**Blackmail**

**Ch. 01-02**

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Mary looked at the 10 x 8 glossy prints as she waited for the phone to ring. It showed her in great detail leaning over the desk of Bob Levant, the financial director of Burtondales. Her blouse was open and her bra pulled up over her large exposed breasts, which at the time were been handled by Bob who was also clearly deeply embedded in her from the rear.   
  
The picture had arrived in the internal post that morning. With it was a letter stating that the picture and other copies would be distributed around the company if she did not follow the instructions that would be phoned to her later that day. She had immediately rang Bob and he came to her office. Like Mary, he too was horrified when he saw the picture.   
  
"Who the hell took this," he burst out when he looked at it.   
  
Mary shook her head. "How am I supposed to know that? It's taken in your office," she retorted.   
  
"If this gets out, were both for the chop. You know how BJ feels about relationships in the workplace." He tossed the print back on Mary's desk.   
  
"I wonder what he is going to ask for?" Mary said. "If it's blackmail, I can't afford to pay."   
  
Bob shrugged. "You'll have to let me know and we maybe can sort something out."   
  
For the rest of the day it had been hard for Mary to concentrate on her work, and she was glad when the majority of the staff left. She had been told to wait in the office for the call, and before she went, she had asked Fran, her secretary, to go and fetch her some food from the cafeteria. She nibbled on the sandwich looking constantly at the phone. It was 8pm when at last the phone rang.   
  
"Hello, Mary." It was a man's voice that she did not recognize.   
  
"I guess you got the picture; nice and clear, wasn't it? I've several others; maybe you would like to see them."   
  
"What do you want? I don't have much money."   
  
"It's not money I want, Mary. It's you I want."   
  
"Me?" Mary inquired.   
  
"Yes, you. You are a very attractive woman. I don't want a lot from you,just a few small requests. Do as I ask and soon it will be all over. But you must do exactly as I ask: one mistake, one refusal, and I will send the prints to BJ."   
  
"You wouldn't! I would be finished here if you did."   
  
"I know. That's why I said what I did. Just follow my instructions to the letter and everything will be okay. I'm sure that's what Bob will tell you to do because his job's on the line as well."   
  
Mary sat and thought for a moment. "Okay," she said at last, "what is it you want me to do?"   
  
"That's what I wanted to hear." The voice at the other end of the phone was lighter now.   
  
"Just one little instruction before we start. On your way home tonight, I want you to call in at Wal-Mart and get yourself a new mobile phone with a Blue Tooth earpiece. When I call tomorrow, I want you to give me the number, and in the future we will use that. Okay?"   
  
Mary told him that she understood.   
  
"Right. I'm glad we understand each other, Mary. Now for this evening's task-- it looks as though everyone has left your office."   
  
Mary suddenly looked around. Obviously, whoever it was on the phone could see her.   
  
"No, you can't see me," the voice said, "but I can see you very clearly, and I do like the blue suit. As always, you look very smart in that." Mary felt uncomfortable knowing that someone unseen was watching her. Was it a member of the staff? Was she being stalked?   
  
"What is it you want from me?" She spoke into the phone.   
  
"Not much, just a little fun," the voice said. "Tonight I just want to see you follow instructions. Now to start with, I want you to put the phone on speaker. You will need your hands free."   
  
Mary pressed the speaker button on the phone and replaced the receiver. Now the voice seemed louder. "You can still hear me, but I may not be able to hear you so well, so just nod or shake your head. Can you hear me clearly?"   
  
Mary nodded her head.   
  
"Very good," the voice said. "Now get up and walk towards the window." Mary did as requested.   
  
"That's very good. Keep that up and things will go along fine. Now move the small chair on your right and place it behind you."   
  
Again Mary did as requested, wondering where all this was leading. She stood in front of the chair looking out at the almost darkened windows of the office blocks. Across the courtyard, some lights were still on, and she could see cleaners working in some of the other offices. Was the voice out there watching her? Was he in one of the offices across the courtyard?   
  
"Right, Mary. We'll get started. First of all, I want you to remove all your clothes."   
  
She didn't move. She just stood looking at the darkened window.   
  
"Did you hear me? I said remove all your clothes!"   
  
She nodded nervously, but still didn't move.   
  
"Now, Mary, don't spoil things before we even get started. I have the pictures here. All I have to do is post them, and you and Bob—well, neither of you might not be able to get another job without a reference."   
  
Mary knew it was hopeless. She either had to follow his instructions or take the consequences, and she didn't want to lose her job. She guessed Bob would feel the same. So she knew she had to submit herself to some perverted stranger's warped desires. She felt almost traumatized as she moved her hands up and began unbuttoning her jacket. She slipped it off and laid it over the back of the chair. She did the same with her blouse, and then slipped out of her skirt. It felt strange standing in front of the window of her office in just her underwear. She didn't know who might be out there watching. There were hundreds of windows; any number of people could be out there. She shuddered at the thought.   
  
"Very nice," the voice from the speaker phone said. "Victoria's Secret?"  
  
Mary nodded. She now felt ashamed and humiliated.   
  
"Right. Let's get down to the interesting bit. Although your undie's are very pretty, you will now have to take them off as well."   
  
Mary stared at the darkened window. She could see her reflection in it, standing there in just her brief underwear and her hold ups. She noted that some more of the lights had gone off across the court yard and there was now no sign of the cleaners, but still she knew anyone could be out there watching.   
  
Reluctantly she moved her hands up to the clasp of her bra. She flicked it undone, and then peeled off the bra. She felt her nipples stiffen as the coolness of the air conditioning hit them. She dropped the bra on top of her other discarded clothes, and then she hooked her fingers in the waist band of her briefs and slowly slid them over her hips. She stooped to retrieve them as they fell down around her ankles. She stood up and saw again her reflection in the darkened glass. Her naked body stared back at her.   
  
"You have a wonderful body," the voice said. It was lower this time. "I have seen it before, but not in such detail. Bob obstructed the view last time, and you didn't remove all your clothes. I like you better completely naked."   
  
Mary shivered slightly and she felt her nipples harden. Her body was reacting; the pervert was having an effect on her. She couldn't believe it.   
  
"Turn around slowly for me." The voice broke her out of her trance.   
  
Again she did as instructed, and finished facing the window again.   
  
"Delightful! We are going to have fun, you and me. Now sit down on the chair."   
  
Mary sat down. The leather of the seat was cool on her bare flesh. She shivered again and sat there waiting. What was going to happen next?"   
  
"Right, Mary. Now I want you to lean back on the chair and open your legs wide. I want to be able to see every detail of what lies between them." Now she really felt mortified. Just how far was he taking this? Hadn't he done enough making her strip naked in front of God knows how many pairs of eyes that might be out there? But again, reluctantly, she complied with his wishes.   
  
"Nice pussy. I'm pleased to see you keep it neatly trimmed; don't like to see them hidden."   
  
She sat there with her legs wide apart staring at her reflection.   
  
"Now for the exciting bit, Mary," the voice spoke again. "I want you to make yourself cum for me, and I want the real thing--no faking; just use your fingers."   
  
She couldn't believe what he was asking her to do--play with herself in front of the window. She was about to scream. "No, I won't." But then she thought of the consequences. She knew she would have to comply.   
  
Her hands moved down between her legs. She eased the pussy lips apart and was not surprised to feel them wet. She slid one finger into the warm wet interior and moved it slowly around. Her thumb located the hard nub of her clit and pressed it gently making herself groan. Then while slipping another finger inside, she proceeded to finger fuck herself, rotating her clit with her thumb while her fingers slid in and out of her wet pussy.   
  
Although she was feeling a little worked up by what she had been asked to do, she wondered if she could actually bring herself off under the circumstances, but it was not too long before she felt her body responding. She closed her eyes; it was bad enough doing it with out watching herself. She felt the pleasure welling up inside her. She was hot and horny with the exertion, and then she came, groaning and gasping deep breaths. She slumped back in the chair breathing heavily; the speaker phone was now silent.   
  
A few moments went by. "You did that very well." The voice now seemed a little strained. "You can dress when you are ready. Don't forget what I said about the Blue Tooth. I will call you tomorrow." There was a click as the caller replaced the receiver and she heard the sound of the dialing tone.   
  
Mary eased herself up off the chair. The red leather was wet with her juices. She would have to clean that before she left. She picked up her discarded clothes and made her way to the ladies wash room where she cleaned herself up before redressing. She returned to the office, cleaned the chair, and straightened things before she left. She drove home reflecting on what she had done. How far were things going to have to go? What more was there in store for her? She followed his instructions and called at Wall-mart, buying a phone with Blue Tooth.   
  
The helpful guy even set it up for her ready to use. Back at home, she had a restless night and was still tired when she woke. After a shower and breakfast, she made her way back to the office.   
  
Around ten her phone rang. Was it her caller? She was relieved when she discovered it was Bob. "Can I come over and see you? I think we need to talk."   
  
"I'm free at the moment."   
  
"I'll be there in five."   
  
Minutes later there was a knock on the door and Bob came in. He had a large brown envelope in his hands.   
  
"I guess he rang last night?" Bob said.   
  
Mary nodded.   
  
"He's not after money is he?"   
  
She shook her head. "No, not at the moment." She wondered if should she tell him what went on.   
  
He placed the envelope in front of her. Mary opened it and slid out a series of 10 x 8 prints. She gasped. They showed her undressing. They were crystal clear and showed every detail. When she got to the last one, she began to feel faint. "My God, how could he?" she exclaimed.   
  
Bob shook his head. "I'm glad for our sake you went along with him although it must have been awful for you to do those things."   
  
Mary looked at him. "What more could I do?"   
  
"I don't know," said Bob, shaking his head. "Is he calling again?"   
  
Mary nodded. "He said he'd call later today."   
  
"I know it's not very nice for you, but you will just have to humor him. Hopefully he will soon tire of his little game."   
  
Mary was unsure and Bob did not sound too hopeful.   
  
"If there is anything I can do to help, you know you only have to call."  
  
She nodded.   
  
"Keep me informed." He smiled at her as he left the office.   
  
It was mid afternoon before she received the call she was dreading. "You have the mobile?" the voice said. She told him she had and gave him the number   
  
"It was fun last night, wasn't it?"   
  
She did not reply.   
  
"Did Bob like the pictures? The details were very good."   
  
She still didn't reply.   
  
"Hope you are not sulking. I want you to enjoy your little adventure with me."   
  
"Okay," Mary said at last, "let's get it over with. What do you want now?"   
  
"Nothing at the moment, dear girl, but be in the Botanical Gardens by the Peter Pan statue at eight tonight and I will contact you. Bye for now, Mary." And with that, the phone went dead.   
  
She checked 1741 but found the call had come from a public phone box. She shrugged. Guess we will have to see what tonight brings, she thought to herself.   
  
Well thats Part 1 and I hope you found it interesting, poor Mary isint she in a mess, but you dont have to wait because as a special treat. I have included Part 2 as well. so enjoy.

Blackmail Part 2   
  
The rest of the day passed slowly for Mary. She found it hard to concentrate on her work. She kept looking at the window where her tormentor had made her strip and perform.   
  
Looking across the courtyard to where the other blocks of offices faced hers, she wondered if he were still somewhere in there watching her. She had worked out from the direction the photographs were taken that he was certainly located somewhere opposite.   
  
It was a last 5pm and time to leave. There seemed no point in going home only to come out again. Maybe she should eat out and then a stroll around the shops; anything to get her mind away from what lies ahead. By the time she made it to the car park to pick up her car, she was feeling a little more relaxed. She had drunk a half bottle of wine with her meal.   
  
The sun had just gone down and the sky was just beginning to darken as she pulled into the car park at the Botanical Gardens. A few cars were still parked there. Was his car one of them she wondered? She locked up the car, slipped the Blue tooth earpiece into place, and made her way into the Gardens.   
  
As she made her way towards the rose garden where the Peter Pan statue was located, she only passed three people: a young couple walking slowly arm in arm staring into each others eyes and an elderly man walking a large Golden Labrador which came ambling toward her and sniffed at her held out hand.   
  
The dog's owner smiled. "He's a devil for a pretty face." He grinned as he walked past.   
  
The rose garden was deserted, and in the warm evening the sweet smell of the roses filled the air. Mary glanced at her watch. It was just before eight. She walked towards the bronze statue. Was he close by watching her she wondered? She shivered slightly. She jumped as the earpiece came to life ringing in her ear. She pressed it on.   
  
"Good evening, Mary. Glad to see you are on time."   
  
She didn't answer, but looked around her. There were plenty of places where someone could hide themselves; he could be anywhere.   
  
"I enjoyed our little game last night. I hope you got something out of it as well."   
  
She still didn't reply, just wanting him to get on with it.   
  
"Tonight I thought we would take things a little further--nothing too serious--so I want you to undress."   
  
Mary looked around, startled. "What? Here?" she exclaimed. "Anybody could come."   
  
When he replied, she could tell he was amused. "That's all part of the fun. Now just do as you are told."   
  
It had been bad enough undressing in the privacy of her own office, but this was different; this was in an open public place where anyone could walk by.   
  
"I'm sorry. I really can't, not here." She spoke quietly into the ear piece.   
  
"Don't be difficult, Mary. You know what I said about any refusal and I will have no option but to forward the pictures. And don't forget I have others now. What would BJ and the other board members think of your little display last night?"   
  
Mary knew there was no point in arguing. She was in a bind and getting deeper into it every day. Resignedly she looked around, and with trembling fingers, began to unbutton her jacket. When she had removed it, she held it in her hand wondering what to do with it.   
  
"Just hang it on Peter," the voice in her ear said.   
  
She hooked the jacket on Peter's outstretched bronze hand. Then she began to unbutton her blouse, still looking around her expecting to see someone appear at any moment. With the blouse off, she unclipped her skirt and eased it down over her hips. She scooped it off the ground and placed it with her other things.   
  
Now she was feeling very vulnerable standing there in just her brief underwear. She looked around. "I really can't go any further, not here." She spoke quickly into the mouth piece.   
  
"You really don't have an option, Mary. I know you are not shy."   
  
"No, I'm not, but what if someone comes?"   
  
"They'll get a very pleasant surprise. Now be a good girl and take the rest of your clothes off. The longer you delay things, the more chance there is of your being discovered."   
  
She realized that he was right of course. She would have to go through with it in the end so what was the point in delaying things. With another glance around, she unclipped her bra and slipped out of it. Her briefs followed and now she was naked and terrified in a public garden.   
  
"There, I told you it wasn't hard. And by the way, you look beautiful standing naked amongst all those roses."   
  
Now that she was naked, Mary felt a little strange. Yes, she was terrified that someone would walk into the rose garden and discover her, but strangely she also felt a little excited. It was like the first time, many years ago now, while she was at college; Spring break, it was. After a rowdy drinking party, Mary, along with several others, had gone down to the lake and skinny dipped. She still remembered how she felt after undressing completely in the presence of others and running into the water. It had excited her watching all those naked bodies around her, and had added to the pleasure when later that night the hunky Ralph Goodwin had taken her in the back seat of his car.   
  
But now she was older. That happened ten years ago. But standing naked and being watched brought it all back to her. Instinctively she moved her hand down to her pussy lips. Yes, they were slightly moist. She couldn't believe she was actually responding to this pervert.   
  
"A little wet already?"   
  
The voice in her ear made her jump. Guiltily she removed her hand.   
  
"Right. How about a little stroll? Just walk over towards the gate."   
  
Now she was feeling more than a little scared having to move away from her clothes. Standing by the statue she could have grabbed them if someone had suddenly appeared, but if she walked away from them, there was no chance. She looked towards the gate. It was only fifty yards or so. Maybe it would be alright. She had not seen anyone since seeing the three people when she first came in.   
  
She began to walk towards the gate. The further she moved away from her clothes, the more vulnerable she felt. She moved quickly at first, but he told her to take her time. As she walked, she felt her large unrestrained breasts sway with the movement of her body. At last she reached the gate. Now she was shaking, and she knew she was getting wetter. Why was her body responding like this? He kept her waiting by the gate until he gave her his next command.   
  
"We are nearly done for tonight, Mary. You have done very well so far. All I want you to do now is walk through the gate and around the outside of the wall till you reach the other gate. Then you can retrieve your clothes."   
  
Mary glanced through the gate. Still no one was in sight, but it was quite open out there and she could hear voices in the distance. Hesitantly she pushed open the gate and stepped out. Keeping close to the wall, she began to make her way around. Suddenly, the Golden Labrador she had seen earlier appeared, wagging its tail. It moved towards her. She began to panic. Its owner would be close by. She dived for the shelter of some bushes: the dog followed. In the bushes she was at least shielded from view. The dog sniffed at her, its wet nose rubbing against her bare leg; she patted its head.

"Goldie, where are you? Come here, boy," a voice called out.   
  
The dog turned and looked in the direction of the voice. Mary pushed it gently; it did not seem to want to leave her. Through the shelter of the leaves, she saw a figure approaching. What was she to do now? What if he came in for the dog and found her? How was she going to explain things?   
  
"Goldie, come here, boy," the voice commanded again.   
  
This time the dog responded with a last lick of her leg. To Mary's relief it turned and bounded out of the bushes. She saw its owner greet it, patting its head as he secured its lead to its collar. "Let's go home, boy. There's nothing in there for you."   
  
Mary sighed with relief.   
  
"That was a close call," the soft voice in her ear said.   
  
She waited. The dog and its owner had disappeared, and then she continued her walk around to the other gate. She made it back to her clothes without any further events.   
  
"You can get dressed again now, Mary, but don't put on your undie's. Just leave them as a present for Peter Pan."   
  
Thankfully, she quickly slipped back into her clothes, but left her bra and panties dangling from Peter's hands. Then with a quick look back at the fluttering flimsies, she made her way back to the car park. It felt a little strange not wearing any underwear. Soon she was back in the car. She closed the door and slumped back in the seat in relief.   
  
Around her it was now almost dark. She felt secure again. She sensed again the wetness between her thighs. She took a tissue from her glove box, and easing up her skirt, she wiped between her legs. She was wetter than she thought and needed a second tissue. She felt pleasure from the feeling of her fingers on her pussy and could not resist easing her legs apart and sliding two fingers inside her warm wet hole.   
  
This whole thing was beginning to get to her. She shouldn't be enjoying this ordeal, but she knew deep down she was. She lay back in the seat and enjoyed the pleasure of her fingers as they quickly brought her to a much needed orgasm. She lay back, her skirt still up around her hips, her fingers still inside her feeling her juices slowly seep out. Suddenly she jumped as a bright light lit up the car for an instant. She fumbled with her skirt, pushing it down and trying to open the car door at the same time. By the time she got out, the car park was empty. Suddenly realization struck her--it had been a camera flash. He must have been close by all the time. She got back in the car and slowly pulled out of the car park. Her earpiece buzzed; she clicked it on.   
  
"Glad to see you, too, were getting pleasure from our little game. I'll send you a copy of the print tomorrow."   
  
"You bastard," she exclaimed.   
  
"Now, now, that's not a nice way to treat a friend. I might take offence and think up something really bad for tomorrow." The phone clicked off.   
  
The following morning the brown envelope arrived with her post. She recognized the writing. She opened it and pulled out the pictures. The first ones were taken in the rose garden, and even she had to admit that they were good. In fact, it gave her a slight thrill to see herself displayed like that, naked among the roses.   
  
It was the last one that shocked her, the one taken in the car. Her skirt was up around her hips, her fingers pushed deep into her pussy. The expression on her face was a picture of pleasure, and it must have been just at the moment of her orgasm. She stared at it and then thrust it into the shredder and watched as it disappeared. She slipped the others back into the envelope. That was when she saw the note. She pulled it out and read it.   
  
'Hope you liked the pics. I'm sure Bob will want one of those taken in the garden. I love the one in the car. You really were enjoying yourself, weren't you? Tonight I want you to make your way to the lorry (truck) park at Durrel's industrial estate; that's the one by the motorway. I have thought up something that I think you will enjoy. Be there by eight o'clock and don't forget the Blue Tooth. Oh, and by the way, it might be better if you were to wear a dress.'   
  
Later that morning Bob called in and asked her if she had heard anything more from the blackmailer. She passed him the envelope.   
  
"My God, he made you do this?" he gasped as he looked at the pictures. Then he smiled, "You have to admit, you do look attractive."   
  
Mary glared at him "It's alright for you. It isn't you he's targeting. I nearly got caught out there without a stitch on when a bloody dog came sniffing around."   
  
Bob smiled again. "Well, look on the good side. At least we both still have our jobs, and it's you who I have to thank for that. I will make it up to you. Just go along with him for now."   
  
The thought of another evening taking orders from the blackmailer did not seem to affect her today as much as it had over the last two nights. She opened her desk drawer and looked at the pictures again. I wonder what he has in store for me tonight, she thought to herself. She felt an interesting ache deep in her stomach. She pressed her hand against her pussy. What was this man doing to her?   
  
The request for a dress wasn't too much of a problem for her. She kept a few changes of clothes in the office just in case she needed to change for a night out. She looked at the two dresses in the cupboard, a small chic black number and a flowered button through. The black seemed a little too dressy so she decided on the flowered one.   
  
The industrial estate seemed deserted as she drove down towards the lorry park. A few lights were on, but nobody seemed to be working. Even the transport café in the lorry park was closed. A few lorries were parked up, some with their curtains drawn, the drivers obviously getting an early night readying themselves for an early start in the morning. A few meters away over a hedge, lorries and cars passed noisily up and down the busy motorway.   
  
She parked at the far side of the park away from the lorries. She glanced at her watch; it was seven fifty five. She felt a twinge of anxiety. Precisely on eight the earpiece buzzed. She tapped it and it was the voice she was now beginning to recognize.   
  
"Good evening, Mary. I hope you are well."   
  
She acknowledged him but did not say anything more.   
  
"Are we ready for a little fun tonight? I have decided to push you a little further each time we meet. I want to find your limit, but I do not want to rush things because I'm quite enjoying myself. I like having an attractive young woman like you obeying my every wish."   
  
She felt like telling to get on with whatever he intended for her to do.  
  
"Just to the left of the transport café," the voice in her ears said, "you will find steps leading to a foot bridge. It goes up over the motorway; it joins the two parts of the estate together," he explained. Get out of your car, stand beside it, and remove all your clothes."   
  
She was getting used to this request. She pushed open the door and stepped out. She looked around wondering where he could be. She knew from experience he was somewhere near, most likely with his camera poised. She left the car door open, and after removing her jacket, she placed it in the car.   
  
"Glad you found a dress. That one's ideal."   
  
She shook her head. He must be somewhere close by to notice all the details, but where? She continued to undress, and finally was standing naked beside her car and feeling more than a little self conscious.   
  
"As beautiful as ever," the voice said. "Okay, now I want you to put your dress back on: nothing else, just your dress."   
  
Thankfully she slipped back into her dress.   
  
"Now walk towards the café and find the foot bridge." Again she followed his instructions and found herself at the bottom of the steps. "Now I want you to make your way up onto the foot bridge and walk towards the center."   
  
Mary slowly climbed the steps. As she climbed higher, she saw over the edge on the motorway the vehicles flashing by in all the six lanes. She walked slowly towards the center. As she did so, she could feel the rush of air as some of the larger lorries passed under her. When she reached the center, she paused and waited for further instructions. When the earpiece buzzed again, she could hardly hear it because of the roar of the traffic passing under her.   
  
"I want you to face the motorway and slowly unfasten your dress."   
  
Mary stood for a moment not really believing what she had heard. So that was what he was going to make her do: strip where she could be seen by others. She looked around and shrugged. Apart from the traffic on the motorway, there was no one else around to see her so it wasn't so bad.   
  
She slowly began to unfasten the dress starting at the top and working her way down. With the buttons all undone, she held it together with her hand.   
  
"Don't do that." The voice sounded in her ear. She reluctantly let go of the dress and the wind blew it open, displaying her naked body. She was fifteen feet or so above the passing traffic, but she knew anyone looking up would have a clear view of her. There was a blare of a motor horn, and for a brief moment she saw the smiling face of a lorry driver. He gave her the thumbs up as he passed under her.   
  
Now more motorists were seeing her. Lights flashed and horns honked. Mary had mixed emotions. Again she was feeling the excitement of displaying herself naked to unknown strangers as she had on that lakeside years ago, but it was mixed with the worry of someone catching her. The motorists on the road below were not a problem, but what if someone should walk across the bridge?   
  
"Take the dress off all together now and leave it on the floor."   
  
Mary shrugged the dress off her shoulders. Now she had nothing to protect her, and she felt very vulnerable.   
  
"Walk slowly along the bridge and then back," the voice in her ears said.   
  
Again she followed instructions. She found she had lost some of her initial nervousness. It was an interesting sensation being naked out here in the open. Her tormenter had picked an ideal spot for her first public display-- somewhere where she could be seen, but where she was inaccessible to the people who saw her. Strangely, she was now even feeling more daring and waved back at the passing motorists and drivers. When she got back to where she had left her dress, she stopped and waited.   
  
"You did very well, Mary. I think you are beginning to enjoy this as much as I am. Okay, pick up your dress and go back to your car."   
  
She picked up the dress and was just about to slip into it.   
  
"I didn't tell you to put it on, only to pick it up. Now make your way back to the car."   
  
She carried the dress in her hand as she descended the steps and began the short walk across the car park. She looked a little nervously at the parked lorries wondering if there were someone in them maybe watching her, and she was thankful when she reached her car. She slipped into the car still naked as he hadn't told her otherwise, but she now felt a little more secure,   
  
"Are you feeling horny again after your little display?" the voice in her ear asked her. "Is your pussy nice and wet? I bet you would like to dip your fingers in, but I guess you are a little worried after last night, worried that I might be lurking close by to take another picture of you."   
  
Mary sat there listening to the voice. Yes, she was feeling horny. Who wouldn't after displaying themselves like that, and she knew she was wet, but he was right. After last night she dare not touch herself. She would have to wait till she was in the privacy of her own home.   
  
"You can make your way home now, but you can't get dressed. Drive home as you are, and don't forget I might be watching you."   
  
Luckily for Mary it was getting dark. She tried to lower herself down in the seat to make herself less obvious, and kept out of the way of large vehicles whose drivers would have been able to look down into her car. The road where she lived was quiet as she pulled up outside her house, but many of the other houses showed lights. She glanced in the rear view mirror. A car with just side lights on was parked further up the road. Maybe this was him still checking on her.   
  
She searched for her key, and with it clutched tightly in her hand, she scooped up her clothes, and with a quick glance around, she made a dash for her door. Once inside, she breathed a sigh of relief. It was all over for another day. But deep down she knew he was probably at this moment making plans for her.

# Blackmail Ch. 03

Mary didn't like to admit it even to herself, but she had been extremely turned on by her little display on the motorway bridge, and once inside the privacy of her own lounge, her fingers immediately went down to her pussy. She wasn't surprised to find her inner thighs already wet with her juices. She groaned as she thrust two fingers deep into the warm wet pussy. She fell back onto the sofa slowly pleasuring herself.  
  
She knew this guy, whoever he was, was getting to her. It had been a little scary out there on the bridge, but it had also been exciting. She still couldn't work out who he was, and she wondered how long things would go on. But for the moment, secretly, she didn't want them to stop.   
  
The following morning the mobile rang while she was still in bed. With some apprehension she picked it up from the bedside table.  
  
"Good morning, Mary," the now easily recognizable voice spoke in her ear. "I hope you slept well. I bet you enjoyed yourself when you got in, didn't you? Did you use your fingers like last time, or have you a plastic friend?"  
  
Mary did not speak. She just listened. It didn't seem to bother him that she did not speak to him.  
  
"I thought we might have some fun at work today. That's why I've rung you so early. I don't want you to wear any underclothes at work today--just your blouse and skirt. You can of course wear your jacket. I wouldn't want your nipples to show to everyone because I'm sure they will be hard all day. I bet the thought of you wearing nothing under your clothes will keep you turned on all day. Oh, and by the way, don't think you can cheat me. I will be checking up on you during the day."  
  
The phone went dead. Mary slipped out of bed and made her way to the shower. As she soaped her body, she was already feeling a little aroused by the thought of what she was going to have to do. Underclothes were part of a woman's wardrobe. You felt restrained by them; it was certainly going to feel strange without them. After her shower, she stepped into her skirt and slipped her arms into a fresh blouse. It felt exciting to feel her nipples rubbing against the crisp white cotton, and it felt strange and somewhat indecent not wearing any panties.  
  
Yes, he had been right. She could tell that as soon as she started to drive into work. It was a peculiar feeling, almost as though she were naked. She could feel her unrestrained breasts move with every bump in the road, the already erect nipples rubbing up against the cool cotton of her blouse. By the time she reached work, she knew she was already starting to feel wetness between her thighs.  
  
Once in the privacy of her office, things were a little easier, although it was a constant reminder every time she got up and walked about the office. As the day passed and he didn't ring, she began to think he was not going to contact her, but it was just after four thirty when finally the mobile rang. She clicked on the earpiece.  
  
"Good afternoon, Mary. How are you feeling? Excited, I would guess. Have you managed to keep from dipping in your fingers?" She could sense he was smiling. "Now I want you to go downstairs to the basement where you keep the archives. You have ten minutes; then I will ring you again. Okay, off you go. If anyone inquires, tell them you need to look for an old file."  
  
Mary rose from her desk and left her office. She smiled at Christine, her controller. "Need to go down to archives."   
  
Christine smiled and looked at her watch. "It's nearly home time. Take care down there. It's untidy and dusty; the place could do with a good clean."  
  
Mary took the lift down to the basement. She swiped her card through the lock. It clicked and the door slid back. The place was dimly lit as the high shelves of documents obscured the lights. She walked slowly down one of the rows. She wrinkled her nose; the whole place smelled musty. The place itself was quiet with only the buzz of the air conditioning and she jumped when her mobile went.  
  
"It's a bit dusty down there, isn't it? Right. Well, let's see if you have done as you were told. Walk to the end of row C and on the table you will find a small lap top. It's already switched on and it's got its own web cam."  
  
Mary slowly made her way down to row C, and there on a small desk was the lap top. The small illuminated neon showed that the web cam was on. The screen was lit up and she saw the dark silhouette of a man; well, it looked like a man. The only thing she could see was the short hair. She did not recognize the shape.  
  
"Just stand where you are, Mary, and lift your skirt up around your waist."  
  
Mary looked quickly around her making sure she was alone. She hitched up her skirt, holding it up to her waist, displaying her bare pussy to the small computer. She felt rather foolish.  
  
"Very nice, Mary," the voice in her ear said softly. "I'm so glad we are communicating."  
  
She dropped her skirt, wondering what was coming next.  
  
"I want you to take down one of those boxes off the shelf behind you." She turned around and saw the filing boxes he was speaking about. She reached up for a box and was surprised to find it felt empty. She placed it on the desk beside the lap top.  
  
"Now I want you to remove all your clothes and put them into the box."  
  
"I can't--not here," she gasped. "Anyone might come in."  
  
"You will have to risk that. Now be a good girl and do as you are told."  
  
Her shoulders slumped. She knew there was no point in arguing with him. Resignedly she started undressing. She had removed the lid from the box and was placing her discarded clothes inside it. At last she stood there in just her shoes.  
  
"I think the shoes as well this time."  
  
She took the shoes off and placed them in the box.  
  
"Now replace the top and put the box back on the shelf. "  
  
Again she followed his instruction.  
  
"You look very sexy, Mary, naked in this dusty old cellar. I see your nipples have already perked up; that's exciting! Do you feel excited standing there naked knowing that at any moment someone might walk in?"  
  
Mary actually did feel excited and a little frightened. Yes, he was right; anyone might walk in at any moment. She could feel her heart thumping.  
  
"Now I want you to walk away from the desk. Walk down the aisle towards the door."  
  
Mary looked at the box on the shelf containing her clothes, and slowly she began her walk towards the door. She was about halfway down the aisle when she was shocked to hear the door click as someone swiped their card in the lock. She was frightened; who could it be? She looked around for a place to hide and darted behind some shelving. She heard the sound of voices.   
  
God, she thought, there must be two of them. She slowly eased aside the files on the shelf. She needed to see who they were and where they were going. She recognized them straight away. It was the two young guys who worked in the post room.  
  
"God, it stinks rotten down here," she heard one of them say. "Let's get the boxes he's asked for and get out."  
  
From her hiding place she watched as the two guys walked down the row towards where the desk was.   
  
"Someone's left a lap top on the desk here and it's switched on," she heard one of them say.  
  
"I guess someone must be working on something down here. I'd leave it alone," the other one advised.  
  
Then she heard them moving boxes. "You take these two and I'll take the others and let's get out of here. It's almost clocking off time."  
  
She watched as they carried the boxes down the aisle and out through the door. She heaved a sigh of relief when the door finally closed.  
  
"That was a close call," the voice in her ear said. "What would you have done if those two had come across you? I'm sure they would have loved seeing you bare arsed; it would have made their day."  
  
"Look, let's get on with whatever you want me to do. It's nearly finishing time."   
  
"Alright, alright, don't start getting tetchy (testy); it won't help things. Just continue round the cellar, and when you get back to the desk, you can retrieve your clothes and get dressed again.  
  
Mary glanced at the door making sure there was no one around. Then she continued around the cellar. She was glad when she was finally back at the desk.   
  
She looked at the small lap top, still with the neon showing. "Is that it? Can I get dressed?"   
  
"Yes, that's it for the moment."  
  
Mary turned and was about to reach for the box when to her horror, she saw it was missing. She looked around. She was sure that was where she had put it; then suddenly it dawned on her. The boxes the two lads had taken out: her clothes must have been in one of them.   
  
She turned and looked at the lap top. "They've taken my clothes, haven't they?"  
  
"I'm afraid so."  
  
"You bastard!"  
  
"Now, now, there's no need for that. I just thought I'd like to see how you coped with the situation."  
  
"How am I going to get out of here? Please get my clothes back. I will do anything you ask."  
  
There was silence for a moment. She wondered if he were considering things. He just couldn't make her do this! This was going one step too far.  
  
"No, I am looking forward to this. It's after closing time now, and in half an hour, the place will be almost deserted. Only the security men and the cleaners will still be here. You could try to slip out then."  
  
"But I need to get to my office to get my car keys."  
  
"Yes, I guess you do. Best of luck, Mary, and don't forget, I will be watching you." And with that the phone clicked off.  
  
Mary felt almost like crying. Here she was, totally naked in a cellar. She had to get out and get to her office, and then she had to get to her car. She suddenly remembered the spare rain coat she kept in her office cupboard for emergencies. If she could get back there, she could use that to get to her car. Then she could buy something; her handbag was in her office.   
  
She made her way to the door and looked out through the small window. Outside, the corridor was deserted. She slowly pulled open the door and slipped out. The lights were brighter in the corridor and she felt more exposed than ever.   
  
Suddenly she heard the door behind her click shut. She panicked even more as her last avenue of escape was shut off, for her swipe card to get back in was with her clothes.  
  
She moved slowly down the short corridor listening for any slight noise that would mean someone was coming. At the end were the lift and the stairs. Which one should she take? Once in the lift, she could go straight to her office on the forth floor, but if someone else wanted the lift, she would be caught with nowhere to hide. If she took the stairs, she could at least have some control over the situation.   
  
She began to slowly climb the stairs. It was so strange; she had climbed these stairs many times before, but never completely naked. On the ground floor she could see the outside door and people passing on the street. The reception desk was manned, but the guard had his back to her and was engrossed in a newspaper. She quickly moved on to the next stairs and made it safely to the first floor.  
  
She gripped the stair rail; she was trembling. Halfway there. She looked at the next flight of stairs. Just then she heard voices, and looking down the corridor, she saw two cleaners come out of one of the offices. She panicked and made a run for the stairs. Had they seen her? She hoped not.   
  
She was halfway up the stairs when she heard noises from above. It was someone humming to themselves as they worked. She crouched against the wall. Down below she heard the cleaners chatting and coming closer to the stairs, and above her someone was working on the landing.  
  
She had a decision to make--either stop and face the cleaners, or carry on upstairs and face whoever was on the next floor. If she stayed where she was, the cleaners might alert the guard and then she would be in trouble. How the hell had she gotten herself into this situation? She knew the going up was her only option.  
  
She gripped the rail and started to climb. With her heart thumping, she mounted the next few stairs, and then almost fainted, for there kneeling on the floor was a young colored guy scraping the tiles. He turned and looked at her.   
  
At that stage only her head was visible. He smiled. "Not in your way, Miss, am I?" Then his mouth fell open when he realized that the woman coming up the stairs was completely naked. Not a stitch of clothing on her body. He just looked at her, his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open.  
  
Mary wanted to run, but she kept her calm and slowly walked past him, feeling his eyes on her body taking in every last detail of it. "Working late," she said lamely. "I am just going to get my things."  
  
She could feel him looking as she made her way up the next flight of stairs. She wanted to get away from his searching gaze, but she knew if she ran he might call the guard, thinking she was an intruder. She just had to take her time and let him look. She could feel her breasts sway, and she knew her nipples were rock hard.  
  
Ay last she was out of his sight and he hadn't made a sound. He was probably in a state of shock. Her office was only two doors down the corridor. At last she could make a dash for it and safety. Once inside, she dropped the lock and slumped against the door. Then it came to her what she had done. She had just exposed herself to a total stranger. She was shaking.   
  
She could feel that her nipples were hard, and there was a wonderful sensation deep in her stomach. She could not resist slipping her hands between her thighs, and she wasn't surprised to find that she was leaking. She shuddered.  
  
She slid her fingers deep into her warm wet pussy and bit down on her lip to stop herself from crying out. She couldn't believe she was feeling like this--so turned on by her actions. Her fingers worked furiously sending sensations through her body, and when at last she came, she slumped slowly down to the floor and sat there breathing heavily.  
  
When she pulled herself together, she felt disgusted with herself. What was this man turning her into? She struggled to her feet and tried to clean herself up with tissues from her desk. At least now she could make her way home.   
  
She opened the cupboard door, and where her spare rain coat should be, there was nothing. It was gone. She looked over at the shelf where she kept her handbag. That was gone, too. She groaned. What was this man doing to her, reading her thoughts?  
  
She looked over on her desk. Her car keys were still there so at least her car would still be in the car park, and she could use the back stairs. There was no one left in the office so she wouldn't get caught again.  
  
She picked up the keys and slowly opened the door. There was no one in the corridor. She stood and listened; there was no sound. She walked toward the car park door and made it without any trouble. Two flights of stairs took her down to the car park level. She looked outside. The car park was empty. Only her car stood there. It was at the other side of the car park, but there was no one in sight. With another quick look around, she made a dash for the car and quickly opened the door.   
  
She slid inside and shivered as her bare bottom came in contact with the leather seats. She slumped down in the seat making herself less conspicuous. She opened the glove compartment and saw what she was looking for: a local street map. She smiled as she unfolded it and covered herself with it. Then she drove slowly out of the car park. At least the streets were quieter now with the rush over so it wouldn't be long before she was safely home.   
  
She was within a quarter of a mile from home when disaster struck. She had been driving carefully making sure she kept well away from any high sided vehicles. The map did a good job of concealing her, but it didn't cover everything, and it was difficult to keep it in place as she was driving. She was concentrating on the road ahead when she suddenly saw the blue light flashing in her mirror.  
  
The large police car pulled alongside her and indicated that she pull onto the side of the road. What had she done wrong? She hadn't been speeding. She did not think she had gone through any red lights. As the policeman exited his car, she tucked the map more closely around her and wound the window down.  
  
"What's the problem, officer?" she inquired as he approached her car.  
  
"We have had a report that this car has been stolen, miss. Would you please step out of the vehicle.   
  
Now she's in a mess now. How's she going to talk herself out of this one?   
  
Look out for more of Mary's adventutes in part four of Blackmail commimg soon.

# Blackmail Ch. 04

Mary was panicking as the cop looked at her through the open window. "I asked you to get out of the car, miss. Don't make it hard for yourself."  
  
"I can't, officer; honestly, I can't."  
  
"You have a disability?"  
  
"No, but you don't understand. This is my car. I have the papers here in my bag." She suddenly realized what she had said. Her bag had disappeared from her office along with her spare rain coat.  
  
"Look, miss, I'm asking you for the last time; please get out of the car."  
  
"I can't, officer; please, I can't."  
  
"Why can't you?"  
  
"Because I've got no clothes on."  
  
The officer smiled and looked into the car. "You mean there's nothing under that map, only you?" Mary nodded.  
  
"Do you realize that it's an offence to appear naked in a public place?"  
  
"Of course I do, but it's not my fault; someone stole my clothes."  
  
"How could they steal your clothes? You mean they made you strip?"  
  
"No, I was showering at work, and when I came out, they were gone," she lied. "They took my bag as well. That's why I have no papers." The cop smiled and scratched his head. "Well, miss, I have heard some tall stories in my time, but yours is one of the best. We have had a report that this car is stolen and you have no papers to show otherwise. So you either get out or I will have to make you get out. You thought taking your clothes off would get you out of this. It won't work with me, so out."  
  
The cop gripped the door handle and pulled it open. Mary cried out, and grabbed for the door with one hand while trying to hold the road map around her with the other. But now the cop was beginning to loose his cool with her, and he jerked the door even harder. With a cry, Mary was pulled out of the car and tumbled into the road a mass of naked limbs still desperately trying to cover herself with the map.  
  
The cop looked down at her and laughed. "I'm sorry, miss. I thought you were making it all up. Here, let me give you a hand." And with that he reached down, gripping her wrist, and pulled her up to her feet.  
  
Mary stood there for the second time that day exposed to a total stranger: well, almost. Sitting down, the map had been adequate, but standing it was a different matter. It was a case of covering her breasts or her pussy. The map just wasn't big enough to do both jobs.  
  
The cop looked at the attractive young woman in front of him. He could see she was distressed by the situation, but finding an extremely attractive naked young woman driving a car was not something you came across every day, and he wasn't going to let her get away so easily even if she weren't guilty of anything. He looked at her and noticed that her nipples were poking over the map. Yes, she has nice perky nipples, he thought to himself. Mary saw where he was looking and tried to cover them, but this only exposed her down below.   
  
"I just need to take some details from you," he said taking out a note book from his rear pocket and flipping it open. Just then a motorist came past and hooted on his horn. The cop looked after him. "I think you had better come and sit in my car. We can't have you exposing yourself to everyone."   
  
He pointed in the direction of his car and Mary moved slowly towards it, glad in one way not to be exposed to every passer by, but the problem was in turning and walking towards his car. She now exposed her rear to the cop who immediately felt a stirring. She was some attractive lady and she certainly had a nice arse on her. He opened the rear door and watched her slide in to the back of the car, and then he secured the door and walked around and got in the drivers seat.   
  
"Okay, now, let's start with your name."  
  
"Mary Ellis," she replied in a low voice.  
  
"Well, Mary Ellis, if that's your real name, you have nothing on you to prove it. Let's see what we've got here: for one, driving a stolen car."  
  
"It's not stolen; it's my car," Mary shouted at him.  
  
"It may be, but at this moment you can't prove it. Two: naked in a public place."  
  
"That's not my fault. My clothes were stolen."  
  
"And you can't say by whom?"  
  
She shook her head.  
  
"So I guess we need to take you down to the police station and get things sorted out there."   
  
At this, Mary panicked. "You can't do that while I'm in this state. Everyone will see me."  
  
The cop nodded and smiled. "Yes, I'm sure they will, and there are a lot of cops down there."  
  
"You must be able to do something."  
  
"I could check things up on the radio, but that will take time. It's all effort and what do I get out of it?"   
  
Mary shrugged.  
  
"Tell you what, little lady, just lay that map aside and let me get a good look at you while I check things out, and if you check out okay, I will let you go."  
  
Mary looked at him a little shocked. "You mean sit here naked?"  
  
He nodded. "You are not far off that now, and I think I've already seen all the bits, but it would be nice to get an unrestricted look."  
  
Mary grimaced. It was just one damn thing after another. She had to either completely expose her body to this guy, or be taken down to the station and probably be exposed to she knew not how many. Again, she knew she was beaten. She slowly slid the map away from her body and laid it on the seat beside her. Now she was exposing everything to the searching eyes of the cop.  
  
Again she felt that new found thrill as she totally exposed herself to a stranger. The cop never took his eyes off her body as he made inquiries over the radio. At last he turned to her and smiled. "I guess you have been telling me the truth, miss. It appears someone has tried to set you up. But it's not too clever to drive around the streets with no clothes on. You never know who might be about," he said with a big smile. "If I were you, I'd get home as quickly as possible."  
  
He got out of the car and opened the door for her. She slid out of the rear seat trying not to display too much, but it's not easy to get out of a car very ladylike when you have no clothes on.   
  
"Can I take my map?" she inquired.  
  
The cop smiled and nodded. She reached in and picked it up, holding it in front of her. She smiled at the cop and made her way back to her own car giving him another look at her naked rear view. He smiled to himself. Well, the job did have some perks. Then he waved to Mary as she quickly drove away.  
  
At last she got home without any more incidents and was glad to be back in the safety of her home. She was just calming down when the mobile rang. She picked it up with some reluctance; he didn't want more from her tonight? She really hoped not.  
  
"Did you enjoy your trip home, Mary?"  
  
She gasped. Had he been watching?   
  
"Joe, that's the name of the cop who pulled you over, thanks you for your interesting display."  
  
"You knew about it?"  
  
Sure, I know everything that goes on. Joe's a friend of mine and I owed him a favor."  
  
"You really are a bastard, you know." She felt he was smiling.  
  
"Well, I just thought it would be a bit of fun. So anyway, have a good night and I will call you tomorrow."  
  
Mary was feeling hot and dirty after her experience with the cop. She couldn't believe it had all been a set up. She made her way to the shower and spent time under the stinging sprays.   
  
In the privacy of her own bedroom, she slipped naked between the cool sheets. She suddenly thought about Bob. He had not contacted her today. Was he trying to keep himself out of things? She picked up her phone and dialed his number.  
  
"Hello there, Mary," he said when he heard her voice. "Sorry I haven't contacted you, but it's been a busy day. Has he contacted you again?"   
  
He listened as she recited the story of her latest escapade. When she had finished, there was silence for a moment at the other end of the line.  
  
"I can't believe you went along with it," he said at last.  
  
"Well, what am I supposed to do? You know what he said he will do if I don't do as he asks, and neither of us wants to take the risk of him going through with that threat."  
  
"I can't thank you enough," Bob said. "I'll make it up to you when it's over. How are you coping?" Mary smiled to herself. Should she tell him she was beginning to enjoy the whole thing? That even though she was finding it humiliating and somewhat degrading, she was certainly getting turned on by what she was being asked to do?   
  
Her hand slid down under the bed clothes and she found her pussy warm and already beginning to feel wet. "It's been awful," she lied. "Being naked down in the archives with those two lads there, and being pulled naked out of the car with that cop seeing everything was just too much."  
  
Just thinking about it again made her slip her fingers inside her moist pussy. "I could do with you being over here," she told him.  
  
"I bet you could. I'm sorry I can't be there with you. I feel a little jealous about that cop seeing you naked."  
  
"He made me sit there in the car with him, totally naked, and he never stopped looking at me. It was awful."  
  
She bit her lips to suppress a groan, just thinking about it, as she thrust her fingers in even deeper. She could hear Bob making sympathetic comments, but she was no longer listening. Her hand was working furiously between her legs. At last, with a cry, she came, dropping the phone on the floor. She leaned over and picked it up in time to here Bob asking her if she were alright.  
  
"I'm sorry," she said with a smile. "I had a bit of a coughing fit and I dropped the phone."  
  
She was feeling a little more relaxed now, and she continued to chat with him for awhile.   
  
Before ringing off, they arranged to meet up for lunch at Mario's, their favorite restaurant, the following day.  
  
The ringing of the mobile phone awakened her the following morning. She picked it up and checked the number; it was him. She clicked it on.  
  
"Good morning, Mary. I hope you slept well."  
  
"I might have if you had not woke me up."  
  
"I just needed to catch you before you got up. I have your instructions for today."  
  
She took a deep breath. What was he going to think of for her torment today?  
  
"Have you any plans for today? I don't want to interfere with them."  
  
"No, nothing apart from work. Oh, and I've arranged to meet someone for lunch."  
  
"Bob?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Oh, good, that will fit in well. Today we will take you a little further."  
  
Mary wondered where that could be. She had nearly been caught naked at work, and had to parade herself naked before a traffic cop. What more was there?   
  
"I thought we might try it out today with a little less clothing: let's say just your jacket and skirt."  
  
"I can't!" she said, alarmed at the thought, but instantly after she had said it she knew it wasn't up to her.  
  
"Of course you can. You will still be completely covered. Only you and I will know that you are wearing nothing under your suit; well, for the start at least."  
  
She could almost imagine him grinning when he made this comment.  
  
"I'll call you later, Mary. Just follow my instructions and we'll get along fine. Actually, I think you are beginning to enjoy our little relationship." At this the phone went dead.  
  
Mary lay back on the pillow. She knew he was right. She was excited by the humiliation, wondering what was going to happen next. It wasn't like doing something naughty of your own free will; this was domination. This man, whoever he was, had control over her. She had to bend to his wishes. She lay for a moment looking at the clock. Then she slipped out of bed and made her way to the shower.  
  
It had been uncomfortable when she was allowed to wear her blouse under the suit, but now that was gone. She felt more exposed. The suit had only three buttons, and the top one was located between her breasts so without a blouse, she was exposing an interesting display of her ample cleavage. She thought about trying to get away with a scarf, but she knew if she displeased him she might have to pay for her indiscretion.  
  
Walking in to the office block, she could not help but notice where the eyes of the security man were focused as she stood in front of his desk to sign in. She felt hot and embarrassed. She tugged her jacked closer together as she made her way to the lift.  
  
Again, walking to her office, she felt all eyes were on her, and she was glad when she was able to close the door. As she sat down in her seat, she felt her hardened nipples rubbing against the material of her jacket.  
  
During the morning, she had to put up with the obvious stares of several guys who came into her office on the pretext of checking invoices and delivery notes. She guessed that the word had gone around that there was an interesting sight to be seen in Mary's office. Of course, the attention of all theses guys was having its effects on her. Her stiff nipples ached and she knew she was juicing up. In the end, she had to get herself to the privacy of the ladies rest room, and once in the cubical, she was able to relieve herself.  
  
She felt a little less stressed out when she finally emerged. She washed up and checked her make up. She glanced at her watch. It was almost lunchtime and time for her meeting with Bob.  
  
Mario's was as usual busy with the lunch time trade. It provided good food with speedy service and was much used by many of the office workers in the area. Bob was already there when Mary arrived. He waved to her from a table in the window. As she made her way through the crowded tables, she did not fail to notice the many admiring glances she was getting from most of the male customers. When she took her seat, she noticed that Bob's eyes were instantly drawn to the interesting display of cleavage she was showing,   
  
He smiled. "A little daring?"  
  
Mary grimaced. "It's you know whose idea." She leaned over the table, giving an even better view of what she had on show. "It may surprise you to know that thanks to you, my suit is all I am bloody well wearing."   
  
Bob shrugged. "You can't blame it all on to me. You were a willing partner, and anyway, how was I to know that some pervert was watching us?"   
  
Mary shook her head. "I don't know where it's going to end. He keeps coming up with these ideas, and I usually finish up naked in a public place."  
  
Bob smiled and reached over the table and took her hand. He squeezed it. "Well, I know it must be hard for you, but as long as you go along with him, at least our jobs are safe."  
  
Mary smiled. "It's alright for you. It's me who is having to do these things. I'm sure everyone is beginning to notice. I've had creeps coming into my office all morning with stupid queries just to get a look down my neck line."   
  
A smile cracked Bob's face and he nodded. "Well, it is a very attractive neckline."  
  
Mary just shook her head and picked up the menu. She was just about to start reading it when her mobile rang. She picked up the phone and checked the number. "It's him," she said, looking across at Bob.  
  
She put the phone to her ear. "I hope you are going to enjoy your lunch. The food's very good in Mario's."  
  
God, she thought to herself, does this guy know everything about her?  
  
"I hear on the grapevine that your outfit caused a bit of a stir in the office this morning, Got some of the guys quite excited. We must think about taking things a step further at some stage. But on with today. I noticed that Bob seemed to like the way you are dressed."  
  
She looked around a little startled. If he knew that, he must be some where close by, but she could see no one with a phone.   
  
"I think we should give him a treat, so what I want you to do is to slowly open the three buttons on your jacket."   
  
"I'm not stripping in here. You can do what you want. That is going too far."  
  
"I'm not asking you to strip in such a public place. Well, not today anyway; just asking you to open the buttons. When you've done that, I just want you to sit and enjoy your meal. Oh, and by the way, you can't adjust the jacket in any way, or refasten the buttons until you get back to your office block. Bon apatite, Mary." And with that the phone went dead.  
  
"What did he want?" Bob inquired.  
  
"This," she said, slipping open the first button, and as Bob stared, she slowly opened the other two. Her jacket gaped open displaying in detail that she was not wearing anything under it. Bob could see clearly the interesting valley and the swell of her firm breasts. Luckily the jacket was a little loose on her so it did not altogether display her breasts: that is, as long as she didn't move too quickly.  
  
When Mario came for their order, she saw him do a double take at her little display. Then he even leaned closer for a better look as he described recommended items on the menu to her. It was difficult for Mary to contend with the jacket. She had to be careful as she lifted her glass of wine or put a fork of food in her mouth. Every action caused the jacket to gape even wider if only for a moment, and on more than one occasion, her erect nipples were on open display.  
  
She could not help but notice several of the other customers glancing in her direction, and it seemed that Bob was also enjoying her little display. For Mary, it had been hard to comply with her tormentor's wishes. The thought of displaying herself in such a public place horrified her. But after the initial shock she found herself beginning to enjoy the sensation.  
  
Yes, her tormentor had certainly found her hidden weakness. She was becoming an exhibitionist. With this new found excitement, she now began to relax and enjoy herself. She even began to feel she wanted to be seen by strangers, and at one stage when their ever attentive waiter asked her if she required more wine, she turned to face him allowing one breast to totally escape from its concealment. The look on his face made her shudder and she had to squeeze her thighs together. Her action was not missed by several of the customers who nudged their partners and indicated in her direction.  
  
She didn't usually drink too much at lunch time, but today she needed it. Bob was a little surprised when she asked the waiter for a second bottle. What with the wine and her teasing display, Mary was feeling more than a little horny, continually pressing her thighs together to put exquisite pressure on her pussy. When the meal was over and the waiter brought the cheque, Bob gave them his credit card and said to Mary he needed to go to the men's room before they left.  
  
Mary smiled as she watched him thread his way through the tables towards the rest rooms. Then suddenly she got up from the table and followed him. Men glanced up as she passed their tables. She no longer cared that her jacket was open and was giving them exciting glimpses of her breasts as she passed them.  
  
She pushed through the door leading to the rest rooms, and paused for a moment in front of the door with the sign Men on it. Then she pushed it open and stepped inside. The place was empty apart from Bob, standing before a urinal. He glanced over his shoulder and saw her standing there.  
  
He gasped. "You shouldn't be in here."  
  
She nodded. "I know, but I want some of what you have in your hand."  
  
"What, now?"  
  
"Yes, right now. I can't wait."   
  
She stood there legs slightly apart with her hands resting on her hips. She moved them around; her action opened up the jacket and displayed her breasts. Bob recognized how hard her nipples were. She was certainly in heat. He saw her flick open the clip on her skirt and ease the zip down. The skirt fell to the floor, and she kicked it away. She stood there before him in just her jacket and heels.  
  
"I need fucking," she said huskily.  
  
Bob struggled to get his cock back into his pants. It was becoming a problem as it was steadily becoming erect. At last he managed to stow it away. He grabbed Mary by the hand and bungled her into a cubical, closing the door behind them and sliding the latch closed.  
  
Mary grabbed for him, pulling him to her, kissing him wetly while she thrust her body urgently up against him, feeling the hardness of his cock pressing against her stomach. With one hand she struggled to unfasten his belt and slide her hand into his pants. She wrapped her fingers around the hard length of his cock and squeezed.

Bob gasped. "You're a horny little slut, aren't you," he said.  
  
Between wet kisses, she nodded. "It's because of you I am this way. Now stop pissing about and fuck me."  
  
His pants had fallen around his ankles, and Mary was rubbing the head of his cock over her already wet pussy lips. He backed her up against the door; she parted her legs and pressed his cock head up against her love tunnel entrance.   
  
Suddenly, with a sharp thrust, he was inside her. As he held her up against the door, she wrapped her arms around him and thrust herself to meet him as he began to pump into her. It was all over very quickly for both of them. They clung together wrapped in each other's arms.  
  
Suddenly they heard the rest room door open as someone came in. They stood quietly not wanting to give away their presence. There must have been two of them as they began to talk together. "Did you see that bird with the jacket open?" they heard one of them ask.  
  
"Yes, she looked a hot little piece. I wouldn't have minded being the guy who was with her." Bob smiled.  
  
"At one stage I actually saw her flash her tits at the waiter."  
  
"When she walked past me to the rest room, I almost got a look at her nipple. I bet she's in there now fingering herself."  
  
"I wonder if she needs any help? "the other replied with a laugh.  
  
"Why is it we don't get our hands on stuff like that?"  
  
"It's just the luck of the draw. Some guys are luckier than others."  
  
There was silence for a moment. Then they heard the water running and finally the door closing as the couple left.  
  
Bob felt Mary rubbing his semi hard cock again. She smiled at him. "Can I have some more?" she asked with her little girl voice.  
  
"You will have to do some work on it first."  
  
She smiled and slid down to her knees in front of him. He groaned as he felt her warm mouth engulf his cock and her hands begin to manipulate his balls. Mary was an expert at this treatment, and it was not too long before he was back up to full strength again.  
  
This time he took her doggie style with Mary resting her hands on the toilet basin. It was a position they both enjoyed. She enjoyed the deep penetration and the way he manipulated her breasts. He enjoyed the tightness of her warm wet hole as she wrapped herself around his penetrating cock.  
  
This time they screwed in a more leisurely fashion, enjoying the sensation to the full. She gasped when at last he came, enjoying the sensation of his juices flooding into her.   
  
Afterwards, they kissed tenderly before adjusting their clothes. Then after he checked that the coast was clear, she made her way back to their table. Looking over the faces of the guys who were again following her progress, she wondered which of them had been the pair in the rest room. A few moments later Bob returned. He smiled as he slid into his seat.   
  
"I think that was a very enjoyable meal," he said with a grin. "And I really enjoyed the afters."  
  
Mario thanked them as they left the restaurant. His eyes flicked down to Mary's gaping jacket. "Do come back soon, the pair of you."   
  
He took Mary's hand and lifted it to his lips. In return, she gripped it and slipping it under her jacked, placing it on her breast. Mario looked stunned for a moment. Then he smiled as he gently squeezed the delicious mound of warm flesh. Bob just stood there and slowly shook his head.   
  
"Well, you are supposed to tip them, aren't you?" she said with a grin at both men.  
  
They finally made it back to their office block. Mary was now really enjoying herself. She remembered what she had been told and did not refasten her jacket until she reached the office. They walked purposefully as they had taken more than their allocated time over lunch.   
  
On more than one occasion, Mary's jacket opened wide enough to display her naked breasts to shocked passers by.   
  
At last back in her office, her mobile rang. "Did you enjoy your lunch?" the voice asked.  
  
"It had its interesting points," Mary replied with a grin.  
  
"I was pleased to see you followed my instructions to the letter. I think you are beginning to enjoy our liaison."  
  
Mary smiled to herself. He was right. She had suddenly found exhibiting herself was fun, and it had its perks as well.  
  
"I'll have to think up something special for tonight."  
  
Mary found herself squeezing her legs together again, and wondering just how special that would be.   
  
What does the blackmailer have for Mary next? Will he eventually want to fuck her, or will he be satisfied with just humiliating her?

# Blackmail Ch. 05

The rest of the afternoon went quickly for Mary. She still got several visitors as she had in the morning: same lame excuses. She wondered if everyone in the office knew. It still excited her: all these guys coming in making their excuses just to get a look down her cleavage.  
  
At one stage she thought about opening her jacket and giving them a good look just as she had been told to do in the restaurant. The thought of that had really turned her on. God, what was she becoming? A few days ago she would have run a mile rather than expose herself to strangers. Now it was all she wanted to do. This guy, whoever he was, was certainly getting to her. He was turning her into an exhibitionistic slut.   
  
The rest of the afternoon passed without a call from him. She didn't know whether she was pleased or sorry.  
  
At four thirty, she made her way down to the car park and drove home. First thing she did when she got home was to mix herself a drink; she badly needed one. She took off her work clothes, her skirt and jacket, and slipped into a silk wrap. She switched on the TV and sat down with her drink.  
  
She was almost nodding off when the phone went. She picked it up. "I guess you enjoyed your lunch," the now familiar voice stated. "Did you get Bob to fuck you in the rest room? I would have liked to have seen that."   
  
"What have you got for me now? I've only just got in. I was going to get some dinner."  
  
"That's not a problem. I'll treat you for being such a good girl, Mary. Do you like pizza?"  
  
"Yes, I don't mind them."  
  
"What sort?"  
  
"Hot and meaty, with garlic and chilies."  
  
"A bit like you." She could tell he was smiling. "Okay, I will send you one around in about fifteen minutes. Oh, and by the way, when he delivers it, answer the door with no clothes on."  
  
"Oh my God," she thought--just when she thought he was being kind to her.  
  
Still she guessed it might have an exciting side. He might be a dishy young student. She began to feel herself getting quite aroused again as she waited for the door bell to ring, and when it at last did, she almost jumped out of her skin.  
  
She slipped off the silk wrap and laid it over the back of the sofa. She walked slowly to the door and looked through the small spy hole. It could have been anybody. A lanky youth about nineteen was standing there with a large pizza box in his hand, and she took a deep breath and pulled open the door.  
  
"Domino Pizza for Miss......Oh, shit!" His voice trailed off as he realized that the woman standing before him was completely naked. "I'm sorry, Miss, I didn't know," the guy stuttered. He was the one totally embarrassed by the situation. Mary had to smile.  
  
"Sorry," Mary apologized, "but I was just going to get a shower and I thought it was the girl next door."  
  
The guy apologized again, but Mary noticed that although his face was a little red he was now looking at her quite openly.  
  
"I must say you look very nice, Miss," the guy said awkwardly. "It's the first time I've seen a woman like you with no clothes on."   
  
Mary had her hand on the door. Should she close it? She had done as she had been asked, but the young guy just stood there looking seemingly reluctant to leave.  
  
Again Mary was feeling that same excited feeling. She knew she should close the door, but she wanted him to look at her, to see her nakedness.  
  
"There's nothing to pay," he said at last. "It was prepaid."  
  
Mary was amused to see a lump had taken shape in his tight jeans. He saw where she was looking. "I've got to go," he said quickly. He clutched at his pants and disappeared down the steps.  
  
Mary smiled to herself as she walked back into the apartment. She slipped back into her wrap and opened up the pizza. She sat and ate at least half of it and amused herself thinking how the guy had acted. She guessed if she ordered pizza again she would get an extra quick service.  
  
The following day was Saturday and at least she didn't have to go into work, but it was just before noon when he rang. "Did you enjoy the pizza?"  
  
"It was very nice. Thank you."  
  
"No problem. I guess the Pizza guy liked you." Mary smiled. "He seemed to."  
  
"The way he ran down the steps I guess he almost came in his pants. I suppose your name's on their quick delivery list. All the guys will want to deliver your next one. Anyway, I have an interesting little chore for you to do tonight.   
  
There's a contest on at the Road Hog Road House in Westbury. I want you to go over there and enter it, and I want you to do whatever you have to do to win it."  
  
"What sort of contest is it?" Mary asked.  
  
"You'll see when you get there. Be there by seven thirty, and as I say, just do anything you have to do. Just come out the winner. I'll see you there. I'll be in the crowd."  
  
Mary had no idea what went off at the Road House, but she guessed it was something embarrassing.  
  
She decided to spend the afternoon shopping, just something to get her mind off things for a while. She arrived home late afternoon, had a light tea, and then showered and changed before she got out the car and drove over to Westbury.   
  
The Road House was not hard to find; in fact she passed it as she drove into the small town. She turned the car around and drove back and turned into the fairly busy car park. As she got out of the car, she could not help but notice several men who were also parking looking at her and commenting to one another.  
  
Inside, the place was crowded, mainly with men and just a sprinkling of women. She made her way to the bar and ordered a drink. When the bar man put her drink in front of her, she asked him about the contest.   
  
"You signing up?" he asked with some surprise, looking her up and down.  
  
Mary nodded. "Where do I go?"  
  
He pointed across the room. "Over by the stage. You'll see a guy with a clip board; that's Jim. Tell him you want to be put down for tonight. Once he sees, he'll okay you.  
  
She took a sip of her drink and made her way across the crowded room. She located Jim sitting with his clip board. He was writing down the details of a buxom blond who was standing with him. When he had finished taking her details, he handed her a card with a number on it. As the girl walked away, Mary stepped forward. "Can I put my name down for the contest?"  
  
The guy looked her up and down seemingly a little surprised. "Yes, sure, I guess you are old enough to know what you are doing. Ever done anything like this before?"  
  
"Anything like what before? I was just told to put my name down."  
  
"It's for the wet t-shirt contest, darling. You've got to show'em your tits."  
  
Mary wasn't too surprised. She had guessed it would be something like that. "Yes, I know. By the way, the name's Annabelle, with an E."  
  
Jim took the rest of her details. She didn't tell him the truth; well, not altogether. When he had finished, he handed her a number. "Door behind me leads to the dressing room. Be in there by eight thirty."  
  
Mary made her way back to the bar and found an empty seat. The crowd in the room seemed to have grown. Gangs of lads joked with each other as they pushed to get drinks. A couple of them tried to chat her up, but gave up when they saw she wasn't interested.  
  
She was just ordering her second drink when she heard a woman's voice beside her, "You doing the contest, luv?"  
  
Mary turned to see a reasonably attractive blond standing beside her. She was wearing a tight low cut sweater that showed off her breasts and a short mini skirt.  
  
Mary nodded. "Yes, I've got my name down. Are you in it?"  
  
The girl nodded and smiled. "Name's Rita. What's yours?"  
  
"Annabelle."  
  
The girl looked at her. "You're a bit posh to be doing this, aren't you?"  
  
Mary smiled. "Do I look out of place?"  
  
Rita shrugged. "No, I guess anyone can enter. The guys will like you. They usually like a bit of class."  
  
"Have you done it before?" Mary inquired.  
  
Rita nodded. "Yes, several times; never won; came second a couple of times. You have to go all the way to win; thought about it a couple of times, but couldn't make myself do it. They want to see every bloody thing," she said looking round at the crowd. "You'd think they were all bloody gynecologists."  
  
Mary suddenly found herself feeling rather warm. "Get us vodka and lime, luv, and stick with me. I'll show you the ropes," Rita said with a smile. The two of them sat and talked. Rita was a single mum with a couple of kids. "I don't mind second prize," Rita said. "It's £50, gets the food in for the week, and pays for a few drinks." Rita looked at her watch. "Better get through to the dressing room. It starts in thirty minutes, but hang back. You don't want to be first on. Let some other bird get 'em warmed up."  
  
Jim smiled at them as they walked past him into the dressing room. There were about a dozen girls in there, all of various shapes and sizes. "Grab a locker that works. You don't want someone nicking your gear," Rita instructed.  
  
Jim came into the room with a bundle of white t-shirts on his arm. He went round and handed one to each of the girls. He handed one to Rita and then smiled as he passed one to Mary. "Can't wait to see your tits, darling," he said with a grin. He placed the rest of the shirts on a table.  
  
Mary felt herself reddening,   
  
"Glad to see you've palled up with Rita. She is an old pro; she'll show you the ropes." He turned to Rita and grinned. "And no cutting the bloody shirts till the second round." Rita smiled at him.  
  
When he had gone, the girls began to strip. Mary looked around a little nervously.   
  
"Strip down to your knickers, luv, and then put the T-shirt on," Rita instructed.  
  
Mary did as she was instructed feeling a little self conscious undressing in front of everyone. Rita was soon down to her brief panties. Mary noticed her breasts drooped slightly. Well, she guessed that was to be expected after a couple of children.  
  
"I wish I still had tits like yours," Rita commented when Mary had removed her bra. "Mine used to be like that, but look at 'em now after a couple of kids have been hanging on to 'em." She cupped her breasts in her hands and lifted them. "If I win the lottery, first thing I'll do is get a boob job. Still," she shrugged, "the guys seem to like 'em."  
  
She slipped the white t-shirt over her head. On the front was the picture of a pig on a motor bike and the words Road Hog Diner.  
  
They stored their discarded clothes in a locker and made sure it was secure. Jim came back in. Some of the girls were still in just their panties, but he didn't seem to notice. Mary guessed he'd seen it all before.  
  
"Right, you lot listen up," he called. "Come up when your name's announced. I'll have a little chat with you, ask about what you do and what you will do with the winnings. Then you will get wet and dance for five minutes. Okay, that is not too hard. Any questions?" He looked around. "Okay, listen out for me to call your name."  
  
The girls sat around chatting while Jim, now acting as compère (master of ceremonies), started the proceedings. Mary heard loud cheers from the crowd. She wondered what it was going to feel like displaying her breasts in front of so many strangers. She was glad they were at least strangers.  
  
With the announcements made, there was a loud blast of music and the first girl was called up on stage amid loud applause. Mary heard the music start up and heard the cheers and shouts from the crowd.  
  
"Sounds a noisy lot," she said turning to Rita.  
  
Rita grinned. "Wait till you hear them in the finals. They are really noisy then."  
  
Just then the first girl came back off stage. She was soaking wet, her lank hair plastered to her head. The white t-shirt now almost transparent was clinging to her like a second skin, her breasts and nipples clearly on display. She grabbed a towel from a pile on a table and started to dry herself.   
  
One by one the girls made their way up to the stage, and all returned looking the same, wet and bedraggled. At last she heard her name being called. She felt a slight flutter in her stomach as she made her way out onto the stage. She looked out; a sea of faces was looking up at her. "Welcome to the Road Hog, Annabelle," Jim greeted her. "How old are you, and what do you do for a living?" He held the microphone in front of her.  
  
"I'm 28 and I work in an office." She didn't think she needed to say any more than that.  
  
"And you have never done this before have you?" Mary shook her head.  
  
"So, guys," Jim said turning to the audience, "we've got a new pair of tits for you tonight, and if Annabelle gets through to the next round, maybe even more, so come on, give her a big Road Hog welcome."  
  
There was a loud cheer from the crowd and Mary squealed as someone came up behind her and poured a bucket of cold water over her head. She looked stunned for a moment and the audience laughed. Then the music started with a loud rock beat and she began to dance. She could feel her nipples hardened by the cold water rubbing against the thin material of the shirt. She knew they were on show to everyone, bouncing and jiggling to the beat of the music. The enthusiasm of the crowd began to get to her and she found she was enjoying herself. It was exciting being partly naked in front of so many. She was in fact a little disappointed when the music faded and the crowd applauded her performance wildly.  
  
Back down in the dressing room Rita greeted her. "You did well; they liked you; you should get through to the next round."  
  
She dried herself on a towel and wished Rita luck when it was her turn.  
  
After the first round, a barman came in with cans of drink for everyone, and Jim came back stage to announce the six girls who were through to the next round. Both Mary and Rita had made it.  
  
While they sat and sipped their drinks, Rita went and got a couple more t-shirts from a pile on the table. She took a pair of scissors from her hand bag, and to Mary's amazement, she began to cut and slash at them.  
  
She saw the look on Mary's face. "You need to show more flesh this time, darling, and it's a good idea to rip the shirt off completely as a big finish. Sometimes they are difficult to tear so slashing them works two ways: shows the guys a little more and you can get it off without a struggle.   
  
When she had finished, Mary tried it on. It was about ten inches shorter than last time. Before her panties had been covered by her shirt; now they were exposed. She suddenly realized that if they became wet they were not going to conceal a lot. Also several of the slits in the shirt exposed her breasts completely. She shrugged when she caught sight of herself in a mirror, and this was only the second round.  
  
She was third on stage just after Rita. Rita came off stage dripping with water and wearing just her brief panties. She grinned at Mary. "There's a good crowd tonight; go and give it to them, but stay clear of the edge of the stage. There are some groping hands."  
  
This time Mary strode back on stage a little more confidently. She was enjoying the adoration of the crowd; it excited her that the guys were screaming for her. She danced well knowing that she was probably showing them everything, for she guessed her panties were almost transparent with the water. She took Rita's advice and as the music ended she ripped the t-shirt off completely and tossed it out into the crowd. There was a scramble for it. She stood there in front of a hundred or so guys naked apart from her soaked panties milking the applause like a professional before rushing off stage.  
  
Downstairs, Rita greeted her. "Sounded as though they liked you," she smiled and passed her a fresh towel. "You should get into the final three."  
  
She was right. Mary's name was called as one of the finalists.  
  
They sat together having a drink. "Are you up for this?" Rita asked. You need to show everything and more if you want to win."  
  
Mary shrugged. "I've got to win. It's not the money; it's just that I've got to win." She thought for a moment and then went on to tell Rita about the blackmailer.   
  
Rita listened intently until she had finished, then she put her arm around her. "You poor thing."   
  
Mary smiled. "It's not too bad now. It was horrid at first. I felt dirty, but I'm beginning to enjoy some of the things." She grinned. "Actually, it's been quite fun tonight."   
  
She sipped on her drink and then turned to Rita. "Look, you have to show me how I can win this contest, and if I succeed, I'll share my winnings with you. As I told you, I'm not in it for the money."   
  
Rita's eyes lit up. "You really mean that?" Mary nodded.  
  
Rita thought for a moment, and then she looked at Mary. "Look, like I told you at the beginning, to win this you have to be willing to go all the way and I really mean that. They are just a crowd of bloody perverts out there. They want to see everything, and I really mean everything."   
  
Mary looked at her new friend and nodded. "I guessed as much. What do I need to do?"  
  
"Well, I guess you need to start by losing your knickers."  
  
Mary stood up and thrust down her wet panties. She stood there naked in front of Rita. She nodded. "You have a nice body. Wait until you've had a couple of kids. It will be like mine." She picked up a fresh t-shirt. "Here, put this on."  
  
Mary slipped the fresh shirt on over her head. She felt excited about going out there without her panties on. She knew she was going to have to show everything this time. She shivered with excitement at the thought.  
  
"Okay, you are ready to go now so let's go through the routine. After the chat with Jim and once you're wet, start dancing. Give it a couple of minutes. Flash them; let them know you are naked under the shirt. Mind you, I guess most of them will have guessed by then anyway. Then you need to strip completely."  
  
Mary could now visualize herself standing completely naked in front of all those guys. The thought of it almost brought on an orgasm. She pressed her thighs together tightly.  
  
"After that you have about three minutes to perform, and it's up to you; the more you let them see, the more they will like it. Before I had the kids, I used to strip in pubs and clubs. And it was the same there. If you spread your legs and let them get a good look at your pussy, they loved it, but even then, some wanted you to go even further.  
  
"Go further than that? "Mary inquired. "I don't understand."  
  
"In the trade it's called showing pink: spreading your pussy lips open, letting them get a real eyeful."  
  
Mary was stunned for a moment. Would she have to go that far to win? Then she remembered his voice: "Do anything you have to do, just win." Oh, my God, she thought to herself.  
  
She was still thinking about what Rita had said when her name was called. Rita shook her. "It's your turn."  
  
She made her way up the stairs still in a bit of a daze after Rita's revelation, but she managed to shake it off. Once she was out on stage, she felt very vulnerable without her panties on and was glad that the fresh t-shirt was long enough to cover everything.  
  
A big cheer went up when she appeared accompanied by a few shouts of, "Get it off."  
  
"Well, Annabelle, you've made it through to the last three," Jim said when she reached center stage. "Not bad for your first attempt. Can you win it?"  
  
"I can with the help of these guys," she said smiling at the audience.  
  
Again loud whistles and cheers went up.  
  
"Okay, it's over to you, Annabelle; take it away."   
  
One of the stage hands came over with a bucket of water and tipped it over her. Then the music started and she began to dance. She remembered what Rita had said and gave them little glimpses of her bottom, just enough for them to realize that she was wearing nothing under the T-shirt. When she guessed she was about halfway through her routine, she turned her back on the audience, stood with her legs slightly apart, and gripping hold of the bottom of her shirt, she began to slowly peel it up her body. The cheers and whistles were now deafening, and the excitement was getting to her.

Her arms were raised and the whole of her body was exposed. She quickly drew it over her head, and then holding it to conceal her pussy, she turned and faced them. She couldn't believe the way she was feeling. She could feel her heart thumping, and she was breathless with excitement. Then with one sudden movement, she balled the wet t-shirt up and tossed it into the crowd. Now she had nothing to protect her body from there prying eyes. Her movements became more suggestive. The more they shouted and cheered, the more she wanted to please them. She even moved closer to the edge of the stage then she should have, and some of the crowd grasped for her legs, almost causing her to fall into the crowd, but she managed to pull herself back from the edge.  
  
She knew that the music was almost over now; she had to go for it if she wanted to clinch that first prize. She dropped down onto the floor with her feet towards the audience. She raised her knees and then spread her legs; the crowd went wild. She lay there with her legs wide apart, knowing that every intimate detail of her was on show. She stayed in that reveling position until the music finished.  
  
The crowd went wild, whistling and cheering her as she struggled to her feet. Jim came over from the side of the stage. He raised her arm. "Gentlemen, let's hear it for Annabelle. Isn't she a great sport?"  
  
Mary stood there astonished by their loud and ongoing response. She waved and threw kisses to them as she at last left the stage.  
  
Back down in the dressing room Rita wrapped her arms around her. "If you haven't won tonight, there's no justice."  
  
With just one contestant left, Mary waited and prayed. As she waited, she pulled on yet another shirt, the fourth one she had worn that evening. Again there was rapturous applause at the end of the third contestant's performance before she too came down and joined them in the dressing room.  
  
One of the stage hands came down and told all three girls to go back on stage together. "Jim says he wants you all naked," he said.   
  
Mary and the first contestant were wearing t-shirts which they slipped off before making their way up. The other girl had not yet bothered to put anything on as she was still drying herself.  
  
As the three of them appeared all naked together, there were wild cheers. Jim introduced each one again before asking the crowd to vote for the winner. "So, guys," he said, "it's up to you now. The winner is the one who gets the loudest cheer."   
  
Jim held up the hand of each girl one by one and the crowd shouted, whistled, and cheered. Mary was second, and easily out distanced the first girl. Then Jim lifted the hand of the last girl. There was a loud cheer, with some shouting, but not nearly as much as for Mary. It was no contest; Mary won easily  
  
Back down in the dressing room, she shared her winnings, £200, with Rita before getting dressed. It was only when she began to get dressed that she remembered that she had no dry panties to put on. She shrugged. Well, she was getting used to that by now.   
  
The car park was almost empty by the time she left. All the revelers had gone home. Some were probably fucking their partners by now and thinking of Annabelle; others maybe had their own cocks in their hands also thinking of Annabelle.  
  
She needed to get home quickly. She, too, had some unfinished business to attend to.

# Blackmail Ch. 06

When Mary arrived home from the Road Hogs wet t-shirt contest, she was in no mood for anything except satisfying her urgent sexual needs. It had been all she could do not to stop the car in a lay on the way home, but after her experience the last time in the car and the resulting photos, she could never be sure where her tormentor was going to pop up.  
  
She managed to get herself to bed, and from her selection of sex toys she selected her favorite and latest purchase, her new wonderful Future Tech Rabbit vibrator, which she had named Roger. She would have rather had the real thing, but at that moment beggars couldn't be choosers and Roger was the next best thing.  
  
Sometimes when her needs were urgent, Roger could be described as the best. Unlike some men, it never went soft, and it always did what was required of it. She applied a smear of lubricating cream to the end and set the speed to low. She almost cried out when she felt the head press against her sensitive pussy lips.   
  
Gently parting the lips she eased it slowly inside enjoying the motion as the rotating steel balls located in the shaft stimulated the walls of her vagina.  
  
Now with the full seven inches of Roger inside her and the clitoral stimulator in position to do its job, she slowly increased the speed to the next level and began working the tool slowly in and out. She was breathing heavily, moving the vibrator as gently as possible against every sensitive area. She wanted to prolong the wonderful experience for as long as possible. When she felt the first waves of an orgasm building up inside her, she stopped moving the tool and just lay there letting Roger's vibrations pleasure her. With her free hand she squeezed her nipple tightly between her thumb and finger, enjoying the exquisite pain that coursed through her body.  
  
She now badly needed to cum and flicked the switch to the high position. She moaned loudly as the extra speed stimulated the oncoming orgasm. Then with a cry, it hit her. She gasped, squeezing her thighs, trapping Roger inside her as the wonderful first orgasm burst inside her. She fell back on the pillows gasping, the tool still jerking inside her.   
  
She managed to reach down and switch it off, but she left it in position enjoying the feel of it inside her, and when she managed at last to regain her composure, she repeated the process. That was the first of many orgasms that night until exhaustion and sleep overtook her.  
  
She awoke the following morning to feel Roger still in position. She couldn't resist switching him on for just one more time before reluctantly replacing him in his box. He would need to be cleaned later. She slipped out of bed and dragged herself to the shower.   
  
After the shower, she felt refreshed and hungry. Sunday was usually her day of leisure. She slipped into some fresh undie's and eased on a wrap. She would dress later when she decided what she was going to do. Maybe he would call so she didn't make any plans.   
  
In the kitchen, she cooked herself a full English: bacon, eggs, tomatoes and fried bread, a meal not good for the figure, but it was her weekly treat.  
  
She was on her second cup of coffee when the phone rang. She picked it up; it was him. "Good morning, Mary. How do you feel this morning?"  
  
"Okay, but I was exhausted after last night," she replied. "But I'm feeling better after a sleep."  
  
"You looked as though you were enjoying yourself last night. You put on a very revealing show; everyone loved it."  
  
She smiled to herself. "Well, at least I did win."  
  
"Yes, and with that performance you certainly should have. I did hear that you shared your winnings with Rita for helping you."  
  
Mary gasped. Did this guy know everything? "You went a lot further than I expected. Did you find it stimulating exposing yourself like that?" "Yes, I guess I did. It was okay at the time, but in the cold light of day, I think I went a bit far."  
  
"No, you did everything that I expected of you, and more, and because of that I have a special treat for you next weekend. Have you ever done any promotional work?"  
  
"I've helped out at a few trade shows and exhibitions."  
  
"Good, that's even better. I will send you the information in the post. Oh, by the way, you will need to take Friday off and go down to Midchester on Thursday evening. I've booked you into the Travel Lodge there for two nights. It's a double room so why not ask Bob to go with you? Be some company for you and save you money on batteries." Did this guy know everything about her?  
  
"I might have one more little game night for you before you go, but you can relax for today. You did a great job last night. I took some interesting pictures."  
  
Mary gasped. "You didn't, no."  
  
"Just for my own personal pleasure. I think you have kept your side of the bargain so I will keep mine as long as you continue to do as you are asked. I'll ring you after you get the letter. Enjoy the rest of your day." And with that, the phone went dead.   
  
She rang Bob and found him at home alone. She told him about the show last night.  
  
"Wish I'd been there," he said.  
  
"I couldn't have done it if I'd known you were there." She went on to tell him about the call she had received that morning.  
  
"Sounds interesting. Did he say what Exhibition it was?"  
  
"No, he said he would send everything in the post. Will you be able to get time off? It will be nice to spend a couple of nights together."  
  
"Shouldn't be a problem. I've some days due to me and I'll tell her I'm going to a weekend conference."  
  
They chatted for a while longer before ringing off, and she arranged to contact him when she had the full details.  
  
It was Wednesday before the letter arrived. Well, it was a large parcel actually. It contained a list of instructions on who to contact, the hotel reservation, and two exhibitors passes for the exhibition, but no details on what the event was. It also contained a light weight belted rain coat.  
  
She laid the coat aside when she suddenly had an idea. She went on the internet, typed in a listing for the Midchester Exhibition Center, and when it came up, she clicked on future events. She scrolled down the menu until she came to next weekend's date and clicked. She gasped when the screen came to life.   
  
She read the details: 5th Annual Erotic Fair, Superb Weekend Event featuring all the main suppliers of erotic toys, clothing and fetish gear as well as all the big porno film and DVD production companies. Mary read through it again. She couldn't believe her eyes. Her mind was already racing, thinking about what she might be expected to do.   
  
She went back to the letter and read the instructions. He explained that she would be working for some of the suppliers and companies at the exhibition, and he had decided that who she worked for would be left up to her. There was a list of six companies below from which she had to select three options, one company for each day at the exhibition. But to make it more interesting she had to complete a task. If she completed the task satisfactorily, she could eliminate a company of her choice. If she failed in a task, the company was left on the list and he could then select it for her.  
  
She read through the instructions again. A bit like a TV reality show she thought to herself. Below the instructions was a list of companies.  
  
Magnus Productions, a porno film company.  
  
The Darker Side, a manufacturer of restraining equipment.  
  
Logan Promotions, the company who was hosting the event.  
  
Body Art, a supplier of body painting products  
  
Exotic Creations, fetish fancy dress and party wear.  
  
Intimacy Products, a supplier of massage products, creams and lotions.  
  
She read on through the instructions. "I have set you three tasks to be completed tonight.   
  
Tomorrow, depending on the results, you can tell me which companies you have eliminated. Your tasks are as follows: At one a.m. in the morning you are to go to the Wall Mart store in Petersfield. I know it's a thirty minute drive, but you shouldn't meet anyone you know there. You will be wearing only the coat provided. It has a tie around belt for ease."  
  
"Park up in the car park, and then get out of the car and make your way towards the entrance. There will be two security guards on the door. As you make your way towards them, unfasten the belt and allow the coat to fall open. Walk up to them and ask directions to the dairy products and the dry cleaners. Explain that you urgently need some milk and have an item that needs cleaning. Don't attempt to adjust the coat in any way; just let it remain open."   
  
"When you enter the store, you may refasten the coat. Then take a trolley as you make your way to the dairy products aisle at the far end of the store and pick up a bottle of milk. When you have done this, you must remove the coat and place it in the trolley, then make your way down the aisle. You are not to rush. Stop and examine products as you would if you were shopping. At the bottom of the aisle, you may put the coat back on and make your way over to the check outs. If there is a male assistant on the till, unfasten the coat and let it fall open again as you did when you entered the store. After that, make your way to the dry cleaners. This is located near the entrance."   
  
"Explain to the assistant that you need a coat cleaning and give him the details. When he has taken them down, remove the coat and pass it to him. You may then make your way back to the car.   
  
Complete each of these tasks to my satisfaction and you can then pick the three companies you want to work for at the exhibition."   
  
Mary again read through the letter. She slowly shook her head. Going through with this one was going to be bad enough, but she could also get arrested for this little stunt. She thought about ringing Bob, but decided not too. If she told him, he might turn up at the store or even want to go with her. It might be helpful afterwards, but she would feel happier getting it over on her own.  
  
When she got home, she tried to eat something, but she was feeling nervous and could only manage a small amount. The evening went slowly. She tried to watch some TV, but she could not settle. At eleven o'clock she went up and showered. Afterwards, she wrapped herself in a bathrobe and did her hair and make up. If she was going to be on show, she might as well look good.  
  
With the make up complete, she removed the bathrobe and tried on the coat that she had received in the parcel. She hadn't tried it before and she was a little dismayed to find that it was on the small size for her. It was okay fastened, but with the belt undone it gaped open. She shrugged. Well, there was nothing she could do about that now.  
  
She belted the coat, up picked up her purse, and made her way to the car. Thirty minutes later found her pulling into Wall Mart's car park. She glanced around and was pleased to see that there were only a few cars there, and she managed to park fairly close to the entrance.   
  
She looked towards the entrance and saw the two security guards. He certainly had his facts right, she thought to herself. She glanced at her watch. It was just before one a.m.. Well, at least she was on time.  
  
She stepped out of the car, locked it, and began to walk towards the entrance. At about twenty yards away, she unfastened the coat. She shivered slightly as she felt the cool night air on her exposed body. She saw the security men looking at her as she approached. She realized that her pussy was on open display, but at least for the moment her breasts had remained covered.  
  
"I need the dairy section and the dry cleaners," she said, stopping before the guards. She noticed where both pair of eyes were looking and immediately felt the excitement she had began to experience every time she exposed herself to a stranger  
  
"The dairy products are over there," one of the guards said, pointing vaguely in the direction of the dairy aisle after dragging his eyes off her exposed pussy. "And the dry cleaners are by the entrance just inside."  
  
Mary thanked the two men, and with slightly shaking legs, she made her way into the store refastening her coat as she did so. She was pleased to see that the store was almost empty.   
  
Only a few late night customers were pushing trolleys around the aisles. She picked up a small trolley and made her way over towards the dairy section. She smiled at the few customers who glanced up from their shopping at the attractive woman in the tightly belted coat. When she reached the dairy section, she picked up a bottle of milk and placed it in the trolley. She glanced around; there was no one on the aisle. She quickly slipped out of the coat and placed it in the trolley. She felt suddenly exposed now that she was naked under the bright lights of the store.   
  
She wanted to dash down the aisle and get it over with, but she knew the rules. Slowly she began to make her way down the aisle, stopping from time to time to pick up a product and examine it. She was half way down when to her shock a shopper came into view. He was an older guy, around fifty or so. He gave her a cursory glance then looked again when he realized that she was naked. He stopped and watched as she walked towards him. It was quite a while since he had seen such an attractive sight.  
  
"Wonderful, my dear; you look absolutely wonderful." Mary felt herself blushing slightly.   
  
Mary continued on past him knowing that his eyes were still on her. Suddenly another trolley came into view, this time pushed by a middle aged couple. The guy's eyes lit up when he saw her, and the woman looked at him angrily. "I can see why you wanted to come here at this time in the morning. Did you know about this? Is it a stunt?" she heard her say. The guy shook his head trying to make excuses, but not taking his eyes off Mary for a moment.  
  
"Dirty little slut," she heard the woman say as she passed them.  
  
"You should try it yourself; might put some excitement back into our marriage."  
  
The woman huffed. "That's just the sort of comment I expected from you."  
  
At last she reached the end of the aisle without any more incidents. She slipped the coat back on and made her way towards the check out. She saw at once there was a male assistant on the check out. In fact every check out was manned by a guy. She picked the best looking one, a college type who was doing the night job to work his way through college. A small badge on his shirt told her his name was Gavin.  
  
As she stepped up to the check out, she undid the belt; the coat gaped, and so did the guy's mouth. "Fucking hell, you're naked," the young guy gasped. Then he held his hand to his mouth. "I'm sorry, err, Miss. It's just...... Well, it's not every day that you see ...... Well, you know."  
  
Mary smiled, feeling a little sorry for the guy. "It's okay, Gavin. I'm doing it for a bet; my boyfriend put me up to it."  
  
"You are very beautiful, and you have a lot of guts to do something like this."  
  
Gavin at last dragged his eyes away from her body and swiped the milk through the check out. She paid him, smiled, and began to make her way over to where the dry cleaners were located. She glanced back and found him still looking at her.  
  
At the cleaning desk, she followed the instructions. She gave the assistant her details, and then to the obvious amazement and delight of the guy at the desk, she removed the coat and passed it to him.   
  
He took the coat with shaking hands. "Are you sure about this?" he asked with some hesitation in his voice. Mary nodded, took the offered ticket from him, and turned to make her way to the entrance.  
  
Between her and the entrance, several customers had stopped and were looking in her direction. It was not often that you get a completely naked shopper. The two security guards were also just inside the entrance, keeping an eye on things. At the moment it was her things they were keeping an eye on.  
  
She looked down the store towards the check outs. All the staff and customers were watching; she waved to Gavin, smiled at the two guards, and made her way to the car park. She wanted to run, but she knew this was not in the rules. At last, thankfully, she was at her car. She quickly got in, and with another wave towards the security guards, she drove away.  
  
At this stage she couldn't resist pushing her fingers down between her thighs, and she wasn't surprised the find her pussy leaking. She slipped a finger into the warm wetness and groaned. She needed to get home where Roger would be waiting for her.  
  
As she drove naked through the darkened streets, she wondered when he would ring. Hopefully not tonight. She needed time to herself. In the next chapter Bob and Mary go down to Midchester for her next revealing challenge at the Erotic fair.

# Blackmail Ch. 07

Luckily our hero didn't get her phone call that morning after she got home and Roger got an uninterrupted work out. Problem was she overlaid and was an hour late for work. Thankfully nobody said anything and it was noon before she got a call from you know who.   
  
"Nice show last night. Everyone at the store thanks you."   
  
She smiled. This guy seemed to be able to set anything up. She guessed that's why she hadn't been challenged.   
  
"Well, you completed your tasks and so you get to choose who you want to work for at the exhibition. Have you decided?"   
  
She took the list from her desk draw and scanned it. She had a general idea. "Yes, I think so; do you want to know now?"   
  
"Yes, I need to fix things up with the people down there."   
  
"Well," she said studying the list, "I think I want to forget about the first two. Don't fancy doing a porno movie; well, not in public anyway, and I'm not into BDSM so we'll forget about The Darker Side. So any of the other four; I'll leave that choice up to you."   
  
"Okay, that's fine, I'll get things sorted. The show starts at ten a.m. on Friday so you need to be there by eight thirty at the latest. Just make yourself known to Jerry at Logan Promotions. They will have all the details."   
  
Bob picked her up at her apartment after work on Friday and they drove the 80 miles down to Midchester. They chatted on the way down about the blackmail, and Mary had to admit to Bob that she was actually beginning to enjoy the tasks she had been set. "I was so scared at first, but now it just makes me so horney when strangers see me naked." Bob grinned. "I hope I'm going to get to see a lot more of you this weekend."   
  
Mary laughed. "I'm sure you will. I've no idea what's been arranged, but I guess it will mean me taking my kit off at some point."   
  
They found the Travel Lodge easily, and after booking in, Bob took her out for a meal. As she ate her meal, she looked across the table at her good looking partner. It would be nice to go to bed with him for a change instead of doing it over the office desk.   
  
Back at the hotel, Bob asked if he could undress her. She smiled. "I think that would be very nice." She stood there facing him as he lovingly removed each article of clothing, kissing her between each item. He unfastened her bra and slipped it off; he cradled her large firm breasts in his hands, rubbing his thumbs across the hardening nipples. Then he dropped down onto his knees and slowly peeled down her brief thong. With her bare pussy exposed, he leaned forward and ran his tongue up the exposed length of her cleft. She groaned.   
  
Roger had been a useful friend, but tonight it was going to be the real thing. She parted her legs to allow him more access and pressed his head between her thighs. He pulled away and smiled at her. She sat down on the bed and watched as he undressed; then they slipped into bed together. It was nice to feel his naked body pressing against her's under the covers. Their hands explored each other's bodies intimately.   
  
Then he rolled her onto her back; she spread her legs and he eased himself between them. With little effort he located her moist warm entrance. Slowly and teasingly he thrust into her inch by inch until he was fully engulfed in the warm tightness of her love tunnel. Mary laid back, her eyes closed. No matter how good Roger was, he was no match for this. Bob was a good lover and he didn't lack stamina. She lost count of the number of times he brought her to an orgasm. In the end, tiredness and fatigue overtook them, and they fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.   
  
It was seven when the alarm woke them. Mary briefly kissed Bob. He reached out and grabbed for her breasts. She pushed him away laughing. "We'll have plenty of time for that later. I need a shower and some breakfast, and we have to be at the exhibition center in just over an hour."   
  
They managed to make it just five minutes late. Bob had dropped her off at the entrance while he parked the car, saying he would contact her later. She showed her pass to the security guard and he gave her directions to the Logan Promotions office in the foyer. Inside, the girl at the desk took her name and picked up a phone. Moments later a good looking guy with long dark hair came through into reception.   
  
He held out his hand, smiling. "I'm Jerry. Are you Annabelle, or is it Mary?"   
  
"It's Mary, actually. I just use Annabelle for business."   
  
"That's fine. We'll call you Annabelle. Would you like to come through?"  
  
He led her through into another office. There was already someone there:an attractive red head with a stunning figure.   
  
"This is Gina. You two will be working together."   
  
The two girls smiled at each other,   
  
"Right, let's get down to business," Jerry said, glancing at his watch. "I've lots to do and we open in just over an hour." He smiled at Mary.   
  
"I see from the letter that was sent to me that you have chosen to work for four of our companies; that's good. I've worked a schedule out for today, but I may revise it for tomorrow. Today is important. It's business people only so they have to be looked after: drinks when they arrive and luncheon buffets and so forth."   
  
The phone suddenly rang. Jerry picked it up and listened. "Give me ten minutes," he said. "I'll be out."   
  
"He turned back to Mary. Things always get hectic around this time." He grinned. "But that's what running one of these events is all about." He picked up a sheet of paper from his desk and looked at it. "I've put you down to work for me for the first two hours meeting and greeting the guests, and handing out the welcome packs. Then after you take your lunch break between twelve and one, I will need you to help out in the buffet reception for an hour."   
  
"Two till five I've put you in with the Body Art people. Then I will need you back here for an hour. We are expecting quite a few to come in after business hours. As soon as things slow down, you can take a break, and afterwards go over to Intimacy Products and stop there until things slow down." He handed the sheet of paper to her. "It's all laid out on here so you don't get confused."   
  
He turned and looked over at Gina." You've done it before so I'm sure you can help Annabelle out with any problems."   
  
Gina nodded. "Sure, Jerry, just leave things to me."   
  
He smiled, then got up. "Go and get yourselves a coffee, and be on the door for nine forty five. Oh, and by the way, I've got name tags for you." He picked up two name tags on ribbons and passed them over to the girls. "I've had ribbons put on them so you can hang them around your neck as you won't have anywhere to pin them."   
  
With that he smiled and rushed out. Mary looked at Gina. "What did he mean about not having anywhere to pin them?"   
  
Gina smiled. "Well, we won't. We'll be naked: well, apart from our shoes and I don't think the guys will be looking down there."   
  
"Naked!" Mary exclaimed. "What, on reception?"   
  
Gina grinned. "Didn't they tell you? Most of the jobs you have to do here you have to be naked. You get used to it. It can be a little scary at first.. But you meet some nice people, and they've seen it all before. The public days are worse. You sometimes get a little horse play, and some of the guys can go a little too far, but security is always on hand, and no one wants to be chucked out."   
  
She stood up and hung her name tag around her neck. "Let's go and get a drink. We won't get another until lunch time."   
  
Mary followed her to the refreshment area in the centre of the big hall. Around them exhibitors were putting the last minute touches to their display stands. There was already a sprinkling of bikini clad girls around the stands, and even a couple of completely nude ones on one stand. Gina showed her name badge to the assistant behind the bar and ordered two large coffees. Then they found a spot at an empty table. "I guess you haven't done anything like this before," Gina stated.   
  
Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Well, not actually like this, but I have appeared naked in public several times."   
  
"Just don't let it worry you. You look as though you have a good body, and that's nothing to be ashamed of. Let the guys enjoy it. In an hour you'll wonder what you were worrying about."   
  
They finished their coffee and made their way back to the Logan Promotions office. Gina showed Mary into a small locker room. "We change in here; find yourself an empty locker."   
  
Mary selected an empty locker and watched as Gina began to undress. Feeling a little self conscious, she began to follow suit. Soon Gina was completely naked. She had a firm slim body with wide hips and extraordinarily firm high breasts. She saw Mary looking and cupped them in her hands. "The best medical science could offer," she said with a grin. "I had them done last year."   
  
Mary smiled. "They look wonderful.   
  
"Here, feel," Gina said walking over and taking Mary's hand and placing it on her breast.   
  
Mary nodded. They felt quite normal; maybe a little firmer than her own.  
  
She smiled. "They feel nice."   
  
"And they are quite sensitive," Gina said rubbing her nipple in a circular motion with her finger and causing it to become quite erect.   
  
Mary finished undressing and Gina looked her over. "You have a wonderful body; you should be proud of it."   
  
Mary felt a little self conscious because of Gina's comments.   
  
Gina took two pairs of gold strappy heels from her locker. "You're a five, aren't you?" she said checking the size of a pair and handing them to Mary. "Present from Jerry," she said with a smile.   
  
Mary slipped her feet into them. Then she hung her name tag around her neck and looked at Gina.   
  
"You ready?" Gina asked, glancing at her small wrist watch.   
  
"As ready as I'll ever be."   
  
"Okay," Gina said, "let's get to it."   
  
It felt really strange to Mary walking out into the office with no clothes on.   
  
The receptionist looked up and smiled. "You two off then?" she said with a smile. "Enjoy yourselves."   
  
Gina pushed open the door and walked into the foyer. There were several people about. Some gave them a glance, but nobody seemed concerned that they were naked. Gina showed her over to the reception desk. Mary smiled when she saw it was glass. There would be no point in trying to hide herself behind that.   
  
Gina showed her how to register people and give them their goodies bag. Then they sat back and waited for the doors to open.   
  
At ten am precisely the people started coming in and forming a queue at the desk. Some who had already pre-registered Gina scanned and they passed straight through. She handed them their goody bag with a smile. Mary dealt efficiently with the others: booking them in, issuing their badges, and giving them their bags. It was quite a quick process. Some made nice comments to her, but after fifteen minutes or so she seemed to forget that she was naked. It was not until she looked up and found Bob standing at the desk that is struck her.   
  
"Like your working clothes," he said with a wide grin.   
  
At that point Mary became self conscious of her nakedness. She blushed slightly, and felt conscious of other people looking at her.   
  
She wrote out his details, and passed him a badge and a bag. "I get off at twelve. I'll see you then. Now get lost; you make me feel nervous."   
  
He smiled and walked away.   
  
After the initial rush, things slowed down. People still drifted in, but it was easier to deal with them. Several wanted their pictures taken with the two attractive receptionists. At one stage Mary had to stand with a group of Japanese gentlemen while each of them took pictures of her.   
  
At around noon, the receptionist from Jerry's office came out. "You two want to get a break before the lunch buffet?" she asked.   
  
Gina nodded. "I guess so. It's the only chance we'll get. Then she looked at the receptionist and smiled. "Aren't you going to strip?"   
  
The girl shook her head and laughed. "No, not me. That's not part of my contract. They'll have to accept me as I am."   
  
Gina looked at Mary. "Do you want to dress, or go as we are?" "I don't know. What do you usually do?"   
  
"Well, I go like this. Seems little point in getting dressed just to take them off again in an hour."   
  
Mary had to agree. She'd been standing around naked greeting people for a couple of hours, and she'd become quite used to people seeing her without her clothes.   
  
"Okay, let's go like this. It's just that I said I'd meet up with the guy I'm staying with. Not sure how he will feel about me meeting him naked." Gina laughed. "He will probably think it's his lucky day."   
  
The restaurant wasn't too crowded. Men were sitting around doing business and making deals. Some looked up as the two girls walked in; others seemed to take no notice. In this business, nakedness was all part of the scene.   
  
Gina ordered some food and drinks and they found an empty table. Soon Bob arrived. Mary introduced him to Gina. She saw his eyes go down to her large firm breasts, and she felt a slight pang of jealousy.   
  
They sat and chatted about the morning, and he told them about the exhibition. To Mary it felt a little strange to be sitting there with Bob and Gina and herself naked. But Bob seemed to be enjoying the experience.   
  
After lunch they made there way to the restaurant where the buffet was being served. Jerry met up with them. "You two did a good job this morning," he said. "Got lots of good feed back; just circulate among the guests; keep their glasses filled up and chat with them."   
  
It was an easy task and Mary was becoming more confident with her nakedness. She enjoyed chatting with the guests, and she was more than   
  
happy to be photographed with them, but she still got a thrill when she caught them looking at her.   
  
After an hour everyone started drifting away. Gina came over. "I think we've just about finished here for now. I'm going back on the door and you are off to Body Art."   
  
Mary nodded. "Can you tell me where it is?"   
  
Mary gave her directions and she found it easily. On the stand, a youngish guy was chatting to some customers. He looked over and smiled at her. He excused himself from the customers and came over, glancing at her name tag. "So you are Annabelle?" he said. "I'm Chris and I'm very pleased to meet you." Mary felt him look over her body. He nodded. "You are very attractive. I'm sure we will work well together. Just make yourself at home. I will be back with you in a minute"   
  
Mary wandered around the stand looking at the products and information on show. Chris returned after a few minutes. "Have you ever had your body painted?" he asked.   
  
Mary shook her head. "No, it's one of the experiences I've missed out on. I've seen it in pictures and on the screen, but I've never gone in for it."   
  
"Well, now that you are here, I have a couple of demonstrations planned. Is that okay with you?"   
  
Mary shrugged. "That's fine. I'm here to help."   
  
He smiled, "That's great. The first group should be here in about fifteen minutes."   
  
Before long, people started arriving. Chris greeted them, introduced them to Mary, and passed around drinks. When everyone was there, he started telling them about the products and how they should be applied. He went on about how they would stay and not be dissolved and smeared by body sweat.   
  
He then asked Mary to step forward. He helped her up onto a small pedestal so that she could be seen by everyone. Mary felt more exposed than she had all morning. No one had seemed to take any real notice of her while in reception, but now standing up here on the pedestal she felt totally exposed and vulnerable.   
  
She jumped a little when Chris first started applying the body paint. It was cold and the brush tickled her slightly. Everyone looked on with interest as he went to work. He explained the methods as he worked, and showed them how to finish off areas with the small air powered brush. She felt particularly aroused when he worked on her more intimate areas. The areas around her nipples caused her to bite her lip to stop herself from crying out, and when he started applying paint around her pussy, she began to breathe a little more heavily and clutch her hands much to the amusement of some of the crowd.   
  
At last he had finished, and he stood back. The small crowd applauded. He turned her around to face a long mirror that was placed so that the people watching could see both sides of her body. Mary gasped. She looked quite erotic. He had painted sexy undie's on her: a half cup bra and a brief thong. She smiled. He was very good at his job.   
  
"Now to remove it, all we need is this cream," he said holding up a jar. He unscrewed the top and dipped his hand in. Then he stepped over and smeared it across Mary's body. Mary began to feel excited as he worked it into the painted areas of her breasts and her pussy. She tensed herself as she felt his hands massage her breasts, and then she gasped as he worked between her thighs, his fingers brushing up against her pussy lips. He smiled up at her. "Most of my models like this part of the show," he said with a grin.   
  
He passed her some paper towels, and told her to wipe off the surplus cream. To everyone's surprise, all the paint came off with it leaving her body clean and slightly damp. He passed her a towel to dry herself with, and then he turned back to the group. "If any of you wish to try your hand, I'm sure Annabelle will be more than willing to oblige."   
  
Several men stepped forward. Chris pulled out a lightweight massage table. He looked over at Mary. "I think it would be better if you were to lie down on this. Then more people will be able to get around you."   
  
Mary stepped forward and eased herself up onto the table. She lay back and Chris placed a pillow under her head for comfort. Then he supplied everyone with a pot of paint and a brush.   
  
It was a weird sensation. There were about eight men sitting around her, and when they began to touch her, she almost cried out. It seemed that all of them wanted to apply their paint to her most intimate parts. She began to squirm on the massage table as their brushes teased her nipples and worked there way over her pubic mound and between her thighs. One even found its way between her pussy lips, and the guy smiled at her discomfort as he worked the brush up inside her. Chris stood and watched, a slight smile on his face, as she was decorated by the eight amateur artists. When they were done, he photographed them standing around their masterpiece.   
  
He then handed them the removal cream, and Mary had to lie there as cream covered hands took even more liberties with her body. She felt herself becoming seriously aroused, and was even slightly disappointed when Chris at last called a halt to the proceedings and passed her a towel to clean herself up with. Before the men left, they thanked her for her cooperation, and for being such a good sport.   
  
When they had gone, Chris came over to her. "How do you feel?" he asked with a slight smile.   
  
"I feel okay now although it was a little unnerving at the time having all those guys touching me. When you called a halt, part of me wanted them to go on, but if they had, I think I would have made a fool of myself."   
  
"They all seemed to enjoy their experience, but I guess they would have enjoyed it even more if they had made you orgasm."   
  
Mary felt herself redden. "I was almost there; a few more minutes and....." She shook her head.   
  
"Well, we have another session later," Chris said with a grin. "Maybe then."   
  
Chris sent out for some more drinks and Mary sat and watched as he chatted with customers. She thought about the next session and what Chris had said. Could she really lie there and let a group of strangers use her body, invade her most intimate parts, and make her cum in front of everyone? She shuddered at the thought.

But that's what did happen. The second demonstration followed the same lines as the first. Chris did his demonstration. Then he cleaned her with the cream. She noticed that even his hands were a little more invasive this time, lingering longer around her pussy area. Then it was the turn of the group to try out their handiwork on her. First the painting, and then the cream to clean it off.   
  
She was already somewhat aroused by Chris's earlier actions, and she groaned as hands massaged the cream into her breasts. She felt hands pushing between her thighs. She began to want them to touch her so she spread her legs. This was an invitation to go further, and she gasped and clutched onto the table as she felt fingers slide into her pussy stimulating her G spot and manipulating her clit.   
  
She began to groan, thrusting her pelvis towards the invading fingers, encouraging them. She felt her orgasm building, and when it came, she fell back, gasping, her eyes closed. She lay there. She could hear voices. Then someone was wiping her face with a towel. She opened her eyes. It was Chris. He smiled at her. "You okay?" he asked.   
  
She nodded. "I am now," she said with a smile as she struggled to sit up. She was pleased to see that everyone had gone. She was not sure that she could have faced them.   
  
He passed her a towel. "You had better clean up. It's almost five. Jerry said he wanted you back by then."   
  
Mary slipped off the table and wiped herself down with the towel. She could do with a shower, but she knew she didn't have time. She was supposed to take Gina off the door at five.   
  
She was still a little flushed when she arrived back at the door. Gina smiled. "And what have you been up to, young lady? As if I didn't know. You have been on Body Art, haven't you? I did it last year, and I got talked into it as well."   
  
It was quiet on the door. Only a few new people were entering. The security guys came and told her they would be taking their break while it was quiet. She was pleased to see Bob when he came and stood with her. "I'm getting used to seeing you naked," he said with a grin. "I think it ought to be your compulsory dress in the office."   
  
Mary smiled. "You would never get any work done."   
  
"So what?" he said with a grin. "But it would be great fun."   
  
When the security guys returned from their break, they said they would be taking over the door now as not many more would be coming in. Mary thanked them and turned to Bob. "It's my break now for an hour. What we are going to do? Do you want to go for something to eat?"   
  
Bob looked at her. "There's something I'd rather do. Seeing you naked in front of all these guys is having an effect on me. Can we find somewhere quiet? I've a problem I'd like you to solve for me," he said rubbing his hand along the bulge in his pants.   
  
Mary smiled. "I'm sure we can find somewhere."   
  
She walked across to the door of Jordon Promotions and opened it. The office was empty as the receptionist had left. She beckoned Bob across and went in. She closed the door behind them and dropped the latch.   
  
"Over the desk or on the floor?" she asked.   
  
"I don't care as long as I can get rid of this boner."   
  
She smiled, and moved over to the desk, leaning over it, pushing out her bottom. She looked over her shoulder and smiled. "How's this for you?" Bob smiled, running his hand lovingly over the smooth twin globes of her arse. "That's just what the doctor ordered."   
  
"Okay, less talk and more action; this is my tea break."   
  
Bob obliged, gripping her thighs and thrusting his rigid pole deep into her body in one lunge. She cried out at the wonderful surge of pain. He must have been in a high state of arousal as she had never known him to come so fast,   
  
He apologized to her profusely. She smiled, kissed him, and told him not too worry; they were both having a strange day. Afterwards, they cuddled and kissed and she worked on him with her hands till he was ready again. This time it was far more pleasurable for both of them.   
  
She smiled when he took her in his arms and thanked her. "I hope you have saved something for later," she said with a grin.   
  
She had just time to take a shower and get herself sorted out before making her way to the Intimacy Products Stand. It was still a little strange to be walking around naked, but she did have three days of this, and she guessed that by Sunday it was going to be feeling quite natural. What amused her was that the people around her did not seem to be concerned. Some looked at her; others smiled; some seemed to take no notice at all as though it were quite normal for an attractive woman to walk around naked.   
  
Intimacy Products supplied every requirement to both budding and professional masseurs and masseuses: from massage benches and tables through to creams, oils and potions. Well, this was what Phillip, who was managing the stand, told her when she introduced herself to him as his assistant for the evening. It was a large stand with its own massage suite where customers could sit comfortably and view demonstrations given by the company's own trained masseurs.   
  
"That's where I'd like you to help out," Phillip said. "It means that you will only have to lie there and receive a full body massage by one of our highly qualified masseurs while he explains his techniques and shows the range of products available."   
  
Mary smiled to herself remembering the fumbling massage she had received from the customers on the body Painting stand. Was this going to be more of the same? Or was this going to be another fresh experience for her?   
  
Just then a well built good looking guy in a crisp white uniform stepped onto the stand. Phillip smiled at him. "This is Jason. He will be giving tonight's demonstration."   
  
Mary saw Jason's eyes take in her body before he held out his hand and clasped hers in a firm grip. "Beautiful looking lady," he said. "It's going to be nice working with you."   
  
"I'll leave you two to sort things out. The first group of people will be arriving soon."   
  
Jason led Mary through into the massage suite. "You ever had a massage before?"   
  
"Not by a professional; had some guys work on me," she said with a grin. "But I guess that's not the same."   
  
Jason smiled and shook his head. "You worked here before? Not for us; I mean the Erotic Fair?"   
  
Mary again shook her head. "No, this is the first time."   
  
Jason looked at her. "How do you feel about walking around the place naked?"   
  
Mary shrugged. "I felt a little uneasy at first, but I'm getting used to it now. Today no one really seemed to notice, but I guess tomorrow might be different when the general public is let in."   
  
Jason nodded. "I guess you might be right, but on to tonight. When we get everyone in, I'll be talking to them and massaging you, using different oils and creams. Is that okay?"   
  
Mary nodded. "I guess that's what I'm here for," she said with a smile.   
  
"There is one product I need to warn you about," he said picking up a small jar containing what looked like red oil. "This is called Stimulation and it is a product we have developed ourselves. When applied it causes a heightening of sensation in the areas it's used on."   
  
Hr unscrewed the top off the jar and dipped a finger in. "If I may," he said, indicating her breast. Mary shrugged and nodded. He lightly applied the oil around her nipple.   
  
Almost instantly Mary felt a not unpleasant tingling sensation, and she could feel her nipple rising to the occasion. She clasped her hand to her breast. "My God, that feels wonderful," she said, a big smile on her face. Jason smiled. "It's expensive to buy, but you only need a small quantity, and it really heightens the sensations. It's one of the products I demonstrate to the customers. How do you feel about it?"   
  
Mary smiled, still slowly caressing her breast. "I feel okay. I don't mind at all. In fact, I can't wait."   
  
Jason nodded. "That's good. Now I'd like you to wrap yourself in a towel before we start. Makes it much more interesting for the customer; a little teasing goes a long way."   
  
Mary sat at the side of the room and watched as the customers for the first demonstration filed in. When everyone was settled, Jason introduced himself and passed around a welcome package to each customer containing information and samples.   
  
Then he introduced Mary. "Gentlemen, this is the young lady who is going to help me with the demonstration this afternoon." There were a few nods and a polite applause.   
  
"If you would remove your towel and lay yourself on the bed," he said.   
  
Mary slipped the knot undone and unwound the towel from her body.   
  
Although she had spent most of the day naked, exposing herself like this felt quite exciting. She let the towel drop to the floor and allowed Jason to assist her up onto the bed. To start he instructed her to lie face down. As Jason explained the methods of massage to the group, Mary enjoyed the feeling of his strong hands stroking up her legs and working the oils into her back.   
  
After a while, he asked her to turn onto her back, and he then spoke about the special oils that his company produced. "These oils, "he explained, "can be used to heighten the sensations when applied to the body: the more sensitive the area, the more the effect will be. If you would all like to come forward and gather around the table, I will demonstrate." Mary began to feel a little uncomfortable with the men standing so close around her. Jason smiled, and dipped his finger into the small jar of oil. Mary held her breath as she felt the fist touch on her nipple. This time he treated both of them. It took only moments for the oil to work. She let out a groan as her nipples seemed to come alive.   
  
"You can now see the nipple swelling and becoming erect," Jason explained. "When it's like this, it only needs the slightest touch to give the patient or lover extreme pleasure."   
  
To demonstrate, he pinched one of Mary's nipples very gently between his thumb and finger. Mary groaned even louder and her body jerked on the bed causing her breasts to jiggle deliciously much to the amusement of the group.   
  
Afterwards, Phillip came in and told her that Jason's first demonstration had gone very well, and he had received lots of orders, especially for the new sensation oil.   
  
Mary smiled. "I'm not surprised," she said, gently rubbing her finger over her still tingling nipples. "I wouldn't mind a jar of that myself," she said with a grin.   
  
Phillip smiled. "I'm sure we can fit you up with a few samples before you leave."   
  
The second demonstration went as well as the first, and this time she couldn't wait for the oil to be applied to her breasts. She held her breath as Jason applied it, and then waited for the wonderful sensation. Mary was still lying on the massage couch as the last group filed out. She was still caressing her breasts and pulling on her still erect nipples. Jason smiled at her. "You enjoy that, don't you?" he said with a slight smile.   
  
Mary nodded. "I can't believe what it does, and it's wonderful."   
  
"It works its magic in other places, too," he said, his eyes dropping down to her exposed pussy.   
  
Mary reddened slightly.   
  
"Would you like to try it now we are alone?"   
  
She looked at him and ran a wet tongue nervously over her lips. "I shouldn't, but......"   
  
"You know you want to."   
  
Just then Phillip came in, smiling. "You two are doing very well. I've got several large orders." Then he looked at them realizing he had interrupted something. "Sorry, was I interrupting something?"   
  
Jason shook his head. "No, Mary was considering trying another little experiment with the sensation oil."   
  
Phillip grinned. "On your head be it if you do," he said shaking his head and looking at Mary.   
  
"Well?" Jason said, questioningly   
  
Mary nodded. "I've really got to try it," she said, and she lay back on the massage table.   
  
Phillip smiled and walked around to the head of the table. "Lift your arms above your head, Mary. I'm going to hold on to them. When the oil begins to work, you will want to touch yourself; preventing that will heighten the experience."   
  
Obediently she raised her arms and Phillip grabbed her wrists.   
  
"Okay?" said Jason, looking down at her.   
  
Mary nodded. "As well as I can be."   
  
"Okay, now raise your knees slightly and open your legs."   
  
Mary followed his instructions, feeling excited and expectant, even a little brazen displaying herself like this. She bit her lip as she saw Jason dip his finger into the pot. Then she closed her eyes tightly and her body went rigid. She felt him gently part her outer lips, and then his finger was wiping over the inner folds. For a moment nothing happened. Then suddenly she cried out, her body almost lifting from the table. If it hadn't been for Phillip holding her wrists, she would have fallen off.   
  
She began groaning and crying out, writhing on the table as exquisite spasms coursed through her body. It was as though her pussy was on fire. She felt herself orgasm, and moments later it came again. She was bathed in perspiration. She tried to pull her hands from Phillip's grip; she needed to touch herself, but he held her tight.   
  
"Touch me, please," she said pleadingly looking up at Jason. "I need to feel someone touching me." She groaned again as Jason obliged, rubbing his fingers over her gushing pussy. "Inside, inside," she pleaded.   
  
Jason thrust his finger deeply into her wet hole. She cried out again as this spread the oil deeper onto her love tunnel. She gripped her thighs together, trapping his hand.   
  
She looked at him, perspiration dripping down her face. "Fuck me, Jason, please fuck me," she pleaded.   
  
Jason smiled. "You really want me too?"   
  
She nodded urgently.   
  
She saw Jason smile at Phillip who was still holding on to her wrists. Then he unfastened the white pants and stepped out of them. She looked hungrily at his already erect cock as he climbed up onto the bed. He eased her legs apart and positioned himself between them. He rubbed his stiff cock up against her wet pussy lips.   
  
"Do me now, you bastard! Stick it in me; fuck me! Please fuck me." Jason obliged, sliding into her body. The sensation was wonderful. The residue of the oil was still there causing him to experience the sensation as well. He sank deep into her and she groaned.   
  
"Thank you, thank you, you wonderful man. Now fuck me hard."   
  
Jason obliged, while at the head of the table Phillip had released her hands and began to caress her breasts, rubbing the nipples between his fingers. He watched Jason plunging into their attractive young assistant. He felt the hardness of his own cock rubbing against the wooden sides of the massage table. Was he going to get the opportunity to experience the delights of Mary's attractive body?   
  
He shouldn't have worried. At the moment, Mary's needs were insatiable, and she made no objection when he replaced Jason between her thighs. Mary had no idea how long the session went on. The two guys just used her body, and she willingly allowed them to. She was exhausted and extremely satisfied by the time they all called it a day.   
  
Afterwards, they helped her clean herself up. She wrapped herself in a towel. Outside, the place had emptied. Only a few stands were still occupied. Others were closed and dark. Phillip thanked her for her help, and she smiled when she kissed them both. "I think it's me who ought to thank you," she said with a smile.   
  
She made her way through the almost empty hall back to the Logan Promotions office. Gina was already dressed and chatting with Jerry. He smiled when she came in. "Everything okay?"   
  
She smiled. "Yes, it's been a very interesting day."   
  
She slipped the towel off and started to get dressed. This was only day one of three and she wondered what tomorrow would bring.

# Blackmail Ch. 08

After she had changed, she found Bob waiting for her in the car just outside reception.   
  
"Well, what sort of day has it been?" he asked as she settled into the car.  
  
"Interesting. I hope you have found plenty to interest you. It's been a long day."  
  
"How can any guy not be interested in a place like that? It's like letting a kid free in a candy store."  
  
They drove back to the hotel and decided to find somewhere to eat outside the hotel.  
  
"I could just fancy an Indian," Mary said. "How about you?"  
  
Bob grinned. "After seeing all that pussy all day, I could just fancy yours before we go out. It would make a very appetizing starter to any meal."  
  
Mary laughed, but she was wondering if she would be able to take Bob on so soon after Jason and Phillip. In fact, she could still feel their juices seeping from her pussy as she had not had a chance to shower at the center.  
  
They arrived back at the hotel, and as soon as they got to their room, Bob took her in his arms. They kissed; she began to panic; she needed to shower. If he started trying to make love and he touched her down there, he would soon realize what she had been up to. "Look, "she said, trying to pry herself from his arms, "let me go and get cleaned up. It's been a long and tiring day."  
  
Reluctantly he let her go, and she scurried to the bathroom. He had to agree she would taste a lot better after a shower when she was all pink and warm.  
  
In the bath room Mary quickly removed her clothes and tossed them in the dirty linen basket. She turned on the shower and stepped under the stinging spray. She was relieved that she had made it before Bob had discovered anything, and began to feel better. She carefully washed herself, making sure that all signs of her lovemaking were washed away.  
  
Fifteen minutes later she emerged from the shower wrapped in a towel. She smiled when she saw Bob lying on the bed. He was completely naked; his cock stood up like a tent pole, and he was gently massaging it.  
  
"Come over here and slide your delightful pussy around this. I bet you are in nearly as bad a state as me, spending all day naked with guys ogling you." There was no way out; she undid the towel and let it fall to the floor. She got on the bed and positioned herself astride him. As she lowered herself, she felt the hardness of his cock head rubbing up against her pussy lips: those same pussy lips that had less than an hour ago willingly accepted both Phillip and Jason.   
  
She felt her lips part as he inserted the head of his cock. He thrust up towards her and she lowered herself, enveloping his cock in the warm wet folds of her pussy. Suddenly she realized that she was hungry again: hungry for sex.  
  
She worked her muscles and squeezed him. He groaned and pressed into her. His hands reached up and began to caress her breasts, squeezing them gently, and pulling on her already extended nipples.  
  
Together they began to fuck. Their cries and groans became louder as they neared a climax. Suddenly he came in a long gushing orgasm. She responded and their juices mixed; she fell forward gasping, pressing her breasts into his bare chest, and kissing his neck and ears.  
  
"I really needed that," he gasped.  
  
Mary nodded. "And so did I," she lied, but she had to admit that she had enjoyed it.  
  
Of course they both needed to shower again before they dressed and made their way out to reception. The receptionist was very helpful and directed them to a good local Indian restaurant.   
  
The food was good: hot and tasty and washed down with a nice bottle of wine. During the meal Bob did quiz her on what she had been doing with the exhibitors.  
  
"Just helping them out and looking pretty," she said with a smile.  
  
It was quite late when they finally made it back to the hotel, but they did manage to make love again before falling in to a well earned sleep.  
  
Next morning, Mary was awoken from her sleep by the exciting feeling of someone caressing her body. She lay there for a few moments enjoying the sensation as she struggled to become fully awake. She opened her eyes to find Bob leaning over her. The covers had been turned back and he was lightly exploring her body, drawing circles with his finger around her nipples and trailing down over her stomach to brush lightly across her pussy.   
  
She smiled and looked up at him. "Do you always wake your lover like this?" she asked.  
  
He nodded. "When she is as beautiful as you are. I just can't resist your body."  
  
She smiled and pulled him down to her. Their lips met in a long passionate kiss, their tongues wrestling with each other's, and she felt him squeeze her breasts more urgently.   
  
"Do we have time?" she asked breathlessly.  
  
"We'll make time. I really need you this morning."  
  
She smiled up at him and he felt her spread her legs. She groaned and gripped onto his shoulders as he eased himself inside her. She lay back and enjoyed the wonderful sensation as he penetrated her deeply. He then lay on top of her enjoying the feeling of her pussy gripping his cock while she gently contracted her vaginal muscles.   
  
That morning it was a long sensuous fuck. Gone was the urgency of last night; now it was more gentle, more satisfying for both of them. Time and time again they came to the brink only to ease off and slightly relax before climbing the mountain again. When they finally came, it was a complete and satisfying finale.  
  
Afterwards they lay in each other's arms relaxing before suddenly noticing the time.   
  
Quickly they showered and dressed, going for a quick breakfast. Then it was a dash through the early morning rush hour to the exhibition centre. They made it although about fifteen minutes late. Jerry looked up at the clock as Mary entered the Logan Promotions office. "Cutting it fine, aren't you? We have punters already queuing up outside; we open in 15 minutes."  
  
She apologized. "The traffic was hell."  
  
Jerry smiled. "Was it that, or was it the bed? I hear you brought your lover down with you."  
  
"Maybe it was a bit of both," she said with a cheeky grin.  
  
"Okay, go and get yourself ready. Gina's already out there. You are both working with Exotic Creations today. Well, later because for the first part I will need both of you on reception. After that you can sort things out between you."  
  
Mary made her way to the small changing room and quickly removed her clothes: everything, that is, apart from her heels. She checked herself in the mirror; she was getting used to seeing herself naked at work.  
  
She then made her way over to the reception area. She didn't feel too bad today about being naked in such a public place. Exhibitors making their way to their displays nodded to her; it was a still a strange sensation.  
  
Gina greeted her with a smile. "I guess you must have had a good night, or did you just overlay?"  
  
"A bit of both," she said. "Anything I should know about today?"  
  
"Not really. Almost the same routine as yesterday, but you will have to be a bit more wary about hands. Public days are apt to get a bit feely, feely. The fact that we are naked seems to give them the idea that anything goes, but security is always on hand if they go too far."  
  
As soon as the doors opened, Mary saw the difference. She felt ogled more, and more aware of her nakedness. Guys with cameras jostled to take pictures of her. Some wanted to join her in the pictures. She tried to be friendly and obliging, standing and smiling while their friends took pictures. Some wanted to hold her, to touch her nakedness; others just wanted to stand and look. By noon the initial rush on the door had turned to a trickle, and Jerry's receptionist turned up to give them a lunch break.  
  
"Might be a good idea to slip a robe on today," Gina said. "It's more crowded; no point in putting temptation in their way."  
  
After collecting their robes, they made their way over to the refreshment area and collected lunch packs. Fortunately they found an empty table.  
  
"It is much busier today," Mary commented.  
  
"Usually is on the public days. By the way, do you want to go first this after noon?"  
  
Mary looked at her puzzled.  
  
"Exotic creations," she explained.  
  
Mary nodded. "Sorry, yes, if you want me too; wasn't thinking."  
  
"You do two till four and I'll do four to six. Then after our break, we have to divide the other two between us. Which one do you want?"  
  
Mary had little hesitation. She remembered back to her session with Phillip and Jerry last night. "I'll take Intimacy if that's okay with you."  
  
Gina nodded. "I guess we both took the same choices from the list Jerry sent out."  
  
"You mean the exhibitors to work for?"  
  
Gina nodded. "I didn't fancy the other two. I'm not really into BDSM, and being fucked in public is not really my thing."  
  
"You mean that's what you are expected to do at the porno film company?"  
  
Gina smiled. "Yes, they have a small studio where they demonstrate how porno movies are made and let amateur film makers have a go."  
  
Mary bit into her roll. She looked across at Gina. "It must be hell of a turn on being fucked in public."  
  
Gina laughed. "I guess it is if that's your thing. Then she brushed the crumbs off her robe and stood up. "I need to do a few things. I'll see you later: four o'clock on reception."  
  
As Gina left, Mary looked up and saw Bob coming though the crowd. He smiled. "It's a change to see you dressed," he joked. "There's a lot here, isn't there?" he said looking around.  
  
"Have you seen everything?" Mary asked.  
  
"Just about; few more places I want to revisit later."  
  
"Have you been on the Magnus productions stand?"  
  
He shook his head. "No, that's one of the ones that's on my list for later. It's always very busy."  
  
"Fancy having a walk over there now? I wouldn't mind to see what I might have been doing if I had selected them as one of my choices."  
  
When they got there, it was a very busy unit, and there was already a queue for the next program. Mary pushed her way through and showed her name badge to the guy on the door. He smiled and nodded and opened the door for them. "You'll probably find a couple of free seats at the back."  
  
The studio was surprisingly large. There was seating on three sides, and in the centre, a large bed. Bright lights blazed down on a couple on the bed: a shapely blond and a well muscled black guy. Both were completely naked, the woman on her back in the missionary position with him lunging into her with long powerful strokes. Around the bed, three cameramen were filming with video cameras from different angles. Mounted above the couple were three plasma screens showing the pictures from each camera. The pictures were highly detailed and showed extreme close ups.  
  
Mary and Bob found some empty seats and watched the scene before them. Mary had never seen a couple make love before; well, not in the flesh. She had of course seen movies, but this was the real thing.  
  
Bob put his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. "That could have been you down there if you had selected Magnus as one of your choices," he whispered into her ear.  
  
Mary immediately felt herself getting extremely warm. Bob was right. Could she actually have done it--allowed herself to be fucked in front of all these people? She could feel herself moistening at the thought.  
  
She watched as the black guy withdrew from the woman. His cock was enormous, as big as she had ever seen. She had a sudden urge to touch herself. She slid her hand inside her robe and pressed her hand over her pussy. She was not surprised to find she was already wet. The black guy turned his partner over. She knelt up on the bed; he thrust his fingers into her opening her up, then quickly followed with his cock.  
  
Mary saw the woman's large breasts swinging as he again began to thrust into her, gripping onto her thighs. She was fascinated by the erotic display being acted out in front of her, and when Bob slipped his hand inside her robe and pushed her hand out of the way, she made no move to stop him fingering her himself.  
  
The woman on the bed was now moaning loudly, pleading with the guy to finish, thrusting her rear backwards to get the most out of each stroke. Mary just sat there and watched, fascinated, her legs wide apart. Bob's finger were working their magic, and when the guy on the bed pulled out and sprayed thick globules of creamy cum all over the woman's back, Mary had a simultaneous climax, slumping back in her seat, crying out, and gasping for air. One or two of the guy in front of them realized what must have been happening and looked around and smiled.   
  
Mary stayed in her seat trying to compose herself as the show came to an end and the couple left the bed. Bob inquired if she were okay, and she nodded.  
  
"I think you enjoyed that," he said with a smile.  
  
"I've never seen it done in real life before; it was such a turn on."  
  
"I could tell that," Bob said with a grin. "You were incredibly wet. I guess you would have liked to have been up there."  
  
Mary almost felt herself blushing just at the thought. "I don't think I could do it in front of all those people."  
  
They were just about to leave when a guy who had been directing things came over.  
  
"I guess you are one of Jerry's girls," he said.  
  
Mary nodded. "We just popped in to see the show."  
  
"And what did you think?"  
  
"It was rather erotic; I've never seen it done in real life before."  
  
The guy grinned. "I'm always looking for new talent if you fancy it."  
  
Mary shook her head. "I couldn't do it, not in front of everyone."  
  
The guy nodded. "Well, you know where we are if you change your mind."  
  
They said good-bye and she followed Bob out into the exhibition centre again.  
  
"I need to go," she said. "Are you hanging around? I'm doing a stint on Exotic Creations now for a couple of hours."  
  
Bob smiled. "Don't worry about me. This is a fun place to be. I'll see you later."   
  
Mary found her way to the Exotic Creations stand. Ranged around the stand were shop window mannequins attired in extremely sexy undies, sleep wear, and very brief bikinis. She introduced herself to a lady called Miranda. She was the owner of the company. She welcomed Mary on board with a big smile. "Glad to meet you," she said. "Jerry said you would be around to help us out for a couple of hours. It is easy work: just displaying our range of items to the punters. If you go inside, you will find Elli. She will show you what we want you to do."  
  
She made her way inside the stand and found Elli, a petite blond, who looked to be in her early forties. She was chatting to another woman who was dressed in a set of very revealing lingerie. She turned round and looked at Mary. "You my relief?" she asked.  
  
Mary nodded. "I guess so."  
  
Elli looked at her. "Are you Annabelle?"  
  
She smiled and nodded. "Miranda said you would give me instructions."  
  
"There's not a lot to give. All you have to do is to display our outfits--these on the racks," she said indicating several racks of frothy underwear behind her. "You can just about please yourself with what you wear, but try to mix things up a bit: you know, undies, wraps, stockings, swim wear. Then go out there and parade around for ten minutes or so. After that, come back in and change.   
  
The girl in the undies slipped into some clothes, looking over at Mary. "Hope you are not shy. None of these things hide a lot, and some of those punters out there want to see everything."  
  
Mary shook her head. "No, I should manage. I've already spent most of my time here totally naked so it will be a change to wear something, however little it covers."  
  
Elli smiled. "That's what I like to hear." She turned to another girl who was just about to leave, asking her, "Will you be in tomorrow?" The girl nodded as she left. "Around ten be okay?" Elli nodded.  
  
Elli turned and sorted through the racks. She passed Mary an outfit. "Here, start with this. I think it's rather nice. You can wear these hold ups with it," she said passing Mary an unopened packet.  
  
Mary saw Elli watching her as she drew off her wrap. She smiled. "You have a nice figure; you should show the things off well."  
  
Mary slipped into the outfit, an almost completely see through bra and thong. Then she pulled on the holdups. When she was ready, Elli smiled. "You look very good; now get out there and let them see you." Mary had no doubts that they would see her, for the brief items hid nothing.  
  
It was a strange feeling when she stepped out onto the front of the stand. Although she had spent a lot of time totally naked, it felt different wearing this sexy outfit. This titillated rather than exposed. Anyway, the punters seemed to like it, and Mary was enjoying the attention she was getting. Cameras flashed from all directions, and she did some exaggerated poses which were appreciated by everyone.  
  
After ten minutes, Miranda asked her to change into something else. This was how the two hours was spent. By the end of the session she was getting really turned on by all the attention. Some of the items were really erotic, like the crotchless panties and the peep hole bras. When one of the photographers that had grouped around the stand asked her to change into something one of the mannequins was wearing, she saw no point of going into the back to change, but did it there on the stand. She was under a constant barrage of camera flashes as she stripped and slipped into the other outfit, and when she had done the change, she got a big round of applause.   
  
Mary was enjoying herself. The crowd loved her and she was a little sorry when Gina turned up to take her off. She had loved working in front of the crowd.  
  
She was just saying her good-byes to Miranda and Elli when Bob appeared. "You moving on?" he asked.  
  
She nodded. "Yes, I'm on Intimacy Products for their last stint."  
  
"I'll walk over with you if that's okay." She nodded, but she was worried that he might stay around. After her session on Erotic Creations, she was feeling quite turned on and she knew that she could get some much needed relief from two certain guys on that stand. But when she got there, she was disappointed because she found Phillip alone. Apparently Jason had been called away on business. "You can hang around if you want to," he said, "but I can't do any exhibitions because there is no one to cover the stand."  
  
She looked at Bob and he shrugged. "No point in hanging around, is there? We might as well go and get a drink."

Phillip agreed. "Come around tomorrow, Mary. Jason should be back then. I'm sure he would like to see you again before the show closes," he said with a knowing smile that luckily Bob didn't catch.  
  
They made their way over to the bar and Bob bought her a drink. "What now?" he asked. "Can we get off early?"  
  
"Not really. I'm booked until the show finishes. I guess I ought to go to one of the other stands and see if they need any help."  
  
"Which one do you fancy," Bob inquired.  
  
"I don't know," she said. "I suppose I ought to go and see Jerry, but he could be any where."  
  
"You could always do the porno film stand. That's one of yours, isn't it?"  
  
Mary looked at the expression on Bob's face.  
  
"You really mean that, don't you?"  
  
Bob grinned. "I would like to fuck you myself right this minute, but we have no where to go. The next best thing would be to see someone else fuck you."  
  
Mary immediately felt herself getting warm. She could feel the sensation deep between her thighs. She looked over at Bob. "You would really like to see someone else having sex with me?"   
  
He nodded. "I saw how turned on you were after the show."  
  
Mary remembered how she felt, and she could see Bob was keen on the idea, but could she go through with it? She had been naked in front of everyone. She had allowed some of the guys to touch her; some had taken liberties, but allowing herself to be fucked while a crowd sat around watching--she was not sure. She guessed it might be exciting, but it was well out of her comfort zone.   
  
He looked at her. "Well, what have you decided?"   
  
She looked at him. She could see he was keen. She had heard that some guys liked to see their partner having sex with another guy. Was Bob one of them? She had come a long way in the last few weeks starting with stripping in front of a window. Was there anything else, or was this the final frontier?   
  
"Well, if that's what you want," she said. "I guess I could use some relief. I can already feel myself getting wet."  
  
Bob grinned, pulling her up from her seat. "Let's go and get you well and truly fucked."  
  
Mary's legs were shaking as they made their way across to the Magnus Productions stand. She was still not sure that she could go through with it, but Bob's encouragement only added to her feeling of need.  
  
A show had just ended and the men were filing out. The director saw Mary and smiled. "Come over to visit us again, have you? Fancy joining in?"  
  
Mary looked at Bob. He grinned. "She's fancying having a go—that is if you can use her." "That right?"  
  
Mary nodded. "Yes, the last guy I was working with didn't need me so I came over to see if you could use me for anything."  
  
The guy looked at Mary. "From what I can see of you, I can certainly use you. I'd like to use you myself, but I'm afraid I have to direct the show. Jerome is doing the next show and I'm sure he will make very good use of you."  
  
Mary felt herself shaking again. Had she gone too far this time? Still, it was too late now to back out. He took them over to the door where a queue was already forming for the next showing and told the guy to let them through. "If you want to go and get yourself a good seat, I'll take the little lady through and introduce her as Annabelle to Jerome."  
  
Jerome turned out to be the black guy she had seen earlier when she was here. He was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts and she could already see the bulge. She remembered the size of his cock and shuddered at the thought. The director left them together saying that he needed to get things started. "Jerome will tell you how we work it."   
  
He turned out to be a nice guy. He offered her a glass of wine and smiled when she wrinkled her nose as she drank it.  
  
"If it tastes a little funny," he said, "it's because I've put a little something in it. Keeps me perky and you will find it will make you feel randy." He grinned. "It helps. You will find it's not easy for you the first time with all those guys watching and being so close."  
  
Mary was already feeling more than a little turned on by the whole situation, and now with whatever was in the wine, she was feeling more than ready.  
  
"Let's see what's on offer, honey."  
  
Mary looked at him puzzled.  
  
"The body, babe; let's see the body."  
  
Now she understood. She undid the belt of her robe and spread it open. His eyes lit up as he looked her up and down, nodding slowly. "That's some nice body," he said. "I think I am going to enjoy myself tonight."  
  
Mary smiled at his comment, but she still had that uneasy feeling. Outside she could hear the crowd moving in and the director speaking to them.  
  
"He gives them a little chat first and picks two or three of them to be cameramen. Then we go out and put on a show for them.  
  
Jerome listened at the doorway. Then he smiled and turned to her. "Okay, Annabelle, that's our cue; lets get out there." He held out his hand and led her into the studio.   
  
Mary was shaking and Jerome could feel this. "Don't worry, babe. Don't think about them. Just enjoy yourself."  
  
She smiled a weak smile. It was okay for him, but this was something she had never experienced before. The director introduced them to the audience, and then explained again what would be happening. Mary looked around for Bob and was surprised to see him sitting on the front row.   
  
What surprised her more was that he was holding a professional looking video camera, as were the two guys beside him. My God, she thought, he's going to be one of the camera men!   
  
"Okay, Annabelle and Jerome, let's get things rolling," the director called out.  
  
Jerome looked at Mary. "Are you ready?" he asked. "As ready as I will ever be," she said with a slight nod of her head.  
  
Bob and the other two guys stood up as Jerome reached out and began to untie the belt of her robe. He eased it off her shoulders and it fell to the floor. There were murmurs of approval as her naked body was exposed. Jerome reached out and began to caress her breasts, squeezing her already hard nipples. A couple of the camera guys got in for close ups.  
  
He then moved her back towards the large bed and sat her down. He eased her legs apart, exposing her totally. He ran a finger over her exposed pussy lips, parting them slightly. The camera guys struggled for position. Mary knew from her own visit to the show previously that every intimate detail was being shown on the screens above her.  
  
She tried to put the crowd out of her mind and concentrate on what Jerome was doing to her. He had two fingers inside her working them in and out. She could feel she was wet. She closed her eyes and leaned back on her hands. At least now in her own little world, she began to feel herself responding--the first slight signs of her muscles responding.  
  
"Move back up onto the bed, babe." The sound of Jerome's voice brought her back to the present. She eased herself up onto the bed. Jerome smiled down at her. Then in one swift movement, he pushed down his boxers. There were a few whistles and comments when his cock came into view.  
  
He climbed up onto the bed and positioned himself on his knees above Mary. He was almost sitting on her breasts and his monster that was already erect was inches from her face. He grinned as he took it in his hands and ran it over her lips.  
  
"You're gonna suck on this nice and hard, babe. Give them camera guys a good show."  
  
Mary quite enjoyed oral, but this guy was big. How would he feel down her throat? There was only one way to find out. She reached over and wrapped her fingers around it. Well, almost. It was too big to get them around it completely; it was hard and warm to the touch. She licked her tongue across the purple helmet before opening her mouth wide and taking it in.  
  
She allowed it to go as deep as she could, almost gagging as it pressed for a moment against the back of her throat. Then she began to suck on it, working it with her tongue. With her free hand, she gripped his testicles, massaging them gently.   
  
Jerome was good. He knew how to treat a newcomer. He allowed her to set the pace, not forcing her. She had begun to lose some of her worries. She was concentrating on her work, putting on a show for the cameras. After a few minutes, he put his hand over hers and made her stop. Then he eased himself out of her mouth. Mary felt a little disappointed, but it was only short lived.  
  
He moved his position astride her and turned facing the other way, then took up a position on his hands and knees. His cock was again above her face and she lifted her head and licked the head. Then she felt him easing her legs apart. She knew where things were going: her favorite oral position, the 69. Sure enough, she felt him go down on her, licking across her pussy. She gripped his cock, and opening her mouth, took it inside again.  
  
This time they began to work in unison. Jerome was thrusting his tongue into her. It seemed to go in so deep, touching every part. She was writhing on the bed, gripping his cock between her hands and working her lips tightly around it. Completely gone were the thoughts of the men around her or the pictures that were being displayed on the screens. Now she was enjoying herself, and she wanted to satisfy this gorgeous black guy as much as she wanted to gain satisfaction from him.  
  
When she felt the first signs of her orgasm, she began to work on him even harder, sucking and licking and working him with her hands. She tried to hold off her orgasm as long as she could. She wanted them to cum together. At last she felt him stiffen his body, and suddenly with a rush, he came. She gagged at first as he filled her mouth, but all thoughts were gone when her own orgasm overcame her.  
  
He withdrew from her and trails of his thick creamy fluid ran from her mouth and dripped down her chin. She fell back onto the bed gasping and swallowing the remains down her throat. Around her she heard the applause of the audience.   
  
Jerome removed himself from over her body and lay down beside her. Someone passed them a towel and a glass of fruit juice.  
  
"You've got a great mouth on you, babe," Jerome whispered in her ear. "And in a few moments I'm going to try out that pussy." He reached down and ran his hand over it. "If it fucks as well as it tastes, you are one hell of a babe."  
  
Now that the first rush of excitement was over, Mary was beginning to feel self conscious again. Things had gone much further then she ever had imagined. She had performed a sex act in public, giving a black guy a blow job: even swallowed his cum and allowed him to go down on her while being watched and filmed. Now he was going to fuck her for real. She trembled. Was it in anticipation, or was it fear of the unknown? What would it feel like to have that monster of a cock inside her body? It was far bigger than she had ever experienced before. She had seen him with the other model, fucking her. Now it was her turn to experience it. Would it be pleasure or pain?  
  
They sat up, finished their drinks, and passed the glasses back to an assistant. As Jerome helped her to wipe herself down, he leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "How do you want it, babe? Front or back?"  
  
She shook her head. "I don't do anal."   
  
He grinned. "I meant missionary or doggie?"  
  
"I prefer doggie if I get the choice," she said. She had to smile to herself. Here she was discussing with a black guy which way she was to be publicly fucked.  
  
"Fine by me," Jerome said with a big grin. "Gives me a chance to squeeze those jugs."  
  
"You two ready?" the director asked.  
  
Jerome nodded. "Ready and raring to go."   
  
The director instructed Mary how to position herself so that the audience and the cameramen could get the best view of the action. She saw Bob positioned in front of her, viewing her through his camera. He looked up and winked at her. "Have fun," he said with a grin.   
  
She felt Jerome position himself behind her. She shuddered slightly as she felt him rub his cock up against her pussy. Then he was opening her up with his fingers and inserting the head of his cock. She was glad she was still well lubricated. He gripped her thighs and slowly eased himself inside her body. She gasped as she felt him stretching her. Was she going to be able to take him? Working gently, he worked himself deeper and deeper. She was sure she could take no more, but still she did. She had never been filled like this.   
  
Then gently and slowly he began to fuck her. As the initial fear left her, she began to relax and enjoy the sensation. Around her the audience was urging him on. He increased his speed and she felt her breasts begin to swing with the motion of her body. Then she felt them being gripped as he took one in each hand, gently squeezing her flesh and tweaking her hard nipples.  
  
He was a master at his art, bringing her to the brink time and time again. Her body was bathed in perspiration. She was gasping and pleading with him, and finally he relented; she climaxed with a scream. It was a sensation like she had never felt before. She was a little disappointed when he suddenly withdrew, and she felt his juices splash over her body as she collapsed onto the bed amid cheers from the audience.   
  
She lay on the bed breathless as she heard the audience leaving the studio. Someone put her robe over her, and the harsh lights were switched down.  
  
"You okay, babe?" she heard Jerome whisper in her ear. She nodded.  
  
"You were a good fuck," he said. "We'll have to get together again sometime."  
  
She smiled to herself. He was right there; one time with this guy was certainly not enough for her. Now she wanted more.  
  
At last she managed to sit up on the bed and wipe herself down. She looked across to see Bob sitting on the empty front row. He smiled at her, and she wondered if he had enjoyed it as much as she had.   
  
The director came over and thanked her. "If you ever think of taking it up professionally, come along and see me. I will always be able to find you some work." He smiled. "Oh, and by the way, when I've edited up the stuff that's been taken today, I'll send you a copy. If you let me use it, I'll pay you, but I won't do anything with it without your permission."  
  
She still felt her legs were a little shaky when she tried to stand up and Bob came over to assist her. She said her good-byes to Jerome and the crew and they made their way out into the emptying hall. By the time they got to Jerry's office, she was beginning to feel okay again although she was feeling a little tender between her thighs. She needed a shower, but she would have to wait till they got back to the hotel.  
  
Bob was quiet for the first part of the journey. She wondered what he was thinking. "Was it what you expected," she finally asked him.  
  
He turned and smiled at her. "It was better. It was such a turn on to see you together with a black guy. He was so big."  
  
She grinned. "You don't have to tell me; I was worried he was going to tear me apart."  
  
They both laughed.

# Blackmail Ch. 09

It was not until Mary was in the shower the following morning that she suddenly realized that she had not heard from her tormentor: in fact, not since she had left the office two days ago. Had the calls finished? She hoped in some ways that they had, but then again it had shown her a new side to herself: a new found confidence and a new found excitement. She had been through a lot since that first day that she was made to strip in front of the window. It had been an eye opening journey for her from that first time in the window, to working naked at an Erotic Fair, and being publicly fucked before an audience in a studio of a Porno Film Company.  
  
She gently rubbed her hand over her pussy still feeling the effects of Jerome's work. She had felt sorry for Bob last night as she had still been feeling too tender to allow Bob the pleasure of her body; well, her pussy at least.   
  
She had managed to satisfy him successfully with her hands and mouth and other less painful parts. As she stood under the spray, she was not sure if she were looking forward to her last day at the exhibition or not.   
  
As things turned out, it all worked out well. She did the morning stint with Gina, and then worked for Body Art. She explained about her tender condition and they agreed to go a little easier on her. At the end they gave her a small but expensive present of a pack of the stimulation cream as a thank you gift.  
  
Her final session with Exotic Creations worked out well, too. She only had to display things there, and she was pleased when she received a surprise parcel from Miranda, the owner of Erotic Creations, of a selection of items from their range as a thank you gift.  
  
With only two hours left before the show closed, she finally decide to call in at Magnus Productions. She wanted to say good-bye to everyone, but particularly to Jerome. Even feeling as she did, she knew she would not be able to resist the offer of anther show if they asked her. But as it turned out, Jerome had been called away to the main studio to do some emergency filming. The director did say she was still very welcome to join them, but she declined his offer. "Maybe another day," she said with a smile.  
  
Before the show closed, Jerry thanked her and Gina for all their help and presented them both with a cheque for their good work. It was something she wasn't expecting, so all in all, it had been an interesting and rewarding three days.  
  
"You did well out of that," Bob said when he saw the gifts and the size of the cheque as she packed her bags and extra items in the car,  
  
"Well, I worked hard for it," she said with a grin.  
  
Bob agreed and they chatted happily about the three days as they drove home. Bob seemed interested in everything she had gone through and wanted to know all the intimate details.   
  
It was getting late before they arrived back at her place. She was not too sorry in some ways when Bob said he would have to get straight off. He had been away for two nights and did have a wife at home who might not be pleased if he spent another night away.  
  
They kissed their good-byes in the car. He thanked her for a wonderful weekend of pleasure and said they would most likely see each other at work the following day. It was nice to get back to the peace and quiet of her own place.   
  
She dropped the bags and gifts in the bedroom, and poured herself a large glass of cold white wine from the fridge.  
  
She sat back on the sofa relaxing, sipping the wine, thinking over what had happened, everything she had gone through. Never in a lifetime would she have thought that she would have done what she had done over that weekend. It almost felt unreal now she was back in her own home. Her thoughts were shattered by her mobile ringing, the one he used. She picked it up, and flicked it open.   
  
"Hello, there," said a now familiar voice. "The weekend went very well. You surpassed my wildest dreams."  
  
"You were there?" she asked, surprised.   
  
"Yes, I spent a couple of days looking around, catching up on you."   
  
My God, she thought to herself! He had been there, but there had been hundreds there. How could she have spotted one person, a person she only knew by his voice?   
  
"I really enjoyed your performance with that black guy."  
  
She gasped; he had actually been that close to her.  
  
"I never imagined you would have gone so far so quickly, from sex in private to sex in public, in a few short weeks, but you seemed to be enjoying yourself."  
  
Mary smiled to herself. How right he was.  
  
"Well, I've called with some news for you. Not sure if it will be good or bad; depends on how you feel about yourself. I have one last assignment for you. When that is completed, you are free from me."  
  
Mary was at first elated by the thought. It would be over at last, but then suddenly she wondered if she really wanted it to be over. She guessed she had in some ways almost become a submissive bending to the warped will of a master. She was not sure if she wanted it to finish.  
  
"Your last assignment will be on Friday evening. I discovered when I was looking into you that you did some dancing as a girl. Is that right?"  
  
"I did dancing classes until I was sixteen."  
  
"Good. I hoped my information was correct. It's just that you will be dancing on your next assignment. Well, dancing and stripping, actually. I guess with four days to work on it you could come up with a reasonable routine.   
  
I've arranged for someone to help you. You'll be hearing from them."  
  
Mary did not quite know what to say. "Well, I guess I could come up with something. It's not something I've ever done before, but with someone to give me a few ideas and pointers it should be alright."   
  
"Okay, I know you will cope very well. I've acquired some costumes in your size. I will get them sent over by courier. You should take tomorrow off. Call in; say you are not feeling well. You have had a busy and exhausting weekend. I'm sure it will be okay with your bosses. Oh, and by the way, if you do get a copy of the film from Magnus, I would like a copy myself. I'm sure they will have no objections." Then he rang off.  
  
She closed the phone and dropped it beside her. Just who was this guy who knew every detail about her past and present? He was certainly an accomplished stalker. She had never before felt that anyone special was watching her every move.   
  
Mary didn't realize just how tired she was, and after a long shower, she slept like a log. She was awakened suddenly next morning by the door bell. She slipped on a robe and went to answer it. A guy in a UPS uniform stood there with a large box in his hands.  
  
"Package for you to sign for, Miss. Sorry if I got you up," he said looking at her attire.  
  
She smiled. "I was just having an extra hour." She signed for the box and took it into the kitchen. She needed a coffee, but first she had to ring work. They seemed very understanding and told her to get well and be back as soon as she felt well enough.  
  
She switched on the coffee, and while it heated up, she inspected the box. She found it contained three outfits, all sparkly and very well made, complete with Velcro fastenings. These were the real thing, made for easy removal.   
  
She made herself a coffee and read the note that came with the outfits. All it said was for her to try them on and pick out two that she would like to perform in as she would be doing two spots. It also said that she would be contacted by someone who would help her with her routines. She smiled. This was certainly going to be an interesting assignment, but she noticed that the only thing the note did not say was where she was going to perform. She guessed that information would be coming later.   
  
She ate a leisurely breakfast, then went into her bedroom and tried on the outfits one by one. As she expected, they were all very revealing, but they all fit her very well. She guessed that they had actually been made for her. She had to admit that she looked exciting in all of them, and she also discovered that there were five pieces to each outfit: a g-string, bra, pants, and two outer items.  
  
She didn't know which to choose at the moment, but she had four days to decide that. It was about eleven that morning when the mobile rang again. She expected to hear his voice, but it was a woman. "Are you Annabelle?" she asked.  
  
She hesitated for a moment and then realized that she must have been given her other name. "Yes, who's this?"  
  
"My name is Crystal. I'm a dancer. I've been instructed to give you lessons. Can you come to my studio this afternoon?"  
  
Mary assured her that she could and arranged to be there at two p.m..   
  
"I understand you have your own costumes. Could you bring them along as well?"  
  
Mary assured her that she would. Crystal gave her the address and directions, and said she would see her at two. Mary found the place easily. The directions she had given her were clear, and she pulled up in front of a large converted warehouse building that had obviously been divided up into smaller units. A sign on the wall above one doorway introduced Crystal's Dance Studio: exotic and belly dancing a specialty.   
  
She picked up her bag of costumes from the car and pressed the buzzer. A pleasant voice instructed her to come up and the door clicked open. She walked up a flight of stairs and into a small reception room. A pretty brunette who looked as though she should have still been in school smiled up at her. "Are you Annabelle?" she inquired. Mary nodded. "You can go straight through; Crystal's waiting for you."  
  
Crystal turned out to be a blousy blond in her mid forties. She was wearing a long colorful Chinese robe. She looked up when Mary entered. "I guess you are Annabelle?" she inquired.  
  
Mary nodded.   
  
"You require some training with regards to stripping? You ever done any before?"   
  
Mary shook her head. "No, not stripping. I did a wet t-shirt show a couple of weeks ago where I finished up naked."  
  
Crystal grinned. "Well, at least you've experienced being naked in public."  
  
Mary smiled to herself and decided not to say anything about the weekend.  
  
"I hear what you are doing on Friday is a bit more up market then a wet t-shirt bash."  
  
"You know what I'm doing?" Mary inquired.  
  
Crystal shook her head. "No, nor really, but the guy who phoned would say only that it was an up market event so they want something special. You know, a class act. What dancing have you done before? Any?"  
  
Mary explained she'd done ballet and tap and some modern dance.  
  
"Well, that should stand you in good stead.   
  
Surprising how many we get here wanting to get into the stripping game who have no sense of rhythm at all,"   
  
Mary smiled.  
  
"Well, let's get down to work. If you've got to learn two routines by Friday, we have no time to lose. You will be doing two spots, an average of nine minute pre spot. That takes in the usual three parts to each strip so you will need six pieces of music. We can decide on that later when I see you dance. I have a guy who will make up a disc for you to take with you."   
  
She went over to a sound desk and set up some music. "Okay," she said as the music came on, "just dance around to this and let me see how you go."  
  
Mary felt a little self conscious at first as she moved around the room. It was a long time since she had danced, but it was one of those skills you don't forget, and she had always enjoyed dancing. Crystal nodded appreciatively. "Yes, I can see you can dance," she called out. "Well, that's the first barrier over." She turned off the music.   
  
They sat down on the floor and Crystal went through the routine with her. "You just break each session up into three parts: part one the dance is suggestive of course, then part two the strip, and the final part, the show where you will be naked."  
  
Crystal got up from the floor. "I'll go through a routine for you to show you what we are looking for, and then we will begin to work on yours."  
  
Mary sat and watched as Crystal switched on the music again. She slipped off the Chinese robe, and under it she was wearing a dance costume. As soon as she started to dance, Mary could see she was good. She drifted around the room parting her costume displaying her long legs and using her hands to show off her body. When the music changed, she began her strip routine, removing each piece of her costume slowly and teasingly before she allowed her bra to fall away. Poising coyly at the last moment before removing her G-string, she stood there for a moment completely naked waiting for the music to change to a more bouncy number. Then she moved around doing more acrobatic moves that displayed every intimate part of her body. She finished the act with a flourish, laying spread eagle on the floor.  
  
Mary applauded politely as Crystal stood up and came over. "You are very good. Were you a stripper?"  
  
Crystal nodded. "Yes, for quite a few years. I started when I was sixteen. I was big for my age so I got away with it and managed to get work until I was in my late thirties. Then things began to droop quicker than I could get them fixed," she said with a grin, lifting one breast with her hand. "Then I decided to pack it in and become a teacher so here I am."  
  
"You still have a nice body," Mary said, looking her up and down.  
  
Crystal smiled. "But it's an old body. Now they want to look a firm young body like yours."  
  
Mary felt herself blushing slightly.  
  
"Okay," Crystal said, as she slipped her robe back on. "Get into one of your costumes and let me see you do a routine."  
  
As there seemed no place to change, Mary started to undress where she was. She saw Crystal watching her as she slipped out of her clothes.   
  
When she was naked, Crystal stopped her. "Let's have a look at you," she said. Mary turned and faced her. Crystal nodded. "You have a wonderful body. You will do well in this game. Okay, put an outfit on."  
  
When she was ready, Crystal put on the music again and watched as Mary tried to copy her routine. When she was done, Crystal nodded. "You were good; just a few rough edges, but we'll soon smooth those out. You need to be a bit slicker getting out of the costume. Always give the Velcro a sharp tug." By the time they had worked on it several times, it was beginning to come together, and Mary was quite pleased with her progress. She felt let down when Crystal at last called a halt.  
  
"Go home, get a good shower, get some rest, and I'll see you tomorrow night, six o'clock".  
  
When she left the dance studio, Mary was feeling quite proud of herself. She had accomplished quite a lot.  
  
When she got back to work the next day, things were quite busy. It was the national AGM on Saturday and everything had to be prepared for that. Bob called in during the morning and asked her what was new. She told him about the strip tease and he smiled.   
  
"You know where it is?" he asked. "I wouldn't mind coming along to see that."  
  
She shook her head and smiled. "Haven't you had enough of seeing me naked? I was naked all weekend."  
  
He grinned. "Ill never get too much of seeing you in your birthday suit."   
  
She grinned and told him that she had no idea where she was performing, but she expected more details before Friday  
  
After work, she worked with Crystal for two hours on both Tuesday and Wednesday, and by Wednesday, she had gotten the two routines cracked. Crystal was pleased with her. They had gotten her disc sorted and everything was just about ready, but she still had not heard where she was performing.   
  
"Well, it's been nice working with you," Crystal said as Mary was about to leave. "Fancy a glass of wine before you go to celebrate?" Crystal asked.  
  
Mary nodded. "That would be nice."  
  
Crystal went out and came back with a bottle of white wine and two glasses. She poured out a glass each and passed one to Mary. "To your success where ever it maybe," she said holding up her glass. They sipped the wine. "Are you sure you are okay about everything?" Crystal asked.  
  
Mary nodded. "As much as I can be. I know you say that I'm okay, but I would have liked to have had some sort of dress rehearsal before the real thing."  
  
Crystal grinned. "You mean undress rehearsal."  
  
Mary laughed and nodded her head.  
  
Crystal thought for a moment, sipping on her wine. "I might be able to help you with that if that's what you really want. From eight to nine tomorrow night I teach a group of male show dancers. There are usually about a dozen of them. I'm sure they would like to see you perform, and their feed back as guys and professionals would be good for you."  
  
Mary nodded her head slowly. Performing in front of guys who knew something about dancing was certainly a good idea. Performing in front of guys full stop was a great idea, and she looked at Crystal who nodded. "Okay, I'll fix that up for you. Be here by eight forty-five, just before we finish."   
  
It was Thursday and still no information had arrived about the venue for the Friday night event. Mary got into work early as she wanted to be away as early as possible to get herself ready for the evening performance with Crystal and the guys at the dance studio. Luckily, most of the work for Saturdays AGM had been completed, and it was only a matter of putting everything together, a job Fran, her secretary, could easily do.  
  
She managed to get a hair appointment during her lunch break, and got out of the office just after four o'clock. Back at her apartment, she spoilt herself with a long soak in the bath before she prepared a light meal. She packed her costumes and some extra make up into a small hold all, and was ready to leave the house just after eight.  
  
She was feeling elated as she drove down the now darkened streets. She was excited about exposing herself again to strangers. It had become like a drug to her; she wanted to feel the excitement again and again. It was totally strange to her as it was completely against her nature and upbringing. But the last few weeks had opened her eyes to a new experience, and at the moment she just could not get enough of it.   
  
When she arrived, there were several cars parked outside the studio. She guessed they belonged to the dancers whom Crystal was training. She parked up, and picking up her bag, locked the car and went over and rang the intercom.   
  
Crystal answered. "Is that you, Annabelle?" she said. When Mary answered it was, the door clicked and she pushed it open.  
  
Her legs were beginning to shake a little, and there were butterflies in her stomach as she made her way up the stairs. This was all part of the experience of taking on the unknown. She could hear music and hear Crystal's voice as she pushed open the door to the studio. Inside, a dozen guys were following a dance routine led by Crystal. She smiled and waved when she saw Mary at the door.  
  
Mary stepped inside and found herself a chair and watched the class. All the guys were good dancers, and all were quite young. She guessed maybe late teens to mid to late twenties. She could see them glancing over in her direction. She wondered if Crystal had said anything, or was she keeping it as a surprise? When the music finished, she called for them to take five, and she came over to Mary, wiping her face on a sweat towel.  
  
"That looks like hard work," Mary commented.  
  
Crystal nodded. She sat down with a sigh of relief on a seat beside Mary,  
  
The guys were all standing together toweling down and drinking from water bottles, several looking in her direction. A couple smiled.   
  
"Will they do as an audience?" Crystal inquired with a grin.   
  
Mary smiled. "I think they will do very well. Do they know what I'm here for?"  
  
Crystal shook her head. "No, I've just told them that I have something special for them to judge. So if you want to go into the office and change, we will be ready in about fifteen minutes."  
  
Mary made her way to the office. She slipped out of her clothes. She caught sight of herself in the mirror and smiled. It felt good to be naked again. She caressed her breasts, feeling her nipples rise to the occasion. In the studio, she could hear Crystal calling out moves to the dance music. Soon she would be out there, slowly stripping off her clothes in front of those twelve attractive young guys. She felt a warm sensation between her thighs and ran her fingers over her pussy. She could already feel the slight moistness as she parted her lips with a finger.

She quickly put on her costume and checked the Velcro fastenings. When she was ready, she checked her hair and make up, She could already feel the excitement building up in her. She heard the music stop, and she could just hear Crystal talking, but she could not quite make out what she was saying.  
  
The office door opened and Crystal came in smiling. "Your audience awaits. I'll put your music on, and when I announce you, come out and the floor is yours."  
  
She left the door slightly ajar so that Mary could hear her. Mary heard the first strains of her introduction. "Gentlemen, for your pleasure," she heard Crystal announce, "I give you Annabelle."  
  
Mary pushed the door open and stepped out into the studio. There were a few whistles and a round of applause as she started her routine. All the hard work over the last two days was paying off. She remembered her moves, flashed her long legs, and smiled suggestively as she stroked her hands over her body. She was spot on when the music changed. The fastenings of her bolero jacket parted easily and it slid down her arms. She smiled as she tossed it towards the group. Eager hands caught it. She swirled out of the slim skirt with a flourish, tossing it high into the air.  
  
She saw Crystal watching her. Crystal smiled and gave her the thumbs up. Mary saw the expectant looks on the guy's faces as she unclasped the front fasteners of her bra. She partly concealed her breasts with one arm as she slipped out of the bra. The discarded bra lay on the floor and she now caressed her breasts. She could feel her nipples tingling. There were whistles and more applause as she at last dropped her hands away and exposed her breasts to everyone before she turned her back on the small audience.  
  
She hooked her fingers in the waist band of her panties and began to ease them over her hips. She bent forward as she did so. The panties slipped down her legs until she was touching the floor. There were whistles and comments as the twin globes of her firm bottom were exposed. She slipped the panties off her feet and tossed them into the air.  
  
She turned and faced the guys again. She could see the expressions of lust on their faces as they took in her all but naked body, the small triangle of her G-string her only concealment. The second track was almost at the end. She did a couple of high kicks, and as the music concluded, she ripped off the final item. There was wild applause as she raised her arms above her head and stood before them now totally naked.  
  
She held the pose for a few moments as the last track started with slow sensuous music. She began to move around the studio like a proud feline; she felt wonderful again. What was it about being naked that made her feel this way? She enjoyed showing off her body; she enjoyed the pleasure it gave her. She knew it also gave pleasure to those watching.   
  
She began to perform slow erotic acrobatics. The group had gone silent, enthralled by her performance. It excited her to expose herself like this. She concealed nothing, and when the music faded away, she dropped to the floor in the spread eagle position that Crystal had shown her.  
  
For what seemed like minutes there was silence in the room. Then there was an uproar. Everyone was clapping and cheering. Crystal came over and helped her to her feet. Everyone congratulated her. A bottle of wine was produced and drinks were handed round. Her performance had obviously been a total success.  
  
The guys came over and congratulated her. They all wanted to be near her. She could feel the tension in the air. Here she was, naked and surrounded by twelve horny guys. Before the situation could get out of hand, Crystal pushed her way through and draped a wrap around Mary's shoulders. "Come on guys, give her some room. She put on a good show for you."  
  
Everyone agreed and Mary was pleased with the result. Now, at least, she knew that she could do it. Reluctantly the guys began to drift away.   
  
Crystal came over and handed her another drink. She was well pleased with her pupil. "You will make a great stripper," she said. "If you ever decide to go into it full time, just let me know, and I will be happy to manage you."   
  
Mary smiled. "Maybe. You never know," she said with a smile.  
  
When the last of the guys had finally left, Mary sighed. "There was an awful lot of testosterone in the air."  
  
Crystal grinned. "That's why I moved in. One false move and you would have been in the middle of a gang bang."  
  
Mary laughed. "You are a spoil sport."  
  
Crystal shook her head. "Even you couldn't have taken all twelve of them on."   
  
"The way I was feeling after my performance, I'd have given it a damn good try."  
  
Both girls laughed.  
  
"Go and get yourself changed. I need to lock up; it's been a long day."  
  
As they left, Mary thanked Crystal for her help and for organizing the show tonight. She got in the car and drove home through the darkened streets, thinking about what might have been.   
  
She sighed and guessed Rodger Rabbit was going to get a good work out tonight.   
  
It was the following morning before she got the call she was waiting for. "You all set for tonight?" he asked.  
  
"As well as I ever will be," she replied.  
  
"Be at the Metropol hotel at 8:30 tonight. I've booked you a room. You will find all   
  
instructions there. You have been very good up to now. This is the final night so don't let me down."   
  
Mary was a bit concerned to find it was the Metropol. It was probably the best hotel in town, and that's what bothered her. Up to now, everything had been out of town where she was not known. She knew people who went to the Metropol. Burtondales, the company she worked for, used it quite often to put up their guests. She felt a little uneasy.   
  
She got off work early and got a good soak in the bath before she packed her bag. She made sure that she had everything: the costumes and the disc that Crystal had made for her with her music on it.  
  
It was busy when she walked into the foyer of the hotel with her small hold all. The receptionist smiled. "May I help you, madam? Do you wish to sign in?"  
  
Mary nodded and gave her name. The receptionist checked her computer and looked puzzled. "I'm sorry, madam. We don't seem to have a room under that name. Has it been booked through a company?"   
  
Mary was confused. She did not know who had booked it.  
  
Just then a manager in a dark suit with a Metropol lapel badge came over. "Is there a problem, Marie?" he asked the receptionist.  
  
"It's this lady, sir," the girl said. "We don't seem to have her down."  
  
The man looked at the screen, then leaned over   
  
the girl's shoulder and pressed some keys on the computer. His face lit up with a smile. "There she is, Marie. She is booked in with the Burtondales Party."  
  
Mary looked at him aghast. "Did you say Burtondales?" she asked in a strained voice.  
  
He nodded. "Yes, they have the Monarch room tonight for a private dinner party, but I thought it was a male only do." Then he seemed to realize something. He smiled. "Oh, yes, I guess you are you the entertainment?" he said looking her up and down suggestively.  
  
She stood there not knowing what to say or do. She was visibly shaken by the news. She didn't know what she should do. Maybe she should pick up her bag and flee the place and face the consequences later.  
  
The manager passed her a card. "Just sign in here, Miss, and I will get somebody to take you to your room."  
  
In a haze she obediently signed the card, and a porter took her bag and the key offered by the manager and she just followed him.  
  
"I took a package up to your room earlier, madam," the porter said.  
  
She nodded, still thinking furiously about what she should do. The porter unlocked the room, took in her bag, and handed her the key. "Have a good night with us," he said as he left. Mary sat down on the edge of the large bed, her head still in a whirl. She saw the box on the dressing table, the one the porter had spoken about. She noticed there was a note attached to it. She reached over and pulled it off. She opened it and began to read the contents  
  
Dear Mary  
  
If you are reading this letter, I guess you have made it as far as the room. I guess it must have been quite a shock for you to find out who you would be performing for. I'm glad you haven't done anything silly like running away.  
  
Burtondales has always organized a private dinner party for the directors and managers on the eve of the AGM. This year I was put in charge of the entertainment, and instructed to put on something special. Mary, from what I have seen, you are very special.  
  
You will be required to do two spots for them: one after the dinner at about 9.30 and again an hour later. I guess I know how you are feeling at this moment: how can you do it, how can you go out there and appear naked before people you know and work with.  
  
Well, I have thought of that as well. I know over the last month you have begun to enjoy exposing yourself before strangers. It excited you in the supermarket and even more so at the Exotic Fair in Midchester, and you even had to do it again last night. I hear from Crystal that the guys at the studio loved it, and she says you have made a very good exotic dancer.  
  
I think the plan I have tonight will excite you even more. How would it be if the board members did not recognize you? Imagine how it would feel dancing naked before people you know, but they did not know who you were.  
  
In the box you will find a mask, a very expensive mask. It completely covers your face and head and has been designed to fit in with your outfits. Take it out, try it on. You will realize once you have it on that no one will be able to recognize you.  
  
The only member of Burtondales staff who has seen you naked, as far as I know, is Bob Levant, and he's away on business.  
  
Don't disappoint me. Give it a try. I'm sure you will find it a most enjoyable experience.  
  
Mary dropped the letter on the bed and lifted the box cover. She opened it and inside found the mask. It was everything he said it was. It did fit in with her costume and it did hide her face completely.  
  
She tried it on. It was a comfortable fit. She looked in the mirror, and had to admit it looked good. Yes, she guessed she could do it. It might turn out to be as exciting as he suggested, dancing and displaying herself. They would never guess it was her. She suddenly decided. She smiled to herself. Wearing the mask she had nothing to lose, and it might even be fun.  
  
She looked at her watch. It was ten past nine. If she were going to be ready, she needed to start getting ready now. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. She opened it. A guy in a white tuxedo smiled at her. "You Annabelle?" he asked.   
  
She nodded.   
  
"I'm Rick, the DJ. You have a disc for me?"  
  
She nodded. It was in her bag. She asked him to step in. She searched in her bag and found the disc.  
  
"Are both spots on here?" he asked.  
  
She nodded again.  
  
"Were running to time so you need to be in the anti room for nine thirty. It's at the end of this corridor." He looked her up and down and grinned. "I'm looking forward to this. I hear you are something special."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"When the speeches are over, I will come and check on you. Then I'll put on your music and introduce you. Then it's all yours."   
  
When he had gone, Mary quickly undressed and got into her first costume. With the mask fitted, she looked at herself in the long mirror. He was right; no one would know who she was. Yes, he was right as usual, but it was going to be a very weird experience,  
  
She made her way down the corridor to the door the DJ had indicated. She could hear voices and occasional laughter coming from the next room. She shivered slightly. She knew most of the guys in there; she had worked with them for several years now, and she could have never imagined that in a short time she would be dancing naked in front of them. An excited shudder went through her body. Suddenly there was loud applause. She guessed the speaker had finished.  
  
There was a tap on the door. It partly opened and the DJ's head appeared. "You ready?"  
  
She nodded.   
  
"I'll give them five minutes: let them settle with their drinks. By the way, you look stunning, and I love the mask. Makes you look mysterious. How do you want to be introduced? Just as Annabelle?"  
  
Mary nodded again. "Yes, that will do fine."  
  
"Okay," he said with a grin, "go out there and sock it to them."  
  
Then he was gone. Mary listened at the door. She had no idea how many were out there. Burtondales had a fairly large Board of Management, and there were the company managers as well. It was a bit of a pity Bob wasn't going to be there. He would have enjoyed it, probably more than the others.   
  
Then she heard the DJ call for order. "Gentlemen, tonight we have a special surprise for you. For your pleasure and entertainment tonight, I give you the mysterious and exciting Annabelle!"  
  
As the music started, Mary pushed open the door and stepped confidently into the room. There was a short burst of applause. She made her way slowly and gracefully around the area that had been cleared for her. It wasn't a large room, and the space was fairly small, which meant she was quite close to her audience.  
  
She immediately recognized people she knew. BJ, the senior managing director, was at one table in the centre of the room with two of the other senior directors, and sitting with him was a younger guy whom she did not recognize.  
  
She recognized Phil Green from distribution. She found him attractive, and he had always had a good word for her whenever they met. And there were Brian and Simon, the two finance managers who worked in her own department. Brian she knew had eyes for her, and Simon wasn't far behind even though he was married. Suddenly she was beginning to feel more excited about the whole thing. She remembered back a few weeks ago when she had come to work with no underwear on and how the word seemed to had gotten around, and guys had called in her office on any pretext just to get a look at her. Soon, some of those guys were going to see more then they ever imagined.  
  
She was so interested in checking who was in the audience that she almost missed her cue on the change of music. Immediately she started her strip routine. There was a scraping of chairs on the floor as some member moved in closer for a better look.  
  
Her bolero and skirt were soon decorating the floor. She faced the crowd, legs slightly apart, and ran her hand suggestively over her pubic mound and then up and around her breasts. She reached around and unclipped her bra with both hands allowing the straps to slip down her arms, but holding it against her breasts. There were a few shouts of "get it off, girl" from the back of the room, and finally she obliged, allowing it to fall away completely.  
  
Now there were whoops and whistles. They were now getting into the mood of it. She couldn't really believe it because she had always found them a very staid bunch of guys, but you can never tell. Get them into a situation like this and they start to behave like any normal guys would.  
  
She moved around the floor caressing her breasts and flicking her nipples that were already hard and erect. They were loving it, and she had to step back quickly a couple of times to be out of the reach of grasping hands.  
  
She then took up a position centre floor, turned and faced the DJ, hooked her fingers in her panties, and bent over as she slipped them down her legs. Again this raised more excited applause. The sight of her firm rear, and between her slightly parted thighs the inviting sight of her pussy barely concealed from their view under the brief sequined G string, brought the men to the edge of their seats, watching with lust in their eyes.  
  
This time she was concentrating on the music. She stood up, turned slowly to face the audience, her hands resting on her hips, and as the music concluded, she ripped away the G string and raised her arms high above her head with her legs slightly apart. She was displaying her total nakedness to every one, and by the noise and the applause, they loved it. As she stood there looking into their faces she felt elated.  
  
She held the pose for several seconds as the final piece of music began. Then she began her slow sensuous acrobatic dance, the moves Crystal had shown her, moves that revealed every intimate part of her body. Nothing was left hidden. And she ended spread eagle on the floor.   
  
There was a standing ovation as she finally got to her feet and bowed to them and waved as she ran back into the small anti room.  
  
She was breathing heavily and was now finding the mask constricting. She suddenly realized she had forgotten about her clothes she had left scattered around the floor. She had nothing to wear to get back to her room, but she need not have worried when the door opened and the DJ looked in.  
  
"All right to come in?" he asked, seeing her naked. "I've collected up your clothes."  
  
Mary saw no point in refusing him. There was nothing he hadn't already seen.  
  
"You put on a good show," he said as he handed her her clothes. "But I hear the second one is something really special."  
  
Mary looked at him a little puzzled. She shrugged as she slipped her skirt around her waist. She didn't consider it a lot different from the last one. She had a few new ideas, but nothing she thought really special. She didn't bother with her other clothes, but put the bolero on.  
  
The DJ said he would come and give her a knock when it was time for her next spot. She smiled, let herself out, and went back to her room. She was surprised to find a bunch of roses and a large bottle of champagne had been delivered to her room.  
  
She went to the bathroom, slipped out of her costume, and took a quick shower. She was all hot and sweaty from her performance. As she stroked between her thighs, she was almost tempted to go a little further, but she decided to wait until later. She had just wrapped herself in warm hotel robe when she heard a knock on the door. She went over and opened it and found a porter holding a tray with an appetizing selection of dainty savory sweet snacks on it.  
  
"These were ordered for you, madam. Shall I set them out?"  
  
She stood back and let him in and watched as he arranged them on a plate. "Would you like the champagne opened?" he asked, looking at the bottle.  
  
"Yes, please, that would be lovely," Mary said.  
  
He opened the bottle and poured her a glass. "Will that be all?"   
  
Mary thanked him; he smiled, thanked her and left, closing the door behind him. Then she sat there enjoying herself. The champagne was wonderful and the snacks were extremely tasty.   
  
The champagne was a good vintage, and Mary did rather go over her limit. She was a little light headed when she decided that it was time to get herself ready for the second spot, the spot that by now she was quite looking forward to.  
  
The DJ poked his head around the door and told her she was on in five minutes. "I'm all ready," she said. "I'll come along now." So they made there way back to the small anti room together.  
  
He noticed she seemed to be a little unsteady on her feet. "Are you going to be alright?" he asked a little concerned.  
  
She nodded. "I'll be alright when I get out there. I guess I might have had one too many," she said with a grin.  
  
Left on her own, she sat and waited for her cue to go on. She needed to make some differences in the routine this time, and she had thought about some ideas that Crystal had suggested. Get more involved with your audience was one suggestion she remembered her saying. Nothing like getting them involved in the act; they love it.  
  
She heard the DJ call the group to order and then her music started. "Gentlemen, let's hear it for Annabelle." There was loud applause as she stepped into the room.

This time she did not stay on the small dance floor, but moved in among the audience, twisting and turning as she made her way between the tables. Behind her mask she was smiling at faces she knew, but who had no idea who she was.   
  
Before the first piece of music ended, she made her way back on the dance floor. She stayed there while she slowly and suggestively removed her small jacket and skirt.  
  
With the outer items removed, she again moved in among the tables, now dressed only in her brief bra and panties. She experienced the thrill as some of the guests casually began to stroke her legs and touch her bottom as she danced past them. She made her way over to the table where Phil Green was located. She put her hand on the table and leaned forward displaying her exciting cleavage. She lifted his hand and pressed it against the clasp at the front of her bra. She saw the look in his eyes as he realized what she wanted him to do.  
  
He struggled slightly, his fingers fumbling with the catch, but at last it came undone and the cups fell away from her breasts. Her awesome breasts and erect nipples were only inches from his face. He could see every slight detail: the deep brown areolas and the puckered nipples. Mary lifted his hand again and placed it over her breast. She could feel him shaking.   
  
She allowed him the pleasure of her breast for a few moments, then pulled away, slipped out of her bra, and draped it over his head. Others in the audience wanted their turn. She willingly allowed them to caress her. It was exciting to feel the hands of so many men on her body.  
  
She was now standing before the table where Brian and Simon were seated. Brian tried to reach out and touch her breasts, but she pulled away, turned around, and offered him her rear instead. She indicated the waistband of her brief panties and bent over, her bottom protruding towards him.  
  
He didn't need a second invitation. He gripped the waist band in both hands and slowly drew the panties down over her inviting rear. Free of her hips, they fell to the floor. She stayed in position exposing the twin creamy spheres of firm flesh. She did not have to wait long as she felt his hands stroke over them, squeezing gently. She stooped down, picked up the discarded panties, and pressed them into his hand before dancing away wearing nothing but the miniscule G string.   
  
She knew where she was heading next: BJ's table. She guessed she had to let the top man claim the ultimate prize. She smiled as she saw the expression on his face as she moved in beside him. She stroked her hand around his head, then pulled it to her, pressing his face against her breasts. There was applause around the room. She pushed back the glasses on the table and eased herself up on it, kneeling on her haunches in front of BJ. She reached for his hands and pressed them to her breasts, rubbing herself against them. Then she slowly moved them down her body until they were on the thin cord that secured her G string.  
  
She looked into the now sweating face of her Managing Director, and nodding slowly, raised herself on to her knees in front of him. He was now looking directly at the small triangle of material that just covered her pussy. He hooked a finger in the cord and looked up at her. She nodded again, and with a sharp pull, he ripped it away. She saw the look on his face as he was presented with the sight of her bare pussy. She knew it was already moist; she could feel herself juicing up. The others on the table were looking as well. The young guy sitting beside BJ's side was smiling, and she saw him raise his hand to signal to somebody.  
  
Suddenly the music stopped. She looked over at the DJ and was about to get off the table when the young guy grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "We now have a surprise present for you, my dear." His voice: she seemed to recognize it, but could not place it. She looked around as she heard the door of the anti room open and someone step out wearing a hooded cloak. The figure walked to the centre of the room and stood there.  
  
Suddenly the music started again: a deep thudding beat, slowly rising. Then abruptly the figure tore off the cloak and Mary gasped. For there standing before her in all his naked glory was Jerome. There were gasps from the audience as he ran his hand along the length of his already hard cock. With his other hand he beckoned her.  
  
By this point in the proceedings, Mary was excited, and was also extremely horny, but she was still enough in control of her senses to realize what they were expecting of her now. The signs were obvious. They wanted to see her fucked by the black guy with the huge cock. The whole scene almost sobered her up. The throbbing music continued. She looked at Jerome and then around the room. All eyes were on her. She had no objection to being fucked again by Jerome, not after last time, but this wasn't the place.   
  
Stripping in front of them had been exciting. Allowing them to touch her and undress her--that too had excited her, but was she willing to go this far?  
  
She thought for a moment, then slowly slid down off the table. Why the hell not? She had enjoyed the feel of that huge cock inside her, and they still didn't know who she was so what did it matter? She had been fucked in public at the erotic show. This was no different.  
  
She made her way slowly over to where Jerome was standing. When she moved close, she ran her hands over his chest and down around his waist pulling him toward her, feeling his hardness pressing against her.  
  
Slowly she slid down onto her knees in front of him. She took his cock in her hands and slowly worked them up and down along its length. Then she bent forward and there was a gasp from the audience as she took him deep into her mouth, her lips wrapping around him.  
  
She sucked on him hungrily as he rocked slowly to and fro to the beat of the music, forcing himself up against the back of her throat. When the music began to quicken, the crowd began to urge him on until at last, with a cry, he came.   
  
Mary eagerly swallowed all she could, but it still ran down her chin in streams and dripped onto her breasts.  
  
He pulled her to her feet. He rubbed his hands over her breasts and body, spreading his juices over her. He turned to where the DJ was and nodded. The guy walked out with a chair and placed it before him. "Rest your hands on the seat and spread your legs," he said speaking quietly into her ear. She followed his instructions.   
  
He ran his hands between her thighs and she felt a finger push up inside her. She gasped! "You like it, don't you? You like these guys seeing you take my cock." Mary nodded urgently. "Tell me you like it,"  
  
"I like it," she replied in a quite voice,  
  
"Tell me how much you like it," he said, thrusting his finger further in.  
  
"I like it a lot and I want to feel you inside me,"   
  
He grinned and withdrew his finger. She now felt the head of his cock pressing up against her entrance. She pressed herself against him wanting to feel him inside her.  
  
"You are one hot babe," he said, and her body tensed and she cried out as he thrust himself inside her. She had now lost all sense of decency; she didn't care who was watching; she just wanted to be satisfied, to feel the monster cock invading her: the feel, the tightness, and the power. Soon she was gasping, gripping on to the chair and crying out, "Fuck me, fuck me hard, make me come."  
  
Jerome obliged amid cheers from the amazed audience, most of whom had never before seen such a performance. The cheers continued as she collapsed on to the floor, her legs no longer being able to support her. She lay there gasping, her legs wide apart, giving everyone a view of the juices seeping out of her and running down between her thighs on to the dance floor. She lay there for a while before Jerome helped her to her feet and assisted her from the room. In the anti room, he sat her down. There was still some champagne left. He poured her a glass and she drank it down greedily. Then he passed her a towel to clean herself up with.  
  
Suddenly there was a knock on the door. It opened and there was BJ with the young guy who had been sitting by his side. They came in. The young guy had Jerome's cloak over his arm. He handed it too him along with an envelope. "I think this is what you were quoted," he said. Again, Mary had that nagging sensation about the voice. Where had she heard it before?  
  
Jerome felt the envelope and nodded. "I guess I don't need to check it," he said. Then he slipped his cloak around his naked body and left.  
  
The pair turned and looked at Mary. She sat there still naked. There was no point in covering up now. She had nothing more to show.   
  
"I want to thank you for making this such a memorable evening even though it has cost me a lot of money."  
  
Mary looked at him not really understanding.  
  
BJ smiled. "I guess I ought to introduce you to my son, Rodger. He has just arrived back from his gap year after getting very good results from University, and he will now be taking his place with me at Burtondales." He turned and looked at him.  
  
"He's a very resourceful young man, and I gave him the job of organizing this evening, and especially the entertainment. I said I wanted something special, and when he told me what he had in mind, I didn't believe him, so we had a wager, and now I have to buy him a new sports car. It's all because of you, young lady."  
  
Both men were smiling now. BJ looked at his son and shook his head. "As I said, he's one very resourceful man and will do very well at Burtondales. The wager was that I could select one member of my staff and he would get her to put on a performance for us here tonight."  
  
Mary almost fainted on hearing those words. They knew who she was. And now she knew why the voice was familiar. Rodger was obviously the guy on the phone, the one who had been giving her assignments. Her mind was in a whirl. How many of the other men in the room knew.   
  
BJ saw the state she was in. He smiled. "It's alright. Calm down. Know one else knows; it will be our little secret. You still have your job, but I'm afraid Bob will have to go. He won't be fired, just moved on to a better position in another division well away from here. There will be a price to pay. We can't have one of our executives going around exposing herself to everyone, now can we?   
  
Mary shook her head and began to unfasten the mask. There was no point in keeping it on now. She pulled it off and shook out her hair. She looked up at BJ and Rodger. BJ looked her over. "You are a very attractive and obliging young lady, with a most exciting body," he said. "So I'm promoting you to the job as Rodger's PA. Of course, there will be a raise in salary. I'm sure Rodger will find you a very willing assistant, and, of course, from time to time, there might be other little favors you can do for the company."  
  
Mary looked at the two of them. So it was over at last? Was this really the end or just the beginning?