

The following evening
Wednesday, August 10th, 2016

Safehouse F

In light of the previous evening's activities, Mindy and Kim had put their heads together and come up with a night's training that would seem unorthodox to some, but normal for Mindy.

Kim turned to the assembled *Fusion* members in the briefing room.

"Okay, we have a very different form of training today. Some of you will enjoy it, some of you will not. Others of you may see it as particularly disgusting. Mindy and I thought long and hard about who we would ask to take part. In the end, we decided on volunteers – therefore, we have four youngsters who have given their time, and also their dignity, to help you all learn a serious and very important skill. A word of warning to you all: anybody who disrupts this training session by introducing lewd behaviour or anything else which makes things more difficult for the four volunteers than it already will be, will *seriously* regret their actions – *I fuck with you, not.*"

There were many looks of confusion around the room.

"Okay," Kim went on. "A scenario: *Fusion* has the requirement to bring somebody into a Safehouse. That person would be an unknown – yes, we can do background checks, but in most cases, we have no way to be one-hundred-percent certain. Right now, *Fusion* is at a high state of readiness in the current threat environment. Any person we bring in could be threat, so we would need to ensure that he, or she, would not be a danger to every member of *Fusion* once they arrived here. Why?"

"They could have a bomb?" Lizzie offered tentatively.

"Very good, Torment!"

Lizzie grinned, enjoying the praise.

"They could be attempting to infiltrate," Tommy offered.

Mindy's expression went very cold at that comment.

"Yes, Splinter – a very high chance of that. So, we need to put in place some simple measure that could save a lot of lives if somebody were determined to infiltrate and cause massive harm to our organisation. What might we do to that person?"

"Kill them!" Christina offered with a deadpan expression.

"Definitely an option, Venom – but let's say that the cunt has some information for us."

"Search 'em," Lauren stated.

"Good, Nightmare. To what level might we search them, Nightmare?"

"Completely – a strip-search," the thirteen-year-old replied fully aware that she had already performed such a search, but knowing that she was sworn to secrecy about Kelly.

"Well done! Tonight, you are all going to learn how to perform a total strip-search of a person. Normally, we would search a person using two people of the same sex. Remember, not everybody we might search would be an enemy. They may be a friendly and as such, we should show them maximum deference. No matter how gentle or polite we are with a strip-search, it will always be

humiliating, embarrassing, and for females especially: degrading. In the case of our volunteers, they have agreed to allow the opposite sex to view them as they strip.”

There were a few smirks as the news sunk into brains – the boys, especially, had no issue watching an impromptu strip show. Kim was onto them all in a flash.

“Before any of you get any ideas – this is *not* a sexual thing, and I assure you, these four young people will *not* see it as such so I expect you all to treat them with the respect they deserve as your friends, or so help me God, I will make sure you suffer. Saoirse – we start with you. . .”

All faces turned in surprise to Saoirse as she stood up and walked towards the front, a look of foreboding on her face. In the seat, beside her, an angry looking Morgan glared after her sister.

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Once Saoirse was standing before everybody, Kim began to speak.

“First, we pat the subject down – hold your arms out to your sides, please,” Kim commented as she ran both hands along Saoirse’s arms and then down the fifteen-year-old’s sides, back and front.

“Boys, don’t be afraid to run your hands over the breasts and between the legs – Chrissy, you and Sarah can play doctors later; please pay attention.”

Sarah gently slapped Chrissy’s left hand which shot away from Sarah’s crotch. Kim ignored them and ran her hands around Saoirse’s pelvis, front and back, and then down her long legs.

“Okay – she’s not got anything obviously hidden. Therefore, we move onto the strip-search. Give the searchee the opportunity to comply willingly to your orders: Saoirse – please remove your clothing, one item at a time, and pass each item to me.”

There was total silence in the open space as Saoirse pulled off her sweatshirt before she passed it to Kim. Many pairs of eyes stared at Saoirse and watched every movement.

“Check the seams of each item of clothing – something may be sown into the garment. A repair is never usually as good as the original stitching. Once the garment has been checked, place it to one side.”

Kim dropped the sweatshirt into a small plastic tub before taking Saoirse’s proffered T-shirt. Saoirse’s cheeks were now visibly pink as she stood in front of dozens of eyes with just a navy-blue bra covering her modesty above the waist. Plainly visible to all was the tattoo of a combined raven and fox on her left side, just below her left breast and continuing under her left arm. She ignored the looks as she knelt down and removed both her sneakers, passing the shoes to Kim who checked each item before they joined the other items of clothing. Kim checked the pair of white socks next and quickly sent them after the shoes. Saoirse hesitated for a moment as she saw that everybody was watching her – Sarah smiled encouragingly and Saoirse smiled as she blanked out the staring faces, just as she had done on the *Predator* stage with Sarah, many months before.

Saoirse pulled at her belt and she released the button on her jeans. She pushed the jeans down to her ankles and stepped out of them, passing the pants to Kim. She felt very exposed in her matching navy-blue panties and bra. Every eye was on her body. For a moment she was freaked out, but then she had a thought: she was wearing about as much as she wore when she went swimming, so why was she worried? She smiled at herself, relieving the tension, just before Kim spoke the fateful words.

“Remove the bra.”

Saoirse visualised herself on the stage with Sarah as she reached behind her back and unclipped her bra. She allowed the warm garment to fall into her hands and then with only a slight hesitation, she passed it to Kim.

“Woah – beautiful nipples,” Tommy breathed as his eyes almost popped out of his head, then he blushed wildly. “Sorry. . .”

Saoirse laughed at the compliment as she instinctively attempted to cover up her breasts but then she gave up as Kim moved on.

“The panties.”

Necks were visibly craning for a better look as the madly blushing Saoirse took a deep breath before she inserted her thumbs into the waistband of her navy-blue panties and then pushed them down her long shapely legs, past the fox tattoo. Saoirse stepped out of the last vestiges of her dignity and then stood up straight with her hands at her sides making no attempt to cover herself up; she was not ashamed of her body, despite the embarrassment of parading completely naked in front of all her friends.

There was total silence in the briefing room as everybody gazed up at the very beautiful, but very naked young girl.

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Saoirse’s blue eyes twinkled as she studied the assembled audience before her.

They appeared transfixed by her body as she stood before them. Saoirse felt the heat of the redness which covered her from her hairline, down to the tops of her exposed breasts. Saoirse also felt the cool air of the air-conditioning as it flowed down her body and across her pink nipples which stuck out, fully hardened. The look of abject horror on the young Lizzie’s face showed that she had seen the nipples as they had hardened. The cool air had continued down Saoirse’s perfect body and across the perfectly flat stomach before entering her thick inverted triangle of deep brown pubic hair which hid her feminine parts from outside view. Saoirse had never felt so aroused as she was at the moment, despite the humiliation. She had expected to feel humiliated but instead, there were many approving looks of support for what she was doing which lessened the humiliation to a tolerable level.

“You have a very beautiful body, Saoirse,” Kim commented as she broke the deafening silence.

“Now, the next step is to run a wand-scanner across the subject’s body – top to bottom, front and back. The wand will pick up any transmissions, metal items, as well as certain explosives or chemicals. Once that step is complete, we can now check that Saoirse has nothing hidden on, or in, her body. For women, we need to search under the breasts. . .”

Saoirse lifted each of her ample breasts in turn, revealing the pale skin underneath. She bit her lip as she did so as lifting each breast had necessitated running her hands over her stiffened, and very sensitive, nipples.

“ . . . After the breasts, we need to begin with the mouth, ears, and hair. . .”

Saoirse opened her mouth and she rolled back her tongue so Kim could check her mouth. Saoirse then tipped her head to one side, then the other so Kim was able to check in her ears. Saoirse reached up and she removed the bobble from her chestnut brown hair, letting it fall across her naked shoulders.

“Next, we come to the feet. . .”

Saoirse turned around so that everybody got a good look at her fox tattoo and her well-proportioned bottom. In turn, she lifted each foot so that the sole could be checked as well as the spaces between her toes which she wiggled to show that nothing was there.

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Kim directed Saoirse to extend her arms out to the sides and to turn around slowly.

“Check under the arms and pay close attention to body hair which could conceal a dangerous item. For women that will generally be the pubic hair around the vulva. Some people have thick pubic hair, like Saoirse, while others have thinner, lighter hair which makes hiding something much more difficult and much easier to spot. Two more places to check,” Kim continued. “While Saoirse is facing away from us, we will ask her to bend over and part her butt cheeks so that we can check the anus for anything hidden.”

“Ewww!” Anne-Marie muttered and there were several other scowls of disdain.

Saoirse bent over and with her hands, she pulled her butt cheeks apart. Saoirse really felt the humiliation at that moment; nobody had ever seen that part of her before – not since she was in nappies, anyway. She also felt incredibly degraded but she knew that worse was yet to come as Kim spoke again.

“Thank you, Saoirse . . . now the final part and then you can get dressed. Please stand up and turn to face me. Mindy?”

Mindy brought a chair over and she placed it behind the naked Saoirse. Mindy noticed the tears building in the girl’s eyes as she fought through the humiliation of showing everybody her asshole. Mindy rested her hand on the bare shoulder and then spoke soothingly into Saoirse’s ear.

“You’re doing brilliantly and I think you’re very brave.”

Saoirse smiled but she still felt very apprehensive as Kim directed her to sit down on the chair. Two rows back, next to where she had been sitting, Saoirse saw her best friend sitting next to Anne-Marie. Stephanie’s expression was mixed. There was support for her, but there was also some anger growing. Saoirse smiled at Stephanie who smiled back with encouragement giving her the strength which she needed to continue.

“Women have one more location that needs to be checked. This is going to be very hard for Saoirse, so please support her. Every female has a vagina . . .”

Lauren, Lizzie, Anne-Marie, and Morgan all went very red as they visibly sank down in their chairs. Danny and Tommy were both wide eyed as they stared at Saoirse and then their eyes dropped to the mass of hair between the girl’s legs.

“. . . the vagina can accommodate large objects . . . if you’re lucky!” Kim went on and there was a ripple of uneasy laughter. “Saoirse, would you please spread your legs . . . thank you . . . now pull back your labia so we can see inside your vagina.”

Saoirse struggled with the act but she closed her eyes and reached down between her own legs and she gently eased back her labia, exposing the most private parts of her body to all.

“You will find it easier to use a flashlight to see inside . . .”

“That is *so* gross,” Anne-Marie commented.

“... if the woman is on her period, then she may have a tampon inserted into her vagina. If so, you can ask the woman to remove it to see properly inside the vagina.”

Lizzie, Morgan, and Anne-Marie visibly cringed at every mention of ‘vagina’.

“Thank you, Saoirse. You can now get dressed – Cathy, if you please. . .”

Cathy came forwards, handed Saoirse a large towel, and picked up the tub of clothes. They both headed out of the briefing room.

“A round of applause, please.”

There was an enormous cheer from all those present and Saoirse blushed wildly.

The Galley

Stephanie followed her friend and Cathy into the galley – she was incensed.

“That was cruel!”

“Steph – I volunteered for that. I knew what was going to happen – Kim tried to persuade me against the last bits but I insisted. They needed to see a full strip-search in all its dubious glory.”

“I saw the tears, SD – you hated it.”

“The little monster has a very valid point, sis – you did hate it.”

Saoirse turned to see a grim-faced Morgan slip into the galley.

“Not as much as I thought I would – I enjoyed everybody looking at my body,” Saoirse replied as she dropped the towel and reached for her panties.

“Kim was right, SD – you do have a beautiful body,” Stephanie admitted with a shy grin.

“Thanks, Steph.”

“I’ll leave you three together,” Cathy said compassionately. “Look after Saoirse, Steph.”

“Yes, ma’am!”

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“I don’t need looking after,” Saoirse commented after Cathy had gone.

“You’ve just done something which you must have found really traumatic . . . I care, SD,” Stephanie retorted.

“Me, too,” Morgan added. “Why the hell did you not tell me about today? You’ve been through so much – I could have done it instead; and I would have . . .”

Saoirse laughed out loud.

“Morgan, I really do love you; you’re my sister, but you’re also fucking dense at times. As Raven, you are brave as hell; but get you to take your clothes off – you’re too damn shy . . .”

“I had a bad childhood,” Morgan offered rather weakly, at least she thought so.

Saoirse smiled.

“I know you both care for me. Steph . . . you know I love you for it; you’re a good friend – the best I’ve ever had. Morgan . . . I’m a big girl now and I can look after myself. I don’t need you two chasing after me.”

Morgan grinned shyly.

“I know Stephanie said that you had a beautiful body, but I have to admit that when I saw inside you – well, that was *totally* gross. . .”

Saoirse laughed as she secured her bra behind her back.

“You’ve never seen inside yourselves?”

Morgan shook her head as her cheeks turned a dark shade of pink.

“Never – ewww!” Stephanie replied

“Steph – behind your front doors, you and me – Morgan, too – we are all very much the same. Over the next few years, you’re going to grow into a beautiful girl.”

“Let’s get back to the action, huh?” Stephanie suggested. “I hate this talk about puberty and shit – get the rest of your kit back on. . .”

“I’m with the little monster,” Morgan added as she handed Saoirse her sweatshirt.

Meanwhile. . .

Mindy glared at the assembled audience in the briefing room.

“Saoirse did not enjoy what she just did – I want you all to show her the respect that she deserves as your friend and your partner. If any one of you gives her a hard time over what she did for you, or any of these three, for that matter; you will feel my vengeance.”

Mindy’s glare was so serious and menacing that Anne-Marie flinched away and cuddled into her brother who had flinched away too. Marc broke the silence.

“Is it too late to un-volunteer?”

Mindy smiled.

“Of course not, Marc. This is voluntary and you can walk away at any time. You have already shown your courage by volunteering in the first place – either that or you’re just as fucking nuts as every other damn *Predator* around here!”

Marc laughed and he thought about that for a moment before he responded.

“If a *girl* can do it, then so can I.”

Mindy laughed.

“Good on you, Marc.”

“Ah, Stephanie!” Kim called out.

The girl paused as she re-entered the briefing room with Saoirse and Morgan.

“You can get to fuck, Kim. I ain’t getting stripped.”

“We’ve all seen you naked, anyways,” Anne-Marie chimed in. “Not much to see, really.”

“Precisely,” Stephanie growled as her face turned pink.

Kim laughed.

“No, Steph – I just thought that *you* might like to strip young Marc.”

Stephanie looked over at the unfortunate boy; he scowled.

“Ooooh – yes, please!”

“You’re getting me back for Megan, aren’t you?” Marc groaned.

“Never crossed my mind,” Stephanie replied innocently as she smiled deviously.

Kim looked over at Saoirse as the girl slipped into her seat.

“You okay?”

“Yes – I’m fine, thank you.”

“Let’s continue then – Marc is going to be stripped by Stephanie to demonstrate the differences of strip-searching a male subject.”

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“Err – Mindy?”

Mindy turned to see who had spoken – she was very surprised to see the girl seated next to Saoirse stand up. Saoirse frowned up at her big sister.

“Mindy – could I be next . . . please.”

“Are you absolutely sure, Morgan?” Mindy enquired.

“You are one fucked up bird!” Saoirse commented from her seat as she rolled her eyes and shook her head.

“Shut up, Foxy, there’s a good girl!” Morgan retorted without turning away from Mindy. “Please – I need to . . . Saoirse was brave – I can be just as brave.”

Mindy sighed and she looked over at Kim who simply shrugged. Mindy waved Morgan forwards and Marc breathed a sigh of relief before sitting back down beside Tommy. Stephanie returned to her seat beside Anne-Marie.

“Yeah – shut up, Foxy!” she laughed in Saoirse’s ear.

Saoirse just growled as she glared at her sister. Morgan was wearing her uniform with a pistol on her right hip. Her first act was to pull the pistol from the holster and eject the magazine, then lock back the action to show the empty breech. She handed both items to Mindy who then handed them off

to Chloe. All eyes then turned on the sixteen-year-old who looked down at Saoirse with an imploring expression.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake – stupid bird!” Saoirse growled as she stood up and returned to the front of the room where she turned to face everybody. “Okay, I’m back to strip-search my braindead sister. You wanna be brave? Show us what you can do, Raven – get your clothes off . . . now!”

Morgan began to remove her uniform, piece by piece.

Morgan went bright red as she struggled to cope with her emotions.

What she was doing was nothing like that night in Saoirse’s bedroom, in almost total darkness. She was actually undressing in front of over a dozen people – male and female – and she was not going to stop until she was completely naked. Her mind was screaming out one word: STOP! The only thing preventing Morgan from following that advice was that part of her which everybody called Raven. As Raven, she was unstoppable and capable of almost anything. As Morgan, she was timid as the proverbial mouse. That was something which she hated. She loved how sure of herself, Saoirse was – Morgan wanted that assuredness for herself.

First off, came the jacket – that was easy; there was much worse to come, Morgan knew. As she handed the jacket to Saoirse she saw the compassionate look crossed with the annoyed look which Saoirse often wore when Morgan did something silly. However, the supportive smile helped Morgan to continue with her task. Under her jacket, she wore a white ‘Fusion’ T-shirt and removing that was going to be one of the most difficult things that she had ever done.

‘I’ve overcome much worse,’ Morgan thought. ‘I’ve defeated grown men who tried to kill me – grown men who had already killed my parents.’

She grinned sheepishly at Saoirse before she pulled the T-shirt over her head, revealing a plain white sports bra which wasn’t all that much different in tone compared to Morgan’s very pale skin. Many pairs of eyes stared at her, or more particularly, they stared at the combined raven and fox tattoo on her right side, just below her right breast and continuing under her right arm, but the looks were friendly and full of encouragement. As she knelt down to untie her boots, she heard murmurings and she realised that the boys on the front row were checking out her cleavage. She felt her face reddening even further which caused her to fumble her laces and she had to stop to take a deep breath.

“Slow down – you’re doing fine,” Saoirse whispered from above her.

In all reality, she was anything but ‘fine’ – her nerves were about to come apart but she willed those nerves down inside her and she brought Raven to the fore. As she handed her boots to Saoirse, she pulled off her black socks and chucked them at her sister.

“I ain’t got all day, Foxy!”

There was laughter as a disgruntled Saoirse scrambled for the socks before adding them to the pile of clothing in the plastic tub. She smirked, knowing that Raven was currently stripping – not Morgan Hella. The belt came off next and Morgan undid the button at the top of her dark grey pants. In hindsight, she wished that she had selected some more flattering underwear but stripping before an audience had never featured on the day’s itinerary.

Morgan saw Curtis and Tommy leaning forwards on their chairs as she began to slide the pants past her thighs and towards her knees. She closed her eyes for a moment before pushing the pants down to the ground and stepping out of them. She almost felt too scared to open her eyes as she felt the cool air rush around her bare legs, bare arms, and bare stomach. She opted to keep her eyes tightly closed as she reached up to pull off her sports bra. Just as the garment came over her head, she heard a pair of large crashes and she opened her eyes to see Tommy and Curtis looking up at her with wide eyes – evidently, they had both fallen off the fronts of their chairs as they had leaned forwards in eager anticipation of some breast and nipple action.

There was laughter from those watching – all aimed at the two very embarrassed boys. Morgan – or rather Raven – smirked down at Curtis then threw the sports bra at his head. Curtis picked it up as he returned to his seat.

“Way bigger than Megan’s!” he commented before he yelled out as the eleven-year-old in the seat behind slapped him around the head.

After more laughter, which stopped quickly as Morgan glared at them all, her hands resolutely placed on her hips, B-cup breasts and rapidly hardening, cherry red nipples on full display.

“My show – not those two dumb fucks!” Morgan growled.

“Go, Morgan!” Hailee called out in support of her friend.

“You boys wanna see more?”

Tommy just squeaked in response as Morgan pushed down the white boy-shorts that she wore. Saoirse rolled her eyes and muttered under her breath as Morgan took her sweet time sliding the underwear down her shapely hips, revealing more skin and then bit by bit, copious amounts of blonde pubic hair were revealed to all – the bitch was enjoying it, she thought.

“There we go, Foxy – all bare,” Morgan teased as she held out her underwear on a single finger.

“Morgan – you’re making nutcases like me and Steph seem so fucking normal right now!” Saoirse laughed as she deposited the underwear in the tub.

Quickly, Saoirse picked up the wand-scanner and she took it up the front of Morgan and then down the back. Morgan released her hair from single ponytail and she allowed Saoirse to check her ears and armpits. Morgan hesitated when Saoirse pointed at her breasts but she dutifully lifted them before letting them go. Then Saoirse motioned for her to turn around and face the wall. Morgan bit her lip as she turned away to face the wall. That was when the tears came and she returned to being just Morgan Hella. Without any hesitation, she bent forwards and pulled apart her buttocks.

“Feet,” Saoirse said quickly.

With relief, Morgan released her backside and lifted one foot before the other, wiggling her toes. Then she moved over towards the chair which sat exactly where Saoirse had left it.

“You don’t have to do this,” Saoirse said quietly.

“Stop telling me what I don’t have to do, okay?” Morgan hissed back, anger in her tone.

Saoirse backed off as Morgan sat down and spread her legs – tears were running down the girl’s face as she reached down and she spread her labia for all to see inside.

Morgan barely noticed a towel being wrapped around her naked body and then being led out of the briefing room and down towards the galley.

There was total silence in the briefing room as Morgan was led out by Saoirse and Cathy.

“I know my eyes tell me different,” Curtis said, “but that girl has balls!”

There was a chorus of agreement from all those present followed by enormous applause for Morgan. It was time to get things back on track, so Kim waved a grimacing Marc forwards, along with a smirking Stephanie.

“Get a move on Marc – strip!” Stephanie ordered as she waited impatiently for him to remove his sweatshirt.

“I thought Megan was bad!” Marc quipped.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet,” Stephanie grinned. “Fear me!”

Stephanie seized the sweatshirt and after a cursory check, she threw it into the empty plastic tub.

“Hey! Don’t I get my clothes folded?” Marc complained.

“I’ve only got one arm, doofus. . .”

A ripple of laughter echoed around the room as Marc’s face went pink. He quickly pulled off his T-shirt, toed off his sneakers and pulled off his socks. His jeans followed to join the rest of his clothing in a rather messy pile overflowing from the tub.

“Boxers, too. . .” Stephanie ordered with a smirk then she looked at Megan seated next to Chloe. “We going to see anything impressive?”

“It was nothing special, the last time I saw it, but that was a few months ago,” Megan replied.

“He’s not badly hung,” Sarah shouted out before sinking back into her chair, her face very red.

Marc’s face was turning just as red as he shoved his boxers down and off, almost throwing them at the smirking Stephanie. Stephanie looked down at his groin.

“Not too bad – not that I’ve got anything to compare it to,” Stephanie commented.

“Moving on. . .” Marc suggested.

“With boys and men, instead of lifting the breasts to see what may be underneath, we need to check under the penis and the scrotum instead,” Kim explained. “We also need to check under the foreskin for those who are uncircumcised.”

“Lift it, Marc” Stephanie ordered with a smirk.

Marc did so as he rolled his eyes.

“Balls. . .”

Marc lifted his balls so that Stephanie could see beneath. Stephanie peered underneath for a moment before she nodded and Marc let everything go.

“Err. . .” Stephanie paused and she went red in the face as she looked up at Kim.

“Marc – please pull back your foreskin,” Kim directed.

Marc looked very embarrassed as he did as he was directed. Anne-Marie turned to her brother.

“Does yours do that, too?” she asked innocently.

Danny, whose face was rapidly turning pink, scowled at his twin.

“Yes – it does; not that it is any business of yours,” he retorted.

“Just asking – I know very little about your thingy, except that it sticks out when you play with it and you get angry when I hit you there,” Anne-Marie said stiffly.

Mindy couldn’t help laughing as the twins bickered.

“Stephanie?” Mindy directed and Stephanie nodded in response.

Stephanie motioned for Marc to turn around. She ran her eyes across the thirteen-year-old’s body as he turned. Marc showed off the soles of his feet as he went around.

“Let’s get the creepy bit over, Marc – your arse, please,” Stephanie ordered and Marc turned around again and bent over, pulling his butt cheeks apart.

“Yuck!” Stephanie growled. “Thanks, Marc – you’re all done . . . you enjoying this?”

Stephanie scowled at the boy as she saw his dick move and it pointed directly at her.

“I’m going to go get dressed . . .” Marc muttered as he grabbed his clothes and dashed out of the room accompanied by loud laughter.

The galley

“You are certifiable!”

“Not now, SD – *please.*”

I can understand that you had something to prove, but fucking hell!”

“That was very brave, Morgan,” Cathy said as Morgan finished pulling on her uniform.

“Thank you, Cathy.”

There was a gentle tapping on the door and Chloe stuck her head in.

“Come in, Chloe,” Morgan said.

“You okay?”

“I am – it was humiliating, but exhilarating . . . I think.”

“Tell me about it – my first public nudity was . . . liberating, I suppose,” Chloe commented with a sly grin towards her mother as she handed Morgan her pistol and magazine. “I need to get back – I have a Megan to humiliate!”

Chloe ran out of the door.

“I suppose we should go see what the little kitty looks like naked,” Saoirse commented.