**Caught in the Light**

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Alison's problem began when her relationship with her husband fell apart. Both were in their late twenties and had been married for 5 years, when she realised the magic had gone. Their sex, when they had it, was dull, monotonous, with her husband seemed to want to get it over as quickly as possible, which left her empty and unsatisfied. She wondered whether he had found someone else, but nothing indicated he had, he just seemed too busy, or too tired. With her looks and 37-23-35 figure, she didn't think she was unattractive as she often caught men staring at her, especially her breasts.  
  
She knew that sex could be great fun, but it had certainly not been such great fun lately. As an international sales representative, her husband was often away for quite long periods of time. The last time while he was overseas, after a couple of weeks she became more and more sexually frustrated. Her frequent bouts of masturbation still left her wanting more.   
  
It was half term at the school she taught, and she was alone again, feeling a strange kind of restless excitement. Looking at the movie ads in the newspaper, she noticed there was a porno theatre not far away, in one of the back streets. It had an ad for the latest blue movies, with something that caught her eye – it was advertising a balcony that was now reserved for single women and couples. She felt suddenly an obstacle had been removed, as she had never considered this type of theatre, because she was worried about it being full of dirty old men, though with the special section, she decided to give it a go. This was something to do, something different, something even dangerous and that excited her tremendously. She came to a decision; she was going, up into the balcony.   
  
She chose the late afternoon, figuring that there would be very few people there at that time, and certainly nobody who would recognise her. She dressed casually, wearing a skirt and sweater, low heels, and over the top, a grey cotton coat. Certainly there was nothing glamorous about this outfit. It did nothing to show off her body. That's ok, she thought, I'm not trying to show off for anybody today. Worrying about being recognised, she bought a blonde wig to go over her short cropped hair, nobody would ever recognise her now.  
  
She felt nervous as she walked to the cinema for that first time, with half a mind to call the whole thing off, but she talked herself out of this choice. Why shouldn't she go after all she was a grown adult? Though funnily enough, at the moment she felt like a naughty teenager. She paid quickly at the ticket office window, barely noticing the young lad inside, and went upstairs to the balcony; where she found a seat at the back, away from the few couples that were already seated, six or seven rows in front of her.   
  
She very quickly got absorbed in the film, and was immediately entranced with the nudity and the sex. She watched one couple on the screen making love in the usual way, with much oral sex. There was no question about it, she had started to get excited.   
  
She was held spellbound by the display in front of her, for although she had watched a few risqué alternative movies with her husband a long time ago, they appeared quite tame to what was going on the screen, and being so big, it just took her breath away.   
  
She sat feeling more and more aroused. After half an hour of watching a young redhead being licked and then fucked by a hunk of a guy, she knew she needed to touch herself. Dare she! Here in this cinema? Looking around, sure that nobody was taking any notice of her; she reached under her skirt and fingered her pussy through her panties. It did not take long to orgasm. She sat panting quietly, stunned, this was great, but being concerned she might be spotted here, she got up and left.  
  
Of course, as with all sensual pleasures, she had to go again. This time she thought, she would be a bit more prepared. Again, she choose a mid week afternoon when she thought there would be few people about. After paying the man in the sales booth, she had to literally stop herself from running up the stairs, she was so excited. As before, there were few people in the place, again carefully choosing a seat away from them she took off her coat and sat down. It was not long before the sight of the rampant sexuality on the screen cast its magic, and she became excited.   
  
She watched, transfixed, as the man on the screen pumped his cock in and out of the girls pussy, oh, why didn't her husband do it for that long. He was always in such a rush. As before, she reached under her skirt, but this time she had left her panties off, allowing her to finger the hairy cleft between her thighs without hindrance. She rubbed her slit for a while, before parting her labia and teasing her clit. The warm feeling around her loins felt delicious, but she eased off not wishing to cum too soon. Her hand slid under her sweater, and increased her pleasure by squeezing her nipples, which were uncovered, as today she was braless This alone made her more and more excited, until she could hold back no longer, and gasped, as she climaxed. God, she hoped no one heard her, as she giggled quietly to herself.  
  
Leaving the cinema shortly afterwards, she felt warm and satisfied inside. The thrill of this innocent pleasure filled her with contentment. She knew she would be returning here often.  
  
A few of weeks later, rather than passing the adult shop that was on her way home, with a sense of excitement, she called in. It was very impulsive and she felt a charge of adrenaline as she ventured inside. She was amazed, there were all sorts of erotic clothing that did little to cover ones privates. There were magazines by the hundreds, but what stunned her most was a large display of sexual toys. She initially furtively looked at these dildos, butt plugs and the like, but as there was nobody in the shop, save the shopman, who seemed to be busy, she grew bolder and started to really look at them. The huge variety took her breath away, not wishing to linger any longer than was necessary, she quickly selected three different ones, a thin pink one, a larger brown one, and a huge black one. Her face burning, she took all three to the counter to pay the assistant, who smiled at her as he packaged the dildoes, and she left before her courage evaporated.  
  
It was a pleasant walk home, as her mind would not leave the image of the three dildos alone, and she could feel herself getting excited as she thought about them. She had never used one, though of course she had masturbated plenty of times with her a fingers. Some of her friends had talked about dildos, but she had never had the courage to ask them about them. And now she had three in her bag.   
  
The dildos did their work all right, bringing her to heaving orgasms. Over the next week she used them all every night, even trying the smaller one anally. She found it tight, and a bit uncomfortable, but still different and exciting. No man had ever gone into her that way, and she had always thought, that she wouldn't let them, but now, she wasn't so sure. Maybe it would be fun to try, especially if he was built like this thin dildo that is, not hung too large. Alison found by relaxing her anus, the sensation became more exciting. She even returned to the shop to purchase a small anal plug and a larger, more invasive clear gel one. Again the man behind the counter smiled at her but she took no notice, quickly paid and exited the place.   
  
Over the next few weeks whenever her husband was away, she would pour herself a glass of wine, and settle down to enjoy the comfort and excitement the dildos gave her. It wasn't long before her thoughts went back to the shop, drawing her strongly until she could not hold back. She picked a quiet time and after entering the darken hallway that led into the place was once more amazed at the assortment of goods on display. She began to look through display of clothing, though you could hardly call it that as it was so skimpy. At first she felt a bit self conscious as she fingered the racks of lace and satin, but grew bolder and bolder until she finally made her mind up. After selecting half a dozen flimsy items and one closed package called Eve's Blushes, she took them to the man at the counter. Alison's heart was beating as he looked at her whilst placing the garments into the bag. Finally, she was out and had to stop herself from rushing home.  
  
Over the next few hours she tried them on. How could women wear these, let alone be seen in them. They were certainly designed to highlight a woman's charms as they did little to hide them. Her own underclothes were just that, underclothes and were very functional, you could even go to church wearing them and nothing else, they were so sensible. My I wonder what the vicar would think of what she was wearing now, she thought as she drew the black stockings up her legs, something she had never done before as she always wore sensible tights. She instantly loved the feel of them and the look. She clasped them to the suspenders she had bought, before sliding on the flimsy thong. She had to adjust it to cover at least most of her pubic hair, she knew she would have to trim it down a bit. The bras were all open at the front, or quarter cup, allowing her nipples to be seen. They all felt wonderful and it wasn't long before she had the full length of her dildo up her vagina and was masturbating furiously.  
  
Over the next week or so she grew more and more courageous and started wearing first the skimpy thongs through the day after trimming her thatch. The nakedness of her buttocks exciting, against her slip, as she walked through the town and it wasn't long before she always wore them. Next, she started wearing the skimpy bras enjoying the knowledge that her nipples could to be seen under her shirt or dress. Then it was away with the tights and now she always wore stockings or nothing on her legs. The feeling of the cool wind on the nakedness of her thighs and buttocks above the top of the stockings was always a turn on.  
  
Her favourite set was found in the surprise package, there were stockings and black suspenders, and a thong which was open and only framed her cunt lips rather than covering them. And the bra was completely open at the front, allowing her the feel of the tightness across her chest, but with her breasts hanging free, it felt very risqué. Dancing alone, after a few glasses of wine in this outfit felt so good. Of course she would never let her husband see these, he was far too conservative.  
  
It was now with a new excitement that she wore her new outfits to the cinema. They certainly helped her achieve the sexual release she was looking for. It felt odd to be wearing the same types of clothes the girls on the screen seemed to be frequently dressed in. She mused that she was certainly becoming a real slut, and loved it.  
  
It was several visits later, when she decided it was safe to take along a dildo to use whilst watching the action. Everyone in the place was wrapped up either in the action or each other, they certainly wouldn't notice her. She was surprised though, that she had never seen another single woman on the balcony.   
  
With her bum on the edge of the seat and her thighs held apart in the flickering semi-darkness, she matched the sliding cock on the screen, with the dildo in her wet pussy. She smiled, its slow vibrations teased her, as she worked it in and out, whilst her other hand caressing her breasts. This time she had several orgasms, enjoying its fullness in her vagina, as the muscles contracted around the thick stem of the false cock. Never before had she experienced so many multiple orgasms.  
  
Of course, with every visit to the theatre she realised she was becoming more and more reckless, but the need for thrill over rode her caution. Already, she had moved onto just wearing a coat over her naked body, allowing her immediate access to her more responsive parts. Even the coat had become shorter and lighter, as if daring her to even more outrageous sexual exhibitions. Now even walking through the suburbs, naked under the thin cotton, excited her almost as much as the movie theatre. Her latest coat barely covered bottom of her buttocks and she had removed the pockets so she had instant access to her nudity underneath. She had even taken the subway on a round trip to see what it felt like. It was wonderful, thrilling, she had never felt like this with her husband. If only he could see her now. She had moved a long way on from the shy little teacher.  
  
Whilst she enjoyed the dildoes, she had shied away from using the anal plug as it was a bit uncomfortable, but needing to seek new sensations, had persevered and now she had no problem inserting even the larger of the two she had purchased. Tonight though, was the first night she had plucked up the courage to use it outside the house. Alison cleaned out her rectum, with several flushes from an enema bag she had bought a while back, enjoying squirting the warm water out of her filled bowels. After which, she lubricated her orifice with a finger up her rectum, before sliding in the large plug, relaxing her sphincter to accommodate the long wide head. After an initial resistance it suddenly slid in stopping at the base. She stood up, enjoying the "filled" feeling up her bum. As she walked about she was ever conscious of its width inside her, this alone started to excite her. After covering her nakedness with her coat, she picked up her bag, which already had her favourite black dildo inside, and left for the theatre.  
  
The act of walking along the pavement, whilst being arse fucked by the plug, thrilled her so much, she knew she would never make it to the show before climaxing. With this is mind, she walked to the local park instead. Being a cool evening, there were few people around, and so, she casually walked around the perimeter whilst fingering herself through her bottomless coat pocket. She knew she would soon have to sit down, as she became more excited. So, choosing a bench away from the main part of the park, she sat down forcing the plug even harder into her arse hole. It was not long before she enjoyed her first outdoor orgasm, as her fingers expertly tickled her clitoris. What a slut, she thought, just like a dirty old man, wanking in the park, and laughed releasing the tensions built up by the sexual stimulus.  
  
It was just a few days later when her itch returned, and she knew she needed to release it by visiting the theatre. Learning from her last performance, she restrained from inserting the butt plug, deciding to slip it in at the theatre.   
  
In her bathroom, she went through the now familiar preparations, cleaning out her bowels and greasing her anal orifice. She put on her wig, checked she looked ok in the mirror, pleased with what she saw, Christ her nipples were hard already. She decided not to wear her sexy clothes tonight, so after donning her coat over her nakedness; she checked her bag. Everything was there; butt plug, dildo, some tissues and after throwing in her keys and some money as she never carried her wallet, then she left.   
  
It was a bit later this time, as she had got caught up with chores. She arrived at the theatre at 7pm, shuffling about outside whilst a short queue of men. Standing at the pay booth, she received a few stares from the men, but it didn't really worry her now. Two men in uniform, probably security, were standing in the foyer watching the people as they went in. Was it her imagination, or did she note them looking at her and then winking at each other, no, it was only her nerves.   
  
As usual, she went up onto the balcony. In the gloom of the theatre she could see quite a few people downstairs, but upstairs, were just two or three couples sitting down at the front. Finding her usual seat at the back, she settled down and started to watch the show. As the women on the screen were being shafted, she began to feel excited. One by one, she slowly undid the buttons on her coat, until all but the top one was undone, after sliding down into the seat, she parted the front a little. Her heart beat harder as she caressed her nakedness under the coat in the flickering light. She had never been this bold before, the coolness of the theatre brought goose pimples to her flesh. She rubbed her tits, squeezing her nipples. This was amazing. Reaching into her bag, she pulled out the butt plug and after lifting her legs and placing her feet on the seat backs in front, eased her buttocks off the seat and slid the plug up her already greased arse. She could feel the tension in her sex building as the fullness of the plug stimulated her as she settled down to enjoy the show  
  
The next movie had begun and on the screen. A girl was being paraded front of a bunch of mean bikers; this was obviously going to be a gang bang movie. She imagined herself in the girl's position, as the men stripped off her clothes, to force her to dance naked in front of them. She grew more excited as she imagined herself in the girl's position, naked and helpless before the crowd. It was not long before the biker's fingers and then their cocks, invaded her private places. Her hand automatically reached for the dildo, and as the girl was being mauled, fondled and fucked, she slid the big black cock into her wet pussy. Oh my god, it felt so good. She slid it in and out, enjoying the girl's degradation on the screen.  
  
She thought of the girl on the film set, naked in front of all those strangers, with all her charms on display. The thought of it burnt in her head. She had never been completely naked in public, in the open. Even at the beach or when in the woods with her husband, there was always some last items of clothing. Oh, to feel that freedom.  
  
She knew it was madness, but she had to be naked, not just exposed with her coat slightly open, but like the girl on the screen, naked and vulnerable. Holding the dildo up her cunt with her thighs closed, she looked carefully about and after noting no one was near her, lifted her bum, and slid the coat up behind her. She waited, still, holding her breath, her heart beating, before leaning forward and sliding it off her shoulders. She sat back, placed it on the chair next to her and sat back. She needed to take a deep breath, naked! Completely naked, watching a porno movie, alone in a sleazy movie theatre. She was mad, what if she got caught! What if someone came up to her row? The danger made her even hornier.  
  
The feeling of the velvet on her bare buttocks and back was so sensuous. She peeked over the back of the chair at the other couples in front, but they were all engrossed in each other or the film, and were taking no notice, even though the chair had creaked a bit during her manoeuvres. What would they think of her behind them sitting without a stitch on? She sat back and stroking her body, it felt wonderful. She watched the film, where the young girl was being fucked in both her anus and vagina. It was wonderful, the sheer audacity of her actions made her smile to herself as she enjoyed the unhindered access to her bare skin.  
  
She immersed herself in the unique sensation, and casually stroked her breasts and nipples, squeezing and teasing them. She pressed the dildo into her cunt and after opening her legs, rubbed her naked thighs.  
  
She closed her eyes as the excitement grew no longer needing the visual impact of the screen action to excite her further. Through her closed eyelids the light became brighter and brighter, but she was completely lost in her own world to notice. Her fingers worked at her swollen clit, rubbing and teasing it, as her hands worked the dildo in and out. Her feet returned to the seat in front and she lifted her bum, squirming, as the black cock stretched her sensitive orifice. Her eyes saw bright red through the closed lids, but she was lost in her own world, so close to her final moment. Waves of orgasms rolled over her, her big breasts rising and falling as she gasped, again, and again, and again. Oh, oh, she had never had such a strong sensation.

Relaxing, still with her eyes closed, she slowly slid the dildo in and out, slower and slower as she came down to earth. Her breathing became less ragged as the last moments of the high left her. The sensual feeling of her total nakedness felt so overpowering, as she fondled her breasts, and nipples. Finally she opened her eyes and to her horror she was confronted with two men both in uniform standing in front of her, one who was shining a powerful flash light on her, blinding her.  
  
"Well what have we got here then Ron?"  
  
"Looks like a pervert to me, Alfie."  
  
Alison was frozen, like a rabbit in the car lights, for a few seconds, before moving. She jumped up, causing the dildo to pop out of her cunt and fall to the floor, where it was promptly grabbed by one of the grinning men. She turned and reached over to get her coat to cover herself, but it wasn't there. She felt about, but couldn't find it.  
  
"Is this what yer looking for then?" The man held up her coat and bag, grinning from ear to ear.  
  
"Yes, please, I need it!" she went to grasp it, but the man held it out of reach.  
  
"All in good time, I think you had better come with us miss," he said as he stepped over the seat, and took hold of her firmly by the upper arm. In the bright beam of the torch Alison was fully exposed to the two men and the stares and chuckles from the rest of the audience, who were turning around to see what all the commotion was about.  
  
"But my coat, I'm naked here," She hissed  
  
"Yes, we can see," he laughed, "yer didn't mind it just now, so yer won't mind being naked a bit longer, will yer."  
  
He pulled her along the seats to the aisle. Alison tried to resist, but the man was too strong. At the aisle, they both grabbed her arms, and frog marched her to the exit much to the delight of the people sitting watching her, and then down the stairs. "We can't go down there," she pleaded, but her pleas fell on deaf ears.  
  
At the bottom, she was further exposed to more of the audience, this time all men, who were leaving the main auditorium to have a smoke. There was a lot of cheering and wolf whistles, before she was pushed through a door marked "Staff Only".  
  
"Come along, you," the men marched her along a short corridor to a door marked "Manager", before knocking sharply on the scratched wood.  
  
"Come," a deep voice sounded from inside.  
  
After opening the door, the men pushed Alison into the room, where she crouched over, with her head down, trying to keep her modesty. In front of her was a man sitting behind a large cluttered desk.  
  
"Well, what have we got here then?" he said, as he looked up from his work.  
  
"We caught 'er up in the balcony, Guv, we've got some nice shots as well, real nice." The security guard said holding up a small video camera.  
  
"Well that'll be interesting to look at won't it? Come behind me Ron and carry on filming, we don't want to miss anything do we," he smiled.  
  
"Stand up, and let's be seeing you." The other man grabbed her hair and pulled it up to make her stand but it just came completely off, leaving her wigless. She still bent over, her breast and crutch covered by her arms and hands.  
  
"Where are my clothes? Look, you can't hold me here like this, I demand to have my clothes now!" she insisted.  
  
The man at the desk just sat and chuckled, as she tried to regain some sense of decency.  
  
"Clothes, you want your clothes? I'm more interested to know why you're not wearing any, Miss Summers." At the sound of her name Alison's heart stopped and she looked more closely at the man.  
  
"You don't remember me do you, Miss Summers."  
  
"No, but this is all a mistake, please give me my clothes." "Johnny Dale, my son, you had him standing with his hands on his head, before having him caned for being cheeky to you, remember?"  
  
"I'm not sure; anyway, what's that to do with my clothes?"  
  
"Lots Miss Summer, I'm sure Mr Peterson would be interested to know that one of his teachers, a female teacher at that, has been caught naked, in a low joint like this."  
  
Alison's hope of getting away without any further embarrassment seemed to be fast disappearing at the mention of her headmaster and with the videoing. She was in a state of disbelief, and didn't know what to do; her brain had shut down with the shock of being caught. The manager smiled at his employees.  
  
"As a matter of fact, I know him quite well, maybe I should phone him and see if he would like to come and sort this out," he said, as he reached for the phone.  
  
"No, please don't do that, I'll lose my job."  
  
"Well, I think you might have to be a bit more cooperative, with my questions then won't you."  
  
"Yes, alright," Alison said meekly.  
  
"That's better, in fact I think it's you that's been a bit cheeky, haven't you, Miss Summers? So, stand up straight, and put your hands on your head, like Dale had to when he was a bit cheeky."  
  
Alison stared at him, knowing she was helpless and slowly, feeling like a naughty schoolgirl, placed her hands on her head, exposing herself completely to the manager and the men. The video camera moved up and down taking in everything.  
  
The men smiled as she stood before them, helpless.  
  
The manager sat admiring her, his eyes covering every inch of her nakedness. It seemed like hours as he made her stand as he examined her body.  
  
"And just what were you doing sitting naked in my theatre, eh?"  
  
"Please, can I have my clothes, now."  
  
"Answer the question, Miss Summer, what were you doing naked?"  
  
"Please, I was just watching the film."  
  
"Oh, just watching the film eh, and decided to take off all your clothes?" the managed grinned, enjoying embarrassing the teacher even more, by winking at his employees, who chuckled.  
  
Alison was silent.  
  
"Come on, you decided to take off your clothes, eh"  
  
"Yes, Sir," she whispered. "Now that's better, did you hear that boys, Sir, I like that, and what else were you doing?"  
  
"Do I have to answer these questions?"  
  
"Of course not, Miss Summer, I'll just phone Mr Peterson and you can answer his questions. Also the police would have to be involved and I'm sure the press would have a field day."  
  
"Alright, I was masturbating," she said almost so quietly her voice could hardly be heard.  
  
"What was that, I didn't hear you?"  
  
"I was masturbating, Sir."  
  
"I wonder what Mr Peterson would think of that, eh boys?" the men smirked.  
  
Alison stood, squirming at the humiliating cross examination. The manager continued to leer at her especially her tits.  
  
"Nice tits Miss Summers, my son always did say you were well stacked, now I can see what he means," he laughed  
  
"Boss, you should have a look at this, talk about perverted," the man said, as he pointed to her bottom.  
  
"Oh, and what have we here then," he said, "No don't lower you arms, turn around, Miss Summers. Oh dear, you are a naughty little girl aren't you, Bend over and touch your toes.  
  
Alison blushed even more than before, as she was forced to bend over in front of the grinning men, exposing the butt plug sticking into her arsehole above her still moist cunt..  
  
Alison moved to remove the plug but the manager stopped her.  
  
"Leave it there Miss Summer; I'm just starting to enjoy the view."  
  
"Well, well, well. I'm certain Mr Peterson would like to see that and you a respectable teacher."  
  
"Please Sir, no, I'll do whatever you want, if you don't say anything."  
  
"She had this too, boss, up her cunt," the man placed the huge black cock on the desk in front of the manager. "Well, I be buggered, oh sorry, that's what's happening to you isn't it, Miss Summers," he laughed, as he lifted the obscene black cock and sniffed it.  
  
Alison stayed bent over, wondering if this could this get any more humiliating.  
  
The manager was silent for a moment, before opening a drawer in his desk, and taking out a digital camera. Alison looked around and seeing the camera, stood covering herself again.  
  
"Please, don't take any more photos," she squeaked.  
  
The manager looked up from adjusting the settings on the camera. "I don't think I told you to stand up did I, Miss Summers?" he grinned.  
  
"Please, Sir, I'll do anything."  
  
"Of course you will, Miss Summers, now just place those hands back on your head and look at me," his voice was now commanding, leaving Alison with no choice. She stood again, exposed whilst the manager photographed her.  
  
"Turn around," he said; Alison did as she was told avoiding the eyes of the two men who now had a clear view of her.  
  
"Bend over, that's very nice, touch your toes again, look around at me, excellent. Just part your lips for me, no the other lips, Miss Summers, that's right, great." The camera flashed several more times as she was directed to play with her sex.  
  
"OK, stand up again, Alfie fetch that chair," he pointed to a large captain's chair by the filing cabinet, "put it there." Alison remained standing her hands still on her head, as the furniture was moved to the front of the desk.  
  
"Now Miss Summers, sit down there, it is time for you to show me what you were doing up there in my theatre," he smiled, handing her the black cock.  
  
Alison was stunned; masturbate, in front of these men? She felt herself close to tears, but refused to show any weakness.  
  
"Please, I can't do that." "Well that's up to you Miss Summers, he reached for the phone.  
  
"No, alright I'll do it."  
  
"Good now push your bum forward and place your legs on the arms," Alison did as commanded her cunt now fully exposed to the managers stare. The camera flashed a few more times as she was opened out to its view. She grasped the rubber cock and after wetting the tip with her mouth, which of course created another photo moment, slid the obscenity into her cunt.  
  
"That's nice, Miss Summers now a bit of rubbing if you don't mind. Slide the cock in and out. Good."  
  
Alison was forced to perform as the manager clicked away. The cock sawing in and out as she teased her clit with her other hand. Despite herself she could feel those familiar sexual tensions rising as she continued to play with herself.  
  
"I reckon you boys could do with a bit of relief there, eh, why don't you get yer cocks out and Miss Summers here can use that pretty little mouth on them.  
  
The men didn't hesitate and Alison was forced to take them one at a time as she continued to masturbate. They took it in turns continuing to film all the action, whilst the manager caught every moment on still. They both came very quickly, both using her mouth as a receptacle for their seed, which she had no choice but to swallow. "Miss Summer, you can stop using that cock, and pull that plug out of your arse."  
  
Alison did as he ordered, not sure what to with them next. The manager indicated to place them on the desk.  
  
"Stand up, turn round, and bend over."  
  
As the manager stood and released his bulging cock through his flies, Alison dreaded what was to follow. He grasped her hips and nuzzling the tip of the member against her anus slowly forced it into her greased orifice. "Aargh," she gasped as it was thrust inside her, slowly filling her with eight inches of flesh, further in than any of her plugs.  
  
He started pumping, slowly, in and out, before he started to speed up. All the while the men watched chuckling and laughing as she was abused in front of them. The camera flashed as the action was recorded. It was not long before the manger came and Alison was left feeling used and abuse.  
  
"That was lovely, Miss Summers, I'll look forward to some more of that later," he said as he adjusted his clothing before going to a sideboard and pouring himself a drink.  
  
Alison, stood her hands by her sides her head bowed, as he seemed to be thinking "Nude woman in the theatre, eh! Well now that gives me an idea. I will need you back here next Friday evening without fail at 8.00."  
  
"Why what do you want me to do," Alison said, worry in her voice.  
  
"You'll see, now you'd better go, before my cock starts tingling again," he laughed.

**Caught in the Light Ch. 02**

Alison was in despair, how could she have been so reckless, but then maybe that's what had turned her on. She never ever believed that she would be caught.   
  
Every day at school this week she had awaited the dreaded call to Mr Peterson, the headmaster's, office, but fortunately it hadn't happened.  
  
It was 7.40pm on the fateful Friday, as Alison hurried along the road to the cinema. Her high heels click clacked on the pavement as she hurried along the street. They were the only item of clothing she was wearing besides her coat. Glancing at her watch, for the tenth time, she knew she would only just make it, her mother had phoned just as she was leaving and she had to be almost rude to get away.  
  
Outside the cinema, there was already a large queue that turned to watch her as she stamped up the cinema steps. She was unsure what to do.  
  
"'Ere get in line," one of the men said at the front.  
  
"Sorry, but I'm here to see the manager," she replied trying the door. Inside she saw the two guards appear and waved at them to open the door. Smiling they approached and after turning the lock opened it enough for her to slide through   
  
"Evening Miss, the boss is waiting for you in his office," he turned, leaving his mate to keep an eye on the small crowd outside, and led Alison through the foyer towards the manager's office. The pimply ticket lad smirked at her as she past by.  
  
Reaching the office, he rapped twice on the door before opening it and ushering Alison inside.  
  
"Ah Miss Summers, I'm glad you could make it," he chuckle sarcastically. "Thanks Ron, that'll do for now."  
  
The man left reluctantly, leaving Alison standing in front of the manager's desk, again feeling like a naughty school girl.  
  
"You look nervous Miss Summers, relax, here let me take your coat," he said as he stood and came around the desk.  
  
Alison hesitated, but as he held out his hand she knew she would have to give him the coat, or risk making a scene, and she was bit frightened of him as he was a big man.  
  
This was what she had dreaded on her way here as after unbuttoning the front and slipping it off she stood completely naked her breasts and pubes in full display.  
  
He smiled as he took the coat and threw it on the chair a look of triumph on his face. Stepping closer he cupped her left breast in his hand, squeezing it and before teasing the nipple.  
  
"You look better than I remember, Miss Summers," he said as his hands slid down her body to cup her crutch in his hand, his fingers rubbing her sex.  
  
"Very nice, you a C or D cup then?"  
  
Alison stood as he continued to fondle her.  
  
"D cup, Sir," she said in a small voice.  
  
"You're certainly in good shape," by now his fingers had found her vagina, which he probed with the tip of his first digit.   
  
He ran his hands all over her body lifting and fondling he breasts and then running his hands over her buttocks and fingering her anus and vagina.  
  
After what seemed ages he reached down, undid his trousers and after unzipping the front let them fall to the floor. His pants stood out in front and as her pulled his pants down, his erect cock that sprung out in front.  
  
"On your knees Miss Summers and give that a suck"  
  
Alison was appalled, but knew she had no choice and so she did as he commanded, kneeling naked on the rough carpet, her mouth opening and then closing over the thick shaft as she nodded her head up and down masturbating him. It seemed like hours but after a few minutes the cock stiffened and her mouth was flooded with the musty taste of his semen, as he came.  
  
"Very good Miss Summers, I can see we are going to get along fine." He wiped the end of his cock with a tissue from the desk, and after pulling up his trousers, walked back behind the desk and sat down. Leaving Alison stand once more.  
  
He took a moment, before opening a drawer and removing several articles of clothing and a large envelope.  
  
"Tonight, and for as long as I need you, you're going to work here at the weekends as an usherette."  
  
"What! I can't do that!"  
  
He held up his hands, "Miss Summers, of course you can and will. There are no buts about it, unless you want Mr Peterson to see these."  
  
He picked up the envelope and after reaching inside, took out several A4 photographs. Alison blanched as she saw a couple of the images of her naked in the office, one sitting with her legs splayed and her hands on the end of a big black cock that was rammed up her cunt. Another showed her bent over, looking back towards the camera, with the butt plug stuck up her bum and her fingers separating her labia. Both showed the two guards each side of her grinning.   
  
"Ah, I see you are changing your mind," he looked at his watch, "we are running out of time, this will be your uniform so you had better put it on."  
  
He nodded down at the items on his desk which consisted of a little hat, with Odeon written on the front, a blue bow tie, a pair of white frilly cuffs, blue suspenders with little red roses and dark blue stockings.  
  
"Come along, put them on."  
  
"But, where's my uniform?"  
  
"Uniform! That's it Miss Summers," he chuckled.  
  
Alison was aghast, wear this in public, she couldn't, yet she knew what would happen if her headmaster saw these photos, she was trapped with no way out, she would have to go through with this.  
  
Leaning over, she picked up the cuffs and slipped them on her wrists, placed the bow tie around her neck and pinned the hat to her blonde wig. After clipping the suspenders around her waist, she sat down and slid the stockings up her legs before standing and clipping them to her suspender belt. The tight feel on her legs contrasted with the lack of cover around her sex and buttocks, whilst she felt the straps of the suspenders cutting into her buttocks.  
  
Her nipples had hardened as she got dressed and she looked down embarrassed. The manager stared at her.  
  
"Very nice, over there you'll find a bathroom inside you'll find some scissors and a razor, go and trim your thatch down there, leave the top, but I want to see your cunt understood? And no hair round your arsehole."  
  
"Yes, Sir," she said weakly.  
  
In a daze Alison went into the bathroom and finding the items, did as the manager had ordered. Using some shaving gel she lathered her crutch before carefully shaving off the hair from around her labia.  
  
"Hurry up, we haven't all day," the manager called out.  
  
Alison re-lathered herself before continuing to remove all the hair save for the front pubic patch that the manager had insisted she keep. After wiping the excess foam of with a flannel she dried her crutch and examined her handiwork in the mirror. Her prominent labia were now obscenely visible.  
  
"Come on, you must be ready now."  
  
Alison left the small room and presented her self to the manager's gaze once more.  
  
"Now walk around,"  
  
Alison did as commanded, her large breasts jiggling on her chest as she moved.  
  
"What you have to do, is check the tickets as the customers enter the auditorium, to make sure no non-payers get in. After that just walk about helping customers with any problems they might have. We keep it dim so use a torch to show people where they are sitting. When they're settled try and sell them something, you'll find a tray in the ticket office with smokes, drinks and lollies on it, walk up and down the aisle selling to those punters who want something. There's a float in the front.  
  
Alison was speechless, and could only stare at the man.  
  
"Ok hop it, get your torch from the ticket office, afterwards go to the auditorium, put the door on the latch, and stand just inside the door to check the tickets. When the film starts you close the door, Ron and Dave will keep and eye on you, in fact I don't think they can help themselves," he laughed.  
  
With no option but to obey, Alison left the office and walked towards the staff door, where she took a deep breath before pushing it open and walking into the main corridor. Dreading the next step, she pushed open the door of the ticket office, where the pimply lad turned as she entered, eyes almost popping out of his head.  
  
"The manager said to get a torch here."  
  
The lad stared his eyes glued to her chest.  
  
"A torch!" he squeaked. "Oh yeah down there in that drawer, he pointed behind her.  
  
"The bottom one, take a red one it works better."  
  
She turned and bending over, pulled the drawer out before suddenly realizing she was presenting the lad with a view of her shaved cunt and arsehole. She quickly grabbed the first one and stood blushing bright red.  
  
"I'm Alfie," the lad said, smiling, his hand covering his crutch, where he was obviously struggling with an erection.  
  
"Alison; I was told there would be a tray for me later."  
  
"Yeah the manager has told me all about it. Come back about in about an hour."  
  
Alison stood there, "I'd better go."  
  
"See you then, I'm looking forward to it already," he grinned.  
  
Leaving the office, she turned left, and after a few steps pushed opened the main auditorium door. The place was dimly lit, in the light of the torch the worn red velvet seats showed they had seen better days. She walked a few paces, stunned; here she was naked, about to be viewed by everyone. She could feel tightness in her crutch as she stood looking about, her heart pounding. The sound of voices brought her out of her thoughts and she hurried to the door where she just made it before the first men entered through the open door.  
  
"Tickets please, "she croaked.  
  
"I could give you more than my tickets love, how about a quickie then?"  
  
"Just the tickets," she squeaked as the men laughed.  
  
"What have we here then, what a nice set of knockers to greet us eh, Joe, wouldn't mind giving them a rap."  
  
"This place is looking up and I can feel something else moving up."  
  
"Don't you catch a cold standing there with no knickers on, eh; I'll give you a cuddle if you feel a chill."  
  
"I'll just give you a feel, miss."  
  
Alison was mortified; the men uttered all kinds of obscenities at her as they moved past. Fortunately Ron had appeared to prevent a few punters who tried to grab a bit of her arse as she stood sorting out the tickets.  
  
"I've never seen so many in here, I wonder why," he laughed.  
  
As the numbers eased, Ron told Alison to go and check the exit doors, on either side of the stage.  
  
"They have to be able to be opened in case of fire."  
  
Alison walked down the aisles before trying all the doors, her breasts swaying as she moved down the sloping floor.  
  
Even in the dim gloom all the eyes in the place watched her as she performed the menial tasks. There were several wolf whistles.  
  
"Eh miss, I've got something nasty in my popcorn."  
  
Alison walked over to the youth who was sitting in an aisle seat, his popcorn tub in his lap. His mate was laughing as she approached. He held his hand over the top.  
  
"Well what is it?"  
  
"In 'ere, look."  
  
He took his hand away as Alison shone her torch into the tub to see he had made a hole in the bottom of the tub and pushed his erect cock through it.  
  
The two youths fell about laughing as Alison face fell. She hurried away trying to ignore the catcalls and whistles.  
  
Over the next twenty minutes, Alison was kept busy collecting tickets and directing people to seats as the cinema filled. She had never seen so many in here, and was constantly walking up and down the aisle showing men to empty seats, as well as avoiding straying hands.   
  
The manager appeared, and stood at the back, smiling as he watched her performing, her breasts jiggling as she rushed about the place. The ad had certainly done the trick; he knew he would have to find some more girls to entertain the men. Of course the best thing was this one was free, with perks thrown in!  
  
As the lights dimmed even further, the audience quietened down and Alison could stand at the back and watch the action. She was exhausted; the stress of performing nude certainly was tiring, though she felt a familiar tingle as she knew she was also getting off on parading naked before all these men.  
  
The manager left, leaving her standing there with Ron, to keep an eye on things, though she wondered what she could do if anything happened, and Ron seemed to be keeping more of an eye on her, as she stood pale in the flickering screen light.  
  
He asked her for the ticket stubs and after taking another look at her tits said, "Back in bit, you stay here whilst I go give Alfie the tickets," with which he left.   
  
Alison stood, not quite knowing what to do with her hands, they felt odd by her sides but if she held them in front they were tickled by her pubic hair, reminder her of her exposure. She finally decided it was the only way to stand whilst watching the audience and the film. Again the action was hot with a twosome action of one girl and two guys. Alison found herself getting more excited by the sexuality until her fingers, as if they had a life of their own, started to play with her own sex, teasing her as she stood naked in a room full of men. As she became more aroused she knew she would have to satisfy herself, and so she slowly rubbed her clit whilst standing with the torch in front of her crutch. Christ she was so close, she could feel her breath getting shorter and more ragged as she stood behind the back seats playing with herself, hoping no one was watching, until finally she came holding her breath as she orgasmed. She had managed it; her small gasp went unheard in the grunting and groaning on the screen action. She felt amazing, wanking like this, what was happening to her?  
  
Ron returned, and they stood watching the movie. The crowd were occupied with the film, so there was little to do. The time sped by though and after about 45 minutes Ron told her to go and get the tray ready. So she left the auditorium and went back out into the corridor to the back of the ticket office where the manager had said the trays and drinks were kept.  
  
She opened the door to once again present herself to the young lad, who smiled weakly at her, trying and failing to not stare at her tits.  
  
"Where do I get the tray?"  
  
"Oh, it's in here," with which he got up and walked to the back where he opened a small door that led into a store room. There were shelves lined with fags and lollies, and at the back was a large fridge with ices and drinks in different sections.  
  
"Here's the tray, if you put it on I'll load it for you as I know where the things go, after that you can do it yourself."  
  
Alison lifted the tray and slid the strap over her head; it felt light at the moment with nothing inside. She adjusted it to make it comfortable, stood as the lad took items off the shelves and started to load them into the spaces. As he grew more confident his hands started to "accidentally" brush against her breasts, which prompted several "apologies" from him. Alison almost had to stop herself laughing as he tried and failed to repeat the "mistake". His trouser front was poking out, as his erection became more unmanageable.  
  
"There's a switch at the back to turn on the light when you get into the theater"  
  
Finally the tray was ready and she returned to the auditorium, much to the lad's disappointment.  
  
She swung open the door, swinging the tray to get through; Ron noticed her and held it open. She walked through and after turning on the light, started to walk down the aisles her swaying breasts lit by the glow from the light. During the next ten minutes several men got up to grab, drinks or fags. Quite a few made a grab for her but the presence of Ron soon put them off. All stood staring at her tits as they slowly made their selections.   
  
"Two tits for me, luv."  
  
"Can I get a suck on yer nipples?"  
  
The comments came fast and furious as she handed out goodies to the men. Finally the numbers eased and she returned to the door way and following Ron's instructions placed the tray on a shelf to one side.  
  
"Take it down in the next break, as the guys get thirsty."  
  
The film continued with endless shots of sexual activities. Alison walked along the back of the theater and looked across the field of heads. She was amazed at the concentration of the men as they watch the action several were rubbing their crotches. She mused to herself as the film went on. After a while Alison walked back across the back of the theater to the entrance, the light flickering across her naked breasts. The film was coming to an end as the main man ejaculated over the face of the young girl.  
  
She could hear the comments from the crowd.  
  
"Gor, did you see that, right in the eye."  
  
"And in her mouth, yuk."  
  
There was a brief cheer from one section of the audience.  
  
Dave was standing at the door watching her as she approached an odd smile on his face as if he knew something she didn't.  
  
The lights rose a little, so the crowd appeared in the gloom. There were probably about 100 men in the audience more than she had seen before.  
  
It was probably the first time she really saw the theater without the distraction of the movie going. It had certainly seen better days although past glories shone through a little in the moldings around the walls and on the ceiling. There was a small stage in front of the screen, as the theater had once been just that, a theater. The porno cinema had just taken over a put up a screen on the stage. The place sat about 300 people and of course there was the small upstairs balcony. The crowd started to get restless as they weren't used to there being a break in the films, usually they just ran into each other.   
  
The exit door opened and the manager came through, smiling briefly at Alison, as he made his way down towards the front of the theater. The floor creaked with each step he made through the quiet crowd.   
  
After climbing up the steps to one side of the screen he made his way the center of the stage where a small spotlight, after a tentative start, picked him out in the gloom. There were a few catcalls and boos from the patrons who were definitely getting restless.  
  
He held up his hands for quiet which, after a short while he got. The patrons sat bemused by this unusual turn of events. The manager raised a small microphone to his face.  
  
"Good evening ladies - not that there's many here tonight", he quipped, "and gentlemen. Tonight we are taking a new turn for this theater. Tonight and in the future we hope to be bringing you a little more "live" entertainment."  
  
There was definitely a murmur coming from the crowd now.  
  
"I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Tonight we're just trying the idea out and hopefully in the future if you like what you see we will extend this entertainment section.'  
  
"Cut the crap and let's get on." Someone called out.  
  
"Yes, we'll start right now. I hope you liked our new usherette, Suzie, let me bring her up on the stage where you can get a good look at her. Come up here Suzie."  
  
Alison's stomach lurched as he called out for her to go onto the stage. It was one thing to show men to their seats in the gloom of the place and quite another to be exposed in the spotlight.  
  
"Go along, Suzie," Ron chuckled smacking her on her bare bottom as she hesitated, pushing her down the isle.  
  
The men in the audience turned and watched quietly anticipating as she made her way down towards the stage, finally climbing up the stairs and making her way over to where the manager was waiting.  
  
The spotlight picked her out her nakedness now fully exposed in the bright light. The manger waved her closer and placed his arm around her waist.  
  
"Isn't she lovely, a real looker," the manager spoke out to the audience. "look at these tits." His hand moved up her body until it was cupped under her right breast where he gave it a squeeze. Whilst staring down at it.  
  
"What size are you Suzie, tell the guys as they are all interested." He said after which he held the microphone up for Suzie to speak.

"Come on, speak up, don't be shy." He gave her tit another squeeze.  
  
"38 inches, Sir" she whispered.  
  
"Louder Suzie they can't hear you."  
  
"38 inches, Sir" she spoke louder.  
  
"Lovely, give them a shake, so the guys can really see them."  
  
Alison was mortified, but knew she had to obey the manager and so she stood in front of them shaking her tits from side to side.  
  
"Do a little jogging Suzie, as we know you are a fitness fanatic."  
  
Alison again performed for the crowd her tits jiggling around as she jogged on the spot. It seemed ages before the manager stopped her.  
  
"What a fine pair eh men?" There was a stunned silence through the theater as the men watched her, before the spell broke.  
  
"Go on give 'em a good shake."  
  
"Suck my cock," some joker called out.  
  
"My my, they are impatient aren't they, Suzie?" he quipped.  
  
"And what have we down here eh Suzie" he said as his other hand ran down the front of her body to the fur between her legs. He rubbed it crudely.  
  
"Do you know I think she might be a bit wet guys?" He laughed, Alison cringed as he jested to the men, his fingers sliding across her vulva, and teasing her clit.  
  
"Shall I let you into a secret about Suzie, would you like to hear it?"  
  
There was a murmur of assent in the crowd.  
  
"It's a dirty little secret, so I'm sure you'll like to hear it wouldn't you."  
  
"Yeah, come on Suzie," someone shouted.  
  
Alison's heart sank even further, what was he going to say, he couldn't reveal her identity could he?  
  
"Yes, I'm sure you'd like to know, Suzie likes coming to this theater, on her own and do you know what she does here? She strips naked and plays with herself. So she doesn't just come to the theater lads she likes coming when she here."  
  
The men laughed. And jeered.  
  
"Bollocks!"  
  
"She could play with me anytime."  
  
"I'll play with yer girlie."  
  
"I don't think they believe me, Suzie, shall we show them."  
  
Above them on the screen a light square lit up, and a film started. The filming hand was a bit shaky but it was obviously filming the theater. The shot panned across the seats and came to rest. In the center of the shot was a woman, lit by the flickering light of the film. She was hunched down in the seats, but as the camera came closer, it could be seen she was completely naked. The camera steadied, focusing on her as she sat with her legs splayed wide. Her eyes were closed, and her left hand rubbed her tits and body. Torch light played across her nakedness, as she sat pleasuring herself oblivious to the watchers. The light slid lower to witness her right hand sliding a large black dido in and out of her body. She was obviously coming to a climax as she squirmed on the seat, her thrust now more urgent, whilst her left hand squeezed her right nipple.  
  
She must have climaxed as the thrusting slowed and she smiled.   
  
In the torch light she opened her eyes and the look of horror on her face was captured as she stood up. He filmed stopped here catching her in still, as the crowd whooped.  
  
"You see, she is a naughty girl isn't she? She must like what she sees on the screen so I think we should give her another chance to enjoy herself."  
  
With which from the side of the stage Ron brought out a Captains chair from his office and placed in the middle of the stage. Alison was appalled; masturbate now in front of all these men. It was bad enough in front of the manager and his two workers. The manager took her torch as he led her to the chair.  
  
"There you are Suzie, sit down."  
  
Susie did as commanded perched stiff backed on the leather seat, her legs demurely together. She could barely see any of the men as the spotlight shone full on her.  
  
"Now, now there's no need to be modest Suzie, sit back and pop your legs up on the arms and let the boys see your treasures."  
  
Oh no, this was too much, she looked around but there was no escape her recklessness had led her to this place, and now she had to pay.  
  
She lay back on the large chair and lifted her legs parting them to expose her sex to the strangers in front of her. Her legs slid over the arms and she sat unsure what to do with her hands, and finally rested them on her knees. There were catcalls and whistles from the men as they view her nakedness.  
  
"Lovely Suzie, now I'm sure you'd like to give that pussy a stroke and show the men how good you are with those fingers."  
  
Suzie reached down and touched herself. It was electric running her fingers over her sex in front of the men, she knew she was getting excited again. She teased at her labial lips running her first finger up and then parting them to rub the sensitive inner membranes and her clit. Her finger slid just into the entrance of her vagina as her other hand rose to squeeze her right nipple.  
  
The men were now quiet as she excited herself her body responded to the touching of her fingers.  
  
"Here Suzie you might like this." The manager spoke as he handed her the big black dido they had taken from her when she had been caught.  
  
One part of her was horrified that she was going to even further debase herself, but another part craved the filling of her vagina with the black plastic cock.  
  
Her hand curled around the shaft, feeling the vibrations as the manager had already started it. She ran the tip up and down her slit feeling the familiar tingling it gave her, wetting it surface with her juices but it was not enough and she quickly wet it further by slipping it into her mouth and then she returned it to her sex before thrusting it into her vagina, her moan clearly audible in the silence of the theater.  
  
The men were mesmerized by this beautiful woman abusing herself before them.  
  
It couldn't last for very long, her excitement was just too much and she started to pant as the thrusting became more urgent. Her body squirmed as the inevitable climax came closer. Her moans rose as she sought relief from the flood of feelings engulfing her, until finally...  
  
"Aahh..."  
  
Her body bucked and heaved as wave after wave of orgasms rushed over her until finally she was satiated.  
  
There were cheers from the men as she slumped back her legs now together as she sat her head bowed ashamed at her self abuse, the black cock held in her hand. She slowly turned and looked up at the manager.  
  
"Very good Suzie," with which he helped her up and after taking the dildo off her escorted her off the stage.  
  
The spotlight went out and the show started once more, to the sounds of the men's cheers and whistles as Suzie walked a little wobbly legged up the aisle and out of their sight.  
  
"Very Good Mrs Summers, a fine performance and of course all caught on camera as well. I'm sure Mr Peterson would be very surprised at your educational display." He chuckled as he led her back to his office.  
  
"That's it for now, but be back again next Friday, I'm sure the lads will be ready for a repeat performance." With which he handed her her coat and bade her farewell.