**Yes, Mr. Johnson**

by luv2custrip

*A grad student becomes the nude exhibit in a museum.*

Laura was something of a typical, struggling grad student. What wasn't typical about her was that she discovered she had a talent for modeling. She had short, jet-black hair, long legs and a curvy 34C - 24 - 34 form, so she shouldn't have been so surprised at her success. Then she got a call direct from a famous, avant-garde female artist. She was doing a live, interactive exhibit at a museum in the city, and she had somehow gotten hold of her portfolio.

The artist was impossibly thin, beautiful and sexy all at the same time. Her unnaturally bright red hair just added to her avant-garde look. Laura was starstruck as she was led around the museum, closed to visitors as this was a Monday.

The "stage," as the artist called it, was already set up. It was raised three feet off the floor, had plexiglass "walls" of another foot, and was set-dressed to look like an office from the era of "Mad Men." There was desk of sorts in the middle, although it was more of a table with side drawers; completely open underneath. The desk had an old-fashioned typewriter and a phone on top. Along one side wall was an equally old-fashioned copier.

Laura was supposed to play "Jane," the much-harried secretary to the unseen Mr. Johnson. Jane would answer the phone: "Yes, Mr. Johnson," take notes, type and then use the copier as museum patrons watched. Laura was mystified as to why anyone would pay to see her until all was explained. She would be wearing a blonde wig, a lot of makeup, pearls and high heels-- and nothing else. This was a nude exhibit.

Laura was immediately "Oh no" and "I can't" and "I never." Then the artist told her that she would be "on display" for only two hours a night for four nights-- with a ten minute potty break. And of course she would be paid the going rate for nude models. Laura took a look at the rate and did a quick calculation. "I'll try it," she said.

The artist led her "backstage" which was really just a long hallway with open cubicles. The artist explained these were used by museum personnel to set up exhibits in the raised area-- reached by a few steps-- that was now the office stage. Laura would have complete privacy to undress and put on a robe that would hang behind the stage door.

Laura was silent and since she hadn't said "no" yet, the artist had her try it out "with your clothes on." That statement made Laura turn alternate shades of red and white because it implied that her clothes would soon be coming off.

Laura was told a "segment" of Jane working was going to be timed around seven minutes. Ticket holders were going to be timed exactly the same. Laura or "Jane" would start out at her desk, answer the phone, and then start typing. She would take the typed paper to the copier and make several copies then return to her desk. All in the nude.

Laura tried it a bit breathlessly. She hit a snag when the copier jammed and they both laughed. The artist said it would probably be no problem getting a maintenance guy in, especially once the nude exhibition was actively going on. "A maintenance man trying to work around a naked girl..." the artist mused. Laura hoped she was only joking.

Then, the inevitable. The artist explained that although Laura was absolutely gorgeous with her clothes on, she would have to see her with absolutely nothing on at some point.

Laura gulped and looked around nervously. She was assured that the museum was closed; this section was currently locked off.

"Shall I... undress here?" she continued to swallow hard.

"Sure," the artist replied. "Start right now, and that will give me a chance to walk around and unlock this section." As she started to close the door to backstage, she smiled. "I hope that the next time I see you, you'll be a beautiful nude model!"

Laura had never been so nervous undressing. Never. Not even for a invasive gynecological exam. She pulled her blouse out of her tight skirt and quickly unbuttoned it. She had nowhere else to put her clothing except on top of the desk. She unzipped her dark skirt and pushed it down to the floor. She felt momentarily helpless as she had to bend down and pull it off her feet. What if someone walked in as she was bent over?

Now she was down to bra and panties and she was regretting wearing white. The only light was from a bright old-fashioned lamp in the far corner of the "office" and she felt as if her underwear was glowing. Being on a raised stage with the darkness of the room below her made the poor girl feel that she was already on display.

Laura took a deep breath as there was no turning back now. Reaching behind her, she quickly un-clasped her pretty bra and reluctantly pulled it off her shoulders and finally exposed her soft round pink-tipped breasts. Her still body-warmed bra had just joined her growing pile of "clothes I used to be wearing" and she was already shakily pulling down her panties. Then she heard the lower door unlock-- and the lights came on.

"Shit!" she said, thinking it might be a wayward security guard, but then gave a heavy sigh when she saw the artist.

"You look great!" the artist exclaimed. "But you might look even better with those panties completely off, and not at half mast!"

Laura laughed and she felt as if the ice was broken. The artist was so cool, so much fun and so supportive, that she went through her nude segment without a hitch... or a stitch. It just felt so funny sitting on an office chair bare ass.

Laura was kept going by hearing "what a great body!" and "that's it: work those long legs of yours!" and even "Oh my god! You've got such a sweet ass!" Far from being embarrassed beyond belief, she was seriously feeling warmly turned on. She wanted to change the song from "I kissed a girl" to "I got naked for a girl."

Then it was over, she got dressed and got a big hug. The worst was over-- but no-- the artist wanted an "undress rehearsal" next Monday that would be filmed.

Laura immediately objected and was ready to back out. The artist assured her that her face would not be shown: if her face appeared at all it would be made to be out of focus or pixelated out. The artist insisted the video would only be on her website. Laura realized as she drove home that any naked videos out there would eventually be leaked. She was sure that one day, her naked legs, breasts and bare bottom would easily be found under the search term "nude secretaries." That thought should have upset her. Instead she practically ripped off her clothes and masturbated as soon as she got in her apartment, thinking about the way she felt strutting around stark naked in her heels for one sexy woman, and about how all of those anonymous males would one day be masturbating over the sight of her.

Once she came, she thought to herself: 'Instead of diving into my books, instead of researching my thesis, I'm gonna be strutting around naked in a blonde wig and makeup... great, just great!'

The next Monday night was her undress rehearsal. Laura was told to arrive early and strip in the back cubicle. There was a shortie silk robe for her, but the cubicle was still so wide open that she still felt dangerously exposed.

Then the pretty hair and makeup girl showed up and everything was different. She made such a fuss over Laura and kept telling her she was so brave and so beautiful. She had Laura try on blonde wigs and showed her how she looked in a mirror: all wigged up and made up and Laura couldn't believe it. She had had a distant fear that someone she knew would walk in to the museum and see her naked: but she hardly recognized herself!

Then the girl asked Laura to stand up and drop her robe and Laura found herself complying meekly. This was the second sexy lady in a week who asked to see her naked and although Laura was blushing furiously she was sincerely liking the very intimate attention deep down inside. The girl said she was checking out if Laura needed any body makeup, and she actually did apply some rouge to Laura's nipples-- making them instantly hard as Laura sweetly blushed down to the top of those breasts.

At last she was ready, her robe on again-- briefly, as the stage door was only steps away. The makeup girl told her she looked great and gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Laura took a deep breath, she hung her robe on the hook behind the door, and walked out on stage nude-- almost bumping into the male videographer who was standing right there, filming the whole thing.

"Um... uh... whoa! What are you doing up here?!" Laura exclaimed. She instinctively covered up her lady parts in the classic shocked pose.

"He can't very well shoot through the plexiglass," said a voice from the floor.

Laura couldn't see because the stupid office light was in her eyes. She walked straight up to the edge until she could see that her original artist-- and now also her makeup artist-- were watching her expectantly from the museum floor.

"I'm sorry," she said. "He startled me!"

"I just wanted to get you stepping out for the very first time," said a male voice right behind her. Laura nearly jumped over the plexiglass.

"I'm David," he said, extending his hand. Laura looked down at herself and realized she was still covering up. She had no choice but to expose herself. She took his hand, and she noticed his gaze moving up and down her newly bared body.

He was probably about her age, and was quite ruggedly good-looking, which was just wonderful. This good-looking guy was soon going to be continuing filming her stark naked.

She turned and looked down at the two female artists. "Can he umm... back off a little bit? And can I be assured that he doesn't film me that closely... in certain places?"

"You heard her David," the artist replied. "But, get one nice shot of those incredible legs under the desk-- with nothing more than a glimpse of bush. Then I still want one continuous shot as she's getting up and then at the copier. That's gonna be panning: heels, legs and then that sweet ass. Okay?"

"What about the breasts?" David queried.

"Oh yeah!" said the artist. "Her breasts! Film some nice loving shots; maybe out of focus or filtered. We'll start and end with those in editing. Remember, she's not really naked: this is how her boss is thinking about her. So yeah: some dreamy Playboy tits but then really concentrate on everything she's showing off below the waist."

Laura risked a look back at David. He was smiling and he tipped an imaginary hat. Laura felt strangely reduced to nothing but a naked commodity, valued only for her luscious legs, her hint of bush, her dreamy tits and her sweet ass. Well... she was the only one in the room currently showing off all of those items.

Laura sat behind the open desk to begin her nude performance. She saw David crouch down on the opposite side. Well, that was why they chose an open desk-- so that it would be impossible for the naked girl to hide anything she had between her high-heeled legs. Laura kept those legs as tightly together as she could and tried to point that line of particular interest away from his camera. She was thinking about just crossing her legs when she had her paying audience.

She did her typing. She typed: "WTF am I doing this?" five times. She stood up and walked to the copier, trying to still keep her legs closed by striding like a model.

David followed but kept his distance. She noticed his camera panning her body and her legs up and down. When she got home she did a search for "naked girl at copier" and was surprised that it was a whole subcategory of soft core porn.

After her seven minute performance, David had her sit specially for him, facing him in her swivel chair. He was specifically filming her breasts in closeups, he informed her, as he had her slowly swivel to the left and then to the right. As Laura looked down at her breasts, she wondered if "dreamy Playboy tits" were supposed to have increasingly hard nipples.

Laura found herself masturbating at home every night, particularly after the nights she exposed her body on stage. How was she going to get through next week? Not only was she facing four nights of randomly staring ticket holders, there was an opening reception on Monday.

Laura strongly negotiated her nudity for that Monday. It was agreed that she would only do one seven-minute performance, then she would put her robe on and take questions.

That night turned out to be the sexiest she had ever felt. The reception was limited to twenty board members and important donors, all elegantly dressed and being served cocktails by male and female staff. Walking out naked and seeing these so very genteel people take in her nudity made her want to cum right there. She felt like she was in one those movies like 'Eyes Wide Shut:' the only naked female at an elegant party.

The artist came up and stood next to her as they answered questions; the artist dressed in a micro mini black dress, Laura nude under her robe on her swivel chair. There was a telephone that Laura was unaware of until now: people would be able to pick it up and actually speak with her during her performances. The questions now were all predictable: how did she feel about doing this, being nude, etc. Then there was the inevitable question: wasn't the artist continuing to exploit women with this nude exhibit?

The artist pressed the speakerphone button so all could hear. "If you think my work is about exploiting women, then you don't know much about me. What I'm doing is taking back the nude female away from the pornographers and 'exploiting her' the hell back into the world of art, where she belongs!"

There was a stunned silence then the audience slowly got up and started applauding. All except, Laura noticed, the silver-haired lady who asked the question, who was now stepping back and turning beet red. One less donor or board member who approved of this outrageous artist.

Laura was however concerned about people on the telephone during her actual show. She was assured they all had timed tickets and were all museum members. She could report any inappropriate comments and their membership would be terminated.

The one thing she did like about this night were the admiring looks she got from all of the well-dressed men, standing right next to their wives, greedily taking her in as they sipped their drinks. For once they could openly check out a beautiful naked girl's body-- and their wives could not dare object-- it was all about art; it was about supporting the museum.

Just before her first show on Tuesday, Laura took in the set from the museum floor for the first time. There was a lot of signage and photos depicting sexist attitudes towards working women; especially pre women's lib sixties.

There were sexist cartoons like General Halftrack ogling the buxom Miss Buxley from Beetle Bailey. There were actual pages from Playboy joke books: "how does your secretary take dictation?" There were of course pictures of stewardesses who had openly and obviously become nothing but sex objects for the male business traveler.

"Jane's" own placard read as follows:

"YES, MR. JOHNSON:

Although she's actually fully dressed, Jane always feels naked under the gaze of Mr. Johnson and the parade of leering men who do business with him. She keeps telling herself she'll get married one day-- a wonderful guy will come along and take her away from all this-- and she will never ever give in to Mr. Johnson's hints and innuendoes that she could one day become 'much more than just my little secretary.'"

Laura was feeling pretty impressed with herself after her artist's speech. She wasn't just naked eye candy to attract attention and lure in new members; she was an important part of making a statement.

After the first few members strolled in, checked out the exhibits and then checked her out, her initial nervousness was over. She was becoming an actress playing a part-- none of these people had ever seen her before and they would never recognize her with her clothes on! She was gaining a lot of self confidence as she categorized her visitors into three groups:

1) single men;

2) single women;

3) couples (usually male & female)

There were two types of single men: first the cocky guys who would glance and shrug at all the pictures and info cards, always watching her out of the corners of their eyes. They would stop and stare and get such a lustful look on their faces that she would have to try to ignore them.

Second were the shy guys. They would deliberately read all the cards and look at all the pictures, while stealing guilty glances her way. Once finally in front of her they would stare in wonder. She was probably the most beautiful naked girl they had ever seen in person; too shy for strip clubs or nudie bars.

Single women were much easier to categorize. They were in awe, they were mildly interested, or they were pissed. Only one of pissed ones picked up the phone:

"Is this Jane?"

"Yes."

"The next time you feel exploited, try putting some fucking clothes on!"

She could have reported her but she didn't. Everyone had an opinion.

Couples were the weirdest. The men would love to look but their wives or girlfriends were right there. What a dilemma! The men wanted to stay for every second of her seven minute routine-- they didn't want to miss one naked inch-- the women just wanted to drag them the hell away.

Then there were two couples who decided to interact with her. The script was nearly identical:

Male: "Is this Mr. Johnson's office?"

'Jane:' "Yes it is. Who shall I say is calling?"

Female: "Is this that little slut, Jane? I hear you run around the office practically naked! Leave my husband alone!"

Laura was so amused to be part of a couples' sexual fantasies that she didn't report them either.

Then there were times when no ticket holders were scheduled. The guard, Paul, would come back and let her know how much free time she had. Paul was balding and a little overweight, so he was not Laura's type; however she thought he was so sweet.

Paul would always avert his eyes when he talked to Laura. When she told him it was okay to look he would blush. When he suggested she put on her robe she told him she had to get used to being nude.

They ended up chatting together every night, discussing life: TV shows, books and movies-- especially movies. Paul was a fount of movie trivia, and Laura was truly impressed with his knowledge.

Paul was smart and funny and Laura started looking forward to their minutes together. They talked about their lives: he was newly divorced; she was 'married to her thesis' and they laughed about that. He would come in at the end of every night at nine, chase out any lingerers and tell her it was time to go. He always looked at her so lovingly at the end of the night, as if she was simply the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his whole life.

And then Friday came, Laura's last nude performance.

It turned out to be crazy: did the word get out that there was a hot naked blonde strutting her stuff down at the museum? She barely got her pea break, and then she was so startled coming through the door-- there was another couple impatiently waiting for her.

They watched her intently; she saw both of them licking their lips. Laura was getting immensely turned on, and why not? This was her last nude show. Nothing wrong with being both naked and sexy.

She really strutted her stuff at the copier, shaking her naked ass while swaying back and forth, legs slightly apart. She saw the couple hurry out at the end and she wondered if there was a motel close by.

Then, a big slowdown. Only one or two of the shy single men hurried in, gaped at her, then ran out. She was looking at her watch: 8:45, so maybe she would cut out early.

Then HE came in.

There was something different about him immediately; his casual good looks, his sports coat open over his even more open shirt. It was in the way he was looking at her even when he was pretending not to.

She was getting so turned on again-- what was happening to her? She didn't care: this was going to be her very last nude performance, so why not make it into a real show?

It was as if he knew she was going to stand up nude for him and pose for him stark naked at the copier. He was deliberately timing his casual stroll over to her for that moment. He stopped. He crossed his arms. He looked up at her expectantly.

Laura stood up on shaky legs as she walked past him and then turned her bare ass to him at the copier. This was it! She shook that ass, swaying her naked body for him even more than she did for the horny couple.

Then Laura knew she had to do one last thing. She took the papers out of the copier, she gave him a look over her bare shoulder-- then she deliberately dropped them. She bent down slowly, as she opened her legs wider. She had never really felt the air conditioning before: now she felt that cool air kissing her hot body. The air caressed her newly-opened, puckered brown hole. The air got even bolder and reached between her legs-- oh but her inner lips were already distended-- hanging down in a lewd show, just for him.

But there was even one more thing to do. She turned and faced him, breathing hard and blushing red all over. Her papers were bunched in front if her pussy so she let them fall to the floor. She ran both hands down her body. She caressed her sweet tits but they were already hard. She dropped her hands quickly down to her labia. She pulled herself open roughly, the way he would. She fingered her throbbing wet clit, she rolled it around between her fingers, she was staring at him the whole time.

He nodded. And she came, hard.

Laura collapsed in her chair, sopping wet and shaking. She looked up and couldn't believe he was walking away. No-- he was approaching the phone. He picked it and her phone rang.

"Hello?" she could hear her voice trembling.

"I'll be waiting for you outside" Click. And he walked away.

She almost collapsed. She glanced at her watch and she only had a minute before Paul showed up. She ran for the door and then she heard him. Shit! She was damp and glistening between her legs: he could not see her this way!

"Laura? Are you alright?" he knew something was wrong as she was turned away from him, hiding her lower body behind the door.

"I-- I'm okay," she replied, shakily. "I just almost... had an accident. You know; so many people tonight..." she trailed off, hating it that her last conversation with this sweet man was going to be a lie.

Laura could practically feel the heat of his blush. "Oh sorry," he gulped. "I just wanted to let you know: I really enjoyed our time together."

Laura tried to compose herself but she couldn't. "I did too," she got out, voice breaking. "I did too."

Laura ran into her changing cubicle. She used her robe to wipe down her genitals, which were still leaking. She threw it in the corner as she dressed, hoping it would dry before someone found it.

Now what? she thought. There may be a crazy man outside waiting for her. But if she stayed here too long, she would have to explain herself to Paul.

She straightened up and gripped her car keys tightly, preparing to use them as a weapon. She made it out the back door, looking back and forth as she approached her car, sweeping the parking lot with her eyes like a cop in a TV show.

She got to her car and started breathing again.

"Hey!" a voice said and he was right behind her. Where the hell did he come from? she thought. She looked around wildly but they were totally alone. She gripped the keys tightly; she would get only one chance...

"I'm not gonna hurt you!" He put up his hands. "I just wanted to tell you: that was my idea-- having that kind of exhibit-- right on that stage. I used to work for the museum!"

Now Laura was unsure. "I don't know... I..."

"They probably had you change in a little open cubicle," he continued. "There was a short corridor and then three stairs up to the door..."

Laura sighed and relaxed a little. "What did you want to tell me?"

He moved closer and took her arm-- unfortunately the arm with the hand gripping her keys. "Walk with me; talk with me," he said.

She bit her lip and decided she would indulge him, but only for a while. She kept a tight grip on her keys as they crossed the parking lot.

"I was following that artist friend of yours," he began. "She was doing incredible stuff: one hundred women on a museum floor wearing nothing but pantyhose and covered in cooking oil! Then she set up a chair with a sign 'nude women only sit here' complete with a place for ladies to change and hang up their clothes. And dozens of women came in off the street and did it!"

He was getting animated now and gripped her arm tighter. Laura didn't like that.

"There are so many beautiful women who work in museums!" he exclaimed. "So intent on creating beautiful art. Amanda was one-- so adorable in her short skirts and her tight tops!" Now Laura did not like where this was going.

"We were working late, setting up that stage. And then I showed her pictures of your artist's work. I told her she was pretty enough... she should try it. I went around to the floor to watch her undress. She was shaking, she was blushing, but she was doing it! Such a good girl. Then she got down to her bra and panties and she started crying. She grabbed her clothes and ran away from me."

They were out on the street now. He was leading her, pushing her away from the museum. "She went to H. R. the next day and told them I forced her to do it. They fired me that day. And now, here they go-- stealing my idea."

He stopped and grabbed her tight. "But you're a good girl! You weren't only naked for me, you came for me! I won't have to hurt you-- I only punish bad girls-- but only when they need it!"

Laura was in a place beyond fear. The street was deserted and there were tall office buildings with dark alleyways just up ahead. She suddenly pictured the newspaper headline "Grad student's body found near museum: was nude model for their controversial exhibit."

It was like that movie where Jack the Ripper travels through time and his next victim sees the headlines from the future. What was that movie? Paul would know...

And then there he was, closing up and locking the museum doors, just half a block away. He would turn and he would be gone and it was her last chance.

"I have to tell something!" she gasped out. "It's really personal, it's kinda intimate.. you know. I've never told this to anyone before!"

"I like intimate" he leered at her and got closer.

She was right in his right ear. "You are one sick dumb mother-fucking lunatic!" she screamed. And she simultaneously stomped on his left foot.

He predictably backed off. He unpredictably started screaming. "You bitch!! You fucking bitch!!" That was probably a mistake. She was running towards Paul, crying and breathless. She saw him stop and turn towards her, then he started running too.

She collapsed into his arms and he held her tight. "Oh my god Laura! Oh my god: what happened to you?!"

She risked a look back and saw that her Ted Bundy wannabe was gone. She now swore that this would be the last lie she would ever tell this sweet man.

"He was waiting for me! He chased me! He grabbed me! I... I..." and then she couldn't hold back. She was sobbing uncontrollably and, to his credit, Paul let her get it all out. He continued to hold her, he rubbed her back, he was constantly murmuring "Oh my sweet girl; my poor sweet girl."

She finally calmed down enough to try to speak. "My car! I don't know what to do! How can I drive home alone? I'm still so scared!" And the tears came again.

Paul continued to hold her. He actually pulled some tissues out from somewhere and started wiping her eyes. Laura had a sudden feeling that there was nowhere else that she wanted to be tonight except in this man's strong yet gentle arms.

"I'm contacting the night watch to let them know about your car," he explained. "Not only will they not tow it, they'll keep an eye on it. And: my apartment is just two blocks away. It's only a one-bedroom but it's all yours. I'll be sleeping on the couch-- if I sleep! More likely, I'll be awake all night, worried about you, watching over you, making sure that nobody hurts you."

Laura looked up at him and noticed his deep blue eyes for the first time. She put one hand on his chest.

"You saved my life tonight-- yes, you did! You're my hero. And in all my wildest dreams, in all my craziest fantasies-- my hero never had to spend the night on his own couch!"