**Emily's Birthday Submission**

by[**SpottedDick**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1943302&page=submissions)©

It was Emily's 18th birthday. She was quite an unusual young woman. She was about 5'1", very slim, verging on skinny. She had wonderfully pale skin to go with her light blonde hair and pale blue eyes. She kept her hair cut short as she didn't like the feeling of it plastered to her face from sweat when she was exercising. Exercise was something she did a lot. She cycled, jogged and swam regularly. As a result her slim body was very toned.  
  
From a more intimate perspective Emily had very small breasts: 32A would be the bra size she'd wear if she ever bothered. In fact Emily had never worn a bra in her life. She'd only very rarely worn knickers, preferring to feel the breeze on her perfectly smooth mound. Her small breasts were topped with dark pink areola, about the size of a dollar, and small little nubs of nipples.  
  
Emily loved wearing revealing clothes. She wouldn't class herself as an exhibitionist. It was more that she couldn't care less who saw her body. And she loved the feel of the air on her skin. She'd had to be so very careful until this day, being underage, but that was going to change today.  
  
She leapt out of bed and showered (she always slept naked), then she slipped on a mid-thigh length skirt and a tight t-shirt, along with some little socks and black pumps. She looked at herself in the mirror and observed that she looked good. Her little nipples were standing to attention under the shirt. She liked that. It was barely 9am, and it was Saturday, but Emily had shopping to do.  
  
She caught the bus into town and by 9.30 was already in the clothes store. She started off picking out some tops. They were all quite revealing, but she also picked them out to be a couple of sizes too big. As a result they would be loose around the areas where most women would want more modesty. Emily didn't mind though. She'd walk around naked if it was legal to do so.  
  
She decided to try some of the tops on. But she didn't go to a changing room. She just stripped off her t-shirt in the store and slipped on top after top in front of the mirror. Some of the tops were rejected because they were too long in the midriff, and some were rejected because they covered too much chest. Eventually Emily had 3 or 4 tops selected. The favourite one she left on. It only came down to her belly button, had thin little straps that wouldn't stay on her shoulders, and only barely covered her nipples. If anyone stood behind her they'd get a lovely view, and whenever she bent over she revealed herself also. It had the added bonus that the barcode label was between her breasts meaning she'd have to bend over for the shop assistant later. She made a note to select a male assistant who needed a treat.  
  
I said earlier that Emily wasn't an exhibitionist. That last desire of hers to flash a guy her boobs sounds at odds with that. Like I said, Emily didn't care who saw her. She didn't get thrills out of showing herself. But she'd learnt from watching porn and reading stories that men reacted in certain ways to female exposure. And it was male reactions that turned her on. She'd often dreamt about stimulating reactions in men and awoken soaked.  
  
Back to the story though, and now Emily was looking for skirts. The shorter the better. This was an area that had been a real frustration for her over the years. Her parents had forced her to wear skirts that were no shorter than mid thigh. They were very concerned that if she flashed more flesh she'd end up getting taken advantage of, and that would of course be a horrible situation with her being under aged. But now Emily was in charge of her own destiny and it was time to enjoy the freedoms that entailed.  
  
She picked out a few possible skirts. She decided it wouldn't be a good idea to try them on in the store. Not because she was embarrassed. She was worried about getting arrested. She went to the changing rooms this time. She'd picked out this store for two reasons. Firstly, and most importantly, it was cheap. Emily worked hard in whatever work came her way, but her lack of qualifications meant she often worked for minimum wage. Secondly, and more importantly, this store had mixed sex changing rooms.  
  
She went into the first cubicle and left the curtain half open. She knew that as she changed she'd be exposing herself to whoever walked past. She looked forward to the reactions.  
  
She slipped off her skirt and left it in a heap on the floor whilst she took the first new skirt off the hanger. She had her back to the curtain so her toned bum was on display for anyone who cared to look. An old lady walked past and Emily could see the shock on her face in the mirror as she realised there was a half naked woman there. The old lady tutted as she scurried past into a cubicle down the corridor.  
  
Emily tried on the skirts, very disappointed that the old lady was her only watcher that morning. The perils of shopping early in the morning she reckoned. A couple of the skirts were not revealing enough for Emily's wishes so she left those, but she still had a selection of skirts that barely covered her shapely butt. She left on the shortest of them and practised bending over to see what she'd be showing. The air between her legs felt great, and she was pleased that if she bent at the waist she'd be revealing a good amount of buttock to anyone watching. If she had her legs apart then there would be also some pussy flesh on display. The other bonus of this skirt was that the barcode label was dangling at the front of her skirt, just in front of her mound.  
  
Emily noticed that her inner labia, which protruded slightly, were glistening with moisture. This day was going so well.  
  
She gathered up her purchases and made her way to the checkout. There was only one attendant on duty as it was quiet and it was a guy who was probably not much older than Emily. Emily started feeling excited about seeing this chap's reaction. She noted his name was Ben. She walked up the the till when it was her turn and put her purchases on the side. She smiled at Ben who was obviously already checking her out. Ben scanned everything and then Emily indicated he needed to scan what she was wearing.  
  
She leant forward so he could scan her top, making sure that one of the straps was off her shoulder and making sure that her nipples were on display for him. Ben blushed but did what was necessary. Emily noticed that he couldn't keep his eyes off her tits. She looked at his crotch and there was a definite bulge in there. She felt her juices gathering in earnest down below.  
  
She stood up again and stood as close to the desk as she could so he could scan the skirt. The scanner wouldn't quite reach though, so she lifted the whole front of the skirt and tugged it forward as close as she could to Ben's hand. This left her shaved mound completely exposed for anyone to see. Ben's eyes bulged as he scanned the barcode. He was very flustered now. Even after he'd scanned the barcode Emily didn't drop her skirt. she took a step back and continued to flash him until he suddenly awoke from his stupor and asked told her how much she owed. The moment was over so she let go of the skirt and paid in cash. She then ripped the labels off the clothes and dropped them on the counter in front of Ben as she stalked to the exit.  
  
Her heart was racing and she could feel her juices trickling down her inner thigh. That had been brilliant. She only wished Ben had been more of a man and had touched her. She decided that she needed to be touched, so decided to go and buy some new shoes.  
  
She was just leaving the store though, when the alarm sounded. It must have been triggered by one of the items in her bag. Ben had obviously forgotten to remove a security tag in his excitement.  
  
She felt a strong hand grasp her arm. It was a security guard.  
  
"Excuse me miss. Please come with me."  
  
He was very tall and muscular, not someone to mess with. He led her to the back of the store and through the 'Staff Only' door to a large office. In the office was a suited gentleman, the store manager. He had a stern look on his face and was watching something on the computer. He swivelled the screen so Emily could see it. It was CCTV footage of her trying on the tops earlier. Her naked torso was freely visible to all.  
  
"I know you're aware we have changing rooms, Miss," he growled. "We saw you use them. What makes you think it's appropriate for a young woman like yourself to expose herself like that in my store?"  
  
As he was talking the security guard had fished out the item with the security tag still on. He showed it to the manager.  
  
"Thank you Ted," the manager muttered. "She's paid for her clothes. Ben will vouch for that. Just remove the tag."  
  
He looked at Emily, expecting an answer to his question.  
  
"I'm sorry if I caused any offence, Sir," Emily said confidently. "I was just trying on some tops. I don't think there's anything inappropriate at all about it. Did anyone complain?"  
  
"No, miss, they didn't. I doubt anyone would complain about a pretty young thing like yourself. So small and fragile. So beautiful and innocent. I trust you have ID with you?"  
  
Emily reached into her bag and pulled out her ID and passed it over. One of the straps on her top had fallen off and her nipple was peeking out. Emily noticed and didn't fix it. She didn't mind. The manager also noticed and cocked an eyebrow. He examined her ID.  
  
"18 today?" he exclaimed. "Lovely. Happy birthday, Emily. Ted, have you got a present for this young lady?"  
  
Ted looked quizzically at his boss, and then the realisation dawned on him what was inferred. He grinned. This young little thing would be a nice treat to start the weekend.  
  
He stepped up behind Emily and looked over her shoulder. He noticed the nipple peeking out. It made him hard to imagine what he could do with her. He wasn't going to rape her, but if she let him he'd have his way. He ran his strong hand softly over Emily's arm. She didn't shudder or shy away. She just let him. This was looking promising. He rubbed her shoulder, the one where the strap had fallen away, and gently massaged it. He then ran his hand down the fallen strap and gently pushed it down. Emily got the message and lifted her arm through the fallen strap.  
  
"Good girl," Ted whispered. "I can see I'm going to have a lot of fun with you."  
  
Her right breast was completely exposed now and Ted cupped it in his large hand. He squeezed the nipple hard and Emily sighed. A small grin was on her lips. She was enjoying letting this big man have his way with her. She looked up and saw the store manager was stroking himself through his trousers.  
  
Ted now slipped the strap off Emily's left shoulder and the top fell to the floor leaving her wearing only the short skirt and her shoes. Ted got to work on both of her breasts, roughly rubbing and tugging on them. Emily was shivering with delight by now.  
  
"She's enjoying this, Ted," the manager proclaimed. "Keep it up. I want to see what her reaction is to your monster cock inside her. I wonder if she'll take it all?"  
  
"I reckon this little slut will take the lot, boss," Ted replied. "If you're lucky she might take you at the same time. Only one way to find out."  
  
The manager nodded and stood up. He undid his trousers and slipped them off. His boxers followed. His cock was rock hard and glistening. It was average sized. He commanded Emily to kneel and start sucking. Emily complied gratefully. She was enjoying this humiliation much more than she'd imagined. The comment about Ted's large cock had her very excited. She started giving the manager her first ever blowjob.  
  
Whilst she had started servicing the manager, Ted had removed his clothes and was now back to work kneeling behind Emily and playing with her tits. Every now and again Emily felt his hard dick knock into her. It felt heavy and firm. She couldn't see it because her attention was focussed on the manager's cock.  
  
Ted changed his focus to Emily's toned legs. He roughly stroked them up to her skirt line, then after a while all the way to her shaved pussy.  
  
"She's not wearing knickers, boss," he blurted. "She must be a right slut. Oh god, she's soaking!"  
  
The manager just nodded, a look of pure pleasure on his face. This might be Emily's first blowjob, but she was doing a great job.  
  
Ted ripped off Emily's skirt. He made it look easy. He discarded the scrap of fabric on the floor and started groping Emily's sex. She was very close to orgasm, just from the humiliation.  
  
"Get up, slut," Ted bawled.  
  
Emily shuddered at being called a slut. That felt so good. She immediately stopped sucking the manager and stood up.  
  
"Now lean over the desk with your legs spread. Bill here's going to fuck your face on that side while I get going on that tight cunt of yours. Just so I know what to expect, are you a virgin?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Emily said confidently. "I've never had a cock in me. I bet I'm really tight."  
  
As she said this she looked at Ted. His dick was at least 10 inches long, rock hard, and really thick. Her insides quivered at the thought of that entering her. She walked up to the desk and bent over it. She spread her legs as far as the desk would allow. Bill the manager inserted his slippery dick back into her mouth for her to pleasure while Ted started to rub his in her juices. He carried on until it was coated in oils and then pressed it into the opening of her vagina. He slowly pushed as it slowly disappeared inside her. He'd only got about half way in when he felt Emily's pussy clenching around her. She cried out in pleasure as the orgasm waved over her. Bill took the opportunity to ram his cock into her throat so she gagged. That was enough to send him over the edge too. He shot wave after wave of salty cum into her mouth. Emily dutifully swallowed every drop.  
  
As the waves of orgasm subsided Ted resumed his assault on her cunt. He carried on forcing himself in until he bottomed out. Then he started fucking her, slowly at first, but increasing in intensity until she was screaming with pleasure. With every thrust his balls slapped against her body. By now Emily was having wave after wave of orgasm as her insides were assaulted by the dick.  
  
Eventually it all got too much for him and he sprayed a load befitting the size of his cock into the young girl's welcoming vagina. He pulled his cock out and wandered over to the toilet to clean himself up.  
  
Emily stayed there leaning over the desk as globs of Ted's cum started leaking down her leg.  
  
"Get up," said Bill, "clean up over there and get dressed."  
  
Emily got up and walked with shaky legs over to the toilet and wiped herself up the best she could. She washed her face. Then she slipped on her top. The skirt was damaged beyond repair so she slipped on a different one she'd bought.  
  
Bill was sitting back at his desk and had pulled an envelope out of the drawer.  
  
"Here you go, slut." He said to Emily. "Here's a refund for all the clothes you just bought. Help yourself to a new skirt from the rack to replace the one Ted tore. Next time you want clothes, you come here. You don't change in the shop, and you certainly don't change in the changing rooms. You ask for me and you try your clothes on here. That way I will decide if the clothes are slutty enough for you. If you're good you might get Ted's cock again. You'll certainly be getting mine. Oh and the clothes will be on the house. By the way, are you on birth control?"  
  
"No sir," Emily replied. "I've never had a period. I think my womb's broken or something. But the doctors say I'm sterile."  
  
"Very good. Now go and enjoy the rest of your day. Be sure to come back regularly."  
  
Emily gathered her things and walked out of the office and out of the store, not forgetting to take another skirt from the rack. That had been so much fun. She loved every minute of it. And she had a good reminder of the experience - Ted's sperm was slowly trickling out and down her leg. It felt cool in the breeze.  
  
Now that she had had a taste for how her slutty behaviour could have such a good outcome she was ready to try and get some more reactions. First she needed a drink. She'd loved blowing off that dirty man, but his cock tasted horrible. She went to a coffee shop and ordered a coffee and a large glass of ice water. She downed the ice water at the counter, ensuring some of it spilt over her chest and top. The thin material clung to her nipples that were almost out anyway. The barista's eyes bulged. He couldn't believe his luck.  
  
Emily asked the guy for a serviette. She wiped herself up with it making sure to expose her nipples as she dried them off. She took her coffee and went to sit in one of the easy chairs near the window. It was very low, and even for a girl of her stature it would be impossible for her to maintain her dignity with the short skirt she had on. Of course Emily didn't mind this, in fact she welcomed it.  
  
She sat herself down, making sure her naked buttocks were on the seat. The skirt itself was little more use than a napkin in her lap now. She let one of the straps of her top fall down her shoulder again and slightly parted her legs. Because of her position, all customers coming into the shop could glimpse right the way to her cum soaked pussy, should they be looking in the right direction. Plenty of customers did. She watched their faces. A lot of people looked away embarrassed. A few took second glances before realising she was watching them. A small selection looked on despite being caught in the act. Emily just smiled at them.  
  
After a little while a middle-aged gentleman asked if the seat opposite her was taken. Emily indicated that it wasn't. He sat down and adjusted the chair so he could look at her. Emily recognised him as one of the uninhibited starers. He continued to ogle Emily's pussy. Emily responded by letting her legs fall apart further. She could see a bulge developing in his pants.  
  
Eventually he spoke: "Do you often dress like that?"  
  
"This is the first day, but I plan to dress like this as much as I can from now on," she replied.  
  
"Why did you start today?" he continued.  
  
"It's my 18th birthday. It would have been inappropriate previously."  
  
"Happy birthday. That's some way to go about treating yourself! I like it. And you don't mind people seeing your body like that?"  
  
"No I don't mind at all. I have nothing to be embarrassed about. And I love seeing the reactions people have."  
  
"So what do you like about my reaction then?"  
  
"I love the fact I can see your dick getting hard. I love the fact you're aching to masturbate over me. Go on, get your fill of looking so you've got all the ammunition you need later."  
  
With that she let the other strap on her top fall down, exposing her flat chest to the man, and she slowly started rubbing a finger over her clit.  
  
The man blushed heavily, then passed her his teaspoon. "Stick that in there," he said, nodding at her exposed hole.  
  
Emily leant over and seductively licked the spoon before carefully sliding it into her pussy. She pushed it in all the way, leaving just a small amount of handle exposed. She left it in there for a couple of minutes letting the man ogle her before she slowly pulled it out again, gave it a little kiss and then dropped it in his half-filled coffee cup.  
  
She then readjusted her top, got up and left the man squirming in his seat trying to work out what to do with his raging hard-on.  
  
She'd really enjoyed that, but she desperately wanted to try something else. She'd had her heart set on new shoes since before she'd been assaulted at the clothes store, so that's where she headed. She knew of a small shop on a back street that still did old fashioned fittings, and had reasonably priced, but good footwear.  
  
She walked in and noted immediately that she was the only customer. The assistant was a young lady of around 6 foot, maybe in her mid twenties. She had auburn hair, shoulder length, green eyes, and a figure to die for. She had curves in all the right places, particularly her chest which was easily a 34D. Not grotesquely big, but voluptuous. The woman was wearing a tight fitting blouse, a pencil skirt, tights, and sensible red high heels.

Emily didn't classify herself as bisexual. In fact she didn't really classify herself at all. As she'd found out earlier, she liked sex, and she'd always found men and women equally attractive. But she considered that as she'd lost her virginity earlier with a man, she might as well lose her virginity with a woman also, or at least try to. Obviously she didn't know this woman's sexual persuasions, but she figured that as with her, if the goods are of the right quality then anything goes. It didn't even cross her mind to consider that this woman might not be into other women.  
  
The assistant let Emily have a little browse before asking if she needed any assistance. Emily immediately indicated that actually she'd like to have her feet measured as a starting point. The assistant indicated a stool for Emily to sit on. Emily sat down. The lady brought over the measuring device and knelt in front of Emily. As Emily lifted her foot onto the device she made no effort to maintain dignity, letting her legs spread quite wide. The woman immediately got a good view of the shapely bald cunt that still had a little evidence of cum on it. She breathed in deeply and smiled at Emily. She then got up and locked the door to the shop, and flipped the sign to CLOSED.  
  
She returned, and resumed her position.  
  
"Where were we? Oh yes I was just gazing at your exposed pussy whilst I measured your feet. I locked the door because I wouldn't want anyone coming in and taking advantage of you in that state. I hope you don't mind."  
  
"Well," said Emily confidently, "I certainly don't mind being taken advantage of."  
  
The woman looked Emily in the eyes and replied after a little thought: "Is that why there's cum on your lips? Has someone taken advantage of you today? Would you like to talk about it?"  
  
Emily said she would, and she told the woman the whole story from the clothes store, and explained about how good it made her feel. Even telling the story made her wet. All the while the woman was still staring at Emily's exposed crotch.  
  
"Wow that is some story," said the woman when Emily had finally finished talking. "So you really don't mind that those men basically raped you?"  
  
"No, they didn't rape me. It was fully consensual."  
  
"I see. So you like being ordered around?"  
  
"It's not that I like being ordered around, I like seeing what happens to people when I let them order me around."  
  
"Well in that case," the woman ventured, "let me see how serious you are about this then. Take off your ridiculous top and let me see those luscious tiny tits of yours."  
  
Emily smiled to herself. This was working out very well. She lifted the top off her tiny frame and once again released her small tits to the air. Her little nipples were like bullets - the shop was air-conditioned, plus she was getting really turned on by this.  
  
The woman licked her lips. "Very nice indeed. I hate wearing a bra. You're so lucky that you don't need the support. I'd give anything for small breasts."  
  
"It's funny," Emily replied, "but I wish I had larger breasts myself. You get more attention with bigger ones. I'm sure of it. Although I wouldn't wear a bra even with bigger boobs. I've never worn one, I despise them. I like to be free. Why don't you slip yours off now and see what I mean?"  
  
The woman considered this for a while and then got up. "Ok I'm going to go and do just that in the stock room. Take off your skirt while I'm gone. I don't want that inhibiting my view of you."  
  
The woman walked purposely to the stock room and Emily quickly slipped off the skirt and sat back down. It felt lovely being naked. She had nothing to hide.  
  
Before long the woman returned. Her breasts jiggled a little as she walked. Emily noticed that she'd left a couple of buttons undone revealing a little cleavage. She noticed the woman also no longer had tights on. She had beautifully tanned legs.  
  
"You look lovely like that," Emily said to her. "If I were you I would reconsider my bra usage."  
  
The woman smiled. "I might just do that. I took the liberty of removing all my underwear. I decided that as you were naked I didn't need it, and I do like the air on my bits. My boss would probably go mental, but I think we're past that now anyway. Don't you?"  
  
Emily chucked and nodded. This woman was intriguing. She was really enjoying the responses she was getting here.  
  
The woman knelt back down in front of Emily and resumed the job of measuring her feet. Emily just leant back on the stool and kept her legs spread. She was very aware of the smell of sex emanating from her bits. It was a good smell. The woman kept looking at her and licking her lips.  
  
She gave Emily her measurements, and then suggested they have a walk around the shop to pick out some possible shoes. Emily got up and the woman led her to the styles she had in mind. The woman had good taste. There were a few little heels to accentuate the muscles in her legs, there were some flats for comfort, and finally the lady suggested some thigh high boots.  
  
"I want to help you put them on later," was all she said by way of explanation.  
  
The woman went back to the stock room to get the shoes in the right sizes. Emily browsed the stock while she waited.  
  
The woman eventually returned with a pile of boxes. She plonked them down on the floor.  
  
"Fuck it," she suddenly exclaimed. "Come over here and undo my blouse. All the buttons. But do it slowly."  
  
Emily immediately complied. She started at the bottom and undid the buttons one by one. The blouse was quite tight and she couldn't help touching a fair amount of boob flesh in the process. Not that she was trying to avoid doing so. The woman had thrown her head back, was breathing deeply, and grinning.  
  
"Good," she almost whispered once Emily was done. "Now slip the blouse off and look at my chest. I don't know what's come over me but I want to expose myself to you."  
  
Emily did as she was commanded. The boobs were beautifully round, and topped with large brown areola. The nipples were almost an inch long and sticking straight out. Emily looked at them from all angles. The woman continued to smile and sigh.  
  
"God, I'm so wet. You are so naughty. Now sit down, and let me put shoes on you. Keep your legs spread, and play with yourself, boobs and pussy while I do it."  
  
Emily immediately complied. The woman tried the various shoes on Emily's feet. Emily only stopped playing with herself to get up and walk around to test the shoes. While she did so the woman played with her boobs, tweaking her nipples and grinning.  
  
Eventually it was time for the thigh highs. They were pretty tight to get on. This meant the woman had to get her hands quite close to Emily's warm pussy. She pulled the first boot on, and once it was on let her hand continue to wander up until she was stroking Emily's clit. Emily shuddered with pleasure. The woman repeated the process with the second boot. Only this time as she started fiddling with Emily's little nub, she slowly leant further and further in, breathing in the smell of sex.  
  
Eventually her nose touched Emily's pussy lips. She then extended her tongue and tentatively tasted Emily. Within a few minutes she was furiously licking Emily's slit whilst finger-fucking her. Emily was squealing like a pig and breathing heavily. Within a very short time her orgasm exploded, covering the woman's face in juices. The woman continued licking and fingering Emily until she could take it no longer. Then she stopped and sat back.  
  
"Clean me," she ordered Emily.  
  
Emily stood up, shakily, and approached the woman. She gently started licking the woman's face, cleaning her own juices and Ted's cum from her bit by bit. Before long they were kissing passionately. The woman took Emily's hand and placed it on her breast and indicated Emily should play with it. Emily did so gladly. Then the woman raised Emily's other hand to the other breast. Emily got the message and played with them both.  
  
The woman unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Her auburn bush was neatly trimmed.  
  
The two women must have looked a sight from the street. Emily in just thigh highs, and the woman in red heels, kissing passionately.  
  
After a little while the woman suddenly sat down on the shop floor.  
  
"Fist me," she breathed. Emily looked confused.  
  
"Fuck my pussy with your fist, bitch" the woman repeated.  
  
Emily understood. She started rubbing the woman's slit. It was wet. She slowly lubed up her hand in the woman's own oils and slid a finger inside. Then another. Then another. With each insertion the woman groaned, feeling more and more pleasure. Eventually Emily had all four fingers inside the woman. She slowly pushed in further, adding her thumb to the mix. The woman's lips gradually stretched to meet the demands of Emily's petite fist.  
  
Despite her small size, it was still quite the effort to get the hand all the way in, but once there she was able to start fucking the woman with it. There was the sound of squelching, intermingled with the sound of the woman groaning and breathing heavily. Before long the woman's pussy walls were clenching around Emily's hand as the woman came in a strong climax.  
  
After a little while the woman suddenly looked the the clock. "We've been here rather a while. I should probably get the shop open again. Help me dress."  
  
Emily helped the woman on with her skirt and blouse.  
  
"Thanks for giving me the confidence to go braless. I'm going to stay that way. Now, tell me, how far are you willing to go in terms of people ordering you around?"  
  
Emily's simple reply stunned the woman: "Whatever you want me to do."  
  
"Ok here's what I want you to do then. Choose and pay for your shoes. I'll let you keep the boots. They look good on you, particularly when you're wearing nothing else! Then you're to leave everything here to collect later. You're to go outside, as you are, and walk to the third door on your left. You're to ring the bell marked Ribchester, and you are to wait there until someone lets you in. They will give you any further instructions."  
  
Emily was excited. She was being told to go outside practically naked. She wondered who she might see on the way, and who might be at the house marked Ribchester. She didn't feel any shame in doing what was asked of her. Why should she?  
  
The woman unlocked the door and let Emily out. She watched the young woman stepped out of the doorway and walked confidently away, her shapely backside bobbing up and down. She felt a little envious in a way. She would never have the confidence to do what this young girl was doing.  
  
Emily reached the door as described and rang the bell marked Ribchester. She hadn't met anyone on the street which she thought was a shame. While she was waiting for the door to be answered though, a couple walked past with their dog. The dog ran up to greet sniff her, so she crouched down and petted it.  
  
The man gave her a right ogling until his wife noticed and slapped him. Emily just smiled at them both and blew the man a kiss. That sent the man's wife crazy. Emily was pretty sure she could see a bulge in the man's pants. Result.  
  
Eventually the door opened. A man was there. He was probably a similar age to the woman in the shoe shop. Tall, good looking, and slim. He looked Emily up and down.  
  
"Well, well, well," he said after a bit. "So what are you here for?"  
  
Emily replied: "the woman in the shoe shop sent me. I'm here to do whatever you want."  
  
"Whatever I want, eh? I somehow doubt that. We'll see. So you're a slut then?"  
  
"I don't know. I just want to do whatever you want me to," Emily replied.  
  
"Ok then. Let's see. Right, I want you to crouch down opposite the door and piss on the floor."  
  
Emily immediately complied. She crossed the street, crouched down, and rather gratefully let a stream of urine loose.  
  
"Well aren't you a dirty girl," the man replied. "Get inside, slut, before the police arrest you and take you away."  
  
Emily went through the door into a stairway. It must be the access to a flat above one of the shops.  
  
"Go upstairs and turn left into the living room, slut. I'm going to enjoy watching you from behind. Make sure you keep those legs nicely spread so I can see your cunt," the man growled.  
  
Emily climbed the stairs. She was enjoying this treatment a great deal. She new the man would be getting a delightful view of her pussy. It made her proud that he wanted to see it. She got to the top and turned left into the living room.  
  
"Bend over at the waist and place your hands palm down on the sofa," the man commanded her. Emily complied immediately.  
  
A sharp thwack reverberated through the air, followed by a sharp pain in her backside. The man was spanking her, and hard. She yelped in surprise.  
  
"Shut up, slut!" the man bawled. "My sluts make no sound when they are punished. Only dirty girls get punished. Girls who piss on the street for example."  
  
The man spanked her again. This time Emily kept quiet. She took what the man gave her without complaint or resistance.  
  
After a while the man started roughly fingering her pussy. He was surprised to find her soaking wet.  
  
"Oh now that's a good slut," he cooed. "A good slut is always ready for a fucking.  
  
Emily heard a zip undoing and then saw the man's trousers on the floor out of the corner of her eye. Next she knew he was rubbing his cock in her juices.  
  
"Have you ever had it in the arse, slut?" the man questioned.  
  
"No, sir, I haven't. In fact this morning I was still a virgin."  
  
"Well that's a shame, that some other arsehole took your cherry. I'll just have to take your anal one instead. And you're not to make a sound. "  
  
The man placed his hard cock over Emily's puckered hole and slowly started slipping it in. She was unimaginably tight and the man had to use considerable force to enter her. Emily wanted to groan in ecstasy at the humiliation but she had been ordered to remain silent. She bit her tongue.  
  
Eventually the man was fully inside her anus and started rhythmically fucking her. Soon he was grunting and groaning and without warning he fired a hot load into her. It didn't last long and the man slipped his rapidly softening cock out of her and collapsed on the sofa next to her. Emily retained the position she was commanded to assume, although her legs were trembling. Her arsehole was full of creamy white cum. Her cheeks were bright red from the spanking.  
  
After a few minutes the man found his breath again and barked: "Right, fuck off. Close the door behind you on the way out."  
  
Emily dutifully stood up and walked out, closing the door as she left. The cum in her anus was really slippery and started trickling down the backs of her legs as she walked. She didn't mind though. She slowly walked back to the shoe shop to collect her things, still naked apart from the boots. This was turning into a brilliant day.  
  
She got back to the shop without incident, which she thought was a bit of a shame really. She walked in and the door chime jangled. There was a male customer trying on shoes. He was probably about 50, and very well dressed. Probably an office worker out on a lunch break. He looked up at Emily when she walked in and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. It's not every day a practically naked young woman walks into a shop. He appraised her body quickly and liked what he saw immensely.  
  
He stood up and approached Emily. He took her hand and kissed it. Then after a short hesitation he ran the backs of his hands over her nipples. When there was no resistance or objection he rolled the nipples between his thumb and forefinger.  
  
He turned to the shop assistant. "Sandra, you've excelled yourself today my dear. This is one luscious slut. Will she do anything I say?"  
  
"Yes Charley," the assistant replied. "Emily, why don't you tell Charley what you've been up to for the last half hour or so."  
  
Emily reported the story of her anal humiliation. Sandra, the shop assistant grinned, her chest heaving as she got rather excited about the whole story. Charley listened, absent-mindedly tweaking Emily's breasts.  
  
"Well we have been rather naughty, haven't we," said Charley when Emily had finished recounting her tale. "I think your naughtiness should carry consequences, don't you Sandra?"  
  
Sandra nodded enthusiastically.  
  
"Good. I think you'll enjoy this, slut, but you're getting it even if you don't. Sandra, arrange the stools please. The usual way. Slut, take off those ridiculous boots. You're going to want to be naked."  
  
Whilst Emily struggled with the boots Charley pulled out his phone and sent a short message to a WhatsApp group. Meanwhile Sandra arranged the stools so they were all next to each other forming a make-shift bed.  
  
"Lie down on your back, slut," Charley commanded. Emily did so. "Sandra, tie her up, the usual way please."  
  
Sandra tied Emily's hands to the legs of one stool and her legs tied in such a manner that she was spread wide open and completely exposed. Her butt was right on the end of the stool. Nervous excitement started to rise in her stomach. She wasn't worried about what would be happening to her, just unsure about what it was this strange man had in store for her.  
  
Within a few minutes the shop started to fill up, mostly with men, but also a few women. They all looked at Emily spreadeagled there and salivated.  
  
"Ok everyone, thanks for coming," Charley started, once the shop was full and Sandra had locked the door. "Usual rules. One at a time please. She's yours until you cum. Do whatever you like so long as it won't leave her spoilt for the next person. Slut," he continued, turning to Emily, "you will take whatever is given to you without complaint. The sooner you make the person cum, the sooner this will be over, so this is all in your hands. As it were. You've been a very naughty slut and deserve to be taken advantage of."  
  
Charley unzipped his fly and withdrew his cock. He knelt down between Emily's legs and roughly shoved it into her pussy. He fucked her hard, very quickly coming to orgasm. He deposited his load inside Emily and then quickly moved away, tucking himself in.  
  
There was obviously some sort of hierarchy in play here because as soon as he finished Sandra took his place. She removed her skirt, and being still pantiless from earlier, straddled Emily's face.  
  
"Lick me, slut," she commanded Emily.  
  
Emily started licking furiously, sliding her tongue over Sandra's clit and all the way back to her hole. Sandra was already very wet from the anticipation, and started dripping juices all over Emily's face. Emily was in a dreamworld. She was eating out a beautiful woman whilst a crowd of people watched, and there was cum in her anus and her pussy that was seeping out while they watched. And there was nothing she could do to cover herself.  
  
She licked furiously as Sandra grew closer and closer to orgasm. The humiliation of the whole affair sent Emily over the edge herself. She came hard, but managed to carry on her assault on Sandra's soaking cleft. Before long Sandra came in a screaming orgasm. She collapsed off Emily onto the floor, her whole body shaking, and made room for the next person.  
  
The waiting group of men pushed forward another woman to take the next spot. She immediately slipped off her jeans and thong and straddled Emily's face. Emily dutifully started licking the shaved pussy thrust in her face. The woman started frantically rubbing her own clit. She was already pretty horny. Some of the guys started getting their cocks out and stroking them. Some of the guys had very little self control and ejaculated there and then. What they were missing in terms of control, they weren't in terms of aim. They blew their load all over Emily's stomach and tits.  
  
The woman straddling Emily's face started rubbing it in to Emily's skin. Emily was in heaven.

Before long the woman climaxed and stepped aside. She didn't bother getting dressed again, instead started kissing Sandra.  
  
The next guy started fucking our young slut. When he was finished, the next took over. There were about 20 men and a couple more women left to go. They each had their turn. Emily had a number of further orgasms and by the end her vagina was on fire. There was cum literally everywhere. She was exhausted, but also very happy.  
  
When everyone was finished they all left, leaving Emily behind with Charley and Sandra. She was still naked and tied to the stools. Sandra untied her and helped her get dressed again in her short skirt and top.  
  
She gathered her things and made to leave.  
  
"Wait a minute, slut," Charley said to her. "I hope you enjoyed yourself. You know where to find us if you ever want more. One final rule, you are not to shower until the morning. I want you smelling of all that nasty cum for the rest of the day. I want people to know you're a slut."  
  
Emily just nodded. She was too tired to reply. She made her way home again, delighted with how her birthday had panned out. Her pussy was throbbing and bright red from all the cocks it had been filled with. She sat with her legs spread on the bus, not caring that anyone who wanted to could see her cum filled hole.  
  
She got home to find her father already home from work.  
  
"Happy birthday Emily," he said brightly and gave her a big hug. "Oh, my," he continued, "you smell of sex! Is everything ok dear?"  
  
"Yes, Dad, more than ok. I got a nice birthday treat today. I'll tell you about it another day if you like, but I'm shattered and sore. I'm off to bed."