**A New Exhibitionist**

by [taurents](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=74118&page=submissions)©

It began with a short e-mail from someone calling herself cautious\_uk2003, a glance at her yahoo profile showed her to be a 32year old called Julie. Steve settled down to read the e mail she had sent: I hope that you don’t mind me writing it began but from what I have read about you I think that you could possibly be the man to help me. He looked again at the e-mail address, this was beginning to read like spam but the yahoo.co.uk at the end reassured him, spammers usually had their own web address. He continued reading.  
  
“I’ve been divorced for over three years now, my husband was not at all, adventurous you might say. For years I have fantasised about being an exhibitionist even a little submissive as long as there was no pain but he was far too straight, he wasn’t even turned on by sexy underwear, he liked the light off under covers once a month, that was no use to me.”  
  
“Although I’m curious I am also nervous I would need to feel, total trust in whoever exhibited me or to who I submitted, can you give me any advice at all?”  
  
It read like a hoax, she was too good to be true, he read it again and looked again at her profile, nothing was there about her fantasies but then women rarely did, when fantasies did appear they were usually by the husbands.  
  
Her light was on indicating that she was on line, quickly he sent a message. “Hi I got your e mail.”  
  
The reply was a long time coming “Oh yes, I thought you would e mail a reply.“  
  
“This seemed quicker, is there a problem.”  
  
“No, not really.”  
  
“You said you want to be an exhibitionist.”  
  
“Yes, Well I think I do. I’m curious certainly but I’ve never really done anything like it, what do you suggest?”  
  
“And submissive too?”  
  
“Mentally, not physically, I hate pain.”  
  
“OK no problem.“  
  
“You think so?”  
  
“I know so, do you have a web cam?”  
  
“Yes but I have no idea how it works, it came with the computer.”  
  
Quickly he instructed her how to use it then sent a request to view to her computer.  
  
“What do I do now?”  
  
“Accept me.”  
  
Her image suddenly appeared in a box on his screen, he enlarged it. Julie was a young woman with short brown hair wearing a white blouse, the sort of thing a secretary would wear.  
  
“You work in an office Julie?”  
  
“Yes, how did you know that?”  
  
“I guessed from the blouse. You have to dress pretty formally then?”  
  
“Solicitors office, very prudish, everything must be just so.”  
  
“Unbutton the blouse.”  
  
“When I say I want to be an exhibitionist I mean in real time not on the net”  
  
“If you can’t do that when it’s just you and me and I cant touch you then there is no hope in the real world”  
  
“I suppose so. OK then.”  
  
He watched as she sat back and slowly but willingly began unbuttoning the row of buttons, her eyes looked at the camera from below her lids, almost teasingly, carefully she held the blouse closed till all were lose then parted them over her firm breasts supported by a half cup bra.  
  
“That didn’t hurt, how do you feel?”  
  
“OK I suppose but it isn’t really what I had in mind. I want a few guys to see me and to see their reaction.”  
  
“One step at a time, now are you wearing tights or stockings?”  
  
“Tights for work.”  
  
“OK take them off.“  
  
“My tights, why?”  
  
“Because in a minute Ill tell you to take your skirt off and tights look awful. You can keep your panties on …. For now.”  
  
He saw her grin as her hands slipped below view and after some wriggling reappeared holding her discarded tights.  
  
“Stand up.”  
  
She did, as he had guessed she was wearing a black pencil skirt. “Take off the skirt.”  
  
“This is easy.”  
  
“It will get harder in about one minute, possibly less.” As he typed the words her skirt slipped down revealing a neat black thong.  
  
A sudden message shot up on his screen “Another guy wants to see my cam, how does he know its on?”  
  
“I told him, press ok and do the same for the next three.”  
  
“Oh my god you really do know what you are doing.“  
  
He watched as his friends sent him a message that they too were enjoying the view of the pretty 32year old woman still standing revealing her bra and thong, for the moment they could not see her face.  
  
“Now sit down Julie, I’m about to invite you to a conference meeting, accept it.“  
  
“OK can they really see me?”  
  
“Yes all four of us can see you, how does that make you feel?”  
  
“Damp, no group of guys has ever seen me like this in fact only three guys in my life have and they were one at a time, now suddenly four at once can see me.”  
  
“And does it feel good?”  
  
“It would be better if I could see their faces.”  
  
“One step at a time” he said again. “Now take off your bra.”  
  
He watched her gulp but her hands moved to her back and in a second her breasts were free of all artificial fettering and her nipples were pointing at the camera.  
  
“Stroke your nipples.”  
  
She obeyed him, her nipples making it clear just how much she was enjoying exposing herself to four total, strangers.  
  
“Now stand, turn around and take off the thong, drop it on the table and turn around and stroke your pussy.”  
  
Four pairs of eyes watched as she did so, despite her initial hesitation her natural impulses took over as she brought herself to climax imagining the four guys playing with themselves as they watched her.  
  
“OK guys show is over” Steve sent a message to his four friends each of whom logged out knowing from experience that he would let them know of his future plans for Julie.   
  
“OK Julie, you did well. Now I’m going to plan something for you. I’m about to send you an e-mail asking a lot of personal questions, you must answer them all honestly. From that information I will be able to make your fantasies come true. In the real world.”  
  
He clicked off.   
  
An hour or so later an e-mail arrived from “yourukmaster” Julie opened it eagerly, it contained a list of questions each one demanding more intimate information than the last. Still inspired by appearing naked before 4 total strangers Julie answered the questions honestly and sent the reply within 30 minutes.  
  
A short e-mail came in response it read: “Watch for a delivery on Saturday morning and keep the entire day free.”  
  
It was only Wednesday and the remaining two days seemed to drag. At last Saturday came. At 2pm she got a text message “ A box will be arriving in 5 minutes, only open when you receive instructions to do so, expect to receive texts and messages through the day. To receive the box you will need to sign a receipt, sign as ‘Julie Slut’.“  
  
Sure enough 5 minutes later her doorbell rang. A delivery guy stood there with a large carton. As instructed she signed ‘Julie Slut’ on the form the delivery guy handed her, shaking as she did so.  
  
She pulled the box into the living room and waited for the next text or e-mail.  
  
It was an hour coming “Open the carton and the package labelled number 1. Do not open any other package.”  
  
She opened the small box labelled no 1 and found that it contained bath salts and her a bottle of her favourite perfume. She sat wondering what D was up to. A beep from her computer heralded the arrival of a new e-mail. As she expected it came from yourukmaster.  
  
“Run a deep bath, fill it with the salts, enjoy it for one hour, on getting out wrap yourself only in a towel and you may then and only then open parcel numbered 2.”  
  
Laying in the bath she wondered just what Steve had planned for her, he had indicated that he would make her submissive and this control over her actions certainly confirmed his ability to do that. He was also to turn her into an exhibitionist and while he had succeeded on Wednesday up to a point she still had doubts whether he would be able to do it in the real world.  
  
Obeying his instructions to the letter, she was out of the bath on the hour and was padding herself dry as the next text arrived; “You should be out of the bath and opening parcel number 2.”  
  
Parcel number 2 contained a battery razor, another text arrived “Remove ALL body hair. Send an e mail when this is done.”  
  
It had been a long time since she had shaved herself totally, her husband had seen nothing erotic about a shaven pussy, she sometimes wondered whether he had been a closet gay, he had certainly preferred oral and anal sex to the norm.  
  
It took over an hour before she was happy that her body was as smooth as it possibly could be.  
  
It was now 4.15pm she sent the e-mail “Totally shaven.”  
  
Steve must have been waiting for it as a new text arrived almost at once. “You may now masturbate in anticipation of what the evening will bring”. She looked in the box there were still 3 boxes to open but she had determined that she would submit without question to Steve until he asked something which she was not prepared to do.  
  
She didn’t masturbate once, she brought herself to peak after peak over the next hour or so as all kinds of possible scenarios flashed through her head.  
  
At 5.30 another text arrived “Open parcel number 3.”  
  
Eagerly she did to find a pair of light brown hold up stockings. An e-mail arrived as she was opening the pack.  
  
“Open Box 4.” Box 4 contained a pair of absurdly high heel shoes, the heels must have been 6 inches at least.  
  
Another e-mail arrived.  
  
“Put the stockings and shoes on and apply perfume to all parts of your body then go about your normal business till the next text arrives.”  
  
It was 6 .30 before the next text arrived and by then Julie was feeling more turned on than she had ever felt in her life. She had often been naked at home but never wearing only stockings and shoes, she could feel her juices building up inside her and the purr of the text was almost enough to send her over the edge.  
  
“Open the last box and place the contents on your body. A car will collect you at 7pm precisely, get in the car wearing only what you have been told to wear, the driver knows his destination, you will be met.”  
  
Trembling she opened the box, from it came the lightest material she had ever felt, it was a dress but she knew that she could never wear it, not outside at least, it was almost totally transparent even while still folded she could see that it was nearly totally sheer. She held it to her body, there was nothing outrageous about the cut, although her cleavage would be on view not excessively so and the material fell to just above her knees. The hem of the skirt was totally circular.   
  
No way could she wear it out of doors, a shame but everyone had their limits but there would be no harm in trying it on just to see how it felt, how she felt in the gossamer like material.  
  
Standing in front of her mirror she was taken aback at just how little was actually on show, the material was white except for two pink swirls which were positioned strategically enough to cover or at least conceal her nipples while the skirt section being so huge hung in folds so concealing her naked and shaven pussy.  
  
The material was so light that except for a little tautness at her shoulders she felt naked but a glance at her mirror reassured her that in reality she was covered. She pulled the folds of the skirt section apart, it took very little for the neat line of her pussy slit to become clearly visible but again a quick movement of material and she was totally decent once again.  
  
She was still undecided as to whether she should stop this when the doorbell rang, the driver was here.  
  
As she opened the door she realised that she had not allowed for two things, as the door swung open the light behind her accentuated the transparency of the dress, in addition the cool wind blew in towards her flattening the skirt of the dress against her body.  
  
She was unsure whether to be relieved or insulted when the driver appeared not to notice, still undecided she grabbed her handbag and followed him to the car where he courteously opened the passenger door for her.  
  
Although she felt a degree of embarrassment, she knew from standing in front of the mirror that the flattening of her skirt will have revealed in excruciating detail the curve of her shaven pussy over her pubic bone, she was nevertheless curious as to why it had apparently had no effect on the driver, perhaps he was gay.  
  
She decided to test him out, picking her perfume from her bag she raised her skirt and sprayed her inner thighs, was that a quick look out of the corner of his eyes? Next she sprayed her breasts through the material, nothing.  
  
As the car drew up outside a large hotel, she turned to him “Could you help me? I think my dress has twisted and the swirls aren’t in the position they should be. Would you check for me?” She pointed her breasts at him.  
  
He lit his interior light then looked carefully at the offered boobs, taking in the expanse of flesh searching for any darker flesh indicating exposure. He certainly seemed interested now. Hesitantly he raised his fingers “May I?”  
  
“Please, I can’t see to adjust it without a mirror.” His fingers plucked the fine material away from her breasts, there was no way now that he could fail to see her total nudity beneath the dress. He tugged gently and lay the material back down, savouring the contact a fraction longer than was strictly necessary. Yes, she thought, he has reacted, just trying to stay professional.  
  
Taking a deep breath she left the car, she was not concerned as to whether Steve would be here. He was too well organised to be late after timing her day to perfection. She was however nervous as to what lay ahead. Despite her nerves she allowed the wind to blow her skirt gently without endeavouring to hold the material down.  
  
As she approached the door a man stepped forward, a little older than she had expected but distinguished looking. ”Good Evening Julie, you have done well up to now.” He offered her his arm which she took.  
  
Linking arms made her feel less conspicuous as they walked through the hotel reception area.  
  
He guided her to a wine bar, it was still early and there were only a few businessmen near to the bar. Steve guided her to a seat in the corner.  
  
As he brought their drinks over he said “So how do you like the outfit?” he went on without giving her a chance to answer “Its certainly got some attention at the bar.”  
  
“It’s lovely but not what I would usually wear for a night out “  
  
“That’s because you have never been a submissive exhibitionist slut before,” he answered calmly as though they were discussing the weather.  
  
She found herself unable to reply. He smiled and went on “Understand this and make no mistake, from now on you will do everything that I say without question no matter how humiliating or embarrassing that may be to you. You have ten seconds to get up and walk out if that is too much for you, if you are still here in eleven seconds then I will assume that you are willing to learn. For my part I will respect your limits as to pain and ensure that others do too , beyond that you are stripped naked of all rights, more naked than you appear in that dress.”  
  
He went silent, Julie could feel the seconds pounding away in her brain, part of her told her to get up and walk away while the rest of her kept her glued to her seat, this was after all precisely what she had requested.  
  
At last he spoke. Smiling he said “Well done, now stand and pirouette, let me see that dress in detail.”  
  
Self-consciously she slid to her feet, staying close to the table and turned around.  
  
“No” he said sharply, “I said to pirouette not turn around, now step back into the open space and show me properly.”  
  
Taking a deep breath she did as she was told and swung once feeling the light material of her skirt raise, exposing who knew what, she could feel, the eyes at the bar on her.  
  
“Not just once twirl properly,” he demanded. “Remember our agreement.”  
  
Closing her eyes she spun her body, three four times on tiptoes in her heels. She made once again for her seat, this time he did not insist on her doing it again. He did however stop her.  
  
“For the rest of this evening and any time that we meet you will not sit on the material of your dress, lay it out behind and around you.”  
  
She shook as she obeyed his instruction, feeling the velvet material of the seat against her buttocks, laying the material in a circle around her which had the effect of preventing the folds in her lap and so left her exposed to anyone who passed by.  
  
“A couple of drinks here and then on to another place I know,“ he was saying “You can meet a few friends of mine.” She barely managed to take his words in properly, excitement and sheer terror flooded her senses. He raised his arm at the barman indicating a repeat of the order.  
  
As the waiter poured the drinks Steve pushed a £10 note in front of her. ”Pay for the drinks while I go to the gents.”  
  
He walked away before she had the chance to object, not that objecting would have done her any good, she had already agreed by staying that she would obey every instruction given without question. She watched as the young waiter approached the table realising at the last minute that twirling as she had had knocked one of the swirls away from her right nipple. In a moment the young man would be treated to a view of her exposed nipple and a clear view of her shaven cunt.  
  
She realised that Steve would have noticed the nipple and would be angry if on his return it was covered so she sat, despite her nerves smiling at the approaching waiter, his eyes widening as he took in all that was exposed to his view.  
  
He placed the drinks on the table, a little clumsily. Spilling a drop or two of her wine, she handed him the note and he took it only to return a minute or two later with a plate containing the change.  
  
Steve seemed to be taking an eternity in returning, to her horror two of the guys from the bar moved over to take seats in the next table, she averted her eyes to avoid having to acknowledge them.  
  
“Good Evening,” one of them began just as Steve finally returned.  
  
Not that he turned out to be any kind of protection “ I see that you have found some admirers.” He said in a voice loud enough for them to hear “Hello there, are you stopping at the hotel?”  
  
That was it a conversation, there was no way now that she could pretend to ignore them, smiling sweetly she faced them trying to convince herself that she was dressed in a jumper and trousers or anything vaguely normal.  
  
It was no use of course, neither of the guys could tear his eyes from her nipple.  
  
“I see that you are admiring Julies dress, its rather nice isn’t it? Look we can move around a bit why not join us at this table?”  
  
Predictably the guys did not need a second invitation and somehow Steve arranged it so that they were sat either side of her while he sat opposite.  
  
Julie sat, conscious that because of the way her skirt was arranged the guys could each see the tops of her hold up stockings, she tried to shuffle into the table to try to conceal her exposed pussy. Steve however pre-empted her. Leaning forward he said “Of course I’m not even sure that Julie realises just how interesting her dress actually is.” He reached forward and touched her breasts, the pink swirls came away easily, Velcro had only held them in place, and her nipples and aureoles were now clearly on show for all who wanted to see with no hope of concealing them.  
  
“Very nice indeed,” said the guy to her left, now making no pretence at averting his eyes when she looked at him.  
  
“May I?” added the other his hand cradling the underside of her right breast.  
  
“Be my guest,” she heard Steve say as the hand cupped her firmly. “Julie and I have established that her only aversion is real pain.”  
  
She looked up at him, startled, surely he hadn’t construed that he could hand her around for sex had he? The conversation came tumbling into her mind. The question had never really come up, in answer to whether she was submissive she had only stated that she hated pain, he had clearly construed that she was willing to submit in any other way he chose. Barely half an hour earlier he had again set out that he expected her to submit to him totally no matter how humiliating or embarrassing, she had the chance then to walk out or clarify the ground rules it was too late now, in any event she was rather enjoying the attention she was getting. Each of the three guys was giving her their undivided attention.

She decided to play along wholeheartedly “Master;” She began, amused at how his eyes lit up at her addressing him in this way.  
  
“Yes?” he smiled gently.  
  
“Master, your new friend to my left has his hand on my thigh, is that in accordance with your wishes…?”   
  
He paused “Yes but do not allow his fingers to enter you for the time being.”  
  
The man to her left chuckled, undeterred he slowly slid his hand upwards, taking care not to wander too far.  
  
The man to her right released her breast and took possession of her other thigh while Steve watched her face, the eyes and open mouth telling him how far each had reached.  
  
Each had now passed her stocking tops, eager to please Julie parted her thighs slightly allowing access to the inner fleshiness of her thighs, she could almost feel the moisture seeping from her and wondered just how far Steve was prepared to allow things to go.  
  
She could feel a thumb dangerously close to her pussy lips and opened her eyes wide at Steve to let him know.  
  
“I hate to spoil your fun gentlemen but Julie and I must go, we are going to L’Oracle to dance and cuddle for an hour or two, if you would like to join us there later you will be very welcome.“ He stood holding out his hand for Julie.  
  
She took the opportunity to stand too to the guy’s obvious disappointment. “Kiss our friends au revoir,” instructed Steve.  
  
She bent to each guy in turn laying her lips against his allowing them to determine the depth of kiss, as a submissive she felt that it was not her place to determine that, simply to accept what was offered, she was rewarded with two tongues each pressed hard between her soft lips.  
  
To her surprise the car that had brought her to the hotel was still waiting for them. Steve guided her into the back seat and climbed in beside her. He spoke to the driver, “We are going to L’Oracle but take your time getting there, allow at least 30 minutes.”  
  
He turned back to Julie “ You will meet many men at L’Oracle and they will make various suggestions to you. I expect you to comply with most if not all of these suggestions but there is a proviso;” he paused “You are not to do anything with these men which you have not first done with me.”  
  
He paced his hand on her thigh “And,” he went on “You are already in a debit situation.” His hand caressed her inner thigh.  
  
Although she anticipated, even welcomed it the thrusting of his fingers deep into her pussy still came as a shock bringing as it did a torrent of exploding nerve endings as she experienced her first climax of the evening.  
  
As the waves subsided she realised that he had unzipped her dress and it was falling free putting her naked breasts on show to his eyes, in addition he had unzipped himself and his erect penis was pointing angrily at her, she allowed his hand to guide her face down to it. Licking her lips she parted them widely as her mouth slipped over his shaft. Eagerly she sucked his stiffness wondering whether she was expected to swallow or allow him to explode on her face.  
  
Before that point was reached however he guided her face away from his cock and produced a condom and handed it to her.  
  
Understanding his need and aware of her own she tore the silver foil and slipped the lubricated sleeve over the shaft.  
  
He pulled her so that she was facing him and kneeling astride his legs, he guided her so that her open cunt was positioned above his cock and pulled her down. Through the windows of the car she could see the busy streets of the city and wondered whether the passers by could see her thrusting up and down on the hard knob of the man she had met barely an hour earlier.  
  
Harder and harder he thrust within her, until at last she felt him tense and thrust once more deep inside. His muscles spasmed as jism after jism shot and was contained in the rubber sleeve.  
  
As he lifted her from her position he also guided her head and willingly she licked his cock clean savouring the combined tastes of rubber and semen.  
  
As she sat beside him he handed her a dozen pack of condoms, ”Somehow I think you may need these this evening.” He smiled, “stay topless until we arrive.”  
  
She saw the driver glancing in his mirror and wondered how much of the show he had enjoyed, she hoped that he had seen plenty, somehow she suspected that he was intended to see and perhaps experience quite a lot this evening.  
  
Five minutes later the car pulled into the car park adjacent to L’Oracle, suspecting that Steve wanted her to do so she climbed out still topless oblivious of the proximity to the main road and carefully put her dress back in position and zipped it up.  
  
Steve nodded approvingly “Are you ready for your new life?” he asked.  
  
Taking a deep breath she nodded and took his arm as he guided her into the nightclub.  
  
The club was small, and intimate and to Julies relief fairly dark. Despite this she quickly spotted the two guys from the restaurant. Steve had seen them too he led her over to their table.   
  
“I see that you both made it here, I’m sure that my slut will be pleased about that, look after her please while I get us all a drink.”  
  
The two guys rose to their feet and ushered her to a seat between them on the low settee, remembering her instructions she lifted her skirt before sitting down, only too well aware that the guys were enjoying this unexpected but very welcome view of her naked buttock cheeks.  
  
“Don’t you mind him referring to you as ‘his slut’?” asked the one she found was called Bob.  
  
“Not really, that’s what I am, for now anyway.”  
  
“And tomorrow?” asked Jim the other guy  
  
“I will still be his slut but at work I will appear to be the usual prim and proper efficient secretary.”  
  
“Did he mind what we were doing earlier?”  
  
“I don’t think so, why not ask him, here he is now.”  
  
“Ask him what?” Steve asked with a smile.  
  
Bob and Jim looked at each other, neither willing to voice their thoughts.  
  
Julie spoke up ”They were asking whether you minded them touching me up earlier this evening.”  
  
Steve laughed. “Of course not, it just seemed the wrong place and a little early to have things develop too far.”  
  
“And now?” asked Bob  
  
“Now I think that Julie should stand up in front of each of you and let you reach the Promised Land which was denied to you earlier.”  
  
Julie needed no invitation, she immediately stood, her back to Bob and held the back of her skirt high and with her legs apart allowing him visual as well as actual access to her sopping pussy while gazing at Steve seeking and obtaining his approving nod.  
  
  
She felt his fingers caressing her thighs hesitantly, at receiving no resistance as he passed her stocking top he became bolder, his fingers gently caressing the soft flesh at the top of her thighs , moving ever closer to her outer lips. Her unflinching stance as he did so encouraged him and very shortly his fingertips were inquisitively poking inside the warm moist lips themselves as though they contained eyes and were peering over a crevice.  
  
At last she felt his fingers gather their confidence and she felt that she detected two fingers slide deep into her squelchy interior.  
  
She helpfully squeezed her muscles and relaxed by way of acknowledgement and welcome and felt him begin to explore around inside her with Steve and Jim looking on.   
  
All too soon for her she heard Steve say “Jim’s turn now.” It wasn’t that she objected to Jim too exploring her inner secrets it was just that she missed the sensation of being filled up.  
  
Quickly she moved across so that Jim too could explore inside her hot cunt. As his fingers slid inside her she saw Steve reach for her handbag and extract the pack of condoms he had given her earlier. No man had ever gone into her handbag before and yet she held no resentment to him for doing so, even when he extracted two condoms and handed one to Bob and held the other clearly intended for Jim for when he had finished probing inside her.  
  
Dry mouthed she watched as Bob pulled his stiff cock free from his trousers and slip the condom over it’s tip and slide it down his shaft. The very fact that he was doing it in the certain knowledge that he was about to fuck her without reference to herself she found incredibly exciting.  
  
Jim’s fingers, in reality were not doing anything particularly exciting but the entire situation brought her over the top and she felt her muscles clenching and heard herself moaning as she climaxed in front of the three guys.  
  
She felt herself being guided back to Bob and hands on her hips lowered her over him, she felt his stiff prick between her thighs searching out and finding her opening and then she felt his thickness sliding into her sopping pussy. She couldn’t believe that they were really planning to fuck her in the middle of a club even though the area of the seating was fairly dark. If she had read this she would have found it unbelievable.   
  
Hands guided her to bounce up and down on him, rather than being fucked she was made to use her pussy to wank him. She saw Jim too sliding a condom over his cock in readiness for similar treatment.  
  
He didn’t last long and soon Jim’s was the third cock to enter her this evening, he lasted even less time than bob and she found herself back in her seat within five minutes of the condoms first being produced.  
  
Steve was talking, “If you give the condoms to Julie she can get rid of them in the ladies.” Then directly to her “Have a wander around, let people see you, see if you can find some new friends I’ll be here waiting for you.”  
  
She felt herself trembling as she walked to the ladies, conscious of eyes on her as both men and women noticed her virtual nudity, the club was beginning to fill up.  
  
In the ladies she flushed the condoms away , thankful that Steve was careful enough to bring some . she wondered how many would be left at the end of the evening.  
  
“I would never admit this to my friends but I envy you your courage.”  
  
She turned around a woman, perhaps five years older than her was speaking.  
  
“My courage?”  
  
“Your dress for a start, and I must admit I saw a little of you entertaining the guys at your table. My friends would be shocked. If they were here I would pretend to be too.”  
  
“They aren’t here then?”  
  
“No but my husband is and he seemed to enjoy the show as well, I know he would love to meet you, would you mind?”   
  
Steve had told her to find some new friends so she walked with Anne, her new friend, past the table she had just left to one set a little to the side in possibly an even darker area of the club.  
  
Without introducing her first Anne guided Julie into the seat beside Don, her husband and immediately snuggled up into her so squeezing Julie between them.  
  
“Don, this is the girl we were watching, sorry I didn’t ask your name.”.  
  
“Julie.”  
  
“Which of the guys is your husband?” asked Anne  
  
“None of them.” She found herself explaining how she had come to know Steve and the events of the day. Anne was clearly amazed and impressed that she could have put herself so wholeheartedly in the hands of a stranger in the way she did.  
  
“You sound like Don’s fantasy woman come to life,” she murmured her eyes taking in the expanse of flesh on show, although Julie had been facing Anne throughout the conversation she had felt Don’s eyes too taking in the view.  
  
“Don would love to see me kissing another woman,” said Anne suddenly, “In the past it has always happened when he wasn’t around, would you mind?”  
  
Julie stared in shock “I don’t know , I’m supposed to do everything with Steve first.”  
  
“This is one thing you can’t do really with him , you mentioned he sent you text messages through the day, why not send him a text for permission?”   
  
Hesitantly Julie brought her phone from her bag aware of the couple’s eyes on her all the time. Don adjusted his seat a little , surely he wasn’t getting an erection just with thinking about it was he?  
  
She sent the text “Master, may I kiss another woman?” Deep inside she knew what the answer would be but was astonished at the reply, which quickly came.  
  
“Yes and much more” As she read the message she was aware that Steve, Bob and Jim were changing seats and moving closer to where she Anne and Don were sitting.  
  
She handed the phone to Anne who read the message quickly . a smile on her face.  
  
She felt herself being turned slightly towards Anne, the woman’s face was close to hers, she could smell the other woman’s perfume could feel her warm breath, suddenly Anne’s lips brushed hers lightly, and then again, this time her tongue trailed casually over her lips.  
  
Julie could feel her lips parting as Anne’s lips again settled on hers, more firmly this time and yet incredibly soft, their lips nuzzled against each other , Anne’s tongue deftly slipped into her mouth , grazed her own tongue and retreated quickly. The woman’s arms were at her hips guiding her closer.  
  
Julie realised that her own tongue was know between her lips seeking this new tongue, inviting a repeat and the repetition came, this time Anne's tongue slipped smoothly inside taking possession of her mouth with an increasing passion , Anne’s fingers trailed leisurely over her breast at the same time.  
  
Julie found herself opening her mouth wide welcoming the kiss which was becoming more passionate by the second. Her own tongue had found its way between Anne’s lips and was probing as she felt the hand take more firm possession of her breast. From behind her Don had slipped his hands on her thighs and was sliding the skirt of her dress upwards, revealing her stocking tops, his fingers curled over the flesh of her thighs as his wife continued kissing Julie.  
  
Julie s hand went towards Anne’s waist but was pulled fro behind onto the serge of Dons trousered thigh. Her fingers caressed the material lightly before being pulled onto his lap, she could feel the evidence of his excitement beneath her fingers. As she formed the shape of his erection she felt him fiddling with his zip, “My god” she thought, “Is he going to fuck me while I kiss his wife?” Her free hand slipped inside her bag and pulled the fourth condom of the evening free and passed it back to him her kiss with Anne still unbroken.  
  
She felt him wriggling behind her , then his hands slipped beneath her buttocks trying to lift her upwards , quickly she checked the rubber feel over his stiff cock before allowing herself to be guided over and onto his cock.  
  
Anne murmured something into her mouth , it was indistinct but as the other woman n continued kissing and caressing her she assumed it was a whisper of approval and encouragement.  
  
Suddenly Anne pulled away from her, Julie opened her eyes in shock to see Anne smiling as she slipped to the floor between her husbands thighs and beneath Julies now filled pussy.  
  
To her shock she felt a tongue on her clitoris and the same tongue slipped down over her pussy lips, she lost the sensation briefly but realised that Anne was also kissing her husbands cock while he fucked her. The tongue returned flicking her clit before trying to gain access along side the cock, momentarily Julie had a vision of the other woman sliding her head inside and actually sucking Don’s cock inside her pussy, if only it was possible! She opened her eyes, Steve Bob and Jim were now sitting right in front watching the activities with relish.  
  
She felt Don stiffening and then thrust deep inside, Anne’s attention presumably was now entirely on her husband as the licking stopped, instead she felt the pulsing as Don emptied his seed into the rubber sleeve.  
  
Gradually the tableau broke apart, the three guys grinningly gave a quiet round of applause. Anne took the lead “One of you is presumably Julie’s Master,” she held her hand out and Steve took it , kissing it as he did so. Bizarrely Julie felt a momentary pang of jealousy.   
  
“I am not happy however with my slut at the moment.” Julie looked alarmed at him.  
  
“My rule about not sitting on the material of your dress.” he reminded her.  
  
She stood lifting the dress , aware that all five pairs of eyes took in her shaven slit as she did so. She sat down again, crossing her legs to show her stocking tops.  
  
“So tell me , what else have you planned for Julie?” asked Anne.  
  
“This evening, or in the future?”  
  
“Both really.”  
  
“Well this evening I want her to go and dance and see if she can attract some more lovers. Later on I will be taking her somewhere fairly secluded and teach her about out door sex, any of you are welcome to join us of course, I think it is time she took care of Jake my driver too.” He looked steadily at Julie as he spoke and she tried not to allow the myriad of thoughts show on her face. “As for the future, well a week from now she will be the entertainment at a private stag evening and will be busy rehearsing for that between now and then.”   
  
Julie managed to look steadily ahead although her heart was pounding.  
  
“Go and dance slut.” the words came from Anne. Steve nodded indicating that she should do as she was told. As she walked away she heard Anne saying “Would you like another girl to join her and perform a full lesbian act for your guests?”  
  
She didn’t hear the reply as she was still walking towards the dance floor. Her head was spinning as she contemplated what she had got herself into with a short e-mail, could she really perform a strip and presumably sex show in front of a crowd of guys. She laughed to herself as she recalled the way that she was dressed and what she had already done that evening, as for performing a lesbian spot, Anne may not have realised it but she had struck on her secret fantasy, performing in public though had not been part of the fantasy, what the hell it would never happen anyway.  
  
She was shaken from her thoughts by the realisation that someone was talking to her, she looked up a young guy was smiling at her “I asked if you would like to dance.”   
  
“Oh yes sorry, I was miles away.”  
  
“Judging by your face it was somewhere very pleasant, would you care to share?”  
  
She laughed, “Maybe later, for now let’s just dance.”  
  
As they moved in front of each other in time with the music she realised that he was looking at her face, considering how much of her was on show this must have been quite a feat for him. She smiled raising her hands above her head caused her breasts to push forward enticing him to look, it succeeded, his eyes strayed to her breasts, the nipples pressed against the sheer material.   
  
He realised what he was doing and looked at her face embarrassment on his face but she was smiling broadly “If I didn’t want you or anyone else to look I would be wearing a bra,“ she reassured him glancing across to where her master and the others who had already used her were watching him with her latest conquest. Instinctively she knew that they were willing her to seduce this guy without their help of guidance. “In fact,“ she added, “I wouldn’t be totally without underwear unless I wanted people to see.” She smoothed her hands over her hips pulling the skirt of her dress taut against her.   
  
His face was a picture, she couldn’t help chuckling, how many women would treat a new dance partner to a view of their nudity within seconds of meeting.  
  
He seemed unable to articulate clearly, the music was slow and gentle so she put her hands on his shoulders enticing and willing him to move closer which he did, pressing his chest against her breasts. His hands hovering on her hips, She nuzzled into his neck and turning her back on those watching who had already enjoyed her she used one hand to guide both of his to the curve of her buttocks.   
  
Encouraged by her brazenness his hands nervously formed around the soft moons and pressed gently. Slowly she ground her pubic mound into his crotch feeling his gradually rising stiffness responding to her.  
  
He kissed her neck, she lifted her face her lips close to his and he moved in to kiss her gently, her lips parted as he did his tongue slowly exploring within her mouth.

By now they were virtually standing still on the dance floor so she took his hand and guided him past Steve and the others to a settee and table where the lights were lower. ”This is nicer isn’t it?” she asked sitting close against him taking care to remember Steve’s rule about not sitting on the material of her dress.  
  
He needed no more hints, in seconds his mouth was pressed against hers his hands exploring her body, quickly he found the hem of her dress and willingly she parted her thighs giving him easier access to her wet pussy.  
  
For a minute or two she enjoyed the sensation of his fingers penetrating and moving inside her before she remembered that she was supposed to be the submissive slut and so it should be he was receiving the attention, it was what Steve would expect from her.  
  
Her hand found it’s way to his crotch and her fingers traced the outline of his erection before unzipping him and slipping inside and finding the hot hard flesh.  
  
Gently she eased him free of his trousers and slipping to her knees below the table she took him deep into her mouth.  
  
She felt him slide slowly back and thrust against her throat, her hand cradling his balls she allowed him to continue fucking her mouth.  
  
Thrust after thrust came, all the while her fingers were gently stroking his balls then she felt them gather up inside their wrinkled bag and she tensed herself for the series of explosions, which quickly followed.  
  
Swallowing all that he offered she smiled up at him. He gulped “I can’t believe that you did that.“ He gasped, “I’m not complaining just amazed, can I see you again?”  
  
“You will have to ask my Master,” smiled Julie “He is sitting over there.” She pointed to Steve who was sitting silently applauding a huge smile on his face.  
  
“Your Master?”  
  
“Yes I’m training to be his total submissive. Would you like to meet him?”  
  
“Um well, I’m not sure”  
  
“Come on he won’t bite I promise.” She took his hand and led him over to the other table. The others had left leaving him alone.  
  
She stood waiting for Steve to nod giving her permission to speak.  
  
“Master, this gentleman has asked to see me again, I said that he would have to speak to you.”  
  
“Quite right, and the gentleman’s name?”  
  
She flushed “I don’t know.”  
  
He chuckled “Excellent, just as it should be, very well he and I will go over to the bar and discuss it I will leave you here while I do.”  
  
The two men walked away leaving Julie alone wondering exactly what they were discussing about her and what would be arranged between them.  
  
It seemed an eternity before Steve finally returned and when he did he was alone. He had a broad beam on his face.   
  
“That young man will be enjoying you in full in two days time, he will collect you and take you for a meal before taking you home and fucking you in your bed.”  
  
She was puzzled “But what has that to do with being an exhibitionist and submissive?“ she asked.  
  
“Absolutely everything as you will find out on the day, be patient and trust your Master,” was all that he would say. “Now I think that it is time that we left.”  
  
As they left the club Steve said “As we walk across the car park take off your dress, when we reach the car climb in beside Dennis our driver. I want to hear you ask him in the crudest possible terms to take you to somewhere secluded and fuck you”.  
  
She was ready to be fucked again, she was close to losing count of the number of times she had been fucked this evening and she was not yet ready for home. Barely was she out of the door of the club than she was slipping the dress off relishing the cool night breeze on her naked skin, calmly she walked towards the car.  
  
She strolled straight to the passenger door, opened it and slipped inside next to the startled Dennis, Steve climbed into the back seat.  
  
Dennis started the car up. “Where now?” he asked.  
  
Julie replied “Somewhere dark and remote,“ as she did she swivelled a little in her seat parting her thighs and slipping two fingers leisurely over her pussy. “You don’t mind if I play….” Then remembering Steve’s instruction to be crude changed her words to “You don’t mind if I wank myself a little do you?” she slipped her fingers inside herself and offered the sticky digits to him to lick.  
  
“Now you had better concentrate on your driving but when we get there I want you to concentrate on me. I want you to let me suck your cock and then I want you to fuck my cunt hard till I scream, I’ve had to be quiet until now but I need a really good loud fucking and I want you to give it to me.” With the passing street lights she could see his trousers lifting heralding an erection.  
  
In the mirror Steve was nodding his approval.  
  
Within minutes Dennis was pulling into a nature reserve. As he came to a stand still Steve spoke “Before you two get down to business I want some photos of you, Julie get out of the car.”  
  
She obeyed him feeling her moistness beginning to ooze from her pussy as Steve directed her in a series of open leg shots. There was a picnic table and he took several of her sprawled across it then he directed Dennis to position the car so that the open back door was up against the side of the table.  
  
“I think you should be fucked standing on the table and leaning over the car,” he told Julie.  
  
As Julie took up the suggested position and spread her legs ready for Dennis she realised why he had selected this particular position, by lying on the seat he could see straight up her open pussy and was still taking photos. Even when Dennis had slipped on his condom and was negotiating entry into her the photos were still being taken.  
  
The knowledge that her most intimate parts were being watched and photographed during the most intimate act imaginable sent her totally over the edge. The wildlife must have had nightmares for weeks after all of the screaming and squealing which came out of her.  
  
Much, much later Dennis and Steve drove her home, Steve came in and enjoyed her body one more time promising to return one hour before the stranger from the nightclub was due to collect her but that is and will be another story.  
  
PART TWO  
  
The day of her second date Julie awoke feeling refreshed feeling good about herself, it was while she was showering that she remembered everything that had happened the night she went out with Steve.  
  
She knew that at the time she had enjoyed herself thoroughly and it had been all that she had dreamt of but now in the cold light of day her behaviour seemed disgusting, what if one of her neighbours had seen her just dressed as she was let alone the things she did and allowed to be done to her.  
  
She made up her mind as to the action she would take. She would let Steve know that she was no longer prepared to play and when the guy, (what on earth was his name?) arrived to pick her up she would insist on going somewhere very public and well lit and explain that the earlier night had been a one off never to be repeated event. If he still wanted to date her on a normal basis then she would see how things went.  
  
She felt better having made this resolution and took herself off to town for a couple of hours.   
  
On impulse she popped into the Anne Summers shop and idly the thought crossed her mind, if Steve were still her “Master” what would he expect her to buy there? She looked at the lingerie before her eyes strayed to the range of toys, a large black vibrator caught her attention, then a pair of high stiletto boots, some body oil and flavoured condoms.  
  
Buying the body oil and the vibrator she rushed out of the shop, her face on fire with embarrassment, she hoped that the guy would settle for a “normal “ relationship, his cock had seemed huge in her mouth and she couldn’t help wondering how it would feel inside her pussy.  
  
She supposed it wouldn’t hurt to allow herself to be taken to bed after their chat just to satisfy the desire she could feel welling up inside her. It might be interesting too to see exactly how Steve intended to have her dress, she expected it would be an even more revealing dress than before, it would be amusing to examine it before telling him that sorry she wasn’t playing and slipping into something more suitable for a first date.  
  
A first date, the thought made her chuckle. How many girls had sucked a guy off before a first date, it was usually the other way around but yes it would be nice to see just what Steve had come up with and to see just how the mysterious guy intended to conduct the date.  
  
Steve had said that he would call around at 7pm with the outfit she was to wear and her date would arrive at 8pm. she must ask Steve his name it was embarrassing to have blown a guy and never found out his name first at the very least.  
  
By 5pm she had selected the lingerie and dress she would wear, a little more revealing than she originally planned but then he had seen plenty of her already and she had decided to allow herself to be seduced so what difference would it make.  
  
While showering she felt the stubble at her pubes, best to shave and keep it smooth, it may be what Steve would have wanted but the guy was going to have direct contact and she didn’t want to put him off straightaway.  
  
While shaving she decided to finish her shower with an application of the body oil, it warmed her body especially when it hit her nipples making them stand firm and proud. She began to feel randy particularly when she remembered that she had decided that the stranger was going to get lucky, a shame in a way that Steve and his friends couldn’t see she thought as she took the new vibrator and lay on the bed for a pleasurable 30 minutes.  
  
It was 6.45 when she realised where she was. Steve would be here shortly with the outfit, she looked again at the one she had chosen, it seemed a little dull and boring, why not wait and see what Steve brought with him.  
  
Quickly she applied her make up and, remembering how it had felt to walk around her flat naked except for high heels she stepped into them, feeling the delicious brazen slut she had been the previous night, quickly she put away the outfit and decided to wear whatever Steve brought, it couldn’t be so bad.  
  
She put the door on the latch; she had a feeling that her master would not be too pleased at having to ring her doorbell.   
  
At 7pm on the dot her door opened sand Steve stood there carrying a large bag. She turned to face hi making no effort to conceal her nudity. He nodded approvingly “Good,” he said, “I had a feeling you would not want to play any more.”  
  
“I don’t,” she answered “Well I didn’t but as the day has gone by I’m feeling more like it now.”  
  
He chuckled “The submissive exhibitionist is part of your character, you can’t shelve it away its part of you.”  
  
She grinned “I’m beginning to realise you’re right. OK then let’s see tonight’s dress.”  
  
He smiled “Not exactly what you were expecting.” He pulled from the bag a red basque; the cups were almost but not quite sheer. The suspenders were like ribbons hanging from the waistline.  
  
He helped her into it, tying the hooks at the back before handing her a pair of 7 denier black stockings. He watched as any man would as she slipped the over her legs before clipping them at the thighs and stepping back into her high heels. Once ore he reached into his bag and produced a tiny red thong. The gusset was little more than a nylon thread and the triangle reached its apex just above her slit.  
  
“Is it worth wearing?” she asked, smiling as she slipped it into place adjusting her pussy lips for the thread.  
  
He nodded approvingly and sat down to study her.  
  
“Er aren’t you forgetting something?”  
  
He turned an enquiring look at her.  
  
“A dress, I can’t go out in just this.”   
  
“No dress tonight.” He smiled “But there is a cloak for when it is absolutely essential to wear something and I suppose that walking from the door to the car will be essential.” He tossed her the cloak, it was imitation fur, and she slipped it on. It had no hooks just two slits for her hands; she would have to hold it together.  
  
“Now when you go out there are one or two things for me to arrange here, you will of course be bringing him home at the end of the evening, you may only fuck him either here in the living room or I the bedroom, nowhere else is that clear? You may of course suck or fuck him while you are out if he asks you to, in fact if he asks then you must. It is only here in your house that there are limitations.”  
  
“You mean you are stopping here while I go out.”   
  
“I wont steal anything and will lock up carefully when I leave.” He smiled.  
  
“OK OH by the way what is his name?”  
  
“Does it matter? Don’t you fid it exciting having sucked someone and knowing that you will be fucking him without knowing his name?”  
  
“I suppose so, it just doesn’t seem right.”  
  
“You are supposed to be a submissive slut I don’t expect you to question me, you will fuck many men without knowing their names, it’s what your cunt is for.” His voice was harsh.  
  
Just then a car drew up. Julie peered through the curtain “It’s him he’s early.”  
  
“That’s ok. Open the door wearing just the lingerie, tell him you will just be a second, leave the door open while you slip into the cloak, Climb into his car and slip the cloak off until you arrive at the restaurant. At the restaurant wear it to the table and slip it over the back of the chair, eat wearing only your lingerie. Now have a good evening.”. Picking up the bag Steve walked to her bedroom just as the knock came at the door.  
  
Hesitating for a second or two then boldly stepped forward and swung the door open, any nervousness which she felt evaporated as she saw the look of shock in his eyes at the sight which awaited him. She saw his eyes take in the near transparency of the basque before lowering to her suspenders and finally settling on the sheer triangle, which did nothing at all to conceal her pussy lips.  
  
“Oh I er…” he mumbled.  
  
“Hi there,” she said cheerfully as though she always opened her front door dressed like that, leaving the door wide open she walked back and carefully bent at the waist to pick up the cape aware that this was giving him an even more intimate view of her.  
  
She flung the cape over here shoulders and rejoined him at the door “Ready?” she said breezily and slamming the door behind her followed him to his car.  
  
In the car she pushed the cape back off her shoulders and sat aware that his eyes were having difficulty concentrating on the task of driving, sensually she crossed her legs aware that this had the effect of tautening her suspenders and increasing the soft fleshiness of her thighs. ”So where are we going?” she asked.  
  
Meanwhile in her flat Steve was busy setting things up the way that he wanted them.   
  
In his bag he had a tiny video camera, he had already spotted a space on a shelf facing the settee between two books, which would be ideal for concealing it. He ran a cable from the camera to the video player and tested its operation. A slight adjustment and he was able to view an area taking in the full settee and floor around it.   
  
Next he went into her bedroom where the computer was stored. From his bag he produced a disk with a special programme, anything, which the web cam filmed, was now sent directly to his yahoo briefcase.  
  
Returning to the living room he adjusted the lighting, checking that this did not in any way limit the clarity of what the camera picked up. He paced several c.d.'s into her multi player and set them to play at random.  
  
Back in the bedroom he turned the covers down invitingly and again dimmed the lamps slightly.  
  
Quickly he searched the flat till he found exactly what he was looking for a hiding place, he had no intention of being away when Julie and her guy returned, he wondered whether she had yet found out his name.  
  
Julie and the mystery man had now arrived at the restaurant; she shuffled the cloak back around her and walked beside him into the restaurant.  
  
The table was in an alcove to Julie’s relief and she took the seat against the wall declining the waiters offer to take her cloak. She shrugged it off her shoulders but kept her lap covered until the waiter had disappeared to leave them to decide on their order. Then as she had been told to do she cast it off totally enjoying the sinful experience of being virtually naked in a posh restaurant with a stranger.  
  
The waiter returned and Julie steeled herself to remain calm but thankfully he did not come to her side, she had no idea however what if anything he could see. She leant forward after he had gone “Can you see my lap from where you are sitting?”  
  
He leant forward “I can now, I have to say you are a fantastic girl, every guy’s fantasy, I didn’t quite believe Steve when I was speaking to him this morning, he says that you are totally submissive, is that true?”  
  
“You were talking about me this morning?”  
  
“Yes didn’t Steve tell you? Well is it true, are you totally submissive?”  
  
“He didn’t and yes I am, or at least I’m trying to be, there may come a time when I’m told to do something which is beyond me but up to know I think I am coping pretty well, don’t you?” She sat back to give him a fuller view of the thong which in a sitting position his absolutely nothing.  
  
“Did Steve choose the outfit?”  
  
“Yes, do you approve?”  
  
“Well, yes but I think that it could be improved a little.”  
  
“Really, how?”  
  
“What I think you should do is…“ he paused as the waiter brought the first course. Julie cringed he surely must have seen now, quickly she laid a napkin across her lap, wishing she had thought of that earlier.  
  
The waiter left. “You were saying,” prompted Julie.  
  
“Oh yes.” Irritatingly he continued eating his prawn cocktail before continuing. “I think that the outfit would look better if you took off the thong,” he paused. “And stuffed it up your pussy while we eat.”  
  
“You what?” To say Julie was shocked was an understatement.  
  
“Well I assume that you are wet, being dressed as you are and the circumstances.”  
  
“I suppose so.”  
  
“Well check.” he looked at her a firm look on his face.  
  
She found her fingers going to her hot pussy, yes she was beyond wet, and she was soaking.  
  
“Yes I am,” she confessed slipping her fingers back out.  
  
“So your thong will be ideal for absorbing some of the moisture, after all you don’t want to leave a stain on the seat when you leave do you?”  
  
“I’ll have to go to the ladies then.”  
  
“No you wont, slip it off here and slide it inside as you did with your fingers a moment ago, but before you do pass your fingers over the table I want to taste you.”   
  
“I can’t believe that I am doing this.“ Despite her doubts she slipped her thong down her legs and off her feet.  
  
“Show me it first.”  
  
She raised her hand above the table to show him the red triangle and tiny gusset and waistband.  
  
“Excellent small enough to slide deep inside you, go on then.”  
  
The material did slide in easily “As deep as you can,“ prompted the guy opposite.  
  
“This sounds stupid but I’m sat her naked from the waist down, my thong buried in my pussy, the other night I sucked you off and you’ve just tasted my pussy in the middle of a restaurant and I don’t even know your name.”.  
  
He grinned, “I know; something erotic about that don’t you think?”  
  
“You’re not going to tell me then.”  
  
“I might … eventually.”  
  
“Will that depend on how obedient I am?”  
  
“Partly, but mainly on whether I think that you need to know.”  
  
“So what should I call you?”  
  
“Sir will do, I understand Master will be retained for Steve.”  
  
“Very well Sir, can I ask what you have planned for me tonight.”  
  
“Nothing too frightening, we will eat our meal, at the end you will hand me your thong and I will put it in my mouth and suck your juices from it while you watch. Then we will leave the restaurant, as we go across the car park I will carry your cloak then a slow drive through town back to your house where I intend to fuck the arse off you”. He said all of this in the most conversational way possible as though all that he said was the most natural thing in the world. ”Now play with your clit a while get that thong nice and wet while we wait for our next course.”

His words made her start, he expected her to hand over the most intimate item of clothing worn by a woman and watch while he slipped it into his mouth and tasted her most intimate juices. Then walk virtually naked across a car park which was almost certainly stored with security cameras and drive slowly through the well lit streets of town before what she had expected a fucking, boy could she use the last right now she was aching for him to part her legs and thrust his cock deep inside her.   
  
She had never known a man like him, like all women she had tasted her fingers after masturbating out of curiosity but she had never thought of sliding a thong inside her and then sucking at it as he clearly intended to do and despite herself she couldn’t wait till he did so. She wanted to share her flavour with him; she rubbed herself vigorously hoping to soak the thong totally.  
  
She could see the waiter returning to their table but she couldn’t stop herself she just prayed that the climax would not hit till he had gone, she managed to smile as he served the next course and it was only as he walked back into the kitchen that she allowed herself a full release with a heavy sigh.   
  
‘Sir’ grinned at her “Very well done slut, now eat up I’m eager to taste you.”  
  
The rest of the meal only took about 30 minutes but to Julie it seemed an eternity, she was anxious to know how much of what sir had said he meant.  
  
At last he clicked his fingers for the bill and instantly turned back to Julie. “Give me your thong.”  
  
“What now? What about the waiter.”  
  
“Be quick you may be lucky he may not see.”  
  
Quickly Julie reached two fingers into her pussy and pulled the sopping material out of her. Hiding it in her hand she slipped it into his and watched as he slipped it into his mouth just as the waiter returned.  
  
She watched fascinated and horrified as he paid and tipped the waiter while sucking on her pussy juices.  
  
“Very tasty, “ he murmured to the waiter before the latter turned and left the table. Julie burst into fits of giggles.  
  
“The meal or me?“ she asked.   
  
“You of course, the meal was average whereas you are a gourmets delight.” He spoke with the thong still in his mouth. “Now lower the cups of your basque, show me your breasts.”  
  
Nervously in case the waiter returned she did as he asked.  
  
“Now stand up.”  
  
“Like this? I can’t.”  
  
“Your Master told me you would refuse me nothing.”  
  
“OK but only for a second.” Despite her words she stayed standing for a good ten seconds allowing him the clear view not only of her breasts but also her pussy lips, already red from the excitement of the evening. Realising that he would leave her standing all night she sat down again. “Was that OK?”  
  
“For now.” He still had her thong in his mouth. “Shall we go? You may put your cloak back on but leave your tits uncovered beneath the cloak.”  
  
They made their way to perhaps five yards into the car park, when he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately forcing her thong from his mouth into her own. As he did this he slipped the cloak from her body, broke the kiss, and walked with the cloak to his car leaving her virtually naked in the middle of the car park.   
  
She hurried after him without actually running, she did not want him knowing just how freaked out she was, after all she had asked to be a submissive exhibitionist and she did not want Steve hearing that she had failed in any way.   
  
She climbed in the car and slipped the thong out of her mouth. “A good idea,” he said “I think the fragrance needs strengthening, you know what to do.”  
  
She slipped the thong back inside her pussy “Wank yourself,” he ordered crudely.  
  
Her fingers reached for her pussy lips. He spoke again, more gently this time. “Let me push the seat back, close your eyes and think pleasant erotic thoughts.” His voice was almost hypnotic, as instructed she closed her eyes and in a few seconds found herself on a warm Caribbean beach. At first she was just aware of the waves lapping upon the sand, then she heard voices and realised that she was surrounded by perhaps twelve black guys and each was naked and concentrating on her. She became aware that she was dancing, casting off not clothes, more slivers of a fine material. Almost as though she was doing the dance of the seven veils.  
  
She must have been performing well as the cocks were visibly stiffening in front of her eyes, then there was a girl, another white girl, she was slim and blonde. She came up and kissed Julie gently on the lips before cuddling her, she found herself being guided down to the sand, at first kneeling then lying on the beach with the girl who was now twisting around and kneeling over her. Her pussy lowering to Julie's open mouth, the guys seemed to be drawing nearer and becoming louder in their chatter, through her eyelids she could detect a brighter light.  
  
She opened her eyes. Sir had stopped the car in the middle of town and the chatter she had heard came not from the Caribbean guys of her fantasy but from a very real group of guys, obviously fresh from the pub. They were gathered at her window and peering in at her masturbating in the front seat of the car, her naked breasts rising up and down.  
  
Sir spoke. “Relax, the doors are locked, they cannot hurt you, close your eyes again and let them enjoy watching you enjoy yourself.”   
  
She closed her eyes again and this time she was a stripper in a rough back street bar, the guys were leering and shouting raucous comments at her, she felt herself squatting on the stage her knees drawn wide apart and lying back giving them the clearest possible view into her open vulva.  
  
In both real life and fantasy she slid her fingers inside herself and found the damp material of the thong. She opened her eyes wide; two of the real guys were waving their naked cocks at her. She began tugging the material from herself slowly, teasingly before opening her mouth wide and dropping it onto her own tongue. As her lips closed there came a splash against her window, one of the guys had exploded his cum just from watching that alone.  
  
To her side Sir chuckled, “Time for us to go before the law investigate what a group of guys are looking at.” He started the engine, Julie blew a kiss to her audience and they were gone.  
  
A few minutes later the car drew up outside her house, the street was in darkness. “Give me your keys, I’ll open the door and you can walk straight in as you are,” instructed Sir.  
  
She glanced at her neighbour’s houses; the last thing she wanted was to be seen by some of the prudes though she would object less if one or two of the husbands happened to be looking out. As sir opened the door she climbed out of the car and still with her pussy and tits on open show steeled herself to walk and not run to the open door. She heard the swish as Sir operated the remote door lock on his car.  
  
He waited at the door watching her walk calmly towards him, her only panic came when she heard her neighbour from around the corner walking his dog. She rushed the final steps and dived in the door.  
  
She saw at once that Steve had been busy after she had left, the lights were dimmed and soft music was playing, on the coffee table stood a bottle of wine and two glasses and beside the wine stood… she reached to hide the item before Sir saw it, too late.  
  
  
“What an interesting ornament.” He smiled lifting the vibrator to his nose “And used recently too, have you had it long?”   
  
“I bought it this morning,” she admitted trying to fight the blush.  
  
“Then I will enjoy watching you perform with it. Now if I sit here opposite the settee you can kneel on the settee facing me. That’s right now with knees bent do the splits or as much as you can, that’s it, now insert your friend and you should find that its base rests on the settee so you can slide up and down on it and remain hands free allowing you to tease your tits and clit.”  
  
Julie did exactly as he instructed and was soon away in fantasy land again only this time the fantasy was much closer to home she wanted sir to magically replace the vibrator with his own hot stiff cock, she remembered his cock from last night and was more than ready to admit it into her hot wet and eager hole.  
  
Although she had climaxed many times already this evening the climax which quickly came was long and loud, her shrieks echoed in her own ears and when she was finally done flopped back the vibro still humming inside her. She felt herself being picked up and carried to the bedroom where he gently laid her on the bed. She watched him slowly strip himself naked, she was glad that he was a guy who was sensitive enough to remove his socks.  
  
At last he lay beside her and slowly used his fingers over her body, playing her like a piano, stroking a haunting rhythmical tune increasing in its tempo until at last he reared above her and plunged his phallus deep inside her eager cunt.   
  
Much, much later he dressed and left promising to contact Steve with a view to seeing her again.  
  
She dozed a while then feeling thirsty she wandered to the kitchen still wearing basque and stockings only to find Steve in the living room watching on TV the activities in the living room earlier that evening. “Hi,” he grinned “I was hiding in the cupboard,” he pointed to the cupboard where she kept her vacuum cleaner and ironing board, a cupboard whose door never quite closed properly. “Come and watch my favourite porn star in action with me.”  
  
Grinning she sat beside him watching her fuck her vibro for Sirs entertainment. Once it was over she found a second man take her to her bed that evening but this one stayed till morning.   
  
It was only after he had left that she found the note attached to her computer telling her where on her computer she could find the bedroom recording.  
  
THE END