

I'm being Blackmailed

by Vanessa Evans

All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.

Hi, my name is Claire and I'm being blackmailed into being a slut.

That's very true but I guess that I should start at the beginning.

I'm 19 and come from what I suppose you could call a middle class family. When I left college a year ago I was lucky enough to get a job as an office junior at a smallish electronic surveillance company. When I say smallish I mean the boss (Tony) the techie (Sandra) and 4 field installation guys; all in their mid-twenties.

All went great for the first 3 months and I was fitting in quite well, getting along just great with everyone in the company. Then I made 2 really terrible mistakes.

Mistake number one was to miss-calculate an invoice to a company that Tony knows that I know the owner. He's the father of one of my best friends.

Mistake number two was to use the company's internet to access porn sites. I'd better explain that. You see I'm a normal healthy 19 year-old girl, without a boyfriend, who has fantasies and sexual urges. The installation guys are out on the road just about all the time and both Tony and Sandra have to go to visit customers quite a lot.

It was a Monday, the weather was warm, I was on my own at work and I was bored so I started searching the internet for sites that gave me information on my fantasy (being submissive, being dominated and getting gang-banged). I found a few sites and forums and struck-up an online conversation with a man who asked all the right questions and got me weighed-up in minutes. Within 30 minutes I was describing what I wanted men to do to me.

I knew that I was safe because I signed-up under a false name (SubGirl). I knew that if I got scared all I had to do was logoff so I was quite open with the answers that I gave.

We'd had a long conversation and I felt really horny by the time Tony and Sandra came back and I had to logoff.

The next afternoon Tony and Sandra were out again so I logged on to the forum and with minutes the same man started chatting to me again. This time he started daring me to do things for him in front of the webcam. I knew that I was safe so I agreed.

The dares started quite tame, like take my shoes off and show my bare feet to the webcam. There was a couple of other tame dares then he sprang something a lot more personal. He dared me to take my knickers off and prove to him that I d done it.

That didn t sound that bad until he told me that I d have to show him my bare pussy to prove it. My heart fluttered and I felt my pussy get warm and wet.

Okay I thought, I m safe here so let s do it. But first I told him that I d have to go and lock the outside door.

A bit more about myself before I continue.

I m 5 foot 3 inches tall, long blonde hair and a 34B 24 34 figure.

I stood in front of the webcam and slowly pulled my skirt up showing the man my black, see-through thong. Then I slowly pulled my thong down showing him my bald pussy. By then my pussy was soaking and craving some attention.

Not good enough slut. The man said, Take them right off and hold them up for me to see.

So I did, letting go of my skirt as I did so.

Still not good enough; take the skirt right off.

Even basic logic told me that it had gone too far but I was caught between my fantasy and reality. My fantasy won and I unfastened my skirt which fell straight to the floor.

I was an excited, nervous wreck that couldn t stop. Before long the man had talked me into getting total naked and sitting on my chair masturbating while he watched it all. It didn t take me long to cum. After that he told me to put 3 fingers in my pussy then lick them clean; and I did.

After that he told me that I d done enough for one day and that I should

sign-on to the forum again the next day.

I just sat there, naked as the day I was born for ages before the phone rang. It was weird talking about work whilst sitting there stark naked. It certainly brought me back to reality. After the conversation ended I quickly got dressed and unlocked the door. By the time that Tony and Sandra returned everything was back to normal. Or so I thought.

The next morning just after all the installation guys had left Tony called me into his office and my world crashed.

Tony accused me of theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour in the workplace. He told me that it was grounds for instant dismissal and prosecution by the police. He said that I was looking at a big fine, or even some time in jail.

At first I denied it but Tony had proof. When he produced the invoice I pleaded that it was a simple mistake.

I couldn't do the same for the evidence of the rest of my crime. I should have realised that a company of that nature would have lots of surveillance cameras all around, and recordings from the lot; but I just hadn't thought about it. There was even one that had close-up of my bald pussy. Where the hell was that camera? As well as that lot there was a recording of my online chat. Oh boy, was I embarrassed.

Tony clicked on 5 videos from different angles in the main office, all showing me naked and frigging away. One video showed every internet page that I'd looked at that day.

By that time I was crying my heart out. When Tony asked me what I thought that my parents would think I just about started going hysterical. It would kill my parents if they ever found out.

I'm so sorry Tony; please don't tell anyone about this. I pleaded in between the streams of tears.

It's a very serious matter Claire, I can't just forget about it. I should really go to the police; and tell your parents; it's the right thing to do. Tony said.

Please Tony, please don't tell anyone. I'll do anything that you tell me; ab-

solutely anything. I just can't let my parents find out what I've done.

There was a long pause where Tony just stared at me and I kept crying.

Well Claire I can't just let this go without you accepting some form of punishment.

Anything Tony; I'll do anything and everything that you ask.

How do I know that you mean that Claire?

Just tell me Tony and I'll do it.

Okay then I believe that all punishments should fit the crime.

Me too. I interrupted.

Right then; your punishment will come in many parts over a long period of time. You'll hate parts of it and not want to do what I tell you; but at the first hint of you refusing to do what I say I will be on that phone to the police and your parents. Is that understood?

Yes Tony.

Okay then Claire, take your clothes off.

WHAT!

You heard me Claire, strip now or it's the phone.

I just stood there stunned. How could my boss order me to strip naked? This wasn't right. But there again, what I had done wasn't right. What choice did I have?

My hands slowly moved up to the button on my top. They were shaking like hell and I had awful trouble trying to get the buttons undone.

I can't do this Tony.

Tony reached for the phone.

Okay, okay; I'll do it just so long as you promise not to tell my parents or the police.

I told you Claire; you do exactly as I say and there s no need for me to involve your parent or the police.

My still shaking hands started working on the buttons again. It took a while but I managed to get them undone and slowly took my top off. As my top hit the floor Tony said,

Come on Claire, you can undress quicker than that.

My skirt was next, leaving me stood there in my black lacy bra and another black see-through thong.

I see that you like see-through thongs Claire, shame, you look good in it. Get it off, and the bra.

I wondered what he meant by the word shame as I finished stripping then held my hands over my breasts and pussy.

Don t be shy Claire, you were happy to show everything to that man yesterday so put those hands down. Tony said.

Tony had me stand there for a couple of minutes, me feeling so ashamed. Then he said,

Open your legs Claire, about 2 feet.

My eyes went wide open then I realised that I d have to do it. As my feet spread I could feel the air on my pussy. It felt cooling even though it was a warm day.

Tony let me stew for another couple of minutes before he told me to come over to his desk and bend over it.

I slowly moved forward and as I bent over I felt my hard nipples touch the desk and realised that I was excited. I sure as hell didn t want to be, but I was. My thoughts went to my pussy and I realised that it was wet, very wet. What s more I had that feeling.

Tony was still sat there with my head right in front of his chest.

Look up at me Claire.

I raised my head.

Claire, I am about to give you a spanking. This will be the first of many until I think that you have learnt your lesson. You will submit to these without question. There will be other punishments that you will also submit to without question. Do you understand?

Yes Tony.

Tony stood up and the bulging front of his trousers was right in my face. I gasped a little as I saw that bulge. My thoughts were torn between,

Oh no, please don't fuck me, and please Tony, fuck me hard.

I said nothing; nothing until Tony went behind me and slapped my butt so hard that I yelped and jumped up.

Get back down and spread those feet wider.

I blushed as I realised the view that Tony was getting. What's more my pussy was very wet and hot.

Tony slapped my bare butt 9 more times. It hurt like hell and by about the fourth slap I was crying and pleading for him to stop.

When Tony finally stopped my butt was on fire.

Stand up straight girl. Tony said.

As I did, he continued,

And put your hands by your sides.

Tony went and sat at his desk then looked up at me. I was looking at the floor at my feet; my nipples were rock hard, my pussy ached for attention, my butt hurt like hell; and I was still crying.

Right Claire, Tony said, a few new rules for you: -

1. From now on you will not wear any underwear while you are at work. Every day starting tomorrow, at 5 o'clock you will strip naked at your desk then go to the kitchen and lay on your back on the table with your arms and legs spread wide then wait for whoever's turn it is to punish you. If anyone else comes into the room you will ignore them. But if no one else arrives within 30 minutes you may get dressed and go home.
2. You will do whatever any of us tell you without delay and without question.

3. If anything is delivered whilst you are naked you will stop whatever you are doing and go and answer the door without getting dressed.
4. You will shave your whole pubic region every morning.
5. You will not wear any make-up to work. Two reasons, firstly you don't need it you have beautiful face; and secondly when you cry it makes a right mess on your face.
6. You will wear micro skirts and see-through tops to work every day.

Do you have any question?

Sorry Tony but I don't have any micro skirts or see-through tops.

Okay, I should have guessed that. Go on to the internet and purchase some. Use the company credit card but don't go crazy. I don't expect any of the skirts to be more than 8 inches long and the see-through tops must show plenty of skin. Let me see the pictures of each one before you buy it; I want to approve it.

Do you have a tennis skirt or old school gym skirt?

Yes Tony.

Tonight you will shorten it to 8 inches long and wear it until the new ones arrive. As for a top, wear your smallest one tomorrow and we'll modify it if I think that it isn't revealing enough.

Any more questions Claire?

How long is this going to go on for?

As long as I think it is necessary.

Are you going to stop my pay?

No.

I can't go in and out of home dressed like you are telling me without my parents getting upset. Please can I arrive and leave work in my normal clothes?

Fair point Claire; yes you may, minus all underwear. When you arrive you will go straight to your desk and strip and go to the kitchen like I said earlier.

You will do this immediately, regardless of who is in the office. I will be watching you and I never want to see you wearing underwear when you strip, understand slut?

Yes boss.

Tomorrow will be an exception to the rule. In the morning you will get changed into the skirt and top that you bring from home as soon as you arrive. I will be holding a meeting first thing to tell everyone about your crime and punishment and you will be there. After the meeting you will have your first punishment administered by one of the team. Do you understand?

I nodded.

Right, put your bra and thong in the rubbish bin and put your skirt and top on. Then go and wash that mess off your face. Tony ordered.

I went and got cleaned up and for a minute or so I just stood looking at myself in the mirror. I asked myself a few questions: -

What the hell have I got myself in to?

What am I going to do?

Can I survive this?

Why did I want Tony to fuck me?

Why am I so wet and horny?

I didn't have any answers so I straightened my top and skirt. As I did so I saw my nipples trying to poke through my top. I hoped that they weren't going to be like that all day.

As I walked back to my desk Sandra said,

Been a naughty girl Claire?

Yes, was all I said.

My butt hurt as I sat down.

The rest of the day was reasonably quiet apart from when the postman arrived. I had to go and let him in. As I was signing for a package I could see that he was staring at my chest. I felt my nipples get even harder and start to throb.

I started looking for skirts and tops on the internet. It didn't take me long to find some obscenely short ones. How any girl could wear a skirt that short I just didn't know. Then I remembered why I was looking at them. I blushed a little as I imagined me wearing one of those skirts at work.

I bookmarked quite a few pages then went and told Tony what I had found and asked him to come and look at them. He came and stood next to me as I pulled up the pages. While I was doing that Tony said,

Undo the top 2 buttons of your top Claire; I want to see your tits while we do this.

Without even thinking I did as I was told. I felt my nipples get harder.

Tony wasn't too happy with some of my selections and he took the mouse and searched through and found some even shorter skirts. He selected 2 that had built-in knickers and he told me that I had to cut them out as soon as they arrived. One of the other skirts that he selected wasn't really a skirt; it was 2 rectangles of material that would leave my hips exposed. I shuddered at the thought of having to wear that at work.

He told me to search swimwear sites for see-through skirts and cover-ups. When I'd found some I went and told Tony, He came back to my desk and selected what he wanted me to order.

All in all I put over a thousand pounds on the company credit card. None of it was on clothes that any normal girls would wear at work (unless she was a hooker), but I was going to have to wear them. I suddenly realised that people were going to think that I was a hooker; or at the very best, a slut. Tony had already called me that. Maybe he was right.

When I got home that night I went straight to my room and cried and cried. Then I found myself masturbating and couldn't understand why I was sexually excited.

After a couple of hours I got off my bed and looked for my old gym skirt. Then I got out a pair of scissors. When I put the shortened skirt on it looked

indecent; I could feel my bare butt and pussy when I touched the hem. There was no way that I could bend over in that skirt.

I put on my briefest crop top and looked in the mirror. I really did look like a slut. I was right; there was no way that I could let my parent see me like that.

I took them off and got into bed naked. I cried myself to sleep but my hand was cupping my pussy from the second I got into bed.

My hand was still there when I woke up. What's more my pussy was very wet. I wondered if I'd been masturbating in my sleep.

I got to work early and say that Tony was the only other person there. As instructed I went straight to my desk and got changed into my horrible revealing outfit. When I turned round I saw that Tony had been watching me.

When the last person arrived Tony called us all into his office. He went through the work for the day and discussed a couple of problems with the guys then he said,

Gentlemen, Sandra; Claire is with us this morning because I have a very important issue to tell you all about. Yesterday I had to discipline Claire for theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour. The crimes were so bad that I could have called the police and had her arrested. If I'd done that Claire would have been in jail by now. As Claire had been doing so well up until yesterday I offered her an alternative to jail. That alternative is the reason for her change of appearance this morning and for the fact that she is happy to submit to being punished by all of us in a way that I doubt anyone of you would have expected.

Yesterday Claire stripped naked and I spanked her bare butt until it was bright red. Each evening at 5 o'clock, until I decide otherwise, you all will take it in turns to administer a spanking to Claire's. You will have 30 minutes to complete that task. I will let you decide who does it on which days and how you decide to administer it.

Gentlemen, please get that table at the back of the store area out and put it in the kitchen area then find that sponge mat and put that on the table. That table is to be Claire's punishment table and is to be used for nothing else. It may be needed for punishment at any time and I don't want to have to clear it.

Today Claire will get punished twice; once right now and then again at 5 o'clock. Sandra, as you are the only other female here I would like you to be the first to administer a spanking.

Gentlemen off you go; Claire, take your clothes off and go to the kitchen and wait for everything to be ready.

Please Tony, I pleaded, please don't make me do this, not in front of everyone.

Claire, you accepted the deal yesterday; either strip or pass me the phone.

I slowly stripped and was then told to take my skirt and top to my desk. As I walked I saw that Sandra had an evil looking grin on her face.

In the kitchen I stood there trying to hide my tits and pussy as the guys brought the table in and covered it with the sponge mat.

We all waited a couple of minutes for Tony to come in. When he arrived he told me to get on the table any way like he had told me. I climbed on and lay on my back with my legs closed and my arms by my side. I felt so embarrassed as everyone watched me.

Claire, remember how I said you have to lay?

I slowly opened my legs and spread my arms. I was spread-eagled, naked, in front of all my work colleagues. I was so ashamed that I just wanted to crawl into a corner and die.

Tony let everyone look at me for what seemed like hours before he turned to Sandra and said,

Right Sandra, 10 spansks, how would you like Claire to be positioned?

Hmm, I've been thinking about that; how about we raise her legs and put them as far back as they will go? Sandra said.

Sounds good to me. Tony said. Claire lift your legs, keep them spread wide and put them as far back as you can. Gentlemen, when Claire is ready you grab her ankles and hold them to stop her moving.

I just wanted to die. Tears were streaming down my face but I could feel

that my pussy was getting wet.

What shall I use to spank her? Sandra asked.

You can use whatever you like, but you must not break her skin. Tony replied.

Sandra chose to use her hand and stepped forward and proceeded to quickly give me 10 slaps.

Needless to say that I was crying; I pleaded for her to stop but she just continued.

When it was over Tony said,

Okay, that's it for this morning; Claire will be here at 5 o'clock for her next punishment. Don't forget to decide who will administer it gentlemen.

With that Tony turned and walked out. The guys let go of my ankles then spent the next 5 minutes deciding who would be there at 5 o'clock.

I lowered my legs and just lay there crying.

The guys left and I slowly got off the table and walked back to my desk. As I slowly got dressed and stopped crying Sandra asked me if I was okay. She said that she was sorry that she hurt me. I replied,

That's okay, I know that I deserved it so don't feel bad.

It was as I was putting my skirt on that I realised that my pussy was dripping. I wondered why because there was no way that I'd enjoyed the spanking.

I finished getting dressed then got on with my work, albeit standing up for the next couple of hours.

At lunch time I heard the beeping from the snack van that comes round. I'd forgotten about him, but I decided that I couldn't face him and that I'd skip lunch.

Then I heard Tony shout for me. When I went to him he gave me some money and told me to go and get him a bacon butty.

My heart dropped as I realised that I d have to go and face the snack van man.

As I walked outside the wind blew my skirt up and a fresh breeze licked round my pussy. I suddenly realised that I liked that but I still held my skirt down.

Rajeev, the snack van man complimented me on my outfit telling me that I looked great. I pretended not to hear him, but I did blush.

When I got back to our door I turned to look back and saw that Rajeev was watching me. I hoped that he couldn t have seen my bare butt.

During the afternoon I started to get used to being dressed like that, and I managed to sit and get some work done.

Before I knew it Sandra was leaving so I knew that it was 5 o clock. I looked round. We were the only 3 people there and I just hoped that one of the guys would get back in time.

Tony looked at me, then at the clock. I got the message and stood up and slowly stripped. Then I went to the kitchen. Tony had followed me and watched me as I got on the table and spread myself wide.

Please Tony, I said, haven t I been punished enough? Please let me go home.

No Claire, I will decide when you have had enough; and it won t be for quite a long time so get used to this.

I just lay there dreading what was going to happen. The strange thing was that my nipples were rock hard and they and my pussy was tingling. Surely I couldn t be getting aroused by this horrible situation.

Before I could answer myself, Pete walked in,

Sorry I m late, traffic.

She s all yours Pete. Make sure that her butts nice and red. Tony said as he turned and left.

Pete stood at my feet staring at my pussy that was getting wetter by the second. After about 30 seconds he told me to get on my hands and knees. When I did my knees weren't apart enough so he told me to spread them.

I felt my labia part as my knees parted. I could feel the embarrassment turning into tears even before Pete's hand hit me.

I squealed as the tears became a flood.

By the time number 10 had landed my butt hurt like hell and my pussy was on fire too. I hoped that Pete couldn't tell how aroused I was.

Sorry Claire, Pete said, I hope that I didn't hurt you too much; and don't be embarrassed by getting turned-on by it, lots of women do. Some even cum when they're spanked. It's just the way women are built.

I was confused. I just stayed there, still on my hands and knees for ages. I just couldn't understand why I was feeling the way I was.

After a while Tony came in and told me to get dressed and go home.

It hurt when I got into my car.

At home mum asked me if I was okay, she said that I looked under the weather then she got one of my favourite meals ready. Afterwards I went to my room, stripped and looked at myself in the mirror.

Was I really getting turned-on by being spanked? I got my laptop out and did some research. What Pete said was right; apparently a lot of women do get turned-on by pain and spanking; and humiliation. Most of them admitted to being submissive as well. I realised that I could have been reading about myself.

I put my dressing gown on when mum called to say that tea was ready. After I'd eaten I went straight back to my room and took the gown off. I looked at myself in the mirror and asked myself what was wrong with me.

When I went to bed I again stayed naked and masturbated until I fell asleep with my hand on my pussy and a finger inside me.

I woke next morning feeling much better and less confused. Overnight my

brain had accepted that I was submissive and that I did get turned-on by the embarrassment, humiliation, and being spanked. I still didn't want to have to get naked and wear those horrible clothes.

At work I was watched by Aaron and Duncan (installation guys) as I stripped naked and put those horrible clothes on. Although I was embarrassed I didn't feel so ashamed. I even stood facing them as I got changed.

The day went okay until the postman arrived. He had a little package that needed signing for. My face was bright red as I signed his little machine.

The package was the first of my new wardrobe. When I went and told Tony that it had arrived he told me to strip naked and try it on. When I told him that it was only a skirt he told me that it didn't matter; I still had to get naked.

I did and then put the skirt on. It was a little bit shorter than my cut down school and it was see-through. The fact that it was see-through was irrelevant because it didn't cover my butt completely, or my pussy. OMG; I felt horrible when Tony told me that I looked great and that I had to keep that skirt on for the rest of the day. I thought about the snack van man and suddenly realised that my pussy was getting wet. Was I really looking forward to going outside and letting Rajeev look at my pussy through that skirt?

Tony told me to put my top back on and get on with my work.

When I heard the snack van's horn beeping my heart skipped a beat. I suddenly decided that I was going to skip lunch. That decision was taken away from me when Tony came over and said,

Come on Claire, get your purse. Quickly or he'll be gone.

What choice did I have? I picked up my purse and followed Tony. As soon as the door opened the front of the skirt blew up. Rajeev was waiting with a grin on his face. He watched every step that I made.

Nice skirt Claire. Rajeev said as I got closer.

I got a wet rush and my pussy tingled.

Thank you Rajeev, I'm glad that you like it. I said trying to sound as normal as possible. What I really wanted to say was,

It s horrible, and this man is making me wear it, but I didn t.

We got served and as I walked back I could feel Rajeev s eyes burning my exposed butt cheeks.

The rest of the afternoon went reasonably well until 5 o clock. I stood up and Sandra, Tony and Bob (installation guy) watched as I slowly stripped. I walked to the kitchen with my head down and climbed onto the table. As I spread my arms and legs my eyes and my pussy got wet; and my nipples started to ache and my pussy tingled.

Claire, Bob said, I m sorry about this but you have to learn what is right and what is wrong.

I know Bob. I m really sorry for what I did. I know that you have to do this so how do you want me?

Don t move Claire; I can get at your tits and pussy the way you are.

I panicked a little as I realised the implications of what he had said. Then the first slap hit my right breast. I screamed.

Then it was my left breast. I screamed again.

I saw Tony appear at the door a second before Bob s hand came down on my pussy. I screamed again then saw Tony s grin.

I didn t think of doing that Bob; that s a good idea.

Bob went round my 3 sensitive parts again then looked at Tony. The tears were pouring down the sides of my face as Bob said,

Where shall I land the last one Tony?

Pussy. Tony said.

As soon as it landed and I d screamed again Tony disappeared saying,

Lock-up on your way out Claire. See you on Monday.

Sorry Claire. Bob said again then he too left.

I lay there for a while then put my hand to my pussy. It was so tender and hot. I opened my lips and touched my clit. A bolt of pleasure shot through me and I started to cum.

My body writhed about that table for a couple of minutes before I started to calm down.

What the hell was that? I thought; even though I knew what it was.

Why had that happened? I correctly asked myself.

As I lay there I wondered what was happening to me.

Eventually I got up, walked to my desk and got dressed into my home clothes. I locked up and drove home in a bit of a dream world.

Still feeling a bit under the weather? My mother asked. You go and have a hot bath and I'll put some soup on.

I smiled a little as I walked up the stairs. Soup is my mother's answer to all ailments.

In the bath I looked at my breasts. They were still a bit red and my nipples were sore and rock hard. Even after Bob's abuse they still managed to get hard. I touched my clit and jerked a bit. I thought about playing with it but decided to leave it.

As the water started to cool down I heard my mother shout that the soup was ready. I got out and put a robe on then went downstairs and had my soup.

Feel better? Mother asked.

Yes thank you mum.

Magic stuff my soup isn't it?

Yes mum.

I went to bed and tried to work out what was happening to me. My right hand involuntarily went to my clit and started rubbing.

When I woke up my pussy was dripping. Had I been masturbating in my sleep again? I just didn't know much anymore.

I had the weekend to try to make some sense of my feelings but I couldn't. Every chance that I got I put my hand on my bare pussy and played with it. I must have had 7 or 8 orgasms that weekend.

It didn't help that I had to go and do some shopping. As I was driving into town I asked myself why I hadn't put any underwear on that morning and gone out in only a thin summer dress. Tony wasn't with me so how would he know. I asked myself if I wanted to be naked under my thin dress.

At a set of traffic lights I put my hand up my skirt and touched my pussy. It was so wet and when I touched my clit I nearly exploded.

Walking round town in a bit of a daze I started to think that maybe I liked dressing like that. On impulse I went into a clothes shop and bought a much shorter summer dress. The top was scooped low and showed lots of cleavage. The shop girl was happy to let me leave wearing my new dress and she even cut the tags off for me.

As I walked down the street I felt nervous and excited; and still confused.

As I got into my car to go home I looked down at my lap. The short dress had ridden up and I could see my bare pubes. Normally I would have straightened my skirt, but I didn't; I drove home with my pubes on display.

When I got home my mother looked at me and said,

A bit risque isn't it?

She obviously didn't approve and just tutted when I said,

It's the fashion these days mum; all the girls are wearing clothes like this.

My dad smiled at me and when mother went out of the room and he told me that I looked beautiful.

I felt good too. When I went up to my room I stood in front of the mirror and experimented lifting the dress bit by bit until I could see my wet pussy. I stood with my legs apart and looked at my clit just showing between my lips. That was when I had to give myself one of the 7 or 8 orgasms.

I still didn't understand why I was feeling like I was.

The full team was there when I got to work on the Monday morning. I had a little panic until I looked at the clock and saw that I wasn't late. At my desk I opened the drawer and looked up; everyone was looking at me. I, almost defiantly, stripped and stared back at them before putting the see-through skirt and the top on. A thought flashed through my brain,

I hope that one of the see-through tops arrives this morning.

Then I told myself to stop being stupid and I sat down and started my work.

Some more of my new clothes did arrive that morning and a see-through top was one of the items. When they arrived Tony had me strip and model each item for him. For some weird reason I wasn't as reluctant to strip for Tony and I didn't start crying.

Tony must have sensed that I was getting used to it because he pushed the limit a bit further by putting his hands on my breasts on top of one of the new tops. He used the pretence of wanting to feel the material but I'm sure that he just wanted to touch my tits.

When the snack van man arrived I just got up, grabbed my purse and walked out. Tony had had me discard my original top saying that it didn't go with my new skirts. He was right, they didn't go together but at least it wasn't see-through. As I walked out of the door I realised that I didn't feel anywhere as near bad as I had done the last week; in fact I felt a little wet rush and my nipples harden as I saw Rajeev looking expectantly for me.

Rajeev again complimented me on my outfit telling me that he liked the new Claire and I again felt his eyes looking at me as I walked back to the door.

5 o'clock came and I got nervous again. It was obviously Duncan's turn to punish me as he was stood at the kitchen door watching me get undressed. Neither of us said anything as I walked past him and got onto the table. Spreading myself wide I waited as Duncan just stared at me.

It seemed like forever until Duncan said,

On your hands and knees Claire.

I turned over and got into the required position, spreading my knees quite wide. I buried my face in the sponge mat knowing that Duncan would be staring at my open pussy.

Duncan slapped my butt hard; then again. I started to cry but still managed to hear both Tony and Sandra leaving and telling Duncan to lock-up on his way out.

Slap 3 and 4 were just as hard. As the rest of the 10 landed my butt was on fire and my pussy was hot and getting wetter by the second.

As the 10th landed I was relieved that it was over but my pussy was aching for attention. Duncan must have sensed this because he started fingering me. In and out went first one then two fingers. Within a couple of minutes I was cumming, screaming for Duncan to keep going. He did, and I had another orgasm.

Duncan removed his hand and I slid my knees back and just lay there on my stomach.

Thank you for that Claire; Duncan said, I've been wanting to do that since the first day that you walked in here.

I didn't say anything as Duncan left, reminding me to lock-up.

I pushed my right hand under me and cupped my pussy. I just needed something pressing on my clit.

After about 5 minutes I was recovered enough to get up and go and get dressed. As I walked out I looked at the kitchen table and smiled to myself. I didn't feel bad.

I still had a smile on my face when I got home. My mother told me that I looked much better, that my cheeks had a rosy glow. I grinned thinking,

And the other ones too.

The Tuesday saw more clothes arrive and another smile on the postman's face as I signed his machine. He cheekily said that he enjoyed delivering to us as he was staring at my see-through top; my nipples trying to cut their way out.

The snack van man was pleased to see me as well. So were 2 guys from the unit further down that had come up to the van there rather than waiting for it to move down. I was blushing like hell as they tried to make conversation with me. I got away as soon as I could and hurried back to work.

Duncan must have spread the word of what he did to me because when Aaron came to spank me he too fingered me and brought me to another shattering orgasm. Again I was so embarrassed that I had cum and I just lay there for ages after he'd left. The other weird thing was that after he'd gone I touched my clit I had another mini orgasm. Why was that?

It was Sandra the next evening and she wanted to spank me the same way as she had done before. When she came into the kitchen Tony was with her. I was instructed to raise my legs and Tony held them while Sandra spanked me. Sandra must have a bit of an evil streak because her spansks hurt like hell, more than the ones from the guys. When I was crying I wanted to ask her to be more gentle but I knew that Tony would use that to get her to spank me harder.

I was glad when the 10 were over and I was expecting Tony to release my ankles but he didn't. The next thing that I knew something big was invading my pussy.

What the fuck? I said; then went back to crying.

Well Claire, the guys tell me that they've been finger fucking you and that you've had some orgasms. Sandra wanted to be slightly different so she went and bought a big dildo. Perhaps this will humiliate you and make you regret what you have done.

Sandra showed no mercy; the dildo went in and out, gradually getting faster and faster. I tried not to get aroused but it was hopeless. All too soon I started cumming, and cumming, and cumming. Sandra just wouldn't stop.

After about the fifth orgasm she finally got tired and stopped. Tony let go of my legs and they dropped back to the table. They both watched me as I slowly got back to something like normal.

Fuck Claire, Sandra said, you really are a slut; I've never seen anyone cum like that.

Tony said,

Claire, I've told the guys to get a little more adventurous with you. Perhaps we can find something that doesn't turn you on so easily.

I was amazed; they were talking as if me cumming was my fault. I wasn't the one ramming things into my pussy.

I was left to lock-up again.

The next morning Tony watched me strip naked then called me into his office.

Claire, I see that you now have so many new clothes that you are having trouble putting the all in your desk. Before you start your work clear the rubbish out of that cupboard and then use it as your wardrobe; but not for your home clothes. Each morning you will strip at your desk then come over here and wait for me to select what you will wear for the day. Do you understand?

Yes Tony.

Right then, all that rubbish wants to go in the skip out the back.

I just stood there.

What is it Claire?

You said out the back; as in outside. But I have no clothes on.

I can see that. You've gone out to that snack van wearing next to nothing so going out the back with nothing on shouldn't be a problem to you; anything else?

Err yes, it's my period next week.

And?

And I use panty-liners.

Not any more you don't; get yourself some tampons. I guess that you'll have to find another way to let the guys humiliate you.

I spent the next hour walking backwards and forwards to the skip hoping that no one saw me. I know that I've been outside virtually naked before but actually being naked was different. It was more exciting. The wind blowing round my pussy and nipples felt good. I was in a reasonably good mood when my new wardrobe had all my new clothes in; even if they were clothes that I would never buy for myself, and never wear, anywhere, if I didn't have to. The other thing was that there were clothes that I'd never seen before and never ordered. I assumed that Tony had ordered them for me.

Some of them were so skimpy that I may as well not have bothered.

The delivery man arrived before Tony told me what he wanted me to wear and Sandra told me to go and sign for whatever it was as I was. I stopped feeling good and started feeling very embarrassed again as I signed for the package.

It was more clothes; and some heels. I knew that I hadn't ordered them so Tony or Sandra must have done it. I was just hanging them up when Tony came in and saw them.

Good, they've arrived. Today you will wear that string vest and the black heels. I slipped the string vest over my head and quickly realized that it was a man's string vest. It covered my butt and pussy but it was armless and the arm holes were very low cut. I could see the sides of my tits when I lifted my arms. The other thing was that the holes were so big that my nipples poked through 2 of them; and there were so many holes that I may as well not have been wearing anything.

I dreaded going out to the snack van man; so much so that I decided to skip lunch. Unfortunately Tony wanted some lunch. By the time that I got outside the van had moved down the car park and there was no one getting served. If I was to get Tony's lunch I would have to run after it.

All of a sudden 4 guys from the unit at the bottom came out get their lunch. They got to the van before I did and I had to wait to get served.

One of the guys turned round then said,

Hey guys, you may want to turn round and look at this.

By that time I was stood there trying to get my breath back and wishing that I was hundreds of miles away.

Getting served took forever. The guys were staring at me and talking about me. Their suggestive comments were embarrassing me something rotten. I should have expected it; after all, all I was wearing was a totally see-through vest. What's more, it was ages before I realised that my right tit had escaped during the run down.

Rajeev was so happy to see me that I got Tony's lunch for free.

When I gave Tony his lunch he told me that I looked good.

For the rest of that week and the start of the next week the evening routine was the same. The guys would spank me then finger fuck me to an orgasm. In a way I was getting used to it but it was still horribly humiliating.

When my period arrived I had the little string dangling as I lay on the table. It was Duncan's turn to abuse me and after he'd administered the 10 swats he said,

Well Claire, I see that your fuck hole is occupied. I guess that I'll have to put something in another of your holes.

My first reaction was that he was going to stick something up my butt, a thing that I really did not want. When he told me to turn round and lay across the table with my head hanging off the side I had this horrible feeling that he was going to stick his dick in my mouth.

That horrible feeling became a fact of life. When he got his dick out I pleaded with him not to do it but he pressed the end of his dick against my mouth and held my nose until I opened up. It was horrible and as he pressed further in he kept saying swallow Claire.

I did, hoping that I wouldn't choke to death. After a couple of minutes of me thinking that I was about to die things suddenly got less choking.

Duncan kept ramming his dick in and out of my mouth until he suddenly stopped and pressed real hard. I suddenly felt something warm going down

my throat.

That s right Claire, swallow it all.

When Duncan pulled out he stood there and wiped the end of his dick on my face then put it back into his pants.

Thank you Claire, Duncan said, don t worry, you can have another load tomorrow; and he left.

That was the first time that I d done that for a man and part of me said that I never wanted to do it again. The other part of me couldn t wait until tomorrow.

After the next 2 spanking I got face fucked and decided that it wasn t really that bad.

The following morning whilst I was standing naked in Tony s office waiting for him to arrive I decided that I was going to tell him that enough was enough; that I d been humiliated more than enough. I practised what I was going to say in my head and when he walked in I started on my little speech.

I d only got 2 sentences out when he stopped me and threatened me with the police and my parents again. He was having nothing of it. He even pulled up a few videos on his pc showing me having all those orgasms. I hadn t seen any cameras in the kitchen but I didn t know our products by sight, only numbers. They could have been anywhere.

I was well and truly shot down. I realised that I had to go on enduring those punishments.

A couple of months previous I had made the mistake of telling Sandra that my parent were going on holiday and that I d be left at home alone. Tony suddenly reminded me of that fact and told me that because I d dared to challenge his decision I would have to drive to and from work totally naked.

I gasped and said,

What about getting to my car from here; and what about my neighbours?

I m sure that you ll work something out; and when you re at home you will stay naked as well. Remember what we do here Claire, you never know when we will be watching you.

Fuck, was there a camera somewhere at home? Were there lots of them? Had Tony seen me masturbating in my bedroom? Had he watched me shaving each morning? Oh fuck. What was I going to do?

The spanking followed by the finger fucking happened again that evening but it was followed by a mouth fucking as well. That started happening every evening apart from when it was Sandra s turn. Those evenings my pussy was filled with the big dildo. Sandra did try to push it down my throat but I was gagging too much and she took pity on me and stopped.

The following Monday morning I got up early, got ready (apart from any clothes) and then kept looking out of the window until I was confident that none of the neighbours were looking (not that I could ever be sure of that). I chickened out a couple of times before dashing to my car. I sat there for a couple of minutes getting my breath back then set off.

It was weird driving whilst naked. I started getting paranoid that everyone was looking at me and I worked out where I could stop at traffic light to minimise the risk of someone looking and realising.

I eventually got to work and sat there for a minute before looking round to see if anyone was there.

Eventually I got the courage and I jumped out and ran for the door. I had to be the first there didn t I? The damn door was locked and I had to fumble in my bag to get the keys. Boy was I happy to be in that building.

When I got to my desk my heart was pounding and my pussy was dripping. I just sat there with my hand cupping my soaking pussy until I heard someone else arrive then I went and stood in Tony s office waiting for him.

I was a horny, nervous person going to and coming from work for the next few days. The nervous reduces a bit but every morning but I always just sat at my desk holding my pussy until someone else arrived. I wanted to masturbate but I was scared in case there was a camera watching me. When I got home each evening I did frig myself to a glorious orgasm just as soon as

I got in the door.

One morning when I got to work there was a DHL delivery van outside our unit. I waited for a couple of minutes to see where the delivery man was. When I was satisfied that he was not anywhere close I made a run for it. Just as I was getting to the back of the van the man came round the corner and I nearly bumped into him. I stopped dead in my tracks not even thinking to try to cover my tits and pussy. The man just stared for a few seconds then smiled and said,

Well hi there, I didn't think that it was that warm; or are you taking part in a nude at work day?

I un-froze and mumbled something as I rushed to our door. I could feel his eyes burning my bare butt as I unlocked the door and went in.

That morning I went straight to the toilet and took care of my burning desire.

Another problem I had with a delivery man was a few days later. Tony had me dress in very skimpy clothes that were slightly see-through. When I opened the door to him he immediately grinned and walked in. Before I knew it he had an arm round me and was groping my tits. I told him to get off me but he didn't so I screamed. Within seconds Tony was there and pushing the man off me.

Leave her alone scum-bag. Tony said.

What's the problem man? She's a whore and she loves it.

She definitely isn't a whore, she's a respected employee and as such she WILL be treated with respect by everyone who comes here. In your language that means that you will not touch her or insult her in any way. Is that plain enough for you to understand?

Yes but she was begging for it.

No she wasn't.

But look at her.

It doesn't matter what any woman does or does not wear; they must be

treated with respect. Would you like me to tell you what that word means?

No.

Good; now get out.

The man turned and left and I put my arms round Tony and kissed his cheek.

Thank you Tony.

You're welcome; and just scream if anything like that happens again.

I will.

On evening that same week, I stripped and went to the kitchen to wait as usual. It was Bob's turn and he was late. I lay there waiting and heard both Tony and Sandra leave. I was left on my own. Time passed and I got bored; but for some reason I started getting excited and horny. I couldn't explain those feelings because I was waiting to get my pussy and tits spanked and my mouth fucked.

After about 20 minutes my right hand moved to my pussy and my finger started teasing my clit.

By half past five Bob still hadn't arrived and my frigging was getting serious.

Five minutes later I was cumming; and cumming hard. It was only after I started coming down I thought about cameras. I looked round and couldn't see any; but there again I didn't know what I was looking. As I got up and got ready to go home I hoped that I hadn't been caught on video.

The next morning while I was stood naked in the office waiting for Tony to arrive; Bob stuck his head round the door and apologised for not being able to get back in time.

I told him that I'd missed him and that I'd make it up to him next time that it was his turn. After he'd gone I realised what I'd said. I'd missed him could easily be interpreted to mean that I was looking forward to him spanking my bare body and fucking my mouth. I'd make it up to him next time could easily mean that he could do more to me next time. What more could he do to me? I felt horrible when I realised that the only other thing that he

could do to me was actually fuck me properly. I shuddered at the thought, but felt myself get very wet.

My parent came home and I started dressing to go to work. I was actually a bit disappointed because I d got to like the excitement of driving naked. I d also got used to walking around the house naked and staying naked all weekend. I wasn t looking forward to the next weekend and I hoped that I would remember to put some clothes on each time I came out of my room.

That Monday night was Bob s turn to abuse me and when he came into the kitchen and saw me spread eagled waiting for him he reminded me that I d said that I d make it up to him for missing a session with me.

I immediately regretted what I d said and said nothing to Bob. He did his usual tit and pussy spanking then told me to swivel round so that I was across the table. I lowered my head and waited for Bob to ram his cock down my throat but Bob stayed put. After a few seconds he said,

Right Claire, I ve been thinking about what you said and as there s logically only one next step I have to assume that you want me to fuck you.

I nearly started crying again as Bob went to the side of the table and looked down at my spread pussy. I knew what was coming next and I didn t know if I wanted it or not. I was so confused.

I heard the zip on Bob s trousers and tensed up.

I felt the tip of Bob s cock touch my pussy and jerked back. Bob pushed then said,

Shit Claire, you re tight; relax slut.

I relaxed and felt the cock go deep inside me. Boy did that feel good.

Bob started going in and out and before long we were both close to cumming.

All of a sudden Bob stopped and asked me if I was on the pill. I nodded and he started thrusting again; this time harder than before.

I felt my tits wobbling as I grunted in time with Bobs thrusts. Bob stopped

and pressed into me real hard. Then I felt something warm inside me. After a few seconds Bob pulled out and came round to the other side of the table.

I opened my mouth and sucked Bob's soft cock.

Two minutes later Bob pulled his still soft cock out of my mouth and put it back inside his trousers.

Same again next time. Bob said as he walked out, leaving me frustrated. Bob asking me if I was on the pill had spoiled the moment for me and I needed release.

Not caring if I was on any camera I put my hand to my pussy and gave it the release that it needed.

When Duncan came at 5 o'clock the next day he too fucked me. So did Aaron the next day. It was Sandra's turn the next evening and she really rammed that dildo into me. Afterwards she said,

Well Claire, I hear that the boys are fucking you and that you're really enjoying it. Tony is quite impressed with the videos and is thinking of branching out into porno videos. Do you fancy being a porno star?

No, no, please don't let him do that, I'll do anything, but please don't let him sell any videos of me. I pleaded.

Well, maybe if you were to lick my pussy I might try to persuade him not to. Sandra said.

Yes, yes, I'll do anything. I said.

I'd never eaten another girl's pussy before so I wasn't sure what I was letting myself in for. Okay, in the privacy of my bedroom I'd stuck 3 fingers in my pussy then licked them just to see what it was like; and it was good, but I didn't know if every pussy tastes the same.

Sandra had me wait until all the others had gone home then took her skirt and knickers off. She climbed onto the table and spread her knees over my face. As she lowered her pussy to my face I was glad to see that she too shaved.

I started doing to her what I thought I would like someone to do to me. It

seemed to work because she started to moan and get very wet. After a couple of minutes she bent forward and lowered her face to my pussy.

Sandra did to me what I was doing to her and before long I started cumming, shortly followed by her.

I thought that I was going to suffocate as Sandra collapsed onto me but I managed to turn my head a bit and start breathing again.

Sandra was satisfied and she told me to get dressed and we left for home.

The next morning while I was stood in Tony's office waiting for him to arrive I was very nervous. I wanted to plead with him to get him to promise that he wouldn't sell the videos but I didn't know how to start.

The subject of the videos never came up as Tony said,

I see that both Sandra and the guys have found new ways to punish you. I do hope that you are learning from them.

Yes Tony I certainly am.

I've told all the guys to be here at 5 o'clock tonight. Now put this on and go and get some work done.

My eyes opened wide for a second. Had Tony just told me that I was going to get gangbanged? I felt a really big gush in my pussy and my nipples throbbed.

Tony gave me the 2 small rectangles of material and said,

I think that's everything that you'll wear today Claire. I looked at him and said,

Sure thing boss.

All that day I was tingling with anticipation and my pussy was dripping. I even gave the snack van man a hug and rubbed my tits in his face. Two of the guys from the unit down the car park told me that they were collecting photos for their company's calendar and asked me to pose for them. They were over the moon when I said,

Tell you what, if things go as well as I hope tonight I will pose for you.

All 4 installation guys watched me strip naked at 5 o'clock that night. I was so close to cumming as I walked into the kitchen that when I got onto the table and opened my legs Bob said,

Bloody hell, she's gagging for it.

And I was. It was amazing; my sexiest fantasy was about to come true.

I'm going first. Bob said.

I'll have her mouth. Duncan said.

I was totally knackered as I got into my car to go home. When I walked through the door my mum looked at me and asked me if I'd won the lottery.

Something like that mum. I said as I went up to my room and stripped for a long hot bath.

When Tony arrived the next morning he said,

I have to admit that your work has been exemplary since you started getting punished; and the guys are getting their work done quicker. I think that the business needs you to continue being punished the way that you were last night. If things keep improving I think that I may just have to give you a pay rise.

Does that mean that I have to keep wearing just those 2 rectangles Tony?

That's the most that you can wear Claire.

I'm being Blackmailed

by Vanessa Evans

All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.

Hi, my name's Claire and I'm being blackmailed into being a slut.

That s very true but I guess that I should start at the beginning.

I m 19 and come from what I suppose you could call a middle class family. When I left college a year ago I was lucky enough to get a job as an office junior at a smallish electronic surveillance company. When I say smallish I mean the boss (Tony) the techie (Sandra) and 4 field installation guys; all in their mid-twenties.

All went great for the first 3 months and I was fitting in quite well, getting along just great with everyone in the company. Then I made 2 really terrible mistakes.

Mistake number one was to miss-calculate an invoice to a company that Tony knows that I know the owner. He s the father of one of my best friends.

Mistake number two was to use the company s internet to access porn sites. I d better explain that. You see I m a normal healthy 19 year-old girl, without a boyfriend, who has fantasies and sexual urges. The installation guys are out on the road just about all the time and both Tony and Sandra have to go to visit customers quite a lot.

It was a Monday, the weather was warm, I was on my own at work and I was bored so I started searching the internet for sites that gave me information on my fantasy (being submissive, being dominated and getting gang-banged). I found a few sites and forums and struck-up an online conversation with a man who asked all the right questions and got me weighed-up in minutes. Within 30 minutes I was describing what I wanted men to do to me.

I knew that I was safe because I signed-up under a false name (SubGirl). I knew that if I got scared all I had to do was logoff so I was quite open with the answers that I gave.

We d had a long conversation and I felt really horny by the time Tony and Sandra came back and I had to logoff.

The next afternoon Tony and Sandra were out again so I logged on to the forum and with minutes the same man started chatting to me again. This time he started daring me to do things for him in front of the webcam. I knew that I was safe so I agreed.

The dares started quite tame, like take my shoes off and show my bare feet to the webcam. There was a couple of other tame dares then he sprang

something a lot more personal. He dared me to take my knickers off and prove to him that I d done it.

That didn t sound that bad until he told me that I d have to show him my bare pussy to prove it. My heart fluttered and I felt my pussy get warm and wet.

Okay I thought, I m safe here so let s do it. But first I told him that I d have to go and lock the outside door.

A bit more about myself before I continue.

I m 5 foot 3 inches tall, long blonde hair and a 34B 24 34 figure.

I stood in front of the webcam and slowly pulled my skirt up showing the man my black, see-through thong. Then I slowly pulled my thong down showing him my bald pussy. By then my pussy was soaking and craving some attention.

Not good enough slut. The man said, Take them right off and hold them up for me to see.

So I did, letting go of my skirt as I did so.

Still not good enough; take the skirt right off.

Even basic logic told me that it had gone too far but I was caught between my fantasy and reality. My fantasy won and I unfastened my skirt which fell straight to the floor.

I was an excited, nervous wreck that couldn t stop. Before long the man had talked me into getting total naked and sitting on my chair masturbating while he watched it all. It didn t take me long to cum. After that he told me to put 3 fingers in my pussy then lick them clean; and I did.

After that he told me that I d done enough for one day and that I should sign-on to the forum again the next day.

I just sat there, naked as the day I was born for ages before the phone rang. It was weird talking about work whilst sitting there stark naked. It certainly brought me back to reality. After the conversation ended I quickly got dressed and unlocked the door. By the time that Tony and Sandra returned

everything was back to normal. Or so I thought.

The next morning just after all the installation guys had left Tony called me into his office and my world crashed.

Tony accused me of theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour in the workplace. He told me that it was grounds for instant dismissal and prosecution by the police. He said that I was looking at a big fine, or even some time in jail.

At first I denied it but Tony had proof. When he produced the invoice I pleaded that it was a simple mistake.

I couldn't do the same for the evidence of the rest of my crime. I should have realised that a company of that nature would have lots of surveillance cameras all around, and recordings from the lot; but I just hadn't thought about it. There was even one that had close-up of my bald pussy. Where the hell was that camera? As well as that lot there was a recording of my online chat. Oh boy, was I embarrassed.

Tony clicked on 5 videos from different angles in the main office, all showing me naked and frigging away. One video showed every internet page that I'd looked at that day.

By that time I was crying my heart out. When Tony asked me what I thought that my parents would think I just about started going hysterical. It would kill my parents if they ever found out.

I'm so sorry Tony; please don't tell anyone about this. I pleaded in between the streams of tears.

It's a very serious matter Claire, I can't just forget about it. I should really go to the police; and tell your parents; it's the right thing to do. Tony said.

Please Tony, please don't tell anyone. I'll do anything that you tell me; absolutely anything. I just can't let my parents find out what I've done.

There was a long pause where Tony just stared at me and I kept crying.

Well Claire I can't just let this go without you accepting some form of punishment.

Anything Tony; I'll do anything and everything that you ask.

How do I know that you mean that Claire?

Just tell me Tony and I'll do it.

Okay then I believe that all punishments should fit the crime.

Me too. I interrupted.

Right then; your punishment will come in many parts over a long period of time. You'll hate parts of it and not want to do what I tell you; but at the first hint of you refusing to do what I say I will be on that phone to the police and your parents. Is that understood?

Yes Tony.

Okay then Claire, take your clothes off.

WHAT!

You heard me Claire, strip now or it's the phone.

I just stood there stunned. How could my boss order me to strip naked? This wasn't right. But there again, what I had done wasn't right. What choice did I have?

My hands slowly moved up to the button on my top. They were shaking like hell and I had awful trouble trying to get the buttons undone.

I can't do this Tony.

Tony reached for the phone.

Okay, okay; I'll do it just so long as you promise not to tell my parents or the police.

I told you Claire; you do exactly as I say and there's no need for me to involve your parent or the police.

My still shaking hands started working on the buttons again. It took a while but I managed to get them undone and slowly took my top off. As my top hit the floor Tony said,

Come on Claire, you can undress quicker than that.

My skirt was next, leaving me stood there in my black lacy bra and another black see-through thong.

I see that you like see-through thongs Claire, shame, you look good in it. Get it off, and the bra.

I wondered what he meant by the word shame as I finished stripping then held my hands over my breasts and pussy.

Don't be shy Claire, you were happy to show everything to that man yesterday so put those hands down. Tony said.

Tony had me stand there for a couple of minutes, me feeling so ashamed. Then he said,

Open your legs Claire, about 2 feet.

My eyes went wide open then I realised that I'd have to do it. As my feet spread I could feel the air on my pussy. It felt cooling even though it was a warm day.

Tony let me stew for another couple of minutes before he told me to come over to his desk and bend over it.

I slowly moved forward and as I bent over I felt my hard nipples touch the desk and realised that I was excited. I sure as hell didn't want to be, but I was. My thoughts went to my pussy and I realised that it was wet, very wet. What's more I had that feeling.

Tony was still sat there with my head right in front of his chest.

Look up at me Claire.

I raised my head.

Claire, I am about to give you a spanking. This will be the first of many until I think that you have learnt your lesson. You will submit to these without question. There will be other punishments that you will also submit to without question. Do you understand?

Yes Tony.

Tony stood up and the bulging front of his trousers was right in my face. I gasped a little as I saw that bulge. My thoughts were torn between,

Oh no, please don't fuck me, and please Tony, fuck me hard.

I said nothing; nothing until Tony went behind me and slapped my butt so hard that I yelped and jumped up.

Get back down and spread those feet wider.

I blushed as I realised the view that Tony was getting. What's more my pussy was very wet and hot.

Tony slapped my bare butt 9 more times. It hurt like hell and by about the fourth slap I was crying and pleading for him to stop.

When Tony finally stopped my butt was on fire.

Stand up straight girl. Tony said.

As I did, he continued,

And put your hands by your sides.

Tony went and sat at his desk then looked up at me. I was looking at the floor at my feet; my nipples were rock hard, my pussy ached for attention, my butt hurt like hell; and I was still crying.

Right Claire, Tony said, a few new rules for you: -

1. From now on you will not wear any underwear while you are at work. Every day starting tomorrow, at 5 o'clock you will strip naked at your desk then go to the kitchen and lay on your back on the table with your arms and legs spread wide then wait for whoever's turn it is to punish you. If anyone else comes into the room you will ignore them. But if no one else arrives within 30 minutes you may get dressed and go home.
2. You will do whatever any of us tell you without delay and without question.
3. If anything is delivered whilst you are naked you will stop whatever you are doing and go and answer the door without getting dressed.
4. You will shave your whole pubic region every morning.
5. You will not wear any make-up to work. Two reasons, firstly you don't need it you have beautiful face; and secondly when you cry it makes a right mess on your face.
6. You will wear micro skirts and see-through tops to work every day.

Do you have any question?

Sorry Tony but I don't have any micro skirts or see-through tops.

Okay, I should have guessed that. Go on to the internet and purchase some. Use the company credit card but don't go crazy. I don't expect any of the skirts to be more than 8 inches long and the see-through tops must show plenty of skin. Let me see the pictures of each one before you buy it; I want to approve it.

Do you have a tennis skirt or old school gym skirt?

Yes Tony.

Tonight you will shorten it to 8 inches long and wear it until the new ones arrive. As for a top, wear your smallest one tomorrow and we'll modify it if I think that it isn't revealing enough.

Any more questions Claire?

How long is this going to go on for?

As long as I think it is necessary.

Are you going to stop my pay?

No.

I can't go in and out of home dressed like you are telling me without my parents getting upset. Please can I arrive and leave work in my normal clothes?

Fair point Claire; yes you may, minus all underwear. When you arrive you will go straight to your desk and strip and go to the kitchen like I said earlier. You will do this immediately, regardless of who is in the office. I will be watching you and I never want to see you wearing underwear when you strip, understand slut?

Yes boss.

Tomorrow will be an exception to the rule. In the morning you will get

changed into the skirt and top that you bring from home as soon as you arrive. I will be holding a meeting first thing to tell everyone about your crime and punishment and you will be there. After the meeting you will have your first punishment administered by one of the team. Do you understand?

I nodded.

Right, put your bra and thong in the rubbish bin and put your skirt and top on. Then go and wash that mess off your face. Tony ordered.

I went and got cleaned up and for a minute or so I just stood looking at myself in the mirror. I asked myself a few questions: -

What the hell have I got myself in to?

What am I going to do?

Can I survive this?

Why did I want Tony to fuck me?

Why am I so wet and horny?

I didn't have any answers so I straightened my top and skirt. As I did so I saw my nipples trying to poke through my top. I hoped that they weren't going to be like that all day.

As I walked back to my desk Sandra said,

Been a naughty girl Claire?

Yes, was all I said.

My butt hurt as I sat down.

The rest of the day was reasonably quiet apart from when the postman arrived. I had to go and let him in. As I was signing for a package I could see that he was staring at my chest. I felt my nipples get even harder and start to throb.

I started looking for skirts and tops on the internet. It didn't take me long to

find some obscenely short ones. How any girl could wear a skirt that short I just didn't know. Then I remembered why I was looking at them. I blushed a little as I imagined me wearing one of those skirts at work.

I bookmarked quite a few pages then went and told Tony what I had found and asked him to come and look at them. He came and stood next to me as I pulled up the pages. While I was doing that Tony said,

Undo the top 2 buttons of your top Claire; I want to see your tits while we do this.

Without even thinking I did as I was told. I felt my nipples get harder.

Tony wasn't too happy with some of my selections and he took the mouse and searched through and found some even shorter skirts. He selected 2 that had built-in knickers and he told me that I had to cut them out as soon as they arrived. One of the other skirts that he selected wasn't really a skirt; it was 2 rectangles of material that would leave my hips exposed. I shuddered at the thought of having to wear that at work.

He told me to search swimwear sites for see-through skirts and cover-ups. When I'd found some I went and told Tony, He came back to my desk and selected what he wanted me to order.

All in all I put over a thousand pounds on the company credit card. None of it was on clothes that any normal girls would wear at work (unless she was a hooker), but I was going to have to wear them. I suddenly realised that people were going to think that I was a hooker; or at the very best, a slut. Tony had already called me that. Maybe he was right.

When I got home that night I went straight to my room and cried and cried. Then I found myself masturbating and couldn't understand why I was sexually excited.

After a couple of hours I got off my bed and looked for my old gym skirt. Then I got out a pair of scissors. When I put the shortened skirt on it looked indecent; I could feel my bare butt and pussy when I touched the hem. There was no way that I could bend over in that skirt.

I put on my briefest crop top and looked in the mirror. I really did look like a slut. I was right; there was no way that I could let my parent see me like that.

I took them off and got into bed naked. I cried myself to sleep but my hand was cupping my pussy from the second I got into bed.

My hand was still there when I woke up. What's more my pussy was very wet. I wondered if I'd been masturbating in my sleep.

I got to work early and say that Tony was the only other person there. As instructed I went straight to my desk and got changed into my horrible revealing outfit. When I turned round I saw that Tony had been watching me.

When the last person arrived Tony called us all into his office. He went through the work for the day and discussed a couple of problems with the guys then he said,

Gentlemen, Sandra; Claire is with us this morning because I have a very important issue to tell you all about. Yesterday I had to discipline Claire for theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour. The crimes were so bad that I could have called the police and had her arrested. If I'd done that Claire would have been in jail by now. As Claire had been doing so well up until yesterday I offered her an alternative to jail. That alternative is the reason for her change of appearance this morning and for the fact that she is happy to submit to being punished by all of us in a way that I doubt anyone of you would have expected.

Yesterday Claire stripped naked and I spanked her bare butt until it was bright red. Each evening at 5 o'clock, until I decide otherwise, you all will take it in turns to administer a spanking to Claire s. You will have 30 minutes to complete that task. I will let you decide who does it on which days and how you decide to administer it.

Gentlemen, please get that table at the back of the store area out and put it in the kitchen area then find that sponge mat and put that on the table. That table is to be Claire s punishment table and is to be used for nothing else. It may be needed for punishment at any time and I don't want to have to clear it.

Today Claire will get punished twice; once right now and then again at 5 o'clock. Sandra, as you are the only other female here I would like you to be the first to administer a spanking.

Gentlemen off you go; Claire, take your clothes off and go to the kitchen and wait for everything to be ready.

Please Tony, I pleaded, please don't make me do this, not in front of everyone.

Claire, you accepted the deal yesterday; either strip or pass me the phone.

I slowly stripped and was then told to take my skirt and top to my desk. As I walked I saw that Sandra had an evil looking grin on her face.

In the kitchen I stood there trying to hide my tits and pussy as the guys brought the table in and covered it with the sponge mat.

We all waited a couple of minutes for Tony to come in. When he arrived he told me to get on the table any lay like he had told me. I climbed on and lay on my back with my legs closed and my arms by my side. I felt so embarrassed as everyone watched me.

Claire, remember how I said you have to lay?

I slowly opened my legs and spread my arms. I was spread-eagled, naked, in front of all my work colleagues. I was so ashamed that I just wanted to crawl into a corner and die.

Tony let everyone look at me for what seemed like hours before he turned to Sandra and said,

Right Sandra, 10 spanks, how would you like Claire to be positioned?

Hmm, I've been thinking about that; how about we raise her legs and put them as far back as they will go? Sandra said.

Sounds good to me. Tony said. Claire lift your legs, keep them spread wide and put them as far back as you can. Gentlemen, when Claire is ready you grab her ankles and hold them to stop her moving.

I just wanted to die. Tears were streaming down my face but I could feel that my pussy was getting wet.

What shall I use to spank her? Sandra asked.

You can use whatever you like, but you must not break her skin. Tony replied.

Sandra chose to use her hand and stepped forward and proceeded to quickly give me 10 slaps.

Needless to say that I was crying; I pleaded for her to stop but she just continued.

When it was over Tony said,

Okay, that's it for this morning; Claire will be here at 5 o'clock for her next punishment. Don't forget to decide who will administer it gentlemen.

With that Tony turned and walked out. The guys let go of my ankles then spent the next 5 minutes deciding who would be there at 5 o'clock.

I lowered my legs and just lay there crying.

The guys left and I slowly got off the table and walked back to my desk. As I slowly got dressed and stopped crying Sandra asked me if I was okay. She said that she was sorry that she hurt me. I replied,

That's okay, I know that I deserved it so don't feel bad.

It was as I was putting my skirt on that I realised that my pussy was dripping. I wondered why because there was no way that I'd enjoyed the spanking.

I finished getting dressed then got on with my work, albeit standing up for the next couple of hours.

At lunch time I heard the beeping from the snack van that comes round. I'd forgotten about him, but I decided that I couldn't face him and that I'd skip lunch.

Then I heard Tony shout for me. When I went to him he gave me some money and told me to go and get him a bacon butty.

My heart dropped as I realised that I'd have to go and face the snack van man.

As I walked outside the wind blew my skirt up and a fresh breeze licked round my pussy. I suddenly realised that I liked that but I still held my skirt down.

Rajeev, the snack van man complimented me on my outfit telling me that I looked great. I pretended not to hear him, but I did blush.

When I got back to our door I turned to look back and saw that Rajeev was watching me. I hoped that he couldn't have seen my bare butt.

During the afternoon I started to get used to being dressed like that, and I managed to sit and get some work done.

Before I knew it Sandra was leaving so I knew that it was 5 o'clock. I looked round. We were the only 3 people there and I just hoped that one of the guys would get back in time.

Tony looked at me, then at the clock. I got the message and stood up and slowly stripped. Then I went to the kitchen. Tony had followed me and watched me as I got on the table and spread myself wide.

Please Tony, I said, haven't I been punished enough? Please let me go home.

No Claire, I will decide when you have had enough; and it won't be for quite a long time so get used to this.

I just lay there dreading what was going to happen. The strange thing was that my nipples were rock hard and they and my pussy was tingling. Surely I couldn't be getting aroused by this horrible situation.

Before I could answer myself, Pete walked in,

Sorry I'm late, traffic.

She's all yours Pete. Make sure that her butts nice and red. Tony said as he turned and left.

Pete stood at my feet staring at my pussy that was getting wetter by the second. After about 30 seconds he told me to get on my hands and knees. When I did my knees weren't apart enough so he told me to spread them.

I felt my labia part as my knees parted. I could feel the embarrassment turning into tears even before Pete's hand hit me.

I squealed as the tears became a flood.

By the time number 10 had landed my butt hurt like hell and my pussy was on fire too. I hoped that Pete couldn't tell how aroused I was.

Sorry Claire, Pete said, I hope that I didn't hurt you too much; and don't be embarrassed by getting turned-on by it, lots of women do. Some even cum when they're spanked. It's just the way women are built.

I was confused. I just stayed there, still on my hands and knees for ages. I just couldn't understand why I was feeling the way I was.

After a while Tony came in and told me to get dressed and go home.

It hurt when I got into my car.

At home mum asked me if I was okay, she said that I looked under the weather then she got one of my favourite meals ready. Afterwards I went to my room, stripped and looked at myself in the mirror.

Was I really getting turned-on by being spanked? I got my laptop out and did some research. What Pete said was right; apparently a lot of women do get turned-on by pain and spanking; and humiliation. Most of them admitted to being submissive as well. I realised that I could have been reading about myself.

I put my dressing gown on when mum called to say that tea was ready. After I'd eaten I went straight back to my room and took the gown off. I looked at myself in the mirror and asked myself what was wrong with me.

When I went to bed I again stayed naked and masturbated until I fell asleep with my hand on my pussy and a finger inside me.

I woke next morning feeling much better and less confused. Overnight my brain had accepted that I was submissive and that I did get turned-on by the embarrassment, humiliation, and being spanked. I still didn't want to have to get naked and wear those horrible clothes.

At work I was watched by Aaron and Duncan (installation guys) as I stripped naked and put those horrible clothes on. Although I was embarrassed I didn't

t feel so ashamed. I even stood facing them as I got changed.

The day went okay until the postman arrived. He had a little package that needed signing for. My face was bright red as I signed his little machine.

The package was the first of my new wardrobe. When I went and told Tony that it had arrived he told me to strip naked and try it on. When I told him that it was only a skirt he told me that it didn't matter; I still had to get naked.

I did and then put the skirt on. It was a little bit shorter than my cut down school and it was see-through. The fact that it was see-through was irrelevant because it didn't cover my butt completely, or my pussy. OMG; I felt horrible when Tony told me that I looked great and that I had to keep that skirt on for the rest of the day. I thought about the snack van man and suddenly realised that my pussy was getting wet. Was I really looking forward to going outside and letting Rajeev look at my pussy through that skirt?

Tony told me to put my top back on and get on with my work.

When I heard the snack van's horn beeping my heart skipped beat. I suddenly decided that I was going to skip lunch. That decision was taken away from me when Tony came over and said,

Come on Claire, get your purse. Quickly or he'll be gone.

What choice did I have? I picked up my purse and followed Tony. As soon as the door opened the front of the skirt blew up. Rajeev was waiting with a grin on his face. He watched every step that I made.

Nice skirt Claire. Rajeev said as I got closer.

I got a wet rush and my pussy tingled.

Thank you Rajeev, I'm glad that you like it. I said trying to sound as normal as possible. What I really wanted to say was,

It's horrible, and this man is making me wear it, but I didn't.

We got served and as I walked back I could feel Rajeev's eyes burning my exposed butt cheeks.

The rest of the afternoon went reasonably well until 5 o'clock. I stood up and Sandra, Tony and Bob (installation guy) watched as I slowly stripped. I walked to the kitchen with my head down and climbed onto the table. As I spread my arms and legs my eyes and my pussy got wet; and my nipples started to ache and my pussy tingled.

Claire, Bob said, I'm sorry about this but you have to learn what is right and what is wrong.

I know Bob. I'm really sorry for what I did. I know that you have to do this so how do you want me?

Don't move Claire; I can get at your tits and pussy the way you are.

I panicked a little as I realised the implications of what he had said. Then the first slap hit my right breast. I screamed.

Then it was my left breast. I screamed again.

I saw Tony appear at the door a second before Bob's hand came down on my pussy. I screamed again then saw Tony's grin.

I didn't think of doing that Bob; that's a good idea.

Bob went round my 3 sensitive parts again then looked at Tony. The tears were pouring down the sides of my face as Bob said,

Where shall I land the last one Tony?

Pussy. Tony said.

As soon as it landed and I'd screamed again Tony disappeared saying,

Lock-up on your way out Claire. See you on Monday.

Sorry Claire. Bob said again then he too left.

I lay there for a while then put my hand to my pussy. It was so tender and hot. I opened my lips and touched my clit. A bolt of pleasure shot through me and I started to cum.

My body writhed about that table for a couple of minutes before I started to calm down.

What the hell was that? I thought; even though I knew what it was.

Why had that happened? I correctly asked myself.

As I lay there I wondered what was happening to me.

Eventually I got up, walked to my desk and got dressed into my home clothes. I locked up and drove home in a bit of a dream world.

Still feeling a bit under the weather? My mother asked. You go and have a hot bath and I'll put some soup on.

I smiled a little as I walked up the stairs. Soup is my mother's answer to all ailments.

In the bath I looked at my breasts. They were still a bit red and my nipples were sore and rock hard. Even after Bob's abuse they still managed to get hard. I touched my clit and jerked a bit. I thought about playing with it but decided to leave it.

As the water started to cool down I heard my mother shout that the soup was ready. I got out and put a robe on then went downstairs and had my soup.

Feel better? Mother asked.

Yes thank you mum.

Magic stuff my soup isn't it?

Yes mum.

I went to bed and tried to work out what was happening to me. My right hand involuntarily went to my clit and started rubbing.

When I woke up my pussy was dripping. Had I been masturbating in my sleep again? I just didn't know much anymore.

I had the weekend to try to make some sense of my feelings but I couldn't. Every chance that I got I put my hand on my bare pussy and played with it. I must have had 7 or 8 orgasms that weekend.

It didn't help that I had to go and do some shopping. As I was driving into town I asked myself why I hadn't put any underwear on that morning and gone out in only a thin summer dress. Tony wasn't with me so how would he know. I asked myself if I wanted to be naked under my thin dress.

At a set of traffic lights I put my hand up my skirt and touched my pussy. It was so wet and when I touched my clit I nearly exploded.

Walking round town in a bit of a daze I started to think that maybe I liked dressing like that. On impulse I went into a clothes shop and bought a much shorter summer dress. The top was scooped low and showed lots of cleavage. The shop girl was happy to let me leave wearing my new dress and she even cut the tags off for me.

As I walked down the street I felt nervous and excited; and still confused.

As I got into my car to go home I looked down at my lap. The short dress had ridden up and I could see my bare pubes. Normally I would have straightened my skirt, but I didn't; I drove home with my pubes on display.

When I got home my mother looked at me and said,

A bit risque isn't it?

She obviously didn't approve and just tutted when I said,

It's the fashion these days mum; all the girls are wearing clothes like this.

My dad smiled at me and when mother went out of the room and he told me that I looked beautiful.

I felt good too. When I went up to my room I stood in front of the mirror and experimented lifting the dress bit by bit until I could see my wet pussy. I stood with my legs apart and looked at my clit just showing between my lips. That was when I had to give myself one of the 7 or 8 orgasms.

I still didn't understand why I was feeling like I was.

The full team was there when I got to work on the Monday morning. I had a little panic until I looked at the clock and saw that I wasn't late. At my desk I opened the draw and looked up; everyone was looking at me. I, almost defiantly, stripped and stared back at them before putting the see-through skirt and the top on. A thought flashed through my brain,

I hope that one of the see-through tops arrives this morning.

Then I told myself to stop being stupid and I sat down and started my work.

Some more of my new clothes did arrive that morning and a see-through top was one of the items. When they arrived Tony had me strip and model each item for him. For some weird reason I wasn't as reluctant to strip for Tony and I didn't start crying.

Tony must have sensed that I was getting used to it because he pushed the limit a bit further by putting his hands on my breasts on top of one of the new tops. He used the pretence of wanting to feel the material but I'm sure that he just wanted to touch my tits.

When the snack van man arrived I just got up, grabbed my purse and walked out. Tony had had me discard my original top saying that it didn't go with my new skirts. He was right, they didn't go together but at least it wasn't see-through. As I walked out of the door I realised that I didn't feel anywhere as near bad as I had done the last week; in fact I felt a little wet rush and my nipples harden as I saw Rajeev looking expectantly for me.

Rajeev again complimented me on my outfit telling me that he liked the new Claire and I again felt his eyes looking at me as I walked back to the door.

5 o'clock came and I got nervous again. It was obviously Duncan's turn to punish me as he was stood at the kitchen door watching me get undressed. Neither of us said anything as I walked passed him and got onto the table. Spreading myself wide I waited as Duncan just stared at me.

It seemed like forever until Duncan said,

On your hands and knees Claire.

I turned over and got into the required position, spreading my knees quite wide. I buried my face in the sponge mat knowing that Duncan would be

staring at my open pussy.

Duncan slapped my butt hard; then again. I started to cry but still managed to hear both Tony and Sandra leaving and telling Duncan to lock-up on his way out.

Slap 3 and 4 were just as hard. As the rest of the 10 landed my butt was on fire and my pussy was hot and getting wetter by the second.

As the 10th landed I was relieved that it was over but my pussy was aching for attention. Duncan must have sensed this because he started fingering me. In and out went first one then two fingers. Within a couple of minutes I was cumming, screaming for Duncan to keep going. He did, and I had another orgasm.

Duncan removed his hand and I slid my knees back and just lay there on my stomach.

Thank you for that Claire; Duncan said, I've been wanting to do that since the first day that you walked in here.

I didn't say anything as Duncan left, reminding me to lock-up.

I pushed my right hand under me and cupped my pussy. I just needed something pressing on my clit.

After about 5 minutes I was recovered enough to get up and go and get dressed. As I walked out I looked at the kitchen table and smiled to myself. I didn't feel bad.

I still had a smile on my face when I got home. My mother told me that I looked much better, that my cheeks had a rosy glow. I grinned thinking,

And the other ones too.

The Tuesday saw more clothes arrive and another smile on the postman's face as I signed his machine. He cheekily said that he enjoyed delivering to us as he was staring at my see-through top; my nipples trying to cut their way out.

The snack van man was pleased to see me as well. So were 2 guys from the unit further down that had come up to the van there rather than waiting for it to move down. I was blushing like hell as they tried to make conversation with me. I got away as soon as I could and hurried back to work.

Duncan must have spread the word of what he did to me because when Aaron came to spank me he too fingered me and brought me to another shattering orgasm. Again I was so embarrassed that I had cum and I just lay there for ages after he'd left. The other weird thing was that after he'd gone I touched my clit I had another mini orgasm. Why was that?

It was Sandra the next evening and she wanted to spank me the same way as she had done before. When she came into the kitchen Tony was with her. I was instructed to raise my legs and Tony held them while Sandra spanked me. Sandra must have a bit of an evil streak because her spanks hurt like hell, more than the ones from the guys. When I was crying I wanted to ask her to be more gentle but I knew that Tony would use that to get her to spank me harder.

I was glad when the 10 were over and I was expecting Tony to release my ankles but he didn't. The next thing that I knew something big was invading my pussy.

What the fuck? I said; then went back to crying.

Well Claire, the guys tell me that they've been finger fucking you and that you've had some orgasms. Sandra wanted to be slightly different so she went and bought a big dildo. Perhaps this will humiliate you and make you regret what you have done.

Sandra showed no mercy; the dildo went in and out, gradually getting faster and faster. I tried not to get aroused but it was hopeless. All too soon I started cumming, and cumming, and cumming. Sandra just wouldn't stop.

After about the fifth orgasm she finally got tired and stopped. Tony let go of my legs and they dropped back to the table. They both watched me as I slowly got back to something like normal.

Fuck Claire, Sandra said, you really are a slut; I've never seen anyone cum like that.

Tony said,

Claire, I've told the guys to get a little more adventurous with you. Perhaps we can find something that doesn't turn you on so easily.

I was amazed; they were talking as if me cumming was my fault. I wasn't the one ramming things into my pussy.

I was left to lock-up again.

The next morning Tony watched me strip naked then called me into his office.

Claire, I see that you now have so many new clothes that you are having trouble putting them all in your desk. Before you start your work clear the rubbish out of that cupboard and then use it as your wardrobe; but not for your home clothes. Each morning you will strip at your desk then come over here and wait for me to select what you will wear for the day. Do you understand?

Yes Tony.

Right then, all that rubbish wants to go in the skip out the back.

I just stood there.

What is it Claire?

You said out the back; as in outside. But I have no clothes on.

I can see that. You've gone out to that snack van wearing next to nothing so going out the back with nothing on shouldn't be a problem to you; anything else?

Err yes, it's my period next week.

And?

And I use panty-liners.

Not any more you don't; get yourself some tampons. I guess that you'll have to find another way to let the guys humiliate you.

I spent the next hour walking backwards and forwards to the skip hoping that no one saw me. I know that I've been outside virtually naked before but actually being naked was different. It was more exciting. The wind blowing round my pussy and nipples felt good. I was in a reasonably good mood when my new wardrobe had all my new clothes in; even if they were clothes that I would never buy for myself, and never wear, anywhere, if I didn't have to. The other thing was that there were clothes that I'd never seen before and never ordered. I assumed that Tony had ordered them for me.

Some of them were so skimpy that I may as well not have bothered.

The delivery man arrived before Tony told me what he wanted me to wear and Sandra told me to go and sign for whatever it was as I was. I stopped feeling good and started feeling very embarrassed again as I signed for the package.

It was more clothes; and some heels. I knew that I hadn't ordered them so Tony or Sandra must have done it. I was just hanging them up when Tony came in and saw them.

Good, they've arrived. Today you will wear that string vest and the black heels. I slipped the string vest over my head and quickly realized that it was a man's string vest. It covered my butt and pussy but it was armless and the arm holes were very low cut. I could see the sides of my tits when I lifted my arms. The other thing was that the holes were so big that my nipples poked through 2 of them; and there were so many holes that I may as well not have been wearing anything.

I dreaded going out to the snack van man; so much so that I decided to skip lunch. Unfortunately Tony wanted some lunch. By the time that I got outside the van had moved down the car park and there was no one getting served. If I was to get Tony's lunch I would have to run after it.

All of a sudden 4 guys from the unit at the bottom came out get their lunch. They got to the van before I did and I had to wait to get served.

One of the guys turned round then said,

Hey guys, you may want to turn round and look at this.

By that time I was stood there trying to get my breath back and wishing that I was hundreds of miles away.

Getting served took forever. The guys were staring at me and talking about me. Their suggestive comments were embarrassing me something rotten. I should have expected it; after all, all I was wearing was a totally see-through vest. What's more, it was ages before I realised that my right tit had escaped during the run down.

Rajeev was so happy to see me that I got Tony's lunch for free.

When I gave Tony his lunch he told me that I looked good.

For the rest of that week and the start of the next week the evening routine was the same. The guys would spank me then finger fuck me to an orgasm. In a way I was getting used to it but it was still horribly humiliating.

When my period arrived I had the little string dangling as I lay on the table. It was Duncan's turn to abuse me and after he'd administered the 10 swats he said,

Well Claire, I see that your fuck hole is occupied. I guess that I'll have to put something in another of your holes.

My first reaction was that he was going to stick something up my butt, a thing that I really did not want. When he told me to turn round and lay across the table with my head hanging off the side I had this horrible feeling that he was going to stick his dick in my mouth.

That horrible feeling became a fact of life. When he got his dick out I pleaded with him not to do it but he pressed the end of his dick against my mouth and held my nose until I opened up. It was horrible and as he pressed further in he kept saying swallow Claire.

I did, hoping that I wouldn't choke to death. After a couple of minutes of me thinking that I was about to die things suddenly got less choking.

Duncan kept ramming his dick in and out of my mouth until he suddenly stopped and pressed real hard. I suddenly felt something warm going down my throat.

That's right Claire, swallow it all.

When Duncan pulled out he stood there and wiped the end of his dick on my face then put it back into his pants.

Thank you Claire, Duncan said, don't worry, you can have another load tomorrow; and he left.

That was the first time that I'd done that for a man and part of me said that I never wanted to do it again. The other part of me couldn't wait until tomorrow.

After the next 2 spankings I got face fucked and decided that it wasn't really that bad.

The following morning whilst I was standing naked in Tony's office waiting for him to arrive I decided that I was going to tell him that enough was enough; that I'd been humiliated more than enough. I practised what I was going to say in my head and when he walked in I started on my little speech.

I'd only got 2 sentences out when he stopped me and threatened me with the police and my parents again. He was having nothing of it. He even pulled up a few videos on his pc showing me having all those orgasms. I hadn't seen any cameras in the kitchen but I didn't know our products by sight, only numbers. They could have been anywhere.

I was well and truly shot down. I realised that I had to go on enduring those punishments.

A couple of months previous I had made the mistake of telling Sandra that my parent were going on holiday and that I'd be left at home alone. Tony suddenly reminded me of that fact and told me that because I'd dared to challenge his decision I would have to drive to and from work totally naked.

I gasped and said,

What about getting to my car from here; and what about my neighbours?

I'm sure that you'll work something out; and when you're at home you will stay naked as well. Remember what we do here Claire, you never know when we will be watching you.

Fuck, was there a camera somewhere at home? Were there lots of them? Had Tony seen me masturbating in my bedroom? Had he watched me shav-

ing each morning? Oh fuck. What was I going to do?

The spanking followed by the finger fucking happened again that evening but it was followed by a mouth fucking as well. That started happening every evening apart from when it was Sandra's turn. Those evenings my pussy was filled with the big dildo. Sandra did try to push it down my throat but I was gagging too much and she took pity on me and stopped.

The following Monday morning I got up early, got ready (apart from any clothes) and then kept looking out of the window until I was confident that none of the neighbours were looking (not that I could ever be sure of that). I chickened out a couple of times before dashing to my car. I sat there for a couple of minutes getting my breath back then set off.

It was weird driving whilst naked. I started getting paranoid that everyone was looking at me and I worked out where I could stop at traffic light to minimise the risk of someone looking and realising.

I eventually got to work and sat there for a minute before looking round to see if anyone was there.

Eventually I got the courage and I jumped out and ran for the door. I had to be the first there didn't I? The damn door was locked and I had to fumble in my bag to get the keys. Boy was I happy to be in that building.

When I got to my desk my heart was pounding and my pussy was dripping. I just sat there with my hand cupping my soaking pussy until I heard someone else arrive then I went and stood in Tony's office waiting for him.

I was a horny, nervous person going to and coming from work for the next few days. The nervous reduces a bit but every morning but I always just sat at my desk holding my pussy until someone else arrived. I wanted to masturbate but I was scared in case there was a camera watching me. When I got home each evening I did frig myself to a glorious orgasm just as soon as I got in the door.

One morning when I got to work there was a DHL delivery van outside our unit. I waited for a couple of minutes to see where the delivery man was. When I was satisfied that he was not anywhere close I made a run for it. Just as I was getting to the back of the van the man came round the corner

and I nearly bumped into him. I stopped dead in my tracks not even thinking to try to cover my tits and pussy. The man just stared for a few seconds then smiled and said,

Well hi there, I didn't think that it was that warm; or are you taking part in a nude at work day?

I un-froze and mumbled something as I rushed to our door. I could feel his eyes burning my bare butt as I unlocked the door and went in.

That morning I went straight to the toilet and took care of my burning desire.

Another problem I had with a delivery man was a few days later. Tony had me dress in very skimpy clothes that were slightly see-through. When I opened the door to him he immediately grinned and walked in. Before I knew it he had an arm round me and was groping my tits. I told him to get off me but he didn't so I screamed. Within seconds Tony was there and pushing the man off me.

Leave her alone scum-bag. Tony said.

What's the problem man? She's a whore and she loves it.

She definitely isn't a whore, she's a respected employee and as such she WILL be treated with respect by everyone who comes here. In your language that means that you will not touch her or insult her in any way. Is that plain enough for you to understand?

Yes but she was begging for it.

No she wasn't.

But look at her.

It doesn't matter what any woman does or does not wear; they must be treated with respect. Would you like me to tell you what that word means?

No.

Good; now get out.

The man turned and left and I put my arms round Tony and kissed his cheek.

Thank you Tony.

You re welcome; and just scream if anything like that happens again.

I will.

On evening that same week, I stripped and went to the kitchen to wait as usual. It was Bob s turn and he was late. I lay there waiting and heard both Tony and Sandra leave. I was left on my own. Time passed and I got bored; but for some reason I started getting excited and horny. I couldn t explain those feeling because I was waiting to get my pussy and tits spanked and my mouth fucked.

After about 20 minutes my right hand moved to my pussy and my finger started teasing my clit.

By half past five Bob still hadn t arrived and my frigging was getting serious.

Five minutes later I was cumming; and cumming hard. It was only after I started coming down I thought about cameras. I looked round and couldn t see any; but there again I didn t know what I was looking. As I got up and got ready to go home I hoped that I hadn t been caught on video.

The next morning while I was stood naked in the office waiting for Tony to arrive; Bob stuck his head round the door and apologised for not being able to get back in time.

I told him that I d missed him and that I d make it up to him next time that it was his turn. After he d gone I realised what I d said. I d missed him could easily be interpreted to mean that I was looking forward to him spanking my bare body and fucking my mouth. I d make it up to him next time could easily mean that he could do more to me next time. What more could he do to me? I felt horrible when I realised that the only other thing that he could do to me was actually fuck me properly. I shuddered at the thought, but felt myself get very wet.

My parent came home and I started dressing to go to work. I was actually a bit disappointed because I d got to like the excitement of driving naked. I d also got used to walking around the house naked and staying naked all

weekend. I wasn't looking forward to the next weekend and I hoped that I would remember to put some clothes on each time I came out of my room.

That Monday night was Bob's turn to abuse me and when he came into the kitchen and saw me spread eagled waiting for him he reminded me that I'd said that I'd make it up to him for missing a session with me.

I immediately regretted what I'd said and said nothing to Bob. He did his usual tit and pussy spanking then told me to swivel round so that I was across the table. I lowered my head and waited for Bob to ram his cock down my throat but Bob stayed put. After a few seconds he said,

Right Claire, I've been thinking about what you said and as there's logically only one next step I have to assume that you want me to fuck you.

I nearly started crying again as Bob went to the side of the table and looked down at my spread pussy. I knew what was coming next and I didn't know if I wanted it or not. I was so confused.

I heard the zip on Bob's trousers and tensed up.

I felt the tip of Bob's cock touch my pussy and jerked back. Bob pushed then said,

Shit Claire, you're tight; relax slut.

I relaxed and felt the cock go deep inside me. Boy did that feel good.

Bob started going in and out and before long we were both close to cumming.

All of a sudden Bob stopped and asked me if I was on the pill. I nodded and he started thrusting again; this time harder than before.

I felt my tits wobbling as I grunted in time with Bob's thrusts. Bob stopped and pressed into me real hard. Then I felt something warm inside me. After a few seconds Bob pulled out and came round to the other side of the table.

I opened my mouth and sucked Bob's soft cock.

Two minutes later Bob pulled his still soft cock out of my mouth and put it back inside his trousers.

Same again next time. Bob said as he walked out, leaving me frustrated. Bob asking me if I was on the pill had spoilt the moment for me and I needed release.

Not caring if I was on any camera I put my hand to my pussy and gave it the release that it needed.

When Duncan came at 5 o'clock the next day he too fucked me. So did Aaron the next day. It was Sandra's turn the next evening and she really rammed that dildo into me. Afterwards she said,

Well Claire, I hear that the boys are fucking you and that you're really enjoying it. Tony is quite impressed with the videos and is thinking of branching out into porno videos. Do you fancy being a porno star?

No, no, please don't let him do that, I'll do anything, but please don't let him sell any videos of me. I pleaded.

Well, maybe if you were to lick my pussy I might try to persuade him not to. Sandra said.

Yes, yes, I'll do anything. I said.

I'd never eaten another girl's pussy before so I wasn't sure what I was letting myself in for. Okay, in the privacy of my bedroom I'd stuck 3 fingers in my pussy then licked them just to see what it was like; and it was good, but I didn't know if every pussy tastes the same.

Sandra had me wait until all the others had gone home then took her skirt and knickers off. She climbed onto the table and spread her knees over my face. As she lowered her pussy to my face I was glad to see that she too shaved.

I started doing to her what I thought I would like someone to do to me. It seemed to work because she started to moan and get very wet. After a couple of minutes she bent forward and lowered her face to my pussy.

Sandra did to me what I was doing to her and before long I started cumming, shortly followed by her.

I thought that I was going to suffocate as Sandra collapsed onto me but I

managed to turn my head a bit and start breathing again.

Sandra was satisfied and she told me to get dressed and we left for home.

The next morning while I was stood in Tony s office waiting for him to arrive I was very nervous. I wanted to plead with him to get him to promise that he wouldn t sell the videos but I didn t know how to start.

The subject of the videos never came up as Tony said,

I see that both Sandra and the guys have found new ways to punish you. I do hope that you are learning from them.

Yes Tony I certainly am.

I ve told all the guys to be here at 5 o clock tonight. Now put this on and go and get some work done.

My eyes opened wide for a second. Had Tony just told me that I was going to get gangbanged? I felt a really big gush in my pussy and my nipples throbbed.

Tony gave me the 2 small rectangles of material and said,

I think that s everything that you ll wear today Claire. I looked at him and said,

Sure thing boss.

All that day I was tingling with anticipation and my pussy was dripping. I even gave the snack van man a hug and rubbed my tits in his face. Two of the guys from the unit down the car park told me that they were collecting photos for their company s calendar and asked me to pose for them. They were over the moon when I said,

Tell you what, if things go as well as I hope tonight I will pose for you.

All 4 installation guys watched me strip naked at 5 o clock that night. I was so close to cumming as I walked into the kitchen that when I got onto the table and opened my legs Bob said,

Bloody hell, she s gagging for it.

And I was. It was amazing; my sexiest fantasy was about to come true.

I m going first. Bob said.

I ll have her mouth. Duncan said.

I was totally knackered as I got into my car to go home. When I walked through the door my mum looked at me and asked me if I d won the lottery.

Something like that mum. I said as I went up to my room and stripped for a long hot bath.

When Tony arrived the next morning he said,

I have to admit that your work has been exemplary since you started getting punished; and the guys are getting their work done quicker. I think that the business needs you to continue being punished the way that you were last night. If things keep improving I think that I may just have to give you a pay rise.

Does that mean that I have to keep wearing just those 2 rectangles Tony?

That s the most that you can wear Claire.

Part 02

Hi, my name s Claire, I m 19 and I m being blackmailed into being a slut.

After everything that had happened to me the first time that I did something stupid at work you d have thought that I would have learnt my lesson but I went and did another stupid thing.

Just in case you didn t read what happened to me here s a quick summary: -

I work as an office junior at a smallish electronic surveillance company and I did 2 stupid things, firstly I made a mistake on an invoice to a friend s father that could have been mistaken for me trying to fiddle the books; and the second was to use the company s internet to access porn sites.

My punishment was to wear next to nothing at work and to slowly become the sex toy of all the workers there. After a while I got to enjoy it and really looked forward to the daily fucks and exposure to employees, visitors and the people from surrounding businesses.

I guess that I got to enjoy it too much and I started to get complacent in my work tasks. Sadly for me I made the mistake of not entering a payment of 1,634 into the books on the last Friday afternoon of the month. Let me explain.

Firstly I've had no accountancy training so I don't know what I should and shouldn't do; I just follow instructions.

The client came in on the Friday afternoon while no one else was there. I'd already finished updating the spreadsheet and couldn't be bothered to go back and update it. I decided to put the money in the safe in Tony's office until the Monday, then deal with it on the Monday morning. Unfortunately, the phone rang just as I was getting back to my desk and I had to take it.

I threw the envelope towards my desk and as I answered the phone I saw the envelope slide off the desk and go into my open bag. I got on with answering the call and forgot all about the money. I only found it again when I got home and was looking for something in my bag. Knowing that there would be no one still at work I hid the money in my bedroom and got on with my weekend.

Unfortunately I was late getting up on the Monday morning and I forgot all about the money.

It was only when Tony called me into his office that I remembered what I'd left at home.

Tony told me to stand next to him as he clicked on play on a video. I knew that I was in trouble as soon as I saw the money fall into my bag. Tony went ballistic.

He was right when he said that he could call the police and get me locked-up and I just knew that I had to do anything and everything that he ordered me to so that I could avoid that; not only for me, but for my parents. I just couldn't put them through the shame.

Tony kept going on about calling the police and a couple of times he even picked up the phone. I stood there wearing just those 2 small rectangles of material that just about covered my pubic bone and part of my butt crack (part of my original punishment); crying and just about peeing myself.

After a while I realised that my nipples were rock hard, my pussy was wet, very wet, and I had that tingling in my lower belly. I just couldn't believe that I was getting aroused while getting the biggest bollocking of my whole life.

When Tony calmed down a bit he told me to go and stand outside the front door and wait for him to decide what my new punishment would be.

I did as ordered and stood there still crying and wondering just what Tony would have me do. The crazy thing was that I was horny as hell. I wanted one of the workers to come back to the office, find me and fuck me like never before.

After about 30 minutes my crying had stopped but I was still feeling horny and the cool breeze was tickling my nipples and pussy. I saw a white van drive up and as the driver got out he stared at me. I recognised him from previous deliveries, but I had always been inside at those times.

So what's going on here?

I couldn't see any point in telling a fib so I gave him a quick summary. All the time the breeze was lifting the 3 rectangles. I didn't try to hold them down and I'm sure that he must have seen my pussy while I was talking.

Tell your boss that I'll gladly help punish you if he wants. The man said as I signed for the package.

The man drove away leaving me standing there wondering what was in store for me. A couple of vehicles drove passed and beeped their horns when they saw me. I wondered if the breeze had let them see even more of me.

Eventually Tony opened the door and called me in. Back in his office I stood in front of his desk nearly peeing myself and wondering why my nipples and pussy were aching.

Right Claire; I'm sure that I don't have to remind you of the seriousness of this. When you made your last big mistake I decided that embarrassment and humiliation was a good punishment. That didn't go quite as well as plan-

ned and you now appear to be enjoying being nearly naked and getting your daily gangbangs. I still think that embarrassment and humiliation is a good punishment but we need to take it to another level. From now on you will be naked at work all the time.

In addition I am going to organise a few out of hours events that you WILL take part in, regardless of how demeaning or humiliating they are.

Yes Tony.

The first event will take place on Friday evening at the Red Lion pub. You will arrive there at 9 pm wearing only a short skirt and a thin, short top. You will walk through the pub and go up to the Function Room where I will be waiting. Do you understand me?

Yes boss.

Now get those clothes off and get on with your work.

Yes boss.

I quickly unfastened the rectangles and let them drop to the ground.

Turn your back to me and pick those up.

Doing as I was told I heard Tony say,

Bloody hell girl, you re enjoying this aren t you?

No I am not.

Get out.

I went back to my desk and got on with my job.

After about 30 minutes Sandra came in and looked at me.

Bloody hell Claire; you really are an exhibitionist aren t you?

Sorry Sandra, I ve done another stupid thing.

As I was telling her I couldn t help noticing that I was feeling horny; and that it was showing.

So what s your punishment this time?

I don t know yet; apart from this.

I waved my arm down my front, looking down as I did so. I saw that my nipples were the biggest that I d ever seen them.

Well Claire, I can see that you re enjoying sitting there stark naked. Are you still going to have to service the whole workforce each evening?

I presume so.

I might stay back tonight and get you to eat me.

That would be nice, you taste good. I said to Sandra. I wasn t lying but I also wanted to stay in her good books.

After work and I d been fucked by Aaron and Pete and made Sandra cum I went looking for Tony but he d already left. I put my travelling clothes on, locked up and went home worrying about what Tony was going to make me do.

Nothing was said the next 2 days then Tony called me into his office and reminded me that I had to go to the Red Lion on the Friday night; that I was to meet him in the function room. When I asked him what for, all he would say was that it was to receive a small part of my punishment.

That pub is a very old, big one and I d never been to before.

As I was getting ready to go to the pub I was very apprehensive. I didn t know what Tony had planned for me but I guessed that it would involve nudity and probably some sex. I d had a shower and shaved everywhere below my neck but I couldn t decide what to wear. Eventually I decided on a simple tank top and a loose fitting, flared skirt; none of my favourites because I suspected that I d have to take them off and maybe not get them back. I hoped that mum and dad would be in bed when I got home.

When I d got the skirt and top on I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn t help lifting the skirt up to my waist to look at my flat stomach and pussy. I was a little surprised to see that even the front of my pussy looked wet. I put my hand on my pussy and confirmed that I was wet; very wet. I hadn t realised just how much my body was getting excited about what could hap-

pen soon.

As I left my house I went to say bye to my parents and to tell them not to wait up for me. I bent over to kiss my mum and as she looked at me she said,

You girls these days, my mother said as she noticed my lack of bra straps, we never went out without a bra in my days.

Mum, I replied, this is 2014; nearly all the girls don't wear bras when they go out at night these days.

When I went to kiss my father he whispered,

Does that apply to knickers as well?

You shouldn't be looking dad, I whispered back, you're my father.

What's the world coming to? Mum said as I left the room.

When I got to my car I checked that I had a spare skirt and top in the back (I keep some there all the time these days, you never know what Tony's going to make me do), then I set off. As I was getting close I realised that I was as horny as hell. I touched my clit and nearly came.

Stop it Claire, I said and concentrated in getting there in one piece.

I'd never been to that pub before and I discovered that it is a really old building that has wooden beams in most of the rooms. As I went up to the function room the wide wooded stairs creaked.

Tony, Bob and Aaron were there, all sat at a table drinking beers.

Ah there you are Claire, Tony said, I was beginning to think that you'd decided to take your chances with the police; and suffer the shame with your parents.

No, no; I said that I'd do anything and I meant it. I replied.

Right then, lift your skirt and prove that you have no underwear on and that you've had a shave.

I did as told and Tony ran his hand over my pubes and pussy. I let out a little

moan as one of his fingers parted my lips and hovered at the entrance of my hole for a second.

Now Claire, Tony said, I want you to go downstairs and go up to men and young couples and ask them if they want to see you naked. If they say that they do then tell them to come up here.

What! I can't do that; it'd be so humiliating.

Oh, I think you can do it; and when you're asking them you can ask them if they want to see you get spanked and fucked as well.

My eyes opened wide. Was Tony going to spank and fuck me in front of loads of strangers? Or was he planning to get the strangers to spank and fuck me? Was he getting me to invite strangers to gangbang me? And what about the women what was he planning to get them to do to me; or me to them?

I just stood there for about 10 seconds taking in what Tony had just told me.

Come on Claire, you're wasting time. Get down there. I want to see about 10 people up here within the next 10 minutes.

Claire . NOW!

Tony shouting snapped me out of it and I turned and walked towards the door. As I opened it I looked back to Tony hoping that he would tell me that he was only joking; but he wasn't even looking at me.

As I walked down the stairs my pussy was aching like hell and I could feel my juices as I walked.

Down in the main bar I looked around and chose 2 men talking at the bar. I went up to them and stood behind them.

Excuse me sir, but would you 2 gentlemen like to see me naked?

Their conversation stopped mid-sentence and they both turned round to look where the voice had come from.

Are you serious young lady?

Yes sir.

This is a wind-up. The other man said, Where's the camera?

No camera sir, I m serious; do you want to see me get spanked?

Go away stupid girl. One of the men said.

I turned and looked around to see who I could ask next.

I saw a couple about my age and thought,

If I get a couple, the man might not want to be too hard on me with his partner there.

The man had his back to me and the woman look a bit mousey so I walked up to them and asked them if they wanted watch me get spanked.

The man turned to look at me and I saw his face.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. I thought; It was Jason, one of the guys who was in my class at college.

Oh hi Claire, how are you? Jason asked. Err, what was that you just said?

My face was burning but I just knew that I had to repeat my question. When I had Jason said,

Well, well Claire; I never would have thought that you d do anything like this. Is this for a bet or have you really done something naughty?

Something like that; well, do you want to watch me or not?

Jason looked at his girlfriend then back to me and said,

When we were at college a few of the guys fancied you but no one had the nerve to ask you out; you always looked so prim and proper. Of course we want to watch you. It ll be a fantastic story to tell my mates; and of course, show them the photos and video. I bet that I can get the video to most of our class within days.

I blushed an even deeper shade of red. I wanted to just run and cry somewhere but I knew that I had to get on with it. I turned to go and look for someone else. I hadn t thought about cameras and I got even more worried. Part of me was horrified by the thought of photos and videos of me being circulated round my college friends; I just wouldn t be able to face any of them again. The other part of me wanted it to happen. I got a little wet rush and

my pussy ached for attention.

I asked about 20 people before 10 accepted; the others just didn't believe that I was serious.

I followed the last people that I had asked, that agreed, up the stairs and saw that Aaron was stood outside the door making sure that we didn't get any unwanted visitors. Inside the room I looked round and part of me wanted to run a mile.

Sandra, Pete and Duncan had joined Tony, Bob and Aaron. Everyone from work was now there and there was a video camera in the middle of the table. I should have expected them to video the event but seeing the camera still made me get that sinking feeling.

Tony broke the silence and the 7 men and 3 women's eyes left me for a minute.

Right ladies and gentlemen, Claire here has volunteered to be punished tonight for an indiscretion at work. I'm not sure what she said to you downstairs but if you get offended by nudity or seeing corporal punishment and sex then you should leave now; Claire has no wish to offend you. I can promise those of you that stay that you will have a very enjoyable hour or so watching, and taking part in Claire's punishment.

At this point I must stress that Claire is not here under any duress, being here is not against her wishes and she is more than happy to be the star in tonight's entertainment; isn't that right Claire?

Yes. I said quietly.

What was that Claire? We couldn't hear you. Speak up with a full answer. Tony said.

Yes; I almost shouted, I fully accept that I am here voluntarily and agree 100% to take part in whatever happens to me this evening.

That's better Claire. Tony said as he started passing out small cards to all the guests.

For the first part of Claire's punishment she will be asking people to do things to her. She will do this by asking for the person with a number from 1

to 10. Each of you now has a card with a number on it. After a number has been called and the person has done whatever Claire has asked then I want all of you to swap cards with someone else. Please keep your numbers hidden from Claire. That way Claire will not know who will be asked next. I will make sure that every one of you gets asked at least once. For the rest of the evening Claire will be referred to as Cunt . If you need to say anything to her please call her Cunt .

If any of you have a camera or a smart phone, please feel free to record any or all of tonight s entertainment.

Right, let the games begin.

Cunt, ask a number to take your top off.

I looked around realising that I was going to be seriously embarrassed, humiliated, and probably fucked by all these people. I felt my nipples get harder and my pussy ache and get very wet.

Number 3, please can you remove my top?

I stood there as a grinning man walked up to me and told me to put my hands in the air. When they were up he grabbed the hem of my top and pulled it up and off. My 34Bs wobbled free and my nipples got so hard that they hurt.

Tony held out his hand and the man threw the top to him.

Cunt, the skirt. Tony said.

Number 6, please can you remove my skirt?

Jason s girlfriend stepped forward. Without any hesitation she reached to my side, released the hook and pulled the zip down. My skirt dropped and I could see a couple of grins as they all realised that I wasn t wearing any knickers. The girlfriend bent down and picked up the skirt as I stepped out of it.

Passing the skirt to Tony, the girlfriend returned to the group. I was looking down to the ground but I could still see the voyeurs exchanging numbers.

Now the shoes Cunt; and keep your hands by your side. Tony said.

Number 8, please can you remove my shoes?

Number 8 was another man and he came and knelt right in front of me, his face only inches from my pussy. His hands went to my right thigh, one either side, and slowly slid them down to my foot. I lifted my foot and the hands removed my shoe. Then he did the same with my left leg.

I squat down and picked up my shoes and handed them to Tony.

Cunt, Tony said, spread your legs then ask someone to check to see how aroused you are.

Number 1, please come and see how aroused I am.

Another man stepped forward and as he approached me I spread my legs quite wide. He knelt in front of me and moved his head close to my pussy.

She looks might wet to me. The man said.

Please check properly? I asked.

As the man put his hand on my wet pussy I was thinking,

Why had I said that? He d already said that I was wet.

The man slid a finger inside me and I let out a moan. Then he stood up and held his finger in front of my face. Without thinking I leant forward and sucked his wet finger. I could hear someone say,

Wow, without even being told.

When I let go of the man s finger he stepped back and Tony said,

Cunt, ask someone to come and tie your hands together.

I looked over to Tony and saw that he had some soft looking rope in his hand.

Where had that come from? I thought then I asked number 7 to tie my wrists.

Without being asked, or told, I put my hands together behind my back and waited while the man tied my wrists together.

Now Cunt, Tony said, walk slowly in amongst the guests and invite then to spank you on your butt, tits or pussy.

I looked at Tony then walked slowly to my guests. I was starting to feel horribly ashamed and humiliated. Half of me wanted to stop right there and half of me wanted to continue. In amongst the guests I kept saying,

Please spank my butt or my pussy or my tits.

They all did as requested, some with more vigour than others. Most chose my butt but 2 slapped my tits hard. One man chose my pussy and he told me to stand still and spread my legs. He stood beside me and slapped my pussy 5 times. It hurt like hell. On the fifth one he held his hand there for a few seconds and slid a finger inside me.

The tears were welling in my eyes but at the same time my pussy was aching for attention. That man held his hand in front of my face and I opened my mouth to suck his finger; but as my mouth got to within a millimetre of his finger he pulled it away and sucked it himself.

With a red butt and tits I slowly walked to the centre of the room. I looked round and saw that a couple of phones were out and pointed at me.

On your knees Cunt and bend forward and put your face on the floor. Tony said.

I did as told and quickly realised that my butt was up in the air. My knees were spread and those guests behind me must have had a good view of both my holes.

Right Cunt; ask everyone to take it in turns to spank your butt.

I did; and when the first one hit me I yelped out. Realising that it wasn't a hand that had hit my butt I looked back and saw a man with this sort of multi strand, short whip in his hand (Tony later told me that it's called a Flogger).

All the guests took it in turns to turn my butt even redder. Some stood alongside me and brought the flogger down onto my pussy. Boy; did that hurt; but after a while I stopped feeling it and felt all warm and aroused.

After a while it all stopped and everything was all quiet apart from my slight sobbing.

Tony interrupted the silence by saying,

Cunt, ask the guests to finger-fuck you if they want to.

Of course they did; and I heard bodies bump together as they obviously rushed forward. I was expecting to feel a finger invade my hole next but instead I felt this thing touch my clit. Tony later told me that it's called a magic wand.

It certainly worked magic on my clit. I opened my eyes and looked back and saw a pair of women's heels. Looking up I saw Sandra bent over and holding the magic wand against my clit.

Tony must have realised that I was getting close to cumming because he said,

The cunt wants to cum; shall we let her?

He was right, I did want to cum; and soon. The problem was that quite a few of the guests said,

No.

Ask if you want to cum Cunt, and don't you dare cum until I say you can.

Sandra and a whole series of guests tortured my clit and hole for what seemed like hours. I kept asking if I could cum but everyone kept saying,

No.

I was sweating and trembling. I'd heard of orgasm denial before but never considered that it would be that hard. I'd always just done what my body was telling me.

Please let me cum? I kept on saying, more and more frantically each time until eventually I heard someone say,

Yes, Cunt, you may cum now.

I have never been so relieved in my whole life; nor have I ever made such animal noises as I grunted and screamed as I came over and over.

Finally, Sandra took the magic wand thing off my clit and I started to come down.

As I started to get control of my body back I realised that my face was still on the floor and my butt was high in the air. I looked round (as much as I could) and saw Tony's feet close by.

At last Cunt; now get over there and onto that table.

Tony pointed to the table that was in the middle of the room and I went over to it. Guessing that Tony wanted me to lay on it I did just that.

No Cunt, Tony said, Not like that across the table.

I swivelled round so that my butt was on one edge of the table and my head was hanging over the opposite side.

That's better Cunt. Now bring your knees up to your tits, spread them wide and hold them like that.

Most of the people in the room would be able to see my pussy, wide open and dripping with my juices.

Right Cunt, Tony continued, ask everyone who wants to, to fuck you in any hole that they want.

OMG; it's one thing getting gangbanged by people that you know, but it's something else with complete strangers. I hoped that none of them would want to fuck my butt. After a short pause I said,

Will you all please take it in turns in numerical sequence to fuck me in any hole that you want.

No one moved at first so Tony told me to repeat myself. I did and then 2 of the men came forward. One quickly started fucking my pussy and the other came round to my head. I watched him unzip his trousers and get his cock out. From where my head was his cock looked huge; even bigger as it came closer and closer to my mouth. I instinctively opened my mouth and as the tip hovered at my lips I started licking it.

The man suddenly pushed forward and his cock went to my throat. Fighting the gagging I relaxed and let the cock go down my throat.

In and out went 2 cocks and I could feel myself getting more and more worked-up. The cock in my throat got fatter and then stopped. I did my best to swallow everything that came out of it. Then I felt a warm sensation in

my pussy. I was getting 2 loads of cum pumped inside me at almost the same time.

I had a few seconds to get my breath before I felt another cock at my pussy. It thrust deep inside me then pulled out. Then I felt what I feared; I was about to lose my bum virginity.

Thankfully the man took his time stretching my butt hole and lubricating it with my pussy juices. I seem to remember making a few embarrassing noises before he thrust deep inside me. I gasped, never having experienced what was happening to me. Thankfully it wasn't as painful or weird as I'd expected; but I still prefer to have things inside my pussy.

When those 2 were done, 2 more moved in. I opened my eyes and saw a bald pussy hovering over my mouth. I knew what I had to do and as the pussy lowered onto my mouth I got to work.

I decided that I needed more practice at eating another girl's pussy because the cock in my pussy came long before the girl that I was eating came.

It seemed to take forever, and 3 orgasms, before all 10 had had their way with me. My pussy, my mouth and my butt were aching and sore by that time and I had mixed feelings. Part of me wanted it to be over and for me to be at home in my bed; but another part of me wanted more.

As I was getting my breath back Sandra appeared between my legs. She had that magic wand thing in her hand and a big grin on her face. I got a little worried as I heard the wand thing start purring; then it touched my clit. I gasped and just knew that I wouldn't last long.

As the wand worked its magic on my clit I felt Sandra's fingers invade my pussy. For a few seconds she finger-fucked me then I felt my hole being stretched wide. Talk about pain and pleasure. I gasped, not knowing what to do. Just as I was about to cum the wand died and left my clit. I raised my head to see why Sandra had stopped and saw that her whole hand was inside me.

My eyes went wide open and my jaw dropped. I'd never even considered that happening to me.

Sandra looked at me, smiled and said,

Don't you dare cum girl you're going home wanting to cum and you better

not before Monday at work. You understand Cunt?

Sandra slowly removed her hand leaving my hole feeling empty and sore as it slowly shrunk back to its normal size.

I lay there waiting for Tony to tell me what to do next but when he started talking he addressed the guests ,

Right everyone; that concludes Cunt Claire s punishment for tonight, thank you all for your contribution.

Looking at Jason Tony continued,

Jason isn t it? Can I have a quiet word before you leave please?

I hoped that Tony was going to tell Jason to keep quiet about what had just happened; I just knew that if my friends found out they would become ex-friends.

Tony left me laying there as the guests left and he talked to Jason. Jason looked over to me before he left and Tony came over to me.

Right Claire, Tony said, I trust that you learnt something tonight; now get yourself home and we ll all SEE you on Monday.

Before I knew it everyone had left leaving me the only one there; and I was still naked. I looked round and saw my clothes on a chair. I quickly (well slowly) hobbled over to them and got dressed.

I went to bed that night not knowing whether to be sad or happy. What I did know for certain was that when I woke-up on the Saturday morning I was sore all over and still as horny as hell. My right hand went to my wet pussy and my fingers started teasing my clit. After about 10 seconds I remembered what Sandra had told me. I quickly pulled my hand away and just lay there.

Before I got up I had lots of mixed feelings. I hated what Tony had made me do. I felt so ashamed but at least it had stopped my parents finding out about what I had done; or even worse, the police. I guessed that the gangbang was a small price to pay to stop that happening. Yet at the same time my body had loved every second of it. In fact I found myself day dreaming about how I could get it to happen again.

My pussy was starting to tingle again and I so wanted to touch it but I just knew that if I did I wouldn't be able to lie to Sandra on the Monday. I slowly got out of bed and went and had a cold shower.

Back in my room I even considered putting some knickers on to take my mind off my pussy but I remembered that Tony had told me never to wear any again.

I needed something to take my mind off my sore pussy and my desires to play with it.

Mother to the rescue again; as I was getting some breakfast she told me that her and dad were going to the next town for a wander around and look in the shops. Normally I would never consider going with them but I needed something horrible boring to take my mind off my pussy and what it had gone through the previous evening; so I asked mum if I could go with them. She looked a bit shocked but happily agreed saying that it would be nice to have a little trip like we used to do.

As I went upstairs to change and put on a slightly longer skirt and sensible shoes I had some regrets about my decision, but I needed something to distract me.

I was right, it was a boring day; but at least I couldn't play with my pussy as we wandered round the town and shops. By the time we got back home my pussy was the last thing on my mind. I even settled down and watched TV with my parents that night.

Mum gave me a goodnight kiss and told me that it was nice to have a family evening at home.

I had a good, peaceful night's sleep but when I woke up my hand was on my pussy; and it was wet. Had I played with myself in my sleep and brought myself off? I didn't know but if I had I decided that it didn't count because I was asleep, so I could still honestly tell Sandra that I hadn't cum.

My pussy was feeling less sore on the Sunday morning, and by the evening it didn't hurt at all. I kept myself busy all day doing some of the things that I had been meaning to do for ages.

Monday morning came and I was nervous and so horny. I'd woken-up with a very wet pussy not knowing if I'd made myself cum when I was asleep. As I drove to work I was hoping that someone there would make me cum as soon as possible.

Shortly after Tony arrived he called me into his office and clicked play on a video file on his PC. To my horror it was of me the previous Friday. The thing was, all the bits where Tony had told me what to ask the guests to do to me had been cut out. It sounded like he'd written a program to remove his voice. The only person speaking was me asking people to do things to me. It looked like I was controlling everything as some sort of sex starved slut.

Well Claire, Tony said, this video speaks for its self. You were obviously controlling the evening's events. Think what your parents and friends would think. Think what it would be like for you if this video got onto the internet; it would go viral in hours. From now on you will do anything and everything that I tell you; without question. Is that understood Claire?

Through the tears I managed to tell Tony that he was right, that I was his; that I would do anything for him.

I left that office with mixed feelings; I hated that I had to do everything that Tony and the others demanded of me but at the same time I wanted them to do things to me; I wanted them to control me and my life; and my body.

The week went reasonably quietly. Of course I was naked all day long and I got gangbanged each evening before I left for home, but apart from that nothing else happened; even the deliveries went without incident.

Normal until the Friday afternoon that is; Tony called me into his office and told me to be at the same pub and at the same time as the last Friday.

My heart skipped a beat as I remembered being fucked by those strangers. I didn't know if I wanted to go through that again but I knew that I just had to.

When I got to the pub I went straight upstairs and opened the door; then I stopped dead. It was like a class reunion; most of my last class at college were there. For a second I was so happy; then I saw Tony holding the flogger. My heart dropped as I just knew that he was going to humiliate me in

the worst possible way. The smile on my face disappeared and the tears started. How could Tony humiliate me so much in front of my friends? My life was about to be ruined. In just a few seconds I would lose just about all my friends. How could Tony destroy me like that? What was I going to do?

I considered turning and running; even running away from home and my job. A vision of me starting a new life on the other side of the world flashed through my mind.

Reality came back to me with Tony saying,

Claire, I thought that it would be good idea for you to get re-acquainted with some of your class mates in a slightly different way. I ve explained to them what you ve done and that this is the punishment that you ve accepted. All of them have agreed to stay and administer that punishment. So let s get started by you getting those clothes off right now.

I just stood there not believing what was happening. There was no way that Tony could be that horrible to me; could he?

Claire, STRIP, NOW.

With tears streaming down my cheeks and my legs feeling like jelly I started unfastening the buttons on my blouse. The silence was deafening as everyone watched me take my blouse off leaving me topless. Then it was my skirt as it hit the floor I was left naked apart from my shoes.

Hands behind your head Claire; and open those legs. Tony said.

I complied and as my pussy opened a bit I felt the air tickle my wet lips. How could my body be getting turned on by this nightmare situation?

Wider Claire. Tony said.

I spread my legs even wider.

Right ladies and gentlemen; tonight you are going to see a side of Claire that you probably never even imagined possible. Claire is going to ask every one of you to punish her and to use her body as you wish. There is only one restriction and that is that you do no damage to her body in any way that will still be visible tomorrow.

As Tony was saying that I looked at my class mates trying to work out which ones would be kind to me and which ones I should worry about. I saw 3

boys that I had never really got on with; all 3 had tried to hit on me but I just didn't fancy them. They were either too arrogant or just ugly or smelly; certainly not boyfriend material.

Then I saw Jade; she is (was) one of my closest friends. How could she do this to me? My heart dropped even lower.

Claire; walk over to your friends and ask them to spank you. Tony said.

The tears continued as I slowly walked forward. Standing right in front of my classmates I said,

Would you please spank me?

No one moved.

Tony came up behind me and gave my butt a hard slap. Not expecting it, I screamed. Tony came round the front of me and slapped my right tit.

That wasn't difficult was it? Tony said. And open those legs Claire.

Tony went round behind me again then he whipped my butt with the Flogger. The loud crack seemed to wake-up some of my classmates and 2 of the boys stepped forward. They both looked me up and down then with a smirk on his face, Dean slapped my left tit.

Just after that Jason slapped my butt, real hard.

Ooow! I almost screamed.

That prompted both Dean and Jason to slap me again.

After 3 more slaps Tony said,

Okay guys, you can have more fun with her later, but for now, let some of the others get into the moods. Claire, put 2 fingers in your pussy then walk around holding your hand up so that everyone can see just how much you are enjoying this.

I did as ordered, my face red and wet with my tears. My hand was all wet and slippery as my body had betrayed my brain. How could I possibly be enjoying the humiliation that Tony was putting me through?

I got the odd girl calling me a slut or a whore as I moved in front of them. I felt my nipples get harder as they got close to the boys faces.

As you can see everyone Claire is obviously enjoying her predicament, Tony continued, so when she asks you, please do not hold back; she enjoys it.

Pete, another of the not so nice boys stepped forward and asked Tony for the Flogger

Hands behind your head Claire; and spread those legs.

Pete came up to me and leaned forward so that his face was right in front of mine.

I m going to enjoy this slut.

Pete put the handle of the Flogger between my legs and slid it along my pussy causing me to gasp then moan. Holding the Flogger up for everyone to see he said,

It looks like this slut is enjoying this.

Some of the lads cheered and I opened my eyes to see that the Flogger handle was VERY wet with my juices.

I watched as Pete disappeared behind me before I felt the Flogger hit my butt.

Again and again my butt got thrashed, and as it started to get warm the pain stopped feeling so bad.

Then it stopped.

Who s next? Pete asked

One of the bitch girls stepped forward.

Let s see if we can get those tits the same colour as your arse.

Lisa took the Flogger from Pete and started whipping my tits.

The first hit really hurt and it wasn t long before Lisa got her wish. My white tits were red and my nipples were throbbing.

One by one nearly all my classmates took their turn to spank or whip my butt or tits. About half way through Tony told me to get on the floor on my back and to stick my legs up in the air. He asked for 2 volunteers to hold my legs wide apart with my feet over my head as the whipping continued; but the Flogger was hitting my pussy as well.

The first time that my pussy got hit I screamed then realised that my pussy throbbing was deep in my gut. I hated myself for getting turned-on by me getting spanked and whipped.

When no one else stepped forward Tony announced that the serious punishment was about to start. He told me to get up and drag a table to the middle of the room; then to lie on it sideways so that my butt and head were hanging over the sides.

I walked over to where Tony was pointing and saw 2 tables; one with nothing on it and the other with a dildo, a vibrator and that magic wand thing. I went for the table with nothing on it and started dragging it.

As I did so, Tony asked everyone if they still had the cards with a number on it. As the cards were held up he told everyone to swap their cards with at least 2 other people. Then he said,

Claire will shortly announce the number of the first person who will have the pleasure of inflicting their version of punishment on her. You may abuse her body in any way that you wish, but remember, there are to be no lasting marks on her. If you wish, you may ask someone else to help you if you wish to spit roast her or anything else that you can think of. There is a box of condoms on that table over there if you wish to use one, but Claire is on the pill so there is no chance of you making her pregnant. As you can see, there are also a couple of implements that you can use of Claire if you wish.

Right, Claire, a number please?

I had known ever since Tony had told me to go to that pub that I was going to get fucked gang banged even, but now knowing that it was going to be by my ex classmates, some of which I considered friends, caused the tears to flow again; even though my nipples throbbed and my pussy ached for attention. I sobbed as I managed to quietly say,

Number 1.

What was that Claire? Tony said, Louder.

NUMBER 1. I shouted, almost in contempt of Tony.

I saw Dean step forward with a big grin on his face.

You have no idea how many times I've wanted to do this to you Claire. Aren't I the lucky one to be the first one to fuck you this evening?

As I watched Dean un-zip his jeans I realised that I was automatically raising and spreading my legs.

Such a slut, Dean said, you even spreading them without being told.

Dean moved between my legs and rammed his cock straight into my pussy. I gasped at the speed and depth.

In and out Dean went; his hands reaching forward and squeezing my tits. This wasn't love making; it was sheer animal lust on Dean's part. He was fucking me hard and fast. Fortunately he didn't last long and I soon felt the warm gush as he stopped deep inside me and shot his load. His hands squeezed my nipples so hard that it hurt.

When he was done he pulled out and wiped his cock on my thigh.

Slut! He said as he put his cock away and turned and walked away.

Claire, Tony said, next number.

Five. I quietly said.

What was that Claire?

FIVE! I shouted.

Another youth stepped forward. As he walked up to me he said,

Claire, when Jason told me about what you did last Friday I didn't believe him; not you; but I really do owe Jason an apology. This is amazing. I always said that you had a really fuckable body.

Henry had been quite pleasant at college but his desire to fuck me had

turned him into an animal. He too fucked me hard until he shot his load deep inside me.

Claire, Tony said, next number.

Seven and nine. I quietly said.

What was that Claire?

SEVEN and NINE! I shouted.

Wow Claire, Tony said, I wasn't expecting you to start the threesomes.

I hadn't either; what had got into me? I asked myself; but I knew. The animal in me wanted more. I hadn't cum since the gangbang before I left work and those 2 animals fucking me; and the spanking; had made me want to cum. No, not want; need to cum.

A short discussion took place between number seven and number nine. Both had been pretty average kids at college. One came between my legs and the other came round to my head. I looked up and saw him unzipping his trousers and out came a cock that looked sooo big. Without even thinking I opened my mouth wide. As the cock entered my mouth I felt the other cock enter my pussy.

I got fucked at both ends until I got 2 more loads inside me; but I still hadn't cum.

The next lucky number was two. It turned out to be Jade. As she walked forward she asked Tony if she could use one of the toys on me.

Knock yourself out. Tony said.

As Jade held the magic wand to my pussy she whispered,

I can see that you need this Claire, so relax and go with it.

Jade was right and she gently teased my pussy to a wonderful orgasm. As I started to calm down Jade whispered,

I'm so proud of you Claire; call me.

Number eleven was one of the girls that had always fancied her-self and treated the rest of us girls as nobodies. When she came over to me she grinned as she pulled a chair to the side of the table. She climbed up onto the table and stood over me with her feet either side of my body.

She pulled her skirt up and pulled her thong to one side.

Well Claire, I never for one minute imagined that you were a sex starved whore. You know what to do slut. She said as she knelt down and pushed her pussy onto my face.

Yes, I knew what to do and I did it. I was pleased that she shaved; I d got one of Aaron s pubic hairs in my mouth earlier in the week and it took most of the evening to manage to get rid of it.

I didn t particularly want to make her cum, but I did; she must have been as horny as I was.

I went through the rest of the numbers (with the help of Tony) and I got fucked in all 3 holes and came twice more. Then Tony told everyone that it was a free-for-all. About half of my ex classmates came forward and I got fucked at both ends for ages before Tony finally called a halt. By that time I was knackered. I just lay there as Tony got rid of everyone except him.

Can you get up on your own Claire? Tony asked.

I think so. I said.

I rolled off the end of the table attempting to land on my feet, but as my legs started to take my weight, they gave way and I crashed to the floor.

Tony picked me up and sat me on the chair. I watched as he collected everything in a big bag and came back over to me.

I can t find your skirt and top Claire; you ll have to go home like that.

I can t, my parents are there and they ll be up late with friends tonight.

Okay, you ll have to come with me; we ll collect your car tomorrow.

I can t do that Tony; I ll just stay in my car outside our house and wait until I see the lights go out.

No you won't; you're coming with me.

Tony lifted me up and I put my arm round his shoulder as he half carried me out to his car. I only saw one person as we went down the stairs and out of the door; a middle-aged man who just stopped and stared.

Tony got a rag out of the boot of his car and put it on the passenger seat before letting me get in. Under normal circumstances I would have been mortified about needing that but it was Tony that caused my pussy to have about 8 or 9 of my classmates cum trickling out of my pussy so I felt fine.

As we drove to Tony's apartment I remembered the spare clothes that I keep in my car, but I didn't say anything.

As Tony parked his car I saw a couple coming out of the building.

Can I borrow your jacket. I asked Tony.

No you can't; you can walk in as you are.

I don't know if I can.

You can. Get out now and follow me. Tony said.

Fortunately, my legs were back to normal and it was my pussy that was aching as I followed Tony into the building and up the stairs. Again, fortunately no one else saw the naked girl following one of the residents into his apartment.

Tony's place is nice; very modern and stylish. I just stood inside the door looking around in amazement. There are tons of electronic equipment and PC screens there and I wondered what he was up to. I was shocked to see that my bedroom was on one of the screens. How the hell was that possible?

Tony came back to me and pointed to a door.

Go and have a shower and try to wash yourself out.

I felt embarrassed as I walked towards the door.

The shower felt good and as I stood there I wondered how I could wash myself out . As I turned the shower off I looked up at the shower head and had an idea. Lifting the shower head down I looked closer at it and realised that I could unscrew it. I did so and turned the shower back on. As the warm water came out of the flexible pipe I put it to my pussy and got a very pleasant surprise as the warm water rushed inside me.

I filled my pussy 4 times and squirted it out before I decided that I had better stop there; I didn't want to cum in Tony's bathroom.

As I was squirting for the fourth time Tony walked in.

Ah, I see that you worked-out how to douche; well done. Put it back together and get dried then come to the kitchen.

With that he was gone. I did as told and wrapped the towel round myself and walked to the kitchen.

Did I tell you to wear the towel?

No.

No what?

No Tony.

No Tony; or no Sir.

Sorry Tony.

I unfastened the towel, folded it and put it on the worktop.

That's better slut. Tony said. Whenever you are here you will be naked all the time. Understand?

Yes sir. I said; wondering what he meant by the whenever you are here bit.

Drink this. Tony said, giving me a glass.

Down in one. Tony said.

I did; and got one hell of a shock. I nearly choked as I gasped for air.

Bloody hell; was that whiskey? I asked.

Yes, you looked like you could do with a stiff drink.

I felt a warm glow all over.

Right Claire, come and sit down, we need to talk.

Tony led me to the lounge and pointed to the sofa. I sat down, sinking into the very comfortable cushions.

Claire; you've been a very stupid girl. Twice now you've done things that could very easily be interpreted as criminal. Each time I've offered you an alternative to calling the police, and each time you've accepted an alternative punishment. The problem is that each time you've really enjoyed that punishment, so much so that I really do get the impression that you are submissive and enjoy the embarrassment and humiliation. Am I right?

I thought for a few seconds. Tony was right. I did enjoy the gangbangs and being naked in front of strangers. I even enjoyed the physical punishments. I'd come so close to cumming a few times when being spanked or whipped. Even as Tony was talking about these things I felt my pussy get wet.

Yes sir Tony.

Well Claire, I need a fuck-toy and someone to keep this place clean and I think that you are the ideal candidate. I want you to find a way to tell your parents that you are leaving home and going to move in here. There will, of course, be a few rules, and you will still have to work at the business every day.

Part 03

Author's Notes: -

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

V

I had just been made to strip naked, be flogged on my butt, tits and pussy, and be gangbanged in the function room at the local Red Lion Pub; by, and in front of, most of my former college class mates and some of my current work mates.

It was the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me.

Now I was sat, still naked, on the sofa in my boss' apartment and he has just offered, no, told me; that I was going to live there and be his personal fuck-toy, his sex slave.

How was I supposed to respond to that? How could I tell my very straight-laced parents that I had to move in to my boss' apartment, be naked all the time and be his fuck-toy?

How could I refuse to do it and get my life back to that of your average young woman?

I couldn't. I had done some very stupid things and the alternative was to get reported to the police and probably get locked-up; and that's not to mention the shame that it would bring on my parents. The court case, me going to prison and those videos that show me begging people to do those things to me; it would kill my parents.

The other thing that I had to take into consideration was the embarrassment and humiliation of the things that Tony was making me do. Yes, they are extremely embarrassing and humiliating but they're so exciting and really do make me horny and wanting more. How the hell can a woman be like that? Where's the logic in that? I don't understand it but I crave more of it.

Yes Tony, I will do as you ask. I will find a way to tell my parents that I am coming to live here. Thank you; I will be your fuck-toy.

I'm not asking you Claire, I'm telling you what you will do.

Yes Sir, that's what I meant.

Right, there will be a few rules for you to obey but they will keep for later. Now you will come over here and give me a blowjob then you will sleep on the sofa tonight.

I got up then got on my knees in front of Tony. He held my hair and pulled and pushed my head up and down until I felt his cum slide down my throat.

As I lay on the sofa trying to get some sleep I thought about all that had happened that day. The shame, the humiliation, I felt sick; and what was I going to tell my parents? I eventually fell asleep thinking about that problem.

Claire! CLAIRE! Come on, wake up and get me some breakfast.

I slowly opened my eyes and looked up.

Claire; get up and put the coffee on, then get me some eggs and bacon.

Yes Tony. I replied as I slowly came round.

I looked around, then down at myself. Yes, I was in Tony's apartment and yes, I was still naked, and yes, my tits and pussy were still a bit red.

OMG, it's all real, it wasn't a dream. Fuck, this is going to be my new home, and dressed like this. I thought. My parents; shit, what am I going to tell them?

It's true what they say about your brain solving problems while you sleep; I knew what I had to say to them.

I sat opposite Tony eating breakfast in silence to start with. I thought more about what I'd got myself into and looked around the room. It was quite a nice place really, all modern and clean. It wouldn't be too bad living there if it hadn't have been for the horrible situation that I'd got myself into. But living there naked, and having to do anything and everything that Tony tells me? What if he has friends or neighbours over? Would I still have to be naked then? Would he expect, no, order me to have sex with them? Would I have to travel to and from work naked and be totally naked at work? In effect being a permanent nudist, a Permanude as Tony calls it. It was so humiliating even just thinking about it; but at the same time, my pussy was tingling and getting very wet. What was wrong with me?

I was a bit puzzled about the 4 very large monitors that were mounted on one wall in a big rectangle; none were switched on so I had no idea why Tony needed 4 televisions. I didn't ask.

After a while I said,

Tony, please can I wait until next Saturday to move in? If I can it will give my parents time to get used to the idea of me moving out. I'll tell them that it's time that I started to look after myself, learn to live away from home; after all, I'm 19 and should be learning to become independent.

Independent; I thought, Tony was making me become his slave, his naked slave. The tingling got stronger.

Hmm, Tony replied after a while; I'm not trying to punish your parents, only you, so okay Claire, that works for me; next Saturday it is.

Can I bring all my clothes please? I won't wear any of them unless you tell me to; it's just that if I don't my mum will become suspicious.

Fair enough, you can leave them in your suitcase.

Where will I be sleeping Tony?

Wherever I want you to; maybe on the sofa, maybe on the floor, maybe in my bed or maybe even in the spare room where you can keep your things. Each night I'll tell you where to sleep.

Thank you Tony.

Right, when we've finished here get things cleaned-up then go and have a shower. After that, come and bend over the back of the sofa with your legs spread and wait for me. After I've fucked you I'll drive you home.

My car is in the Red Lion car park, can you take me there please?

Okay.

Where are my clothes?

No idea, didn't you keep an eye on them last night?

I was a little busy last night.

So you were; I guess that you ll be going home like that then.

I was about to say something but then I remembered the spare set of clothes that I keep in my car.

Thank goodness that I m an organized person. I thought.

I stood up after Tony had fucked me and felt his cum start to leak out of my pussy.

Can I go and get cleaned up please Tony? I asked.

No, you can go home like that; my cum will remind you of what you have to do.

Can I borrow something to wear until I get to my car please?

No, you arrived here like that so you can leave here like that.

But its day now, it s light out there.

And? ..

And people will see me.

And? ..

And I ll be embarrassed.

And? ..

I knew that I wouldn t win so I gave up.

I was lucky, no one saw us leaving the building. I couldn t tell about the short walk to Tony s car, there was no one out there but the whole area is surrounded by houses and apartment blocks. Who knows?

I slunk down in the passenger seat of Tony's car as we drove along. It wasn't that far, only about 15 minutes, but Tony told me to spread my legs and play with my pussy. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there wasn't enough time for me to make myself cum even though I hadn't orgasmed yet that day.

Tony pulled into the Red Lion car park but he parked at the opposite end to where my car was. I nearly asked him to move to beside my car but I knew that it would be pointless. Just as soon as I got out of Tony's car he was off, leaving me to fend for myself.

I looked around then made a dash for my car. Fortunately, my dad had got a spare key cut and had shown me where I could hide it,

Just in case. He had said.

I was very grateful to my dad that morning.

I quickly put the dress and shoes on that were in the car then decided that I'd go into the pub and ask if anyone had found my bag, skirt and top. Fortunately, the pub opens early, trying to catch the breakfast trade.

As I walked in I wished that I'd put some knickers in the car with my spare clothes, Tony's cum was still creeping down the insides of my thighs and the light breeze was making it cold and making my nipples tent my thin tank top.

There was a middle-aged man behind the bar and I blushed as I asked if anyone had handed in a handbag and some clothes, saying that I left them in the function room.

The cleaners found a bag but no clothes. The man said, then continued,

The cleaners found a dildo as well. That wouldn't be yours as well would it? What on earth were you lot doing up there last night.

My face felt like it was on fire.

No, no, I wouldn't know anything about that, just my bag. It was a sort of school reunion party last night.

I checked my bag and was pleased to see that nothing was missing. I also

remembered my dad always telling me to only take what I would need when I went out.

When I got home I went and had another shower then made mum and me a coffee. As we talked I put my plan into action. Mum was very understanding and agreed with my reasoning but she kept saying that I could move back in whenever I wanted to. She told me that she'd talk to dad when he got back from the football.

When I saw dad the next morning he hugged me and repeated what mum had said about me always being welcome back there and that he hoped that I would visit them very frequently. I had a flash thought of Tony ordering me to visit them whilst naked but quickly dismissed it; Tony wouldn't be that cruel.

I spent the rest of the day thinking about what I would take and what I would leave there, hoping that Tony would soon decide that I'd been punished enough, but at the same time my pussy was telling me that I wanted to be naked forever and everywhere. My poor brain was so confused.

I put some things, and clothes, into a suitcase that mum said that I could take, and put some things into cardboard boxes that dad gave me. As I went round my room I came across the clock and the teddy bear that Tony had given me as birthday presents. I decided to leave them where they were having seen quite a few clocks in Tony's apartment and hoping that I wouldn't get upset and need something to cuddle.

The next week flew by. As what has become usual, I strip naked as soon as I get there and put on the 2 rectangle skirt and spend the day dressed in only that. It does just about cover my pussy and part of my butt when I'm just standing there but the delivery guys always manage to get me to bend over or squat down to do something and my tits quiver as they stare at them and whatever the 2 rectangle reveal as I move about.

Rajeev, the snack van man is still managing to find something sexist to say to me each day. Whenever it's cold outside (usually) the comments are usually about my rock hard nipples and the goosebumps on my tits. I'm dreading having to go out there when the frost and snow arrives.

More and more of the workers in the other nearby units are walking over to

where Rajeev stops outside our unit and I've sort of got immune to their comments and suggestions about what they would like to do to my body, but I still listen and they always make my pussy tingle and get wetter even though my brain hates me being there. It keeps telling me to just walk away and move to a different town, somewhere Tony can't find me and where I can live like a normal young woman.

The gangbangs are still the highlight of the installation guy's days and I'm sure that they are getting better at planning their days so that they can get back in time to fuck me before they go home. My brain keeps telling me that it's all wrong and that I should refuse to be the object of their depravity but my pussy keeps telling me that I love every second of it and that I want more and more.

Just before the Friday after work gangbang, Tony called me into his office and told me to take my skirt off. He then got me to lie on his desk and hold my knees near my shoulders. He then fucked me until he'd cum deep inside me.

I had to stay like that while he left for home after telling me to be at his apartment at 10 o'clock in the morning with my belongings. He told me to phone him just before I left home.

Five minutes later Pete and Duncan came into Tony's office, laughed at the position that I was still in, then picked me up and carried me to the kitchen where all 4 of them took it in turns to fuck my pussy and mouth.

Again, as usual, they left me to recover, clean myself then lock up.

That Friday evening was a family one, albeit a bit subdued, as all 3 of us were sad that I was moving out.

On the Saturday morning dad helped me load my car then after a few tears from both mum and me, I drove off. I was a couple of streets away when I remembered that I was supposed to phone Tony before I left home so I pulled over and phoned him.

Drive round a corner, stop, and get naked then drive here naked. Tony told me.

I can't do that, it's the middle of the morning and I have to drive through

town. People will see me.

Claire, do you want me to hang-up then phone the police?

No, please Tony, please don't make me do it.

Claire ..

Okay, okay; I'll do it.

And phone me as soon as you switch your engine off.

The phone went dead and I just sat there. I started to think of routes that I could take where there was less chance of me being seen, where there were no 2 lane traffic lights. I'd just worked out a route and was putting the car in gear when I remembered that Tony had told me to get naked.

I shimmied the denim skirt down and pulled my top up over my head. As Tony had stopped me wearing underwear months ago I was now naked apart from my shoes. When Tony had first told me to drive whilst naked he had told me that shoes don't count and that I could keep them on.

I was lucky and, as far as I know, no one saw that I was naked. That is until I stopped outside Tony's apartment. I'd reversed into a slot between 2 cars in the little car park and just as I switched the engine off I realized that a young woman was getting into the car next to me. She saw that I was naked and smiled, then gave me the thumbs up before getting into her car and driving off.

Did she really think that driving whilst naked was a good thing? I thought but then remembered that I was supposed to phone Tony.

Right Claire, get out of your car and wait for me to get down there.

But I'm naked, can I get dressed before I get out?

No Claire. Just stand at the back of your car and wait.

But ..

The line went dead.

I looked around. I could see a few teenagers about a couple hundred meters away walking towards me and hoped that Tony would get to me quickly.

He didn't. Although I was standing to the side of the back of my car, they arrived there just as Tony was walking up to me. My eyes were going back and forth from Tony to the teenagers and it was one of the teenage boys that saw me first.

Hey look at that girl.
Fucking hell.
It must be cold today.
Bend over the front of your car for me love.
Good for you girl. From one of the girls.

Were some of the remarks. I didn't want to look them in the face so I was looking at Tony. He saw that I had one arm covering part of my tits and the other hand in front of my pussy and he glared at me. He held his arms like I was then put them by his sides. It was obvious that he wanted my arms to go to my sides.

I slowly complied, resulting in a few more comments from the teenagers.

Okay guys, have you never seen a naked girl before? On your way. Tony said to them and they walked on.

Why didn't you come out sooner? I asked. If you had I wouldn't have had the embarrassment of all that.

You can't tell me that you didn't enjoy that Claire.

No I didn't. It's bad enough having to be naked with you around but they were strangers. It's so humiliating.

Come on Clare, you're not fooling me, you enjoyed it.

No I didn't.

Tony took a step closer and ran a finger along my slit. Bringing his wet finger up to my face he just looked at me for a couple of seconds then said,

Open.

I opened my mouth and his wet finger went in. I instinctively sucked his finger.

You taste nice as well don't you Claire?

I just stood there sucking his finger until he pulled it out. Turning to my car he opened the rear and lifted 1 of my 2 cases out.

Come on Claire, I know that you'd rather stand out here all day but I've got things to do.

What about my other case and the boxes? I asked.

You can come back for them when you've got that one upstairs.

Gee thanks. I said and started pulling the case towards the building.

Thankfully, we didn't see anyone else and we made it to his apartment without incident.

Right Claire, go and get your other case and the boxes.

Will you come with me Tony?

No, you're a big girl Claire.

Can I wait until it gets dark?

No, go now Claire.

Reluctantly, I opened the door and ran down the corridor then the stairs then out to my car. I'd just got my case out when I heard a voice say,

Nice body young lady. I turned and saw an old man walking his dog.

Thank you Sir, please excuse me, I have to go.

I grabbed the case handle and started walking back to the building.

Going downstairs when you are in a hurry is easy, but I couldn't carry the case up the stairs so I had to wait for the lift like we had done the first time. That time the lift was empty when the doors opened but this time I was confronted by a young couple about my age. When they saw me they both smiled and the girl said,

Lost a bet did you?

No, I err, I m just moving in.

Forgot to leave something out to travel in did you? The boy asked.

No, I err, I ve got to go. I replied and pushed passed them and waited for the doors to close with my back to them.

Nice tits. I heard the boy say as the couple walked away; then Ouch, what was that for?

I smiled and thought,

Should have kept your gob shut mate.

I repeated the exercise until all my belongings were in Tony s apartment. Fortunately there weren t any more embarrassing meetings.

Right Claire; put your belongings in the spare room then wander around and get to know what is where.

I did, and I was quite impressed really, Tony is a bit of a minimalist really, and a tidy one at that. Keeping the place clean and tidy was going to be easy.

The apartment has one big room and a little corridor going off one side. Down the corridor is the main bedroom on one side and a smaller bedroom and a bathroom on the other side.

Then I looked up at the 4 large monitors on the wall behind me. OMG, each one was split into 4 different screens. In some of the 16 mini screens were what I assumed were images from cameras somewhere. I looked at each one in turn to try to work out where the camera was.

One was the little car park outside the building and I could see the back of my car. Then I realized that Tony must have watched me arrive and seen the teenagers approaching. The bastard had deliberately let me stand there as they walked up to me and saw my naked body.

I was annoyed and my pussy tingled.

Then I saw some images that I recognized as from work. One was of my chair; the camera must be under my desk somewhere. He must have watched me masturbate at my desk.

My pussy tingled some more but my brain was getting annoyed.

Next I saw my bedroom. I got more annoyed and wetter. I studied the angle of the view and realized that the camera must be in that damn clock that he gave me all those months ago. My brain wished that I had never plugged it in. My pussy was thinking otherwise.

I couldn't work out where the other images were of but my pussy wasn't letting my brain concentrate.

Tony, I said, will you fuck me please?

No Claire, I will not. What's more, don't you dare touch your pussy with anything; not until I tell you to.

Tony, please.

No Claire. Now finish looking around then put a load of washing on. I need a clean shirt for Monday.

Oh shit, I thought, He's going to work me like a slave as well.

Next, I looked over to the big window; outside I could see some other blocks of apartments. Inside, in one corner of the room was a little mini gym with a bench, some weights, a treadmill, an exercise cycle and a couple of small items that I didn't know what they were for.

Moving on to the bedrooms I saw that the beds in both of them had metal headboards and the one on the spare room (mine if I'm allowed to sleep there) has 2 pairs of handcuffs, one attached to each end of the headboard.

Fucking hell, I thought, he's going to torture me in 2 different ways. Oh why was I so stupid?

Back in the lounge, Tony was sat on the sofa using a laptop. Images of different places were popping up on different ones of the 16 mini-screens. I

went and sat on one of the arm chairs and watched what was happening on the screens. On the one of my bedroom back home I saw my mum enter the room and strip the bed. I d left the room tidy but she went round it re-arranging a few things. Then she left with the laundry.

Eventually, Tony looked up and saw me.

Claire, now that you re living here there a few rules that you need to adhere to. If you break any of them you will get punished, physically or mentally punished. The humiliation punishments for the thefts will continue until I see fit to stop them. The rules are: -

1. When you arrive here you will strip totally naked outside the door before entering.
2. You will remain totally naked until you leave, unless I tell you otherwise, and you will dress outside the apartment after you have locked the door.
3. Each night you will ask where I want you to sleep.
4. When sitting anywhere in the apartment you will sit with your knees at least shoulder width apart.
5. When anyone knocks on the door you will open it whilst still naked and you will not try to hide behind the door, you will let whoever it is see you full-frontal.
6. You may wear an apron whilst doing any cooking.
7. When I have guests here you will remain naked and serve us all drinks and food as appropriate.
8. When I have guests here you will allow them to touch and grope your body if they so wish.
9. You will never close any internal room doors.
10. You will not close any of the blinds or curtains.
11. If you see anyone from any nearby building watching you will act as if you haven t seen them.
12. Whenever I take you anywhere you will ask me what you will wear.
13. Whenever I take you anywhere you will sit with your knees at least shoulder width apart.
14. If you go out on your own you will ask me what you shall wear.
15. If I am not here and you go out you will wear only a microskirt and top or a micro dress. Whenever the weather is cold you are permitted to wear a coat instead of the skirt and top or dress. The only exception to this is when visiting your relatives.
16. You will shave all of your body below your neck once per day.
17. You will stop wearing make-up of any sort; you are a beautiful young lady and don t need make-up.

18. You will work-out on the gym equipment for at least 30 minutes every other day.

19. You will accompany me to my badminton club each Monday evening, and play when we are a player short.

Wow, that s a lot of rules Tony; please can I put some clothes on when anyone comes here? It will be so embarrassing letting them see me naked.

No.

Can I at least choose what I wear when you take me anywhere?

No Claire. The list is what you WILL do. You know what the alternative is.

What will happen if I break any of the rules?

You will get punished, either physically as you have been in the past, or mentally by sever embarrassment or humiliation. I may find other ways, physical or mental, and I will let you know at the time.

My heart sank a little. He was going to expose my body to goodness knows who, and physically punish me, and there was nothing that I could do about it. At least I can still pluck my eyebrows.

Why was my pussy tingling and getting even wetter? That can t be right. I must be some sort of freak.

Tony then told me to make us a drink and some snacks. After that I had to do 30 minutes exercise after I was stupid enough to tell him that it was months since I d had any proper exercise. He told me that 30 minutes on the exercise cycle would be a good start for me, but before I climbed on it he adjusted the seat so that I just couldn t quite touch the pedals when they were at their lowest. He told me to slide from side to side on the saddle so that I could reach them.

OMG! I ve really got to thank Tony for that; as soon as I started to pedal the sliding from side to side stimulated my clitoris and within a couple of minutes I had my first cycle orgasm.

Tony urged, no told me to pedal faster and I must have had 5 or 6 orgasms before he told me to stop. As my heart rate started to get back to normal I

decided that things weren't going to be too bad living there. I also decided that when my ordeal was final over and I was living in a place of my own, one of the first things that I was going to buy was an exercise cycle so that I could bring myself off in the privacy of my own place.

I was then told to go and have a shower and then do a little fashion parade of all the micro-skirts and tops and short dresses that I have. He told me that he was going to select an outfit for me to go to the supermarket in. I quickly realized that I'd have to be very careful when I got anything from the low or high shelves.

I felt like I was dressed as a slut or a hooker as we left the apartment.

Fortunately, the supermarket was very busy and whenever Tony told me to bend down or reach up there were so many people around that I don't think that anyone saw my bare butt or pussy.

The same couldn't be said for the car park. Tony insisted that I stand at the back of the trolley and reach over and down to get things out to put in the back of his car. I saw one old man that had stopped and was watching me bend over. I tried to be quick but that didn't stop my pussy from tingling. I also heard an old woman calling me a slut and say that I should be ashamed of myself as she pushed her trolley passed us. I was ashamed of myself, but what could I do? I was, I am, trapped in my new life.

Part 04

Author's Notes: -

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

V

That night Tony took me to his local pub. I guess that he wanted to show his new acquisition to his mates. I got introduced as his new fuck-toy ; which I guess that I am.

Tony had picked out another very revealing outfit for me and I spent the evening having one or other of his mates looking through the open buttons of my top, or up my micro-skirt when we sat down. I remembered how Tony had told me to sit and I flashed my bald pussy to his mates and other people

in the pub.

Fortunately, Tony and his mates bought me lots of drinks and the alcohol numbed my brain and I stopped thinking about the embarrassment and humiliation. My pussy didn't stop thinking about it and my tits exposure, and I was feeling horny and very wet all evening. I didn't complain, in fact I enjoyed it, when Tony sent me to the bar to get a round of drinks and one of his mates came with me. He stood beside me and his hand went up my skirt and caressed my bare butt.

It was nice, and I was unhappy when he had to stop.

Tony took me to the bar one time and he stood behind me. As we waited to get served he put his arms round me and slid his hands up the front of my top. He was holding my tits all the time that the young girl was serving us.

She looked familiar and I think that she was at college at the same time as I was. She looked at my chest and saw my top moving about as Tony's hands groped my tits. She smiled but didn't say anything.

All (4) of Tony's mates wanted to hug me when we parted to go home. Each one of them groped my bare butt while Tony stood and watched. One of them slid his hand between my legs and got his fingers wet from my pussy.

In the car on the way home I told Tony that it was horrible having to expose myself like that, and to be groped in public like that. All Tony said was,

Come on Claire, you know that you enjoyed it.

I didn't. I replied.

His hand went to my pussy and I felt a finger invade my hole. He pulled it out and held it in front of my mouth. Instinctively, I opened my mouth and sucked his finger. As I was doing so he said,

Told you.

When I got out of the car back at the apartment, Tony told me to go to the front of the car and take my skirt off. It was late and when I looked around I couldn't see anyone.

After bending me over the front of the car and fucking me, he led the bot-

tomless me back to his apartment. I really was glad that it was late and dark.

I was told to sleep in the spare room that night.

I was up before Tony the next morning and I had coffee and breakfast waiting for him. No sooner than I'd cleaned up there was a knock on the door.

Go Claire, answering the door is your job now.

But I'm naked.

And? ..

Resigned to the embarrassment, I walked across the room and opened the door. My brain told me to cover my tits and pussy but my pussy won and I just stood there and let Harry, one of Tony's mates from the pub, look up and down my naked body.

I've brought back those videos that we talked about Tony. Harry said holding up a memory stick.

Come in Harry. Tony shouted.

Harry's eyes moved up to my face as I stepped back and fully opened the door.

Claire, get Harry a coffee. Tony said.

As I was getting the coffees Tony said,

Why don't we watch them again?

Harry agreed and when I carried the coffees over I looked up at the 4 huge monitors. Split over the 4 of them there was one gigantic view of me lying on my home bed, totally naked and masturbating. I nearly dropped the coffees.

OMG! Turn it off. Please turn it off Tony.

I don't think so Claire. You look good up there.

No please Tony, turn it off.

Oh no; in fact I think that it would be a good idea if you gave us a live performance right now. What do you think Henry?

Sounds good to me. Henry replied.

I was then made to sit with my back to the wall below the huge monitors with my legs spread wide and to masturbate for them.

It was so humiliating but at the same time I was so turned on. It didn't take me long to cum and Tony told me to keep going and I orgasmed again before the videos stopped.

Well done Claire, Tony said, keep cumming like that and I might just go lightly on you for a while. But first, get on that exercise cycle and show Harry how good you are at cycling.

I can't Tony, I'm knackered and there's only so many times that a girl can cum in straight succession.

Maybe, but I'm sure that you haven't reached that limit yet. Besides, won't you just pass-out when you can't take anymore?

I didn't answer him because he was probably right. Instead I got up and slowly walked over to the exercise cycle.

Fifteen minutes and 2 more orgasms, Tony finally told me that I could stop. I wasn't totally sure that I wanted to stop; I was enjoying myself so much and the fact that 2 men were watching me sort of made me want to keep going. But I didn't. I got off the bike and nearly collapsed onto the floor. My legs were like jelly for a few seconds.

Harry had been watching me from pretty close-up and he saw me falter. He jumped up and grabbed me then picked me up. If I hadn't of felt a little faint the touch of his hands on my naked flesh could easily have made me cum again. As it was, he carried me over to the sofa and lay me down.

That was about all the sympathy that I got because Tony told me to open my legs. When I did he said,

Well it looks like a well fucked pussy Harry but its hours since she got fucked.

Yes, it is all red and swollen and wet. Maybe she s one of these girls who looks horny and well fucked all the time.

Maybe that would explain some of her actions. She does like to cum a lot doesn t she?

Tony put his hand on my pussy and said,

Her cunt s red hot as well. Feel it.

Tony moved his hand and Henry put his there. I was used to Tony s hand being there but Henry had never touched me there before and the feeling caused me to gasp and I felt my pussy twitch.

Finger fuck her if you like mate.

Henry wasn t going to miss the opportunity and his finger pumped in and out, slowly at first then as my breathing got faster the finger pumping went faster and faster. The inevitable happened and I orgasmed - again.

You can fuck her proper next time if you like. I heard Tony say as he finally removed his finger and then licked it.

Cheers mate, I ll look forward to that.

Fucking hell, I thought, he s whoring me out now. I really am nothing more than a sex-slave.

I closed my eyes and thought about the horrible mess that I d got myself in to.

As I lay there I heard Henry leave and Tony doing something in the kitchen area. The next thing that I knew was Tony perching on the sofa beside me.

Here Claire, Tony said putting a glass in my hand. Drink this; you look like you need it.

I gulped the whiskey down in one go, coughed, then said,

Yes, I did, thank you.

Don't worry Claire, I'm going to punish you and you will enjoy it, but I'm not going to break you. At some point it will all end and you can go back to being a normal, respectable young lady. That's if you want to, you seem to like all this punishment one hell of a lot. Maybe you are a born nymphomaniac who enjoys being humiliated and I just happen to be the lucky guy who made you realise that.

I didn't say anything; I just lay there thinking about what Tony had just said. Was he right? Was I a nympho? Did I really enjoy the embarrassment and humiliation? My pussy certainly seemed to think so.

I was brought back to reality by my phone ringing. It was my mum wanting to know how I was and how I was settling in. I sort of lied and told her that everything was wonderful.

Mum told me a bit of family news; my cousin Aria was starting at the college that I went to. She was planning to bus over each day (about an hour each way). I said that that was stupid and that as I'd moved out I wouldn't mind if she used my old room.

Mum said that it was too soon and that I might change my mind and want to move back in. My brain was telling me that I did want to move back home but how could I? Tony wouldn't let me and my pussy wouldn't be happy either.

We left it with mum saying that she'd think about it.

Before we hung-up mum invited me to Sunday Lunch the following week. I told her that I'd be happy to go, hoping that Tony would let me.

Over tea I told Tony about my Sunday Lunch invite.

Of course you can go; I'm not your jailer.

I nearly laughed, then told him about Aria and what I'd told my mum about my room. Tony's reaction was to ask me what she looked like. Not understanding the relevance I told him that she was a bit like me.

Slim?

Yes.

Big tits?

No, about the same size as me. Why does all this matter?

It doesn't probably.

I was still a bit puzzled as to why he wanted to know what Aria looked like but I soon forgot about it when he told me to spread my legs to see if my pussy was still as red, wet and swollen as it had been earlier.

It wasn't red anymore, nor was it swollen, but it was still wet, all shiny.

Good girl. Tony said as he put his hand on it and pressed in between my lips for a second. I felt his finger at the entrance to my hole but he didn't penetrate it.

Okay Claire, the rest of the evening is yours, Tony told me, I won't make any more demands on you today. You can do whatever you want; except that the rules still apply.

When he'd started to say that I thought about putting some clothes on but that thought soon disappeared when he finished what he said.

I settled for a quiet night on my laptop on the sofa. When I opened it I saw the camera and went and got a band aid out of my bag to cover it. I didn't want any of my friends accidentally seeing that I was naked.

Later on, Tony stripped down to his boxers and went and had a workout. I watched him and decided that he isn't that bad looking; in fact he's quite cute really. I thought about him working out naked but I didn't dare ask him to even though my pussy started tingling as I watched.

I was told to sleep in the spare room again and as I climbed into the bed I realised that I was starting to think of the room as mine.

I was crying as I tried to get to sleep and sex was the last thing on my mind. I was thinking about the horrible situation that I'd got myself in to. I hated it. Why couldn't I be at home snuggly wrapped up in my own bed? Why did I have to have a pussy that takes control of me? Was there some sort of drug

that would make my whole pussy and tits go numb so that I didn't have to suffer like Tony was making me?

I put my hand over my pussy and cursed it. Then it started tingling and I just had to rub my clit.

Tony had to remind me to not get dressed inside the apartment the next morning when we left for work and I was glad that the apartment block wasn't that big and didn't have lots of people walking about.

Tony drove me to work and I had a quick thought about the money that I was saving on rent and petrol. My pussy wasn't the only thing benefitting from my new living arrangements, my bank balance was benefitting as well.

At work, the day went just the same as any other one these days except that I didn't have to wait for Tony before stripping and putting on those horrible rectangles.

Tony had to tell Duncan and Arron to get a move on in the kitchen that evening and I wasn't totally satisfied with the fucking that they gave me; but I hoped that Tony would take care of that later.

He did, that night he told me to sleep in his bed and he gave me a slow, passionate fucking before going to sleep.

The Monday evening was different. It was Tony's badminton evening and he'd already told me that I was going to go with him.

What shall I wear? I asked.

He picked out a skirt and top for me and I put them to one side to put them on when I went out of the apartment door.

What shall I wear for the badminton? And you do realise that I've never played badminton before don't you?

Yes, I do realise that. As for what you'll wear whilst playing, you'll wear what you are right now.

But, but it s a school gym, there could be kids there, and what about the other players? It will be embarrassing and will they be happy playing with a naked girl?

Don t worry about kids. There s never any there at that time of the evening, and as for the other player, I m sure that they won t mind. In fact I m sure that they ll look forward to getting their hands on you.

I thought that badminton was a no contact sport.

It is, but I m sure that they ll find a way to get their hands on those tits and that pussy.

But, but ..

I didn t bother finishing the sentence; I knew that I wouldn t win. Besides, my pussy was telling me that it might be fun.

When we arrived at the school I saw 2 young men walking into the gym before us. We went straight to the boy s changing room where Tony introduced me to 6 other young men. I was introduced as Claire, the sex slave.

A couple of the men were still getting changed and I saw one cock as the sports shorts went on.

None of you mind if Claire strips off and watches and maybe plays if Tom doesn t turn up do you?

Six young men all confirmed that it wasn t a problem and my pussy told me that I didn t mind either.

Okay Claire, get those clothes off. Tony instructed.

Six pairs of eyes watched as my top then my skirt came off.

Turn round Claire, let them have a good look at you.

I wanted to cover my tits and pussy but I was sure that Tony would tell me not to, besides, my pussy wanted to be seen.

Jump up and down, do some jumping jacks for the guys. That way they ll see just how much your tits wobble. Sorry guys if you like big tits, but as you can see Claire doesn t have much up there. They only wobble, not

bounce.

I wasn't sure if I should have been embarrassed or pleased by that last bit, but one of the men said,

I don't like big tits. Anything more than a handful is a waste.

Three of the other men agreed and I felt a little better.

Anyone want to volunteer to teach Claire some of the basics while the rest of us have a proper game? Tony asked.

There was no shortage of volunteers and as we walked out to the gym I asked,

Are you sure that there will be no kids here?

Relax Claire, there never has been over the last year or so.

I felt a little better; if it is possible for a naked girl to feel better when she is surrounded by 7 clothed men.

The next couple of hours were spent with me being taught how to play badminton by 6 different men. Tony decided that they should all take it in turns to teach me and none of them disagreed with him.

What they all did was stand right behind me, press on my back and hold my right arm on the pretext of showing me the different strokes (?) that I should use to achieve different results. One thing that I did learn was that they all had hard cocks that they delighted in pressing into my butt. It was kinda nice and it made my pussy tingle.

When the 2 hours was over we went back to the changing room. I went to put my clothes on and hoped that I'd get a chance to see at least some of the men have a shower.

What are you doing Claire? Tony asked. You're having a shower as well.

I can manage until we get home so I don't need to go to the girls changing room.

No, no Claire, get in the showers here.

But you guys will be in there.

And ..

My shoulders dropped as I walked to the showers, the others were stripping off and there were soon 7 naked men and 1 naked girl in the showers. My pussy loved it and there was no shortage of volunteers to soap my body. Well Tony didn't help. I guess that he wanted me to himself when we got back home.

Those guys brought me to 4 orgasms with their hands as they washed my pussy over and over again, and Tony promised that starting the next week one of them could fuck me each week.

My pussy wasn't sure if 1 per week was better than all 6 each week. My brain didn't want any of it. It thought that it was all wrong.

Finally dry and tired, Tony let me get dressed and we went home. He fucked me doggy style on his bed before he went to sleep. I cuddled up to him and went to sleep with my back to him.

I woke up on the next morning to the feeling of Tony fucking me hard from behind. My first reaction was of horror, I was being raped in my sleep, but that was my brain talking. My pussy soon took control and I came shortly before Tony did.

That was a hell of a way to wake up Tony. I said as we lay there getting our breath back. You scared the life out of me. I'd been dreaming about getting raped and then you started fucking me whilst I was still asleep. For a second I thought that the rape must have been real. I suppose that in a way, it was. All this, this living here and the things that you make me do are a form of captivity and rape.

Don't be silly Claire; you know that you love it here. And why would you have so many orgasms if it was all against your will. You just love being treated the way that you are.

No I don't.

Tony turned on his side facing me and put his hand on my soaking wet pussy.

This tells me that you do like it. Tony said as 2 of his finger slid into my pussy and bent upwards hitting my G-spot.

I moaned and wanted more but Tony pulled his hand away and up to my mouth which opened wide to accept my juice, and his jism, covered fingers.

The rest of the week went relatively quietly, although during a couple of quiet periods I did reflect on my new life. I wasn't at all aroused at those times and felt quite sorry for myself.

The second time got interrupted by a phone call. It was Tony; he was out with a potential client.

Open your legs and start rubbing your pussy. He commanded.

And don't try telling me that you already are, I can see your bare legs and bare pubes.

It was then that I remembered the camera that was somewhere under my desk. I had no choice, even though I wasn't at all aroused.

As I complied with the command and slowly started rubbing, Tony said,

That's it Claire. Keep doing that until you've cum twice. You have a little audience that is enjoying the view.

With that he hung-up and I was left wondering if there really was an unknown number of people watching me masturbate. Knowing that Tony was watching as well, I had no choice, I had to keep going.

Just as I was cumming the first time Sandra returned from her trip to wherever. She looked at me, smiled and said,

My god Claire, you really are a slut. You can't even wait until 5 o'clock in the kitchen.

When I was able I replied,

It's Tony, he's with a client and they're watching me through the camera under my desk.

The next time that it happens let me know and we'll swap places.

Does that mean that I'd be able to wear your clothes Sandra?

No chance. You're wearing the only clothes that Tony will let you. I don't know why he bothers you with that ridiculous skirt; you may as well just be naked.

I sort of agreed with her, it was ridiculous, but it was a skirt. It gave me a slight sort of security. On the other hand, my pussy really was agreeing with her. It wanted me to be totally naked all the time, permanently nude, a Per-manude as Tony calls it.

I kept going until I'd cum again. Tony didn't call back and I'd done what he's told me to do so I opened the email that had just arrived.

Yet another nearly nude week, with all the accompanying embarrassment and humiliation, ended and I found myself sitting in Tony's car for the ride home. I was sat on the towel that he'd told me to put on the seat before I get in on an evening. He'd told me that he didn't want all the jism from his staff leaking out onto his car seat.

Just after we'd eaten and I'd cleaned up the doorbell rang. By that time I was sort of getting used to being naked all the time in his apartment and I just got up and went to the door.

Surpri The young woman started to say as I opened the door. She just stared at me in silence for a few seconds then said,

Who the fuck are you? And why haven't you got any clothes on?

Oh hi sis, come on in, Tony said from behind me, this is Claire, Claire Cumalot, she's an employee with benefits; she's staying with me for a while. Claire, meet my sister Zoey.

Oh, I see, Zoey said, well I can certainly see a lot; so how come she's naked bro?

She's been a naughty girl and this is part of her punishment.

Hmm, can I help you punish her Tony, she's delicious.

While they were talking about me and ignoring me, I realised what Tony had called me.

Hey, it's Camelot, not Cumalot. I said.

Tony looked at me, smiled and said,

But you do Claire.

I blushed and Zoey reached over and pulled and twisted my right nipple.

You always were a lucky bastard Tony. So Claire Cumalot, has my brother tied you to the bed and spanked your bare bottom yet?

No.

Oh I'm sure that he will, he's good at that and he always makes me cum before he fucks me.

He spansks and fucks you; his sister?

Yes; and his other sister Eve. We both love it.

Wow, so incest isn't a problem in your family.

Hell no; Zoey replied, it isn't as if we're going to get pregnant so what's the problem? So you've never been spanked or fucked by your daddy or brother then Claire?

I haven't got any brothers or sisters and my dad never hit me.

You don't know what you're missing Claire; are you going to put that right Tony?

When the time's right sis. So what can I do for you anyway? Or did you come here to get your butt tanned?

Sorry bro, that pleasure will have to wait, I've just come over to give you this memory stick from dad. You know that he doesn't like sending files over

the internet.

What's on it?

Not sure but I think that it's some photos from their anniversary party.

Okay, I'll get round to looking at them sometime. So sis, when are you coming back for your dose of butt punishment?

Hubby's going on a weekend fishing trip with his mates soon so the red marks will have time to disappear before he gets back. I'll phone the others and check that they can make it on the Saturday evening or maybe the Sunday for lunch. I'll be fast asleep in bed by the time he gets home so the red marks will have gone by the Monday. Maybe you could do that cute butt of Claire's at the same time? Or maybe we could have a nice 3-some at the same time?

3-some? Spanking? Incest? Wow, what the hell have I got myself in to? I thought. Well I suppose it will be a new experience. I hope that it doesn't hurt too much. If she's going to be here next Saturday at least I won't have to endure his mates at the pub.

Gotta go bro. This cute butt is begging to be spanked, don't wait too long. Zoey said as she slapped my bare butt on the way to the door.

I gave Tony a questioning look; he smiled and said,

So Claire, you've just learnt some little secrets about my family. Don't think about trying to use it against me because I'm not ashamed of it and I'll happily tell anyone who asks all about it.

I wasn't even thinking about that Tony, I was more worried about my butt getting hurt.

You've been spanked at work Claire, and if I remember right it made you cum.

He was right, but I didn't want to admit it. The spanking really hurt and was so humiliating, especially as I had an audience; and it was even worse that my body started to enjoy it and even orgasmed. Why are women's bodies built like that? Are women supposed to get humiliated like that? Is that part of their role in life and society?

On the Saturday Tony took me into town to get a new dress. He wanted to get me a slinky (his word), short dress with not a lot of material to it. When I put on the first one that he'd picked I went out and showed it to him.

Can I have one that there's more of it please Tony?

Oh come on Claire, unlike men, girls can get away with wearing next to nothing almost everywhere. They look great wearing skimpy clothes and flashing tons of flesh. You'll be just another one of them. Men love looking at women wearing a thin dress that they couldn't possibly be wearing anything underneath. It's just part of men's DNA.

But I won't have any underwear on.

I think that you'd be surprised as to how many girls don't wear underwear these days. The women's underwear phase arrived in the 18th century and since then knickers have got smaller and smaller. Lots of women have finally given up and just don't bother anymore.

What about bras? I asked.

Unless you have melons stuck on your chest you don't need to wear a harness to keep them up. Wearing a bra stops tit muscles from getting exercise and the muscles go all weak and floppy. Hence sagging tits when women get older. You need to exercise those muscles.

And how are women supposed to do that?

Just ask any man and he'll massage them.

And you'll be massaging mine for me I suppose.

Me and whoever I decide to let have a go.

My brain wasn't too happy about that comment, but my pussy was, and it let my brain know it.

And don't you go getting fat Claire. There are way too many fat women out there these days.

So what do you call being fat Tony?

Stand up straight Claire.

I did.

Now bend your head and look down while keeping your back straight.

I did.

Can you see the front of your slit?

Yes; I can just about make it out through the material of this dress.

You'd be fat if you couldn't see it. So keep checking Claire. If you do get fat I'll put you on a starvation diet until you can see it again.

I could see the logic in what he was saying and vowed never to get fat, or wear underwear again.

Tony bought me that dress but wanted to get me another one. He took me to another clothes shop, one that is part of a big national chain. I selected a couple of dresses to try on but Tony said that there was too much material. He picked a couple and we headed to the changing room.

When we got there I was surprised to see that they had been re-modeled since I was last there and outside was a sign saying that the company's policy on changing rooms had changed and that all changing rooms were now gender neutral.

As soon as he read that, Tony smiled and said,

Wow, finally all this political correctness crap has done something good. I've always been pissed-off about the way politicians and big business pander to these minority groups. None of them have the balls to stand-up for common sense and the silent majority but this time their lack of guts has ended up with girls like you being able to have some fun. Come on Claire, you're about to flash your tits and ass.

I don't understand Tony.

You will.

And I did, quite soon actually. As we walked in we were followed by a young man carrying a pair of jeans and a curtain opened up revealing a young woman about to leave with some clothes over her arm.

Mixed changing rooms? I said. Wow, I'm surprised that they're allowed to get away with it.

You've got all this women's lib crap, political correct nutters and gutless politicians to thank for it Claire. Now go to the last cubicle on the right and get naked. Stand there for a count of 50 then put one of those dresses on and come out here. And don't close the curtain when you go in.

My heart sank as I realised that I was going to be naked with the curtain open, but at least Tony had told me to use the last cubicle on the right. With a bit of luck no one would go down the room that far.

My pussy was getting excited and hoping that someone, a man, would go down the room that far.

It didn't take more than a few seconds for me to get naked and I just stood there, hoping that no one would; and that a man would come down the room and see me. I was so confused.

When my counting got to 50 I quickly slipped a dress on and smoothed it down my front. My nipples were tenting the thin material and I almost moaned as my hand slid over my pubes. The material felt nice on my skin but it was so short that my hand was soon on my bare thighs.

I stepped out of the cubicle and walked over to Tony.

Yes, quite nice, but I need to see more flesh. Go and put the other one on and count slower this time while you're stood there naked. Oh, and take off the one that you've got on as you walk back.

I blushed as I started to walk back to the cubicle whilst taking the dress off. I had to stop and step out of it and my heart was pounding as I hoped that no one would step out of their cubicles and see me. My pussy was thinking otherwise and the tingling got stronger and I could feel my juices leaking out.

Luckily, or not, I made it back to my cubicle without being seen and I stood there, total naked and looking across the central aisle to the closed curtain of

the cubicle opposite, and slowly counting.

I'd got to about 30 when I heard Tony say,

There's one free at the end on the left mate.

Followed by a male voice saying,

Cheers mate.

My heart started to race again as I realised that at the end on the left was opposite where I was stood. My pussy muscles clenched as it got wetter and tingling turned to something like a pounding. My already rock hard nipples started to hurt as they moved backwards and forwards with my pounding heart.

Then I saw him, he looked a few years older than me, but not bad looking. He had a new pair of trousers in one hand. When he saw me he froze for a second then smiled at me before turning to open the curtain.

He didn't close the curtain and he watched me watching him as he un-buckled then dropped the jeans that he was wearing. He wasn't wearing anything underneath the jeans and by that time he had a huge hard-on that had my eyes glued to it.

Thirty two. I softly said, almost mesmerized by the sight.

Commando man turned and picked up a pair of trousers then turned back to face me.

Thirty three.

Thirty four. As his second leg entered the trousers.

Thirty five. As he pushed his cock inside and out of sight.

Thirty six. As he zipped up leaving an obvious bulge at the front.

Thirty seven. As he turned and looked in the mirror at himself.

Then he moved slightly to one side so that we both could see my reflection in his mirror. He stared at me for a few seconds before turning to face me.

Thirty eight. As he unzipped then dropped the trousers letting my eyes

gorge on the sight of his cock.

After he d picked them up he put his hand on his cock and pumped up and down a couple of times.

Thirty niiiinnne. As my pussy won the battle with my brain and my right hand moved to my pussy.

Fortttttttty. As my feet spread and my right index finger got busy rubbing my clit.

I forgot to keep counting as we masturbated in front of each other, my left hand finding my right tit and rubbing, pulling and twisting the nipple.

I came before he did, and fortunately I managed to keep quite quiet. I kept rubbing until he shot his load half way across the aisle towards me.

He must have had an attack of guilt or something because he quickly turned and got dressed.

Thirty three. As he walked out without even looking at me.

As I got near to finishing counting I got an attack of feeling ashamed about what I had just done. I got annoyed with myself for getting into the position that I am in. But at the same time my pussy was telling me that I had just had an amazing experience that it wanted to repeat over and over again.

Fifty. And I picked up the second dress and put it on.

I had to admit that I looked good wearing that dress, even though there was very little to it. There was so much flesh showing that it was obvious that I had nothing on under it, and I just knew that I d have to be very careful not to expose the bits that Tony obviously wanted people to see.

As I walked towards Tony he said,

That s more like it. Do me a twirl then bend over; I want to see how much shows.

I did as commanded, knowing even before I bent over, that my most intimate parts would be on show. Fortunately I managed to complete the tasks without anyone else seeing me.

Good, you look good in that one Claire. We'll get that one, there's an event coming up that you will wear that at and make both of us look good. Go and put your own clothes on and we'll get out of here.

As I did so I thought that maybe I should have asked where he was going to make me wear that almost nothing dress at. I smiled to myself as I thought that at least he wasn't going to make me wear that horrible rectangles skirt.

I'd taken the dress off and was just about to put my own skirt and top back on when a teenage girl appeared in the aisle near me. She looked at the naked me, smiled and said,

Nice, you go for it girl. Before turning and entering the cubicle opposite me.

She stood and watched me get dressed then smiled at me again as our eyes met as I walked out.

As we left the store Tony said,

Well Claire, judging by the noise that was coming from your cubicle and the smile on that man's face, you certainly enjoyed that; I think that we'll have to come shopping here more often. What do you say Claire?

I don't want to ever go there again. That man was watching me as I got changed and he wanked until he shot his load. It nearly landed on me. It was horrible.

Claire, stop telling porkies. You enjoyed it and don't you dare deny it. Do I need to finger test you here? Right here in the street?

I stopped talking even though my pussy wanted me to say,

Yes, finger fuck me right here in the street, and can we come here every Saturday please?

After a few minutes silence, as we walked back to the car, Tony said,

I guess that these pathetic PC minorities have actually done something

good for once.

I said nothing.

We were soon back at Tony s apartment and I was totally naked again. As I hung-up my new dresses I looked at them and thought,

Gawd, it s going to be soo embarrassing being out in public in either of these. Even with a bra and knickers it would be embarrassing but without any underwear my face will be permanently red. Why oh, why did I do those stupid things?

As usual, my pussy was in conflict with my brain and it was unbelievably looking forward to the experience.

I prepared us some food then after we d eaten Tony told me that it was 30 minutes exercise for me, then a shower then it was pub night with his mates again.

I went straight to the exercise cycle and Tony didn t have to tell me to pedal fast. I m starting to get used to cumming in front of him and I just pedaled and pedaled with my pussy sliding from side to side on the saddle until I d cum 3 times. As my heart and legs slowed down Tony said,

Well done Claire, you actually pedaled for 45 minutes.

I didn t say anything.

After a shower I looked at the skimpy top and ultra-short skirt that Tony had got out for me. I guess that my brain must have still been a little high from the orgasms because I wasn t at all embarrassed at the thought of having to go to a pub with just those clothes on. My pussy was enjoying the thought because it started tingling a bit.

The pub that night with Tony s mates went much the same as the previous week except that there was more groping. I had to go to the bar to get each round of drinks and at least one hand went up the front of my top while I was stood at the bar, even when I was being served; much to the amusement of the bar staff, male and female. I also had to endure the feeling of

hard cocks pressing against my butt as I stood there.

Yes. I was embarrassed the first 3 or 4 times that all that happened, but as the evening wore on, the alcohol numbed my brain and my pussy started taking control of me. Tony later told me that I was grinding my butt against those cocks as I stood at the bar. If the alcohol hadn't made me so happy I would have been so embarrassed.

The pub was very busy and one time that I went to the bar someone pinched my chair and I had to sit on one of the guy's laps. Over the rest of the evening I was shunted from one lap to another, and on each one I had a hard cock pressing into my butt and a hand between my legs. I had to put my hands over that hand so that it wasn't too obvious to the other pub goers what was happening to me.

In the car park at the end, Tony got me to take the skirt and top off and his mates hugged me like that. More groping, but by that time my pussy was in full control of my body and on the way home Tony got me to give him a blowjob as he drove. He fucked me over the front of his car in the car park next to his apartment block, much to the delight of a group of young men who were staggering by.

On that Sunday I went back home for lunch with my mum and dad. Tony had let me choose what to wear and I picked my longest skirt (mid-thigh Tony had got me to get rid of my longer ones), and my thickest top, a wooly jumper. No underwear of course, and I felt really good having some proper clothes on.

Mum again mentioned my cousin Aria again and I easily convinced her to tell Aria that she could use my old room during the week. Tony had got me to take a replacement teddy bear and I easily managed to swap them over. I felt really bad setting Aria up to be spied on, but what could I do?

The Sunday evening and the next week went by much the same as the previous week(s). At the badminton on the Monday evening all 8 men were there and I was a bit of a spare part, a spare part that kept getting used, when they played single instead of doubles, then discarded. When any of them weren't playing they'd talk to me and get me to practice the swings. Of course they had to stand behind me and reach round me and accidentally put their hands on my tits or press their hard-ons into my butt.

The showers afterwards were just as bad. All of them, except Tony, took it in turns to wash my tits, butt and pussy. I think that all of them made me cum, and that was before Tony let them fuck my pussy and mouth. I was quite tired, and sore, by the time Tony let me put my skirt and top on to take me home.

I suppose that I m getting a bit used to being so under-dressed at the pub with Tony s mates, and I overheard what I think was the landlord, telling Tony that his takings had gone up lately. If only he knew that I was being blackmailed into being put on display and be groped there.

It was a mild night and Tony let one of his mates fuck me over the front of his car before Tony drove me home.

The **Sunday** was err, different. He d invited his brother, Mick, and both his sisters (Zoey and Eve) over for Sunday lunch and, of course, I had to do all the cooking.

I d met Zoey before and our brief, one-sided conversation had got me a little worried. She d talked about spanking and my brain was a little concerned. My pussy however, was a little excited when I opened the door to them. They d all managed to arrive at the same time and as soon as they were inside they all wanted me to let them have a good look at me.

I just stood there getting embarrassed and excited as they got me to bend over and spread my legs. All 3 of them slapped my butt while I was bent over.

Cute pussy. Eve said as she slipped a finger inside me. I bet that Tony loves fucking that.

Meanwhile, Zoey had grabbed one of my nipples and was pulling and twisting it.

I had to serve the food before I sat and ate with them. The conversation was rather one-sided as they bombarded me with questions. I was sort of getting used to being naked in front of Tony s brother and sisters and had nearly forgotten about what I suspected was going to happen to me later.

After eating we moved to the sofas and chairs and I had to serve coffee to

all of them. Even as we all sat talking and looking at the feeds from some of the spy cameras that Tony had installed, my mind wasn't thinking about spanking.

It was only when Tony put up the feed from my empty home bedroom that I started to get a little nervous. Next, he played some recordings of me in that bedroom and I got called a 'naughty little slut' when a video of me masturbating on my bed was played.

I got all embarrassed and ashamed of myself and just looked at the floor.

So, Mick asked, how are you punishing the little slut for her misdeeds?

Embarrassment and humiliation are the main tools that I'm using; Tony replied, and that includes daily gang bangs by my other staff. I've taken her out to a few places wearing next to nothing and really humiliated her in front of lots of her former college mates by letting them do whatever they wanted to do to her while the others watched. She's been spanked quite a bit but she hasn't had a real good thrashing yet. I was wondering if you guys would care to administer that for me?

Happy to help. Mick replied.

Yeah, sure. Eve said.

Only if Eve and I get to be spanked as well. Zoey added.

I'm sure that that can be arranged, what do you say Mick?

Just like the old days. Mick replied.

Eve leant over to me and quietly said,

Don't worry Claire; they only use their hands.

I thought back to the other times that I'd been spanked and remembered that hands can, and do hurt.

So where are we going to do this bro? Mick asked.

Same as usual; over the back of the sofa or over our knees. Tony replied. Whichever you fancy.

Do you have any preference Claire? Mick asked.

What? Err no, I mean that I have a preference to NOT get spanked.

I don't think that you have that choice Claire. Besides, it's fun. They might even make you cum. Zoey said.

I'll help you clear-up Claire while these 2 alpha males get hard in anticipation. Eve said.

Eve and I got up and started clearing the table.

By the time we were doing the washing-up Zoey had got naked and was looking at the exercise cycle.

This seat's a bit high isn't it Tony? She asked.

It's for Claire, she enjoys it that way.

I looked over to Zoey and she looked at me.

We're about the same height so I don't understand.

Try it Zoey. Tony said.

And she did. She climbed on and slowly started pedaling. As the moans and oows and arghs started to come out of her mouth she started smiling and pedaling faster. I heard her cumming as Eve and I finished the washing-up.

I guess that it's my turn to take my clothes off now. Eve said as her top rose up over her head revealing her lack of a bra.

Next, she unfastened her mid-thigh skirt and let it fall to the ground.

No knickers. I thought, Maybe Tony is right about them going out of fashion.

Mick had moved a dining chair in front of the sofa and slapped his thigh.

Come on Claire, I'm going to be the first to warm that cute little butt.

I slowly walked over to him and stood beside his knees.

Come on Claire; get down on these. Mick said as he slapped his thigh again.

I looked around hoping that someone would stop it all, but no, they were all staring at me with excited anticipation in their eyes. I knelt down and leant forwards, my lower chest feeling Mick's hard-on through his jeans.

A bit further on so that your knees are off the floor Claire; Mick said, and spread those legs. Everyone wants to see the effects on your little butt and pussy.

I shuffled up, spread my legs and blushed at the view I was offering.

Mick's hand rested on my butt then slowly rubbed all around, even into my pussy.

Bloody hell; she's dripping already. Mick said.

Well her name is Claire Cumalot, what do you expect? Zoey said.

I didn't correct her thinking that it was pointless. My heart pounded in nervous anticipation and my pussy was tingling like hell.

Down came swat number one.

Ouch, that hurt. I said as my body rocked forwards and my hand went to my butt.

Hands off your butt. Tony said. Or do we have to tie them out of the way?

That's a good idea bro. Zoey said, Where do you keep the zip-ties?

Swat number two landed, I groaned and my hand went to my butt again. By that time Tony was back with the zip-ties and he and Zoey were bending my elbows behind my back. I felt something plastic go round my wrists and elbows then the zipping sound as my wrist was tied to my other elbow. Then the same was done to my other wrist.

The next 4 swats landed on my butt and I could feel 3 things; my butt was hurting, tears were leaking from my eyes and my pussy was oozing and throbbing.

How s she doing Mick? Eve asked.

Check for yourself sis.

There was a pause in the spanking as each of them came over, inspected my butt and pussy, rubbed my butt and pussy and finger-fucked me for a few seconds.

She s enjoying this. Eve said.

Yes, the slut is enjoying it. I bet that she cums before you get to 20 Mick.

Tony said nothing, after he d finger-fucked me he came round to my head and held his fingers to my face. Even though I was crying I opened my mouth to receive his cunt juice covered fingers.

Good girl. You re starting to learn. Tony said.

Zoey was right, I did cum before the twentieth swat; number seventeen actually, and the last 3 swats took my orgasm up to the next level.

Mick stood up and I rolled onto the floor whilst still in the middle of my orgasm.

Who s next? Mick said and was quickly followed by both Zoey and Eve saying me at the same time.

I rolled onto my back, said, Ouch, then watched as Zoey bent over her brother s knee.

You re such a slut sis. Mick said as she gasped as Mick s fingers found her hole.

That s your fault Mick. Zoey replied.

Is that what you tell your boyfriend Zoey?

Zoey didn t answer, probably because Mick s hand was raining down on her

butt.

Get up Claire; it's my turn to thrash your butt.

I'd never realised how hard it is to get up when your arms are tied behind your back, but I managed it and went over to Tony who pushed me over the back of the sofa.

Swats from Tony's hand quickly rained down on my butt and I orgasmed again. Mid orgasm, the swats stopped and I felt Tony's fingers invade my hole. That made me hit my peak again and I wanted it to go on forever.

Of course it didn't; but what happened next surprised me a little. I saw Tony in front of me unzipping his trousers. Someone was still behind me and finger-fucking me. I looked around as much as I could and think that it was Eve's fingers in my hole. It was definitely a woman because sometimes she was so gentle and she searched for, and found, my g-spot. Those fingers made me cum again.

Tony rammed his cock into my mouth and throat. I started gagging and I heard Eve telling me to relax and breathe through my nose. She told Tony that she'd get him some of that numbing spray from her work.

Tony shot his load down my throat as Eve brought me to yet another orgasm.

When Tony backed away I saw Mick fucking Zoey doggy-style in front of me.

Everyone, except me, swapped places a couple of times and my butt got more spankings, my pussy got fucked and finger fucked more and I had more orgasms before they'd finally had enough of each other and of me.

As I lay there, still over the back of the sofa, I saw that both Zoey's and Eve's butts were red, but they didn't look as bad as mine felt. I wanted to get to the bathroom to have a look but after they'd all got dressed, Tony told me to sit on the floor below the huge monitors. I had to sit there even though the sitting hurt my butt even more, legs spread wide, and masturbate while they looked at some more videos that Tony's spy cameras had recorded.

Finally, Zoey, Eve and Mick left and Tony told me that I could have the rest of the day to myself. I went to my bedroom and cried, eventually falling asleep.

Part 05

Author s Notes: -

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

V

The following week started just like any other these days, virtually naked all the time, the embarrassment when the delivery guys arrived, having to go out to the snack van and endure the lewd comments from the increasing number of men that appear from goodness knows where, and the Monday nights at badminton.

On the Friday morning before work, Tony told me to put a few things in a bag because he was taking me on a business trip to Manchester. I got a bit excited and got out some of my more modest clothes but Tony went through them and split them into 2 piles; take with me and leave at home.

When I saw what I was taking I just knew that I was going to be embarrassed and humiliated all of the time.

We went to work as usual and I had to put on that horrible rectangles skirt.

After a couple of hours, Tony told me to go out to his car and get some clothes to put on. I say clothes; it was only a micro skirt and a tank top. I quickly did as I was told then when I got back he told me to put them on, then we both left leaving Sandra on her own.

I had mixed feeling as Tony drove us to Manchester and to a big hotel. It was raining when we got out of the car and by the time we got into the hotel my skirt and top were drenched. My wet, semi see through top not hiding my hard nipples from anyone who cared to look and my skirt plastered to my body showing all my curves.

Of course, Tony had only booked one room for us and when we got there he told me that he was going straight out to a meeting. He quickly took a few things out of his case and put them on the table and next to the television then gave me some instructions as to what I had to do.

Five minutes later he was gone and I started thinking about what I had to

do. I got quite embarrassed thinking about it and quite annoyed with myself for ending up in the situation that I am in. My pussy however, wasn't at all upset; in fact it was looking forwards to the experience.

At 3 o'clock, a very nervous me phoned room service and ordered some sandwiches and coffee, then I got into the shower.

At 3:10 I got out of the shower when there was a knock on the room door. Putting the hotel's robe on, I went and opened the door. Thankful, and not, the young man asked if I'd ordered some sandwiches.

Opening the door fully, I confirmed that I had and let him in. As he was putting then on the table I said,

I was wondering if you could help me with something that I want to do?

Certainly madam.

You see, my boyfriend is stuck in a very boring conference and I want to send him some photos of me to cheer him up. Would you help me by taking some photos of me please?

Certainly madam.

They'll be a bit revealing; will that be a problem for you?

No madam, not at all.

I picked up my phone, opened the camera app, and passed it to him.

Please take lots of photos then I'll pick the ones that I'll send to him. It will really help him get through his day.

I was nervous, embarrassed, and excited as I unfastened the robe belt and let the sides fall open and held a few smiling poses as the camera app clicked away.

I continued the silly poses as I shrugged my shoulders to get the robe to fall off them and held my arms out to stop it falling to the floor. By then my tits and pussy were exposed.

More poses then I dropped my arms causing the robe to puddle on the floor.

Could you take some of me sat on the edge of the bed please?

Certainly madam.

I sat then slowly slid my hands over my tits and down to my pussy to the clicking of the camera.

By that time my pussy was taking over and the embarrassment had gone. Remembering that Tony had told me that I had to get some pussy shots, without and with my finger there; I spread my legs and moved my right hand to my pussy. I cupped it then touched my clit with the end of my index finger.

Just then my phone beeped telling me that I d received a text message. The startled man nearly dropped my phone then passed it to me. I read it then said,

My boyfriend says that he s bored.

I don t think that he will be when he gets some of these. The young man said.

Could you make a short video of me please? He just loves to watch me playing with myself.

Oh, err yes, certainly madam.

As I started to rub my clit I was thinking,

Why am I doing this? Tony didn t tell me to do this. I must be crazy.

But my pussy had taken control of me and it needed relief.

I looked to the man and saw that he was already recording my pleasure. My pussy tingled even more. After a few seconds I said,

Zoom in please.

I don t know if he knew how the zoom function worked or not, but instead of pressing the zoom button he bent forwards and leaned over until his hands were about a foot from my pussy.

That was too much for me and I started cumming.

The camera and the man's head were still real close to my pussy as the waves started to recede. I could still feel my pussy muscles convulsing.

When I thought that I could make coherent speech I said,

Thank you, thank you so much; that certainly will stop him from being bored.

You're so welcome madam. Is there anything else that I can do for you?

I really was in two minds as to whether or not to tell him to get his trousers down and fuck me, but the sensible part of my brain managed to control me and I said,

No, no, thank you, hang on a minute; I'll get you a tip.

Oh no madam, that's not at all necessary.

I got off the bed and reached for my purse. Handing him a tenner I said,

Thank you again, you really helped me out.

Anytime madam, you enjoy the rest of your day.

With that he was gone leaving me standing there, still totally naked.

Then my phone rang.

Well done Claire; Tony said, You did well. I didn't tell you to make yourself cum or to get him to video it but I'll forgive you.

Sorry, I couldn't help myself and I thought that if I get him to video it you might just let me off and let me go home. Hey, how did you know that I'd got a video made and that I'd cum?

No chance about the going home Claire, there's still a lot more punishment to come. Can you remember how to send a video from your phone?

Yes.

Send it to me right now. I've got people here who want a copy. We didn't record the feed when we were watching you.

The line went dead and after a few seconds of registering that Tony and goodness knows who else had been watching it all, I shuddered and started to send the video to Tony.

That done I lay on the bed and an attack of self-pity hit me. I cried for a while then fell asleep.

I woke-up as Tony came into the room.

Come on Claire, get in the shower, we re going out for dinner. And give yourself another shave; I don t want any stubble showing.

Where are we going?

Out for dinner, that s all you need to know for now.

How did your meeting go?

Good, I think that I may need to take on another installation guy.

Oh shit; I thought, Another guy to fuck me at the end of each working day.

I showered and shaved I did my hair and put on what little make-up that Tony allows me to wear while he showered.

Tony got out the dress that he wanted me to wear and I put it on. Looking at myself in the mirror I just hoped that there wouldn t be any police anywhere near where we were going. The dress was bordering on obscene, the slightest move from standing up straight and my nipples and / or pussy and / or butt would be on display. Even stood up straight my nipples were tenting the material.

I felt like I was naked as Tony led me down and through reception and out to a taxi; the cold air making the tents in my dress even bigger. I couldn t help noticing that some people going in to the hotel were staring at me. My brain wasn t happy but my pussy was letting me know that it was happy.

The taxi driver was happy too, he had a big smile on his face as he turned and looked back to ask where we were going. As well as seeing my nipples bulging out he could see half of my tits as the top of the dress struggled to contain them, and he could see all of my bare legs right up to my stomach.

Getting into the taxi had made my dress slide up to my waist.

Tony started exchanging small talk with the driver to delay telling him where we were going, and at the same time he put one hand on my bare knee and pulled them apart, giving the driver a view of my slit.

My face was bright red before Tony finally told the driver where we were going.

The place was a big hotel, posher than the one we were staying in. I was stood on the pavement before my dress finally slid back into its proper place, just about covering my butt and tits.

Tony led me to the hotel restaurant where the Maître d' led us to a table where 2 middle-aged men were sitting. They both stood to greet us, both staring at me. As Tony introduced us, each one of them hugged me, each one putting a hand on my butt and feeling under the very short hem to my bare butt.

When we finally sat down I quickly received nice comments from them but it was obvious that they were more interested in my body, which pleased my pussy but not my brain which told my face to blush.

You know Claire, one of the men said, the resolution on the cameras that Tony is offering us is excellent. I was watching a girl strip naked and masturbate for a hotel room service waiter this afternoon on two of his cameras and the quality was just as good as a video of the same girl that I saw a few minutes later.

Yes they are good. I replied, blushing at the same time.

You wouldn't know who that girl was would you, I'd love to see more of her.

Okay, okay, it was me. But I don't know about seeing any more of me. I think that you've seen more than enough already.

But the real thing is so much better than a video. The other man said.

Oh I think that I can arrange that for you gentlemen. Tony said.

Don't you think that you've already seen enough of my flesh; I replied, this dress shows way way more of me than I usually show.

You can never get enough of a beautiful female body Claire. The first man

said. And you obviously like showing your body, you re practically naked.

I blushed again and I cursed my pussy that must have been making a damp patch on the seat.

So gentlemen, shall we order then we can talk about where we re going later on.

Tony called a waiter over and we ordered. While he was stood there I caught him looking down my top. Obviously not happy enough with being able to see the parts of my tits that were showing at the sides of the small triangles of material and the 2 very prominent tents in the material.

Over the meal the 3 men were talking business just about all of the time but both of the potential customers kept looking over to me and sometimes asking small talk question, probably so that they could stare at my chest. I don t think that they looked at my face for more than 2 seconds all evening.

When we were all finished, Tony led us out, me behind Tony and the 2 men behind me. I m sure that they just wanted to see just how much of my bare butt that they could see under that microskirt.

We went to some sort of nightclub and I was happy that it was dark, both on the way there, and inside the club.

One of the men asked me to dance with him almost as soon as we got a table and ordered some drinks, and almost as soon as we started dancing his hands were all over me. I felt his hands under the back of my dress squeezing and rubbing my butt cheeks. When he pulled me backwards into him his hands found their way inside the triangles of the top part of my dress.

At that moment my brain hated Tony for what he was making me do, but my pussy was loving it; it ached for some attention.

Man number 2 didn t wait for too long before he wanted some of the action and some of my body, and they swapped places. I must have been on that dance floor for about an hour before they finally let me sit down and have a drink.

I say sit down, but it wasn t on a chair. The one that I had originally sat on had disappeared and I had to sit on the men s laps. As I sat on the first man s lap I just knew what was going to happen, and within a couple of minutes

my pussy was getting the attention that it wanted.

Both of those men fingered my pussy to orgasm. If it hadn't have been for the wine at dinner and the vodka at the club I'm 100% sure that my brain would have been horrified at what was happening to me. Why, oh why does Tony make me do these things?

Things didn't end at that club; Tony invited them back to our hotel room. When I heard him inviting them my brain still managed to object because it knew what was going to happen and I made a feeble effort to stop it by saying that I was sure that the men had wives that they had to get home to. My pussy however let me know that it wanted these 2 men.

I remember my dress being up around my waist and my tits being out in the taxi on the way to the hotel as I was sandwiched between the 2 men in the back. Their hands were all over me and I was sure that the driver was going to object; but he didn't, he just kept looking in his mirror.

They had my dress off even before I got into the elevator to go up to our floor and I remember an elderly couple muttering something as we passed them on the way to our room.

Yes, I was right, as soon as we were inside the room Tony invited them to use me however they liked.

They put me on the bed on my hands and knees and took it in turns to fuck my pussy and mouth while Tony kept moving what I assumed to be his disguised cameras around the room.

I guessed that he was recording it all but I was beyond caring. My pussy had total control over my body and my brain had just about shutdown.

The men were good and considerate because they made me cum 3 times before they left and they left my stomach not wanting a midnight snack.

Tony told me to have a shower and he was asleep when I got into the bed. I snuggle up to him even though he was the cause of my degradation.

I put my hand between my legs to feel my sore pussy and instantly thought that I'd had an awesome time.

It was 10 o'clock when I woke the next morning. Tony was already getting dressed and he told me that he'd ordered a room service breakfast for the both of us. He told me to go and shower and fix my hair.

I was just about finished when Tony shouted for me to come and get my breakfast. What he didn't say was that the room service waiter was still unloading it from his little trolley and a naked me walked out of the bathroom and straight into the guy.

Fortunately his hands were empty at the time and he grabbed me as I started to fall. Putting me back on my feet we just stared at each other for a couple of seconds before he apologised, then let go of my arms and stood back.

I watched his eyes go up and down my bare front as I apologised to him.

No, no madam, it was my fault, I am so sorry.

Okay guys, Tony said, it was an accident, no harm done. Claire, open the door for him to leave.

I went and held the door open whilst the waiter finished and turned to leave. I smiled at him as he walked out but I don't think that he saw my smile, his eyes were lower down my body.

Over breakfast Tony told me that we were going to do some shopping before heading back home. He picked yet another obscenely short skirt and a thin, semi see through top for me to wear and a bit later we left.

Putting our bags into his car, Tony told the Valet that we'd be back later to collect it. I'm sure that he didn't care; he was staring at my legs and short skirt, him wishing that a breeze would blow my skirt up and me hoping that it wouldn't.

Tony took me into a few clothes shops, one of them being a branch of the big chain that had converted our local branch to gender neutral changing rooms. Tony was a bit upset when he discovered that that branch in Manchester hadn't yet been converted.

Tony bought me another ultra-short skirt that I tried on without any embarrassing incident. He also bought me a one-piece swimsuit without even getting me to try it on. We could see the one on a mannequin and after he felt the material he just said we'd have one, a pale blue one. He told me that

seeing it had given him an idea. I shuddered at the thought.

Next, he took me into an Adult Shop. Boy, was that an experience for me. Of course I'd heard of them but I'd never been in to one and I was amazed and embarrassed as we looked around the place.

I think that it's about time that we got you a remote controlled vibrator Claire. I want to see you squirm at your desk when I look over from my office. Tony said when we were stood next to another young couple.

My face went all red and the couple looked at me and smiled.

As Tony paid for the 3 items that he'd bought he asked the old man behind the counter if the 2 doors in the corner were Private Rooms.

The man looked at Tony, then at me, then back to Tony and said,

Fifty pounds. Do you want me to get someone in the other room?

Yes please. Tony replied and handed over another 50.

I looked at Tony and the puzzled look on my face told him that I hadn't a clue what they were on about.

As soon as the money was in the till the man was on the phone.

Tony led me to one of the doors in the corner and opening it I saw just a room, not very big, no furniture and quite clean.

What happens in here Tony? I asked.

You'll find out Claire, get those clothes off.

With a puzzled look on my face I stripped naked.

Suck this. Tony said as he unzipped his trousers.

I got down on my knees and engulfed his semi-hard cock with my mouth. He got hard reasonably quickly but just when I thought that he was going to shoot his load he pulled out and told me to turn around.

I gasped when I turned and saw another cock sticking through a hole in the wall.

It's called a Glory Hole Claire. Stand up then bend over and suck that cock.

But it's not yours.

That never stopped you before.

But I can't see who it belongs to.

You're not supposed to Claire, that's what makes it exciting.

But ..

Claire.

Knowing that it was pointless trying to reason with him, I got up and did as I had been told. The cock jerked a bit as I wrapped my mouth around it.

If my mouth hadn't been full, I would have gasped as Tony rammed his cock into my dripping pussy but his thrust pushed me head forwards and I banged my nose on that wall as the cock coming through it went further into my mouth then throat.

I was getting fucked at both ends and only knew one of the men.

It didn't take long for 2 lots of sperm to be planted deep inside me but I wasn't lucky enough to reach my climax.

Tony's soft cock flopped out of me and he told me to get up and get dressed. I did and we left the shop. As we walked back to the hotel car park Tony told me that we were going straight home; that he wanted to give me the things that he'd bought for me.

I assumed that they were the things from the Adult Shop and I was a bit nervous all the way home.

My nervousness was justified. As soon as we'd eaten the takeaway that we'd picked-up on the way home, Tony told me to go to his bedroom, remove the quilt and lay spread-eagled on my back.

I did, and lay there for ages, nervously wondering what he was going to do to me.

When he came in he had 4 lengths of cotton rope in his hand and he proceeded to tie my wrists and ankles to the 4 corners of the bed.

Next, he setup a couple of video cameras and took some still photographs that he got me to smile for.

Then he put a blindfold on me.

What happened next I can only describe as a mixture of torture and pleasure; my brain certainly described it as torture but my pussy had a different opinion.

First of all, Tony got between my legs and used his tongue to bring me so close to cumming, but then he stopped. Then I could feel something or things, lightly brushing all over my body, going from one part of me to another. I m not ticklish but the effect was very sensual. My nipples responded to the light touching by whatever it was, by going rock hard and aching for more positive attention.

Whenever whatever it was went over my pussy I couldn t stop myself from moaning. Tony had got me close to cumming with his tongue and this was keeping me up there, not quite at the point of no return.

Then it all stopped and I felt something being put around my neck, something hard. I had the stupid idea that it was a collar, a dog collar with a chain leash because I could feel a metal chain on my chest; but surely Tony wouldn t be putting a dog collar on me.

Straight after my head was lowered back onto the bed Tony started playing with my nipples; pulling and twisting and squeezing them. My arousal started to increase again but it soon stopped when I felt sharp pains in first my left nipple then my right one.

What the fuck was that. I thought as the initial pain subsided but didn t go away.

I was left for a couple of minutes as I slowly got used to the constant pain in my nipples and wondered what the hell was causing it.

Then I felt something being pushed into my vagina. It was big but not long and I felt my pussy closing around it, swallowing it.

Tony left me for another minute or so then I screamed. Something inside me was moving. Initially I wondered if he had put something alive inside me and it had started moving around. Thankfully, that stupid idea disappeared and my brain decided that it must be some sort of vibrator and my pussy started to enjoy the feeling.

Then it stopped vibrating.

Then it started again.

Then it stopped again.

This, start / stop torture continued for a while as my arousal grew; but Tony stopped just as I was getting there.

There was silence for a while then I felt my right leg being lifted and bent down over my body, then I couldn't move it again. I rightly guessed that Tony had tied my right ankle to the same place that my right wrist was tied to.

The same then happened to my left leg and I thought about how exposed my spread butt and pussy were. I was almost embarrassed until I remembered that it was nothing that Tony hadn't seen hundreds of times before; and my arousal was overriding and embarrassment that I may have had.

There was another long pause and I heard a camera shutter clicking a few times before I felt a tremendous pain in my butt. Something was swatting my butt but it was more painful than Tony's, or Mick's hand had been.

Then again.

After about the fourth swat I was ready to cum and Tony must have sensed it. He did 2 things, firstly he switched the vibrator thing on, and secondly he hit me with whatever he was using, but this time he moved around and the whatever landed along my slit.

That was it; I had the most intense orgasm that I have ever had. It seemed to go on for hours. The vibrator thing in my pussy helped to keep it going, and so did another 2 swats from Tony.

When I finally started to come down from my high I was totally knackered. Tony removed the blindfold and I could see what he had been hitting my butt with. It was a leather strap, or paddle as Tony called it, it is thick and wide. No wonder my butt hurt.

And I could see why my nipples were still hurting. They had some sort of metal, spring clips on them. Each had a chain attached and I assumed that they went to the collar that was still around my neck.

The vibrator in my pussy was still switched on and it kept giving me little mini-orgasms for a few minutes. When I later saw the video I could see that the feelings from my pussy (apart from the vibrations) were my pussy muscles convulsing, like it was trying to suck something inside me.

After switching the video camera then the vibrator off, Tony released my ankles letting my legs drop to their natural position but he left my wrists tied to the top corners of the bed.

He sat beside me and looked down to my face.

Are you alright Claire?

I think so. My nipples still hurt.

You'll get used to that.

You mean that I have to keep these things on?

Not all the time, but when they are on I will take them off for 5 minutes every hour so that the blood can circulate.

Gee thanks.

Now, now Claire, you know that you enjoyed that.

No I didn't, you hurt me, and you still are.

But you ENJOYED it didn't you?

No.

Claire; do I need to finger test you?

No.

So?

Well I suppose that I did enjoy it a bit, a little bit.

Your orgasm went on for ages Claire, longer than I've ever seen before. You really enjoyed it, you must have.

No I didn't.

Tony reached over and touched my clit. My body jerked and I moaned.

Okay, okay; I really enjoyed it. Are you happy now?

Are YOU happy Claire?

A long silence.

Claire, answer me.

I quietly replied,

Yes, yes I am.

That's my girl; I told you that punishments can be pleasurable didn't I?

Yes, you did.

And that I know what you want more than you do.

I thought for a minute and realised that maybe he was right. This man, my boss, knew me better than I did. He knows how to hit all the right buttons. I didn't know whether to be ashamed, mortified or happy. Maybe this man was good for me.

Yes, you do. I finally replied.

Maybe the punishment for your bad deeds should never stop.

What? No, no, I want to go home.

Are you sure Claire? Would you have had as much pleasure if you hadn't started doing bad things?

I just lay there in silence for ages. I was brought out of my deep thought by Tony turning the vibrator thing on and then off. I gasped and my body jerked.

Can you take it out please Tony?

No Claire, you can squeeze it out.

What; no; how?

I m sure that you ll find a way. It will be good exercise for you. Here the control. Have some fun while you re trying. Don t drop it; you ll only get annoyed with yourself.

Tony put the control in my right hand. I turned my head and looked at it. There were 3 buttons on it and I could get my thumb to each of them.

Can you release my nipples please, they really hurt?

Okay, they ve been on for long enough for the first time.

I gasped as each spring clip was released. Looking at my nipples I could see that they were swollen and blueish.

Thank you Tony. Can you untie my wrists please?

I turned my head to look at the knots that he had used then back to him but he was already walking towards the door.

I lay there for ages before deciding that Tony wasn t coming back anytime soon. I started thinking about Tony saying squeeze the vibrator it out and decided to try it.

It isn t as easy as it sounds and after about 5 minutes I stopped for a rest. Whilst resting I decided to try switching the vibrator on for a while, hoping that it would stimulate my pussy to produce lubrication that would make my squeezing more productive.

It did make me more productive, more productive in having another orgasm.

Wow, I like these vibrator things. I thought as I came yet again and forgot about getting the vibrator out of me for a while.

After the waves of pleasure had disappeared I tried again to squeeze it out. I was just thinking of admitting defeat when out it popped.

So that s how you do it. I thought, and made a mental note for the next time; and I was 100% sure that there would be a next time, even if I have to buy one myself.

Dropping the control onto the bed I looked at my restraints, tugged and waggled my wrists then admitted that I was stuck like that until Tony released me.

The waiting turned into sleep and the next thing I knew was Tony finger fucking me and daylight was coming through the window. I closed my eyes and let Tony do whatever he wanted to me.

That whatever was making me cum with his fingers. As my body jerked about I realised that my wrists were free, Tony must have untied them before putting his finger inside my hole.

Hmm, that was nice. I said when I was able.

Do you remember reading about that new Leisure Centre that s opened Claire? Tony said, not acknowledging what he had just done to me.

Oh yes, why?

I was wondering if the changing rooms are gender neutral?

I ve no idea. I replied realising that he was looking for somewhere else to expose me to strangers.

Well we missed the evening at the pub last night and I was thinking about somewhere where you can show-off that amazing body of yours to make-up for missing the pub.

You don t have to, I m happy staying here for the day.

I don t think so Claire, you need your daily dose of exhibitionism.

No I don t, I d be quite happy staying here all day.

Tony cupped my pubes with his hand and pressed his middle finger just into my hole.

This says that you want to show it to strangers.

No it doesn t, that s just natural female lubrication.

That s produced when you re thinking about sex.

No I wasn't.

Go on Claire; seriously deny that you don't get pleasure from exposing yourself.

I lay there thinking. People seeing me naked was so embarrassing, so humiliating yet at the same time, yes, it does, it makes me feel good. How can I possibly feel good while I'm being humiliated? Where's the logic in that? I just don't understand myself.

I can't.

No, you can't; now get your lazy butt off that bed and into the shower.

As I swung my legs to the side my butt moved and reminded me that it still hurt. The chains from the collar swung round reminding me that I still had that collar on.

Can you take this thing that's round my neck off please?

I'll do it this time but you will need to do it yourself from now on Claire.

I said nothing and as he unfastened it I wondered just how many times I'd have to wear it.

Tony put the collar on the dressing table and I looked at it and had a little shudder.

I hope that I don't have to go outside with that thing on. I thought.

Then I looked at a large plastic egg that was there.

Is this the vibrator?

Yes Claire, that's going to become your BFF.

I smiled and just knew that he was right again.

Next to the leather paddle that Tony had turned my butt red with, was, what I assume was what Tony had been lightly brushing all over my body.

What's this called Tony?

A Flogger, as well what I did to you with it, it can be used to Flog or Whip you. I'm told that it doesn't hurt as much as the Paddle.

I hope that you re right, that damn paddle hurt.

But you liked it Claire.

I did not.

It made you cum so you must like it.

I gave him a filthy look, said nothing and walked to the bathroom. The first thing that I did was to look at my butt in the mirror.

OMG, it was still red. No broken skin thankfully but those red marks looked like they d still be visible when I went to work the next day. Shit, he s talking about taking me to a Leisure Centre. I ll have to wear something that will cover all that.

Thankfully, Tony didn t take me to a Leisure Centre that day. Instead he had to do some work so he got me to give the apartment a good clean. The only thing that I could wear was the dog collar with the chains hanging down to the nipple clamps that he kept clamping to my nipples then taking them off about an hour later.

I suppose that I am reluctantly getting used to that pain.

I phoned my mum and dad later that day and got invited to Sunday lunch the next week and Tony agreed to let me go.

Part 06

Author s Notes: -

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

V

Tony thought that it would be a good idea for me to wear that collar with the rectangles skirt at work the next day. I m sure that you can imagine the comments that came from the installation guys; and the delivery guys and the neighbouring workers when I went out to the snack van. I m going to have to talk to Tony about going to that snack van; the weather is getting quite cold these days and my squashed nipples really hurt.

Those neighbouring workers saw my still red butt and there were a few com-

ments about me being a slave that had been punished. As usual I didn't respond to the comments but I did blush at some of them. If only they knew just how true most of the comments were.

Tony was kind enough to take the chains off the collar and my nipples for Badminton but it still hurt quite a bit when his mates mauled my tits. I'm not sure whether or not that my painful nipples contributed to the 5 orgasms that those guys gave me that night.

On the Saturday morning Tony took me to that new Leisure Centre. I had a little laugh when I saw that there were 3 changing rooms, Men's, Women's and Family / Mixed. Tony laughed too and said that it must be their crazy way of getting around this gender neutrality crap.

As we walked through the Family / Mixed door Tony said,

What's your bikini like Claire? Quite brief I hope.

What! I thought that you were bringing me something to wear.

Nope; I guess that you'll have to swim naked.

I can't, I'll get thrown out and maybe they'll call the police. And what if there are young kids here?

Maybe you could confess to your other crimes whilst you're at the police station.

No; no, please tell me that you're joking Tony.

Yes Claire, I am joking. I've brought 2 swimsuits for you. You're getting used to relying on me aren't you?

Can I have one of them please Tony?

Get in there and get naked then I'll give you one. And leave the door open Claire.

Tony was pointing to a big cubicle, presumably a family one. Knowing that Tony meant me to stand in the doorway while I got changed, I did just that. Well I took my top, skirt and shoes off and stood there as naked as the day I was born; and hoped that no kids would walk by.

Can I have the swimsuit please Tony?

In a minute, I need to get changed first.

I watched as he got naked then put some swimming shorts on. As I watched I looked at him and thought that he s quite cute looking really, quite slim and muscly.

Please; someone might see me. I said.

And that bothers you Claire?

There could be kids here.

There probably are. Does that mean that you want to be seen by adults?

No, I just meant that it s worse been seen by kids.

I strongly suspect that nearly all kids just couldn t care less that your naked Claire, it s their over-protective parents that are trying to turn them into prudes by making them ashamed of their bodies.

That may well be true, but can I have something to wear please Tony?

Tony put his hand into one of the pockets of his jeans and pulled out the blue one-piece swimsuit that he d bought me when we went shopping in Manchester. It s so thin that he d squeezed in into his hand and I could only just see that he had it in his hand.

I quickly, but carefully stepped into it and pulled it up. It was so thin that it was like putting a pair of tights on. The cut of the sides revealed my bare hips but it covered a lot more of me than a bikini would.

I looked down at my front then said,

I can t go out there in this; I can see my nipples and areolas, and my slit.

Relax Claire, no one will notice. If they look at you they ll just see a blue swimming costume.

But someone might look closely.

I suppose that they might. Let s hope not.

I smoothed my hands down my front and thought that it felt thin. Then I felt my butt.

At least it covers my butt, but can you see my butt crack Tony?

Tony put his hand at the bottom of my butt, slid his thumb under one side and his finger under the other side. Then he slid his hand up, causing me to get a wedgie.

Now I can, come on, let's go.

The material of that swimsuit is so thin and soft that I couldn't feel that my butt was exposed, but when I slid my hand down I felt my bare butt.

At least I'll be able to blame Tony if we get thrown out. I thought as we put out clothes into a locker and walked out to the pool.

We passed a mirror on the way to the pool and I looked at myself. I blushed and felt embarrassed when I confirmed that everyone would be able to see my areolas, nipples and slit, but my slit was visible because the wedgie that Tony had given me caused the material to disappear between my lips.

I quickly walked out to the pool and jumped in.

I actually had a great time in the pool with Tony, swimming around and messing about, Tony can be quite a laugh when he wants to be, and I almost forgot about how much of me people could see; not that I saw anyone staring at me.

After a while we got out and Tony took me back to the lockers. He got out a little bag then told me to follow him into a changing cubicle.

Get that suit off and put this bikini on Claire, I want to see what you look like in it.

I had never seen the bikini before. The material is so thin and it clings to every curve of my skin even before it gets wet. It's not see-through, thankfully; but it does expose a lot of my skin. It's really high-cut at the back and half of my butt cheeks are exposed. The string that goes down my butt crack splits into 2 just over my butt hole and the 2 strings continue with no material between them, right up to near the front of my slit where they join to a cut-off front. The result is that when I'm just standing there it looks like a normal, high-cut string bikini. But when I open my legs even just a little bit, my uncovered pussy is on display for everyone to see.

The top is a bit more modest. That is if you can call 2 small triangles of very thin material modest. Tony tied it behind me so that I was worried that even the slightest bit of activity would cause one, or both of the triangles to slide off my tits.

I was worried when I realised what the bottoms were like and as I put them on I said,

You re no expecting me to go out there in this are you? It doesn t even cover my pussy.

You ll be alright Claire, if you re that worried, don t open your legs.

How can I walk about and swim without opening my legs? I asked.

Carefully. Was all Tony said.

If I thought that walking out to the pool in the blue, see-through one-piece was embarrassing, walking out there with my pussy uncovered was a nightmare. I tried to squeeze my legs together when I walked but that just started to stimulate my pussy.

The bad, or good, thing was that my pussy was waking up and showing some interest in my exposure. Before I made it to the pool the squeezing had made me start to get wet.

When we were back in the pool Tony seemed to want to do anything that involved me spreading my legs wide and putting his arms around me to grope my tits. After a while I realised that he had moved the triangles that were supposed to cover my tits and both my nipples were exposed. As I started to pull them back to their correct place he told me to leave them as they were and that if anyone said anything I was to pretend to be unaware and embarrassed (which I would be), then to put them back over my tits.

I kept sneakily looking down at my tits and to be honest, I was enjoying the exposure; well my pussy was. It was also enjoying people looking at it especially as Tony got me to do a lot of swimming doing the back breaststroke.

I really did have mixed feeling each time that I looked up to see someone following me and staring at my pussy. Of course, Tony thought that it was funny but he did manage to fuck me by getting between my legs and pulling me on to him. I was soo scared that someone would see what we were doing but no one said anything.

The showers afterwards were embarrassing. There were cubicles but Tony told me not to shut the door and to get naked before showering. I kept my back to the door most of the time so I don't know if anyone saw me.

Then in the cubicle getting dressed Tony told me to leave the door open and to put the collar, chains and nipple clamps on facing the open door. Two older teenage boys went past, then came back and stared at me just as I was finishing.

Tony then passed me my top to put on, then my skirt. It was only when I pulled my skirt up that the boys moved on.

The Saturday evening at the pub was painful as well as embarrassing. The collar was bad enough but the nipple clamps were visible through my top, whenever the guys put their hands up my top they used the clamps to torture my tits by pulling the clamps in all directions. It hurt like hell but that didn't seem to bother the guys.

The Sunday was better. Tony told me that I could take the collar off for my visit to my parents and I put on my most conservative clothes (10 inch mini-skirt), for the visit, out in the corridor; it felt a bit strange but comforting. I wasn't happy with myself for thinking that it was strange. That meant that I was getting used to wearing next to nothing and that wasn't what my brain wanted.

The lunch with mum and dad was good, I could really relax. Aria was there, she'd arrived that morning to settle in before college on the Monday. I had to be careful what I said as we talked because I don't want any of them to know about my new life. Also, I really wanted to tell Aria about the cameras in her room but I didn't, I didn't want to upset Tony, and when Aria and I went up to my old room I managed to move the teddy bear to where Tony had told me to without Aria getting suspicious.

As I was doing that I really wanted to tell Aria to not get changed in that room but I knew that Tony would know if I did.

Anyway, I left home to go back to the apartment and remembered to strip before going into the apartment.

Tony was sat on the sofa when I got there and he was watching 3 video streams, one was of Aria, she moving a few things around in the room. After a while she sat on the bed looking around.

She looks happy with the changes she's made. Tony said then continued, I'm glad that she didn't move the clock or the teddy bear.

I wished that she had.

Tony left the feed on while I got him some tea then he got me sit on his hard cock while he watched some other video feed.

After a while I just couldn't help myself, I started slowly going up and down, slowly fucking myself on his cock.

Look. Tony said.

I looked up to see Aria start to get undressed. Her top went up revealing a lack of a bra, not that she needed one; her tits are about the same small size as mine.

Then she unfastened her skirt and it dropped to the floor. No knickers.

I told you that they're going out of fashion. Tony said as we both looked at her bald pussy.

For some strange reason, that made me want to fuck Tony faster and it wasn't long before first he came inside me, then I orgasmed. Shortly after that Tony said,

You're settling in here quite well Claire, maybe we should consider some sort of contract between us.

What are you talking about Tony?

Well you obviously like being told what to do all the time so perhaps you should think about becoming my Submissive.

What, what are you talking about?

Me having full control of you, making every decision for you so that you can just relax and enjoy yourself.

But I have to do that already, and I hate it.

Claire, that s not true, and you know that don t you?

I do too.

Claire, be honest with yourself. Tell you what, get down over my knees and I ll give you something to help you be honest with yourself.

Tony was patting his knee so I did as commanded and he started spanking my butt. After the first swat Tony said,

Count each swat Claire, and thank me for each one.

I turned my head and looked up to the screen showing Aria in my old room. I was a little surprised to see that she was flat on her back on the bed, legs spread wide and her right hand was busy working on her pussy.

Ouch. Two, thank you Sir.

Three more swats then Tony rammed 3 of his fingers into my hole and pumped in and out for a few seconds. I was just getting close to cumming when he pulled out and told me to stand up.

Right Claire, go to your room and think about what I ve said.

I climbed off him and went to my room. I sat on the bed and thought.

Was he right?

I had certainly enjoyed all the sex with him, even when he d tied me to the bed and spanked me with that leather paddle, and that vibrator. Wow, I can t wait to have that inside me again. He s made me do things I ve never done before and I m loving it.

Gawd, listen to me, my brain was saying, this can t be right, it s all wrong. How can a woman possibly enjoy what he s made me do, is still doing to me; look at me, I m totally naked in his apartment and I have to do whatever he tells me.

But just then my pussy started talking,

Don t be so stupid Claire; you love everything that s happening to you. It

makes you feel soo good; all those orgasms. Okay, the pain is bad at times but it s always followed by some awesome orgasms. And the embarrassment is so, well embarrassing, but it s nice as well. People, strangers, seeing these tits and pussy always turns you on, makes you soo horny.

You like this man, you trust this man, and he s got a nice cock and a successful business. You d be an idiot to want out of all this.

A very confused Claire lay back with her head on the pillow and tried to make some sense of it all.

I woke-up the next morning to the feeling of Tony pushing the egg vibrator up my hole. Just as I opened my eyes he switched it on and I gasped. Oh my gawd, I love that egg.

Leave it there Claire. Tony said, then got up and walked out.

The egg had made me cum twice before Tony switched it off then came into my room to tell me to get up and get showered. I did, and as I passed him he grabbed my arm and held me as he gave my butt 2 hard swats before telling me that it was for being late getting up and not getting his breakfast ready.

Put the collar on before we go to work Claire. Tony instructed.

The week went much the same as the previous weeks apart from Tony telling me to spend 30 minutes exercising each evening.

On the Tuesday, as I got onto the cycle, I glanced out of the window and saw a man in one of the apartments opposite. He too hadn t closed his blinds and I could clearly see him. Then my brain realised that if I could see him, he could see me, the naked me.

There s a man watching me Tony.

And.

And I m about to climb on the exercise cycle.

And.

And I ll probably have an orgasm.

And.

And it will be embarrassing.

And.

I gave up at that point and just got on with it.

I don t know if it was because I was being watched or what, but I came quite quickly, and 2 more times before I finally stopped pedaling.

On the Saturday morning when I took Tony his breakfast in bed, he pulled me down and told me to take care if his morning woody. I pulled the quilt back and looked at his hard cock. My pussy instantly tingled and got wet and I climbed on and rode it as he grabbed my tits and teased my nipples.

After he d shot his load deep inside me he told me to get off and get on my hands and knees. He left me like that while he ate his breakfast.

Then he got up and the next thing I knew my butt was hurting. I turned my head and saw Tony with the Flogger in his hand.

Thank me Claire.

One; thank you Sir. I replied.

After 5 swats, Tony ran the ends of the Flogger slowly all over my rear end. He was sensually teasing me and it was working. I actually orgasmed as he did just that.

Tony let me calm down for a while then told me that we needed to talk.

What about? I asked.

Shower then sit down and we ll talk.

I wondered what was on his mind as I showered then went looking for him.

Right Claire, have you thought about being my Submissive?

Yes I have Tony.

And?

And I want to know more about what s involved, what I would have to do and what s in it for me.

Fair enough, I can understand that.

Tony opened his laptop and then a word document.

This is a modified version of a contract that I found on some website somewhere. It was originally written for a husband and wife but I ve changed it to suit our current circumstances, and where I would like them to move to. Please read through it and then tell me what you think and what you would like to change. This is going to be a compromise for both of us but I m hoping that we can get an agreement. Firstly let me say that if we both sign the document I will release you from all fear of further penalties for your past crimes.

I ll leave you to read through it and please highlight whatever you like. We ll then discuss what you have highlighted.

Okay.

Tony got up and went and did some exercise.

I started to read and my first reaction was that it had been drawn-up by a lawyer. Then it got, err, interesting and scary. My brain thought that it was scary and my pussy thought it was interesting.

Basically, that document, if I signed it, would give Tony the right to tell me to do whatever he wants and for him to do whatever he wants with my body. There were a number of things that I highlighted for discussion.

When I got to the end my brain was a bit dumb-struck but my pussy wasn t, it liked the idea of Tony being able to do all those things to me and it let me know that by tingling a lot and getting very wet.

I looked over to Tony and smiled.

Got to the end Claire? Before you answer me start at the beginning again, I d hate for you to miss anything.

That was considerate of him. I thought and scrolled back to the top.

I didn t find anything else that I wanted to discuss so at the end I told Tony that I was ready to talk.

Right Claire, start wherever you like and take your time, it s important that we resolve all issues before you sign the document.

I still haven t decided if I want to do this, it s such a big step and I ve got so much to lose.

True, but you ve got so much to gain Claire.

What about my job? Apart from the being virtually naked all day and the gangbangs with the installation guys, I like my job. I d hate to lose it.

Apart from the known indiscretions, you are a good employee Claire. I don t want to put your job at risk. Our employer / employee relationship will remain as it is with one exception. I will have to terminate the end of day sessions with the installation team. I will be taking on more staff quite soon and an increase in the numbers expecting to fuck you each day would be too much for you so the easiest solution is to just stop them.

What about my lack of clothes?

The workwear arrangements will continue as is. I see no reason to change that.

Okay, the first thing that I m totally not happy about is the anal fisting. There s no way that I m going to agree to any of that, it horrifies me. You haven t fucked me anally yet and I wouldn t mind that but there s no way that anything bigger than your penis is going up my butt.

I m sure that it wouldn t be as bad as you think, but okay, I ll agree to the removal of that part.

Thank you. I like the idea of the traffic lights; green for go to tell you that I like what you are doing to me, amber to tell you to slow down; and red to

tell you to stop immediately. That is a good safeguard I think.

You did read the part about 3 red cards and the whole contract is terminated and that you wouldn't receive the end of contract amount of 100,000 didn't you?

Yes; on that subject, what happens at the end of year apart from me getting the 100k?

Whatever happens; the 100k goes straight into your bank account. Then we have a discussion similar to what we are having now. We agree, or not, another contract. If we cannot reach an agreement then you move out. You would, of course, keep your job. As I've said, our employer / employee relationship remains unchanged.

Okay; that clause about orgasm denial worries me, I've never really tried to NOT orgasm before. I've always want to cum as quick and as often as I can. I don't know if I'll be able to hold back.

I'll give you a reasonable amount of time to learn how to hold it. Once that period is over, cumming before I tell you to will result in a punishment.

On the subject of punishment, you don't go into much detail in this document. I'm worried that the punishment could escalate and that I'd end up getting physically damaged.

You have nothing to fear there Claire; the last thing that I want is a submissive who is unable to perform due to physical injuries.

I continued,

I consider tattoos to be physical injuries Tony, I will not agree to you forcing me to get Tony's Cunt, or something like that tattooed on my pubic area or anything else anywhere. In fact, any form of permanent changing of the colour of any of my skin is totally unacceptable.

Fair enough, I can understand that. That clause can be removed.

In a similar vein, the only piercings that are acceptable to me are my nipples and my clitoris hood.

Agreed.

Bestiality is totally unacceptable. There is no way that any animal is going

to fuck me.

Fair enough, but what about pussy licking? I m told that dogs like licking pussies and that girls enjoy the experience.

I am prepared to try it, but if I say that I don t like it then it is off the table.

Fair enough; it s good that you are prepared to try these things Claire.

What s this position that I would have to assume every time that you d command me to assume?

You could have to get down on your knees, spread them as far apart as you can, sit back on your heels and put your hands on the floor behind you. Your head would be bent forwards and you d stay like that until ordered to get up.

Sort of presenting my tits and pussy for inspection.

Precisely Claire.

The document says that I d have one day off each week where I can do whatever I like. Which day would that be?

That s flexible. It will change to meet both our needs.

This document says that if you break the agreement you will give me the 100k and I can just walk away. That s good, but what about my job? How would that be affected?

Nothing would change; everything at work would continue as if nothing had happened.

But I d have to move out of here.

That would be up to you Claire. You d have the 100k so you would be easily able to find somewhere else to live.

Okay Tony, that s all my questions for now.

Does that mean that you will sign the contract?

No. Well not yet.

Okay, I didn't really expect you to sign it just yet. Make a copy of it and amend the copy to incorporate everything that we've talked about then we'll talk again.

Do I have to do it right now?

No, but please get it done before Tuesday evening.

Okay.

I'm still not sure that I want to do this Tony, it means giving up so much.

Yes that's true Claire; but think about what you will be gaining.

Go and relax on the exercise cycle for a while. That was a very mature discussion Claire, well done.

I saved the document that I'd highlighted parts as another name, emailed it to me then took a deep breath before standing up. As I walked to the bike and got on, I thought about the situation. I liked everything that Tony was agreeing to do to look after me. It would certainly make life a lot easier for me. No financial problems, nothing at all to worry about.

It would get rid of Tony's threat of reporting me to the police, and it does have a clause in it that would protect my parents from ever finding out what I've done and all about what I would commit to. Those 2 points alone were almost enough for me to want to sign it.

I also liked the bit about Tony taking full responsibility if I got arrested for doing something that he had told me to do, that he would tell the police that he had forced me to do whatever.

In some respects it was the ideal situation for a girl to be in, but what about the things that he'd make me do? He was sure to make me get naked where people would see me. That would be awful.

Just then my pussy made its presence known. Why did it like the thought of me being naked in public? There's got to be something wrong with me. Maybe I should go and talk to a shrink before I sign the document.

I laughed at that thought and decided to put it all to the back of my mind for a while; let my subconscious mull it over for a while.

I started pedalling faster and looked out of the window.

Fuck, that man was there again, and he was watching me. Oh balls to him, let him watch me pedal, and watch me cum when I do so in a minute or two.

Jeez, did I really just think that? I m getting too used to being naked.

Oh no you re not. My pussy said as my arousal went up another level.

I did cum, twice, before I got off the bike. I looked over to the man and saw that he was still watching me so I waved to him.

Are you taking me to the pub tonight Tony? I asked.

Oh no reason, I just wondered.

The truth was, I was starting to look forward to the nights where his mates groped me and moved my clothes so that people could see what was under them.

I felt calmness as I had a long hot shower.

Part 07

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

Tony did take me to the pub that night and he had me wear just a dress; a really short dress that was slightly see-through. His mates spent the evening looking at my tits and pussy both through the dress and under it. Some of them even groped me when I went to the bar. The skirt part of the dress was so short that they could easily grope my butt and pussy without having to reach down then up the skirt.

I orgasmed twice whilst stood at that bar waiting to be served. The barman kept looking at my tits through the top part of the dress and he had a big grin on his face when I orgasmed. I was sure that he took a long time to serve me just so that he could look at me.

I woke early the next morning feeling unhappy. I lay there reflecting on my

life and the position that I d got myself into. Why oh why did I make those stupid mistakes? I was happy with my little life before it all started. Okay it was a bit boring but it was normal and comfortable.

Now! Now my life was soo different, so uncertain, so unpredictable, so embarrassing, so dangerous, and soo humiliating. I feel like I had no choice other than to give myself to Tony. Give every aspect of my life and my body to him to control as he sees fit.

Why had I let him convince me that signing that damn contract was a good thing? Why hadn t I asked for a 14 day cooling off period? Why had I thought that signing it was a good thing? He d made it sound like a good deal for me and in some sort of perverted way it is a good deal. Plenty of orgasms (I hope) and lots of sexual arousal; and that huge amount of money at the end of the contract if I m still alive or not locked-up somewhere; but the embarrassment and humiliation, that will be hard to accept. And will he get me into trouble with the law? Okay he s promised to protect me from that but how can he? If he orders me to be naked and masturbate in front of a huge crowd I will have to do it and just hope that I don t get arrested.

Okay, he s given me some amazing moments of pleasure in the past that I doubt that I could ever have had when I was on my own, but the price of that pleasure has been the loss of every bit of self-respect and lots of embarrassment and humiliation. I m now just an object for him to do whatever he wants with and I m sure that he will find more ways to humiliate me in front of my friends and family as well as his. I just hope that he doesn t humiliate me in front of my parents. That would just kill them.

And what about my cousin Aria? He is already watching her in my old room at my parent s house; he s seen her naked and masturbating; would he try to blackmail her too? Make her do all the humiliating things that he makes me do? Even worse, would he make me make her do those horrible things? And that s even before I think about the physical pain that he will inflict on me, or get other people to do it. Will his punishments go beyond the things that he s already done to me? Will he permanently damage my body?

I feel like I m just his slave, his whore, a piece of meat for him to do whatever he likes with.

My alarm rang and I jumped up off my bed. I say off my bed not out of my bed because Tony has banned me from being covered when I sleep. Luckily, he hadn t tied my wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed so I had no aches and pains.

I quickly showered and shaved everywhere below my neck then ran to the kitchen to get his breakfast ready. Thankfully he usually doesn't have a fried breakfast.

Good morning slave, Tony said as I ran into the room. Took your time in the bathroom didn't you?

Sorry Master, it won't happen again.

Set your alarm for 10 minutes earlier to make sure that it doesn't. Now bend over in front of me so that I can check that there are no traces of hair around your pussy.

I did as commanded and as he inspected me he slid a finger inside my vagina.

Why was I so wet? I silently asked myself as he flicked my clit making me moan and want more.

But I didn't get more; instead I had to get on with the breakfast. As I worked I wondered what was in store for me that day. It was a work day; Tony had promised that the only real change at work would be the stopping of the gang-bangs each evening. Was that true? What would he make me do? I dreaded to think.

I had to go out to his car wearing just my collar with the rectangles skirt, the little skirt that doesn't really cover anything, and as we went outside a group of young people going to college walked by and saw me. I got a few rude comments but in general they were more amused that I was virtually naked.

At work I got on with my usual tasks as the others slowly arrived. They were used to seeing me naked at work and I have to admit that I was starting to get used to it. Once everyone was there Tony called a meeting and told the Engineers that they would be based at their homes from then on and only come to the office once a week on a Monday morning for team meetings; and that my body was now off-limits without direct permission from himself.

That caused a few disappointed groans.

Tony continues and told the Engineers that all materials required were to be phoned-in and that they would be couriered out to them overnight.

Having said that he gave all of them a sheet of paper with the URLs of all the cameras in the office and my bedroom and my old bedroom at my parent's house that is now my cousin Aria's bedroom. When he said that I tried to think of a way that I could get her out of my parent's house but I couldn't think of a way.

The delivery guys got their usual look at my body and so did Rajeev, the snack van man and his other customers at that time. I'm sure that some of them don't work around Tony's place and there has started to be quite a few vans parked close by around the time of Rajeev's visit. The rude comments keep coming but I've heard them all before.

I got a little scared that lunchtime because a police car arrived and 2 policemen joined the queue to be served. I heard them asking people if anyone was offended by me being naked. The only replies were ones saying that they wished more girls would do the same.

Fair enough. One policeman said and nothing more was said about me being naked.

When we got back to Tony's apartment that evening there was a workman waiting outside the door. He stared at me with a big grin on his face as we walked to the door and Tony acted as if it was totally normal for a young girl wearing just a minute skirt would be following him in. The workman stared even more when I took all my clothes off as Tony opened the door.

It took that workman nearly an hour to screw something to the ceiling during which time Tony had me exercise on the cycle, telling me to pedal as quick as I could. I came twice while the workman watched.

When he had gone, Tony took a look at the webbing that was now hanging from the ceiling. After moving it around he called me over, telling me to bring the kitchen stool with me.

After some experimenting and instructions from Tony I was left sitting on one part of the webbing with my legs through 2 other loops that kept my legs spread wide. Apart from my legs being spread wide displaying my open pussy to anyone in front of me, and the fact that my spread open pussy was at cock height, it was quite comfortable.

My open pussy was at the right height for Tony to just stand in front of me and fuck me, and he did. He can hold my hips and push me back and forwards fucking me as I go back and forwards.

After my latest orgasm subsided I wondered who he would get over to watch me and probably fuck me like that.

Tony then had me practice getting in and out of that swing until I could get on and off easily on my own then it was time for me to get some food ready whilst he scanned the monitors for anything that interested him. He left the monitor showing my old bedroom on all the time and whilst we were eating Aria entered the room and stripped naked. After going for a shower with a towel wrapped around her, she came back and proceeded to pluck a few hairs from around her pussy then rub her clit to an orgasm.

Got to replace that camera with one that zooms and has a microphone. Tony said as a forkful of spaghetti entered his mouth. I'll fix something up then you'll have to go and visit your parents Claire.

To help you spy on my naked cousin? I don't think so Tony.

You seem to be forgetting something Claire; do I need to go and get a copy of our agreement? You know that it says that you will do everything that I say. I'll have a replacement teddy bear ready by the weekend and you can swap it. You'd better phone your parents and get yourself invited to Sunday lunch.

My heart dropped. It was bad enough that Tony was now ruling my life but to get me to help him spy on my cousin even more than he was doing already. I've seen the detail that his spy camera can get, it would mean that he'd be able to see every little bit of stubble on her pussy, and to see every little detail when she masturbates.

And since you decided to question me you can spend the night on your front on your bed with your wrists and ankles tied to the corners, thinking about how much your butt hurts. Yes, I'm going to turn your butt red before I go to bed.

I'm getting used to having my body abused by Tony and his friends, and I have to say that I often enjoy it; it's just that the timings are always to suit him, not me.

Thankfully, Tony gave me 10 minutes in the bathroom before I had to go and submit to his desires. As is usually the case, my crying subsided as my butt got hotter and hotter, that heat spreading to my pussy. Tony has the ability to know when I am close to having an orgasm and he often uses that knowledge to stop and deny me the orgasm.

I had to just grind my pubes into the mattress hoping that for once those actions would give me the relief that I desired; but it never does and I always end up going to sleep a frustrated girl.

The rest of the week was very much the same embarrassment and humiliation. On the Friday evening Tony took me to the pub where we met quite a few of his mates. He had me wear just a micro dress and heels and in the crowded bar his mates all stood around me blocking the rest of the pub from seeing me.

Tony took that opportunity to tell me to take my dress off and to let his mates grope my naked body while they talked about football and politics.

At the end of the evening they managed to usher me out still surrounding me and it wasn't until we were all in the middle of the car park that they all moved away leaving me stood there, stark naked in the middle of the car park. Okay it was night but that car park has lots of floodlights.

I ran to the car and hid behind it until Tony let me in.

He fucked me on the swing before telling me to go to bed.

I'd phoned my mother on the Saturday morning and she was only too happy to have me for Sunday lunch. With the teddy bear in my bag and wearing my longest skirt (still very short) and a semi-decent top, no bra (I no longer own a bra anyway), I set off to my parent's house.

They were so happy to see me, and I them; but I felt really bad about the mission that Tony had sent me on. Fortunately Aria had gone home to her parents for the weekend and it was easy to swap the teddy bears. Just as I was leaving my old bedroom my phone rang. It was Tony telling me to turn the teddy bear slightly to the right then to lay on the bed and spread my legs.

I did, then Tony accused me of being sexually excited by the situation that I was in. When I denied it and asked him why he s thought that he told me that he could see my wet and swollen pussy.

Poor Aria, I m so sorry. I thought as I left the room and went back downstairs to my parents.

As we talked over coffee mum asked me how I was getting on, at work and with my new living arrangements. For a second I thought that she knew about my contract with Tony and I blushed. Then I realised that she couldn t possibly know and that it was just an innocent, caring question.

As directed by Tony, but I also wanted to, I asked my parents if I could make Sunday lunch a monthly event. They agreed, and I didn t tell them that Tony wanted me to change the teddy bear s batteries once a month.

I slipped up one time and I accidentally flashed my bare butt and pussy to my father. I was bending over to pickup my mother s cup and forgot that my father was sat behind me. I didn t realise at the time but when I was helping him wash-up he asked me if I d forgotten something when I got up that morning or if it was the fashion these days for young girls to go knickerless.

I blushed and told him that knickers were going out of fashion.

I wish that I was a young man again. Daddy replied.

When I got back to Tony s apartment I remembered to strip out in the hallway then went in. I was surprised to see Zoey, one of Tony s sisters there.

Hello Claire Cumalot. Zoey said, I hear that you ve sold yourself to my brother.

Camelot not Cumalot. I thought, but said nothing.

And my brother tells me that I can spank you whenever I want, aren t you the lucky girl?

I said nothing.

Pack a bag before you go to bed Claire, you re going to London for the week.

What? You didn t say anything about going to London. And why?

I m telling you now. Just some dresses and shoes will do. I may get some new ones for you whilst we re there.

You re coming too.

Yes, I ve got some business to take care of and you have an appointment.

Who with? What for?

All in good time girl. Now bend over the back of the sofa; I m loaning you to Zoey for a couple of hours.

My jaw dropped a bit as I turned to look at Zoey. She was grinning.

Spread those legs girl. Zoey said, I want to see inside of that cute little, wet hole of yours.

For the next couple of hours I had to endure Zoey abusing my butt and pussy with her hand, a cane, a huge dildo (that was painful) and her mouth. She also made me eat her pussy until she orgasmed.

I was glad when Tony got back, although she did make me cum once.

The next morning saw Tony and I catching a train to London with me still not knowing why I was going with him.

What was I supposed to do while he was at his business meetings? I thought as I sat there next to Tony. He s told me to sit with my knees apart so that anyone walking down the aisle, who cared to look, would be able to see my bare pussy.

It was embarrassing looking at the men walking along the isle and seeing where there eyes were looking; but at the same time it was arousing. By the time the train stopped in London about 20 men had seem my, by then very wet, pussy.

I was very curious when Tony told the taxi driver at the train station to take us to Harley Street. I wondered if he had some sort of illness that he hadn t told me about.

I got one hell of a shock when we got out of the taxi outside one of the expensive doctor's surgery and Tony told me that we were there to get some surgery done to my pussy.

But you can't, the contract says that there would be no permanent damage to my body.

There won't be any permanent damage to your body. This isn't going to be any damage, it's going to be an enhancement, it will make you look more beautiful.

Just exactly what are you talking about Tony?

Getting rid of your inner labia.

I was sort of stunned for a minute. I'd always thought that my flaps were a bit big and not very pretty, but a girl gets used to something like that; learns to live with it. I tried to imagine what I would look like with no flaps.

The fresh air had dried my pussy since we got off the train but it started getting wet again.

I started to warm to the idea. After a minute or so I said,

You're not planning on getting any breast implants for me while we're here are you?

Fuck no, I like your tits as they are. More than a handful is a waste. So you're not going to try to argue about your flaps are you Claire? I'd hate to have to put you over my knee out here in the street.

Err no, I guess not. Will it hurt?

No, I'm sure that the surgeon will give you some sort of local anaesthetic, but I guess that you'll be sore for a few days afterwards and you'll probably feel more exposed, but you'll like that part.

Will I?

Yes Claire you will; and I'll be able to show the new you to all my friends and relatives.

Gee thanks; more embarrassment.

Come on Claire; let's get it done.

So they're expecting us?

Yes, I booked it just as soon as you'd signed the contract.

So is this trip just to get female genital mutilation performed on my pussy?

Consensual FGM; that's the difference.

But isn't it still illegal?

I guess that if the surgeon says that he can do it then it isn't illegal. Anyway, it's about to happen so stop complaining.

I'm not complaining.

Good; come on.

Three hours later we were walking out and, in spite of the anaesthetic, I could feel the breeze on my pussy even more than when I went in. It was still a bit numb but I could still feel the breeze. I could also feel a bit of pain and I expected that to get worse as the anaesthetic completely wore off. I was glad that the doctor gave me some pain killers to take.

Tony had got the surgeon to agree to him watching the procedure, and to video it, but Tony was a bit pissed when he had been told to leave my pussy alone for about a week, and as we looked for a taxi he told me that my mouth and throat were going to get a hammering.

We went to the hotel next where he checked us in and took me to the room, then he left for his business meeting. I took a couple of painkillers then found a way that I could get a good look at my new pussy in one of the big mirrors in the room.

It was then that I discovered that half of my clit hood was gone; my clit was exposed and there was nowhere for it to hide. I was annoyed to say the least, Tony had said nothing about getting half my clit hood removed as well.

I kept looking at myself in the mirror trying to decide what to do, and if I liked what I saw. I always thought that I had too much skin that wasn't do-

ing anything but to see most of it gone was a shock, then after a while, not a shock.

As I stared at my new pussy I slowly came round to liking what I saw. I love orgasms and with my clit being permanently exposed I figured that I d have a lot more of them. I just hoped that Tony wouldn t take advantage of my clit s exposure to torture me by putting some vibrator thing in my knickers and keeping it switched on for hours. Then I remembered that Tony won t let me wear knickers so I relaxed.

I touched my clit but it must have still been numb. Then I moved my hand away and decided that I liked what I saw, except for the cut marks and the stitches. Bot those would be gone in a few days.

The surgeon told me that I would heal in a couple of days and that the stitches would dissolve over time. But he also warned me not to have sex or masturbate until I could touch the scars without them hurting, and even then to be gentle for a couple of weeks.

I guess that what he said made sense but I d never had an operation before so I had no real experience of recovering from surgery.

I lay back on the bed, knees apart and was asleep in seconds.

Tony woke me up when he returned. He was looking at my pussy close up and had touched my clit which I only just felt.

It looks good Chloe. He said when I stirred.

It hurts. I replied. And you never told me that the surgeon was going to remove half of my clit hood.

No I didn t because I thought that you might throw a wobbler.

I probably would have.

So now that you ve seen the end product what do you think Claire?

Well, when I first saw that half my clit hood was missing I was really annoyed but I slowly came round to liking what I saw. It looks very much like it did 5 or 6 years ago, apart from my clit, that wasn t as big then. I guess that I ll cum more often as my clit rubs on things. I hope that you re not going to take advantage of that Tony.

Of course I am; your body is mine now and I ll do as I please with it. Have you made yourself cum yet?

It s still numb.

Okay, but I have a need; get on your knees on the floor and take care of me.

As I was taking care of his hard-on he reminded me that he d videoed the operation and that his mates would enjoy watching the video. I wasn t happy about that, but what could I do? No doubt he would also get some sort of weird pleasure out of showing my healed new look to all his mates as well.

When I d got his deposit in my stomach I decided that I was hungry. When I thought back I realised that I hadn t eaten anything since breakfast, and that was only some toast.

Pour me a coffee Claire. Tony said.

I ll have to boil the kettle.

No you won t; pour one from that jug.

I looked around and saw a jug and some cups on the table.

Where did that come from? I asked.

Room service; I phoned it through when I set off back here. Didn t you let them in?

No, I didn t hear them.

Possibly because I told them that we were out and to just let them selves in.

Oh, I guess that I was asleep I said as I got up and walked over to the table, remembering that I was asleep with my knees wide open when Tony came in. The room service guy must have had a wonderful view.

After I gave Tony his coffee he gave me a gift bag.

For me? I asked.

Yes.

Thank you Tony.

You don't know what it is yet; open it.

Even when I looked at the printed label on the box I didn't know what it was. Even when I saw the word Ohmibod I didn't know what it was. It was only when I saw the purple thing that I started to guess that it was a vibrator.

Thank you Tony, but when am I going to need to use it. You fuck me whenever you want and you tie me up when you don't want me touch myself; and I can't find a control in the box.

This is not just any vibrator Claire, it's controlled by your phone and your phone connects to the internet. I will be able control it from anywhere that has a phone signal.

Oh, I see, I won't be getting any peace when you're away on a business trip then.

Too right girl. Are you up to trying it now?

Bloody hell no. The surgeon said that I have to take it easy for a few days; and I need some more painkillers now. The pain is worse than when you whip my pussy.

Okay, I'm not a monster, take a couple of those pills then rest while I have a shower. Then you can get ready and I'll take you out to a restaurant.

Can we go by taxi? I don't feel up to walking very far.

Tony showered then I did, and when I came out I saw the Ohmibod bouncing about on the table.

Oh my gawd; is that what it's going to do inside me? It will kill me.

No it won't; there's hundreds of thousands of these vibrating inside girls right now and they're not dying.

Okay, I guess that you re right but it sure as hell will stir things up inside me.

And it might even make you cum.

I hope so; but not right now.

Put your little black dress on and those 6 inch heels and let s go; I m getting hungry and we ve got a big day tomorrow.

My little black dress is little; it barely covers my butt or my 34B tits; Tony bought it for me solely for the purpose of showing my butt and pussy to anyone who cares to look; but in London that doesn t matter; there are thousands of girls dressed like that.

We had a very pleasant meal then a drink in a bar before going back to the hotel, Tony didn t once tell me to flash my pussy to anyone, although I did sit with my knees uncrossed and slightly apart for 2 reasons, firstly because it was more comfortable that way and secondly that is the way that Tony has told me to always sit. As we rode back to the hotel in a taxi I remembered that Tony was a real gentleman before all this blackmail stuff started. He also let me have a quiet and peaceful night.

When I woke up Tony was in the bathroom and I felt a lot better. There was only a slight twinge when I gently swung a leg out of the bed and onto the floor. When I looked at my pussy in the mirror I was happy to see that the swelling was going down and that my whole pussy wasn t as red, but around the stitches it was purple. I guessed that the bruising was showing.

When I touched myself it still hurt but when I stood up and walked about it was a lot less painful than walking the previous day.

When Tony came out of the bathroom he told me to get on the bed and spread my legs. He had a close look at my pussy and declared that the surgeon had done a good job.

After breakfast Tony picked another ultra short dress for me to wear and then we went to get another taxi. Tony took me, and a small suitcase of some of the products that the company installs to a smallish company some-

where in south London.

We met 4 of the male directors of the company and Tony gave a presentation about what his company could do to help resolve their theft and burglary issues. Then it came to the time to demonstrate the cameras attached to his laptop.

As he was showing the men the images on the screen I heard him demonstrating different modes. All of a sudden one of the men gasped and another 2 started laughing.

I looked puzzled, wondering what Tony was showing them. Then Tony said,
Stand up Claire and look this way.

I did, then I saw the men smiling as they looked from the screen, up to me and back.

Of course, Tony said, that camera can see through materials like Claire is wearing; no camera that I know of can see through all clothes, others will show just an outline of the body underneath.

Well we have a few young ladies working here but I don't think that a camera like that would be any use to us, the workwear that they wear will be way too thick for the camera to see through. Maybe some of the customers that call in. That dress that Claire is wearing looks very thin.

When we finally left there I asked Tony just how much the camera was showing of my body.

It was like you were naked; we could see your slit and areolas and nipples. They were sticking out quite nicely. Are you okay for a bit of shopping this afternoon Claire.

Let me take another couple of painkillers and I should be.

Good, I want to get you naked in some shops.

Changing rooms I hope. I replied.

Maybe, we'll see what we can find. We'll take this case back to the hotel then start looking.

We found one shop that the signs on the outside said that they sold the sexiest lingerie in London. Of course Tony had to take me in and he quickly found some underwear and bikinis that have no material, just the strings.

They're just what you need for the swimming pools and on the beach. Tony said.

You'll get me arrested for indecent exposure.

Let me worry about that Claire.

After having to get naked about a dozen times in 4 different shops; and Tony exposing me to countless other shoppers that were hanging around the changing rooms, Tony finally took me back to the hotel with me carrying 3 bags containing clothes that are more suitable for the Mediterranean or Caribbean in summer than England in a typical cold, wet summer.

Tony let me have a nap before taking me out to a club that night, and he again ordered coffee from room service. Again. I didn't realise about it until the waiter had been and gone, and, probably, had a good look at my naked body.

The other thing was that the hotel faced another hotel just across the narrow road and Tony had opened the curtains and left me on display for anyone in the other hotel who cared to look.

I managed to switch that fact out of my mind and pretended that the curtains were closed.

Tony decided that we'd get to the club using the Underground. I'd never been on the London Underground and wasn't really prepared for what was about to come. You see my little black dress is, as previously mentioned, obscenely short, but it's also very thin and the skirt part flares out. Very risky if it's breezy.

No one had ever told me about the warm breeze that blows just about everywhere in underground stations and as soon as we went down the first flight of stairs the skirt part of my dress was flying up around my waist.

Leave it. Tony said when I first grabbed for it.

I'll get arrested, there's coppers all over the place and CCTV camera. At least one person will be sat watching me all the time.

Let them, you've got a great body and I'm proud to show it to everyone.

That's alright for you to say.

Leave it Claire.

I wasn't prepared for the long escalators as well. I hate to think how much the people coming up them were seeing, and, of course, Tony had to stand in front of me when we were going up and behind me when we were going down.

I also wasn't prepared for the wind that blows along the platforms, especially when a train approaches. I hate to think how many people saw my butt and pussy but I have to admit that the wind felt nice tickling my cut down pussy and exposed clit.

And to compound my embarrassment Tony had me sit on one of the seats that backs to the side of the carriage and there was a couple of middle-aged men sat opposite. Tony has also told me to sit on the front edge of the seat and to lean back so the old men had a great view.

What's more, one of their eyes had been following me since I stepped onto the carriage; and when I sat opposite him both his eyes were glued to my pussy.

I watched as he elbowed his mate then there were 4 eyes on my pussy.

Fortunately, or not, those 2 men only got about 5 minutes looking at my pussy before Tony bent down and told me that we were getting off. I was hoping that my embarrassing experience was over but it wasn't; all we were doing was changing trains.

Again I had to endure the escalators and standing on a very drafty platform before having to sit opposite a group of 4 young men. That time Tony stood away from me, possibly to give the impression that I was traveling on my own.

Tony's trick must have worked because the 4 young men started with the comments just as soon as the train moved off.

The things that those young men called me and the things that they said that they wanted to do to me was both unbelievable and understandable. There I was displaying my pussy to them and not stopping when they made it clear that they were looking at it.

The one thing that one of them said that pleased me was that he said that I had a little girl s pussy. He actually asked me how old I was. Of course I just sat there ignoring them all and thinking that I was grateful to Tony for the surgery.

I was both happy and unhappy when Tony waved at me to tell me that we had to get off that train. As I was getting off the train I was feeling flattered that those young men liked the look of me enough to make those comments.

Then I had to endure more escalators, and there were more young people around, some of them had obviously started on the pop early.

Fortunately we didn t have to walk far to the club which was a typical noisy club, on 2 levels, one a mezzanine complete with steel grating with a partial glass floor and a steel staircase with steel grating steps. At the bottom of the staircase was a big printed sign telling girls to take their high heels off before going up. There was also a hand written sign saying that only girls in short skirts with no knickers were allowed up there and I wondered if it was an official sign or just some hopeful perv. I looked under the stairs and could see a few men watching girls go up the stairs.

Tony saw the signs, laughed and said,

Well you ll be okay then.

As I climbed the stairs I just knew that those men would be looking up at my pussy. I was annoyed that Tony had put me in that position again; but at the same time I quite enjoyed the experience.

Tony had us stay up there for over an hour and I have no idea how many men looked up and saw my pussy whilst we were dancing, although I wasn t the only girl up there in a short skirt, there were dozens of us. I wondered how many were knickerless.

It didn t help that, along with the flashing coloured lights, there were a number of spotlights shining up from below. I should have been embarrassed at

being exposed like that but it all seemed a bit detached and besides, there were probably lots of other girls showing as much as me.

I say it didn't help, and in a way it didn't, but I was getting turned on and deliberately standing and dancing with my feet well apart. When I realised that I said to myself,

What the fuck are you doing girl; shut those bloody legs.

I did, but they soon started drifting apart again. There's something wrong with me. Maybe I should blame Tony for putting me in these situations? But there again, it was my stupidity that started all this.

Thankfully, Tony didn't want to stay too late and we left before midnight. There were quite a few people out on the streets, including groups of young men wearing football club scarfs. When I told Tony that I was a bit scared and reminded him that London is now the knife capital of the world, he put his arm around me and held me close to him. That was comforting although it did mean that my dress was being pulled up revealing half my butt and my pussy and that alone got a few rude comments.

The underground wasn't any better either, the train was crowded and I got parted from Tony as we got on. I had to hang on to one of the ceiling straps in the middle of a group of drunk football fans.

With me having to stretch up my dress rose up above my butt and my top was twisted so most of one of my breasts was exposed. It didn't take long for the comments to start and the hands to start wandering.

OMG, I was so scared, but all that I could do was hope that they'd be getting off at the next station. They didn't, nor the next one nor the one after that. In that time my pussy got fingered, my butt got fingered and my dress was ripped so that both my tits were exposed.

The pussy fingering was the worst, it really hurt and I hoped that my stitches hadn't burst.

When the young men finally got off I saw Tony looking at me, naked apart from my dress around my waist. I was nearly in tears and Tony came over to me and put his arms around me.

Are you okay Claire? That got a bit out of hand.

Yes, no, I don't know; I might be bleeding.

Tony put his hand between my legs and cupped my pussy.

Gawd girl, you're soaking.

It might be blood. I said.

Tony brought his hand up to our faces then said,

That's not blood girl, you enjoyed that.

No I didn't.

The evidence says that you are lying girl.

I said nothing but I did blush a bit. Had I really enjoyed being groped and penetrated in both my lower holes by a gang of drunken young men? What the hell is happening to me?

As soon as Tony let go of me I quickly arranged my dress to cover my tits and butt as best I could.

Ours was the next stop and we walked back to the hotel; Tony with his arm around me, stopping me covering my right tit that had come uncovered again.

The girl receptionist gave me a dirty look when we collected the key and in the lift Tony told me to take the dress off. He threw it in the trash bin near the lift doors and I had to walk to the room in just my heels. Fortunately no one saw us. Well no one was there but Tony had to go and point out the cameras along the corridor.

Back in the room Tony told me to have a bath and relax for a while. As I lay there he climbed in and had a shower, his dirty water falling on me. I showered before I got out.

The curtains were wide open when I went into the room and anyone in the hotel over the road could have watched Tony give my pussy a close inspection. After declaring that it was fine he started rubbing my clit until I orgasmed. Then he got my new Ohmibod vibrator out its box and slowly pushed it into my vagina.

I was cringing a bit as he pushed it in and I was happy when it didn't really hurt. When I told Tony that it didn't hurt he told me that doctors and surgeons were always over cautious about recovery times because some people are slow healers.

I guessed that I'm not one of those.

Tony switched the vibrator on to low and he got me to suck his cock while the vibe made me more and more horny.

Unfortunately, after he'd shot his load down my throat he switched the vibrator off and a frustrated me had to go to sleep without relief.

The next morning I woke up feeling good. Tony was in the shower and the sun was shining through the un-curtained window. I went over to the window and looked down at the busy street. Then I looked to the hotel opposite.

My mouth dropped but I didn't move when I saw 2 men on different floors looking over to me. I hate to say it but I enjoyed those men looking at the naked me.

I heard a noise from the bathroom and quickly moved away from the window. When Tony emerged he looked at me then out of the window then said,

You've got an audience Claire.

Have I, I didn't notice.

Move to the window and face them, then after a minute wave at them then go and have a shower.

I felt unhappy about being told to expose myself but at the same time I wanted those men to see me naked again. I hoped that Tony couldn't read my thoughts.

Breakfast wasn't room service that morning and Tony took me down to the hotel's restaurant. Again he had me wear only an almost obscene dress and heels. I got a few admiring (I think) glances from the business men eating their breakfasts but it really wasn't that embarrassing.

It was back up to the room after that then Tony told me that we were going

to a surveillance equipment show.

Wow, I thought; then, well at least he won't be able to get me to strip in such a public place.

The morning rush hour was still happening when we got to the underground. Again I had to endure the wind blowing the skirt part of my dress up around my waist and one particularly embarrassing time, when my skirt rose nearly above my breasts, I wished that Tony had bought me tight fitting dresses.

I also had to endure the crowded trains again although that time Tony managed to stand next to me. I felt a lot safer but that didn't stop one hand, from goodness know who, from going up my skirt and finding its way for a finger to go inside me. And why did I slide my feet apart to facilitate the groping. I again decided that there was something wrong with me.

Tony took me to a Security Convention; an excuse for security business to get together and talk about all the latest product, the products that had had sales brochures arriving at the office just about every day. The concept of the convention seemed a bit pointless to me.

When Tony opened the door to the main hall I got a bit of a surprise. Firstly the number of people there amazed me and secondly the size of the place and the number of stalls.

So what am I doing here Tony? I asked.

You're my superheroine for the day.

What?

My superheroine; you're going to dress as one of the comic books superheroines.

I don't know any superheroines, I never read comic books.

That doesn't matter, I've got a costume for you in my briefcase.

Just then I saw a girl walking passed nearly wearing a black and white bikini with a white cape.

That's Phantom Girl.

Oh, I see, so what will I be?

Well I considered Dawnstar but I didn't fancy getting the yellow body paint all over the place so I settled on Super Girl.

Oh, I've heard of Super Girl, or was in Super Woman.

Well you're going to be Super Girl for the day Claire.

From what I remembered Super Girl / Woman wore a reasonable blue outfit with a big S on her chest. I knew that I'd look stupid but at least I wouldn't be naked.

Tony opened his briefcase, got out a small bag and gave it to me.

Go to the ladies rest room and change in to that.

I didn't feel too bad; until I opened the bag and saw what Tony had told me to put on. As I pulled the blue top on I realised that it was mesh and so thin that I could see everything through it. It wasn't very long at all and it ended just below my breasts. As I adjusted the top so that the big S was central I realised that the S wasn't big enough to cover my nipples.

Then I wrapped the blue skirt round me and realised that it wasn't very long. In fact it was only about 7 inches long. Okay it went all the way round me just, but it was very light and flared out so much that I thought it would form a giant polo mint if I laid it out flat. With it on I could slide my hand down the back and the material ran out when my hand was still on the middle of my butt, and at the front the material ran out at the top of my slit.

The last thing in the bag was a red cape, but it was only a short one that came down to my waist; useless for coverage.

Fuck, I thought, a day of embarrassment and humiliation because there were lots of men there and some of them are bound to make some rude comments.

As I walked out to Tony with my dress in my hand I felt like I was naked. When I got to him he said that he liked what he saw and that we had to walk around the hall so that everyone could see me.

Oh shit, I thought, this is going to be so humiliating.

As we walked around I saw lots of girls in strange skimpy outfits that I presumed were like the ones that the comic superheroins wore / wear. One girl was naked but partially sprayed in yellow paint and she had some stupid angel's wings on her shoulders.

Bloody hell, I bet that she's embarrassed. I said.

That's Dawnstar, Tony replied. I was going to dress you like that but I couldn't be bothered with the paint.

That made me feel less exposed but it didn't really help, especially when I heard some rude comments or Tony was stood talking to someone and they stared at my tits all the time.

I kept looking around and was unhappy to see lots of men looking my way.

We stopped at one stall and it was obvious that Tony knew the 2 men behind the table. After about a minute of talking Tony turned to me and said,

Turn around Claire and bend over. Let these guys see how short the skirt is.

I glared at him then did as I was told.

Further Claire, spread your feet and touch your toes; and stay like that until I tell you to get up.

I did; then I heard Tony tell the 2 men all about the surgery that I had had.

I like the end result. One man said.

And I guess that she does too, she's dripping.

If I could have got any more embarrassed I would have. As it was the heat coming from my face felt like I was on a beach by the Mediterranean in the middle of summer. I thought about looking sideways to see if anyone was watching the spectacle but I chickened out and kept my eyes closed.

Then I felt a finger invade my vagina and I moaned.

She really is enjoying this; you've got a good one there Tony; do you want to sell her?

When I heard that my jaw dropped and I thought,

Is this a fucking slave market as well?

No, I don't think so; she's not completely broken in yet; she still questions me occasionally.

You should put her over your knee and spank her. One man said.

I do, but there are other ways to punish her that are arguably more effective.

Maybe, but a good spanking looks better.

I really wanted to stand up and say that I always do what Tony tells me but I thought that he might spank me if I did; and that, there, would be more than I could take.

The finger finally came out of my vagina and pressed on one of my scars. I let out a bit of a yelp and moved my butt forwards, putting my hands on the floor to steady me.

Still not healed properly then. One of the men said.

She's getting there; she'll be ready for a good fucking by tomorrow.

I shuddered and hoped that Tony would leave that for at least another day.

Stand up Claire. Tony said.

We left that stall and continued walking, occasionally stopping for Tony to chat with someone or look at a product that he fancied.

Around the middle of the day a man came over to Tony and said that the organisers wanted a group photo of all the girls in heroine costumes. As Tony was telling me that I was going to be part of that group he put his arms around my waist and rolled the top of my skirt a couple of times.

What are you doing Tony? I asked.

Just making sure that your pussy is showing on the photos. There won't just be the official ones, lots of people will be taking photos of their own and

I want them to see you in all your glory. I just hope that they decide to take some spreadies.

That s an idea. The man stood next to Tony said, would you mind if me and my buddies took a few selfies with Super Girl?

As I moved to join the other heroines I heard Tony volunteering me for some selfies. I just hoped that I d be able to hide my goodies.

The official photographer took lots of shots, group and individual. I saw Dawnstar there and she looked so confident wearing only a very thin layer of yellow paint. In a way I wished that I was as confident as she obviously was.

When it came to taking photos of just me he told me that he wanted me in the famous Super Girl pose. When I told him that I didn t know what that was he told me to stand with my feet about shoulder width and to put my hands on my hips.

I did and he took 3 different shots, one from just above the floor looking up. It was whilst he was down there that I realised that some of the audience were trying to get the same shot, and I remembered how short the skirt was and that I didn t have any knickers on.

I cursed myself for getting so used to being knickerless.

When I was free to leave I looked for Tony. On my way around the hall looking for him I was stopped a few times by men wanting to take selfies and spreadies with me. By that time I just didn t care and was happy to oblige. On my way I saw Dawnstar getting selfies and spreadies taken. She looked so happy.

When I found Tony the man who had originally asked for a selfie was still with him, and he asked again.

Of course you can mate. Claire, come on. Tony replied.

After that man about 25 different men wanted the same. I tried to put a brave face on it and smile all the time, but inside I was not happy.

At one point I found myself wishing that I was as happy to display my naked

body as Dawnstar obviously was.

After the last photo I went to Tony and he reached down and cupped my still exposed pussy. His hand rubbed on my exposed and still very tender clit, and I orgasmed right there and then.

As I calmed down Tony was holding his wet fingers up in front of my face.

Suck them Super Girl. I know that you re horny enough to suck anything that s put in front of your mouth.

I am not. I just managed to say before his fingers went into my mouth.

You ve just tasted the evidence that says that you are and that orgasm confirms it.

I stayed silent.

Most of the cameras that that took the photographs were expensive ones with very high resolution, they will have captured every little drop of your juices escaping from your cunt and even I saw a few drops hit the floor whilst you were stood with the other heroines.

I felt my face start to glow; I was so humiliated.

We continued going around more stalls with Tony talking to more and more people. At one of the stalls they were inviting people to have their photograph taken, and as we got closer I saw a monitor that was displaying the images of a young woman that the camera had just taken.

The salesman explained that for each photo taken by the camera, 4 images were saved onto the computer. The first was a conventional photograph, the second a thermal image, the third was an x-ray, and the last one was of the girl looking very naked.

That mode is so that the photographer can see if the person is carrying any concealed weapons that don t show on the other images. The salesman said.

Would you like to try it sir?

No, but the Super Girl would. Tony replied as he put his hand on my back

and gently pushed me forwards.

It s always a pleasure to photograph such a beautiful young lady. The salesman said taking my hand and almost pulling me to the little pedestal that was being used.

The salesman told me how to stand, and of course it was with my feet well apart. As I stood there feeling a right idiot I heard the salesman say,

This should be interesting.

Yes, Tony replied, it s always a please to capture a beautiful young lady.

As I stood there waiting I, at first, felt proud that Tony called me a beautiful young lady, then I started to wonder what he meant by the word capture . Did he mean capture the image or capture the girl, because he d certainly captured me, albeit my fault.

I seemed to be stood up there for hours and I started to look around. I saw that other people were photographing me. Then I remembered my skirt.

Oh shit. I thought and I felt my face go all red and hot again.

When I was finally told that I could get down I went over to the computer screen and watched the salesman scroll through the stored images. On the thermal image he explained what the different colours meant. Tony laughed and said,

Look at her crotch and tits. That doesn t surprise me really; she s one hot little slut.

I looked at the image again and saw that my pussy area and nipples were the brightest on the screen. My face went red again.

Next on the display was x-ray image and I could see all my bones and the shape of my body.

I looked VERY naked on the image that could see through clothes; and on the conventional photograph I was reminded about my nipples showing through my blue mesh top and my slit showing below my way too short skirt.

The camera resolution is excellent as well. The salesman said. You can zoom in to minute detail, excellent for looking to see any labels on clothing.

But it wasn't my clothing that he was zooming in on. After lingering on the dimples around my areolas he moved down to my spread pussy. Okay the shot was from the front but I could clearly see my clit pointing down.

My face got redder.

After a long pause, presumably on maximum zoom, the salesman said,

Would you like prints of these images sir?

Yes please. Tony replied.

The salesman clicked a few times then went over to a printer. As we waited for him I said,

That was so embarrassing.

Good. Was all that Tony said.

When the salesman came back he handed Tony a few sheets of A4 and said,

I've included the close-ups; I thought that you might like them.

Thank you. Tony replied and got one of his business cards out of a pocket. Would you be able to email the stored images please; the email address is on the card.

Certainly sir.

We wandered around some more, and I had to pose for a few more selfies / spreadies, before Tony said that we were leaving. As we got to the door I stopped and asked Tony if I could change back into my dress.

He looked at me then said,

Unroll the top of the skirt and see how far it will come down.

I did, and pulled as much as I could on the hem.

That will do, let's go.

As I tried to keep up with Tony I smoothed a hand down the front and the

back of the skirt. I decided that if I stood still and upright, and there wasn't a breeze, I'd be decent.

I kept walking and hoped that Tony meant what he said about me not getting arrested.

Of course, Tony had to leave that place at rush hour, and yes, he had decided that we'd travel on the underground. I hit the same problems with the escalators and the wind blowing along the platforms; and the crowded trains.

It didn't help that I was still wearing that stupid Super Girl outfit. That alone attracted quite a bit of attention but the light weight, ultra short skirt just would not stay down, was causing me a lot of embarrassment.

Tony reminding me not to hold it down didn't help either. I have no idea how many people saw my butt and pussy.

And on the crowded train the people stood in front of me got a good look at my tits through the blue mesh top.

At least I didn't get penetrated while I was in the crowds; but I did feel a hand on my butt under the skirts at one point.

Part 08

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

We got off at a different station to previous times and when we were on the street Tony told me that there was a shop that he wanted to visit. He didn't say what sort of shop it was but I soon found out; it was a sex toy shop.

There were a few people in there, mainly men, and they all looked at me when we walked in. I looked around and thought,

Fuck, this is a sex shop, I bet that Tony will expect me to have sex with some of these men.

Thankfully, he didn't. He told me to have a look around while he talked to the man behind the counter. I browsed all the crazy things that were on display, things that I'd never seen before and things that I couldn't understand

what they were or what they were used for.

All the time a couple of the men in there were watching me. It was creepy but at the same time it was sort of nice that they wanted to look at me. I wondered if it would have been the same if my skirt had been knee length instead of not even covering my butt and pussy properly, or my top hadn't been see-through.

Tony finally stopped talking to the man then came over to me and took me to a selection of ball gags.

Choose one Claire.

What? I don't want one of those.

Choose one Claire.

I chose a red one with holes in it and a leather strap.

Tony unwrapped it and put it on me then turned me to face the customers that were watching us. Then Tony rolled the top of my skirt again. Because of the light weight material and the design of it, I couldn't feel how much of me was on display but I guessed that it was a lot.

After a minute or so Tony unfastened the ball gag and told me to unroll my skirt which I quickly did. We then left with Tony nodding to the salesman.

I was so embarrassed and was glad when we left. As we walked away I said,

You didn't pay for that ball gag Tony.

Nope, it was a freebie.

Why would he give you that?

Because I bought something quite expensive from him.

All you came out with was that ball gag.

The other item is getting delivered.

Oh, what is it?

Wait and see.

I was silent for a couple of minutes whilst I wondered what on earth he could have bought, and how it involved me. Then I said,

For one minute when we went into that shop I thought that you were going to let all the men in there fuck me.

You would have liked that wouldn't you Claire?

No.

Tony grabbed my arm to stop me walking and he put his hand on my pussy and slid a finger inside me, brushing my clit as he did so. I moaned just before he said,

You're lying again Claire.

I didn't reply but I did wonder if he was right, I mean I'd been exposed all day and had what seemed like hundreds of spreadie photos taken of me. I had every reason to be very horny.

As we walked on we came across a McDonalds and Tony said,

I guess that this do for tonight.

We went in and I immediately noticed the people who had turned to look at Super Girl. I felt so humiliated as I stood there whilst Tony ordered our food on one of the big screens.

Finally Tony was done and he looked for a table for us.

Tony decided that I was going to be on display in the front window and he took me to the high stools behind the narrow worktop in the window. As I climbed up onto the stool I quickly realised that I would be easy to be seen by the people passing; and there were a lot of them.

Tony told me to perch my butt on the front edge of the stool with my feet wrapped around the stool's legs at both sides. I felt my pussy open as I got myself comfortable.

Even I could see my pussy as I looked down so the people passing by must have been able to everything.

It wasn't long before a young McDonalds girl brought a tray with our food on it. As she put it on the worktop I saw her eyes go down to my legs. My blue Super Girl skirt was covering quite a bit, but not enough for the girl to see that my pussy was on display.

She paused for a second then looked up to my face and smiled.

Enjoy your meal. she said then she turned and walked away.

As we ate Tony kept telling me to look up and at someone passing by who had spotted my exposure. He told me to smile at them if their eye rose to meet mine.

What would they want to look at my face for if they could see my pussy. I thought, but didn't say.

Quite a few people did look my way but I wasn't sure how many of them saw, or realised what they could see. It was only the ones, young and old men, who either did a double take or actually stopped and stared for a few seconds.

One teenage girl stopped dead when she realised what she was looking at and the boy who was on her arm got tugged to a stop and told to look my way.

That couple were the ones who stared the longest and I could see their mouths were moving so I guessed that they were talking about me. For some strange reason that made my pussy get wet.

When we left McDonalds Tony led me to an underground station and to the platform for the Central Line. I didn't think that that was the line to get us back to the hotel but I didn't say anything. There were quite a few seats free and Tony led me to one that had it's back to the carriage wall.

At that point there was no one opposite me so I wasn't worried when Tony told me to sit on the front edge of the seat and to lean back.

That was okay for one station but it wasn't long before someone came and sat opposite me, a middle-aged man in a suit. He got his newspaper out and as he was arranging it so that he could read the part that he wanted, he looked over to me. Our eyes met then his eyes went down. I saw his eyes go

wide open for a second when he realised what he could see.

Instead of holding his newspaper in front of him like all the others were doing, he put his on his lap and looked down to it, but I could still see his eyes and they kept rolling up so that he could see my pussy.

After about the fourth station I turned to Tony and asked where we were going.

Just for a ride to see how many people s day you can make.

Oh. Was all that I replied.

It turned out that we stayed on that train as it went the full length of the circle line, then back. It seemed to take forever and goodness knows how many people sat opposite me at different times.

It was the groups of girls that were the worst at name calling. I got called a slut, a whore, a prostitute and many more names, some of which I had never heard before.

Name calling I can live with but it was the leg touching that I wasn't happy about and it was a good job that Tony was sat beside me. He ignored nearly everything but when one young man dropped to his knees between my legs and went to touch my pussy that Tony stepped in. He pushed the man away and threatened to beat him to pulp.

My arousal went up and down on that journey and I was glad when we finally got off, only to find that we had another journey, albeit a short one, on another train before we got back to the hotel.

I got a few stares and amused looks when I walked in wearing that damn Super Girl outfit.

I was relieved to get back to our room.

When we did, Tony told me to take the outfit off and stand in the window while he showered. I only saw one man watching me from the hotel opposite.

After my shower Tony told me to push my new Ohmibod vibrator into my pussy to see if it hurt or did any damage. There was no damage and it only hurt a little bit.

I wasn't ready for him using his phone to switch it on, or the effect that it would have on me, and I screamed and jumped up. Then I put my hand on my pussy; firstly to see if it had started bleeding, and secondly because the vibrator made me want to.

That's only on low Claire. I'll be nice to you and not put it on full blast until you are properly healed.

Thank you Tony. I replied, still keeping my hand on my pussy.

Good, Tony said, you can wear that while we go to a pub for a drink. There's one just up that road that looks okay.

What clothes shall I wear Tony? I asked.

You can go like that Claire.

What! You can't be serious.

No I'm not serious; it would be just a little bit too risky; you can wear one of your new dresses; but you're keeping that Ohmibod in, and I'm going to leave it switched on like it is.

After the initial shock that the Ohmibod gave me I quickly got used to it and even liked it, but I did wonder what it would be like on full blast.

We went to the pub and had a few drinks and the vibrator made me feel good and sexy all evening. We couldn't get a seat and had to stand all evening but it was quite an experience listening and talking to the locals; so much more friendly than the people where we live.

When I said that to Tony on the walk back to the hotel he told me that it may have been because my dress was slightly see-through.

Back in our room Tony pulled the Ohmibod out and told me that he was going to fuck me. I was still concerned that I hadn't healed enough and when I told Tony he told me that I was going to ride him cowgirl style so that I could control the action. I was grateful for that and after a show and slightly painful start it was quite a nice fuck.

The next morning Tony told me that we were heading home, but not before we went for a swim in the hotel's pool. When I told him that I didn't have a costume with me he said,

Yes you have, we bought some bikinis, remember.

But they don't have any material, just the strings, I may as well be naked.

Not true Claire, from behind you just look like any other girl wearing a thong bikini. And besides, the pool will probably be empty at this time of the day.

I hope so. I replied.

Tony put his swimming short on and I got put one of the strings only bikinis on, and one of the hotel's dressing gowns.

The hotel's leisure centre surprised us both, it wasn't very big but it had a small workout room, a small pool and a largish sauna. It had a sort of reception area with a young girl there. She gave us each towel and told us that we were the only guests there so we'd got the place to ourselves.

Tony told me to follow him in to the men's changing room where we hung our robes and towels. I felt more exposed than I had at the Leisure Centre back home.

We looked in the workout room first and Tony got me to run on the treadmill for a while and I felt really naked running.

When he told me to ride the exercise cycle I pleaded with him not to make me, saying that my pussy wouldn't be able to take it. He took pity on me and let me off but told me that I'd be on the exercise cycle back in his apartment as soon as I was fully healed.

Instead he had me doing some sit-ups and press ups. When I was on my back I just hoped that no one came in because on my back I looked as naked as I felt.

Then it was the swimming pool. There was a man in it and I had to quickly get in the water while he was swimming away from us. Tony was laughing and told me not to be so shy.

I must admit that when I was swimming the water rushing passed my new pussy felt really nice. It made me a bit more confident, or maybe it was a little less caring that I was as good as naked.

I sort of forgot that there was no material in my bikini and when Tony told me to get out I did so without even thinking; much to the delight of another man that was walking in. At first I didn't realise why he was staring at me, and when I realised I quickly turned the other way.

Very nice. He said as he passed me.

I blushed.

Tony took me to the sauna next and I was surprised just how big it was. There was room for about 15 people sitting on the L shaped benches.

I was also surprised at just how hot it was. I'd heard that saunas were hot but the heat hit me as soon as I went in. Tony told me to lay along the bottom bench and to put one foot on the floor. That left my pussy wide open. But it didn't matter because we were the only 2 people in there. Tony sat by my head and played with my exposed tits for a while.

He stopped when a youngish foreign couple came in and sat at the other side of the L of benches. I started to sit up but Tony pressed down on the tit that he was holding so I started to lift my leg that was on the floor.

Tony squeezed my tit and whispered No.

The young man and the girl looked at me and started talking in some foreign language. They continued talking and staring at me for the next 5 or so minutes before I told Tony that I was too hot and that I had to get out of there.

I guess that he realised that I was getting close to passing out and he got up and put out his hand to help me sit up.

Both the girl and the man smiled at me as we walked out. Tony told me to have a shower and while I was in there he reached in and turned it to cold.

When I said that I was freezing he told me that we were going back in to the sauna for one more session.

When we went in I saw that the young couple had assumed a similar position to what Tony and I had been in, on their side of the L. The interesting

part was that the girl's bikini was in a pile on the floor. She was more naked than I was, and her pussy was as bald as mine is.

They didn't move when we went in and we assumed the same position as we were in before.

It must have been around 10 minutes before I'd had enough again and when I told Tony he told me to get up and we left. Whilst we were in there the other couple were talking away and looking at me.

Although I was getting wet with the sweat I was getting wet for another reason; one that Tony recognised and in the shower when we got out he lifted me up and slowly lowered me onto his hard cock. It felt good and it didn't take many times of him lifting me up then lowering me for me to cum.

I wondered if the other couple could hear my moans and if they were having sex in the sauna.

I came before Tony and he pushed me down onto my knees to finish him off with my mouth. As I did so I heard the sauna door open and guessed that it was the couple coming out. They would have seen us because there was no curtain on the shower, but I never saw them. I was too busy looking up at Tony's face waiting to see if he'd fill my throat or cover my face with his cum.

He chose the later and I had to get the shower to wash off the part of his cum that hadn't landed in my mouth.

Tony then told me that it was time for us to leave and we went back to the men's changing room. The foreign young man was there, just walking out of the shower. He was naked and didn't seem at all concerned that I was in the men's changing room.

I started at his cock and mentally compared it to Tony's whilst I dried myself with my towel. I was just about to put my bathrobe on when Tony told me not to.

Carry it over your arm. He said.

I looked at him and saw that he was serious, and I followed him out of the leisure centre, positioning myself so as to hide my front from the receptionist. All she would have been able to see was the back of a girl wearing a thong bikini.

But the people in one of the corridors that we had to walk along, and in the lift, saw a lot more of me. I was embarrassed and blushing but I knew that Tony would want me to leave my towel over my arm and not do what I so wanted to do; wrap it around me.

Back in our room Tony told me that I was learning to be a good slave then told me to have another shower to get rid of the last traces of chlorine and to make myself smell nice.

When I walked out of the bathroom there was the pair of heels and the dress that he obviously wanted me wear for the journey home.

I stayed naked and looked out of the window whilst Tony was in the shower. I didn't see anyone in the hotel opposite looking at me and I have to admit that I was a little disappointed.

When I heard the shower stop I put the dress on. It's a light, summer dress that buttons all the way down the front and when Tony saw me he complimented me on my looks the unbuttoned the bottom buttons right up to above my slit.

Shit, I thought, another embarrassing journey.

I was right. We took the underground to the main line station. The underground station wasn't really busy but it was just as windy and the skirt part was blowing apart and up quite a bit. I was constantly looking around hoping to see that the people around me were ignoring me but all my eyes would zoom in on was the people who were looking at me. I was really happy when the train arrived and we got on.

But Tony had me sit facing 4 young people, 2 girls and 2 young men. One of the young men watched me sit and he smiled when he saw me sit in the way I knew that Tony wanted me to sit. Then he nudged the girl that was next to him. She nudged the girl next to her then she nudged the young man on her other side.

Soon all 4 of them were staring at my exposed pussy. I felt myself get wet and I admit that by the time we got off that train I was feeling quite aroused.

Tony probably guessed but he didn't say anything. When we got off he rushed to the escalators and then to the waiting train to take us home.

Again he had me sit in an aisle seat with my knees open. This time it was slightly worse because he undid one more button and all of my belly was on display as well.

Fortunately, not many people walked down the aisle but the conductor couldn't take his eyes off me when he checked our tickets.

As always, I stripped naked outside the door to Tony's apartment then followed him in. While Tony sorted the mail I had to do the housework then go to the supermarket. Tony has got me a credit card to use for the shopping but I have to show him the till receipts and he tells me that he will compare the till receipts and the credit card bills when they arrive.

Of course he lets me put some clothes on to go to the supermarket but I really have to be careful if I don't want anyone to see my butt and pussy and I'm sure that I accidentally don't get it right at times.

After I'd cleaned up after the evening meal Tony told me to get into the webbing swing in the living room. When I was in he came over to me holding my wrist cuffs. I didn't realise what he was going to do until both cuffs were on. He clipped the cuffs to 2 of the rings that the workman had installed in the ceiling. As soon as he lifted one on my arms I realised that I was stuck there with no way to get out.

I thought that he was just going to fuck me, but no, what he did was get my Ohmibod and push it into my vagina. I immediately knew that he was going to experiment with the different controls that the phone app gives him.

I really wasn't expecting what the Ohmibod would do to me and how I would react. I'd sort of got used to the effect of it being set on low but when Tony turned it up my whole body started jerking about as much as it could within the restraints of the harness and I desperately wanted to put a hand on my pussy and rub my clit but my wrists were tied to the ceiling.

And my insides; oh my gawd, I felt like someone had stuck a blender inside me, and the jerking, it was similar to when I cum. Within a couple of minutes I was sure that I was going to pass out. Then I realised that an orgasm was building. My pussy was desperate for attention but I could give in none.

Shortly after that and orgasm exploded out of me as I shouted,

YES, YES, FUCK YES, OOH FUCK, OOOOOOH. and lots of other things that I can't remember.

Well that was quite a spectacle. Tony said when I finally calmed down.

Please don't do that again Tony.

Don't you worry about it girl, I'll be doing that and more to you just about every day. So get used to it.

But I'm sure that it was doing damage to my insides.

No, I've told you, there are thousands, or hundreds of thousands of girls around the world using those things and if those vibrators had caused any damage I'm sure that the newspapers would have reported it; so get used to it girl, enjoy it. Anyway, it made you cum didn't it?

Well yes but ..

I didn't know what else to say. At least I was comfortable in that sling thing and if I did pass out my head would just fall back onto some of the webbing where I could just sit there until I came to life again. I'd just have to live with my legs being spread wide and maybe my pussy dripping onto the floor. And it was a good orgasm.

Tony left me sitting in that sling for about an hour while he setup a camera on the wall opposite me. I assumed that he wanted to video me while the Ohmibod was driving me crazy. Then he did some work on his laptop. I have no idea what because I couldn't see the display.

While I was sat there I was looking at all the screens on the wall and I saw Aria come into her bedroom and strip naked. She left the room for a while then came back with a towel round her.

After doing a couple of things she took the towel off and painted her toenails. Then she inspected her pussy area and used tweezers to remove some unwanted hairs.

Tony caught a glimpse of that and zoomed the camera right in on her pussy. We could just make out each hair as she plucked it out. The attention that she was giving that area must have got her aroused because she put the tweezers down and picked up a vibrator.

In glorious colour and very high resolution I watched my cousin bring herself to what appeared to be a very satisfying orgasm. It was nice to watch and I could even see her juices leak out of her hole; but hey, she's my cousin, I shouldn't have to see that sort of thing; and Tony shouldn't be seeing it either.

I just daren't ask Tony if he was streaming the feed to somewhere on the internet.

When Aria climbed into the bed Tony got back to what he was doing and 10 minutes later he turned to me and said,

Right, that's all setup, now for round 2.

What? I asked, but I soon got my answer, my Ohmibod burst into life again.

As I started to feel good again Tony told me that he'd created an account for me on some voyeuristic website where people pay to watch girls strip and even fuck; and that I was going to get paid for letting people watch me bring myself off.

But anyone that I know could be watching me, it's horrible.

I doubt that anyone that you know will watch you. If they do it will be because I've given them the link to the website.

OMG Tony, please don't do that. I'll never be able to face them again.

That's the thing Claire, you will never know who has been watching you.

But I don't want to be seen all over the world.

You don't have any say in it Claire; in fact you've just got your first voyeur.

What?

Yes Claire, you've now got 3 people from somewhere in the world watching you and if they decide to they will pay to control that vibrator that is slowly turning you on.

Oh gawd, no Tony, please stop it.

I'm not controlling it anymore Claire so just relax and go with it. I'll decide

when to shut the site down. Have a look at the monitor at the top right, that's what those people are seeing.

I blushed when I saw myself on the screen. It was so detailed that I could make out one of the scar lines.

Why are you doing this Tony? I asked.

Because I can; and besides, you want me to.

No I don't.

It's a good job that it's not your decision then Claire; relax and enjoy it. I know that I shall.

Then Tony disappeared for a couple of minutes and when he came back he was holding my new ball gag. As he fitted it on me he said,

We don't want you disturbing the neighbours do we Claire?

I couldn't answer him and over the next hour or so the Ohmibod probably did everything that it could do to my body. In between different people from anywhere in the world torturing me I managed to get the odd look at me on the monitor. My hair was a mess and I was covered in sweat. The camera angle was such that I couldn't see the floor below me but I was sure that there was a small puddle of my juices below me.

My Ohmibod made me cum 3 times during that time and I hoped that whoever they were got their money's worth and I was sure that I couldn't have lasted much longer.

It only stopped when Tony decided that he wanted to go to bed and, thankfully, he didn't want to leave me being tortured all night. As he shutdown the website and released my wrists he said,

You need to get some sleep Claire, it's work tomorrow.

I tried to pull myself up and out of the harness but I was too tired. Tony was laughing as he helped me get out and helped me in to the shower. Then he went to bed.

I had a long shower then almost crawled to my bed. I was asleep in seconds.

I was still tired, but otherwise okay when the alarm went off and I was soon back into the old work day routine.

When we arrived at work Sandra was already there and Tony took great delight in telling Sandra that my pussy had been operated on. Sandra told me to sit on my desk, lay back and spread my legs.

Bloody hell girl, Sandra said, your hole is wide open, you haven't got anything to cover it. You need to start doing some Kegels.

She then prodded and poked me to see what my response was. She quickly made me cum, just as the postman was delivering our mail (ever since Tony stopped me wearing proper clothes, if the door isn't locked he comes in and puts it on a table near my desk).

It was bad enough that the postman sees me virtually naked each day but to see me having an orgasm was mortifying. I dreaded seeing him the next day but he just acted as if it hadn't happened.

When my orgasm had subsided Sandra asked me how my new pussy felt.

Actually, it feels good. The air passing my more exposed hole makes me feel good and so does my more exposed clit touches things that it never has before. I have to be a bit careful that I don't accidentally rub it on something and get turned on.

Sandra laughed and said that maybe she should have the same operation.

The rest of the day went much the same as any other work day with the nearly naked me greeting delivery men, going out to the snack van and being looked at by all those workmen that now get their lunch outside our building. Rajeev has started giving me a discount, telling me that I'm good for his business.

On the way back to Tony's apartment he told me that I did need to start doing Kegel exercises. He told me that he didn't want my pussy to stretch so that he can't feel anything when he fucks me.

When I told him that I didn't know what Kegel exercises were he told me that he'd looked them up on the internet and he explained them to me. He told me that I have to do them every time that I'm sat doing nothing.

He also told me that he'd get me some balls that I (or him) can push up my

hole and it is good exercise to try to keep them in for hours at a time. He told that he d get me a selection of balls.

Not footballs I hope. I joked.

No, they re too light; now bowling balls would be good.

Now I know that you are joking.

Am I?

Nothing more was said but I did the exercises in the car and decided that I could do it and that it was a good thing to do so I decided that I would; I didn t want to not feel his cock when he was fucking me. I wondered what my pussy would look like when I did them so I decided to get a mirror as soon as I could.

Later that evening Tony took me to the pub to see his mates. We didn t stay long because his mates wanted a good look at my new pussy and, although Tony told them that they could get a look in the pub, they wanted to go back to Tony s apartment for an even better look. On the way back they got a couple of cases of beer bottles and I realised that it wasn t going to be a quick look.

As soon as Tony and I got back Tony told me to climb into the harness. As I did so I begged him not to repeat what he d done to me the previous evening.

It may well end up like last night. Tony replied as he finished clipping my wrists to the rings in the ceiling.

Minutes later the door opened and 4 of his mates walked in.

Three of them came over to me and bent over to have a good look at my pussy while the fourth put the beer in the fridge. He came over and joined his mates.

I don t remember her clit sticking out as much. One of them said.

You re right mate, I got some of her hood cut away. Tony replied.

Can I touch it? Another asked.

Sure, help yourselves.

They did, and I was soon moaning.

Hang on a minute guys. Tony said and disappeared for a few seconds.

As he put my ball gag on he told his mates that he didn't want the neighbours disturbing.

His mates then took it in turn to play with my clit until all 4 of them had made me cum.

As one of the guys got 5 bottles of beer out of the fridge Tony told them that he's got me an amazing new vibrator, then he went and got it.

He put it on the table and used his phone to start it vibrating. We all watched it dance about and his mates came out with all sorts of comment. Then Tony picked it up and gave it to one of them.

Put it in her will you please mate.

Without any hesitation he quickly pushed it up my vagina.

I moaned, but they wouldn't have heard me.

Tony then demonstrated what his phone could get the Ohmibod to do and I started jerking about. Then Tony passed his phone to each of them in turn and let them control me.

I managed to survive 2 of them but when the third mate took over he managed to take me over the edge. All 5 of them stood watching me with smiles on their faces.

The fourth mate started me on the upward journey again but he stopped before I reached my peak again.

Then Tony told them about the website and how people anywhere in the world can control my Ohmibod. He fired-up the website and they sat down waiting for someone to pay some tokens to control me. It wasn't long.

The 5 of them watched either me or my images on the big display as I started getting tortured again. During some of the short breaks that I got I

looked at the monitors. I was pleased to see that Aria wasn't in her room and I hoped that she'd gone home for the weekend.

I, of course, was getting more and more tired and was pleased that I didn't have to try to stand up because I was sure that my legs wouldn't have supported me.

When the beer ran out the mates decided to leave but Tony asked them to get me down and put me in the shower. As they did, a couple of them couldn't resist rubbing my clit a bit and one of them nearly dropped me as the rubbing triggered an after shock and my body jerked.

They left me sitting on the floor in the shower. They'd turned it on but the water was cold to start off with. When it was warm I unfastened the ball gag and relaxed.

The water was starting to cool down when Tony came in, turned it off and told me to go to bed. I slowly managed to get up, get dried and get to my bed.

Fortunately, my alarm clock only wakes me on a Monday to Friday and as it was Saturday I woke up late. Tony was already up and thankfully he hadn't woken me. When I emerged he told me to get our breakfast then to use the exercise cycle telling me that he wanted to see how my surgery affected my response to the saddle.

The quick answer is that it takes a lot less pedalling for me to reach a climax. Tony quickly realised that and told me to use the bike a lot more. The problem is that all that exercise wears me out and, along with the torture that my Ohmibod gives me I've overslept a couple of times resulting in me going to work with a red butt.

The second time that it happened we were both running late and Tony waited until we got to work to give me the spanking. He was still spanking me when Sandra arrived. She immediately started laughing then asked Tony if she could finish the job.

Tony agreed and Sandra gave me 20 more swats then started rubbing some cream that she had in her desk on my butt. She didn't stop there and she'd only been rubbing my clit for about a minute when I orgasmed. Sandra's re-

sponse was to finger fuck me with at least 2 fingers whilst I was still cumming.

About 2 weeks after we got back from London Tony fixed a camera to the wall at the bottom of my bed. It looks down onto my bed. That night he tied my wrists and ankles to the corners of my bed then pushed my Ohmibod into my vagina. He put my ball gag on me then left me. I hoped that I was just going to have a night sleeping like that but a short while later the Ohmibod burst into life and started driving me crazy.

He checked on me about 30 minutes later. I was in agony, the Ohmibod was making my body jerk about as much as the restraints would allow and I desperately wanted to rub my clit and make myself cum.

I m leaving the light on Claire, try and get some sleep.

Sleep! I thought, how the hell can I sleep with that thing going crazy in my pussy; and how can I sleep with the light on.

The random blasts from the vibe led me to believe that he d connected the camera to the internet and that voyeurs website.

It went on for hours, presumably until the battery went flat, before I was able to get some sleep. But that was after my body gave in to the Ohmibod and I had cum 3 times.

Just before I went to sleep I realised that I was staring to like the idea of my naked body writhing about on my bed, and the resultant orgasms, and being seen all over the world; providing that none of them knew that it was me. I needed to find a way of getting Tony to blindfold me of adjust the camera angle so that my head wasn t visible.

That s it, I thought, I ll move the camera myself.

The next evening when I got the chance, I adjusted the angle of the camera and hoped that my face wasn t visible to the camera.

Tony didn t tie me to the bed that night and he didn t say anything. I was hopeful that I d succeeded in my mission.

It wasn t until the morning 3 days later when I d been tortured again, that Tony told me to watch a video. It was a split screen video and I instantly realised that it was me tied to my bed. Imagine my horror when in one of the

windows was my naked body minus my head, and the other window was full of my face.

I watched the expressions on my face as they ranged from anticipation to lust to frustration to ecstasy. That time my first orgasm wasn't long in coming and just as I reached my peak Tony turned the screen off.

Tony, please, you can't let that video go on the internet.

Too late Claire, it went out live last night; and you forget that I have total control over you, and that includes what the world sees.

Both my head and my heart dropped; he was right, the contract said so. I had to find a way out of the contract, Preferably without losing any of the money. I'd need that to emigrate.

Tony also moved the camera back to its original position.

The following night when I was tied into the sling again Tony added another implement to torture me even more. He got my magic wand and used duck tape to strap it to my right leg in a position where the business end was resting on my exposed clit.

The voyeurs made me cum even quicker that night and Tony cut the hour long session after about 30 minutes. The added stimulation wore me out quicker and he took pity of me, reminding me that he has some compassion.

The following Saturday Tony's siblings arrived for the evening. Zoey again said,

Hi Claire Cumalot.

I didn't respond.

After a while of them joking about my slave status and my nudity, Tony told them that I'd had some surgery when we were in London. Of course they wanted to see and Tony told me to climb into the sling saying that it would be easier for them.

All 3 of them rubbed my exposed clit and finger fucked me before Tony got out my Ohmibod and pushed it in me.

After nearly an hour of Tony showing them how it can be controlled and letting them have a go; and me cumming twice, Tony finally switched it off and helped me get out of the sling.

I thought that my problems were over for the night but I was wrong. The subject of conversation soon got round to spankings and before long I was bent over the back of the sofa and getting spanked by all 4 of them.

I got some relief later when both Zoey and Eve stripped naked and Mick and Tony spanked both of them.

I wanted to say,

There, see how you like it.

But I didn't, I just sat there and watched with a straight face.

Tony told me to sleep in his bed that night and he fucked me before he went to sleep and then woke me up in the morning by fucking me again.

I was a relatively happy girl that Sunday. It was also my monthly Sunday lunch with my parents and I had a great time catching up with them, although I again felt guilty when I changed the batteries in the teddy bear in Aria's room.

I don't think that I accidentally flashed my father, but he was in quite a good mood.

Three weeks after we got back from London Tony went to work without me. He told me to stay in his apartment because he was expecting a delivery. He also reminded me that I had to stay naked all day. Not that I needed reminding; I am very used to his rules and the consequences of failing to comply.

After Tony had left I tidied-up and cleaned the apartment. There's something about doing the housework naked that I like. It didn't take long because Tony has me cleaning things all the time.

Around late morning the doorbell rang and I opened the door. Two men stared at the naked me for a few seconds, and I stayed silent until 1 of them said that he had a delivery for Tony.

I looked at the 2 quite large boxes and asked,

What are they?

No idea love, we just deliver them.

Okay, can you bring them inside please?

We don't normally do but since you asked so nicely we will. Come on mate snap out of your dream.

I smiled as I realised why he was staring at me. Then I opened the door fully and stepped out of the way. The 2 men carried the boxes in and I told them to put them beside the exercise cycle.

We don't normally take the packaging off but I think that we can make an exception for you. One of the men said.

Thank you. I replied, knowing that they were only doing it so that they could look at me for longer.

For some weird reason I was enjoying being naked in front of those 2 men.

Would you like a cup of tea gentlemen? I asked, knowing that they would be able to see me moving around.

Yes please. The other man said.

They took their time and still hadn't removed the boxes when I took their tea to them.

I watched as they lifted the contents out of the biggest box. It was a bench of some sort; padded with detachable sections at each end and it had metal rings on the metal bars that went along the sides at floor level.

Never seen a bench like that before. One of the men said as they stood drinking their tea and looking at both me and the bench.

Neither have I, I replied, my flatmate ordered it but that's all that I know.

Why was my pussy starting to tingle and get wet. I wondered.

In between sips of their tea and ogling at me, they lifted the contents out of the smaller box. It was some sort of electric motor and another, smaller cardboard box.

Shall I open this box as well.

May as well, I replied, it might give us a clue as to what it all is.

As he opened it a big flexible dildo fell onto the floor.

Hmm, one of the men said, and then turning to me he continued, you really don't know what this is love?

No idea, as I said, my flatmate didn't tell me what he was expecting.

Well love, this is what you call a fucking machine.

Oh my gawd. I said after a quick gasp. If I'd know I wouldn't have asked you to get it out of the boxes, I'm so sorry.

I think that I was actually blushing a little bit the tingling got a bit stronger and I felt a little wet rush.

Would you like us to assemble it and you can try it out; it's the least that you can do after embarrassing us like that.

I'm so sorry, honest, I didn't know. Then after a pause in which my pussy reminded me that it needed some attention, I continued,

Well I guess that it IS the least that I can do.

The rest of their tea was quickly forgotten as the men assembled it, not that it took long.

There you are love, climb on.

I've never used one of these before, what do I do?

One of the men told me to lay on the bench and shuffle along until the tip of the dildo touched my pussy then he asked if I was ready. When I said that I was, the other man plugged the plug into a wall socket then picked up a little black box. He slowly turned a knob and the dildo went back and forwards.

I guess that that's its maximum thrust love, you'll have to shuffle down so that it's inside you.

I did then the turned the knob again. This time he left it on and the dildo started fucking me.

That s nice. I said.

It will go faster. The man said and turned the knob.

Within a minute I realised that an orgasm was quickly building.

Oh, oh, oh, aargh, aargh, oh, I m cu ..

Wow, that didn t take long love, you must have been really gagging for it. One man said as I started to get my wits about me again.

I, I guess that I was. Sorry, I didn t mean to embarrass you.

You didn t love. We ll just collect all this cardboard and leave you to enjoy yourself.

I, I.

I didn t know what to say but I got up, off the bench and went and opened the door for the men to leave. As they walked through the door I said,

I hope that you re not going to be late or get into trouble gentlemen.

Don t you worry about us love, you just enjoy your new toy.

I will. I said as I closed the door the turned to look at the machine that had just made me cum in front of 2 strangers.

What the hell had I just done? I thought. How could I do that? What was wrong with me? No sane girl would ever do such a humiliating and debasing thing. Tony s turned me into some sort of exhibitionistic slut. Yet I had enjoyed it. It was only afterwards that I regretted doing it. Is that normal? What is normal? Am I normal? Am I a freak?

I looked down at the dildo, just laying there, still with my juices on it, and my pussy twinged.

I decided not to tell Tony that I d christened the machine and got a cloth and cleaned the dildo, wiped my juices off the bench and unplugged it.

As I continued with the chores that I had to do I decided that I was happy that Tony had bought that machine. Little did I know that there was more to it than I had sampled.

I was feeling sort of normal when Tony arrived back home.

Oh good; it s arrived. I m glad that you unpacked it, where s the boxes? Did you take them down to the bins? I hope you put them in the recycling bin.

What? Oh yes, all gone, I hope that you didn t mind.

No, it saves me unpacking it. You know what it is don t you Claire?

I can guess.

You ll enjoy it.

I doubt it.

Oh you will Claire; after 5 minutes you ll want to use it every day.

Oh, right. Do you want your tea now?

Yes, it s been a busy day and people were asking after you. You seem quite popular with the neighbours; I didn t think that so many men worked in Units nearby and even a policeman was asking after you. You haven t been breaking the law again have you Claire?

Probably, but that s your fault. You make me do those horrible things.

There not horrible Claire, you love doing every thing that I tell you.

Yes Tony, I thought sarcastically, I just love being naked and masturbating in front of strangers. It really makes my day

I ll take your silence as your agreement; but it doesn t matter what you think; you signed the contract. Now, I m going for a shower then we ll eat then I ll setup this machine where I want it and where you will be seen.

After I d cleaned up after the meal Tony moved the fucking machine a little then changed the display on one of his monitors. When I saw it I realised that he d been recording me using the exercise cycle, and cumming on it.

Now the display showed the fucking machine as well, from the business end.

Then he raised one end of the bench so that it was sloping down to the dildo.

Great, I thought, I can watch the dildo fucking me.

After that he opened a bag that came with the machine that I hadn't bothered looking in to. When he tipped everything out of it I saw a longish strap, 6 of those karabiner things, one longer strap and 3 more dildos, all different colours. All 3 were bigger than the one that was already attached to the motor and 2 of them were very knobbly. They looked painful.

Go and get your wrist and ankle cuffs Claire.

When I got back he put them on me then told me to get on the bench. It was then that I noticed the metal rings along both sides of the base of the bench.

Tony clipped my ankles to the corners and my wrists half way along the bench. I was stuck; I'd tried to unclip those Karabiners with one hand before and never succeeded.

Next came the long strap. He lay it over my waist and strapped both ends to the base of the bench. I tried to move but I was firmly strapped down.

Which one Claire? Tony asked as he held up all the dildos.

The stupid me went and said the blue one which is one of the bigger ones with big lumps all over it.

Good choice Claire; in at the deep end.

I didn't answer him and he screwed the chosen dildo onto the end of the metal bar then made a couple of adjustment so that the end of the dildo was just inside my hole.

Because of the size of the dildo I was dreading him switching the machine on, but thankfully when he did he set it to slow thrusts.

I swore as the big dildo entered me then retracted. The second time it didn't hurt as much then after that my body had got used to it and Tony turned the speed up.

Just then the doorbell rang. When Tony opened the door I heard him say,

Oh hi Mick, to what do I owe the pleasure?

Hey, I was just wondering if you could show Dan here some of the cameras that you've got around the town. He's thinking about getting some in the shop that he's just opened.

Sure, come on in.

Woah there. Dan said when he saw me getting mechanically fucked, If this is a bad time I can come back some other time.

Relax mate. Mick said, that's Claire, Tony's slave. Didn't know you had a fucking machine Tony.

Yeah, arrived today, just trying it out. Come in and watch.

Hi there Claire. Mick said.

Hi. Dan said.

I was incapable of saying anything, not that I would want to; I just wanted to run away and hide.

I had to endure Tony, his brother Mick and Dan who I'd never seen before, watch as that damn machine slowly brought me to an orgasm. The thing was, Tony wanted to see what he could do with the controls and he played with them as the 3 of them watched my reactions.

After my first orgasm Tony turned the machine down and I was slowly getting fucked. The 3 men turned to look at the wall full of monitors. Tony explained where each camera was.

When he got to the camera in my old room at my parents he started to explain where the camera has hidden and he demonstrated the zoom. While he was doing that Aria walked into the room wearing just a towel. She sat on her bed, discarded the towel and started to pluck her pussy area.

Tony took great pleasure in demonstrating the zoom again and I felt horrible for Aria.

After he'd gone round the monitors he asked Dan about his shop. It is a young women's clothes shop and it isn't his, he just manages it for a large chain but he wants to cut the store's thefts to make an impression with head office.

I'm sure that I can help you there but you have to understand that spying on young women when they are getting changed is illegal.

Oh I know that, I want the cameras to be concealed and easily and quickly removable; just in case I have to remove them quickly.

I understand, but you'll never be able to post the videos on the internet if there's anything that can trace them back to your shop.

Yes, I understand that. Most of the videos will get deleted every day or so and the more interesting ones will be transferred onto a cloud drive that only I have access to; but I could make it available to you if you wanted.

I store a lot of Claire's videos on a cloud drive as well. I'll give you the details before you leave. That christening of that machine is being transferred as we speak.

The 3 of them turned to look at me and I thought,

Oh fuck.

But I didn't have a chance to dwell on it because the machine was causing my third orgasm to build.

Getting a bit noisy isn't she? Mick asked.

I've got a couple of solutions to that problem. Well 3 if you are interested Dan?

Sure, why not?

Tony got up and came over to me. He bent down, did something to the bench and my head fell backwards. Once I realised that the bench was no longer supporting my head I lifted it up.

Leave it down Claire. Tony said.

As I lowered my head back down I saw that he'd got his cock out. I knew what he was going to do and I opened my mouth.

For the next 5 minutes he fucked my throat, holding it deep in my throat for longer and longer until I thought that I was going to die.

Finally, I felt his hot seed shoot further down my throat and he withdrew, letting the last few drops land on my face.

The machine was rapidly bringing me to my fourth, or was it my fifth orgasm and just as I was about to cum Mick shoved his cock into my throat.

OMG cumming with a full throat is a challenge, one that makes me think that I am dying, but I survived and Mick started to thrust in time to the machine. Fortunately he withdrew each time and I was able to grab a quick bit of air.

He too shot most of his load down my throat and let the dregs land on my face.

Your turn Dan. Tony said.

Are you sure, I mean she's taken 2 and that things being fucking her for ages.

She can take it, she's still conscious isn't she? It's no fun fucking her when she's out cold. I've tried it. Tony replied.

As Dan's cock entered my mouth I heard Mick say,

So you don't fancy necrophilia then bro?

I think that I heard Tony say not. I certainly hoped so.

My next orgasm had been building and it arrived just as Dan started squirting his load. Again, I struggled to take the punishment without suffocating; but I survived and gasped for air as Dan withdrew.

The 3 of them seemed to lose interest in me for a while and after a while they got up and turned to me.

Nice to have met you Claire. Dan said. Come and visit my shop, I'll give you a nice discount.

Mick just laughed then him and Dan left.

Tony came over to me and said,

Two more orgasms and I ll let you get up.

He turned and went and sat on the sofa and opened his laptop.

It was 3 more orgasms before he switched the power off and unclipped my wrists. He left me to unclip the rest but I just lay there, the dildo still inside me, for ages before I found the energy to get up.

Shower before you sit on the sofa. Tony said without lifting his eyes from his laptop.

Part 09

Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.

Twenty minutes later I slowly walked into the lounge and dropped onto the sofa.

I m knackered and sore. I said.

You ll get used to it. Watch that video while you relax.

As the video was starting I asked Tony if he really was going to put cameras in the changing rooms in Dan s store.

Sure, I ve got them in 2 other stores changing rooms; you should see what some girls your age get up to in those changing rooms.

But isn t it illegal?

Probably but shop security comes first.

Don t people see the cameras?

No, they re hidden in the bezels round the mirrors and with the bright LED

lights shining at them they haven't a clue.

Just then the monitor that he's told me to look at burst into life and I immediately saw myself on the screen. The opening scene was the dildo entering me for the first time.

I have to say that watching myself get fucked, and cumming, by that machine turned me on and it wasn't long before my right hand found its way to my pussy, gently caressing it and slowly rubbing my clit.

I orgasmed again just as Tony filled my stomach on the screen that is.

Well, get turned on by watching yourself. Well done Claire, you're getting there. Go to bed, you've got work tomorrow.

As I slowly got up I wondered where I was getting to, but I didn't ask.

A couple of days later there was a box waiting for Tony outside the apartment door when we got home from work. I stripped then carried the box and my clothes inside.

When Tony opened the box I saw a variety of balls, ranging in size from balls about the diameter of a penny, up to the size of a tennis ball. All were made of shiny steel. I immediately guessed what they were for and my pussy started to tingle.

OMG. I thought, Am I really going to have to push that tennis ball sized lump of steel up my hole. I hope that he's not going to expect me to walk around with that thing in me.

After our evening meal Tony opened the box again and got out 2 of the smallest steel balls.

Come here Claire.

When I got to him I automatically stood with my feet well apart. I gasped as the first cold steel ball entered me. Then again when the second one entered me.

Keep them in there Claire. I'll tell you when you can take them out.

I'll have to put my fingers in there to get them out.

Maybe; you'll have to use your muscles to keep them in and if you can't use your muscles to squeeze them out then yes, you will have to put your fingers in and fish around for them.

I managed to get half way to the bathroom before one of the balls clunked as it hit the floor.

You're not using your muscles Claire. Put it back in and get over here.

When I got to him he pulled me over his knee and spanked me with 10 swats.

As the 10 swats landed on my butt I heard him say,

Ten swats for every time one or both drop out. If you don't want a very red butt you'd better get those muscles working.

I spent the rest of the evening doing my kegel exercises and managed to keep the balls in. In bed Tony said that it was weird fucking me with them in, but he did cum a lot quicker.

My pussy ached a bit next morning but Tony still told me to keep them in while I was at work. Unfortunately, one, or both, dropped out while I was at work.

The first time was when I'd been doing something that needed a lot of brain work and I got up forgetting to squeeze to hold them in. As I turned to walk over to the photocopier I heard a clink and instantly realised what had happened. I quickly picked the ball up and eased it back in while I was stood at the photocopier. Tony was in his office and Sandra was on the phone to someone.

The second time was again when I got up from my desk. I got a surprise when I saw Sandra behind me and I lost control of myself. Two balls slipped out and clunked onto the floor right in front of Sandra. She looked down and saw them rolling away.

You're going to have to work harder at keeping those in if you want a tight pussy. She said.

I blushed and picked them up. Then put them back in when I got back to my desk.

The third time was even more embarrassing. The courier had come to pick up some parcels. He's used to seeing me just about naked so it wasn't that. There was a bit of a query about how many parcels there were and I started moving them to count them, in front of the courier. One of the boxes was a bit heavy and as I strained to lift it out popped both balls.

Are those what Ben Wa balls? he asked as they rolled towards the door.

I looked at them, realised where they had come from, blushed, quietly said that they were, then went after them. To add to my embarrassment I had to bend over to pick them up with my back to him. He must have had a great view of my bare butt and pussy.

Before that third time I'd had to go out to the snack van and I was pleased with myself for keeping them in when I went outside. I don't know what I would have done if one had slipped out in front of all those workmen.

I was glad when it was time to go home and on the way Tony asked me how my day had gone with my balls inside me. I told him about my 3 accidents and all he did was laugh at me; then tell me that I'd have to wear them to work each day until I'd gone 2 consecutive days without them sliding out. Fortunately they didn't slide out again.

When we got to Tony's apartment he got me to move up one size then he pulled me over his lap and started spanking me.

Ten swats for every time one or both fall out I believe I said.

There was one thing that Tony hadn't told me about having 2 steel balls inside me. He hadn't told me that when I walk around with them inside me they knock together and make me feel good. Not enough to make me cum but they certainly start me thinking about it.

A couple of days later Tony told me that he was going out on a stag do without me and that I would be staying at home on my own. I was relieved because it meant that I wasn't going to be the entertainment at the stag do.

Anyway, after he'd left I did all the jobs that I had to do then relaxed on the sofa. I watched some of the monitors for a while but soon got bored. Then I looked at the fucking machine and the exercise cycle and thought,

Why not.

The curtains were wide open, as usual, and I couldn't see anyone looking over to the apartment so I got on the bike and started pedalling. Two orgasms later I was still feeling horny so I sat on the fucking machine bench and decided to use it.

I put the headrest back in place, inclined the head end of the bench and screwed the blue dildo onto the metal rod. I started to go and get my wrist and ankle cuffs then realised that I couldn't restrain myself completely, so I abandoned that idea, plugged the plug in and moved the control to where I could use it when I was on the bench.

Then I made myself comfortable, shuffling down until the dildo touched my pussy.

I took a deep breath and slowly turned the knob to get the machine to push the dildo inside me.

Arrgh, ohhh, oooh, that's nice. I said out loud, then I settled back to enjoy myself.

It wasn't the same as being restrained and not being able to control what was happening to me; but it was still very nice.

I slowly increased the speed of the fucking until the knob wouldn't turn any further. By that time my first orgasm was rapidly approaching.

I kept the machine fucking me at full speed as I went through my first and second orgasm; then I slowed it down so that I could get my breath back.

As soon as I was ready I turned the speed up and repeated my exercise. After my fourth orgasm I decided that I'd had enough; too much of a good thing is not good for me; besides, I was getting tired and I hadn't had a good night's sleep for weeks.

I cleaned up, showered and went to bed.

I was woken sometime in the middle of the night by Tony's cock ramming in to me. He was drunk and thankfully didn't take long to cum, roll off me and go to sleep.

I got up and went and slept on the sofa.

The next day was a Saturday and Tony was still asleep on my bed when I got back from the supermarket. When he emerged and had showered and fed he asked me if I d enjoyed myself on the fucking machine. He then went on to tell me that he d watched me on his phone, and so had his mates.

Oh my gawd, I d been caught. I thought.

You re such a slut Claire.

No I m not, a slut is a woman who lets any man fuck her and I don t do that. I only fuck you and anyone who you tell me to; and I have no choice in that.

Yes Claire, okay, but you like to enjoy yourself, a lot.

I m a normal healthy girl, of course I have needs but it s your fault that my needs are greater than a lot of girls. If you didn t make me dress like this and torture my pussy so much I wouldn t have a fraction of the needs that I have.

All I ve done is bring out your secret desires Claire; you re a natural over-sexed exhibitionist at heart.

WHAT! No I am not.

Claire!

I sat there wondering if Tony was right; I like sex, I like cumming, and maybe, just maybe, I m a bit of an exhibitionist. I like the looks men give me when they see me naked, it makes me feel wanted. But I m the way I am because of Tony; he s changed me from being a normal girl into what I am now. So it s his fault.

Tony must have thought that he won the argument because he got up and went to the sofa and his laptop leaving me to clean up.

Can I go in to town shopping please Tony? I need to get my pills prescription filled and get a birthday card for my mother.

He silently looked at me for a few seconds then said,

Okay; go and get the clothes that you re thinking of wearing and I ll see if I approve.

I brought out 3 dresses to show him and he picked a button down dress that is obscenely short.

Leave the top 2 and the bottom 1 button open when you put it on Claire.

I got my things and left, not putting the dress on until I was outside his apartment. As I walked out to my car I said to myself,

Remember not to lean or bend forwards and to hold your bag in front of your pussy Claire.

It didn t help when I got in my car and looked down, I could easily see all my bare pubes.

I hope that I don t get stopped by the police. I thought.

As I wandered around the shops I got a few comments from young men and a few dirty looks from middle-aged women. I sort of liked the comments, it meant that they liked what they saw me; and I just ignored the women.

When I was choosing a birthday card for my mum there was a very tall man stood next to me. In my experience, men usually just grab almost any old card but this man was really taking his time and looking inside lots of cards. Then I noticed that he was looking my way and not at the card in his hands.

I followed the line of his eyes and realised that he was looking at my chest. I looked down and saw that another button had come undone and the way that the material was hanging I guessed that he could see most of my right tit, and the nipple.

My first reaction was to fasten the button but just as my hand started to move I stopped it and I got a tingle in my pussy.

My gawd, I thought, I m enjoying this man perving on me.

I stood there for ages before picking up a card that I d already looked at and turned to walk to the till.

I left the shop and decided that I wanted to go up a level of the shopping

centre and I walked to the escalator. I waited until there was no one waiting to get on then stepped on thinking that there should be no one behind me to look up my skirt.

Imagine my surprise when I turned around half way up and saw the man from the card shop, and he was looking up. I blame Tony for what I did next; I stood there for a few seconds letting him look at my uncovered pussy; then I turned back and faced up the escalator, spread my feet a bit and bent forwards.

I felt the material of my dress ride up and expose the bottom half of my butt. I felt my pussy tingle then I stood back up straight.

Bloody hell Claire, I thought, what's got into you?

Then I answered my own question Tony.

I needed to find a seat and calm down, and to try to get Tony out of my mind. I'd passed a Starbucks just before I'd gone up so I went down and in to it.

I got a coffee and found a seat. I was just starting to get myself together when a girl and a boy that I went to college with, walked passed holding hands and they saw me. They stopped and sat at my table.

After the usual greetings. I said,

So, are you 2 an item now?

Yes, we got together just after the last reunion.

So how are you keeping Claire? Are you still with that Tony guy? Jade asked.

Sort of.

Is he here with you? Dean asked. We saw you sitting here on your own showing lots of skin and looking like you are flashing your lady parts to that guy over there, and we wondered if Tony was watching you from some hidden corner. Neither of us could remember what Tony looked like, our eyes were distracted that night. That's why we sat on either side of you. We didn't want to block that guy's view or disturb your flashing.

No, no. I'm on my own, and I didn't realise that I was flashing anyone. It's

just that . oh never mind.

The thing was, I hadn't even thought about how I would sit when I sat down. If I had I would have kept my knees together. I guess that Tony making me sit with my knees apart has become a habit, and an automatic reaction. And why didn't I close them when Dean told me what I was doing.

Talking of reunions, Jade interrupted my thoughts, there's another one coming up soon and no one knew how to get in touch with you. Now that we've found you will you come? You can bring Tony and we'll have a function room to ourselves so if you want to put on another show for us it will be okay.

Oh, I don't know, and it's so soon after the last one. I thought that these things were supposed to be an annual event.

Please say that you will come Claire, everyone, including you, had such a great time last time; that's why there's another one so soon.

I didn't really enjoy it. I replied.

You certainly looked like you were enjoying it, Dean said, even the spankings and the fucking, and you did cum; how many times was it? Ten, fifteen?

I don't know.

Tell you what Claire, give me your number, or better still Tony's, I'll text you the details and you can talk it over with Tony. We, everyone would really like you to be there.

We exchanged number, and, I have no idea why I did it, but I gave Jade Tony's number as well.

We'll leave you to your flashing. Claire said.

Keep up the good work. Dean said and they both got up and left.

I was stunned,

Why hadn't I told them that there was no chance that I'd humiliate myself like that again? I thought. Why had I given Jade my number, and even worse, Tony's? And just as bad, why was I still sat with my knees apart?

I had just started to convince myself that things weren't that bad then I go and make a fool of myself all over again. What is wrong with me?

I looked over to the man and our eyes met. I blushed and turned my head, but left my knees where they were. Had that man really been smiling at me?

I just sat there finishing my coffee and trying to calm down again.

My coffee mug was quite cold when I finally got up from the table and left; none the wiser as to what I could do about my miserable life.

Get everything that you wanted? Tony asked me as I walked into his apartment carrying my bags and my dress.

Yes, thank you. I err, I met 2 of my old college mates. They asked me to go to the next class reunion.

Fuck, I thought, why did I say that?

Oh yes, when is it?

Jade is going to text me.

Good, I'll look forward to that; you enjoyed the last one didn't you?

Not really.

Oh come come on Claire, how many times did you cum?

I said nothing and turned to go to my room.

You may want to get a little nap Claire, it's round 2 of the stag night tonight and you're coming with me this time. We've got a function room booked and there will be dozens of people there.

Oh fuck. I thought, I'll get passed around them all.

And I felt my pussy tingle and get wet.

Why is the lucky man having 2 stag nights? I asked.

Last night's was just for his close friends, tonight is the big one for every-

one who knows him.

So there ll be lots of men there?

Yes.

And I ll be the only woman?

Probably.

And you ll be ordering me to strip naked?

Probably.

And letting lots of those men fuck me?

Probably.

Don t you think that this is stretching the contract just a little bit too far Tony?

Nope. If you remember the contract says that you agree to let me use your body as I see fit. And I see fit to let other men fuck you; and that s men, the plural, so live with it Claire. And wear your collar tonight, you ll look good in just that collar and heels. Oh, and have another shave, I felt a little stubble when I put my hand on your pussy before you went out.

OMG. I thought, I'm going to get gang-banged by 20 or 30 or maybe more men.

I was scared, but my pussy was unbelievably wet.

I had to wear a simple micro dress, my collar and a pair of heels when we left the apartment. I was feeling very nervous, a bit scared and a lot excited. I worried that Tony would see a big wet patch on his car seat but fortunately he didn t look.

We arrived at this big pub out of town and immediately went up to the function room. There must have been going on for 20 guys in there when we arrived. Tony took me to the bar and got me the large stiff drink that I asked for. It was a young man tending the bar and he gave me that knowing look and it made me feel embarrassed.

What have you brought a girl for Tony, or is she the stripper? a man who came to the bar asked.

Better than that mate. Could you clear a table for her at the end of the room?

Sure, does that mean that she will be available later?

Certainly does.

Can't wait.

Bloody hell, they've talking about me like a whore, a piece of meat; but hell, I guess that that's what I am tonight. At least I shouldn't catch anything. I thought as I looked at the box of condoms that Tony had carried in and put on the bar.

My large stiff drink had gone down in one and Tony asked me if I wanted another.

Yes please, it sounds like I'm going to need it.

He got me it then he took me over to a table where he introduced the bridegroom.

You've got the first fuck with her mate. Tony told him, but first she needs to go around the room and show everyone what she's got to offer.

Then he turned to me as said,

Get that dress off Claire then go and walk around the room and introduce yourself. Let them touch you and promise that there will be more later.

I glared at Tony and, receiving no sign of him changing his mind, I downed my drink and then took my dress off. As soon as my naked body came into view some of the guys nearby cheered and commented on my assets. I turned and smiled at them.

Okay Claire, off you go.

I turned and went to the next table and realised that my pussy was dripping. It was so humiliating yet it was such a turn-on.

Hi guys, I m Claire and you can touch me if you want.

It was a stag night and the room was full of men. I doubt that there was one normal guy in there that wouldn t take me up on my offer.

As I went around the room saying the same thing at each table I got groped, slapped, pinched, fingered (butt and ass), nipples pulled and twisted, clit flicked and called every name that you can think of for a situation like that.

I don t suppose that it helped that my pussy was dripping, a thing that was pointed out to me numerous times. It was a weird, and I have to say nice, feeling being the only girl there, a naked girl at that, and letting all of them grope my body.

Having said all that, I also felt that it was okay for me to be naked, it felt natural .

When I got back to Tony and the bridegroom Tony told me to go over to the empty table and lay across it so that my butt and head hung over the 2 sides. He also told me to take the box of condoms with me.

As I walked I heard Tony shouting for quiet. Then he said,

Right guys, you ve all met Claire and she might have told you that you could get more than a grope from her later. Well you can. For the rest of the night she will be spread out on the table over there and she will be available for you to fuck in any hole that you can find. Oh, for those of you who have a cock so small that it will go into her piss hole, don t do it.

After the laughter stopped he continued,

Just 2 conditions gents, firstly you have to let the bridegroom go first, and secondly, if you re aiming for a body hole you must wear one of the condoms that are there. We don t want any of you disease ridden louts passing on anything to anyone else here, nor her. Bridegroom, whenever you are ready mate.

And that s what happened. I didn t bother to try to count the number of cocks that entered me because I knew that I d lose count, that s if I even saw some of them. When Tony finally came to rescue me I was knackered, I had a sore pussy, sore nipples, a sore mouth, a sore butt hole and I had nearly passed out due to a lack of breath 4 times, I d had at least 5 orgasms

and my hair was a matted mess.

I was really pleased that Tony brought 2 drinks for me when he came over to me. One a strong one and the other a large soft drink. I managed to prop myself up on one elbow and held the glasses with my free hand.

Jeez Claire, you look terrible.

Are you surprised? It was your idea not mine, I didn't even want to come here.

The bridegroom wasn't far behind Tony and after staring at me for a while he said,

How old are you Claire?

19.

Your pussy looks a lot younger.

Thanks I think.

Have you had anything done to it or has it always been like that?

Ask Tony, it was his idea to cut me.

I thought that that sort of thing was illegal.

Ask Tony.

Tony was smiling and he explained what he's had done to me.

Well, illegal or not, I like it.

So do I. I replied, then said,

Can we go home now please?

You'll have to say goodbye to everyone first Claire; and don't forget to thank all of them.

Gee thanks.

I sat up then shuffled to the edge of the table. As I was doing that I saw the

box of condoms. About half of the 50 had gone and as I started to get off the table I saw the ones that had been used in a rubbish bin. I smiled as I thought about the cleaner who'd find them in the morning.

My legs wobbled a bit as I put my weight on them and the bridegroom stepped forward and put his arm around me. He's big bloke and his arm went right around me and onto my tit. I didn't care.

He let go of me when I was able to hold my own and then I slowly started walking round the room doing what Tony had told me. I again got all sorts of comments, this time including telling me that I looked a mess, and thanking me.

Tony handed me my dress which I put on, knowing that I'd have to send it to the cleaners when I next took it off.

I had to take my time slowly going down the stairs because my legs moving aggravated the aches where my legs joined my torso.

Back at Tony's apartment I walked straight in and to the bathroom before taking my dress off. When I was in the shower Tony came in and told me that I was going to get spanked for not taking my dress off before entering the apartment. At that time I just didn't care.

After drying myself I collapsed on my bed and was asleep within seconds.

Thankfully, Tony didn't get annoyed with me when I slept late. Maybe he did as well.

It was mid afternoon when things started to come to life. Tony's brother Mick arrived to sort out something or other. It was the Sunday and not the Sunday when I go to my parents for lunch so I was there doing the washing up after lunch.

Mick said 'Hi' then told me to turn around and face him. When I did he said,

Now that's the look of a well fucked body. Did you enjoy yourself Claire?

No, not really. I'm still a bit sore.

I'll bet you are, that must be some sort of record, just how many did fuck

you?

I have no idea. I wasn't counting.

She's due a punishment for a dress code violation; do you fancy giving her it Mick?

Do you mind if we get what I came for sorted before I do it?

No, not at all. Claire, get bent over the sofa and wait.

Waiting for 30 minutes knowing that you are going to get a good spanking is not a nice feeling. I was hoping that I might get a bit turned on but I didn't; not even during the spanking and I ended up with a red and painful butt before Mick left and Tony told me that I could go to my room. But at least Mick didn't fuck me this time.

The next Saturday Tony went to the wedding of his mate. Thankfully, he didn't take me, there was no way that I wanted to be at a wedding wearing an obscenely short dress and maybe being told to take it off.

So I was left at the apartment on my own for most of the day. I'd done all the jobs that I needed to do and was a little bored so I switched Tony's monitors on to see if I could see anything interesting.

When I switched to the camera showing my old bedroom at my parent, there was Aria, my cousin. She was just wearing a thong and was dancing to some music that I could hear. Her little tits barely moved as she bounced about.

After a while she collapsed on the bed and her right hand went to her pussy. Before long I was watching her masturbate and then cumming.

That started me thinking about my pussy.

I switched to another camera and was shocked to see a teenage girl taking her clothes off. After my initial shock I realised that she was in a shop changing cubicle trying on some new clothes.

As I watched I wondered if it was in one of the shops that he'd mentioned when that Dan bloke was here or if he'd hacked into another store's cameras. I wasn't worried which it was.

I switched to another camera and there was another girl in another changing room. She was just taking a nice looking dress off that she'd put on without any underwear. When it was off she rubbed her pussy and tweaked her nipples for a few seconds before putting on another dress.

I saw why she tweaked her nipples, the material was very thin and her nipples poked out.

Not being that interested, I tried another camera, but that just showed an empty room.

I was bored and then had an idea. I decided that I was going to have a bit of fun in the sling. I knew that putting myself on display on the internet was wrong, and if it hadn't have been for Tony corrupting me, and me feeling horny, there was no way that I would have even thought about it, but all those things had happened and I was thinking about it.

I went and got my wrist cuffs, which I put on, my Ohmibod, which I put where it belongs, my laptop, my magic wand and some duck tape.

I setup my laptop where I could see it, and the camera could see me when I climbed into the webbing sling. Then I opened the voters website and let people know that I was online and available.

I checked the webcam angle again then climbed into the sling taking the wand and the tape with me.

Then I taped the wand to the top of my left leg so that when I switched it on it would vibrate on my clit. I switched it on, gasped, smiled, then did a really stupid thing. I reached up and clipped my wrist cuffs to 2 of the Karabiners hanging down from the ceiling.

That was easy to do because of the way that they are designed. As I was clipping my second wrist I suddenly thought about how I could unclip them.

Because the wand was confusing my brain I wasn't thinking clearly and I just could not work out how I could free myself.

Then my first token giver instructed my Ohmibod to start vibrating. My mind was instantly taken away from any thought of freeing myself and to my pussy that was vibrating.

It may have been the middle of the afternoon in England but I have no idea what time it was wherever in the world that the people who wanted to drive

me crazy were. Well them and the magic wand that was vibrating right on my clit.

Within a couple of minutes I was cumming at the same time as my Ohmibod was trying to force my body to jerk all over the place.

I was in heaven; but after a while I thought,

Oh my gawd, I ve really done it to myself this time. I thought in amongst the moaning, gasping, shouting yes, yes and cumming. What the fuck am I going to do?

I didn t have an answer but my body did. I have no idea how long I had enjoyed / suffered at the hands of the 2 mechanical aids but my body suddenly decided to switch to hibernate mode and I passed out.

Over the next goodness knows how long, I drifted in and out of consciousness. When I came out the torture continued, I d orgasm again then pass out again.

I was knackered, totally knackered and I could do nothing to improve things. Even if I could have pulled myself up and unhooked the Karabiners I wouldn t have had the strength to get off the sling and shutdown the website.

I had a vision of the inquest in to my death with my parents there and the coroner telling everyone how I died.

Tony finally found me sometime late evening. The batteries in both my wand and my Ohmibod had finally gone flat but I was still unconscious. The next thing that I knew was me waking up on my bed, still totally naked.

Tony wasn t too kind to me either,

What the fuck were you thinking Claire? Those men watching don t give a damn as to whether or not you fuck yourself to death but I do. It would be bad for business. Whenever you re able, have a shower then go back to bed. I ll see you in the morning and maybe I ll repeat what you did to yourself, as a punishment this time.

I was asleep within seconds.

I emerged in the middle of the Sunday morning and Tony immediately told

me to bend over the back of the sofa. Fifteen minutes later I had lots of red lines across my butt.

Go and get showered then decide what you're going to wear to Sunday Lunch with your parents.

Oh shit, I forgot about that; sorry Tony.

When I arrived at my parents I'd forgotten that I'd seen Aria there and I got a bit of a surprise, a nice one as I hadn't actually seen her for a couple of years. We had a great family Sunday Lunch with lots of talking.

When Aria and I were washing up after the meal Aria asked me if I was alright.

Yes, of course I am; maybe a little tired but that's all. Why do you ask?

Well it's just that you've got red marks at the top of the back of your legs. I wouldn't have seen them if you had been wearing a longer dress and I don't mean to pry.

Oh those, I'm fine, I was sitting on this weird chair that Tony has and it always leaves red marks on my legs; you should see my butt. I guess that that's the penalty for wearing fashionable clothes these days.

I don't know that I could wear a dress that short. I'd always be worrying that people could see something that they shouldn't.

Who cares what people can see, the last time, or was it the time before, that I was here I accidentally bent over in front of my dad. All he said was that he wished that he was my age again.

Weren't you embarrassed Claire?

No, it's no big deal. He's a man and I'm a woman; most men have seen it all before.

I suppose, our mothers do fill us with a whole load of modesty don't they?

And always remember to put clean knickers on. My mother used to say, I wonder what she'd say if she knew that I've stopped wearing any.

I thought that you weren't Claire, I caught a glimpse up your skirt earlier

and I couldn't see any but I didn't want to say anything. Have you stopped wearing bras as well, it's just that your nipples have been sticking out since you got here.

Yeah, it's not just bra free weekends I've stopped wearing them altogether. I feel freer and these girls are learning to support themselves. I'm hoping to delay, or avoid the droop late in my life. You should try it, it's not like you have a couple of water melons to support and the muscles in breasts that are always in a bra lose their strength and start drooping.

Maybe, hey, shall we give the oldies their coffee then go upstairs and talk some more, it's great seeing you again.

We did, I was a bit relieved that I now had an excuse to be in my old room, all I needed now was for Aria to leave me alone in there for a couple of minutes. I think that I accidentally flashed my dad again; Aria coughed when I was bending over to put my mum's coffee on the little table next to her.

Aria and I took our coffees up to her room and talked.

I think that you accidentally flashed your dad again Claire. Aria said just as she shut the door.

Oops; I'm still forgetting to bend my knees instead of keeping them straight, but dad's okay, it isn't as if he hasn't seen it all before.

We sat and talked about all sorts for ages. One of the things was college. I asked her about the teachers that I had, if they were still there. The usual things I guess. One thing that Aria did tell me was that there was a rumour going round about a leaver who had stripped naked at a reunion do. Apparently she had invited all her classmates to fuck her.

Oh my gawd. I said, such a whore. Maybe she was drunk and trying to fulfil a fantasy; I mean we all have that fantasy don't we?

I think that I was blushing as I said that but Aria wasn't looking at me.

Yeah. Aria replied.

We talked for ages and after a while I excused myself to go to the toilet saying that the coffee had gone straight through me. Ten minutes later Aria did

the same. I had my opportunity and quickly swapped the batteries.

I felt guilty when she came back.

When I left Aria asked me to let her know when I was going for Sunday Lunch saying that she wouldn't go home that weekend again.

Back at the apartment Tony asked me how lunch had gone, telling me that he'd heard Aria and me talking.

You did a good job changing the batteries Claire, and fending off the questions about you being gang-banged. I just knew that you really wanted it. I'll have to make your fantasy come true more often.

I said nothing and went and started his tea.

The following week my kegels were with me wearing 2 table tennis sized steel balls all day. They were heavy and I did have a few accidents the first couple of days, and got the resultant spankings. Fortunately, it was only Tony and Sandra that saw me. Tony laughed but Sandra had a bit of sympathy for me, saying that there was no way that she'd put anything like that in her pussy.

The thing was, all their heavy clunking inside me as I walked about got me horny every day and on the way home each day I asked Tony to fuck me. Sometimes he did, sometimes he didn't.

The following week I was ready for the biggest balls, 2 tennis ball sized steel balls. They're heavy but I'm sure that they're not solid steel, I reckon that if they were they would be way too much for my now tight pussy. Tony has praised me, telling me that it's like fucking a 9 year old not a 19 year old. When I asked him when he'd fucked a 9 year old girl he said,

Well it's what I would imagine a 9 year old would be like.

I think that is what he meant because I can never imagine him going after girls that young although in the pub one night quite a while back I heard him say,

If they bleed they're old enough.

I think that it was just male bravado.

But there again I could never imagine him blackmailing me and making me do such horrible things.

I managed to keep the balls in all day for all 5 days and Tony was pleased, so was I. I like my tight pussy. When he fucks me I can squeeze his cock and it makes me feel good; like I've got some control over him.

He has told me that I have to keep up my kegel exercises, which I would have done anyway. He got me a candle, about 4 cm diameter 14 cm long, and he's told me that I have to push it deep into my vagina and practice squeezing it half way out then suck it back in. That didn't sound too difficult, until I tried it. I think that it's difficult because it's a candle that's very slippery. But I'm still practising.

Another thing that he got me to do a similar thing with is a banana, and I can do that with the banana still in its skin. The problem came when he gave me a peeled banana. It was quite fresh and I managed it a couple of times, but when I tried it the third time only part of it came out. My pussy muscles had either broken it in two, or 3 or 4; or turned it into mush.

Tony put his fingers in me to try to get it out and didn't succeed so he eased his whole fist inside me. As he was moving around inside me trying to find the banana I decided to squeeze my muscles just as he was giving up.

He couldn't get his hand out of me, even when he lifted me right up off the sofa. I thought that it was funny but he didn't. With me hanging there he started spanking my butt and that made me relax my muscles and I fell to the floor.

But that left me with most of a mushy banana still inside me. When I asked Tony how we were going to get it out of me he said,

Well, if we were at my parent house I would have got the garden hose and pushed it up you and turned it on; but I don't have a hose pipe here.

So what can we do.

I've no idea. Maybe we should take you to the hospital?

I really don't fancy that, what about the shower hose? I asked. Can't you unscrew the head off and use that?

Good idea, you do have some brains in that little head of yours. Come on, go and get in the bath.

I did, and Tony took great delight in sticking the end of the hose up my vagina and turning the water on.

The water was cold at first and I shrieked at the shock, but the water soon warmed up and I got used to it.

It soon got painful as the litres of water squirted into me. When I told Tony that I couldn't take anymore he turned the water off and then told me to hold it in. Even after he pulled the hose out he told me to hold it in. I was really grateful that I'd done, and still was doing my Kegels. My insides hurt but I could hold that water.

When he finally told me that I could let it out it came out like I was a fire hose.

Bloody hell Claire, I didn't realise that so much had gone in to you. Did you see those bits of banana?

Yes.

Better do it again just to make sure that we got it all.

Tony flushed me out 4 times before we stopped seeing bits of banana coming out. Each time that he pulled the hose out he told me to hold it in and each time I easily did it. In spite of the pain I was pleased that I'd been able to hold the water in.

On the Wednesday of the following week I got a text message from Jade to tell me where the college reunion was, and asking me to confirm that I would be there. I seriously considered just deleting the text and not telling Tony but on the way home I told Tony.

Oh good, now how shall I play it? Shall I just take you in, strip you, put you on a table and tell everyone to take you whenever and however they want, or shall we turn it into some sort of game again. I'm going to have to think about it.

Please Tony, can I just keep my clothes on and just socialize? I had some good friends in college and I'd like to just talk to them.

They were good friends when they spanked and fucked you last time.

That was your fault, you took control and made them do those horrible things.

Is that how you remember it Claire?

Yes, you were horrible to me. You embarrassed and humiliated me.

And you came how many times Claire? You can't possibly tell me that you didn't enjoy it.

I just sat there silently and thinking back to that night. Damn it, Tony was right, I had enjoyed it, well most of it.

When the Saturday evening came round I was nervous. It didn't help that Tony picked up the tawse, the paddle and my handcuffs as we left the apartment. He's also told me to wear my dog collar.

On the way there I asked Tony what he was going to force me to do.

Nothing, you're going to go from one table to another talking to people.

That didn't sound too bad. I thought, then said,

So why the weapons?

They're for you to carry around with you just in case anyone wants to use them on you.

Why would they want to do that?

Because you are going to ask them.

Just to be clear, I said, you want me to go from table to table, talk to the people there and ask them if they want to spank me.

Or fuck you. You'll be naked and have your wrists cuffed in front of you and I forgot to mention that you'll be carrying a box of condoms as well.

My heart dropped; he'd built up my hopes of a semi reasonable evening then he'd pulled the rug from under me. I resigned myself to another gangbang, but this time with all my ex college friends taking part and watching. I

wanted to die.

I was still unhappy as we climbed the stairs to the function room.

Cheer up Claire, you ll have a great time.

You think?

I know so.

When I stop talking Claire is going to take her dress off then I m going to put these handcuffs on her. She will then slowly move around the room going from one table to another. When she is at your table you may ask her any questions that you like and take as many photographs as you like; have a good chat with her, catch up on everything. You may also tell her that you are going to spank her or fuck her. She will let you do that right there and then but please use one of the condoms that she will be carrying.

When you have finished with her please send her to the next table. If you wish to buy her a drink please do so, I m sure that she will appreciate it. Claire is not here under any duress, and she will now tell you so.

Oh no, I thought, you told me that I d enjoy this reunion; now it s going to be as bad as the last time. then I said,

I fully accept that I am here voluntarily and agree 100% to take part in whatever happens to me this evening.

As soon as my mouth shut I slowly unfastened my dress, pushed off the straps on my shoulders and felt it fall to the floor. I was now naked apart from my shoes and my dog collar and I could feel my nipples hardening and my pussy start to tingle.

Stepping out of the dress I looked at Tony. He smiled as he gave me the paddle, the tawse and the box of condoms then said,

Off you go Claire, enjoy yourself.

Yeah, right. I sarcastically thought as I slowly started walking to the nearest table.

Sat at it were 2 girls and 1 boy that I knew, and 1 boy that I had never seen before.

Hi Claire, the 3 that I knew said.

Hey. I replied as I stood between the 2 chairs that had the boys sitting on them.

So what s the story girl, is that man making you do these things Claire?

No, I, I started to say, then I had a brainwave that I hoped would make all those people more understanding. I continued,

I ve become a nudist, a naturist, call it what you like, but I ve decided that I no longer want to wear clothes unless I really have to.

Wow, Zara said, I never would have thought that of you Claire, but whatever.

So are you naked all the time? Tom asked.

No, our stupid, strange society doesn t accept people being naked on the streets yet.

What about work Annabella asked. Didn t I hear that you got a job at some electronics company?

Yes I did, it s Tony s company and he encourages me to be naked at work. There s only him, another girl and me at the office so me being naked doesn t really matter.

What about the other girl?

She keeps her clothes on.

So what s this about spanking, with those things presumably? Annabella asked.

That was Tony s idea to keep me inline.

So he spans you?

Yes.

Doesn t it hurt?

Yes it does.

But does it stop you making mistakes?

Well I ve never made the same mistake twice.

But that Tony guy said that we could spank you.

And fuck you. The unknown boy said.

Yes you can if you want, I made a big mistake signing a document for him when I shouldn t have and this is how he punishes me.

I hope that he s paying you well.

If I survive for the next year I ll get a huge bonus.

So I can spank this cute little butt can I? Tom said as I felt his hand slide up the back of my leg to my butt.

Yes you can.

TOM! Zara shouted. Leave her alone; and you 2 go downstairs and get us some more drinks; and get one for Claire. I would need a few if I was doing what she s doing.

Tom and the unknown guy got up and left and I sat down.

So what s happening with you guys? I asked.

Over the next 10 minutes we talked about their lives and what they had been up to since they left college. In a way it felt strange talking to them about that sort of thing whilst I was naked; but at the same time I wasn t at all embarrassed. The 2 guys came back and one of them found another chair.

As I stood up to move to the second table I thought,

This being naked in public isn t at all bad, in fact it s quite nice. If the rest of the evening is like this I ll be okay.

The second table was okay as well; Jade and Dean were there with another

couple of girls that had been okay at college. After similar questions, and answers, and catching up, all whilst Dean was staring at my tits with their rock hard nipples, I moved on to the third table.

When I saw that it was 5 boys at the table I started to worry a little, and get excited a little. All 5 had been total prats at college, being rude and crude and generally unpleasant to most of the girls.

Hi guys, how are you all? I said as I got close and then stood between 2 of them.

Four of them said hello back but the fifth said,

So we can use those on you and fuck you can we?

I believe that that was what Tony said; but you have to use one of these. I said as I put the box of condoms and the punishment implements on the table.

He didn't say which holes we could use and I'm sure as fuck not using a condom in your throat. Bend over this chair bitch, I'm gonna fuck your mouth and then your cunt later.

That was when the fucking started and I quickly had a cock in my mouth and another one in my pussy. Just after it started I heard Jade say,

Those pigs, I never did like any of them. then she shouted,

LEAVE HER ALONE.

Fuck off bitch. One of the nasty guys replied.

I wondered if Dean was going to have a go at the nasty guy but he didn't. I guessed that 5 to 1 wasn't good odds, or maybe he didn't want to start a fight that would inevitably end the night.

Anyway, one or two at a time, all 5 of them had their way with me, one way or another, and all 3 of my holes got well used. Unfortunately, none of them were good enough to make me cum.

After they had finished with me I lay there for a while then sat up. The 5 guys were sat there drinking as if nothing had happened. I thought about

asking them for a drink but I decided that they would probably just tell me to fuck off.

Then one of them stood up and got his phone out. Then he told me to lie down again and to spread my legs.

I need evidence for my mates. A few photos should be enough to convince them.

The others then got their phones out and something like 50 photos of me were taken, mainly of my pussy.

As soon as all the cameras were back in pockets I got up and went to the next table.

It wasn't far, but it was long enough for me to decide that I might be okay at this table, and to realise that I was walking around the room naked, and I wasn't at all embarrassed.

It was a couple of reasonable girls and 4 guys, one of which was Henry, he'd always been nice to me at college but he had fucked me hard at the last reunion.

The 6 of them seemed quite friendly as they asked me questions and I gave them the same spiel that I had at the first table. They didn't say so but I got the impression that they felt a bit sorry for me, and that was reinforced when Henry said that he was going to get a drink for me, telling everyone that I looked like I needed one. Which I did.

There had been low music playing ever since we'd arrived, and just as I was about to move to another table the volume got turned up. A few people got up to dance and I had to speak loudly to be heard as I told the group that they were free to do whatever they wanted to me.

I was hoping that the presence of the girls would tame the guys but when one of the guys told me to bend over the back of one of the chairs the others smiled, one of the girls picking up the paddle.

I got paddled and tawsed for a good 10 minutes by all of them, some harder than the others. Two of the guys caressed my butt and finger fucked me after they'd spanked me.

The next table was only guys and they'd seen what the other table of all

guys had done to me and they wanted their share of me as well. And they took it; but thankfully there wasn't as many of them.

The last table just had 3 girls on it. I thought that I'd seen more when I glanced over earlier so I guessed that the others were dancing. They didn't return when I arrived.

I gave them the same spiel and then asked me lots of questions. Some of my answers were lies as I wasn't going to admit that I was Tony's slave. I was quite happy when one of the girls said,

Don't worry me duck, we're not going to take advantage of you.

I breathed a sigh of relief because that was the last table. I looked around and couldn't see Tony and when the girls got up to dance I got up with them.

Like most girls, probably, I'd danced naked in the safety of my own bedroom when I was younger but this was in public and I knew just about everyone there. I surprised myself when I quickly relaxed and danced as if I were fully clothed, although it felt a little strange having my wrists cuffed in front of me.

I had a great time, probably the best since this whole sorry situation had started, but after about 20 minutes Tony appeared and told me that we were leaving and to get his belongings.

I was half way down the stairs when I realised that I was still naked. I stopped and asked Tony for my dress. He laughed and gave it to me and I quickly put it on, fastening only enough buttons to keep me decent.

You got off quite lightly Claire, after the last time I was expecting you to be spanked or fucked just about non-stop. Tony said as we drove back to his apartment.

I said nothing.

Nothing to say Claire? Okay then, to make up for the lack of action at the reunion I'm going to tie you to the 4 corners of your bed and let you entertain your fans all night.

My heart dropped, the only way it ended last time was by the batteries going flat. On the one hand I wanted the batteries to go flat quite quickly so that I

could get some sleep; but on the other hand I liked the idea and hoped that the batteries would last all night unless I passed out.

After my wrists and ankles were securely fastened to the 4 corners, Tony went and got my Ohmibod, ball gag, wand and his laptop. This time he wanted me to see the messages coming from my voyeurs.

Good job I charged the batteries today. Tony said as he taped the magic wand across the top of my thigh so that it was touching my clit.

Part 10

So, here I am trapped in a life that I both hate and love. Tony is so horrible to me yet he quite often puts me in situations that are so amazing that they blow my mind. He's turned me from a shy teenage girl into a blatant exhibitionist. From a girl who had virtually no experience of sex to a girl who longs to be tied up naked, exposed in public, fucked and made to cum in front of a webcam. I'm almost a nymphomaniac.

I have gone downhill from a respectable girl to a slut, and I can't make up my mind which life I prefer. Not that it matters, I'm stuck with my new life for nearly a year until my contract expires. Half the time I'm counting down the days and the other half of the time I would happily extend the contract for another 50 years.

Tony is still embarrassing and humiliating me every chance that he gets, and he makes a lot of chances as well. I still have to travel to work, and work wearing virtually nothing. I still have to be naked even before I enter his apartment, where I have to live.

I sometimes get really annoyed with myself for getting in to this position, but other times, most other times, I love every second of it. Even the spankings that he gives me.

For one of his latest degradations of me Tony and his brother Mick sent me to 2 of Mick's workmates (single and living on their own) who I'd never met and they didn't know that I was going, dressed as French maid (minus the knickers), to do their cleaning. And Tony told me that I had to strip naked within 5 minutes of arriving and finish the job naked.

Apart from the whole humiliation, my problem was that Tony hadn't told me to not let them fuck me so I was convinced that they would do everything that they could to fuck me. If I resisted I was sure that word would get back

to Tony and he would punish me.

It was a Saturday morning when I had the first cleaning job. I had to put the French maid s outfit on outside Tony s apartment and then with me carrying a mop and bucket with cleaning materials in it, Tony took me to the first address that Mick had given him.

I was nervous as hell as I walked from the car to the house. Not only was I nervous, my nipples were throbbing and my pussy was tingling and dripping. I wanted to do it and I didn t want to do it.

After I knocked on the door it opened and a twenty something, reasonable looking man looked down at me and said,

What the fuck; who are you and what do you want?

I m the cleaner that you ordered.

I haven t ordered a cleaner.

This is 23 Church Street isn t it?

Yes.

Well a cleaner has been booked and paid for at this address.

So let me get this straight, someone has booked for you to come and clean my house, and they ve paid for it?

Yes sir.

So you will clean my house and I won t have another penny to pay?

Yes sir.

Then in that case come on in young lady.

I did, and put my bucket down in the hallway. As I did so, from behind me I heard,

Wow, do you often clean stranger s houses in that outfit and with no knickers on?

Yes sir; this is a nude cleaning service. Where can I leave my dress? I replied as I reached for the zip to my dress and opened it.

You re going to clean my house naked?

Yes sir. How shall I address you sir?

I m Graham, but I m happy to be called sir.

Yes sir.

In that case, you can leave your dress on the sofa in the lounge. I hope that you don t mind me watching your every move and taking some photographs, I don t get many naked girls here.

I m sorry to hear that sir. I would expect you to watch me to make sure that I do everything to your satisfaction. My name is Claire but you can address me in any way that you wish sir. Where shall I start sir.

I think that the kitchen would be a good place Claire.

I smiled at him then went to the kitchen and got started. Graham followed me and was watching my every move, including every little wobble of my little tits, and he had got his camera in his hand. As I bent over to put things in the floor cabinets I wondered if Graham had seen how wet my pussy was and if he d photographed or videoed it.

The place wasn t that untidy or mucky and it didn t take long.

Where s the bathroom sir? I asked.

First on the left at the top of the stairs.

By then I was starting to relax and perhaps, dare I admit it, even enjoy myself a little. As I walked up the stairs with Graham following me, I leant forwards a little, knowing that that would make my pussy more visible.

The bathroom wasn t as clean as the kitchen and I had to bend over quite a lot to rub the dirt away, all the time with Graham behind me, camera in hand. I was just getting close to finishing in there when Graham asked,

Does this cleaning include cleaning me, I haven t had a shower yet today.

That was one question I just never saw coming and it confused me for a second.

Err, I guess so, there s nothing the rule book about washing clients but you are in the house so I guess that it does.

Okay Claire, do your stuff.

Again I was thrown a little, I d never thought about it before, and I d never undressed a man that I d only met a few minutes ago, so I turned to him then looked him in the eyes as I took off my rubber gloves then went for the hem of his T-shirt.

He had to bend down a little for me to get it over his head then I looked at his eyes again as I started undoing his jeans. As I pulled the zip down his cock sprang out. I hadn t expected him to underwearless and I gasped a little at the surprise, not the size of his circumcised and, I guess, average size cock.

Graham stepped out of his jeans leaving us both totally naked. My nerves and disgust at Tony forcing me to be there were all gone and I just wanted that cock inside me.

I stepped back to allow Graham to get into the shower then followed him in and turned the tap on. Before he got in I watched as he propped his camera up on the worktop as he said,

I ve just got to record this.

Graham stood in the shower, cock pointing to the ceiling as I soaped then rinsed everywhere apart from his cock. Whilst I was doing that he was fondling my tits and rubbing my pussy. He made me cum before I d finished rinsing him.

You missed a bit Claire. With your mouth. Graham said after my orgasm subsided.

I had been leaving that part to last, and I had intended to use my mouth. I smiled as I knelt down in front of him and took his cock into my mouth. He only lasted about a minute before pulling my head back and shooting his load all over my face and I wondered how long it had been since he d done that with a girl.

Without being told I scooped as much as I could into my mouth then looked up at him with my mouth open for him to see his seeds. As I stared up into his eyes I swallowed then opened my mouth again.

Good girl Claire, someone has taught you well. Now dry me then get on with the cleaning.

Graham got out of the shower and dried himself then threw a towel at me. I dried as much as I could but my hair would have to dry naturally.

It didn't take long to finish cleaning the rest of the house and when I was finished, I put my French maid's outfit on and turned to Graham to tell him that I was leaving.

Not yet you aren't Claire, come here and bend over the back of the sofa.

I did, and spread my legs, expecting him to fuck me from behind. He did, thrusting in to me so hard that the sofa moved. I orgasmed before he did but he just kept going until he shot his load deep inside me. Then he told me that I could go.

Outside, on the street, as I phoned Tony to tell him that I was finished, I pulled the skirt down as much as it would go and my nipples popped out of the top.

Sod it. I thought, with a bit of luck Tony will pick me up before anyone comes along and sees me.

I was a bit annoyed when Tony told me that he was in a cafe about half a mile away and that I had to meet him there. Hoping that I could get there without anyone seeing me, I set off walking with Graham's cum crawling down the insides of my thighs.

I saw a few people on the way but only a couple of teenage boys stared and said something.

Nice ass. One of them shouted at me.

The second nude housecleaning happened the following Saturday afternoon.

Again I had to wear the French maid s outfit without knickers. Tony drove me to the block of flats and I headed off to the first floor to find the flat.

Hi, I said to the young man who opened the door, are you Pete?

Err no, he s inside. Are you the stripper that he booked?

No, I m the cleaner.

We didn t book a cleaner, only a stripper, a stripper with happy endings, but you re about 4 hours early.

I m the cleaner.

We don t need a cleaner until after the stripper. I guess that you ll have to do both jobs then.

What could I do? Tony had told me that I had to do everything that this Pete told me so I had to do it. After all. Tony had told me that I had to do the cleaning naked and I had to get naked somehow.

Come in then cleaner-cum-stripper. What do we call you?

My name s Claire.

In there.

The man pointed to a door and when I went in there were 3 other men there, all sat drinking.

Guys, this is Claire, she the stripper AND a cleaner. Good idea Pete, she strips, we fuck her then she cleans up the mess. Put some music on Pete so that she can get started.

I put the bucket down and waited for the music. As I watched, presumably Pete fumbling with the music I thought,

This could work out okay, 4 men, 1 naked girl, what could possibly go wrong? Had Tony known about this?

Obviously I didn t know the answer, and never would, then the music started. I started gyrating my hips and it took only seconds for the men to start shouting,

Get em off.

But I wasn't about to take my French maid's dress off straight away. I danced around and teased them with flashes of my butt and pussy, and pulled the front of the dress down a bit so that my nipples popped out, then pulled it up again.

I teased them for the whole of the first track then went over to Pete and turned my back to him. I bent over to show him my bare butt and pussy then dropped to my knees and asked him to unzip the dress.

He did then I got up, holding the dress in place, and turned to dance a bit more while holding the dress up.

Then I let it slowly slide to the floor leaving me naked apart from my heels.

I continued to dance, rubbing my tits and pussy and I have to admit that I was enjoying myself. I felt so sexy, so desirable, and judging by the comments, so wanted.

I went down onto my spread knees and started finger fucking myself. The men obviously wanted me to cum and I wanted to cum for them; and I did. I was so horny that it didn't take long.

Needless to say, the naked me cumming wasn't enough for the men and I got up, went over to Pete, knelt in front of him and unzipped his trousers. As I sucked his cock I felt someone lift my hips so that I was on my feet, bent over giving Pete a blow-job.

I felt a cock on my butt and I spread my legs some more. The cock took advantage and buried itself inside my vagina.

That was the start of me getting fucked in all 3 of my holes, sometimes, all 3 at once, before the men had had enough of me.

I was knackered too, but I had a job to do and I just knew that Tony would punish me if I didn't do the cleaning.

Apart from lots of empty beer cans and bottles, the flat wasn't really untidy and it didn't take me long to finish cleaning up.

I started to put my dress on but one of the men told me to stop and go over to him. That was the start of round 2 with all of them fucking me again. I guess that watching me do the cleaning naked had stirred up some more lust in them.

I finally escaped that flat about an hour later with my dress not fully zipped up and wondering if the stripper that they ordered would arrive and they'd get their third fuck of the day.

Again when I phoned Tony he told me to meet me in a different cafe and I again had to walk there in that skimpy dress with my tits partially showing at the top and my butt and pussy so close to showing at the bottom.

Yet again, Tony kept me waiting in the cafe and some of the other customers were staring at me. It didn't help that I couldn't cross my legs, forbidden by Tony, allowing some of the customers to look up my legs and see my bald pubes and the front of my slit.

Naked house cleaning isn't the only times that Tony has told me to be used by other people. His brother, Mick, was invited to a friend's wedding and got involved in organising the stag do. Four of them decided to go to Amsterdam for a long weekend and Mick asked Tony if I could go as well. Tony agreed and on the appointed day Mick came to collect me.

I'd got together a few things in a bag and Tony had specified the clothes that I had to wear, heels, denim dungaree bib dress and a thin tank top under it. Mick had seen me in the dress before and liked what he saw, stiff denim that was quite loose at the waist when it was fastened and a bib that only just covered both nipples. As for the length, it's like all the dresses that Tony lets me wear, just long enough to cover my butt and pussy.

Tony had had me wear it a few times before, without the tank top, and apart from the tank, I'd always felt like I was naked. When I just stand there the only part of the dress that touches my body is the shoulder straps. It didn't help that Tony wouldn't let me fasten the sides so they flopped down leaving my bare hips on display.

Back to Mick picking me up, when I put the top and dress on outside Tony's apartment, Mick had looked at me and said that I would do.

Not very complementary, not that I expected anything and I forgot about that when he told me to put my bag back into the apartment because I

wouldn't need it. I was grateful that I'd put my passport and money into my clutch bag.

We met the other 3 guys at the airport and we were soon on the plane to Schiphol airport. As soon as the seatbelts light went off Mick told me to go to the toilet and I was followed by all 4 of the guys. With 3 of the guys hiding the door and pretending to queue, the fourth guy came into the toilet and joined the mile high club. When he'd cum in me he swapped places with one of his mates.

By the time the flight was half way there, all 4 of them had fucked me in that toilet. I took a big wad of tissues back to my seat to sit on to absorb all their cum as it seeped out of me.

Once we'd landed and gone through security Mick told me to go to the toilet and take the thin tank top off and then give it to him. All I was left wearing was my heels and the dungarees dress that barely covered anything and hung on me like a tent. All it would take to get me naked was pushing the shoulder straps off my shoulders and the dress would be on the floor.

And that dress was all that I had to wear for 4 days and 3 nights in Amsterdam.

During the train journey for the 5 or so mile ride into central Amsterdam I had to sit in an aisle seat with my legs open. Anyone walking along the train, and there were quite a few of them, could look down and see my pussy. When I saw each person that looked at me my pussy tingled a little more.

One of the guys used google maps to get us to our hotel which was only about half a mile from the train station. The hotel was a small one where the receptionist doubled as a barmaid and waitress and it took a while for us to get checked-in.

Only 4 rooms had been booked and when I asked where I was staying the guys laughed and one said,

In all 4 rooms.

I took that to mean that they would be taking it in turns to use me. I didn't think about there being 4 guys and only 3 nights. Mick took me to his room and told me to have a shower and clean myself up. I was grateful for that because I had dried cum all down the insides of my thighs.

Once cleaned up the guys met up and we went out onto the street and headed to the more popular part of town. I tried to be careful to not show my tits or butt or pussy but it was difficult as the guys kept pulling at my dress and either it would go up or a tit would pop out.

The first stop was a cafe where the guys got beers for all of us. To go with my beer the guys got me what they called special brownies and I must admit that they tasted nice. Once my plate was empty they asked me if I wanted another and I said that as they were good, another one would be nice.

The guys bought a box full of the brownies for me to eat later.

When we left the cafe I started to feel funny . It was a bit like I was drunk but I couldn't be, I'd only had 1 small beer.

When I told Mick that I felt funny, all 4 of them laughed and 1 said that the marijuana was working.

What. You guys have drugged me? I said, then giggled.

I have to say that the rest of the weekend is a bit of a blur. The only real time that I wasn't high was early each morning. I'd wake up in the bed of one of the guys, twice with the guy ramming his cock into my vagina. Then I'd have a shower and put the same (only) dress on before we'd all go for breakfast where the guys would tell me to eat another brownie. During the day they'd notice when I was starting to come down and offer me another brownie. They were so delicious that I just couldn't refuse.

There are a few other things that I remember, like the strip club where they got me to take part in a live sex show. That sort of sobered me up before I got into it then the pleasure would relax me and marijuana would take over again.

I also remember taking my dress off and trying to swim in one of the fountains. The guys dragged me out and we ran off before the police arrived.

Apparently I was frequently walking around with the bib on my dress pushed to one side leaving 1 tit exposed.

Also, apparently, when we were in restaurants I would sit with my butt perched on the front of the chair with my knees open. Mick told me that the waiters liked that.

Another thing that I vaguely remember is going to a sex museum and seeing a life-size photo of a naked girl. She was gorgeous, beautiful face, perfect figure and very pert tits. Then I looked down to her pussy and got one hell of a shock when I saw a cock and balls. I just couldn't understand how he had got so beautiful.

Of course the guys called him / her a sad pervert or words to that effect.

Mick didn't give me, and I didn't ask for, my tank top back until we were on the train to Schiphol and I dropped my dress and put the top on, on the train with people watching.

The guys renewed their mile high club membership in the same way on the flight back and I was still a little high when Mick dropped me off at Tony's apartment.

You look like shit. Tony said when he saw me, like a hooker who's had a busy and rough night.

Thanks. I said, did you know that Mick was going to drug me all weekend?

It was only marijuana, it won't have harmed you. Go to bed, I don't want to see you until the morning, and it's work tomorrow.

During the drive to work Tony asked me if I remembered getting on the stage, stripping and taking part in the sex show.

Vaguely. I replied.

Mick tells me that you were a natural.

I think that that was the drugs.

Well that gave me an idea and I phoned a man that I know and you've got an interview for a job on Saturday morning.

When Tony said that my spirits rose. It sounded like a chance to get away from Tony and his abuse. My initial euphoria was short lived when I remembered the good times that I d had with him, the ways that he made me discover my sexual desires and how he feed my needs.

Could I live without the good times and the sexual pleasures that he gives me?

Then there was the money, if he was organising this job for me how would I stand with the contract and the money? For the rest of the week, the embarrassment and humiliation that I had a work and at Tony s apartment seemed trivial. I realised that I was happy.

Saturday morning arrived and Tony took me to see that man that he knows. My heart dropped when I saw the place that he parked outside. It was a strip club. He must be getting me a job as a stripper.

The front door wasn t locked and Tony led me in. It was dark and dingy and I saw, and heard, a woman using a vacuum cleaner; and a man sat at a table writing something. Tony led me over to him.

Tony and Liam (I found out later) greeted each other like old friends, both ignoring me for ages. It was Liam who first said something to me,

So you want to be a stripper? What s your name girl?

Claire.

Take your clothes off Claire.

What?

Your clothes, take them off, I need to see you naked. I have to check that you don t have any stupid tattoos or bulges in the wrong places. Maybe you re some sort of trans-whatever and the punters wouldn t like that.

I thought for a second then started unbuttoning my top. As I did so the disappointment of what Tony had meant by a job started to fade and the excitement of the thought of me taking me clothed off for lots of horny men, started to take over. Then there was Liam, he wasn t that bad looking, what

would he think of my body?

As my breasts saw the lights in the room my nipples throbbed.

Good, not a bad size and the shape is good as well. Are your nipples hard all the time or do you like taking your clothes off in front of horny men?

I didn't answer him and a couple of seconds later my top was on the floor, closely followed by my skirt.

Sensible girl. Liam said, presumably referring to my lack of knickers. Turn round slowly.

I did, and when my back was to them Liam said,

Spread your legs and bend over.

I did.

Nice pussy.

I had her flaps cut off. Tony said.

They did a good job, she looks like a little girl. That will go down well with the punters. Put your clothes back on girl; can you dance?

Yes.

When you're ready go over to the stage and start dancing when the music starts.

Liam got up and went over to a little office with a big glass window. I was standing on the stage when the music started so I started dancing. Liam and Tony came over and stood in front of me, watching me.

Liam hadn't told me to strip but I guessed that I should, so I did, I took it slow and I tried to make it look as sexy as I could. Somehow I knew that I should try to tease as I did so and I did my best, unfastening my top and holding it over my tits then letting it slip a bit then finally throwing to the side of the stage.

I did a similar thing with the skirt, holding it over my pussy and butt when I turned my back to them, before throwing it to the side.

Now naked apart from my heels I played with my nipples and breasts as I swayed about before moving down to my pussy where I rubbed it in time to the music before finger fucking myself and making myself cum.

As my orgasm got close I dropped to my spread knees and finished myself off leaning back so that they could see my pussy spasms as the orgasm hit me,

I stayed like that until the orgasm had gone and the track ended.

The next track started but Liam had gone to turn it off. When there was silence I got to my feet and stood looking at Tony who looked pleased with my performance. Liam returned and said,

Not bad Claire. You've got great potential. You need to polish a few things but we can work on those. That orgasm looked real, was it?

Yes sir.

Good, I hate fakers. You'll need to provide your own thongs, the smaller the better, but we have quite a wardrobe of suitable clothes for you to wear to strip off so you won't need anything else apart from the thongs and some heels. You might want to bring a dildo or 2, the punters like watching a girl fuck herself with a dildo. Which nights can you work?

Tony told Liam that I could work 2 nights a week but not a Friday because Friday is his night out with his mates and that he takes me along to entertain them.

Okay, Thursday and Saturday it is. Two sets each night. Get here for 7 pm next Thursday so that you can have a practice run with some of the other girls giving you some tips. Ask for Ruby, she looks after the newbies.

Tony told Liam that I would be there then told me that I could get dressed. I'd forgotten that I was still naked, I guess that that's one of the penalties of being Tony's slave.

We left and as we drove home I asked Tony if he was really going to make me work as a stripper.

Come on Claire, Tony said, you know that you'll enjoy it. Think of all those horny men that will be lusting after your body. You'll cream yourself every 5 minutes.

I didn't say anything but I couldn't stop thinking that he was probably right.

The next few days until the Thursday dragged. Tony may have been doing the usual, not very nice, things to me but time still dragged. One exception was him tying me to my bed with my Ohmibod in and my magic wand hanging from above and resting on my clit. It was running and he'd connected my PC to the website where people can watch me and control my Ohmibod.

Those 3 hours went very fast as my tormentors took great pleasure in making me cum over and over.

Tony dropped me off outside the club at 18:45 on the Thursday and I easily found Ruby. She looked me up and down and told me that I had the body of a good stripped, not that I knew what she meant.

Anyway, she asked me if I'd brought any thongs and when I got them out she laughed and said,

Well if you wear those with skirts that short you definitely can't be the shy type.

I don't wear anything under my skirts. I replied. I've got those for when I can't be naked.

Good for you girl. Now, let's sort out some clothes for you.

When we went into the changing room Ruby told me which locker I could use and gave me one of the club's little robes.

You can wear that when you go out into the club between sets. Most of the girls don't bother with the belt and just let it hang open, it's up to you.

Ruby picked out 3 outfits that she thought I would look good in, including 3 bras.

I don't normally wear bras either.

I'm getting you like you more and more Claire. But you can't be called Claire, you need a stage name, something sexy. How about Pussy Kat.

I laughed and said that I liked it.

Right Pussy Kat, put an outfit on and get on the stage and do your thing. I'll watch and give you some pointers and tell you the rules as we go, not that there are many rules.

I did, and Ruby made a few suggestions as to how I could improve my style, and how I could get the punters giving me more tips. Basically, get my tits and pussy as near to the faces of the punters as I can and look like I'm cumming at least once during each set.

That shouldn't be a problem. I said.

Yes, Liam told me that you had a real orgasm when you were auditioning. It was real wasn't it? A lot of the girls fake it and are very convincing.

No, it was real.

So do you think that I'm ready for the real thing Ruby?

Yes, you'll relax once you get started. The big question is do you think that you are ready Pussy Kat.

Yes, a bit nervous, but yes, I'm ready.

When you're not doing your turn you can either come and hide in the changing room or you can go out and mingle with the punters. If you do you can get some lap dances. The only rules with them is there must be no physical contact skin to skin. That rule is club wide but it isn't really enforced, I've seen girls being groped and finger fucked all over the club. In fact I've had it done to me lots of times. It's up to you Claire, sorry, Pussy Kat.

Outfits sorted, Ruby got ready for her first set. While she was changing she continued giving me instructions,

I'm on first, in a few minutes, then there's 2 more girls before you. Watch us all and learn. None of us will mind if you include bits of what we do in your act, there's not a lot that a girl can do when she's stripping. After all 3

of us have done our thing you ll have 5 minutes to get ready. When you are go and tell Mike in the little office that you are ready and he ll announce you then start your playlist. Oh, you d better go and give him that in a minute.

Shall I put on my first outfit now? I asked.

I wouldn t, just the robe. Oh hi Foxy Lady and Delight, this is Claire, aka Pussy Kat. It s her first time stripping tonight so be gentle with her.

Hi Pussy Kat. Delight said. Relax Hon, you ll be fine.

Hi Pussy Kat. Foxy Lady said. It will be relatively quiet tonight. Ruby, have you told her about the bouncers?

Thanks Foxy Lady. The bouncers are here to look after the girls as well as deal with unruly punters. If you need one just shout, they ll be watching.

How will I recognise the bouncers?

Black suits, white shirts and dicky-bows; and they re all big guys. They re all nice guys as well.

Foxy Lady and Delight started getting changed and Ruby told me to put the robe on and follow her.

Time to get the show on the road. I ll introduce you to Mike.

We went out and I was surprised to see about 30 or 40 punters there. I had only expected a dozen or so on a Thursday night.

After introduction I went through my playlist with Mike then went and stood near the stage to watch the other girls. Before Ruby started, a middle-aged man came and stood next to me and started talking to me. He wanted to know who I was and if I was one of the girls. When I said that it was my first night he untied my robe and looked my nude body up and down then said.

Nice body, you ll do great girl.

I smiled and saw Ruby walk onto the stage.

I did learn a few things by watching the other girls do their act, and when

Delight finished I went to the changing room to put on my thong and first outfit. I didn't like the bra and had forgotten how uncomfortable bras can be.

At least it won't be on for long. I thought.

The butterflies started when I opened the changing room door. When I got to Mike's office to tell him that I was ready, he looked at me then got out a bottle of whiskey, passed it to me and said,

Have a swig of that.

I did, and that burning feeling as it went down my throat made me forget my nerves.

On the stage I looked out and saw that I could only really see the faces of the punters who were close to the front of the stage. All were staring at me and cheering as Mike introduced me. The music started and I started dancing. Yes, I was nervous, but as I danced and swayed about I started thinking about the times that Tony had made me take my clothes off in public. I started feel aroused.

By the end of the first track I was down to the bra and my thong. As soon as the thong was revealed the cheers started and the calls to take it off started.

The whole of the next track was taken up with me taking the bra off and teasing the punters in the way that I did it. And me bending over and showing anyone who hadn't already noticed, the lack of material in the thong.

The third track was taking the thong off and rubbing it along my slit. As the track was ending, I bundled the thong up, got to my spread knees, and pushed the thong into my vagina. Judging by the noise and tips going into the boxes along the front of the stage, that was a popular thing to do.

Must remember that. I thought.

Track 4 was taken up with me getting down on my spread knees at different places along the front of the stage, pulling out and putting back in the thong, and masturbating for the guys.

I was loving it and those guys at the front must have been able to tell. My pussy was dripping.

I orgasmed just as the last track was coming to an end and my pussy convulsions and my shaking body will have let everyone know that I was having an orgasm.

My orgasm was still going on as the music stopped and all I could hear was the noise of the audience.

They were still cheering and shouting things to me when I got my senses back and I got to my feet and did a little curtsy before walking off the stage and back to the changing room. Ruby followed me in carrying the clothes that I'd worn, and the first thing that she said was to tell me to pick up my clothes on the stage as soon as I finished my turn, and to bring them back myself.

Oh sorry, I was a little distracted and didn't think. I'll get it right next time.

So there will be a next time Claire will there?

Fuck yes, that was awesome.

Good, because you were good, a couple of things need polishing but for a newbie you were good. Now put a thong on and your robe on and go and circulate. Oh, if you didn't notice before, one of the bouncers collects the tips, you'll get them at the end of the evening.

Thanks, I forgot about those.

I did put a clean and dry thong and my robe on and went out. Delight saw me and came over to me.

Not bad for a first time Pussy Kat, I liked the finish, was it real?

Yes.

Good for you girl, and I like your thongs, I'll have to get some of those. Now, do you want to watch me give a lap dance, I've seen a punter who always asks me for one so we don't have to wait to be asked.

Delight led me over to a middle-aged man who she greeted with a kiss on his cheek. Then she led him over to one end of the bar where a woman took the man's money and wrote something down then Delight led the man to a corner of the room to where there were 3 curtained booths. When she pulled the curtain back I saw a solitary chair in the middle and the man sat on it.

Delight then took off her robe and hung it on the pegs. Standing with her legs outside of his she started rubbing her bare tits in his face, pulling his face onto her chest with her arms. All the time gyrating her hips and going up and down a little.

This went on for a while and one of the bouncers came and looked into the booth, presumably to make sure that the man's hands weren't on her bare skin.

Then Delight got off him, turned around and started grinding her pussy on the front of his trousers. It was then that I saw that Delight's thong was pushed to one side and I could see both her labia and everything between them. It was her bare pussy that rubbing on the man's trousers.

That went on for a couple of minutes then she turned around again and went back to rubbing her tits in his face.

Shortly after that the bouncer came back and told her that the time was up.

As she got up I looked at the man, his face looked disappointed, and the bulge in the front of his trousers had a wet patch. I wasn't sure if it was from Delight's pussy, or if he had cum in his pants.

Delight led me back to the bar where she said,

Easiest 20 I've made since last night.

So how many of those do you get a night?

Tonight, probably only 2 or 3, but on a Friday or Saturday it can easily be 6 or 7. So do you think that you could do that?

Easy.

Just hang around and wait for a punter to come over to you. If a man comes to the bar go over to him and start talking to him. Try to get him to buy you a drink. Ask him for a vodka or gin. The barman will give you water instead and charge him 20 for it. He'll never know and 10 of the 20 will go into your tips.

This place really rips-off the customers doesn't it?

Yes, but all places like this do, and it's what the punters expect.

I m glad that I m not a man.

Me too. Life s so biased towards us girls.

Talking about life being good to us girls, if you want you can wander around and go to the tables where you can ask the guys if they want some more drinks. Don t forget to ask if you can order 1 for yourself as well. Tell the barman that it s for you and you ll get a water and 10 into your tips. Oh, be careful where you stand at the tables. If it s next to a bloke who has wandering hands then expect one of those hands to slide up your thigh. If you don t tell him to stop it, he will keep going and find your pussy. It s up to you.

I did pick up a note pad and pen from the bar and go over to a nearby table with half a dozen men sat at it. Stupidly, or not, I went and stood next to the loudest man there. As soon as he saw me his hand went for my thigh, rubbing the inside up and down a bit. Not moving, I asked them if I could get them another drink and the hand slid further up until it touched my pussy. I shuddered and my wet lips parted and a finger rubbed my clit.

She likes this. the loud man said, take your time making up your mind what you want to drink lads.

They did, and it was long enough for the fingers to make me cum.

I had to read the drinks order back to them to make sure that I d got it right, then I asked if I could add a drink for me.

Hell love, after that performance you can add half a dozen.

One will do thank you sir, I seem to be losing a lot of liquid tonight.

One more time a finger went deep inside me before I backed away and went for the drinks.

Did you just cum again? Delight asked me as I was waiting for the drinks.

Yes, that man knows how to use his fingers.

Would you mind if I took them their drinks? Delight asked.

Sure, share and share alike. I replied.

I watched the same man's hand slide up the inside of Delight's thigh before going for a walk around. On my walk I got stopped to take another drinks order but the man either didn't want to finger me or he didn't have the courage to do it when I stood next to him.

At another table a man asked me if I did lap dances. When I said that I did, he stood up and I led him over to the woman at the end of the bar. I have to say that I was a little nervous as I led him to a booth where a bouncer opened a curtain for us and the man sat down.

Slide forwards a little love. I said, wanting to dry hump him in the best possible way.

He did and I took my robe off and climbed on. As I rubbed my pussy on his bulge I rubbed my tits on his face. I slid my nipples along his mouth which opened to lick the nipple that was passing.

After a while I climbed off him and turned around. As I sat down on his lap his bulge pressed on my pussy. I lay back and used my legs to slide up and down and gyrate on his bulge.

I think that it must have been my imagination but I got the impression that the bulge in his trousers got bigger. Half expecting his trousers to get as wet as my pussy, I climbed off him and turned around again.

I'd just got a nice rhythm going when the bouncer told me that time was up.

I think that I was as disappointed as the man was.

I did 1 more lap dance and 1 more turn on the stage that night, and I have to say that I loved every second of it. I got a taxi back to Tony's apartment and he was still up waiting for me.

So did you enjoy that as much as I thought that you would? He asked.

No, it was horrible. I had to cum in front of all those men, it was degrading. And what if someone who knows me came in and saw me? What if they tell my parents what I was doing? My mother would kill me.

I don't believe you Claire, I reckon that you can't wait for Saturday night. As for someone you know seeing you, if they told your parents they'd have to admit that they were at the club. What would your parents think about

that? Right, you re sleeping in my bed tonight and I m going to fuck your brains out before you go to sleep, and again before you wake up. Go.

I did, and he did, both times; although there s nothing unusual in that these days.

What I ve written about so far is the humiliation that Tony has inflicted in me outside of his apartment but things have been going on inside that apartment as well.

I still have to perform as a Cam Girl, always with my Ohmibod vibrator in so that the viewers can control it and make me cum. I still have to exercise at his window where people watch me. I still get abused by the other members of his family. I still have to help him video my cousin in her bedroom. And those are just the things that I can remember right now. There are lots more ways that he degrades me.

Tony still has his wall full of monitors that show what is happening where all his covert surveillance cameras are located. He has dedicated 2 of the monitors to the fitting rooms in his mates fashion store and they caught my cousin Aria getting changed and masturbating in the fitting room.

Tony took great delight in playing that back to me over and over one night. Poor Aria, I hate what he, and me, are doing to her.

I still go to my parents house for Sunday lunch one a month and whilst I m there Tony gets me to put some new batteries in to the teddy bear. I m just praying that he s not going to blackmail her as well.

Parties Tony has these just about once a fortnight and I m the main attraction, well my body is. He keeps finding new ways to humiliate me in front of his friends. One thing that he s done is have a pole, like a pole dancer uses, installed in front of the webbing swing.

No, he s not trying to turn me into a pole dancer, he uses the pole to attach dildos to, at my pussy height then he, or his relatives or friends, pulls me back and when I swing forwards my pussy engulfs the dildo.

That s not too bad when they line me up properly, but if they don t, and I m sure that some of them do it on purpose, the dildo hits me all around my pussy, and it hurts me. If it s a silicone dildo it s not too bad, but if it s a sol-

id one it can be quite painful.

The worst dildo is a newish one that he s got for me, it has a metal tip and if the power is on when it hits me, or goes inside me, I often scream with the shock and pain. Of course that just amuses the happy party goers.

Sometimes Tony doesn t put that dildo on the pole and lets party goers just fuck me with it when I m restrained on the webbing swing. I never know when it s going to shock me and I usually end up screaming, although a few people have made me cum with a combination of the fucking with it and the electric shock.

Thankfully, I m still alive to write about it.

The other thing that he does do me in that swing, is to dangle my magic wand in front of me so that the business end is just touching my clit. I ve been left hanging in that swing cumming with people all around me. Some talking to each other and some watching me.

I think that I m starting to enjoy that part of those evenings.

Sometimes it s spanking parties, and my butt, and sometimes my tits and pussy, are the main target. Thankfully, I get some rest because Tony s 2 sisters, Zoey and Eve, like being spanked as well, and it s nice to see their bare butts turning red. When that happens I feel a little less humiliated because I m not the only naked girl there.

Zoey is still calling me Claire Cumalot instead of my proper name, Clare Camelot.

The other thing that Tony has done to me at these parties, is blindfold me and restrain me to my bed and let anyone who wants to, come and abuse my body in any way that they want. You can imagine what they do to me, and I never know who is doing it to me.

In a way that s sort of nice, the mystery of not knowing does turn me on a bit.

One possible nice thing that Tony told me last week was that he s taking me to a surveillance systems convention in California next month, then on to Florida Key West for a week or so. He says that in Key West he s going to enter me in all the nude competitions that they have there, and have me walking the streets naked, in the carnival events that they have.

I just know that Tony will find some way of exposing my naked body in some way at that convention, and I just don't want to know beforehand.

I'm actually looking forward to the Key West part in spite of the fact that a year ago I would have been horrified at the thought of being naked with all those people looking at me. I'm still not sure that I was happier back then, or what Tony has turned me into now.

Maybe I'll find the time to write about it when we get back.