**Forced Nudity**

by AdelaideNurse

I'm a 23 year old Nurse working at a large hospital in Adelaide, South Australia (OK, I work at Flinders). I'm quite short (4'11" or 150 cm) and skinny, but not anorexic or anything. I'm a b-cup up top, pale skin with get-black straight hair down to my shoulders. I don't think I'm stunningly pretty, but I'm alright.

I'm fairly quiet in my private and work life and haven't really done too much outrageous. About a year ago I discovered Literotica and have been excited about the idea of forced exhibitionism. I'm reasonably modest in my attire (not a prude though) so the idea of being caught nude or having to wear something revealing gets me strangely hot and excited. I don't know why. It terrifies me at the same time. But I had to do it.

This is a true story about my first foray into a nude hobby...

I work night-shift for four nights in a row, once per month. That means I finish at about 7:00 am and then have about three days to recover. I'd been planning this idea for a couple of months, building up courage. I finished work and drove home to my flat, threw my clothes in the wash and had a hot shower. I was already excited and masturbated while I was in there. Leaving my hair down (it's tied up for work). I just threw on an old t-shirt and shorts. No bra, nickers or shoes. This was radical by itself, but I was just getting started! I grabbed a bottle of olive oil, spare car key and got in the car.

About 60 minutes south is a pine forest (Kypo Forest for the locals) I went there years ago on a school excursion. There are a variety of entrances, and I didn't think it got many visitors especially at 9:00 in the morning.

My plan was to leave the spare car key somewhere in public, but not too much in public. Drive some distance into the forest, then strip naked and lock the car. I'd then have to walk to get the keys using the forest for cover. Make a dash to get them and walk back. Easy, but very exciting!

I parked at one of the entrances, got out and looked for somewhere to leave the spare key. I thought that I wouldn't make it too easy, so I crossed the road and put it at the base of a large tree. There was a bit of traffic about, but you could hear it coming for quite some distance, so I felt OK.

I then drove up the dirt track to a parking spot. Remember, I had been awake since 2:30 pm the previous day, and was very, very excited. I smoked a couple of cones while still in the car and got a wild buzz going.

Then I did it. I threw the keys in the glove box. Stepped out the car, threw my clothes inside, grabbed the olive oil and shut the door. The parking bay is somewhat exposed so I quickly ran into the forest. It was then I noticed that they had done some logging since I was last there and thinned out some of the trees. I remember vaguely being told they do this on my school trip to allow the trees more room to develop. The upshot was that they didn't offer as much cover as I anticipated. No problem, I just ran a bit further in.

Really buzzing now. Heart pounding. I've never been outdoor naked like this before. I cracked open the olive oil and poured it over me. It takes quite a while to tip out a litre of oil and I am seriously lubricated by the time I finish. I drop the bottle and rub in the oil. I masturbated again, coming quickly and strongly. Really, really buzzing now. A little scared, the forest is a lot thinner than I anticipated, but I can hear any cars for miles. I start making my way to the entrance, staying what I think is deep enough in the forest. I've no shoes on so I take my time stepping over branches and logs.

After a while I came to a small clearing. The sun was streaming though and I looked down looking at my glistening pale body, slightly yellow from the olive oil and erect nipples. I thought about what I was doing and reached down again to my oily pubes (I don't shave). With my right hand massaging my breasts and my left between my legs I came again. Even afterwards I thought I was going to explode. I was so hot!

Eventually I thought I was getting close to the entrance of the forest. I kept low-ish and crept forward. Yep, right on target. The key was further than I thought. The forest stopped about seven metres from a low wire fence. I could slide through the fence easily enough. On the other side of the fence were some low shrubby things â€“ not much cover, but probably OK. Then a quick dash across the road to get the keys and back.

I crept closer to the edge and listened. There was a lot of traffic. Not a constant stream, but you could always hear a car approaching or driving away. Not good. I stayed squatting down with my legs apart stroking between my legs. I was trying to keep the excitement up, but I was getting scared. But there was no backing out. My only key was on the other side of that fence. A car passed and drove off into the distance. Silence. This was my chance.

Heart pounding, I ran out to the fence. Shit! A horse! About a hundred meters away between the forest and the fence line was a group of people on horseback! Shit! Shit! I scrambled through the fence. Shit a car coming, it's almost on me. I squatted down between the fence and the shrubby bushes. The car sped path. I looked up at the horses, a couple of them were moving quicker now. I had to get the key. Now! I dashed across the road and grabbed the key. Dashing back I could see a white 4-wheel drive ute slowing down, I scrambled under the fence and sprinted back towards the forest. On my left I could see the ute pulling into the entrance. Shit! It's a forestry vehicle! They've seen me and are pulling in. Two of the riders on my right have got a fantastic view of my naked oiled body, they are almost on top of me. My heart is in my throat as I try to disappear into the forest.

After a few minutes of leaping over branches I stop and squat down. I can't hear anything (other than my pounding heart). I'm shaking all over. The horses couldn't have followed me, but what if they riders had dismounted? What about the forestry worker(s)? I would have had a good head start on any of them. I stayed still for about five minutes. I think I'm in the clear, for now. What if they're waiting at the car? My god, my clothes are on the front seat â€“ it'll be obviously mine!

I started the walk back to the car. I've cut the soles of both of my feet so I'm walking on my toes. My heart is not pounding as much, but I'm still very scared. I'm not excited anymore. What the hell am I doing naked, covered in oil in a forest, with possibly a group of people looking for me?

Suddenly I hear a car. I squat down and see through the trees the 4-wheel drive cruise by. It's heading away from my car and down to the entrance. I could see two people in it, but they didn't see me. I start moving again. A while longer and I'm almost at my car. I haven't seen the 4-wheel drive again. My car can be seen from the entrance, and if they're looking they'll see me leave the forest.

Do I dare? Do I have any choice?

I creep to the edge of the tree line. Peering down to the entrance I can't see anyone. I make the dash. Opening the car door I climb in and start the engine. There are multiple entrances and exits to this forest so I drive further in. I'm no rally driver, but I'm going quickly, and bouncing around naked in the car. It doesn't take too long to get to an exit and I waste no time in putting some distance between the forest and me. About five minutes later a truck passes going in the other direction. I'm reminded that I'm still naked, so I pull off the road and wriggle into my shorts and t-shirt. I've made it!

When I get home the enormity of what I have done hits me. I think I masturbated for about four hours before falling asleep having been awake for over 24 hours. I have never been so scared, so excited - so hot, just so alive as I was that morning!

I will never, ever do that again. Stay tuned for what I did next month after night shift...

**Almost Nude in Public**

This is my second foray into forced exhibitionism inspired by literotica. I'd been quietly planning this for over a month.

It started when I attended a friend's wedding at Maslins Beach. Maslins in Australia's oldest nudist beach â€“ but only at one end. My friend, a colleague from work was married at the northern (non-nude) end. The happy couple are a very Christian couple, and there was nothing nude about the event at all. What got me thinking was I noticed the public transport bus number (metrolink for the locals). 741 is the same bus that goes right past my flat. I live east of the city (Norwood for the locals), so I was surprised the same bus goes that far â€“ it probably goes through the city and then continues on. When I was at uni and still at my parents house I had seen a number of bus routes that did this. I haven't caught a bus since I got my car so I hadn't realised where my local bus went.

My plan was to drive down to Maslins wearing some old boring clothes, with my exciting clothes in a bag. Lock my keys in the car (I'd pick it up later), go to the nude end, destroy my old clothes and have to catch the bus home wearing something I'd normally never go out in! Not too outrageous, I'd only be seen waiting for the bus (and I'm sure the residents of Maslins Beach see all sorts). Then I'd be on the bus for over an hour. This would be the exciting part, not know who would get on or where they would sit. I'd planned to do the deed after a night shift, so all the school kids would be in school, and there wouldn't be many people around. Then finally the short walk to my flat. There was the chance I'd bump in a neighbour, but they all work so it was a slim chance.

I threw in an additional idea to make the deed more exciting. I decided to let fate guide what I would be wearing. I 'borrowed' from work a bag full of paper bags â€“ the sort that we dispose rubbish in when we've done wound dressings and for throwing out catheters and the like. Over the course of about six weeks I filled each bag with some of the most revealing clothing I could think of. I would then not know what I was doomed to wear until I opened the bag!

I packed these paper bags after my late shifts from work. I'd finish at 10:00 pm, come home, have couple cones, open a bottle of red wine and masturbate for hours while packing a few paper bags. In such a state I was very daring. Most of the early packages consisted of some recently bought g-string and low-rider underwear with some almost transparent t-shirts and singlets. I even wrote 'SLUT' in big letters on one of the t-shirts. I made one package with just a bra and full cut knickers,. Awesome â€“ it would be obviously underwear. But God bless the internet! I ordered all sorts micro swimwear and lingerie, including a figure hugging chemise that was basically completely see through. I 'modified' a number of clothes (I'm a dab hand with needle and thread). I got my old school uniform from primary school (a one piece dress) and sewed up half the button holes. The dress was tight, short and permanently open well below my breasts. It was divine. I couldn't sit down in it without showing everything. Raising my arms showed everything and well, it was just really, really hot. I also cruised the op shops buying a lot of children's wear. I'm short and slim so I can fit into all sorts of 'little girls clothes'. Some of those skirts and mini dresses look very hot on someone who is no longer a 'little girl'.

All this was fine when I was stoned, drunk and/or horny. At other times I'd look at the piles of identically looking paper bags growing in the corner (I'd pad them with newspaper so they all felt the same) and wonder what the hell I was doing. I knew I shouldn't do this, but I knew I would at the same time. I bought myself a pre-paid bus ticket (saves carry money), and scored a 'E' off my little brother.

At last I came to my four-day block of night shifts. On the last shift I wore no underwear to work â€“something I've never done. I was horny for the whole shift. Nothing really happened (nothing really could anyway), but it was exciting anyway. When I got home I started my plan. I had a shower and shaved! Some the underwear looked silly with a big bush! Within a few minutes it was all gone. I dried off and rubbed some oil in. As anyone who read my earlier story might have guessed I love the feeling of oil on my skin. Months ago I purchased a big drop sheet that I can throw over my bed and slide about, it's just great! I spent a few minutes masturbating, the sensation with no hair was just so much better.

I put on a fairly conservative two piece swimsuit. At least if I backed out I'd have to go home wearing that! On the way out I was going to grab some sun block, I have very fair skin and would burn easily. My hornyness got the better of me and I grabbed the bottle of oil â€“ after all I only had to walk to the bus and then I'd be inside for the rest of the time.

I drove south to Maslins, often with one hand down my front. I parked in what is sort of the middle car park, had a couple of cones and swallowed the 'E'. I went to the boot of the car where I had piled all the packages earlier. A little voice inside my head was screaming 'DON'T DO IT', but the stoned hornyness won. I dropped in my keys, grabbed a package and closed the boot. Now all I had was the swimsuit I was wearing, a bus ticket, a bottle of oil and some unknown clothes.

You have to walk 500m to get the nudie section. It was a warmish day, slightly overcast at this stage. I reached the sign that read about 'unclad bathing' and stripped off. I'd been to Maslins before with a girlfriend who had lots of gay male friends. She was a full on lesbian. I'm sort of bisexual. I don't really have sex with anyone other than myself these days, though I fancy both. Anyway, she was too full on for me, but I did get to see that Maslins is basically a gay male hang-out. I didn't strip off that time, but here I was, naked and completely hairless strolling along the shore line.

When I reached the second set of bins (there was some creepy guy near the first lot sitting in the bushes â€“ probably gay, but still creepy). I took a deep breath and ditched my swimsuit. I ripped it first (just in case) â€“ I had put a couple of cuts though the elastic earlier. Now it was done! I felt like I need to orgasm, but I could hardly just masturbate on a public beach â€“ nude or not. I opened the bottle of oil and gave myself a light coating. I spent quite a while rubbing my hairless pussy. In fact I spent quite a while. In fact I slipped a couple of fingers in and damn well masturbated right out in the open. The combination of sleep deprivation, weed and probably the 'E' starting to kick was making my head spin. I dropped the bottle in the bin, picked up my bus ticket and package and walked further south. I was hot! Really buzzing. A few guys checked me out big-time. I guess they could be bisexual too? When I reached the last set of bins I decided to find out my fate, I'd put the clothes back on at the other end of the beach, but I wanted to find out now. My nipples were standing out like never before and I could feel my pussy just running. My vision was a little shaky and the whole scene was feeling like an erotic dream. I think the 'E' was stronger than my previous ones.

I opened the paper bag, there was a lot of newspaper â€“ this meant that whatever I was going to be wearing it wasn't big! I found the items. Oh, my god. Did I put this in here? I did though. I bought this with the see-through chemise. I didn't think much of it. In retrospect the chemise was over the top too, but faced with just wearing this...

It was underwear. A black g-string and matching bra. They were sheer. I threw the newspaper and bag in the bin and stretched the material over my fingers. This...was...not...going...to...hide...anything...

I closed my eyes. Maybe this is a dream I can wake up from. But no, I wanted this, damn I needed this. I was desperate to get out of this situation, and so desperate to masturbate again. God this was so exciting I picked up the bus ticket, mustn't lose that, and walked up the beach. The sky had cleared and the had sun come out. I was aware of the sting of it's rays on my pale skin. The walk to the bus shelter was a lot further than I had realised and I thought that I would get burnt.

I reached the 'unclad bathing' sign. Time to 'dress'. I should describe my garments some more. The 'g' was a little unusual. It had a wide elastic band â€“ about an inch. This sat high above my hips. Covering my front was a strip of only an inch wide that ran down between my lets. The material was very sheer. Travelling up the back was a thin string. The bra had the same wide straps â€“ no clasp at the back, just elastic. It had the same sheer material and very little of it. I'm only a B-cup and this didn't cover all of them. All in all it actually could pass for very hot swimwear â€“ from a distance. Only once you got close did you notice my nipples as clear as day, my areola as clear as day and even my inner labia as clear as day.

Fortunately the beach was almost deserted. I continued to walk towards the bus shelter â€“ you need to go past the middle car park and get to the first car park another kilometre or so. I was starting to relax a bit. This was pretty hot, but ok. I could do this. The black outfit looked great against my pale, glistening skin and matched my jet black hair.

I was going to have to pass an old couple (maybe in their sixties) that were walking their little dog. I kept walking and smiling. Really I was enjoying this. I didn't look for their reaction, they could look or not. I didn't care. I felt great.

Now I had to leave the beach, but that's was ok. I was looking forward to getting under some shelter. My whole skin was buzzing, partly the sun, partly my hornyness (which was rising again) and probably partly the 'E'. At the northern end there is a whole lot of wooden steps, and then you get to top. I could see the bus stop â€“ but no shelter. Damn, I'm gonna get burnt.

I just stood around on the grass, buzzing away, waiting for the bus. I found myself gently stroking my clit. How long had I been doing that for? In complete public! I pulled my hand away, but damn it felt good. I was seriously wet down there. Close up you could see everything! A couple of cars drove by. They had a good look, but nothing happened. It was ok!

When the bus arrived I found that I was stroking my clit again. Must stop that! I started to realise that I was probably really stoned by the 'E'. The bus: '741 Maslins Beach to Colonnades Shopping Centre', did sort of a u-turn and pulled up at the stop. It was empty. Maslin Beach is the start of it's run. The door opened, the driver looked fairly normal â€“ apart that his eyes widened a bit. As I was boarding I felt an alarm at the back of my mind. I asked the driver 'This bus goes through the city?' I said it a bit slurred and had to repeat it. I was really stoned. 'Only to Colonnades' he replied, 'transfer at Noarlunga if you want the city.'

I selected a seat towards the back. The bus remained motionless, probably early and waiting for the time to leave. I was feeling very stoned and a bit remote. 'transfer at Noarlunga if you want the city'. He means transfer to the train! This isn't the bus that goes past my flat. I felt a stab of panic. In confusion I started rubbing my clit again as the bus pulled away from the beach. I was going to have to transfer to a train, get out in the middle of the city, walk to another bus to get home and I was about to orgasm.

It was weird, part of me was planning how I was going to do this. While the rest of me was determined to have as many orgasms as possible. I had been to Noarlunga station before. I knew that they timed the busses to arrive just before the train departs. I'd get on the train, try to get an inconspicuous seat (don't know how I planned to do that) and get to the city. I was aware of how stoned I was, so I planned to wait in the toilets at the main station until I came down a bit, check out the map outside the ticket office and catch the right bus home. Easy! Apart from the fact that I was wearing a transparent bra and g-string.

The trip to Noarlunga station took about half an hour, the bus picked up a few grannies on the way to, but they all stayed up the front. I kept rubbing my clit, faster and faster. I don't think anyone noticed. When we approaching the station I got up early to wait at the rear doors â€“ a habit from years of catching the bus to school. I could feel the disapproving looks from the grannies. But I wasn't going to look at them. The bus turned a corner and I saw my reflection in the door.

Oh...my...god...

I could see that I was starting to turn red from the sun. I was covered in a light sheen of sweat. I could see that my thighs were slick from my pussy juices, and I could see half of my pussy sticking out the left side of the g-string. I reached down and tried to re-adjust it - I had pushed it to one side while masturbating on the bus. Somewhat straighter now, but god I must be sick. I could suddenly smell my arousal. My left hand was sliding on the pole as I held on, slick with my pussy juices. I had to get control.

I don't remember getting on the train. Just plain don't remember. I don't really remember getting off the bus. Just one of those drug induced blank spots. The 'E' must have been really peaking as the train trip to the city is a blur as well. I remember siting with my feet up on the seat in front of me hammering away at my pussy. I don't know how long I was doing it for, who saw me or anything. I became my pussy! The world became my pussy and I became the world.

I remember the train pulling into the station and me swinging my feet down. I remember that I had to keep my ticket for the bus. I don't remember leaving the train or getting to the toilet. I do remember splashing water over my head and the shocked expression on the lady next to me. I then hid in a cubicle and started masturbating again.

I don't think I'd ever been so wet in my life. I was so high, but at least I could think again. Perhaps I would come down in an hour or so and face the world without having to rub my pussy all the time. At least I can catch a bus with this ticket. I looked at the ticket. It had a time stamp 13:15 (actually the stamp is in a different format with additional information, but I don't know how to type in what it looks like and anyway the important part means 13:15). What this says is that I used the ticket at 11:15. What this means is that the ticket is valid for two hours past this time â€“ until 1:15 pm! I had no idea what the time was now!

I'd already had a couple more (well probably several) orgasms in the cubicle. And noisy too! I stepped out to an empty area and tried to straighten my g. It was actually showing signs of fraying and stretching. Looking in the mirror I knew I was in trouble. My hair was a mess. I was glowing red. And you...could...see...everything...

I dashed out into the main area of the train station and ran to the ticket kiosk. It was 12:45. I examined the map. 141, not 741! Christ how stupid. It left from Currie Street, two main streets south. I ran toward the underpass.

Note to self. If you want to attract attention, wear a transparent bra and g-string. If you want to really attract attention, try running wearing a transparent bra and g-string!

Everyone was looking.

I was trying not to notice, but I had no choice. There were a lot of people. I was in the city at lunchtime in what was the lead up to Christmas. When I got to the escalators that go under North Terrace I had to stop as my path was blocked. The guy in front of me (mid thirties, sort of good looking) actually turned around and blatantly ogled me! I could do nothing. And it was making me really hot again. I raced passed him at the top of the escalator and got to Hindley Street. Hindley Street is sort of Adelaide's main strip and sleaze area, but not at 12:45 in the daytime. It was crowded. I had to wait at the lights to cross the road. Everyone was looking. A few blokes in a car called out something (I can't remember what) and I heard a few whistles.

I tried to walk quickly (but not too quickly) down to Currie Street. There was the sign '141 City to Stonyfell'. There was a small queue. This was good, it probably meant that a bus was coming soon. I stood next a business man in a suit. He too blatantly ogled me. I guess I deserved it. A young guy with dreads joined the queue. He wasn't shy in looking either. I tried to ignore them, staring straight ahead. Then I found myself doing it again. Two of fingers on my left hand were up to the second knuckle up my pussy while my thumb was stroking my clit. All while standing between two complete strangers in the middle of the day, in the middle of the city. I pulled my hand away and muttered 'Sorry...'

'Fine with me', replied the suit.

'Shit yeah', confirmed the dreads.

I noticed the both had prominent bulges. But I didn't continue. I tried to straighten the g, but wasn't designed for this sort of punishment, it just sort of hung loosely around my shining pussy. I tried to wipe the juices off my hand, but I was so slick. Everywhere I wiped was wet. I caught myself just before I licked my hand, and then remembered doing that while on the train. Oh, my god.

Then the bus arrived. I boarded with the suit and the dreads and stood in the middle. Sitting down would have meant sharing a seat with someone, and somehow I didn't want to. There were kids from the TAFE college up the back and I think I made their day. Actually I probably made a lot of peoples day. I was trying to rub my legs together to get off again. 'Mustn't touch my pussy, Mustn't touch my pussy, Mustn't touch my pussy' I kept saying to myself. I thought I was going to pass out I was so horny. Twenty minutes later I was at my stop. About two minutes later I was fitting batteries into a vibrator that had always been just a bit too big!

I awoke at about 4:00 am the next morning with the vibrator still in me, slowly buzzing as the batteries died. I was a red as a lobster and sore for a week. I swore that I would never, ever do anything like that again. From now on I'm double and triple checking everything.

I'm writing this while on my next night shift roster. In a couple of days, I have another adventure planned that, although it doesn't include any nudity or completely over-the top clothing, should provide plenty of orgasms.

Stay tuned.

**My Identity Was Discovered**

I've been caught.

My last story, 'Her second foray into forced exhibitionism' gave away too much information and I've been found out. It happened when I got home from my last night shift for the month, ready for another 'adventure'. I hadn't planned something as over the top as my previous adventures. I had vowed never again. I had bought a set of remote control butterfly vibrating knickers, and had planned to go shopping while wearing them. No exposure, no keys locked in the car, but still outdoor orgasms. I had an haircut appointment, and was looking forward to a having my hair shampooed and massaged by the good looking apprentice (she has the best tits on a 18 year-old I've ever seen).

I was showering as usual, part-way through masturbating and fantasising about the apprentice when the was a loud hammering at the door. This was one of the knocks that makes you answer. It was loud and insistent. Was there a fire or something? I turned off the taps, dried my hair briefly (the knocking repeated itself), wrapped the towel around myself (large bath towel, very modest) and answered the door.

It was my cousin, whom I shall call Mary. Mary is a second year Nursing student. I've helped her out with some of here studies earlier in the year, but she's pretty bright and didn't really need much help. Maria looks nothing like me (none of my family do - I'm adopted), she's a largish girl with dark hair and dark olive complexion that shows her Greek heritage.

Mary pushed pass me.

'Umm, Hi.' I offered.

'Thought I'd catch you in the shower.' She replied turning on her heels as I closed the door, 'masturbating about your next naked adventure, Adelaide Nurse?'

I was stunned. Oh my god, she KNEW!

'Oh yes,' She continued 'you are mine for the day.'

Mary sauntered over to me and started to open my towel.

'You will do exactly as I tell you for the next 24 hours or a certain successful businessman gets copies of your stories.'

'You can't' I protested 'please.' I pleaded.

Mary, pulled off my towel and I stood before her naked.

'I want you.' she said, 'The other cousins know you swing both ways. So do I. Why do you think I got help with that stupid essay? I don't need your help. I wanted to be with you and now I've got you just where I want you.'

'But..' I protested, but it was cut short. Mary kissed me full on the lips and held my cheeks. This was all way too fast. She drew back and licked her lips.

'Not bad, but you'll do better by the end of the day.'

I was shaking, 'But...' I protested again.

'Shhh,' Mary said, putting her finger to my lips, 'don't be scared, I'm not going to make you run around naked, I'm not going to hurt you - you'll like this, trust me. I promise. Just do as I say - Or Else!'

Mary marched into my bedroom 'What fun do we have today? Oh goody!' On my bed where the vibrating knickers and haircut appointment card.

I'll leave out the next bit where I pleaded and sobbed. It's not very good reading and sort of kills the story. Mary promised not to show my Dad the stories, and I promised to have an 'adventure' with her. You could say we met half-way. Probably more on her side, but she was holding all the aces. Mary wanted me in my school uniform that I mentioned in my last adventure. To recap, it was originally my Primary School uniform. It's very short. It's impossible to sit down without showing your underwear and you can't raise your arms without showing your underwear. I had also sewn up the button holes to bellow my breasts. It was very tight and anyone looking could get glimpses of nipples. I pleaded, but Mary threatened me with an almost transparent chemise as an alternative. I slipped on the dress, the knickers, some white sneakers and short socks and was ready. Mary had the controls.

I had used the knickers before. At the end of the last night shifts I walked up and down Rundle Mall with them. I even had an orgasm while looking at my reflection in a glass window. Only at the time, I was wearing a long skirt and had the controls.

Mary took my car and drove into the city. On the way she stopped outside my Dad's business and office.

'Now who's in charge?' She asked and turned on the vibrator.

'Please.' I replied, but she turned up the vibrator. 'Not here.'

We were parked in the car park, there were people walking by. While I wouldn't expect my Dad to come out the front, it was possible.

'Play with your tits.' Mary commanded. 'Do it'.

I squeezed my breasts. I love my breasts, I don't have a lot, but they feel great to me. My nipples get so hard and just so incredibly sensitive.

'Let's see them then, squeeze those nipples. Harder.'

I gave a moan as I opened my dress to expose my breasts. Mary turned up the vibrator another notch, it wasn't on full yet.

'Put these on'.

Mary placed a pair of glasses on my head. They were large wrap around sunglasses that had been painted black on the inside - very effective blindfolds. When we had arrived there were a few people walking through the car park. There wasn't anyone visible when I put the glasses on, but now I wouldn't know if anyone walked past

'Undo your buttons, I want your dress open.'

Mary helped me to undo the dress, it was completely open and she had me completely exposed (apart from the vibrating knickers).

'Put your hands behind the head rest.' I reached behind my head, all I could feel was the knickers. With a jolt Mary turned them on full, I knew I wouldn't last long.

'Whose in charge?' She asked again.

'You are' I panted.

I don't think I can come sitting! I think I have to have my legs and hips straight. I found myself stretching out, lifting my bum off the seat to get my body straight as I approached orgasm. God I was close, but I needed more. I needed someone to touch my nipples, or anything really. This was too quick, the stimulation too sudden.

'Are you my slut?' Asked Mary.

'Yes, yes, I'm your slut'

Then I came, bucking my hips up and down, swinging on the headrest. It was an incomplete orgasm, purely vaginal really, but an orgasm none the less.

Mary turned off the knickers and removed my glasses. There was no one else in the car park. Mary was grinning like a mad woman.

'That was fantastic. Now do your dress up girl, let's go get some breakfast.'

She gave me another big kiss and fondled my breasts - if only she had done that twenty seconds ago! She started the car and headed for the city as I frantically did up the buttons as we merged into the morning traffic.

We parked in the Myer centre, right in the middle of the city. We caught the lift down to Rundle Mall and headed up to McDonalds on Rundle Street. We were there during the New Year sales week. There were a lot people and I thought I would get stared at consistently. There we were pushing through the crowds, one 'little girl' wearing a school dress, open to below her breasts and barely covering here knickers, one 'larger girl' with skin tight jeans and a blouse that showed plenty of ample cleavage. Despite being younger than me, Mary looks like a very hot 'real woman', while I was looking like a trashy 'lolita'. I forgot to mention, Mary did my make-up before I left. Normally I rarely wear make up. I think Mary used way too much, but had to admit that I looked like I wanted sex (which was her announced aim). Actually the staring wasn't so bad. The mall was so crowded that people walking towards me only grabbed a quick glimpse before they went past - if they noticed at all.

We got to McDonalds. Mary ordered two big breakfasts and she selected a table at the back. I had been expecting her to sit me at the front by the glass wall, but she was going to make things easy for me. I was actually quite relaxed, rather tired from the night shift, but getting my 'second wind'. As we ate we chatted freely about literotica. As it turned out we both stated reading it at about the same time. We both enjoyed 'TheSparkZone' and Keiko. They were major inspirations for my earlier adventures. We both enjoyed the bondage genre, I confessed to loving the idea of having to 'ride the pony'. We discussed what we physically liked. I talked about how sensitive my nipples get, and how I had only just realised that I need to have my lets and hips straight. Mary told me how she loved a big wide cock or dildo. She was apparently a big girl down there. Mary also loved anal sex, and was surprised that I'd never tried it. I was actually very innocent compared to Mary. She'd had more women and men than I had by quite a large margin, and she was four years my junior! Mary felt I need to get out more. She planned to take me to some of the more outrageous parties and 'show me off'. She said they were very safe places, so somehow I trusted her. Mary spoke a lot about her recent 'coming out'. Her parents were not happy, and Christmas had not been a pleasant time. She still liked men and still had sex with them. She just preferred women.

It was a really, really nice chat. I had been close to Mary years ago, and we just 'clicked'. I had honestly forgotten what I was wearing. Actually, perhaps what I was wearing took me back to older times, although I usually had more normal underwear and the buttons done up!

We finished breakfast and Mary decided it was time to go.

'Let's play' she said. 'Just trust me, or else...'

We walked to a nearby park, and Mary sat me down on a bench right in the middle. It was less crowded here, but there were still a lot of people walking through. I was being noticed more. The knickers were turned on again.

Mary told me to stay still, while she walked around the bench. Suddenly she said 'Smile for the camera!' and started taking photos with her phonewhile turning the vibrator up a couple of speeds.

'No photos' I protested, but it was too late.

'No moving' replied Mary, pushing me back down on the bench. 'Stay still.'

I sat there getting hotter and hotter. Some teenagers had noticed the commotion and had decided to slow down as they walked past. Typical of younger teenagers, they blatantly looked, while trying to act as if they weren't blatantly looking.

Mary was typing on her phone. Then she stopped.

'All sent.' She announced.

'What?' I exclaimed, 'To who?'

'You'll see', replied Mary, 'Just do as I say and they won't go any further'.

She turned up the knickers, they must have been on full now. I was getting close, there were a lot of people walking through. I was just bringing my legs out straight and the knickers were turned off.

'Damn,' I thought. 'she knows when I'm going to come.'

'Let's jog.' announced Mary, and took off running. I followed, still panting from almost coming. Running always attracts attention, especially when everyone can see your underwear.

For a larger girl, Mary was quite fit and I had trouble keeping up. By the time we reached Victoria Square I was panting heavily, Mary looked fine. She got me to sit down on a bench again and turned the knickers on low.

'Let's catch a tram to Glenelg.' She said. 'A bit of topless bathing, can you imagine it? I'll rub some oil into your breasts while you come and come in front of everybody.'

'But you can't go topless at Glenelg.' I protested. 'It's illegal.'

'Plenty of people do it, god your such a prude.'

Mary turned up the vibrator. I wasn't going to take long.

'Maybe I'll make you sunbathe completely naked and take more photos. You thought Maslins was hot!'

Mary got out her phone again. Standing up she instructed me to show my tits, and turned up the knickers more. There I was, in the centre of the city, wearing a Primary School girls dress, holding it open to show my breasts as my cousin took photos. I was just about to come and damn! She turned off the knickers.

Mary sent the photos again. 'Excellent.' She said, and showed me the photos. They looked pretty hot. The expression on my face was a mixture of horror and ecstasy.

'Can we go somewhere else?' I asked.

This was far too exposed for me, Victoria Square is very open and there were people everywhere. Dozens of people had seen me expose myself.

'Yeah, I've decided against the beach. Besides you've got a haircut to get. I'll meet you outside your hairdresser's in 15 minutes.'

With that Mary sprinted off again. I felt the knickers start up again on their lowest setting.

My hairdressers was only 5 minutes walk away so I wondered what she was up to. I took my time walking a slow looping route to the hairdressers. The knickers were keeping me hot, but just sort of 'interested', not really building up or anything. I got a lot of stares and smiles from the men I passed. I got to the shop early and just walking slowly up and down out the front. Finally Mary arrived. 'All ready? Lets go', she turned up the knickers a notch and we entered the shop. I didn't know how I was going to cope with this.

My hairdresser (or stylist) is part of a large chain. It's quite a funky place, with loud music and lots of stainless steel and mirrors. I approached the counter while Mary sat down and grabbed a magazine. I had arranged for just a trim. 'My usual' I told the apprentice as I sat on low chair under the washbasin.

I'm not sure if the what happened next was heaven or hell. Mary kept changing the speed on the knickers as I squirmed in my seat. The apprentice (we'll call her Kate), was doing magic things with her fingers in my hair as I stared at her cleavage in the mirrors. Kate is very blond, with over-styled curly hair. She was wearing a tight, tight singlet without a bra. I could imagine myself bitting her nipples, or her bitting mine!

I could not come. I had to get my legs straight, but couldn't while I was in this chair. Kate asked a few times if I was alright. I couldn't follow her inane small talk, fortunately it was basically a one way conversation. Walking to the higher stools to have my hair cut (sorry - 'styled'), I could feel my thighs were wet, fortunately, Kate had put one of those black ponchos over me so I felt much less naked than I had recently. Mary turned off the knickers as I stood up - just as well as I don't think I could have walked otherwise. As soon as I sat down on the stool they started up again. I was very flushed and still squirming. Fortunately Kate prattled on regardless as Mary played with the controller.

As Kate was finishing up, Mary approached the counter and called Kate over. The knickers had been on high for what had seemed like hours and I was seconds away from orgasm. I stood up, stretched out, and Mary turned the knickers off!

The music was too loud to hear their conversation. I could see that it involved something to do with me and that Kate seemed pleased and agreed. She walked back grinning.

'Well aren't you a lucky girl.' Kate enthused. 'Your friend says she has an offer you can't refuse, she's shouting you a xxx wax!'

Oh my god! I had shaved everything a few months ago, but only once and it had grown back to a short stubble. I followed Kate out the back, I saw Mary grinning madly, I knew I couldn't refuse.

'...and I love the sexy schoolgirl look,' Prattled on Kate. 'it really suits you. Nickers off and jump up here.'

I peeled off my knickers while Kate went into another room. They were saturated. I put them on a chair which looked like it was there to have clothes put on it and climbed into the seat. The chair looked like something from a gynaecologists, only it was pink! I spread my legs and gave my pussy a quick rub, maybe I could come before Kate returns? Then I would be less sensitive!

Oh god, I was so horny. Kate walked back into the room as I was again, seconds away from orgasm.

'Ok, lets start. Just lie back and try to...'

Kate stared at my public region. It was slick with my pussy juices and my lips were fully open. My hand that had only just pulled away was also shiny. There was a very awkward silence.

'...um, just try to relax'.

Kate started to get the equipment she needed. I was desperate to come. I was worried that I would have an orgasm the minute she touched me. Kate used a small wooden applicator to apply some wax, starting on the outside. The warmth felt great, but being touched so close to where I wanted to be touched, but not being touched there was only making me hotter. She applied a cloth to the wax, pushed down, and again told me to just relax. Then, oh my god! The pain was just over the top! I had never been waxed before (I've always shaved my legs and pits). My hands flew to the wounded site and pushed down.

After a time, Kate asked if I was ok to continue. I knew I had no choice, Mary was outside waiting. I said yes, and the procedure continued. The next one wasn't so bad, I think Kate used a shorter strip of fabric. As she worked her way closer to my vagina, I started getting excited despite the pain. The rubbing of the wax, the pressure as she applied the cloth, and then my rubbing, oh my god. I knew I wouldn't actually come in front of her but my god I was so horny, so desperate for release.

Kate was silent throughout most of the waxing. Apart from the occasional confirmation if I was ready to go again, or asking me to move slightly, she said nothing. Her eyes were wider than normal. I couldn't work out if her slight smile was just a polite habitual posture, an attempt to cover her disgust, or if she was getting excited. To be honest I was too worked up to think about much. I was deeply embarrassed, and very turned on all at the same time.

When she had finished, she poured some lotion on.

'Rub this in, it should soothe a bit.'

She stood up and watched me rub it in. It felt great. I couldn't take my eyes off her, those fantastic tits of hers. I just wanted to bite them. The smoothness of my pussy, the soothing lotion, the relief. And then out of the blue, I came...

I can sometimes be noisy when I orgasm, and this was one of those times. I was bucking my hips up and down, grunting and panting. I just kept rubbing faster and faster, it seemed to go on forever. And Kate just stood there, eyes wide, mouth gaping. When I had calmed down a bit, and stopped actually grunting, Kate told me that I could get dressed when I was ready and pay at the counter, turned and left the room. I couldn't believe what I had just done. I was so ashamed. I used the towel that I had been sitting on to wipe myself. The sensitivity was incredible! I pulled on my knickers, which felt cold and wet and exited the room.

Everyone looked at me. I had 'chosen' to orgasm during the silence between two songs, and everyone would have heard. Mary was beside herself, she met me in the middle of the room and gave me a huge kiss full on the lips. She held my head with both hands and gave me a huge pash. I stood there with my hands at my side at first, and then I actually reached out and put my hands on her behind. Her ass actually felt pretty good. At last she stopped.

'I've already paid my love.' She announced to the room, and led me out by my arm. I was totally embarrassed.

'That was my regular hairdresser', I protested once we were outside.

'And will continue to be so,' replied Mary 'in fact I've made another appointment for next week - did you know they do piercings?'

I was about to continue protesting when Mary broke into a jog again.

'Come on, much to do.' she called as she ran off. I ran after her, I had no choice.

Even without being turned on, the knickers were stiffer than a normal pair and the jogging was causing them to rub over my over-sensitive pussy. Rundle Mall was just around the corner and we were soon having to slow to a walk due to the crowds. Without warning Mary turned the vibrator on full.

'No, I cried.' Almost dropping to my knees. Mary stood in front of me.

'It's too much', I was panting, I didn't know what to do.

'Please no, it hurts!'

'Then take them off.' Mary replied.

'What?'

'Take them off. Or I leave the on for the rest of the day.'

I looked around. We were in the middle of the mall, people walking past us on either side. I squatted down and pulled off the knickers. Mary turned them off and took them from me, placing them in her large handbag. My pussy was quivering. The fresh air felt almost as bad as the vibrations. Mary smiled and continued walking. I followed.

People must have seen what I had done, but I didn't look at anyone in the crowd. I tried to only look at Mary. I felt very vulnerable. I was in broad daylight, being led around my a deranged woman with a dress that stopped millimetres below my pussy, and open at the front to below my breasts.

Mary was looking for something, or someone. Then she found them. Occupying a group of seats in the mall was a group of boys. Probably just finished high school. All acne, testosterone and no brains. Mary asked me if I knew how to plat my hair.

'Of course.' I replied.

She handed me a hair tie from her bag.

'I want you to stand by that post, facing the boys and plat your hair. I'll be standing behind them. Keep working on your hair and looking at me until I wave at you.'

I felt a lump in my throat. I knew the minute I raised my arms I would uncover my baldness.

'Watch me and I'll demonstrate what I want, the hotter you look, the quicker this will be for you.' Mary started to walk off. 'And don't forget the photos!' She called with a laugh.

Mary took up her position behind the boys. They were busy chatting and laughing and with the busy crowd they didn't notice me approach the lamp post. Mary was grinning like a maniac. I was only about six metres in front of the five boys. Mary reached up with her arms and started to pretend to plat her hair, arms up high. I did the same. The dress rose clear above my pussy. Everything was on show. I would have been shiny down there, I could feel my lips tingling with the exposure, I could feel my ass out on clear display. First one boy noticed. He nudged the boy next to him and within seconds I had their full attention.

The boys were almost drooling, it was obvious I was doing this for them. I could see bulges of varying sizes amongst them. Their young faces were in awe. They were very cute boys, the sort that mothers dream of their daughters bringing home and I was giving them a show they would never forget.

Mary was mouthing something at me I couldn't quite understand. Then she moved her legs and I caught it. She wanted me to spread my legs! 'Oh God' I thought as I moved my feet apart. I could see Mary indicating more, so I spread them more - about two feet apart. Mary then leant back, I copied, 'Oh my God' I thought. I could feel a bead of juice running down the inside of my left thigh. One of the boys was rubbing himself through his pants, the rest were motionless, mouths wide open.

My hair was very poorly platted, really it was just sort of pulled back with a tie on it. But mercifully, Mary waved and walked off. I tried to casually walk off as well but ended up almost tripping over my own feet. I was so horny I could hardly think or walk. I didn't look back at the boys, I just caught up to Mary who beside herself.

'That was fantastic, I can get you to do anything!'

We left Rundle Mall and headed down Kintore Ave. (for the locals) towards the Torrens River. As soon as we crossed North Tce., Mary broke into a jog again. I followed, only I knew that everyone could see my shaved pussy as I ran. The footpath along Kintore Ave is narrow, and the people coming towards me, and the people I passed couldn't miss that I was bald as a badger. The men that were coming toward me all turned as I past them. Mary was much faster than me, so they all had a great view as I approached. I wanted to die, and yet I was still excited.

I think part of the reason that I felt excited was that this wasn't my fault. You see, I felt I had no choice. It wasn't really me doing this, I had become a sort of an out of body exhibitionist!

Mary took a right turn into the University of Adelaide. It was essentially closed at this time of year. She stopped running and I caught up to her.

'Ready for a rest?' she asked.

'Please,' I panted. 'this is too much, you're not being fair'.

I was starting to sob, but Mary was having none of it. After a short walk in which we only saw a couple of people (and yes they stared at me), we entered a building and climbed some stairs. We came to the door of a set of toilets. Male toilets! Mary opened the door and called out.

'Cleaning lady!'

There was no reply and we entered. Mary pushed me into a large cubicle designed for wheelchair access.

'Strip' she said. I stripped.

'At last,' I thought. 'we're going to have sex.' God did I want to have sex!

Mary pushed me against the wall and produced a pair of handcuffs from her handbag. They were still in the plastic wrapping - this must have been what she bought when we separated.

'Arms up'.

I put my arms up and Mary handcuffed me to a pipe high up on the wall. I was stretched out, but not uncomfortable.

'Great,' I thought. 'kinky sex!'

Mary then showed me a bottle of baby oil. The strories I posted on Literotica had chronicled how I love oil. She poured a generous amount over me and I groaned, god it felt good, god I was hot. She rubbed the oil into my breasts - I thought my nipples might burst! She coated my hair and face, my back, my ass, oh god, my legs and last she touched my pussy.

She slid a finger slowly in and out.

'You like that?' She asked.

I just groaned, I wanted this so much. Then she stood back and started taking photos with her camera again. I didn't even protest! I just wanted her fingers back.

'Ok,' She said, picking my dress off the floor and stuffing them in her handbag.

'just stay here while I go shopping.'

'What! You can't!'

'But I can, and I will. I can close this door from the outside. You just better hope no one comes in.'

I continued protesting, but Mary just smiled, walked out and closed the door (it has a lock that can be opened or locked from the outside - presumably in case someone gets into trouble inside). Then the lights went out, and I heard the outside door close.

Oh my god! I was handcuffed naked inside a male toilet. Plus I had been recently waxed, forced to exhibit myself, coated in baby oil and played with to almost coming. I was going to die, I knew it. My heart was pounding. I tried to get my hands out. No luck, the cuffs were on tight - not hurting, but I was not getting my hands out. I tried breaking the pipe, but that was clearly not going to happen. I reviewed my situation. Even if I could get free, I couldn't leave. I had to wait. Oh god!

I was rubbing my thighs together, maybe I could get a decent orgasm, after all I didn't have anything else to do. I turned around and faced the wall and started rubbing my pussy against the smooth tiles. The wall was tiled up to my navel and offered very little friction. Above that, the wall was a course rendered type and very rough. My nipples were getting a great workout and I started getting really hot again. But I couldn't 'make it'! God how I tried, but I needed more. I needed something in between. I was going to go mad.

The darkness was not helping. There was just the cold tiles, the rough wall and my desire to come. After a while I was just getting pissed off. I was slamming my hips into the wall in frustration, maybe I thought I could beat my pussy into orgasm, I don't know what I was doing, but I remember doing this when I heard the outside door open and the lights go on.

I froze.

Oh my god! I think I actually stopped breathing. I could feel every inch of my body break into goose bumps. I could feel a cold sweat mixing with the baby oil. I could feel the coarseness of the wall on my nipples and the cold metal handcuffs.

It was not Mary. Alongside the pounding of my heart I could hear heavy male footsteps. Then I heard a zipper being undone. Then I heard the splash against the urinal. I started to breathe again - very slowly. I thought I was actually going to pass out with fear. The man urinated for an eternity and then zipped himself up. I heard the footsteps leave. He didn't wash his hands or flush 'dirty bastard' I thought to myself. He also didn't turn the light off.

I almost started to cry, but didn't want to make any noise. Seeing the reality of my situation again was terrible. I hated Mary, and I hated myself. This wasn't me. This wasn't what I wanted.

I pulled on the handcuffs again, but they were going nowhere - I was going nowhere.

I had turned around facing the cubicle door. If I stretched out I could touch the wall on the left with my feet and just reach the toilet on the right. Didn't get me anywhere though...

Mary told me later that I had been in the toilet for ninety minutes before she returned. I honestly had no idea. I heard her call.

'Cleaning lady' and sighed with relief. Whatever I had been feeling before was instantly replaced with joy - I was going to be free.

'Well,' She said, as she walked in swinging a Myers shopping bag.

'I can see from the lights you've had company, maybe I should do some more shopping and see if anyone finds you'.

I was about to launch into a tirade of abuse, but this stopped me. She might not free me yet! I stayed quiet and managed a small grin.

'I've got some new clothes for you, but first I though you might like this...'

Mary put down her bags and produced a good-size vibrator. Now Myer stock a lot of things, but I think she had been down Hindley Street again!

'Oh god' I said again, as Mary slowly inserted the eight-inch probe. This is what I needed. She withdrew it.

'Beg for me' She whispered.

'What?'

'Ask me to fuck you'

'Please fuck me.' I replied. 'Please fuck me, I need to come'.

Mary made me keep begging as she slowly inserted and withdrew the vibrator. I couldn't believe how hot I was so quickly. I was almost at coming point within seconds. Then she turned on the vibrator and rammed it right in and out and high speed.

I saw stars! Mary tells me that I yelled something fierce, but I don't remember yelling. I just remember coming. And coming and coming and coming. Even when I thought I was going to stop, Mary kept ramming the vibrator in and out so I just kept on coming.

Eventually Mary stopped and withdrew the vibrator. I was trying to catch my breath, which was made difficult by Mary making me lick the vibrator clean. I was dizzy and didn't really know where I was or what I was doing. Mary stepped back, put away the vibrator and took some more photos with here phone. As I stood panting, hanging from the cuffs, she took photos and sent them.

'You've done well girl,' Mary announced. 'but you look like a mess. Let's get you cleaned up.'

She unlocked the handcuffs and dragged me out into the main area of the toilet. I saw my self in the mirror. I did look a mess. My hair was everywhere, makeup smeared all over the place and the oil and sweat was not a good look. Mary filled a sink with water and pushed my head under. I couldn't believe what she was doing. Here I was stark naked in a male toilet and she wanted me to wash myself in the sink!

Mary produced a cake of soap and face washer. She actually wanted me to properly clean myself. I was a bit timid - I was still stunned from the last orgasm and in shock at what she was doing. Mary impatiently grabbed the face washer off me and started soaping up my body. She had gone into 'Nurse Mode'. There was nothing erotic - just a practical cleaning that can only be done from someone who has worked in Nursing Homes. Out of the Myer's bag sprang a towel and I was towelled off. A hairbrush came from Mary's handbag and my hair was looking better. Mary packed away the towel and accessories. I just stood there naked and silent. I couldn't believe the day!

Then suddenly Mary handed me something and said.

'Here's your clothes, get dressed and I'll meet you outside the building.'

She then darted outside. As she left I noticed that she had needed to unlock the main door to the toilet - all the time she was washing me the door had been locked. I wasn't sure if I was angry at not knowing or relieved. I looked at the dress. It was an item of lingerie, a one piece dress with shoe string straps, ivory in colour. I struggled into it. It was very tight, very short. Too short, it failed to cover my pussy by an inch or so while barely covering my nipples. It wasn't transparent, but I was still damp from the wash and you could clearly see the outline of my nipples, but the main concern was it's length. I pulled and pulled but it wouldn't cover my pussy.

Regardless, I left the toilet. Maybe I could beg Mary for some other clothes. Surely Mary had misjudged the length, after all I could get arrested for this dress! I was racing down the stairs.

'What if she takes me back the mall in this?' I thought.

Then I saw my car! Mary had driven my car from the Myer's centre into the Uni. Mary was in the driver's seat.

'Climb in, do you like your dress?'

We drove off back to my flat. Mary had thought about exhibiting me some more, but had wisely guessed that I needed to sleep. She tucked me up in bed (naked of course), kissed me tenderly and promised to be in touch soon. I fell quickly into a deep sleep.

I awoke a short time later, to find someone on the bed. It was dark. I tried to move, but couldn't. I had been tied spread-eagled to the bed and blindfolded. I could feel the person on the bed was naked. I felt a tongue in my pussy. Then I could feel the person squatting over my face. I reached out with my tongue and touched her pussy. The person jumped and then sat down harder. She tasted rich, like a thick nectar. I drove my tongue in hard. She moaned. She sat back into my face and squeezed her thighs.

I'm a small girl. Mary, and let's face it, it had to Mary at this stage, is a big girl. Big girl on top of small girl! I was in danger of suffocating.

But I didn't care, I licked and sucked and tried to move my head about. Mary was sitting up and played with my pussy using her fingers. She would run her fingers around my lips and then pinch and pull them. The pinching and pulling hurt like hell, but this only made me thrash around more which would have stimulated her more.

By now she was really grinding onto my face. I was just concentrating on try to breathe, Mary was just using my face as something to hump against. She had stopped playing with my pussy and was about to orgasm. Then she came. She squeezed so hard I thought my head was going to implode. Her cries of ecstasy made me want to come to. I started licking again, and wiggled my hips to try and entice her.

Mary responded my climbing off. Apparently she likes to come once and that's it - she's done. She also doesn't want me to see her naked - hence the blindfold. She also loves to torment.

Suddenly and without any warning my mouth was taped shut. Now I couldn't protest no matter what she did. Arms and legs spread. Blindfolded and now gagged. This was a dream and a nightmare.

I should have expected what came next. First came the sound of rubber gloves. I stiffened and made inarticulate noises through the gag. 'Not that' I thought. But there was no stopping her. I felt a well lubricated finger enter my anus. With my legs tied so far apart I couldn't stop it. Then two fingers went in! It actually felt incredible. No pain at all! My pussy was on fire. I was breathing heavily through my nose. Then Mary withdrew her fingers and I was left frustrated again.

Then something bigger and harder was pushing against my hole. This hurt! I tried to cry out as my anus stretched like it had never done before. I could feel it slide past my sphincter further and further in. I could feel myself stretching and it's girth increased. Then it narrowed and my anus closed around it. It was a butt plug. Mary had plugged me. Then without any announcement it started to slowly vibrate.

I was still in pain, but now I was loving it. The vibrations were slow, like a very strong throbbing. Just enough to feel in my clitoris. Mary retreated from the bed and I lay writhing in ecstasy.

About ten minutes later I was writhing in extreme frustration. The vibrations were driving me insane. I think if a blowfly had landed within ten centimetres of my clit I would have come, but there was nothing to drive me over the edge. I was truly going mad. I lost all track of time. What seemed a century later (probably only another ten minutes, maybe two) Mary removed my blindfold. She was fully dressed again, complete with her maniac grin.

'I'm going shopping again,' She announced. 'but I need the PIN number for this.'

She held up my VISA card.

'You want to come. I want the PIN number. Give me the PIN number and I'll let you come - but I warn you. Give me the wrong number and everyone you've ever met get's to see these.'

Mary held up a digital camera. Now she had high quality photos of me in addition to the phone pictures.

'Show me with your fingers, first number!'

I gave her my PIN number. I just wanted to come, I didn't care what she did with my money or who saw the photos. I just need to come.

'Thank you.' Mary concluded, jotting down the number in a business like manner.

'See you when the shops shut'.

She replaced the blindfold, then the vibrator when troppo. The vibrations were awesome, the strength was amazing and the speed! It was like a mixmaster in my ass. I heard my front door shut. She was going to leave me like this! The vibrations were almost too strong, the change too sudden. But then I came. It was another intense 'seeing stars' orgasm, then another, then another and then it kept going. I was trying to hold back, 'I could be like this for hours!' I thought. I was thrusting my hips and down like a demon possessed. I actually imagined that my bowel would fall out.

Then the vibrations stopped and I heard laughter. The bitch hadn't even left my flat. She nibbled on my clitoris, which caused more shudders and then pulled out the vibrator. my anus offered no resistance as it came out, I was completely spent.

Mary untied me and helped me to the bathroom to clean up. I needed help to walk! Then she tucked me in bed again. This time I slept unmolested until the following day.

I awoke to find Mary still in my flat, she was making some changes to my wardrobe...

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The above story is more or less as it happened, with a few changes to hide the guilty and to spice up the story.

Mary is real, only she's not my cousin. She did start out by blackmailing me, but now it's consensual with only the threat of blackmail to give me a push, although I still don't know who the third party is that Mary sent the pictures to. The above events took place pretty much as told, only over the course of a week and not a day. A few details about Mary and myself have been inserted as red herrings. There are far too many Adelaidians reading these stories, and we want to stay anonymous.

Mary wishes to invite you to submit ideas for me. Mary now has the email account that you reach via the anonymous feedback link. Mary says she will let me see most of the emails, but keep any suggestions for what I should do as a surprise. I also have to respond to more emails, but be patient I - got an awful lot last time. Mary want's ideas and suggestions that involve exhibitionism and humiliation, probably less blatant public nudity, but all suggestions are welcome. Creative bdsm ideas are also welcome.

Stay tuned.