

Originally (early in 2004), I did not rate "75% Off" very highly.

I was wrong.

While I still consider Part 1 as fairly mediocre (compared to the best of the canon), I drew that conclusion chiefly because of its utter implausibility and the lack of any really outstanding quality to counter-balance that big negative. But I'm afraid I let that lead me to write off the rest -- to which I didn't pay enough attention at the time. After editing the story (and therefore having had to give close attention to the later parts), I have belatedly come to appreciate them for their scope, complexity, richness of characterization, and skill at pushing all the right buttons. Parts 2, 3, and 4 are just about as good as it gets.

My own contribution, Part 5, you'll have to judge for yourselves.

-- C. L.

75% OFF

by

Joe Doe

INSPIRED BY AN AD FOR A SALE.

Part 1

WINNING THE CONTEST HAD SEEMED TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.... AND IT WAS!

Debbie Dalton had won a contest that entitled her to "a shopping spree with 75% off" during the mall's grand opening Saturday morning.

But, when she went to the mall's main office, she was stunned to learn that "75% off" didn't refer to the prices.

"75% off" referred to Debbie's clothing!

The contest entry form was a legally binding contract, and there was no way out for her. She would have to "shop" for four hours at the mall, helping the mall manager promote the mall's products, while 75% of her clothing remained locked in the manager's desk.

She had pleaded with the manager to be allowed to keep her bra and panties. But, under the rules, the manager got to decide which items of clothing would be removed. And the dirty old man soon stripped her of everything but her gray wool socks and yellow hiking boots.

Four grinning security guards and the manager marched a very nervous Debbie from the mall office to her first stop: the athletic equipment section of the department store.

As she walked through the mall, Debbie quickly attracted a huge crowd of grinning men...mainly unhappy husbands who had been dumped at the mall while their wives were shopping.

But, watching beautiful, blushing Debbie march butt-naked through the mall with her hands on top of her head, was even better than watching sports in the TV department!

She was grateful to have the army of men surrounding her. At least they provided her with some protection from the hateful stares of the women shoppers. "Slut," "whore," and "prick tease," were some of the gentler words that she heard her angry sisters use to describe her as she pranced naked through the crowded stores.

At the athletic department, she worked out on the rowing machine and jiggled delightfully when she ran on the treadmill. She had problems with the pull-ups, but several of the male shoppers were happy to put their hands on her soft and supple bottom to help "give her a boost."

But, without a doubt, the most popular piece of equipment that she demonstrated was the trampoline.

It was almost Halloween, so the next stop was the local costume shop. Debbie was grateful to be allowed to dress, but she found the costumes that the crowd selected for her were all sexist and demeaning. She dressed as a cheerleader, a Playboy bunny, a belly dancer, a French maid, a schoolgirl, a sexy meter maid, a diapered baby, a mental patient, a Roman slave girl, and a pirate wench.

But when it was finally time to leave, everyone agreed that she should return to her original costume: "Lady Godiva in hiking

boots!"

It was the costume all the men liked best.

The next stop was the drugstore. There was a special on "Lady Smooth Electric Razors," and the store manager was happy to demonstrate the product by shearing off Debbie's blonde bush while the crowd cheered.

Before, she had been naked. Now, she was BARE!

Her lack of pubic hair made her next stop, the shoe store, even more rewarding for her army of fans. The salesman, a dead ringer for Al Bundy in both looks and manners, did little to alleviate her distress.

She glanced unhappily at the clock on the wall, as she was matched past the cheering men at the food court yet again. All of her humiliations so far had consumed less than two hours, which meant she still had another two hours to go.

The mall manager did tell her that she would, of course, be rewarded for her efforts. (But she was not going to get a shopping spree. And she would not get to purchase anything for 75% off.)

As a result, she was miffed. After all, she'd been marching around stark naked in front of a crowd of leering, cheering men for four hours!

Given the size of the crowd and the publicity she was attracting, shouldn't she get more than a \$25 gift certificate?

That night, the mall manager happily reviewed the sales figures from the first day. The results were fantastic.

The women shoppers had spent a lot, but that was expected. Women loved discount malls.

But, for some mysterious reason, every adult male in town also visited the mall that day. True, they didn't shop much during Debbie's "performance," but, afterwards, the inspired men eagerly purchased expensive perfume, lingerie, candy, cards, and flowers for their wives and girlfriends.

Apparently Debbie's little romp had put the males in the mood for love, and the mall manager had the sales receipts to prove it.

The costume store immediately sold out of every costume she had modeled. The drug store had sold out of both electric razors and condoms. Photography departments throughout the mall had sold every camcorder, every camera, and every roll of film. And it was standing room only at Hooters.

And the athletic department had sold all their trampolines.

The manager scanned the photos on his desk. He had taken Debbie to the mall's photographic studio for some "promotional photos." The crowd loved watching the photographer put her through her paces.

Most of the photos were too risqué for the Sunday newspaper. But those could be downloaded on the mall's web site for a modest fee.

For the Sunday ad section, the manager selected a photo of Debbie sitting on her cute little tush looking up at a "75% off" sign. She was wearing nothing but her socks, shoes, and a big smile.

The ad was subtle, but the manager knew that, when he promised another "75% off sale" next to a picture of Debbie, attendance would soar.

Of course Debbie, so prim and proper, wouldn't like the fact that she was appearing buck naked on the front of the color pull-out

section in the Sunday newspaper. But that was too bad, wasn't it?

Word of her humiliation had spread quickly, and the mall manager knew that no woman would be stupid enough to show up next Saturday to claim her "prize." But a municipal judge had agreed that the contest entry form was a legally binding contract, and the mall manager had already arranged for the Sheriff to wake up next week's surprised winner and "escort" her to the mall.

The manager had an enormous stack of entry forms on his desk. Every woman in town had signed up for the contest. He had so many gorgeous women to choose from that he had already decided to award "prizes" every Sunday, as well as every Saturday. He might even parade three or four naked women through the mall at once, to alleviate the congestion problems that Debbie had caused.

Why not? None of the women had bothered to read the fine print, and it was their laziness and greed that had gotten them into this mess. It was deliciously ironic to use their desire for discount clothing to strip them naked.

Since every luscious babe in town had signed a contract to parade around the mall in her birthday suit to help him drum up sales, he intended to take full advantage of the situation.

He chuckled as he toyed with the electric razor on his desk. The women in this town were sheep....

And he planned to shear every one of them!

Part 2

JUDGE ASHLEY CONSIDERS AN INJUNCTION TO BLOCK FURTHER STRIPPING AT THE MALL IN THIS SEQUEL TO "75% OFF." (I DID NOT PLAN ON DOING A SEQUEL, BUT THE NICE REACTION TO THE ORIGINAL STORY BY NATALIE AND OTHERS CHANGED MY MIND.)

Judge Ashley Marsh examined the paperwork in front of her carefully. In one sense, it was an open and shut case.

A huge number of women had entered a contest that promised them "75% off" at a discount mall. But, when the first winner arrived, she had been informed that "75% off" referred to her clothes, not to the prices.

The first "winner," a beautiful blonde named Debbie, had spent four

hours marching around the mall wearing nothing but gray socks and yellow hiking boots. Naturally the promotion had been a sensation, and the naked, blushing female had attracted a huge audience of eager male followers.

The mall manager was delighted with the sales receipts and the publicity, and he had promised to strip down four more women the following Saturday -- and another four on Sunday.

The manager didn't reveal WHO would be stripping, and the advertising teased, "Hold onto your knickers, ladies. It could be ANYONE!" The element of surprise allowed every guy in town to fantasize about seeing a frosty co-worker, an untouchable neighbor, a local celebrity, or even a prissy wife or girlfriend forced to parade naked for all to see....

Meanwhile, the beautiful women of the town wrestled with a different vision. They imagined themselves squirming helplessly, handcuffed in the back of a police cruiser, while a whistling cop drove them toward their fate.

The terrified women of the town had gone to Judge Ashley to get an injunction against the contest. Surely she would save them.

While it was true that the women had signed a binding contract,

Ashley realized that there were sufficient grounds for voiding it.

The public nudity made it illegal, and the fact that the draconian "personal services agreement" was disguised as a contest was clearly deceptive.

But there was another side to the argument. Although she was a respected jurist and civic leader, Judge Ashley herself had had fantasies of exposure and humiliation for years.

In truth, Ashley found the details of the case thrilling....

She had agreed to schedule a hearing on Friday afternoon to consider the request for an injunction. The women would have precious little time for an appeal if she ruled against them.

And Ashley was secretly delighted at the thought of the beautiful and sophisticated women of the town stewing in their own juices as the dreaded weekend deadline approached.

She picked up Debbie's deposition and read it for the 10th time.

As she read, her hand discreetly slipped underneath her skirt....

WHEN THE MALL MANAGER SAID THAT 75% OFF REFERRED TO MY CLOTHING, I PLEADED WITH HIM TO LET ME KEEP MY BRA AND PANTIES. THEY WERE VERY SKIMPY AND NEARLY TRANSPARENT, AND THEY WOULDN'T PROVIDE ME WITH MUCH PROTECTION.

BUT HE JUST LAUGHED AND SAID THAT A GREEDY LITTLE BIMBO LIKE ME
DIDN'T DESERVE ANY PROTECTION AT ALL. I HAD FILLED OUT THE CONTEST
FORM, HE SAID, AND THAT MEANT HE HAD EVERY RIGHT TO PARADE ME BARE
NAKED THROUGH THE MALL.

I BEGGED AND PLEADED FOR SOMETHING TO COVER MYSELF WITH...ANYTHING
THAT WOULD ALLOW ME TO MAINTAIN A SHRED OF DIGNITY! BUT HE JUST
SLAPPED MY BARE BOTTOM AND PUSHED ME OUT INTO THE HALLWAY WEARING
NOTHING BUT MY GREY KNEE SOCKS AND YELLOW HIKING BOOTS. I TRIED
TO COVER MYSELF, BUT HE ORDERED ME TO PUT MY HANDS ON TOP OF MY
HEAD AND WALK "STRAIGHT AND TALL."

AS SOON AS I CAME THROUGH THE DOOR, THE MEN OUTSIDE STARTED
WHISTLING AND CHEERING. IT WAS THE MOST HUMILIATING MOMENT
OF MY LIFE.... IT SEEMED THAT EVERY MAN I HAD EVER KNOWN WAS
HOOTING AT ME!

Ashley climaxed as she imagined herself naked in front of all of
the men she knew. As a judge and an ardent feminist, she had made
a lot of enemies over the years, and no doubt her appearance at the
mall would attract an eager, enthusiastic crowd. The thought was
humiliating to be sure, but also exciting....

Wiping her hands, Ashley tried to dismiss the thought. After all,

she was a powerful and respected judge, not some helpless little bimbo for a mall manager to parade around like a stripper on a catwalk.

But, as she scanned the names on the injunction, she began to have second thoughts. The plaintiffs were not strippers or call girls. They were housewives and successful businesswomen. The thrill of the contest was that it reduced respected and accomplished women to the status of helpless sex objects.

It didn't matter if you were a doctor or a lawyer or the mayor's wife. If you had filled out a contest form, then the mall manager asserted the legal right to strip you naked. And then the show would begin....

Ashley swallowed hard. If she herself filled out a contest form, she would be no different than the rest....

She picked up the small card that she had received in the mail that very day. Although the "secret" of the contest was out, postcards from the huge mass mailing were still arriving every day.

She had nearly fainted when she saw the contest postcard arrive with HER name printed on the top of the form. At first she had thought that she had somehow "won" the contest. Had she filled

out an entry form and forgotten? Or had someone filled out the form for her?

The thought chilled her to the bone.

But, as she reviewed the card, she realized it was just an entry form with her name and address pre-printed across the top.

How thoughtful. The entry form was completely filled out for her, and the postage was prepaid. All she needed to do was sign her name, and the Sheriff and the mall manager would take care of the rest.

The small postcard had the words "SALE," "WIN," and "75% OFF" in caps all over it, and the actual contract rules were an illegible smudge at the bottom.

It was chilling to see her pre-printed name on the postcard. She closed her eyes and imagined herself standing in the mall manager's office, reluctantly undressing under his amused gaze. With her eyes still closed, she placed her hands on top of her head and imagined what it would feel like when the mall's doors opened....

Feeling a small trickle of sweat run down her back, she opened her eyes and was relieved that she was still in the safety of her

elegant judicial chambers.

Staring down at the form unhappily, she trembled. Why did it frighten her so much?

After all, she was prominent, a community leader. Why was she terrified of a little piece of cardboard? She was obviously being silly. And she knew that the only way to overcome a fear was to confront it.

She put the tip of her elegant Cross pen against the signature block. The card was pretty and attractive, and the large empty white block at the bottom of the card was practically begging for her signature. Like the contest itself, the card had been carefully designed.

Ashley paused and tried to read the fine print at the bottom. She wasn't just some silly, helpless little airhead who would sign a contract without reading it....

Was she?

She glared down at the menacing form and defiantly signed her name. Complete! Done! Finished!

Her hands began trembling again as she looked at the postcard with her name on it.

Now she was ready to be...processed....

She shuffled the card in with her other outgoing mail and then put the stack back in her "out-box," the card happily disappearing into the pile. A stranger would barely glance at that heap of outgoing mail. No one would ever guess that it contained the humiliating document that would settle Judge Ashley's hash....

She glanced at the clock on the wall. The mailroom guy wouldn't be by her office for at least another hour, so she could let the postcard stay buried for a few minutes.

After all, what was she afraid of?

Still, she felt herself growing more and more tense as the seconds ticked by. She stared at the pile of mail on her desk. She couldn't see the postcard, but she knew it was there, mocking her.

She reached for the remote on the TV, determined to distract herself from the ominous card nestled there, just within reach.

The voice of the pretty female news anchor blared from the TV.

"The community is still in an uproar over the Saturday strip of a local woman here in the new discount mall," the anchorwoman said.

"We asked a number of people for their reactions...."

The camera cut away to show three lovely young professional women at the mall. These women were obviously wealthy and well-educated, and it was clear that they had no sympathy for the victim.

"I was here on Saturday, and I think the little tramp got just what she deserved," said the first woman, in a huff. "Imagine parading around NAKED like that in front of all of those salivating pigs. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen."

The three well-to-do females all agreed that the "frisky tease," the "sleazy slut," and the "disgusting bimbo" had been taught a lesson she so deserved. It was only when the news reporter asked the women if they had filled out contest entry forms that their demeanor changed.

"Well, yes, we all filled out contest entry forms," the first woman said, nervously. "But that's totally different. I have an MBA from Stanford. They wouldn't strip someone like ME!"

She paused, as if considering the matter for the first time.

"Would they?" she asked quietly.

"Of course not!" her friend replied. "Why, we're respected, professional women. I own my own business, for goodness sakes," she added, her voice cracking a bit.

Ashley smiled as she watched the three women stammer, shuffle, squirm, and wriggle as they tried to explain why THEY were different. The judge recognized the look of fear in the women's eyes as they suddenly realized that the sentence applied to THEM and that there would be no reprieve.

"Imagine stripping us naked," the third woman added defiantly.
"It's preposterous!"

In the background, Ashley could see grinning male onlookers appraising the beautiful, squirming women knowingly. The women protested that stripping them naked was "unthinkable," but the twinkling eyes of the men standing behind them told a different story.

Ashley was startled to see her own picture flash on the screen, as the news anchor's voice announced, "Plaintiffs' attorneys were pleased that the injunction request will be reviewed by Judge Ashley Marsh and not by Judge Hawthorn, since the latter is known

to be unsympathetic to issues involving women's rights. But reaction in the law enforcement community has been mixed."

The camera cut away again to show the tubby Sheriff in his office, chewing tobacco and picking his nose. Clearly annoyed, he lectured the camera gravely. "I think it's an outrage the way liberal judges like Ashley interfere with law officers. I already have the names of the contest winners for this weekend, and I was really looking forward to picking them up on Saturday and Sunday." The pudgy Sheriff smiled. "We have some hot babes on this list, let me tell you."

From off-camera, the voice of the female reporter asked, "What do you think of Judge Ashley Marsh, Sheriff?"

The Sheriff spit out an enormous wad of tobacco before leaning back into his chair to reply. "She's been a pain in my backside for years," he said, angrily. "I just wish I was picking HER up on Saturday. I'd love to order Miss Goody Two-Shoes to put her hands on top of my squad car. I'd make her spread those long legs of hers nice and wide, and then I'd take my time, and frisk her...good...and...slow...."

The Sheriff leaned forward in his chair, obviously warming to the topic. "Before I drove her to the mall I'd probably take her back

to the station for a quick cavity search. I'm sure all the guys in the cellblock would love to watch the judge who put them behind bars bend over and touch her toes!"

Ashley felt her blood run cold as she imagined herself stripping out of her expensive charcoal gray suit in front of the hooting scum in the local jail. She knew the Sheriff would make her strip slowly for the inmates and would relish every moment of her humiliation.

The camera cut away again and showed the craggy old face of her arch-rival, Judge Hawthorn. She had often tangled with the conservative judge in the past, and their dislike for each other was palpable.

"If I got the case instead of that liberal Ashley, there wouldn't be any injunction, let me assure you," Hawthorn thundered. "I'd strip those little sluts down for everyone to see! Do you see the way women dress today, with their belly buttons hanging out? I think a dose of shame is just what those little doxies need."

From off-camera, the voice of the female anchor began questioning him. "But, Your Honor, one woman claims that her husband submitted the form to fulfill his fantasies of exposing her in public. And another woman swears that her neighbor forged her entry form after

she resisted his advances. A college dean says that some frat boys sent in her name as a prank. What do you say to these women?"

The old judge scowled. "I say, strip them down butt-naked and sort it out later. I can't waste my time studying the signatures of every little vixen in the valley. I keep a paddle in my drawer, and I reserve it for the bare backsides of lawyers and plaintiffs who waste my valuable time with rubbish. If anyone shows up in MY court with a claim like that, there will be some red butts at the mall," he chuckled.

Ashley swallowed. The walls of Judge Hawthorn's chambers were thin, which meant that the CRACK! of the paddle and the women's pleas for mercy would be clearly audible in the courtroom. It would be difficult for the contrite women to rub their bottoms after the Sheriff cuffed their hands behind their backs. But it would be even more difficult for the tearful women to look into the smiling, knowing eyes of the spectators as they were led out of the courtroom to the waiting squad car.

Judge Hawthorn became stern again and continued his lecture.

"Personally, I think Judge Ashley should recuse herself. She's a woman, and women always stick together. You can rest assured that, if I were to take over the case, justice would be swift and sure!"

The camera cut away again and showed the fat mall manager, sitting in his office drinking a beer while the newswoman questioned him from off-camera. "What do you think of the injunction request?" the reporter asked.

"I think it's a disgrace," he said, angrily. "That little bitch of a lawyer, Brittany Kelly, sued us because she filled out a contest entry form, and she's afraid everyone's going to find out she's not a natural blonde."

Ashley smiled as she recalled Brittany's desperate plea for an injunction. Brittany was normally composed and confident in court, and Ashley had been surprised by her frantic arguments and disheveled appearance. It was almost as if Brittany had been up all night....

Ashley's smile broadened as she thought of the proud attorney prancing through the mall with her hands on top of her head. Brittany had been Ashley's rival for the bench, and in fact they had been antagonists since law school. The thought of her enemy being paraded naked in front of a cheering throng because of one of Ashley's judicial decisions was intoxicating.

Her fantasy was interrupted by the voice of the newswoman from

off-camera. "The Sheriff said that he wished that he could strip Judge Ashley. Did she fill out a contest form?"

The mall manager shook his head sadly and replied, "Not that I know of. But the women in this town are pretty greedy, and a lot of them filled out hundreds of contest forms. There are still crates of cards down at the post office that haven't even been postmarked yet, and new names are arriving from all over the state every day."

He smiled. "I check the printout every day to see if Judge Ashley's name is on it. If her name does show up, that little bitch will be the first one out the door next Saturday!"

"But she's an outspoken feminist and a leader in the struggle for women's rights," the shocked newscaster said. "You wouldn't actually parade her through the mall NAKED, would you?"

"Of course not," the manager said, innocently. "The contest says '75% off.' I would make sure that she was dressed appropriately for a woman of her status. If it were up to me, she'd be sent out wearing a garter belt, stockings, high heels...."

The sleazy manager paused, and let the suspense build for a moment before completing his sentence. "And nothing else!" he said, with an evil smile.

Ashley shuddered as she imagined the tubby manager forcing her out of the door with her hands on top of her head, dressed in nothing but heels and hose.

Thank goodness she was too busy to fill out forms and enter contests.

The television showed the chirpy anchorwoman sitting in the studio next to her male counterpart. "Please stay tuned for 'Debbie at the Mall,' our five-hour special," she said. "I should warn viewers that this complete video record of Debbie Dalton's adventures does contain extensive nudity, so viewer discretion is advised."

"That was a wonderful report, Paula," the male news anchor said. "If that injunction isn't granted, there are going to be some embarrassed women in this town."

"I'll say!" she agreed. "Of course, most of the women I've talked to are in denial. They all seem to think that it can't happen to them."

"That's rather silly of them," the anchorman said, in a patronizing tone. He paused and smiled. "Tell me...did YOU fill out a form,

Paula?"

The pretty reporter's face went white, and the script fell out of her hands. With a look of panic in her eyes, she tried to explain.

"Well...of-of c-course," she stammered. "Everyone did. But I'm a news anchor. They couldn't strip me.... Could they? I mean, I'm a celebrity!" she whined.

The male anchor said nothing, but smiled knowingly as his co-star squirmed in her chair. From the lustful look in his eye, it was clear to Ashley that, when the Sheriff came for the pretty reporter, her male colleague would be eagerly standing by with a camera crew....

Ashley switched off the set and looked at the pile of mail in her out-box. As she reached for the pile to locate and destroy the card, she glanced at the clock and realized that she still had forty-five minutes before the next mail pickup.

Deciding to get a breath of fresh air, she moved out onto the small balcony adjoining her office and looked down at the pretty women in their summer dresses walking past her temple of justice.

Ashley felt a tremendous rush of power as she realized that she

held the fate of every beautiful woman in town in her soft, delicate hands.

She weighed her options. In her heart, she wanted to let things continue, at least for a while. The humiliating news stories had thrilled her beyond belief, and the thought of a naked picture of Brittany Kelly in next Sunday's ad section was absolutely delicious.

But, if she turned down the injunction request, her reputation as a feminist judge would be compromised forever. Her liberal friends would shun her, and she would be an outcast in her own party. Her career would be ruined.

She could always recuse herself. But Judge Hawthorn's suggestion that women were unfit to rule on cases involving women was sexist and demeaning. If she was going to recuse herself, Ashley would need a better reason than that.

She thought about the postcard sitting in the out-box on her desk. If she entered herself in the contest, she would become a plaintiff in the class action suit, which was grounds for recusal. Brittany Kelly would be stripped, and Ashley could maintain her impeccable feminist credentials. Problem solved.

But she shuddered as she remembered the mall manager's threat that

she would be the first one out the door if her name appeared on his dreadful list....

She thought about her relationship with old Hawthorn. He did hate her. But did he hate her THAT much? Would he really strip his fellow jurist of her robes, her pride, and her dignity?

Ashley recalled hearing a story a few years ago about a female judge who had been caught taking a bribe and so found herself at Hawthorn's mercy. The rumor was that he had made the proud jurist present "oral arguments" in his chambers, privately, and had then reneged on their deal and thrown the book at her anyway.

Judge Hawthorn later arranged for the disbarred judge's parole after she reluctantly agreed to become his "personal assistant." He personally selected the sheer tops and skimpy skirts that the ex-judge was forced to wear. Making coffee and fetching laundry were least degrading of the "personal services" Hawthorn demanded of her.

Did Ashley really want to put herself at the mercy of a man like that?

She cringed as she imagined herself bowing and scraping in front of a smiling Judge Hawthorn, as she desperately pleaded to be spared

on Saturday. The fantasy image ended as she sank to her knees in defeat and reluctantly unzipped his pants.

She returned to her office determined to destroy the postcard before it was too late.

But it was already too late. The mail was gone.

The mailroom guy had made his pickup early. Damn! Desperately, she raced down the stairs just in time to catch the mailman as he was dragging the sack out the door.

"Excuse me, sir," Ashley said. "I need to get something out of the mail. I'm a judge, and something on my desk was mailed by mistake."

"Hello, Judge Ashley," the mailman replied. "Don't you remember me? My name is Dave Uzkrewdme. You gave my house and kids to my wife last week in my divorce case, and now I'm paying her 90% of my salary while she diddles my boss."

"That's nice," she said, not really hearing him. Her eyes were riveted on the mail sack in the burly carrier's enormous fist.

"I need to open the mail pouch and get something out."

"Are you looking for this?" the carrier said, taking her contest

postcard out of his pocket.

He smiled and gave her a playful wink. "Don't worry about it, Your Honor," he said, cheerfully. "I'll deliver your postcard to the mall personally. I certainly wouldn't want an important piece of mail like this to get lost in the shuffle."

"But you don't understand," Ashley pleaded. "I didn't mean to mail that. It's just a terrible mistake."

"I'd like to help, but, once the mail is put in the box, it's a federal offense to interfere with it," he replied with a grin.

"As a judge, you should know that."

She lunged for the card. For a while, the grinning postman played a spirited game of "keep away" with her -- the judge jumping up and down, frustrated, as he dangled the card just out of her reach.

"See you at the mall!" he finally said, putting the postcard back into his pocket.

She weighed her options. The mall manager would be delighted when her card arrived. And the Sheriff would buy a new tub of lubricant when he heard that she was to be the next victim.

Swallowing hard, she pressed the button on the elevator. It was

late in the day, but, if she filled out her recusal forms quickly and threw herself on the mercy of the court, Judge Hawthorn might be willing to make a deal.

Ashley had 3 months' leave scheduled. She had planned to earn big bucks on the lecture circuit, but she had heard that Judge Hawthorn was looking for a "cute honey" to type up his new book on the Fourth Amendment, entitled "Strip the Bimbos Naked!"

She knew she would have to sign her employment agreement with Judge Hawthorn without discussing the case with him, in order to establish that there was no quid pro quo. She hoped that the judge would take her servile attitude into consideration when he decided whether or not she should be stripped on Saturday, but she had her doubts.

Ashley blushed as she pictured herself dressed in an agonizingly short miniskirt, obediently typing away for hours as her nemesis spewed out his sexist rant. As a lowly secretary she would be defenseless against his pinches, fanny pats, and demands for sexual favors.

Clerical mistakes, Ashley knew, would be corrected by means of the paddle in his desk. She winced as she imagined the amused court reporters and secretaries listening from outside as she was put

through her paces.

She hoped he would spare her the indignities of the mall. Surely he wouldn't let them strip her naked, in front of everyone....

She shivered. Tonight she would purchase a pair of stockings and a garter belt, just in case. Despite her feelings of helplessness, fear, and dread, she did want to look her best.

She quickly scampered down the hall like the little bimbo she would soon become. If she hurried, she might still have time to give the judge her "oral argument."

Edited by C. Lakewood

75% OFF

by

Ashley Marsh

Part 3: Everything Must Go

JUDGE ASHLEY USES ALL HER WILES TO SAVE HERSELF AND THE WOMEN OF THE TOWN FROM BEING FORCED TO EXHIBIT THEMSELVES AT THE NEW MALL. BUT WILL SHE SUCCEED? THE STORY BUILDS TOWARD AN, ER, CLIMAX.

Ashley scampered down the hall like the little bimbo she would soon become. If she hurried, she might still have time to give Judge Hawthorn her "oral argument...."

The law clerks and court personnel in the corridor smiled to see the elegant Judge Ashley trying to dash down the hall in her heels and tailored skirt. "She'll run a lot better when she doesn't have

all that restrictive clothing on," leered Judge Hawthorn's clerk, watching Ashley's shapely rear disappear into the senior judge's chambers.

Ashley stopped to catch her breath. Evelyn, Judge Hawthorn's middle-aged secretary, looked disapprovingly at the younger woman. Ever since Ashley's appointment to the bench, Evelyn had made it clear that she resented her presence. Somehow the judge's secretary seemed to feel that Ashley's achievement lessened the status of an experienced secretary like herself, who practically ran Judge Hawthorn's chambers. Ashley suddenly realized that, if she became Hawthorn's temporary typist, she would have Evelyn as her supervisor. As Ashley shifted uncomfortably in front of the desk, the usually dour Evelyn smiled maliciously at the young jurist, almost as if she had read Ashley's mind in that moment. The whole courthouse was aware of Ashley's dilemma on the Mall Case, and Evelyn was going to enjoy every minute of it, Ashley was sure. But she couldn't think about that now. She had to see Judge Hawthorn before it was too late!

"If you've come to see Judge Hawthorn, he's gone for the day," Evelyn said, with a faint hint of amusement.

Ashley looked down at the secretary and tried to suppress a gasp. Evelyn was toying with Hawthorn's infamous paddle. Ashley could

only imagine the humiliation she would feel as she had to bend over and expose her tight little behind for Evelyn to spank. She closed her eyes for a moment and could almost feel the older woman's fingers expertly undoing the button on her gray skirt and slowly drawing the zipper down, before tugging the skirt over her hips.... Ashley blinked, trying to suppress the thought, and swallowed hard.

"I have to see him right away," she said, attempting unsuccessfully to appear calm. After all, even as a judge, she couldn't order around another judge's secretary. "Order around...." Ashley shook her head. She mustn't think about that! Not now.

"Well, you can't, dear," said Evelyn, deprecatingly. "He's gone to a meeting with the Sheriff to coordinate the media coverage at the mall tomorrow." Evelyn smiled again, maliciously. "I understand you may be on hand for the festivities. All the TV stations will be there. I even hear that Court TV is sending a crew to cover the proceedings."

Ashley almost stamped her little foot in rage and frustration. He couldn't be gone! Not now! How was she going to sign a contract to be his "cute little honey" typist if he was off somewhere with that awful Sheriff? Evelyn seemed to be enjoying this immensely. Though Ashley did try to be nice to her subordinates, everyone knew that her impatience was legendary. Often, in her chambers, she

even threw things to vent her temper. But, on this occasion, she just couldn't afford to lose control.

Ashley turned on her heel and prepared to go. "But," said Evelyn, "His Honor did say that, if you came by, the papers for you to sign were on his desk. You can go on in."

Ashley hurried into the spacious office occupied by the senior judge. She immediately spotted the sheaf of papers that had been laid out for her signature. Reading them over, however, she got increasingly angry. First, there was an order for her to sign, recusing herself from the Mall Case. Hawthorn had been so sure of himself that he had had the order typed and prepared, knowing she would come crawling to him, begging him to save her from being stripped in front of all the townspeople and those horrible television cameras. The next document, though, was even worse. It was titled "Employment Contract," and it had her name already filled in. "That cocky bastard," she thought, as she read over the humiliating provisions. The temporary typist would have to work long hours for minimum wage ("worth it for the experience," the judge had written in the margin). She would have to work under Evelyn's direction. She also had to be prepared for evening hours of "close, personal work" with the crusty old judge, who would enjoy every minute of having the brilliant young feminist judge at his beck and call, polishing her "oral skills." And she would

be denied access to her own chambers while she was on leave.

Worst of all was the box containing her new "uniform." There was a red plaid jumper and a little white blouse that would make the distinguished 30-ish jurist look like a high school girl on her first summer job. And the rest of the stuff was excruciating. Judge Hawthorn had even picked out her underwear! Ashley held up a training bra, an ultra-short, white half-slip, and cute little white panties with the day of the week all over them, as if the Ivy League Phi Beta Kappa was too much of an airhead to know what day it was. She hit the table with her fist and almost cried in frustration. It wasn't fair! But what choice did she have? She hesitated, and then scrawled her name on the bottom of the humiliating contract, as the realization hit her that Evelyn had to have typed the employment contract. So Evelyn already knew that Ashley was going to go from a proud, independent, and respected judge to a bimbo intern overnight. No wonder she had smiled when Ashley had walked into Hawthorn's chambers.

She felt trapped. She reached for the recusal order and started to sign it -- the order that would leave the fate of so many proud professional women in the hands of the misogynist Judge Hawthorn and his slimy friend, the Sheriff. But suddenly she felt a new resolve. She couldn't -- she wouldn't -- leave her sisters to the tender mercies of those good ol' boys. She might not be able to

preside over the trial, but, by God, she hadn't graduated first in her class and been the editor-in-chief of the law review because she was stupid. A plan had begun to form in her mind, a plan that would deftly extricate her and the women of the town from the clutches of the leering mall manager and leave Ashley with even greater status in the community than she had previously enjoyed. She smiled at the empty chair where she had been expected to kneel to beg for Judge Hawthorn's favor. She tore the recusal order into strips and threw them at the seat cushion. "There's your order, Your Honor," she said, sarcastically, and went back out to Evelyn in the anteroom.

"Tell Judge Hawthorn, when he calls, that I've decided to keep the case," Ashley said, firmly. "Oh, and let the Sheriff know I'll need a bailiff at the mall tomorrow. I'm moving the injunction hearing to the mall -- 9:00 a.m., sharp." She smiled beatifically at the astonished secretary. "See you, Monday, dear," Ashley said, as she left the chambers.

Barely able to suppress her excitement, she hurried back to her own offices. She wrote out the order moving the hearing from the courthouse to the mall and telephoned the attorneys to notify them of the change. In particular, she spent a good deal of time on the phone with Brittany Kelly. As much as she would have loved to see her archrival stripped and paraded through the mall tomorrow, she

knew she needed Brittany as much as Brittany needed a favorable ruling from her. She explained her plan quickly. Ms. Kelly was nothing if not a quick study and pledged her support. That part of her plan in process, Ashley next called Paula Evans at the TV station.

"Paula, we're moving the hearing to the mall tomorrow morning.... No, I'm not recusing myself.... No, I don't care what Judge Hawthorn said, I'm conducting the hearing, and I'll be there at 9 a.m. Then we'll see about this...'Strip Mall!' (Ashley laughed at her own joke.) She finished up by promising the anchorwoman an "exclusive" interview right after the hearing ended.

"Great!" said Paula, appreciative of the scoop. "I can't wait for our viewers to have an up-close look at our town's first Supreme Court Justice!"

Ashley felt herself blush. Her ambition to take her place on the state's highest court was no secret, and it was one of the sources of tension with old Judge Hawthorn. Hawthorn felt he had put in his time and was entitled to the spot, but Ashley had managed to captivate the members of the Governor's judicial screening committee.... And, well, if her legs were a little sexier than Hawthorn's, there wasn't anything she could do about that, was there? She smiled as she recalled how easily the panel had been

manipulated by a little flash of thigh with a bit of lace above.

Ashley hummed to herself as she gathered her papers and the court file and put them into her expensive Louis Vuitton briefcase. She giggled when she realized she had been humming "The Stripper." If her plan worked as she hoped, at least that possibility would be gone.

As she went down in the judges' private elevator to her reserved parking place in the basement, she smiled to herself, imagining the look on the faces of the mall manager, the Sheriff, and old Judge Hawthorn when they realized that she had beaten them! She could hardly wait to get home and see the evening news. She drove her purring BMW out of the garage, waving graciously at the security guard at the entrance. Life was good!

Ashley swung her car past the new mall. There was a huge banner over the entrance proclaiming

75% OFF SALE CONTINUES TOMORROW!!

She shivered at how close she had come to being the star attraction. She looked down at her Patek Philippe watch.

Twenty minutes until the mall closed. Just enough time to....

She flushed as she remembered her shopping errand: garter belt and stockings. She shivered, remembering the words of the mall manager on TV, explaining how he would reduce the presumptuous judge to near-nakedness! She didn't need to worry about that now, did she? So why was she parking her car and heading for the mall's lingerie boutique? "Well," she thought to herself, "I do need to look my best. And, anyway, I deserve a treat!"

While she may have favored conservative, tailored suits and blouses, she loved to indulge herself in tasteful, expensive underthings. She enjoyed the idea that she would be sitting up on the bench as phalanxes of male lawyers paraded in front of her, offering lame excuses for this delay or that failure to comply with one of her orders, knowing that they all wondered what stern Judge Ashley was wearing underneath that black robe. And that was her secret!

The young sales clerk in the boutique greeted her deferentially. "Hello, Your Honor," she said. "I've been expecting you." Ashley felt a little shiver at the last remark. She looked at the girl quizzically. "I saw the manager on the news," the girl explained. Ashley's hand went to her gray skirt, as if to reassure herself that she was still clothed. She looked up at the teenage clerk to

see if she were smirking, but the young lady seemed entirely serious and businesslike, genuinely trying to be helpful. Ashley felt a sudden loss of self-confidence as she followed the girl to the back of the shop. Her plan was foolproof, she was sure. So why was she here, letting this teenager lead her around, helping her select underwear for her to display to a crowd of panting male shoppers? And, worse, why were Ashley's panties getting damp at the idea?

The girl looked behind the counter and fetched up a bag. "This is what you had in mind, isn't it?" She held up a pair of black patent leather stiletto heels, much higher than Ashley's usual conservative, low-heeled pumps (which befitted an elegant, understated professional woman). The girl then displayed a package of stockings in Ashley's size, and Ashley felt her cheeks burn. But the worst was yet to come. The clerk reached into the bag and produced a lace garter belt, festooned with cute little ribbons and bows all over it, the long straps dangling obscenely as she held it up, like a string of paper dolls, for Ashley's approval. Ashley hesitantly reached out to feel one of the straps. She could almost hear the mall manager complimenting her on her good taste as....

"Good evening, Judge! Doing a little last minute shopping, I see."
She whirled around to see the mall manager standing behind her.

Mortified, she tried to stuff the undergarment back into the bag, but the manager caught her wrist and gave her a knowing look. "Always best to be prepared, isn't it? Well, SEE YOU tomorrow!" He went on his way laughing, leaving behind a thoroughly embarrassed circuit court judge quivering in arousal.

"Guess he's just making the rounds before closing," said the sales girl, cheerfully. "Cash or charge, Your Honor?" she asked. "Or perhaps you'd like to try them on first?" Ashley shook her head emphatically. She couldn't let the sales clerk see her soaked panties. She handed over her AmEx Gold Card, and the young lady processed the sale. "Just as well," she said. "It'll be a lot easier to check the fit tomorrow when you don't have so much on," she added, earnestly. Ashley scribbled her name on the charge slip and fled to her car. She was normally a careful driver, but it was hard to steer with only her left hand.

Author's Note:

Joe, this sequel is a tribute to the impact your writing has on me. I desperately hope you will find it pleasing. If the rest of my public wants the remainder of the story, please let me know!

Love, ASHLEY

Editor's Note:

This 3rd segment of the story originally appeared on 8 September 2002. Ashley received a lot of positive feedback and several times posted her intentions to write a follow-up. It was supposed to be "nearing completion" on 30 November. After Joe Doe did the 4th installment (leaving room for her sequel), she posted a long note on 7 January 2003, announcing, "I PROMISE the next installment soon." But, in fact, that never appeared, and she soon stopped posting altogether. More's the pity, for she's been missed.

C. Lakewood

75% OFF

by

Joe Doe

Part 4

THE SAGA CONTINUES AS JUDGE ASHLEY MARSH WATCHES A GIRL "DRESS"
A STRANGELY FAMILIAR MANNEQUIN...AND NEWS ANCHOR PAULA EVANS
CONSIDERS LIFE AS A WEATHER BUNNY.

As Ashley's car rounded the corner, she noticed the sales clerk who
had waited on her putting up an enormous sign in the display window
at the entrance to the mall. Ashley shuddered when she read the
huge block letters:

75% OFF TODAY!

SEE EVERYTHING!

She pulled her BMW into the nearby handicapped parking space, her anger intensifying as she watched the sales clerk fuss with the obviously oversized sign. Perhaps the mall manager needed a visit from one of her female friends on the zoning commission....

The clerk then pulled back a large black curtain that was covering the left half of the window. Ashley smiled as an elegantly dressed mannequin was revealed. Its hair was carefully coifed, and it was wearing exactly the type of elegant and tasteful suit that Ashley herself favored.

In fact, the mannequin resembled Ashley, and the suit that the it was wearing was almost identical to that she had on at that moment. Even the expensive, steel-rimmed spectacles mirrored the reading glasses Judge Ashley wore as a prop when issuing an important ruling from the bench.

After the sexist imagery of the last few hours, Ashley was delighted to see a positive and tasteful representative of a successful professional.

She was pleased that the people entering the mall tomorrow would see the image of an elegant and in-charge woman. The gawking male

spectators may have come to see a degrading and humiliating peep show, but the elegantly dressed executive in the window would signal that Judge Ashley planned a stunning reversal of fortune.

The fact that the mannequin looked like Ashley's plastic sister made the irony that much sweeter.

But her smug satisfaction began to wane as she watched the clerk casually remove the jacket and blouse.

That teenage clerk was stripping the mannequin. She was stripping her in public, where everyone could see.

Ashley scolded herself; after all, it was only a dummy!

She really wasn't sure why she was trembling....

After the jacket and blouse had been removed, next came the tasteful Gucci shoes, the elegant string of pearls, and the Patek Philippe watch.

Ashley's legs turned to jelly as the clerk eased the figure's skirt to the floor. The clerk's brusque and workmanlike manner as she carefully boxed each item was frightening.

Ashley felt as if she were gazing into the future....

The mannequin was now wearing nothing but a lacy red bra and panty set. It was elegant, to be sure, and just the sort of slightly racy lingerie that Judge Ashley did wear under her demure outfits.

But, watching her look-a-like wearing only those brief "unmentionables" in the store window was decidedly unsettling.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the clerk opening a box in the corner. Her plastic twin was going to be given something to wear.

Would it be another power suit? An expensive designer dress? Perhaps the mall would capitalize on the judge's professional appearance by dressing the figure in a full-length black judicial robe.

She smiled as she pictured the plastic representation of herself wearing the very emblem of wisdom, justice, and power. It was the Supreme Court hopeful's favorite outfit....

She envisioned herself on the high court, striking blow after blow for women's rights. As a Supreme Court Justice, she would be able to "ease" Judge Hawthorn into early retirement...and block his

pension. Then perhaps a court-ordered investigation of civil rights abuses at the mall and the local Sheriff's office would also be in order....

Ashley chuckled at the idea of the sexist Sheriff and the mall manager trembling and pleading for mercy as she prepared to hand down their lengthy sentences.

She knew that the Sheriff's attitude about strip searches would change when he was on the receiving end. Perhaps the recent proposal to reinstate the chain gang wasn't such a bad idea....

Ashley looked on in triumph as the clerk carefully placed a large wooden gavel in the figure's right hand.

The gavel ended Ashley's suspense; the fact that the mannequin looked like her was obviously more than a coincidence. There was no doubt about how the figure in the window would be dressed -- it was going to be the judicial robe or nothing!

But her smug satisfaction faded into confusion as she watched the clerk carefully ease a silk stocking over the mannequin's foot and slowly work it up her shapely leg.

Ashley was puzzled at first, but her blood ran cold as the clerk

reached into the box and removed another article of clothing even briefer and wispier than the hose: a lacy white garter belt, festooned with cute little ribbons and bows all over it. It was ridiculously girly and lacy, like something a Barbie doll might wear if trapped in a Wild West bordello.

Ashley reached into the shopping bag on the seat next to her and carefully removed the garter belt she had purchased a few minutes before. She swallowed. The two belts were identical!

It had to be a mistake. This wasn't the garter belt of an elegant, refined professional woman. The woman who owned this garter belt was a helpless, air-headed bimbo!

Ashley still couldn't understand why SHE had purchased the humiliating garment. For a brief moment, she could almost feel the garter belt slowly sliding up her thigh...imprisoning her...leaving her at the mercy of the drooling, leering mob....

She watched unhappily as the clerk methodically fastened the gaudy straps to the tops of the stockings.

The garter belt was obviously ornamental, but the long stockings made it also a practical necessity. After all, the 75% off "promotion" required a lot of walking, squatting, and jumping.

The enormous and enthusiastic male audience would demand value for their shopping dollar.

Ashley frowned as the clerk brusquely shod the mannequin in high heels. The clerk was treating it more roughly now that it was wearing nothing but the flimsy lingerie. Clearly the teasing tart was far less worthy of respect than the elegant professional woman who had been standing in the window a few minutes before.

The highly realistic mannequin was fully articulated, and Ashley watched the clerk carefully re-pose the figure.

Its original stance had epitomized sophisticated aloofness: hand on one hip, head turned at a somewhat cocky angle, nose tilted slightly into the air, lips displaying a faint, almost arrogant smile....

The skillful window dresser easily stripped the plastic figure of its aloof sophistication and made it epitomize exposure and embarrassment: legs apart, knees bent, toes pointed in...left hand desperately shielding her crotch...right arm (and gavel) across her breasts.

Somehow the facial expression was also changed. The eyes were opened wider, and the mouth was reshaped into a panicked "O."

Then the clerk carefully applied a bit of red makeup to the face, to simulate a blush.

The humiliating and comical pose made the mannequin appear to be trying to shield herself, as if someone had pushed her into the display window wearing nothing but her lacy undies!

Ashley thought things couldn't get any worse for her plastic surrogate, Until the clerk unhooked the dummy's bra....

She felt her own nipples stiffen as the clerk coolly tossed the brassiere into the box. Ashley readjusted the thermostat in her BMW to counter the sudden and inexplicable chill.

She gasped as the 18-year-old clerk insolently inserted her fingers into the waistband of the blushing mannequin's panties.

"Please, no!" Ashley thought. "Not the panties too! Don't strip me NAKED! Not in the window! Let me...um...h-her...have a scrap of dignity!"

But dignity was no longer a part of this mannequin's wardrobe. The panties slowly but surely came down...down...down...first over the left foot, then over the right.

Ashley flinched as the pretty panties disappeared into the hated box....

Her doppelganger was now wearing nothing but heels, hose, and trashy garter belt.

In a mocking parody of Ashley's respected title and profession, the humbled figure was allowed to keep her glasses and gavel.

Ashley watched unhappily as the clerk gathered the boxes under her arm and prepared to leave. After all, what would a silly little airhead need with all of those expensive clothes?

On her way out of the window, the clerk drew back the large black curtain that had been hiding the rest of the display. Ashley saw to her horror that the right hand side of the window contained several male figures, all of whom were smiling and pointing at the naked woman, who was clearly the center of attention.

One of the laughing men held a small digital camera. Another had a camcorder.

Ashley shuddered as the clerk put up a second sign:

DIGITAL CAMERAS FOR SALE/RENT!

YOU, TOO, CAN UPLOAD PICTURES TO THE WEB!

Ashley had thought the people coming to the mall would see an elegant professional woman, in charge and in control.

But instead they would see a helpless, nearly naked dummy....

The display made Ashley feel anxious...embarrassed...and deeply aroused!

She stared at the display for several minutes. The parking lot was empty; the clerk was gone. She closed her eyes and discreetly slipped her hand under her skirt.

The images of the day were terrible, but...stimulating. She knew that every man in town would desire her, would fantasize about her.... And she was right on the brink of orgasm when....

TAP TAP TAP!

TAP TAP TAP!

Startled, Ashley's eyes flew open, and her hand jerked away from her crotch. Release denied!

She flushed crimson as the mall security guard motioned for her to roll down her window.

"May I see some identification, Miss?" the guard asked, sternly.

Ashley hastily dug out her judicial ID, which was her preferred method of identification for all situations, particularly traffic stops.

The guard smirked as he noticed a sheen of moisture on the corner of the laminated ID, but he quickly resumed his humorless persona. Ashley blushed and squirmed as she wiped her soggy hand on her expensive leather car seat. She had never been so humiliated in her life.

The guard examined the ID, and then looked down sternly at the flushed woman struggling to regain her dignity. "Usually I catch teenagers out here doing this type of thing to each other," he said. "I don't know if I should call the police -- or take you over my knee."

The image struck a chord, and Ashley was instantly transformed into a naughty, blushing teenager caught in a forbidden act. Her butt cheeks tightened as she envisioned the frowning father-figure

slowly removing his belt and doubling it over in his beefy hand, as she submissively raised her fanny high in the air. She begged him not to take down her underpants, but it was not her decision to make. She bit her lip in helpless humiliation as his thick fingers slid under the waistband of her lacy panties....

"Please, s-sir...," Ashley stammered. "I was j-just coming...I-I mean...GOING.... Please don't call anyone!"

The guard was highly amused to see the crisp professional sniveling like a little girl caught with her hand in the cookie jar (or somewhere even more delicate). He pretended to weigh the matter before saying, "I'll let you go this time, young lady, but, if I ever catch you doing that again, I'll give you a good fanny-tanning."

"Yes, sir," Ashley said. "Thank you, sir." She paused. "May I have my ID back, sir? Um.... There are still a few precedents I need to look up in the law library at my office, and I'll need my ID to get back into the building."

"I'll give your ID to Judge Hawthorn in the morning; I wouldn't want you to get it all soggy," the guard said, with a knowing smile. "I'm sure Judge Hawthorn or one of the male attorneys will tell you what to do tomorrow, especially if you smile sweetly

and flash a little thigh."

Ashley immediately realized that her skirt had ridden up considerably and she was displaying more than "a little."

The guard chuckled as the blushing jurist squirmed in a desperate effort to cover her exposed thighs.

"Now be a good little girl and scurry home, and let the men worry about the law," the guard patronized.

"Yes, sir," Ashley said and quickly started the engine. The guard's humiliating lecture and smug commands infuriated her. But she was relieved that he didn't call the police, and she was too smart an attorney to miss an opportunity for a strategic retreat.

"You have a big day tomorrow, so I want you to go straight to bed, young lady," the guard added, sternly. "And keep those hands on TOP of the covers. You need your beauty sleep, so you'll look your best tomorrow."

Ashley fumed silently as she slowly pulled away. After she put Judge Hawthorn, the mall manager, and Evelyn in their places, she'd deal with the entire staff of rent-a-cops at the mall.

The next few days would be busy ones.

As she drove home, Ashley considered calling the office; her underpaid secretary, Timmy, was doubtlessly still there, toiling away on the assignments Ashley had dumped on his desk at 5:00 PM.

"Timmy" (a name he despised, but which Ashley insisted on using) was a good-looking young man and had actually been a law student clerking for Judge Hawthorn until Ashley gave his scholarship away to the daughter of one of her wealthy female political patrons. Of course, even if Timmy had the money for tuition, he was now far too busy slaving away at the office and running Ashley's personal errands (not to mention giving her a weekly pedicure) to even consider law school.

She demanded that Timmy remained focused on his job. A few months earlier, he had begun dating a successful female attorney who actually attempted to reinstate his scholarship and get him a job at her firm. Of course, a few calculated phone calls from Ashley put an end both to the relationship and to Timmy's distracting pipe dreams. And Timmy was tossed back into secretarial hell.

Ashley still chuckled as she recalled the "sympathy gift" she'd left on her traumatized gofer's desk -- a copy of Playboy, a bottle of baby oil, and a guidebook entitled, "Being the PERFECT

Secretary."

"Terrified Timmy" would let her into her office to check the vital precedents, but, recalling her visit with Evelyn that afternoon, she hesitated.

She envisioned herself in her school jumper, typing, running errands, fetching coffee, filing, and kowtowing before the amused Evelyn. She would be defenseless against the lecherous smirks, cruel jibes, and sly fanny pats of the vengeful trial lawyers whom she had terrorized.

Her stylish and elegant clothes showed that Ashley was a woman in charge. But her degrading school uniform would demonstrate that she was just a young lady who needed to be taught a lesson.

No more leisurely lunches at her private club; she would be forced to wolf down her brown bag lunch at her desk. She knew she would eat and have to drink modestly; the indignity of holding her crotch and doing the potty dance as she begged for a bathroom pass was unthinkable.

Judge Hawthorn might even loan out Ashley's "secretarial services" to one of the lustful attorneys she had frequently reprimanded. Of course, a small gratuity for Hawthorn would be required, but the

skillful caress of her warm, velvety tongue would be worth it.

She blushed as she recalled stories about what had happened to the last female judge who had fallen into Hawthorn's clutches.

He regularly checked the humiliated jurist's underpants for "disgusting wetness." If any telltale signs of arousal were found, the panties would be pinned to a fan by the blushing intern's desk for the rest of the day, ostensibly "to dry."

The fan would keep the soggy underpants flapping in the breeze next to the embarrassed woman's desk, like a flag proclaiming her randiness to the world. Her intimate scent would slowly drift into the lobby....

It would be bad enough to try navigate through the building in the agonizingly short jumper, knowing that the slightest misstep would display her childish "day of the week" underpants to everyone. But the thought of fighting the wind gusts that swept down the sides of the tall building with no panties on at all was excruciating!

Once she had been reduced to a measly intern, then Herbie the mailroom boy, Evelyn, and even Timmy, her own secretary, would outrank her. She would be totally at their mercy....

Timmy had given Ashley a strange, knowing smile as she'd walked out of the office that day; she'd felt uncomfortable as she glimpsed his eyes running up her legs and fixing on her shapely backside.

She knew that her lonely secretary had a crush on her. In the past, however, he had always been too cowed to do anything but stare at his shoes. But she had seen him chatting quietly with Evelyn earlier in the day, and his suddenly smug demeanor left Ashley unnerved.

Maybe bothering Timmy tonight wasn't a good idea after all.

Ashley smiled; in a few hours it would all be over. Afterward, she would enjoy teaching her uppity secretary a lesson in obedience.

Paula Evans stepped out of her bathroom Jacuzzi and wrapped herself in a big, fluffy towel.

Life was good. Paula's aggressive campaigning and willingness to use her sex appeal had allowed her to leapfrog past her competition to the co-anchor chair. Now, if she could just dispose of Ed Baxter, the other co-anchor, the broadcast would be hers alone.

Paula despised the way that Ed had bested her on-camera when he asked her if she had filled out a mall contest entry form. She had been using her sex appeal to twist men around her finger for years, but it had always been done on HER terms. There was no way she was going to let some sleazy mall manager parade her naked to boost sales at his crummy discount mall.

She looked at herself in the beveled bedroom mirror and smiled. Even wrapped in the terrycloth towel, she was stunning.

And she knew that her co-anchor and her male viewers would do just ANYTHING to see her luscious body naked. She chuckled. "Eat your hearts out, boys! Ain't none of you gonna see NOTHIN'!"

Paula was a natural tease, and she flirted with every man in the station -- even her rival, Ed. It excited her to turn Ed on even as she was lobbying the station owner to fire him. She envisioned herself merrily watching her experienced and distinguished rival packing his Pulitzer prizes and Emmys into a cardboard box....

She knew that Ed was trying to undermine her credibility by suggesting demeaning undercover assignments. He had implied that she should investigate the rumors that the police were strip-searching women for trivial misdemeanors. He'd even suggested sending Paula out dressed up like a street hooker

to "expose" the fact that (gasp!) prostitution existed in our fair city.

The station owner had been intrigued by the idea of parading Paula through a series of lurid undercover assignments, but, since he was grooming her to anchor the show alone, he was reluctant to undermine her already questionable gravitas.

After her admission that she had filled out the form, Paula noticed the news director had a number of "producer outlines" on his desk. Titles included "Strip-Searched for Littering," "Straitjacketed Naked at the Mental Hospital," "Hooker for Hire," and "Undercover in Cellblock H's Shower."

Paula knew sweeps month was coming up, but this was ridiculous! When she had gone upstairs to confront the owner, she overheard part of a muffled conversation that the station owner, the station manager, and Ed were holding in the private executive dining room.

"I think we can agree that, if she ends up strutting through the mall naked, she's finished," the station owner said. "Ed will resume anchoring the news alone, and we'll use her for some sexy undercover assignments before easing her into her new role as Weather Bunny. Sunny skies will seem that much sunnier when she's dancing around in a bikini while Ed reads the forecast!"

"What's the mall manager going to make her wear?" the station manager asked, eagerly.

"She's from Texas, so I suggested a cowboy hat, cowboy boots...and that honey-drenched magnolia smile," Ed replied, chuckling.

"I guess we get to find out if our little tease is a real blonde after all," the owner chortled.

Paula shuddered as she remembered her visit to the mall manager's office a few days before. She had been troubled by the odd way the man had smiled at her when she asked him about the cowboy hat and boots in the corner.

The leering mall manager had shown her the desk drawer that he had locked Debbie's clothes in, and he suggested that Paula give him her station blazer so that he could demonstrate how he could "lock up a woman's clothes, safe and sound."

She had declined his smarmy "offer," but the image of her crisp blazer, skirt, and underwear folded neatly in the mall manager's desk had haunted her ever since.

Paula looked at herself in the mirror and swallowed. Then she took

a deep breath, and dropped the towel to the floor.

She placed her hands on top of her head, and envisioned the blushing woman in the mirror in a cowboy hat and boots. She imagined her hated nemesis, Ed, chuckling as he reported to the record TV audience that "our new Weather Bunny IS a natural blonde!"

She quickly scampered into her huge four poster bed and pulled the covers over her head, silently hoping that Judge Ashley was as smart as she looked. Paula knew Ashley was supposed to be brilliant, but she also knew that her own cute little butt was definitely on the line.

A few blocks away, the owner of a large local software company pondered her fate as she nervously sorted through the lingerie in her closet. She regretted giving the interview at the mall, but it was too late for regrets. As a Stanford MBA and multi-millionaire, Marsha Dane wasn't used to hiding her opinions and enjoyed telling people who she was.

When that pimply-faced college boy in the security guard uniform complimented her and her two friends on their TV interview and

asked for their names, Marsha automatically gave him her business card.

It was only when the guard explained that the mall manager needed to know her name so that he could "look up the contest entry form" that she began to worry. When the grinning guard told her that he would "see" her tomorrow, she felt herself blush, hotly....

Marsha told herself that she had nothing to worry about. After all, it was only that little airhead, Debbie, who they had marched through the mall BUTT-NAKED!

Debbie was obviously a bimbo! A simpleton! A slut!

Marsha wasn't like that! She was a respected business leader, not some cheap stripper to be paraded around to boost sales!

But, as Marsha looked out again at the squad car that was mysteriously parked in front of her beachfront condo, she wondered what the morning would bring. A company-wide e-mail had slyly suggested that "something special" was going to happen to her at the mall; Marsha blushed crimson as she imagined her subjugated staff watching with amused satisfaction as she was paraded through the crowd.

Maybe she should wear the matching purple bra and panty set and purple pumps, just in case...

Brittany Kelly was looking forward to her first good night's sleep in days. She had despised the way she had been forced to stand in court and foolishly stammer excuses, while Judge Ashley smugly beamed down at her.

Ashley had clearly relished Brittany's desperate situation. So, when Brittany heard that the great and powerful Judge Ashley was also a target, she was ecstatic. Being shown naked in the mall might almost be worth it if she could see that Ashley bitch get hers!

But Brittany was relieved when Ashley had called and asked for her help. Joining forces with Ashley was girl-power at its finest, and Brittany knew that together they could defeat any male adversary.

Brittany was infuriated by the way everyone at her law firm was gossiping behind her back and by the fact that her answering machine was now filled with lascivious messages from every pervert the former prosecutor had ever convicted. The thought of strutting around naked in front of those jeering ex-convicts chilled her to

the bone.

But, with the law AND the judge on her side, she was confident she would prevail. Extremely attractive and photogenic, she knew the media loved winners. The presence of Court TV would naturally lead to an appearance on Larry King, and Brittany's future as the female Johnny Cochran would be secure.

She was pleased that her feud with Ashley was finally over. Of course, if the unthinkable should happen and something did go wrong, she knew that her red garters, red stockings, and red high heels would make her look way better than that BITCH!

Ashley struggled as she attempted to read Judge Hawthorn's chicken scratchings. Evelyn had given her a few pages of text, "in case" she wanted "to practice typing before Monday."

The idea was absurd. Ashley was NOT going to lose, and she was NOT going to be reduced to the status of a lowly typist!

ALTHOUGH LIBERALS COMPLAIN THAT MALE AUTHORITY FIGURES
WOULD ABUSE A NEW STRIP-SEARCH LAW, QUAIN T CONCEPTS LIKE
PROBABLE CAUSE DO LITTLE TO SHIELD SOCIETY FROM THE

PERNICIOUS RISING TIDE OF FEMINISM AND PROMISCUITY.

YOUNG WOMEN WOULD DRESS LIKE LADIES IF THEY KNEW THEIR
SCANDALOUS ATTIRE WOULD TARGET THEM FOR A SEARCH. LOOSER
STRIP-SEARCH GUIDELINES WOULD ENCOURAGE WOMEN TO TRAVEL
WITH MALE ESCORTS, AND TREAT MALE AUTHORITY FIGURES WITH
RESPECT.

IMAGINE THE ECONOMIC BENEFITS OF FORCING FLIGHTY WOMEN TO
SHOP WITH THEIR WISE AND FRUGAL FATHERS, HUSBANDS, AND
BOYFRIENDS....

The text enraged Ashley, and she shuddered as she imagined herself
pounding out this sexist drivel day after day on the ancient manual
typewriter in Hawthorn's chambers. She wanted to quit, but the
image of Evelyn tapping the paddle against her palm compelled her
to go on. "White Out" and "Correct-o-Type" were forbidden; Evelyn
preferred to correct "sloppy typing" by getting at "the seat of the
problem."

ALTHOUGH SOME ARGUE THAT METAL DETECTORS ARE SUFFICIENT,
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A TIP-TO-TOE STRIP-SEARCH.
EVEN THE MOST REBELLIOUS FEMINIST WILL LOSE HER GINGER
WHEN YOU STRIP HER OUT OF HER FANCY POWER SUIT AND PUT
HER DAINTY LITTLE FEET INTO THE STIRRUPS.

DISCRIMINATORY CLASS DISTINCTIONS WILL VANISH AS THE
PAMPERED AND SPOILED FEMALE EXECUTIVE WATCHES THE LOWLY
MINIMUM WAGE SECURITY GUARD TEASINGLY SLIP ON HIS RUBBER
GLOVE AND SLOWLY LUBRICATE HIS MIDDLE FINGER....

Ashley lay in bed and considered the strange events of the day.
As a judge, she had always been confident, assured, even cocky.
Whether she was berating Herbie the mailroom boy or ordering Timmy,
the hapless hunk, to fetch her laundry (at the same time she was
hurling the stapler at his head), she always knew just what to do.

But her lingering concern that something might go wrong at the mall
tomorrow aroused unaccustomed feelings of helplessness and panic.

It was easy enough to dismiss a vengeful shrew like Evelyn, and
Ashley was confident that she had her pitifully horny male
secretary totally under her thumb. But the female salesclerk
had been a different matter. The clerk's matter-of-fact,
businesslike attitude made the unimaginable humiliation seem
almost inevitable. Ashley was used to other women treating her
with deference and respect. But, to the relentlessly efficient
clerk, Ashley was clearly just another day's work. The most

respected woman jurist in the state would soon be nothing more than sexy eye candy used to lure in male shoppers and goose lingerie sales.

The earnest clerk would ensure Ashley's humiliation was brisk and efficient. There would be no chance of escape; the businesslike clerk would methodically strip Ashley of every last shred of her pride and dignity, and then push her out the door for everyone to gawk at.

The clerk wouldn't do it out of spite; humbling Ashley would be just another task, no different than stocking the shelves.

Ashley envisioned the clerk methodically folding and boxing each item of her tasteful, expensive attire: clothes, jewelry, watch...everything. To Ashley, the slow striptease would be the most mortifying experience imaginable. And the smiling clerk's pleasant but no-nonsense manner would make it all the more humiliating.

Ashley flushed, recalling the clerk's casual comment that it would be "easier to check the fit when you don't have so much on." That breezy observation wasn't meant to be chilling; it was just a simple statement of fact. Adjusting the stockings and tightening the straps would be easier after Ashley's judicial robes had been

removed and her expensive clothes had been seized and boxed.

Once she was stripped, forcing the proud jurist into her heels and hose would be no more difficult than dressing the dummy in the window.

Ashley shuddered as she pictured the clerk carefully adjusting her gaudy garter tabs while the smiling mall manager watched approvingly. It certainly wouldn't do to have a tasty tart's stockings sag as she paraded around the mall.

The exact positioning of the garter belt and hose would be vital. After all, no one would care what Ashley herself said or thought. The important thing was that she looked good as she pranced prettily for the men.

After the garter belt was properly adjusted, a sharp SLAP on the fanny would send her out the door to face her eager audience.

She wondered if she had made a mistake by postponing her fitting. She was still in charge tonight, but tomorrow might be a different story.

What if the mall manager decided to help "adjust" her scandalous lingerie? Ashley shivered, imagining his piggy hands running up

her creamy thighs. If a playful finger strayed off course, she would be helpless to resist.

She was clearly smarter than her opponents, and she desperately wanted to defeat them one more time. But, despite her obvious superiority, she briefly considered packing her bags and leaving town.

The events of the last few hours made her feel as if fate itself was conspiring against her. How could things go so wrong?

She was beginning to feel like the heroine in one those awful Joe Doe stories!

She was tired, but she was also excited. She wanted to relieve the pressure, but, recalling the mall guard's strict warning against self-gratification, she hesitated.

But the forbidden nature and dire consequences only made it more exciting. And, of course, there was no way the mall guard would ever know...unless she confessed.

Ashley closed her eyes and slipped her hand under the covers, determined to finish what she had started....

The mall manager smiled and sipped his Scotch, as he sorted through the pictures on top of his desk. So many women, so little time!

He knew he would get to all the women eventually, but who would be next? A number of candidates were already on "stake-out," but the Sheriff had assured him that he didn't have to make his final decision until morning.

He finished his drink and headed up for bed. No need to rush; he still had a few more hours to decide.

The manager's home office was empty; the lights were out, and all was quiet. On the corner of his desk sat the file folders containing the unlucky finalists for tomorrow's contest. The thick stack contained the photographs of the most beautiful and alluring women in town.

On top of the stack was a picture of an attractive young woman in a black judicial robe, smiling confidently at the camera.

Edited by C. Lakewood

A first draft of this chapter was sent to me by a friend. Though he wants to remain anonymous, he did ask me to revise it as I saw fit and then, if appropriate, to post it. So here it is.

I hope the "legallady" would approve of it.

75% OFF

by

C. Lakewood and Friend

OUR SAGA CONTINUES, AS THE "MALL CASE" HAS ITS ANTICIPATED DAY
IN COURT.

It was morning in Doeville, the day of the opening of the notorious "Mall Case." Well before 9:00 -- the appointed hour -- Judge Ashley Marsh stood inside the mall manager's office, admiring herself in a cheval glass she'd had moved in. It was rather warm, and, not wanting anyone "to see her sweat," she had left off both her jacket and her blouse; pale blue bra and matching lace-trimmed camisole were more than enough under her black robe. And she looked both stunningly attractive and crisply professional in that robe. Timmy, her gofer, had cleaned and pressed it himself, to help ensure his boss's television debut would be a memorable one. In fact, he had personally inspected the dais and the microphones, as well as the tables and chairs that would serve as a makeshift courtroom. The raised stage, which normally held school choirs and various other mall entertainers, would today support Judge Ashley's temporary bench in an appropriately lofty position.

Ashley herself had regained her confidence during the night and was very much looking forward to this day's developments. In an act of defiance, in fact, she had bundled up the trashy lingerie

that she'd been manoeuvred into buying yesterday and dumped it into a United Charities clothing collection bin.

She was pleased to see, by the office monitor, that Paula Evans and her entire news crew (including Ed Baxter, her hated co-anchor) were on hand, ready to broadcast the entire spectacle -- live -- as promised.

At exactly 9:00, the court bailiff called the proceedings to order and announced "the Honorable Ashley Marsh, presiding."

Ashley walked out to a packed house. Every chair, every bench, every bit of standing room was full. The crowd, predominately women (very anxious women) cheered wildly at her arrival. At the same time, most of the men in attendance were booing loudly. All this tumult created a surreal, carnival-like atmosphere.

Judge Ashley, mindful of the cameras, managed to gavel the crowd into order while maintaining an air of judicial calm.

After she brilliantly summarized the cause and nature of the hearing, she recognized Brittany Kelly, representing the plaintiff, for her opening argument.

A sometimes eloquent (and always tireless) speaker, Brittany went

on and on concerning the issues -- both legal and moral. She cited precedent after precedent. She scornfully dissected and dismissed the draconian personal services contract. And she clearly pointed out the obvious contradiction between the mall's exhibition of public nudity and current state law.

Brittany then called on Debbie Dalton, the first and only contest winner, to take the stand and describe, in exquisite detail, just what she had suffered. Debbie, blushing furiously, looked as if she now thought her decision to testify had been a mistake. At each mention of some embarrassing detail, the men present all applauded in approval. After the third such outburst, Ashley threatened to clear all the men from the court, and Debbie's humiliating account proceeded on to its conclusion without further incident.

Then, one after another, a swarm of prominent women took the stand and voiced fear, contempt, and moral outrage (in varying proportions).

Judge Ashley was in heaven. The whole hearing was unrolling without a hitch. The women were knowledgeable and articulate, and their testimony was irresistible. Ashley glanced at the cameras, pleased that probably every eye in the county was on HER hearing...and that it would be HER decision that would

strike a major blow for womens' rights!

She had shrugged off the presence of the Sheriff, but she hadn't expected to see the vile Judge Hawthorn, as well...and looking so extremely placid, too. If anything, the crusty old shyster should be fuming now. She found his equanimity disquieting. But then she remembered she was still on-camera and replaced her expression of apprehension with her best judicial scowl and acted as if she were actually listening to the women on the stand drone on and on.

Finally, after over two hours of testimony, all against the legality and morality of the contest, Ashley called for the mall's representative to present the defense.

The mall manager chose to represent himself and the mall, and to forgo legal counsel. Judge Ashley admonished the man for appearing to take these proceedings too lightly, adding that it was a fool who represented himself. But she still denied Brittany's objections and allowed his testimony.

Clearly, the man was out of his element and not used to public speaking. He muttered his arguments, which were based largely on the precise letter of the contest rules (in micro-fine print) and on contractual rights. He denied trying to cheat or fool anyone, but added that he had counted on the thoughtless greed

of the town's women to make his advertising ploy a success. As proof, he pointed out that sales on the day of Debbie's exposure had set a new single-day record. He concluded by offering his opinion that good business was good for all.

In less than five minutes, the mall had rested its case. As the mall manager left the stand, the assembled women booed mercilessly. Though Judge Ashley knew that, in fairness, she should admonish the women as she had the men earlier, she kept silent. The "spontaneous" outburst was lengthy, but at last the place settled down, and Ashley knew that the moment of truth had arrived.

Normally, this would have been the point in the proceedings for the judge to announce a brief recess and give herself some time to at least appear that she was weighing the evidence prior to rendering her decision. But, in this case, she made it quite clear that that would be unnecessary. She paused dramatically and squared her shoulders. But, just as she was about to wow the crowd and win the day for all women with her eloquent decision, a familiar voice arose from the crowd.

A manila folder in his hand, Judge Hawthorn was on his feet, asking permission to approach the bench. Everyone went silent as Judge Ashley (surprised, but afraid of appearing too partial) allowed the older jurist to approach.

Hawthorn didn't bother going before the raised platform and speaking up to Ashley, but bounded heavily up the three steps and walked directly to her side. Her only response was a clearly visible expression of shock.

He leaned forward, his hot breath smelling of brandy and cigars, extracted a small card from his folder, and placed it before Ashley. As she looked down in horror at her signed contest entry, Hawthorn alluded to the career ramifications should it become known she had made a decision on a judicial matter in which she had a conflict of interest.

He next put down a signed and notarized statement from Chambers, the mall parking lot guard, concerning yesterday's "incident." It was complete, down to the smallest lurid detail (Hawthorn had highlighted the best parts). A photocopy of Ashley's ID was attached. The old judge spoke briefly but meaningfully of "moral turpitude" and "conduct unbecoming...."

And Ashley sat quietly, listening carefully...both to what was said and to what was implied.

He then laid down an "Order of Recusal" and quietly suggested that she sign it. He added another copy of Ashley's employment

contract, identical to the one she had shredded just yesterday,
and then a new form -- one boldly entitled "DISCIPLINARY ORDER"
-- that sentenced the undersigned to a bare bottom paddling,
Monday morning, from the Judge Hawthorn's beefy and malevolent
secretary, Evelyn. Ashley shuffled the papers nervously as if
she could perform some magick on them that would turn them into
Hallmark cards. In the end, however, she could only stare down
at them, wide-eyed and speechless, barely able to breathe. Worse
yet, every nuance was being caught, broadcast, and commented upon
by Paula Evans and her partner, Ed Baxter. Natural self-assurance
prompted Paula to speculate on what was going on. Throughout her
clueless anchor-babble, however, she remained confident that the
young feminist judge would send the crusty old male chauvinist
packing and that the trial would continue its irresistible
steamroller ride toward freeing the town's women from their
unjust and humiliating contest obligations.

Ed, on the other hand, was beginning to have his doubts. He
observed Ashley's pale, sweat-slick face and knew there was
trouble...trouble he was rather looking forward to....

Brittany Kelly, after years of reading jurors' faces, also began to
have misgivings. An ominous chill ran down her spine, reminding
her of the scanty underwear that she had bravely chosen to wear
today, confident of the hearing's outcome. Now, she was suddenly

second-guessing that decision.

Debbie, now clearly confused at the sudden halt to the proceedings, leaned over to Brittany and asked what was happening. Brittany distractedly shushed her client and waited tensely for Ashley to rally and regain her composure, signifying all would be well. But she waited in vain.

Seconds later, as if in a trance, Ashley accepted Judge Hawthorn's pen and signed the required forms, effectively sealing her fate for the foreseeable future. Trying to be brave, but realizing the enormity of what had just happened, she rose and quickly left the platform without pausing to offer any explanation. She headed for the nearest exit, but was intercepted by both Timmy and Evelyn before she could make good her escape.

Judge Hawthorn sat down on Ashley's still-warm chair, smiled, and conferred with the bailiff, who called the hearing back to order and announced "the Honorable Henry H. Hawthorn now presiding."

Tersely, Judge Hawthorn thanked Judge Ashley for her fine work, noted her recusal, and explained that she would be on sabbatical and unavailable until further notice. He added that he was ready to rule on the case without delay.

To a completely silent mall, the judge went on to point out that, although the women of the town may have issues to be settled with the mall, those issues were, aside from Debbie's experience, purely speculative. Moreover, since no other woman had won the contest or enjoyed its rewards, no basis for a class-action lawsuit existed.

Such a suit required multiple complainants, and, as of this morning, only one existed: Debbie Dalton. Though he found that she herself might well have grounds for litigation, he was dismissing the frivolous class-action suit. If, however, other women suffered similarly in the future, he had no problem dealing with those issues at a later date...say, perhaps, in six months or so.

The women emitted a collective groan. They had held victory in their grasp, and then had lost it -- as some of them would soon be losing their clothes. Many wept openly, and Marsha Dane, the arrogant MBA, threw an absolute fit. Furious, Brittany Kelly busied herself with stuffing papers into her pretentious leather briefcase. She not only felt angry and humiliated, but also believed that Ashley had failed them...turned her back on the town's women...literally betrayed them!

Paula Evans was beside herself. With Paula inarticulate with rage, her co-anchor had taken over the broadcast, and she stood nearby, off-camera, throwing a full-blown tantrum. She was livid and, like

Brittany and Marsha, totally ignored Judge Hawthorn's repeated requests for order -- until he uttered the words "contempt of court."

He had the bailiff, the Sheriff, and one of the deputies bring the three women to stand before him. The crowd grew quiet.

Though they stood silently before the judge, none of the women had the sense to hide her anger at his decision. Judge Hawthorn, very "old school," demanded respect, especially from a lawyer -- particularly a FEMALE lawyer as snotty and self-absorbed as Brittany. As for Paula Evans, he had long ago formed an intense dislike for the vacuously pompous anchorwoman. And Marsha Dane, he knew, had used a feminist judge and two collusive attorneys to screw her husband in their divorce. So he would like nothing more than to bring these little ladies down a few pegs, and they had just given him the opportunity.

While both those present and the immense TV audience looked on, Judge Hawthorn lectured the three professional women as if they were naughty little girls. But this alone would not be enough to purge their contempt. THAT would come presently...in the judge's temporary chambers (the mall manager's office).

As a murmur rippled through the crowd, Brittany, at least, was

under no illusion about what was likely to happen to her. She had certainly been around the courthouse long enough to know that when women were summoned to the judge's chambers, they tended to return teary-eyed and unable to sit. (And Ashley, though mortified at her defeat, was nevertheless excited to imagine her rival being lead away for her long-overdue comeuppance.)

Paula Evans, still clueless as to what awaited her, insisted that she stay miked during the closed-door session. She was certain that the microphone would be her protection, forcing Hawthorn to cool down. Moreover, regardless of what was said, it would surely be newsworthy and might possibly even put the elderly judge into an untenable position.

Evelyn, ever the thoughtful secretary, knew exactly what the judge would soon require and had it in her purse. She left Ashley with Timmy and moved off toward the scene of the next act. Ashley was relieved. In all of this high drama, it had slipped her mind that, come Monday, Timmy would also be her superior, and so she'd be subject to HIS discipline, as well. But Timmy (or "Mr. Thomasson" or "Sir," as she would soon learn to call him) had not forgotten; he smiled in anticipation and mentally drifted off, silently embroidering his plans....

Court having adjourned, the three women, the Sheriff, Evelyn, and the mall manager made their way into the office, followed nonchalantly by Judge Hawthorn, who closed the door behind him. Fortunately, though no one could see the goings-on, Paula had remained miked, and everyone, both at the mall and watching on television, heard every word that was uttered.

Judge Hawthorn continued verbally berating the women, at least one of whom was sniveling. After a bit, to everyone's amazement, he ordered Paula to drape herself across his lap. Providentially, what happened next was described, almost play-by-play, by Paula's comments.

"What, you can't spank me! I'm a grown woman!

"I will not.... Let me up.... You can't do this, you....

"Stop that! What-what are you doing? You can't pull up my dress.... S-s-stop!

"No, not bare...please...not bare...."

The litany continued until the first swat. Then there was silence, followed by an audible gasp and a howl of pain.

Outside, the crowd was riveted to every sound. At the first smack, they roared in unison, "One!"

By the fourth swat, Paula was clearly crying and in distress, yet she still had enough false bravado to issue threats and to follow each scream of pain with a most unladylike and unprofessional exclamation of the sort usually rendered in cartoons as something like "#@&!"

Seconds later, the door opened, and Evelyn was seen making her way to the nearby women's restroom, a fresh bar of soap in her hand. When she returned, the soap was glistening, and she might have paused in the office doorway a bit longer than was absolutely necessary (but many people did get a nice look at Paula's bare red bottom wagging to and fro under the judge's strap. It was now swat number ten, and Paula was sobbing. An instant later, she was heard to say, "Please, not the soap!" But then she subsided into a series of gurgles.

Now, each swat brought a much more subdued response: muffled shrieks and choked sobs. By the twenty-fifth swat, Paula had apparently lost the soap, for she was whimpering, pleading for mercy...promising to be good, sobbing, "Oh please, please!" between sniffles. It took her fully five minutes before she

was aware that the spanking had ended.

The mall was dead silent for a moment. Then the judge spoke.

"Your turn, MIZ Kelly...."

Brittany resisted, though. "You can't do this, Judge! It's not legal!"

Hawthorn chuckled. "You should have spent less time studying media relations and more time on learning state and local law. According to the law, a judge can 'impose and carry out a sentence of corporal punishment upon unruly females of age 14 or older.'"

"B-but that's m-meant for juveniles...."

"There's no upper age limit specified. Now, you just take off your panties, hand them to the Sheriff, and ask him -- politely! -- to take care of them for you. Then get right on over here, and no more back-talk or I'll give you more than "Miz TV Girl" got.

Again, the crowd counted each swat, and, again, they listened as the recipient went from threatening to promising and then to sobbing like any well-spanked little girl.

Eventually, Brittany had received her allotment, and it was

Marsha's turn.

(A Stanford MBA and, since her divorce, a multi-millionaire and the sole owner of a large local software company, Marsha Dane was opinionated, self-important, and not nearly as smart as she thought she was. As a businesswoman, she was grudgingly respected, but, as a human being, she was universally loathed.)

"Please don't spank me," she whimpered.

"Me? Oh, no, I don't intend to. I'll be delegating that to your former husband. I'm voiding the financial terms of your divorce settlement, on the grounds that it was obtained fraudulently. And I'm ordering your assets frozen and control of the company turned over to him. Until the matter is adjudicated, you will cease to be 'President and CEO' and function instead as an -- THE -- 'assistant office girl trainee.' The penthouse, the beach-front condo, the ski cabin, the flat in Mayfair, and the pied-a-terre in Paris are all under this court's control now. Your company car is impounded, and your credit cards are worthless. As a matter of fact, I wonder if you have even enough cash on hand to prevent the Sheriff arresting you for vagrancy...."

"You can't DO that!" Marsha wailed.

Hawthorn snorted. "It's amazing how people keep telling me that, and I keep doing it, anyway. With no money, you still might be able to get some incompetent to take you on, pro bono, but I must tell you that, while I HAVE been reversed on appeal in my career, it's not happened often...and not lately."

Meanwhile, Ashley had listened to Paula's spanking with rapt attention. Her breathing had become labored, and she could feel her own juices dampening her panties and beginning to trickle down her thighs. In the middle of Brittany's walloping, Ashley just couldn't stand it any more. Unnoticed, she slipped away and hid behind a grove of potted palms. She could see that everyone's attention was elsewhere, so she deftly slipped her finger up under her robe and skirt and slithered it inside her panties. To the sounds of Hawthorn's strap smacking bare flesh and Brittany's accompanying cries as a sort of counterpoint, Ashley soon had herself on the verge of a monster orgasm.

Just as she was teetering on the very brink, a strong hand grasped her shoulder, and a familiar, stern voice said, "So, Your...uh...Honor, up to your old tricks, are you?" It was Chambers, the security guard who had found her doing the very same thing just yesterday. And she remembered he had warned

her on that occasion: "If I ever catch you doing that again, I'll give you a good fanny-tanning." She was speechless as she felt herself being dragged from her hiding place by her ear like a child, off toward that awful office where her rival was still howling.

To Ashley's relief, the guard pulled her on past the closed office door and into another room down the hall. This door was marked "SECURITY."

The security guard released Ashley's ear and unceremoniously flipped her judicial robe up over her head. He smiled at her already partially undressed state and yanked down her skirt. Undoing the shoulder-straps of bra and cami took a little longer, but he really didn't mind. He was particularly intrigued by the very soggy crotch of her pale blue, French-cut panties. The musky aroma caused his nose to twitch....

He dealt summarily with the rest of her clothes, and, when he uncovered her head again, all the Honorable Judge Ashley Marsh had on were her steel-rimmed spectacles, her Patek Philippe wristwatch, and her wrinkled black robe.

"You're quite a randy little cunt, aren't you, Your Honor?" the guard sneered. Her lips moved, but no words came out.

"Cat got your tongue? In the MPs, we used to call that 'dumb insolence.' And we didn't tolerate it."

He dragged her down across his knees. "Pull up your robe, Judge.

You're going to get it on the bare, just like those other gals."

Whimpering softly and blushing hotly, Ashley obeyed. He picked up his own spanking strap (standard mall equipment?) and didn't waste further time or words, but immediately began beating out a lively rhythm on her naked, upturned bottom.

She soon found her tongue.

With the sounds of Brittany's spanking still echoing about the mall, Ashley immediately began to appreciate what her rival was surely experiencing. They were now sisters, in a sense. Ashley did have the consolation that her punishment, at least, was private...or so she thought. Unfortunately for her, the wall behind her was actually a vast window, through which someone in the office could view the parking lot area -- and vice versa. As the hundreds of people slowly left the mall and made their way back to their cars, an almost endless procession filed slowly past the window and the unsuspecting jurist getting the thrashing of her life. The glare from the afternoon sun was brutal, so not many actually noticed, but those who did loitered there in discreet

appreciation.

Presently, Brittany Kelly, eyes puffy and face flushed, happened past that window. By sheer luck, she paused to blow her nose and caught sight of Ashley's predicament. With her own bottom burning, she knew she couldn't sit in her car anyway.... So she joined the loiterers -- after rapping sharply on the window, getting Ashley's attention, and shattering her illusion that the punishment was private. As Ashley looked back over her shoulder in horror, she saw Brittany give the elderly security guard a broad smile and a thumbs-up...and then pull out her camera-phone.

Realizing that all these people had been watching her kick and scream and wriggle as the leather warmed her bare bottom, Ashley became even more frantic for it all to end. Unfortunately for her, the guard knew his business. Phase one of this punishment was barely half over. It was going to be a protracted process.

On the other hand, with Paula Evans still sobbing and nursing her sore bottom as her co-anchor feigned shock and concern (yet continued to interview the disheveled anchorwoman), the local media didn't catch on to the judge's situation until very late. As the cameramen ran up to claim choice positions outside the office window, Brittany decided it was time for her to leave, and so she did.

With the cameras just about set to start rolling again, the kindly security guard closed the drapes with a wink, allowing Ashley to serve the rest of her corner time in private -- and depriving the vast television audience of the sight of the very attractive and newsworthy judge, standing in a corner, with her robe rolled up around her shoulders and her twitching red bottom uncensored by any blue dots, blurring, or digital masking.

It also allowed Ashley to maintain some tenuous deniability -- perhaps saving her credibility and therefore her career. After all, she reflected, witnesses could be discredited, and there was no photographic evidence. (The picture that Brittany took didn't count, because Ashley knew it was not for the immediate record; it was a chip that Brittany would squirrel away until the day when circumstances were right and cashing it would bring her the best return.)

Meanwhile, the guard was tucking Ashley's aromatic panties into his pocket and putting the rest of her discarded wardrobe into the charity clothing bin just outside the door.

As the last of the stragglers were leaving the mall, an

announcement was made over the PA (and repeated by Ed Baxter live), that three of the four women for the next "75% Off Sale" had been selected -- Brittany, Paula, and Marsha -- and that at least two of them (and probably all three) would be parading about sporting red fannies.

This news was particularly devastating to Paula, who snarled, rather unprofessionally, "Turn off that damn camera!"

Brittany heard the dreadful announcement on the car radio on her way home...and immediately turned off the expressway and headed for the nearest bar.

Marsha, meanwhile, was listening in shocked silence as her ex-husband explained the dress code, rules of deportment, and schedule of punishments as they applied to the new "assistant office girl trainee."

For her part, Ashley was glad she wasn't one of those named -- yet -- but she wasn't certain that she wouldn't still be visited in the morning by the Sheriff for the ride to the mall (stopping by the jail for a cavity search, as he had promised). With a thrill, she wondered just how he and his minions (and the inmates) would react to the sight of HER red fanny.

That, however, was tomorrow's problem. Right now her pussy was screaming for attention. Oh, god! If that guard would only leave for just a few minutes....

Or, considering that boner in his pants, maybe she could bribe him....