surge, a surge that she had not expected, a surge of sexual excitement of a sort she had never had before. She felt her sex moisten, she felt her nipples stiffen, and through the thin dress Donna saw it too.  
  
“That’s it girls”, she said, and disappointed, still wanting more, the girls left.  
  
“You liked that, didn’t you love?” said Donna, and Laura could only nod. She realised for the first time that she had felt that excitement that she had craved, the sort of excitement she never got as a lawyer in a smart suit, sitting in an office. She nodded her head.  
  
“Would you like to see it again?”  
  
Laura nodded.  
  
“Stand up then”  
  
Laura stood up. She knew what was coming, and Donna gave her little yellow dress a tug so that it fell again at Laura’s feet.  
  
“Sit down beside me”, said Donna, admiring again her slim boyish figure. Laura sat down beside her. Donna started the film and looked at Laura as she watched herself, stripped naked again, in front of strangers, saw her nipples stiffen and watching them carefully she slipped her hand across so that her fingers lay on Laura’s sex. She felt it moisten, and as it did so she started to massage it gently.  
  
Laura sighed contentedly, she had pleased Donna, and now she was getting her reward.

The Girls Stripping Club - 3

Wed Feb 11, 2009 13:26

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It was strange at the office. Laura went back to her normal work, and Donna went back to being the boss and nothing more was said until the first Tuesday of the month came round again: the meeting day for the Girls Stripping Club.   
  
Laura was interviewing Mr and Mrs Trevithick, a rather fussy middle aged couple, about a planning dispute with their neighbour. Her mind was only half on the job as she was only too aware that the time for her next task was getting nearer and that the girls would not hesitate to embarrass her as much as possible.   
  
Donna came into the room.   
  
"Don’t forget", she said, "nine o'clock tonight, my flat"  
  
Poor Laura was in a flat spin for the rest of the day with apprehension. The time seemed to drag by, but eventually she found herself outside Donna's flat, ringing the bell.   
  
"You’re dressed", said Donna flatly.   
  
"Yes", replied Laura, was she not supposed to be?   
  
"No", said Donna, in that tone of command that made Laura go weak at the knees, "you are to arrive here naked from now on. You are to be naked at all times during meetings of the club. Take your clothes off, leave them outside the door and come in"  
  
Laura quickly stripped nude in the corridor outside Donna’s flat and rang the bell again. She felt very naked and vulnerable, and she knew this was why Donna had made her do it, but she would do anything for Donna, Donna had only to ask.  
  
She went into the living room. The girls were gathered round as usual and Laura was made to stand in front of them to receive her next instructions.  
  
Donna spoke, “Linda will set your task for this week”, she said  
  
Linda, a tall dark girl whom Laura knew to be a well known accountant, stood up. She looked Laura’s naked body up and down, making sure that Laura understood that she was naked, she was the club’s stripping girl, and she was to do as Linda told her.  
  
“You didn’t complete last week’s task”, she said in a slightly mocking tone, “Donna had to rescue you. So I have a task for you in the mall this weekend”  
  
“What is it?” asked Laura dry mouthed  
  
“Oh, I’m not going to tell you, it’s important that you are kept in suspense, but I can promise you it will be very, very embarrassing. What you must do is go into the ladies restroom, the one from which you were rescued, at nine o’clock on Saturday morning, lock yourself in the cubicle and wait for instructions”  
  
“Well, Laura, you have your instructions. You may leave now”, said Donna, and Laura knew she would have to leave naked, collect her clothes from outside the door and go. She would then spend the rest of the week in terrified suspense not knowing what her fate would be. But she had to do it, she craved Donna’s approval, and this was the only way she knew to get it.  
  
By Saturday morning she sat in the cubicle a bundle of nerves. Shortly after nine thee was a knock on the door and a note was slipped under the door. It said, “Strip naked, pass your clothes under the door, and wait for further instructions”  
  
Her hands trembling she obeyed. They were Donna’s instructions. Then she sat there, her feet up on the seat so that no-one could see she was in there from the outside, and she waited to see what would happen to her. She knew she would be in for a long wait. She knew they would want to make her wait there naked, suffering an agony of suspense. She waited in a mixture of excitement and terror. She could feel her sex tingling with the excitement of being naked at the mercy of the girls in the club. She felt a dreadful urge to give herself some relief by rubbing gently, but only Donna was allowed to touch down there. Her nipples stiffened, and she massaged them gently to soothe them. It was half past eleven before the second note was passed under the door. Trembling Laura opened it and read: “Your clothes are in the equivalent cubicle of the ladies restroom at the other end of the mall. At twelve o’clock exactly you must walk through the mall completely nude to retrieve them. You must walk not run. We’ll be watching”  
  
Twelve o’clock! Another half hour of suspense, and she had to wait terrified of the ordeal she was going to suffer. She watched the hand tick round on her little watch, the only thing she had been allowed to wear, and as it crept to twelve her heart began to thump madly, this was it, she was going to have to go. She had no idea what would happen. Would people ignore her and look away in embarrassment, would they rush to stop her, would they start shouting, would she cause a riot? She just didn’t know. Whatever happened she knew that for the next fifteen minutes she’d be the centre of attention, and she had to do it, she just had to. Donna had told her to.  
  
The hand swept round to twelve and she just thought, ‘this is it’, and she opened the door and walked briskly out into the mall. As soon as she set foot in the mall a sort of hush descended on the place. Nobody said anything, nobody did anything. After all this was England, people were far too reticent to actually do anything, but it didn’t stop people from looking. Laura could feel everybody’s eyes on her, could sense that everyone had stopped what they were doing and were staring.  
  
She didn’t dare think about it. It was too excruciatingly embarrassing. All she could do was keep her eyes fixed on the far side of the mall and pray that she could continue to put one leg in front of the other until she got there. Then she saw something that made her heart jump into her mouth. Walking directly towards her were two very familiar figures, Mr and Mrs Trevithick. Somehow it had never occurred to her that she might meet somebody she knew on one of these outings, let alone a client she had been dealing with only a few days earlier. She felt her legs start to shake with the embarrassment. There was no escape. She was going to have to face them.  
  
The couple stopped in front of her open mouthed. Laura stood aghast. She was naked in front of two of her clients, what on earth was she to do.  
  
“It’s Laura isn’t it”, said Mrs Trevithick, “Can we help you dear?” Looking at the frail little naked body she presumably thought Laura had gone mad or was in some sort of insane fit.  
  
Laura gulped. What on earth could she say? At last an idea came to her. The Trevithicks were keen environmentalists. That was what their dispute was about.  
  
“It’s naked walk day”, she blurted out  
  
“Naked walk day?” said Mrs Trevithick puzzled.  
  
“Yes, you’ll have heard of naked bike ride day, you know in aid of saving the environment. Well this is the walking equivalent. Naked walk day”.  
  
“Naked bike ride day. Oh I remember”, said Mrs Trevithick, “it was on the telly, you remember George”.  
  
George did indeed remember. Naked girls riding bicycles were likely to stick in his memory, as indeed was the naked appearance of their lawyer in the middle of a shopping mall.  
  
“Doesn’t look like many turned up “, he said, looking round disappointed at the lack of other naked bodies.  
  
“Never mind”, said Laura, “I thought I’d do my bit”  
  
“Very courageous of you”, said Mrs Trevithick, but Laura wasn’t listening. In the distance she could see a blue uniformed figure approaching. She suddenly felt very naked indeed.  
  
Kevin hadn’t long been a CSO or Community Support Officer. For those of you who have not heard of such beings I should explain that they are sort of pretend policemen. That is to say they are employed by the local authority who dress them up to look like policemen in the fond hope that local miscreants will mistake them for the real thing and behave themselves. In fact they have very few real powers beyond those possessed by the ordinary citizen. Kevin was young and rather inexperienced, he had been taught many things in his training, but somehow nobody had told him how to deal with a naked girl walking down the mall. Kevin was not experienced in the matter of naked girls and he was certain, with a sort of horrible inevitability, that he was going to find this situation extremely embarrassing.  
  
Laura breathed a sigh of relief as she saw he get nearer. He was a CSO, he couldn’t arrest her, not that she thought she’d committed an arrestable offence anyway.  
  
Kevin coughed as he approached, “Er… Can I help you Miss”  
  
It was standard approach line.  
  
“It’s Naked Walk Day”, said Mrs Trevithick  
  
“Oh”, said Kevin  
  
“It’s been on the telly”, said Mrs Trevithick, “it’s all official. Laura is walking to save the planet”  
  
“Oh”, said Kevin, they should have told, him he’d have been prepared. He looked at Laura, he struggled so very hard to stop his eyes glancing down at the nude figure in front of him, but he found it almost impossible to do. Laura saw them, first a quick look, at her breasts, then at her private parts. She caught his eye and he blushed scarlet.  
  
“Where are you walking to?” he stammered  
  
“The other end of the mall”, said Laura  
  
“Then I’d better accompany you”, said Kevin, he had to make sure she didn’t get into trouble, he said to himself, not liking to admit that by walking behind he could admire her bare bottom surreptitiously.  
  
A crowd had, not unnaturally, gathered and were staring. Some, again not unnaturally, had their camera phones out.   
  
“It’s Naked Walk Day”, announced Mrs Trevithick to the multitude, “in aid of the planet”, and they set off down the mall. The crowds gathered, they stood back to watch, some even applauded. After all if one of those funny pretend policemen was involved it must be all right to watch. For Laura it was mixed emotions, she was going to make t to the other end of the mall, but only at the expense of what seemed to be hundreds of people feeling enabled to admire her naked body. The mixture of embarrassment and excitement this produced was intense and she could feel herself tremble with the sexual thrill of it, terrified that her erect nipples would give her away.  
  
At last they arrived at the other end outside the ladies rest room.  
  
“My clothes are in here”, announced Laura and dashed in. She flung open the door of the cubicle. There were no clothes there. Instead there was a little note.  
  
‘Well done love, now get yourself back to my flat, Donna”  
  
The bastards! They’d done it deliberately; they’d have known how much it would make her suffer, the disappointment of thinking it was all over and then having to face the embarrassment all over again. Having to get herself back naked and penniless. Having to go and ask somebody for help.  
  
It was suddenly all too much. She crumpled up on the seat and tears came to her eyes.  
  
There was a knock on the door of the cubicle. It was Mrs Trevithick.  
  
“Is everything all right dear?”  
  
“Somebody’s taken my clothes”, snuffled Laura, opening the door.  
  
Mrs Trevithick looked at the red eyed figure in front of her.  
  
“Never mind”, she said, “we’ll take you home”, and they left the rest room to be greeted by an extraordinary sight. A group of about twenty people had stripped naked and were starting to sing environmental protest songs. Kevin was vainly trying to get help on his radio. A group of youths had started throwing rubbish about. Laura was hurried away by the Trevithicks to their car and she rode back into town on the back seat her mind flooded by the relief that it was almost all over. She had given the address of Donna’s flat.  
  
“Would you like some help”, asked Mrs Trevithick when they arrived.  
  
“Er… No… Thanks”, shouted Laura as she dashed still naked up the stairs to Laura’s flat and banged on the door.  
  
Donna opened it. She was smiling and suddenly it all seemed to Laura to have been worth it. All the embarrassment, all the humiliation. Donna was pleased, and she’d have suffered any embarrassment to please Donna.  
  
They went into the flat and she was made to stand in front of the large screened television to watch the film of the day’s events. They had recorded everything, even to the tears in her eyes as she read that her clothes were not on the cubicle. That seemed to please them more than anything. They cheered when they saw that.  
  
The show over the girls departed, each with their copy of the film, and Donna sat down next to Laura.  
  
“Open your legs a little”, said Donna; she wanted to look, to see the signs of the sexual excitement the days events would have caused. And they were there to see, the moisture, the swelling of the vulva, Donna was pleased.  
  
“And you didn’t touch yourself”  
  
“No”  
  
“Well done, love. Good girl”  
  
Laura basked in the praise as Donna sat down beside her. Laura sat still with her eyes closed feeling Donna’s left hand placed between her parted legs, while Donna’s right arm went round her so that she felt a hand on her right breast the fingers feeling for her nipple. And she lay back contented, waiting for the pleasure to come.

The Girls Stripping Club - 4

Thu Feb 12, 2009 21:05

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It was strange how life in the office went on as usual, even to the extent of the Trevithicks coming in and discussing their problem as if they had never seen Laura naked. Not that it was particularly easy for Laura, sitting behind her impressive lawyers desk, dressed in her smart suit, with its straight skirt and padded shoulder jacket, all the time thinking, ‘these people have seen me with no clothes on!’.  
  
As the days went by the tension associated with the approach of club night started to increase. Donna never said anything. Donna never ever said anything about the Girls Stripping Club during working hours. It was after work that the other side of Donna was revealed to Laura - the Donna that revelled in excitement, the Donna that revelled in Laura’s naked body. Laura found it difficult to suppress a little thrill of excitement whenever she thought about it.  
  
It was the Saturday before the meeting and Laura was out shopping, walking down the street from her home, when her own car suddenly drew up beside her. She could hardly suppress a gasp as Donna wound down the window and beckoned her to get in.  
  
"What is it?” asked Laura alarmed. How on earth had Donna got her car keys.  
  
“A little surprise, Laura”, said Donna smiling slightly, “today’s your day for stripping”  
  
“What cried Laura, “it’s next week. You haven’t had the club meeting yet”  
  
“We brought it forwards a week, just to give you a little surprise”, said Donna, “we wouldn’t want you to get complacent. It’s important that you never know when it’s going to happen. It’s important that you’re never able to relax”  
  
Laura found herself sitting between two of the girls in the back. Donna was driving in the front with Linda.  
  
“Donna smiled, “Strip her, girls”, she said.  
  
Laura couldn’t protest. Donna had given the order and she had to do as Donna said, the alternative was just unthinkable.  
  
The girls took it in turn to remove her clothes. Her shoes came off first, then her jacket, and her blouse. Then her skirt (Donna wouldn’t allow her to wear Jeans or pants). She was left sitting on the back seat in her bra and knickers. Her bra came off next, and at last she was told to pull down her panties and hand them over. She did as she was told. Her clothes were put into a rucksack and left on the floor of the car. Donna smiled, she just loved it when Laura’s knickers came off.  
  
Laura sat between the girls on the back seat, aware of her nakedness and unaware of where they were going. It was a bright crisp day in early spring, a lovely day for a picnic. They pulled into a road that ran through a dense wood. Donna outlined the plan.  
  
“Here”, she said, “are the spare keys to your car. We are going to leave you with the keys on the side of the road. We will then drive the car five miles along the road to where there is a car park. All you have to do is get yourself to the car park, open up the car and recover your clothes. What could be simpler?”  
  
“But won’t there be other cars in the car park”, said Laura.  
  
“I should hope there will, Laura”, said Donna, “there wouldn’t be much point otherwise. What’s the point in having a stripping girl if nobody gets to see her naked?”  
  
The car pulled into a small turning and the girls got out followed hesitatingly by Laura. She stood beside the road shivering slightly as the day had not yet warmed up.  
  
“Are you just going to leave me here like this”, she wailed  
  
“Laura”, said Donna fixing her with a look, “I should explain, it is an absolute rule of the GSC that the stripping girl accepts her fate, whatever we decide it is, without complaint. Any further complaint will incur a penance”  
  
“But I’ll have to walk through a car park full of people naked”, said Laura  
  
“Laura, I said no complaints, and you complained straight away – That means your first penance, you can’t say you weren’t warned. You know what to do girls”  
  
Laura found herself suddenly grasped from behind; her hands were pulled behind her back and tied tightly together with plastic cords.  
  
“That’s the first penance”, said Donna, “now you have to do the task with your hands tied behind your back, so that there is no way you can cover yourself or hide anything. You’ll get another penance if you complain again”  
  
Laura opened her mouth to speak, but did not dare say anything. She was too frightened of what the next penance might be. So she stood there naked with her hands immobilised behind her back. The car keys were put into her hands and the girls drove off. Laura realising she was visible from the road, could only stumble into the wood beside the road and sit down as best she could. Tears sprang to her eyes. How could Donna be so nasty to her? She might almost have coped with the nude walk. She could have stayed hidden in the wood until she reached the car park, then she could have tried to brazen it out. She could have walked across to the car. English people were so reticent it was unlikely that anybody would say anything. But now she had no way of getting dressed, or driving the car away or anything, never mind the difficulty of walking all that way with her hands tied. She realised with mounting horror that they had forced her to ask for help. How on earth was she going to do that? It would be so embarrassing. She’d have so many questions to answer, and she couldn’t tell the truth. How could Donna have done it to her? Of course she could just do nothing; they would come and rescue her. But if she did that, she would have failed in her task. They would throw her out the club. She wouldn’t be their stripping girl any more and Donna would never hold her naked in her arms and give her pleasure again. The thought was unbearable. She would just have to go through with it.  
  
She stumbled along the path beside the road. It wasn’t easy to keep her footing, and once she fell headlong forwards into the mud, unable to save herself with her arms. She stood up bruised and muddy, a scratch across her left breast. She walked on, careless of whether anyone found her on the path or not. She was going to have to ask for help, it didn’t matter who found her or who saw her. She had five miles to go. It was going to take over an hour to walk there and she was already desperate for a pee. Still, she was in a wood, so at least that would be easy. She left the path and crept into the wood. At least there was one thing about being naked, she didn’t have to try and pull her panties down with her hands tied. She crouched down and with some relief started to pee. It was only when she looked up that she saw the two eyes watching her.  
  
Donald had been after his tenth scouting badge. In order to get it he had to study wildlife in the forest. He was a senior scout, he thought himself very experienced at the age of almost seventeen, but he had never seen wildlife quite like this - a naked girl, peeing in the forest. He could only stand and stare. She hadn’t seen him yet. He knew he ought to retire discreetly, look the other way, run the other way even, but he couldn’t tear his eyes away. Then she looked up and saw him.  
  
Poor Laura, she couldn’t think of anything more embarrassing than peeing naked in front of a Boy Scout, but once she had started, she just couldn’t stop! So the strange tableau of Laura peeing and the Boy Scout watching continued until she had finished.  
  
Donald looked at her and Laura looked at him, she didn’t think embarrassment could get any worse than this, being watched while she peed in the open air naked, she opened her mouth and the only words she could think of to say were, “Can I help you”.  
  
Donald was shaken from his revenue, “Um… er…”, he said. He didn’t know what to say.  
  
Then Laura had a bright idea. Boy scouts always carried penknives, perhaps he could cut the bands tying her hands and free her,  
  
“You don’t have a penknife?” she enquired.  
  
“Of course”, said Donald, relieved to have something positive to say.  
  
“You couldn’t cut my hands free then?” asked Laura  
  
“Perhaps I should fetch my father”, said Donald, “Who tied you up?”  
  
“Just a little game I’ve been playing with some friends. A little secret between us.”  
  
Donald still looked reluctant  
  
“You wouldn’t want your father to know you were watching me peeing, would you?”  
  
“Er.. No”, said Donald, he definitely wouldn’t want that. He took out his prized Swiss army knife and cut Laura free. She could have wept for joy, but instead she gave Donald a big hug. It took him several days to get over being hugged by a naked woman.  
  
Laura set off running now. With her hands free she just wanted to get to the car park and get her clothes back. It was still some way to the car park and as she arrived she saw how many cars there were there and how many people were seated around the picnic tables. Her heart sank. It had all seemed so easy once she had her hands free, and now it all seemed so difficult again. She would just have to pluck up the courage to do it. Just to walk over to her car, which she could see parked at the end of the row, open it up get her clothes out, get dressed and drive off. No matter how much people would stare, they were English, they wouldn’t do anything. So plucking up her courage she set off across the clearing.  
  
She could feel an audible silence descend on the picnic area as she strode across. She could hear the whispers and knew what they must be saying, ‘My God, there’s a naked girls over there’, ‘Little hussy, parading about like that’, ‘I blame the government’, and similar remarks. But as she expected she reached the car without anybody actually doing anything. English people, no matter how much they might whisper, would never want to make a fuss. There’s nothing the English person hates more than being involved in a scene. And there was no more embarrassing scene than one involving a naked woman. So with the eyes boring into her she eventually reached the car, opened it up looked for her clothes and found them gone.  
  
The bastards! They’d done it again. Just when she thought the ordeal was over they had made sure it wasn’t.. She knew it would have been Donna’s idea. Donna would want to make her squirm, just to show her power. She’d think it really funny to make her drive all the way back in the nude. But there was no time to worry about it. She couldn’t just stand there with nothing on for ever. She got into the car and set off. She was going to have to drive all the way back to Donna’s flat stark naked through town. Not so bad in the empty countryside, but as soon as she got into town and had to stop at traffic lights she’d be in trouble. The girls had made sure there was absolutely nothing in the car that she could cover herself with. There was nothing for it but to press on, stare back at anybody who stared in, and hope the car didn’t break down.  
  
She managed to find her way back into town and eventually arrived, a nervous wreck at Donna’s house. She ran up the stairs to her flat still naked as instructed and rang the door bell.  
  
Donna answered the door.  
  
“Well done, love”. She said, and suddenly for Laura it had all been worth while. She had done what Donna wanted and Donna was pleased. Donna would reward her. She broke down in tears, so relieved was she that the ordeal was over.  
  
Of course they made her stand in front of the television and watch the recording. Her being bound, sitting on the ground crying at the thought of what she was to go through. They loved that – played it over again. Somehow they had managed to film everything; she blushed scarlet when the picture of her peeing suddenly appeared. How had they filmed that? She’d been sure there was nobody near her then. At last the final ordeal of the viewing was over and the girls left.  
  
Laura was left alone with Donna. Donna looked at her little naked body, scratched and bruised from her adventures in the wood, and smiled. It had really been fun; Laura had done as she was told and Laura needed a proper reward.  
  
“Kneel down on your hands and knees”, Donna instructed, “and keep your legs apart”  
  
Laura did as she was told. Donna felt a surge of excitement; Laura’s naked body was there for her to do with as she liked. It was the power she enjoyed so much. Laura knew this and that was what she loved. She craved being Donna’s plaything. That was what it was all for. That was what made it all worthwhile. She trembled in anticipation, feeling her nipples rock hard and her sex tingling. Kneeling there she felt Donna’s warm hands caress her naked body, running smoothly over her back and her breasts, then down over the soft curve of her buttocks to end between her legs where she felt the moisture gush. Laura felt the touch of Donna’s fingers as they gently parted the lips of her sex. She was going to get the perfect reward.

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