**Dress Codes are Serious Business**

by Executionus

**Dress Codes are Serious Business -- Part 1**

You've been given many warnings, but you choose to ignore them all. I caught you, once again, in violation of the dress code. Shirt not tucked in at all. You've been ordered to report to the gym for your punishment, and you're awaiting my arrival. Your mind wanders, trying to figure out what horrible physical challenge I have in store for you. No matter what I say you'll be forced to obey me. That thought is both exciting and frightening for you. While you wait, you also casually watch the two hot guys working out on the weights nearby. You three are the only ones currently in the gym.

Finally I arrive in full uniform, and you stand at attention. The two airmen stand up as well, before I allow them to ease. I look at you, with your shirt still defiantly not tucked in, standing there with a smirk. I address you "Well airman, it seems to me that you are incapable of correctly operating a shirt. Again. I don't believe that you are aware that shirts are a privilege, not a right. Seeing as how you've abused this privilege, it's now time for me to revoke it. Remove your shirt." You look at me funny, giggle a little, and ask "Sir, what?" I repeat the command "Oh I wasn't joking. Off with it. Now." You turn to head towards the women's locker area, but I immediately halt you "No. Here. And yes, we all get to watch the show. You are going to appreciate your clothing much more after today."

So with no choice in the matter, you reach down and grab the hem of your shirt. You see the two hot guys staring right at you, as well as me watching your every move. Without stalling any longer, you lift the shirt up and off! Your tummy, chest, and bra are now showing, as you shamefully hand me your shirt. I smile arrogantly at your exposed body and then say to you "Well, now that we've handled the shirt violation, let us address the stain on your right knee. You know full well that your appearance cannot be trashy or dirty, and that the responsibility for this is yours alone."

You know that you're going to get in trouble for it, but you are shocked as I give the command "Well missie, since you seem unable to operate pants correctly either, I believe you have forfeited your right to them as well. Off!" You look at me in fear, and try to beg "But sir..." only to have me silence you by repeating "Off!" Defeated, you meekly respond "..sir yes sir" as you place your hands on your waistband and slowly pull the pants downwards, in front of me and the two hot guys watching it all. Your panties come into view, and soon your pants are down to your shoes. I don't let you pause "Come on now, off with the shoes so you can remove the pants entirely. Lose the socks too, otherwise you'd just look silly." Feeling silly anyway, you remove both shoes and socks, and continue removing your pants until they are off and in my hands. You stand at attention again, fully aware that everyone here can see you standing in just your underwear, and that more people could show up at any moment.

I wait 20 seconds in silence, with all of us enjoying the view of the half-naked girl standing here. Finally I speak "Very nice, airman. However, since you seem to enjoy handing me your clothing so much, maybe I should order you to remove that bra next. What would you say to that suggestion?" Your eyes widen as you beg "No sir, please don't! Don't make me show my boobs to everyone, sir!" I snicker and respond "Oh is that all? That's your only concern? As you wish. Your constant abuse of the dress code means that you do in-fact have to give me your bra now, BUT I will allow you to cover your precious boobs with your hands. That way I'm not making you show them to everyone. I call this more than fair. Now off!"

Knowing better than to argue by now as it could quickly get much worse for you, you tell me "Yes sir" as you reach back and unhook your bra. Careful to keep your front covered with one arm, you slide the bra off with the other. Embarrassed and exposed, you hand me your bra and move to hold one large boob in each hand. The only bit of clothing remaining on your body is your panties, and you start to pray that I will allow you to keep at-least them on. You also pray that nobody else shows up to see you like this.

As soon as you think that last hope, the door opens and three more sexy guys walk in. They freeze and stare when they see you, mostly naked wearing only a handbra and very small panties. I wave to them "At ease, men. The airman here is learning a valuable lesson about respecting her clothing, and the best time to appreciate something is when it's gone. Feel free to keep an eye on her as you work out" You blush red, knowing that, including me, six guys are staring at your near-nude body and enjoying your humiliation.

After a few minutes pass, you speak up "Sir...may I have my clothing back now, please?" I giggle at this nonsensical request, and respond "No! Not a chance. In fact, I was contemplating a different plan. MEN!" All 5 men stand up and face me. "SIR?" I address you all "It occurs to me that we are in an election year, and that it is very important for young people such as ourselves to exercise our right to vote as much as possible. So in the spirit of democracy, I'd like to hold a vote now. Everyone who wishes for our resident disrespector of clothes to remain as she is may vote by shouting 'One' at my prompting. However, those among you who wish for the airman to instead place both of her arms behind her back and stay that way may vote by shouting 'Two'. Are we clear?" The men all shout "Sir yes sir!" But you start pleading to your fellow airmen "No please! Don't! I'm sorry. Don't make me move my hands, everyone could see my breasts if I did that! It's embarrassing!"

I look to the six of you and command "Vote now!" You scream "One!" as loudly as you can, however all five men shout "Two!" I smile brightly and tell you "Well ma'am, the vote is 5 to 1 in favor of you moving your hands and placing your arms behind your back. Democracy has spoken. The American dream lives on once more. Move those arms, airman." Reluctantly you obey my command, baring your boobs for us all, and putting both arms behind your back. In addition to making it impossible to cover up, this pose also thrusts out your chest, putting your topless nudity even more on display. Your nipples swell from the rush of cold air, plus the mortifying shame. The men hoot and holler, enjoying your displayed body covered by nothing but a tiny pair of panties. And deep inside you wonder how long those panties will stay there.

After the cheering dies down, I speak up "Well, since we keep having delays on my orders being followed, I'm starting to think that we should take some steps to eliminate the troublemaker's resistance. Airman Jones, hand me that shoelace in the corner. Airman Williams, fetch me the spare collar and leash for the dog" You look scared, and respond "But sir, I'm not resisting" I chuckle and tell you "Well, not for long at least" I walk up to you with shoelace, collar, and leash in hand, getting intimately close to your half-naked body. You stand there immobile, with your hands behind your back, as I move behind you as well. Giving no words, I use the shoelace to tie your wrists together tightly. Once restrained, I slip the black leather collar around your neck and fasten it, immediately hooking a chain leash to the front latch. I then wrap the chain around my arm until the leash is pulling against your neck even with me standing right by your side.

You breathe deeply, knowing that you are now completely at my mercy...if I even have any. However, all thoughts you had on "mercy" fly out the window a few seconds later when I playfully spank your pantied bottom. I then drag my fingernail up your spine to the base of your skull, causing you to shiver intensely. I walk to your front side, once again admiring the view, and this time I slowly trace my fingernail from your belly button, up your cleavage, up your neck, and gently brushing across your upper lip. As you become more aroused, we all begin to notice your nipples pointing outward, begging to be touched. I trace my two index fingers down your neck, into the center of your cleavage, and then outwards until I am circling your aereola. My fingertips trace circles around the edges of your sexy pink circles, but without ever touching your throbbing little pointies.

I enjoy teasing you, even as it becomes more and more clear that your nipples want desperately to be touched. You start to whimper and whine, so I ask you "Is there something you want, Airman? Speak up". Everyone is waiting to hear you say the words, so your face turns red as you admit "Sir...I want you to touch me!" I coyly respond "But I am touching you. See?" as my fingers cross your aereolas but still dodge your nipples. You beg me "No! Sir, I want you to play with my nipples. This is torture!" I answer "As you wish" My fingertips move to directly below your nipples, and then I move them up slowly until I rub both of your nipples from base to tip. I then do it again, still slowly, just to drive you crazy. One more gentle rub, just to make your nipples twitch for me, before I finally grab your breasts tightly and start squeezing them and rubbing your nipples fully.

Without warning I move my hands off of your boobs, causing them to throb and ache for more. Your eyes go wide as I pull my phone out of my pocket, declaring "I do believe it is time to take some souvenirs of our adventures here." I pull your leash tightly and then activate the camera, pointing it right at your naked chest with your erect nipples standing at attention. You struggle to free your arms, but there is no escape. You loudly beg for me "No, please, no pictures! I'm half-naked, sir! This is humiliating" but you hear the click as I take a picture of your breasts. To add insult to injury, I turn my phone around to let you see the picture I just took, which shows your complete face and every part of your chest in extreme HD detail. I then take several more pictures from different angles while you are forced to stand there helpless. I then give the order "Men, feel free to take some souvenirs of your own" which leads to all five soldiers using their own phones to record your naked humiliation and keep it forever. You whimper pathetically, wondering just how many people will be shown these pictures. You even wonder if one of us will share it for the entire world to see on the internet. No matter how hard you try to escape the ropes so that you could cover up your breasts, your effort is futile.

My next comment shocks you even more "Men! Since Airman Nipples here is a very well-endowed woman, I believe I may require some assistance in relieving her torture as she has asked of me. Does anyone else want to lend a hand?" You look at me and ask "WHAT?" but due to your arms being tied behind you, and you being held in place at the end of your leash, there is nothing you can do to stop it as all 5 men walk closer and begin to touch your exposed skin. I move my free hand off of your breast, letting the other men take turns feeling and squeezing your boobs as much as they wish. Two of the men focus on your legs and thighs, running their hands up and down your legs from your calves all the way up to your panties. I walk behind you, put my hands on your hips, and put my lips on your neck...kissing, sucking, and nibbling on the side of your neck from behind.

"Well now. Since our slutty toy can no longer resist more than her cute little protesting and whimpering, I think that it's now time that we helped her get much more comfortable." You know things are about to get even more mortifying for you, and you now know that there is no escape. You look towards the door to the gym, where anybody could walk in at any time, and you beg me "Please sir, can we move somewhere private before more people walk in?" I snicker and respond "Not a chance, airman. Anyone who walks through those doors is free to observe your punishment, even if it's the whole freaking base" You whimper, imagining every single man and woman you know there seeing you half-naked and being used as a toy.

Without explanation, I remain behind you and I grab the sides of your panties tightly and make a fist with both hands. If I wanted to yank them down right now in front of everybody, there is absolutely nothing you could do to stop me and we both know it. You plead "No, sir! Anything but my panties! At least let me keep my pussy covered, that's going too far. That's too private!" I giggle at your desperation, but then I use both hands to start pulling your panties backwards, dragging you backwards with them. As your panties pull off of your helpless behind, as well as forming a wedgie in your aching front, you begin to walk backwards unsure where I could be leading you. Your leash dangles from your neck and my arm, as I decide that it is unnecessary for moving you. As you are dragged by your own panties, the only clothing item you have left, the other men follow and continue to rub your chest all over. Finally we reach the desk which is holding flyers and forms in the back of the room, but still fully visible from the front door. I tell two of the airmen to each grab a leg, and in moments you are lifted and your pantied butt is placed on the desk.

You experience a new shame very quickly, though, as the men hold your legs very wide apart, giving us all a very intimate view between those legs. Your leash is quickly used to lock your neck in place as I attach it to the desk itself, freeing my hands for other uses. I waste no time using my phone to capture some pictures of your pantied pussy, as well as full-body shots of you with your legs wide open. The other men do the same, and they continue to take pictures as I stroll to your side and casually lay my palm on the outside of your panties. My hand is resting on your pussy, but it's not moving, as I hold it there to torture you. Before long you can resist your urges no longer, and you start grinding your hips against my hand in order to pleasure your horny, dripping little pussy. As you start to hump my hand, the pictures keep being taken by all of us.

Suddenly the front door opens, and you look in horror as four more guys walk in! I grab your boobs with my hands, covering them up for you. Despite me covering your breasts, the men holding your legs wide apart don't move a muscle, so your panty-covered naughty region is still facing the door (and the four newcomers who all run over to see what is going on). You blush intensely as you recognize one of the guys as an extremely hot friend of yours that you've had a crush on for a long time. Now this handsome man is looking at your half-naked body and you can't escape, your mind acutely aware of how easily I could expose your chest's private secrets to your new audience.

**Dress Codes are Serious Business -- Part 2**

They ask me what is going on, to which I answer that you are being punished for disrespecting your dress code, by being denied clothing privileges. I tell them that if they wish to do so, they can watch and even participate in your punishment. They all happily agree. I then ask them if they want me to move my hands, met once again with loud agreement. You try to beg me once again, saying "Please sir, don't let them see me topless too. I'm begging you!" but I ignore you as I teasingly slowly drag my hands off of your chest, uncovering your blood red erect nipples and making sure to let everyone here see your naked boobies out in the open. I even tell them that they may take pictures if they'd like, and all four proceed to take several dozen of them ranging from full-body shots to extreme close-ups. Everyone makes sure to collect some face pictures as well, just to eliminate any chance you could ever have of denying that you were the girl in these pictures. The boy you have a crush on even makes a special request. You shiver in shame as he gets a close-up picture of my tongue licking one of your nipples, because he really wanted to see that! Now that boy has a picture on his phone of your naked nipple being licked which he could share with anybody in the world, and there is nothing you could ever do to stop him.

As your brain attempts to process all of this torment, my hand suddenly is placed on your abs. Your breathing slows as you wonder what my hand is about to do to you, but you don't have to wonder long as my fingertips sneak their way down under your panties. I teasingly rub your pubic mound, discovering for certain that you shave your pussy bald, but still not actually touching your clit or pussy lips a mere inch away. You start to moan again, but every time you try to move your privates to touch my hand, my hand just moves with you. I continue torturing you for an entire minute, causing you to loudly scream out "Oh my God, sir, please touch my pussy! PLEASE! Just...grr, this is TORTURE!"

For once I actually obey, as I start rubbing your clit in a circle underneath your panties. The men are all taking pictures of your pussy being rubbed by me, even though they can't actually see it yet. I then suddenly stop rubbing you and move my hand back to your pubic mound. You moan pathetically in frustration, but I answer with "Now little girl, I'm offering you a choice, so listen carefully. You may choose to keep your panties on, but my hand stays off of you. Or, my hand goes back to rubbing your pussy, but the boys all get to yank your panties off and only my hand will be covering you. So which is it going to be?" You really don't want everybody to see your pussy, but at the same time your pussy is screaming for attention as well as release and you just can't take it anymore. So without hesitation you cry out "Touch me! Take 'em off!"

My hand covers your entire pussy now, moving my whole palm in a circle to stimulate you. I let all 9 men get close and grab a part of your tiny little panties, you feeling all 20 of our hands on your pubic area all at once. We also finally close your legs for easier removal. "On the count of three, you all yank those panties down and off of her in one swift motion. One...two...THREE!" In a fraction of a second your panties are whisked off, and now only my hand hides your pussy from everyone. The men take some pictures of you like this, making you blush even more than before. It's then that you realize in horror that they are going to spread your legs once again! You try to fight it, but are powerless as your legs are forced completely open as wide as they'll go and held in place. Your legs are held by strong men, your arms are tied behind you, and your neck is chained to the desk. You cannot move or protect yourself in any way, and the last tiny speck of modesty or dignity that you have left is covered only slightly by my fingers and palm, which are also busy pleasuring you in front of everyone.

Many more pictures are taken of your pussy being rubbed, plus every inch of exposed skin nearby, with each guy trying very hard to sneak a peak underneath my hand. You start loudly begging me "Please sir, please keep your hand on my pussy. Don't let them see my pussy, I'm begging you. Anything but that! I'll be good. I'll do whatever you say, just don't let everyone see it." While I'm rubbing and covering your pussy, the other guys start rubbing your naked body all over, your legs, your chest, your breasts, your thighs, and even your neck. Every inch of you is in heaven, 20 hands pleasuring your skin from head to toe as we rub your body for several minutes straight.

The front door suddenly opens again, and this time in walks a girl. She sees your naked body on the desk, with only hands covering it, and she runs right over. You recognize her as a very sexy bi chick you know who has always given you naughty looks. She asks what is going on, and I tell her. She wants in badly, so I offer her a little deal "Well Airman, if you wish to help punish our toy here, my hand is getting a little tired. Perhaps your tongue would like to take its place?" You freak out and beg "No don't! Don't move your hand! You promised!" but I assure you "Don't worry, I'll keep you covered. Someone get me a towel." One of the men quickly gets me a towel, and I guide our female viewer's face into position between your legs right outside of my hand. Her face is literally one inch away from the back of my hand, the only thing covering your sensitive little pussy from her hungry eyes. I then drape the towel over the back of her head as well as your pubic area, hiding everything from your abs to your upper thigh region. None of us guys can see what is hidden underneath, but you are intimately aware of the detail that this girl is about to see...and taste! I say to the girl "Ready? Set? GO!" as I pull my hand out of the towel and off of your pussy. She wastes no time licking you as fast as she can, and now all of us guys are treated to watching your body squirm as you're getting eaten out by a girl.

You thrash and moan, enjoying every moment, but you also notice that every twitch moves the towel just a little bit. If you squirm too much, the towel might fall off, but this girl is not going easy on you. You don't know how long you can keep from wiggling the towel right off of you and showing your pussy to everybody in the room! Harder and faster she goes, rocking you and making you scream and shut your eyes. Eventually you open your eyes again as you look down and realize that the towel has slipped low enough to expose the entire front of her head. While we boys can't see anything yet because of her face and hair being in the way, you know for certain that every intimate secret of your loins will be displayed if she moves away for any reason.

Her licking sends waves of pleasure through you, bringing both a new desire and a new shame to you all at once: you are getting ready to cum in front of everybody here.
After a minute or so of her licking you like this, and with the towel falling completely down to the ground behind your talented tongue-wielding friend, I save you from complete exposure by quickly putting my hand between you both and covering your pussy again. The girl stands up, very satisfied with herself as she tells you "Mmm honey, you taste delicious". Now the only thing covering your pussy is my hand, once again, but my hand isn't moving. You feel yourself very close to cumming, so me not rubbing you is driving you crazy. You look at my eyes and lose all doubt about the fact that I purposely timed my intervention mere moments before you were going to reach climax. You start frantically grinding up against my hand, but I order you to hold still or you'll accidentally flash everyone.

You freeze, and at that exact moment 6 more guys walk into the gym and see you. They waste no time running over, as your bare boobs sit exposed, your legs are held wide open, and the only thing covering your throbbing pussy absurdly close to cumming is my hand. I explain the situation to the newbies, and they all want to watch too. All 16 of your fellow soldiers, friends you see every day, are staring right at your naughty bits waiting to see what I do next.

You barely hold still, but then you gasp as I shift my hand from an open palm over your pussy to suddenly only three fingers covering you up. You beg me "Oh God, please don't move your hand. Keep your hand on me. You have to hide my pussy, I'll do anything!" Not responding, I go from three fingers to just two, and now only my index and middle fingers are left (barely) covering your pussy. You scream "No no no! Don't move your hand! Don't let them see me!" Still ignoring you, I move my middle finger, and now your pussy lips are just barely covered by my index finger. Everyone can see 90% of your pubic area clearly, including the edges of your pussy lips themselves! As you moan and beg, I start gently moving my finger up and down your slit, still covering it but driving your defenseless pussy completely crazy. The boys and even the girl are all taking pictures, getting extremely x-rated views of your tender anatomy as you lie there at my mercy. Literally the only thing covering your naked body right now is one thin little finger moving up and down, edging you closer and closer to a violent explosion of ecstasy that you have no hope of resisting for much longer.

I then give you one final decision "So, naked girl, you have a choice. I can end this here and cover you up without anyone seeing your pussy, or I can move my hand and let us all see everything you have. If you choose to move my hand, I will ... you right here on this desk in front of everyone, with all of them helping out as they please, until you have the best damn orgasm of your life. So, what is it going to be?" You have never been more horny in all of your years. Despite the torture, the embarrassment, the shame, in this moment you would give anything and suffer any humiliation to be ...ed by me and toyed to orgasm by this entire horde of people. So without hesitation or regret you yell out "... me! Oh God, please ... me!" I ask again "So, do you want me to move my hand? Do you want me to show every single person here your soaked, wide-open pussy? If so, you have to say so and beg for it, otherwise I won't move" You loudly plead "Please move your hand! Show everyone my pussy, I beg you. Just ... me, I'll do anything! I swear I'll do anything you ever want if you let me have it right now!"

I smile and say "Well everyone, she has made her choice. Gather around and get your cameras ready. When I count down to zero, this pussy will be exposed to the entire room. 10...9...8..." I wiggle my finger, making you shiver. "7...6...5..." Everyone gets their cameras ready, and you realize that everybody in this crowded room is about to have dozens of pictures of your naked pussy and there's nothing you can do to stop it. "4...3..." You shiver and twitch, waiting for your fate. "2...1...ZERO!!"

I quickly raise my hand up, and now your wet pussy is bare for us all! Your legs are wide open, as are your lips, and we can all see every last detail. Your juices drip and stick, even dripping off of my finger onto your tummy. The cameras all go off in a frenzy, with all 17 of us taking turns placing our phones an inch away from your pussy lips and taking as many HD shots as possible. Not just the lips, as you realize to your eternal shame that we are even taking pictures deep, deep inside of your pussy while your newly-uncovered lips continue expanding right before our eyes like a rose blooming. I even slide my fingertip just an inch inside of you, just so that I can get a picture of your pussy lips wrapped around it. You even give us a fantastic bonus set of pics when you start bucking your hips trying to pull it the rest of the way in. Once the pictures are done, I tell one of the men watching to call my phone. I then set my phone to vibrate and place it directly on the top part of your clit. You wait in horny anticipation for the phone to start buzzing, when suddenly the vibrations hit! Your clit buzzes with excitement and I press the vibrating phone tightly against your sensitive love button. I let it ring for a very long time, watching you squirm and shiver and watching your pussy tingling in front of us all. Your pussy is so wet right now that it is dripping all over the table, and you're begging me to stop the torment and stick it in you already. I bring you an inch away from climax, only to yank the phone away at the last second to deny you your release. Your cries and whimpers have become the addiction of every person here.

After an eternity of stalling, I finally walk between your legs. I admire the amazing view of your pussy opening itself for me as I start unzipping my pants. I tell the men holding your legs apart to pull you towards the edge of the desk and hold you there. You, without blinking, stare at my fly, waiting to see what I have hidden underneath my pants. When my pants and underwear go down, you gasp as you finally get to see my large throbbing dick pointing straight at your pulsing pussy. I touch your pussy with my head, but I don't go inside even as you beg. Instead I place my dick on top of your slit and start grinding back and forth very quickly. My dick is rubbing up and down your pussy, just a mere inch away from going inside you and giving you what you desperately want.

Finally I slide it in, holding it as deep inside of you as possible. Everyone takes more pictures now of what your pussy look like with my dick in it. I move back slightly to let everyone, including myself, get a picture of your wet pussy lips wrapped around my dick. You have no secrets left anymore, but at least you are getting ...ed. I start going much faster, using my hands pull your hips against mine while I thrust in you over and over again. All of the others start rubbing your naked body, from your legs, to your abs, to your chest. Everywhere, absolutely everywhere has hands constantly.
Your entire freaking body feels beyond amazing, and you know that it's only a matter of time before you cum in front of everyone here. You notice several phones recording video of you being ...ed and groped, and you realize that your orgasm will be filmed and saved from every possible angle in high definition. I even take my own phone out and record an extremely close-up video of my penis thrusting in and out of your pussy as it gets ...ed silly.

You start getting very close now, and I command our spectators "Well don't just stand there, ladies and gentlemen. Get those clothes off, have some fun, and let her see your appreciation for her little show." One by one everybody strips off, including the lone girl, until you are literally surrounded by horny naked people. All of the boys start playing with themselves while pointed at your body in a circle. There are 15 dicks being jerked right above your naked body, while my dick pleasures your pretty pussy. Meanwhile, your hot bi friend is kneeling on the desk directly over your head with her wet pussy right above you, so close you can almost taste it. She is rubbing her pussy at lightning speed for you, while the sea of guys do the same. You look at all of the rock-hard dicks being pumped to your body, as well as the yummy pussy hovering inches above your face. Your entire soul shivers with delight when your female friend's pussy actually drips a few drops onto your face, and you manage to catch one of these drops with your tongue...just to taste your tormentor as she had tasted you. All of the sudden the boys start to cum, one by one, shooting their warm loads all over your chest and legs. The girl loudly screams and shudders as you watch her pussy cum for you, squirting all over your face in the process. You are only mere moments away from cumming yourself, but you will never reach the promised land until I actually touch your clit and finally end this excruciating torture....

**Dress Codes are Serious Business -- Part 3 (End)**

I suddenly pause after the last spectator finishes, causing you to moan in frustration. You thrash and buck, but it's no use. I then pull out and roll you over onto your belly, legs on the ground, before going right back in without missing a beat. I'm now ...ing you doggy style, bent over the desk, while all of our naked friends watch. I smack your ass lightly and tell you "Cum for me, sexy girl. Cum for me and I will cum deep inside of you without exiting" I go faster and faster, harder and harder, knowing full well that you will only get closer and closer without actually reaching the end this way.
You literally scream with all of your might "FREAKING RUB MY CLIT AND LET ME CUM, PLEASE! OH GOD, I'M BEGGING YOU!!! PLEEEEASE!!!"

I savor your pleading and screaming for another full 30 seconds before I take pity on the desperate little girl in front of me. I sneak my hand between your legs from behind and rub your clit as fast as I can while still thrusting you from behind. Instantly your pulsing pussy finally hits the point of no return. You tense up, your legs shiver, your whole body squirms, and you fiercely scream and cum while your pussy grabs onto my dick and holds on for dear life. The force of your pussy squeezing tightly causes me to lose control, and 3 seconds later my dick turns impossibly rigid and starts vibrating within you. Suddenly I thrash and cum shoots inside of you, once, twice, four total times before it stops. You feel all of me deep inside of you and you love it.

After more pictures are taken of your body face-down, including some extreme closeups of your pussy from behind with and without my dick in it and watching as it drips my cum out and down your legs, I finally decide that it's time to let you off of the desk. I refuse to free your hands, however, as I lead you by your leash into the ladies locker room for a nice shower to clean you up. Everyone follows us in as I turn on the water running over your naked body, and with your arms tied behind your back the 17 of us have to wash you clean by using our hands. We make sure to clean every nook and cranny, and by the time we're done every single person here has felt and rubbed every inch of your skin, as well as a few inches inside of you. To add to the fun, many pictures are taken of you wet from the shower. All of your audience, still naked, chooses to have a second round of playtime while you watch it all. Even if you wanted to join in, your bound hands prevent it, and so you are forced to watch as an entire horde of young, sexy men and even a woman all pleasure themselves while you watch on in awe. You witness every moment and every detail of your private show without ever blinking, as each and every one of us cums for you.

Once we are finished and you are finally clean, we all start putting our clothes back on. You shyly ask for your clothes back and to be untied, feeling shame now that you are once again the lone naked person in the room. However, I refuse both of these requests on the grounds that you are still being punished for disrespecting those clothes. I unhook your leash, but leave the dog collar and shoelace binding on you. I wrap a towel around you, a towel that is just barely big enough to close completely, and I tie a loose knot at the top. "Your final punishment, airman, is to return to your home like this. If you are lucky, the towel will stay on. If it falls, your arms are still tied behind your back, and you are going to make one hell of a streak right in the middle of the day in front of likely half the base. Good luck!"

I open the gym door and push you out, naked except for your towel as you start running. There are literally hundreds of soldiers out here watching you with open eyes. Ten seconds into your streaking, suddenly the knot on the towel gets loose. You beg God Himself "Oh God, please no, please don't let my towel fall! I'll be naked in front of everyone!! Noooooooo!" As you pray for mercy, you feel the towel fall down to the ground, exposing every inch of your bare little body. You are naked head to toe, butt, boobs, and pussy all on complete display, in front of countless men and women. Without any hair to cover your pussy, and its constant arousal and openness today, the people watching can see even that yummy bit in extreme detail and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Many of the people watching are taking pictures or recording you as you run. You run home as fast as you can as the crowd follows you to your front door. You have to turn to face the crowd in order to open the door because your hands are still trapped behind your body, and by turning to face them everyone gets an amazing view of your full-frontal nudity. Hundreds, literally hundreds of people you know and see every single day are staring at your full-frontal naked body and taking as many pictures as they like. You fumble with the doorknob, having much more difficulty then usual, prolonging your exposure and giving people the chance to zoom in and get extremely detailed images of every inch of your private anatomy. Betraying your desire for even one ounce of modesty, you feel your pussy lips open up like a rose again in front of the entire crowd, and you have no choice but to squat slightly with parted legs in order to get the leverage needed to open the door behind you. By the time you open the door and go inside, the entire crowd has seen everything you have.

As soon as you're safely inside you sit down, slide your arms over your legs, and untie yourself. You then start rubbing your pussy instantly, as all of this exposure has made you extremely horny again. It doesn't take long for you to cum one more time, and this time you don't even remotely attempt to keep it quiet. You have zero doubt that literally everyone outside just heard your scream, as this final last shame washes over you. When you finally catch your breath and calm down, part of you starts to wonder if possibly...you WANT to get caught violating the dress code tomorrow, just to see what I will do to you.... The temptation drives you crazy. The only question is, what will you choose?

The End.