**Emily’s Home Life Changes**

by Vanessa Evans

*This is the continuation of* Emily’s First Solo Holiday *and I suggest that you read that before this.*

**Part 01**

I finished the last part of my story shortly after I’d got home from my first solo holiday and agreed to the blackmail demands of my apartment mates, Jack and Oliver, that I be their slave like I had been the slave of the 3 guys on holiday. The truth being that my total character had changed whilst I was on holiday and on the flight back to England I was totally hoping that they would try to blackmail using the photographs and videos that my friends from holiday had sent them.

When I got back home I deliberately left my phone laying around hoping that Jack would bluetooth link to it and copy all of the photos and the videos up to his cloud drive, and he did.

Little did they know that I had planned it all when I was sat on that plane. My character had changed so much and I’d loved being naked and used like a slave whilst on holiday so much that I wanted it to continue forever.

I guess that I had always wanted that sort of life but it took me dumping my ex and really throwing myself into a sex filled holiday to make me realise what I really am.

Jack and Oliver, being healthy males, and not bad looking ones at that, had done as I hoped and not decided to be some sort of puritanical idiots.

They threatened to send the photos to all my relatives, friends and work colleagues if I didn’t agree to their demands and I was smiling to myself as I agreed to do whatever they wanted, although I was sincere when I said that I didn’t want them to send them to my relatives and work colleagues. That would have ruined my life and career.

Anyway, we agreed on a set of rules that we would all stick to and after that first weekend back in the apartment we all started our new lives.

The apartment actually belongs to Jack but Oliver and I live there to help him pay the mortgage so Jack is the one that has the final say on everything, and I guess that that extends to my body as well. Not that I’m complaining, Jack is a nice guy. Oliver is okay as well, but not as nice as Jack. I can easily compare Oliver to Will in Ibiza and I’m expecting Oliver to prefer fucking my butt over fucking my pussy.

Anyway, the first week of my new life has got under way. I guess that it started with Oliver leaving for work and hour before both Jack and I who usually leave around the same time.

As part of the agreement, I sleep naked and leave my bedroom door open. Oliver woke me by pulling my duvet off me and finger fucking me for a few seconds. I woke up to the feeling of his fingers going in and out of my vagina and hearing him say,

“My gawd Emily, you’re one horny bitch. Your pussy is dripping. Have you been bringing yourself off in your sleep?”

“I have no idea, I was asleep.”

“Maybe I should setup a video camera to watch you all night.”

I smiled and thought that it was a good idea, it would tell me if I was masturbating in my sleep or if it was all in my mind.

He left for work after telling me that he was going to fuck my brains out when he got home.

I got off my bed and went to the bathroom to find Jack in the shower.

“Can I help you with that Master?” I asked as I sat on the toilet and started peeing.

It was a silly question really, and I climbed in and we washed each other before I went down on my knees and took him in my mouth.

As soon as his cock was rock hard he pulled me off him and lifted me up then lowered me onto his cock. I bounced up and down on him until I felt his warm cum squirt deep inside me. Then he held me still until he started to go soft saying that he was going to wash me out because he didn’t want me to have the embarrassment of his cum leaking out of me onto my work skirt.

“That’s very considerate of you Master, I was going to put a tampon in but I like your idea better.”

He unscrewed the head of the shower hose and held it to the entrance of my vagina and filled me with water until I told him that it was hurting. Then we both watched as I used my pussy muscles to hold it for a couple of seconds then squirt it out with such force that it splashed all over the shower walls.

The he told me to squeeze my pussy closed while he squirted the warm water at my clit. Just when I told him that I was about to cum he turned the water off and told me that I wasn’t to cum until I got home that night.

I cursed him but I knew that every time throughout the day when I wasn’t thinking about work, I would be thinking about my pussy and wanting to cum.

Jack got out and left me to shave myself. He was till in his room when I finished and went to get the breakfast. I’d eaten mine while I was getting his ready and when he came in to the kitchen I went to get dressed to the sounds of him reminding me not to wear any underwear.

When I got back to him I was wearing one of my business suits with tight skirt down to my knees, and a jacket that covered my thick, slightly baggy, white blouse, that gave no hint of my rock hard nipples.

Five minutes later we were walking out of the apartment, Jack to his car and me walking the short distance to the underground station. As I walked I though about how different it was to walking the streets in Ibiza. I missed the feeling of the air rushing passed my pussy and realised that my pussy was going to get wet a lot whilst I was at work. When I walked passed one of those local, small supermarket branches I went in and bought a box of tampons. I just knew that I would have to wear one every day at work or seriously risk staining the back of my skirt.

Of course that wasn’t the first time that I’d gone out without any knickers on, I’d done it a lot for John, under skirts that were a LOT shorter and a lot flimsier than my work skirts, but that was different, this was work and I had to be professional.

The underground train was as crowded as ever and I felt a hand on my butt a couple of times. As I stood there I imagined me wearing a way too short skirt and numerous hands going up under it and finger fucking me. My knees nearly buckled as I closed my eyes and daydreamed.

Work was work, way too much to do to catch up and before I knew it I was walking out of the building at the start of my journey home. It was as I walked that I realised that I had forgotten that I wasn’t wearing any knickers, and that I hadn’t had any time to think about my pussy all day.

The train wasn’t as busy and as I stood there I started wondering about the fun that I could have if I could go to work in skimpy clothes. I knew that was a non-starter, but then I wondered if I could find somewhere near work where I could get changed into and out of my work clothes so the train journeys could become more interesting.

I made a mental note to look more closely at the buildings between the underground station and my office. A little gym would be ideal, it would also help me with Jack’s suggestion that I start exercising, I could have a quick workout on my way home.

As soon as I started waking from the underground station my pussy started tingling and my nipples started aching. I was really looking forward to being naked quite soon and getting my brains fucked out by Oliver and, more than likely, Jack as well.

The second that I closed the door to the apartment my clothes started to come off and in seconds I was naked and carrying my clothes to my room. As I was hanging up my jacket and skirt I looked at the remote controlled vibrator on the dressing table and wondered what it would be like to wear that at work and have it controlled by goodness know who or where in the world they were.

I felt a little wet rush of pussy juices.

I had just about finished getting some food ready when Jack, then Oliver arrived home. Jack saying,

“I’d never really noticed before Emily, but you really are quite beautiful.”

“My tits are too small for most men.” I replied, “but I am really happy with the size that they are”.

“No they aren’t too small, they’re just right for the size of the rest of your body.”

The Oliver arrived and said,

“Good, you remembered to get naked when you got home. You didn’t have to remind her did you Jack.”

“No, she was like that when I arrived.”

“Maybe we should have a set punishment for her forgetting to strip straight away. Maybe 100 swats with our hands?”

“How about we change the rules a bit so that she has to strip in the entrance hall of the building?”

“That sounds good, then she can flash her cunt and tiny tits to the other residents when they arrive or leave.”

“What do you think Emily, I mean Ben (a neighbour) saw you taking the rubbish out the other day.”

“Who cares what she thinks, it’s you and me that make the rules Jack”

“True, but we don’t want to upset her so soon, she might use the safe word then move out.”

“Hmm, I guess that you’re right Jack. So slave, what do you think?”

“It’s not like the building is a public place so I wouldn’t be breaking any laws, and you have told me that there will be resident parties here soon and that I’ll have to be naked at them, so I guess that stripping down in the entrance hall won’t make much difference. That is just so long as you’re not planning of tying me spread eagle to something down there.”

“Right, that’s settled then, start stripping down there tomorrow.”

“Yes Master. You’re not planning on tying me spread eagle down in the entrance are you?” I replied, wondering if I’d like that.

“No, not at the moment.” Oliver said.

We ate tea with my rock hard nipples visible to both the guys. My pussy was tingling more and more as the anticipation built. We talked about all sorts, one topic being that coming weekend. Jack said that he was going to the gym on the Friday evening and on the Sunday he was going hiking in Epping Forest. Oliver said that he was going to the pub with his mates on the Friday evening and to a football match on the Saturday, so that left the Saturday evening for a party to introduce my naked body to all who come along for a look.

“So you don’t want Emily to come with you to the footy?” Jack asked.

“Hell no, football is men’s time.”

I just thought that that told me more about Oliver, then Jack said,

“Right Emily, it looks like you are going to get a bit fitter.”

“But I haven’t got any gym clothes, or any hiking boots.”

“You’ve got some trainers and some waterproofs haven’t you?”

“Yes but no gym shorts.”

“Have you got a tennis skirt?”

“No.”

“Hmm, after you’ve cleared up we’ll go and look through your skirts.”

“But I’ll need shorts for the gym.”

“No you don’t, a skirt will do.”

“Won’t I be flashing my butt and pussy to everyone?”

“Yes, that’s the plan.”

“Oh, I see.” I replied and felt a tingle and a wet rush.

After I’d cleaned up I went to my room and found Jack rummaging through my clothes.

“Wow Emily, did you really wear this going out in Ibiza?” He said holding up one of my net dresses.

“Yes, nice isn’t it, and I’ve got a few dresses and skirts made of similar material.”

“So I see. I’m struggling to think of where you could wear these in England, all I can think of is at parties.”

“Probably true, did you find any skirts that you want me to wear at the gym?”

“Only one, but it’s way too long. Can you shorten it?”

“Sure, but you’ll have to tell me how long you want it.”

“Put it on and I’ll mark it.”

I did, and when I looked in a mirror I decided that I was going to have an ‘interesting’ time.

“I’ll do it later, if that’s okay with you, I think that Oliver wants to have me on the table.”

And have me he did, as I walked into the lounge he pointed to the table and started unzipping his trousers.

“How do you want me? I asked.

“Just bend over it and spread your legs Emily.”

As I did that I wondered if my vagina or my anus was going to feel his cock stretching them. If it was my anus it was going to hurt, unless he lubed it. As it turned out it was both. Thankfully he fucked my pussy for a couple of minutes before withdrawing and then entering my butt.

Surprisingly, I hadn’t cum when I felt his warm seed quirting inside me, and, as expected, he just withdrew and left me wanting to cum. I stood up and watched him zip up then turn and walk away.

“He really is treating me like a slave.” I thought. “At least Jack understands my needs, he knows that I’ll love being exposed at the gym and on the hike. Maybe he’ll tell me to strip completely as we walk around Epping Forest. That would be fun.

The rest of the evening was taken up with us all doing various things. When I told Jack that I was going to shorten the skirt he told me to do it in the living room so that he could watch me, not that he wanted to learn to sow, he told me that he just liked watching me do things naked.

When I’d shortened it to the length that he wanted I put it on to show him and he got me to bend then and jump up and down. Both Jack and Oliver seemed happy with my exposure as the flimsy skirt danced and bounced around.

Whilst I still had the skirt on Jack took me to my room and got me to try on my tank tops. He wasn’t satisfied until I put one on that was thin and didn’t come down to the top of my skirt. He said that he wanted me to wear one at the gym that left a band of flesh showing round my middle, and that my nipples showed nice little bumps. Well not so little these days, I don’t know why but my nipples seem bigger when they are hard these days, maybe I’m just noticing them more.

Jack fondled, rolled, pulled and tweaked them just to see how big he could get them, and my body responded with involuntary moans.

Once Jack was satisfied with what I would wear at the gym he told me to get naked again then he went through my other dresses and skirts and selected a few more for me to shorten, telling me that they were for me to wear whenever they took me out anywhere. Thankfully, or not, the length that he told me to shorten them to wasn’t as short as the skirt for the gym but I still knew that I’d have to be careful at a few places that we might go to.

I didn’t managed to shorten all the ones that Jack told me to that evening but he was happy for me to finish then at another time.

When I went to bed I reflected on my day. Work had been much the same as any other day at work, I’d soon forgotten that I had no knickers on, only being reminded when I had to go to the toilet, but on those occasions I had too many other things on my mind to dwell on it. I hoped that work would quieten down a bit so that I could think about my pussy as I worked.

I though about the underground train journeys, okay they were only about 30 minutes long but there was a great opportunity to get some pleasure, especially on a morning, if I could travel dressed more casually. The first skirt that I shortened first would be nice, and my right hand moved to my pussy as I imagined male hands groping my body as I stood, squeezed between men.

I decided that I was definitely looking for somewhere near the office where I can get changed before and after work.

The other thing that I thought about before going to sleep was why Jack hadn’t fucked me either before or after Oliver. Obviously I didn’t get an answer and the next thing that I knew was that Oliver’s fingers were going in and out of my pussy as I woke up.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I said as I spread my legs even wider.

Oliver kept going right until I was about to cum, then he pulled his fingers out and turned and walked out.

I heard the apartment door open then close, then Jack walked into my room.

“Have I done something to upset Oliver?” I asked.

“No, it’s not you, he got told yesterday that he’s being transferred to the Manchester office.”

“Permanently?”

“Yes.”

“So what’s going to happen here?”

“I don’t know yet. I guess that I’ve got 3 options, look for another guy, look for another girl, or just leave it at the 2 of us. I’ve had a big pay rise since you moved in and I could probably manage with just your rent Emily.”

“I’ve had a pay rise too and I could probably afford to give you a bit more.”

“Thanks Em, I think that I won’t do anything for a while, see how things go.”

“When does Oliver have to move to Manchester?”

“Next Monday.”

“No wonder he’s not happy, it looks like it will be just you that has to keep me satisfied.”

“Jeez Em, I’ve never seen anyone change so much and so quickly as you have. Just a month ago you wouldn’t even walk around the apartment in your undies and you’d never leave your knickers hanging up to dry; and look at you now, you’re stark naked, you can’t get enough sex and you act like you want the whole world to see your cute little body.”

“I do. I guess that kicking John into touch then going to Ibiza to have some fun must have made me realise what I’ve been missing all these years.”

Jack sat on my bed beside me, put his hand on my bare and exposed pussy, and gently squeezed, letting a finger slide into me.

“That’s nice.” I said, “maybe you should keep this pussy all to yourself?”

“Would you like that Emily?”

“Yeah, I would, but only if you keep me naked all the time and make me expose myself to everyone.”

“I don’t think that I would be MAKING you to do anything.”

“No, you wouldn’t, but you could help me find opportunities.”

“I’d love to do that. Anyway, we have a signed agreement and I intend to hold you to it Emily.”

“Good.”

“Come on girl, get into that bathroom and shave that stubble off your pussy. I’ll join you in a few minutes.”

I did. He did, and we did. He relieved the frustration that Oliver had left me with by lifting me up and lowering me onto his hard cock. He then lifted me and lowered me enough times to make us both cum.

Over breakfast I told Jack what I was thinking of doing on the trains each day when they were crowded, and that I was going to start looking for somewhere that I could change into my work clothes near work. He asked me what street my office was in then looked at google maps on his phone. Then he said that he had an idea but to leave it with him.

“Good,” I said, “I’ll be able to do a bit of shopping on Saturday then.”

“And get some party food on your way back. Oliver and I will get the booze.”

“So it will be a sort of farewell party for Oliver as well as a ‘show your naked slave to all the other residents’ party.”

“Yep. I’m guessing that you’re looking forward to the show part Emily.”

“I sure am.”

We left the apartment at the same time, and as we walked out he reminded me to strip as soon as I got into the building on the way home.

My day was much the same as the previous one with me being worked off my feet all day and I was glad when it got round to the time to leave. Again, I forgot about not wearing any knickers apart from when I went to the toilet.

I got a seat on the train home and I relaxed and thought about what I could have done if I’d been wearing an ultra short skirt. I tried spreading my knees but my work skirt wouldn’t let then spread far enough for the man opposite to see anything. I suddenly realised that I was thinking about wearing stockings and a suspender belt, something that I have never done. Then I started thinking about getting some new business suits with skirts that aren’t as tight as the ones that I’ve already got. Maybe I could make myself look more desirable, but at the same time, just as professional. I decided that I’d have a look around when I went shopping on Saturday.

As I walked towards the apartment I thought about what I was about to do and I felt my nipples and pussy tingle and my pussy get a bit wet. I was a bit nervous as I put my bag down just as I got inside the building.

I don’t know why, but I looked around as I took my jacket off and started unbuttoning my thick blouse. I looked around again before pulling it off and putting it on top of my jacket. I was left wearing just my skirt and shoes, and I felt good, so did my pussy.

I was just folding my skirt to put it on top of my other clothes when the outside door opened. My heart skipped a beat and I got a little wet rush as I turned to see Alan and Jenny from the apartment above ours.

“Hi Emily,” Alan said, “still think that you’re on holiday?”

“What?”

“We’ve seen the photographs, you certainly know how to have fun.”

“What, oh err yes, something like that, you don’t mind do you?”

“You wear whatever you want honey, I doubt very much that any of the men in this block will object to you walking around like that. I just wish that I had your body.”

“You’ve got a great body Jenny, don’t you think Alan?”

“She certainly has, I just wish that she’d believe me.”

“You have Jenny, I’d be proud with a body like yours.”

“There you are Jenny,” Alan said, “maybe you should take a leaf out of Emily’s book.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Try it sometime Jenny,” I said, “I used to think the same then when I was on holiday I re-discovered my body and now I feel fantastic.”

“There you go Jenny, you really should try it.” Alan added.

By that time Alan and Jenny had followed me up the stairs to my floor, and as we parted I realised that they would have been looking at my bare butt as we went up the stairs. I smiled to myself and wondered if they liked what they saw. I also remembered that they’d said that they’d seen some photos of me on holiday. I guessed that they’d be naked photos and wondered if they were spreadies or gang-bang ones.

I smiled again.

Jack was home when I walked in. He smiled when he saw that I was naked then told me that he’d managed to leave early. Then he lifted me up onto the table, lifted my legs up, spread them wide and fucked me until we’d both cum.

“That was nice.” I said as the waves passed, “couldn’t you wait until I’d put my bag down?”

“No, I wanted to have you before Oliver tried to damage your butt.”

“Yes, he does have a habit of just ramming his cock into me, it’s quite painful.”

“Yeah, well not for much longer.”

“Do you want me to use one of my safe words Jack?”

“No, unless you need to, let him have his fun, he has paid me for half of the toys for you.”

“Talking about toys, when can I try them?”

“Maybe later tonight, you’ve still got some skirt shortening to do.”

Just then Oliver arrived and immediately told me to bend over the table. After he’d stretched my butt and made himself cum, I went and started the evening meal. As I was serving it to them Jack gave me the remote controlled vibrator and told me to push it into my vagina. I did and thought how nice it felt, but I wasn’t sure about the flexible tail that was sticking out. I wondered if I could bend it back and trap it between my butt cheeks.

As we ate I asked,

“So which one of you send some of my holiday snaps to Alan and Jenny then? And have you sent them to everyone in the block?”

“That would be me.” Oliver replied, “and yes, I have sent some to everyone in the block that I know their email address. Complaining are you Emily?”

“No, just wondering.”

“So Alan and Jenny saw you naked, presumably when you stripped in the entrance hall. Was it just them?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t worry, I’m sure that the others will all see you soon.” Oliver replied.

“At the party on Saturday,” Jack added, “It’s all organised.”

“Do they know that I’ll be naked?” I asked.

“I didn’t tell them, but they’ll probably guess, I’m sure that the stories of you being caught naked twice will have got round.” Jack added.

I was really looking forward to being the only one naked at a party with our neighbours but at the same time I was a little nervous.

As I was clearing away I saw that both Jack and Oliver were doing something on theirs and my phones and it wasn’t long before a sudden burst of vibrations in my pussy startled me, causing me to drop the glass measuring jug. Bits of glass went everywhere.

Jack came rushing in and when he saw what had happened he told me to keep perfectly still. I did, and he came over to me and scooped me up into his arms. He put me down in the lounge then told me to go and put a pair of shoes on then clean up my mess.

The vibrator was still vibrating, albeit slowly, all the time that I was finishing cleaning up and finishing the washing-up. When I came out of the kitchen the vibrator suddenly went crazy. I squeezed my thighs together and grabbed my pussy and one tit, squeezing both. I managed to look at the guys and both were grinning. Oliver was holding his phone and his fingers were sliding all over the screen.

“FUCK, FUCK, FUCK.” I shouted as my knees gave way and I collapsed to the floor. Then I had a very intense orgasm, and it kept going. Wave after wave hit me until finally the vibrations, and whatever else that thing was doing to me stopped.

I just lay there, totally exhausted and with a sheen of sweat all over me.

Finally I heard Jack ask,

“Are you okay Em?”

“That was awesome, a close rival to Manuel when I was a practice body for him.” I finally managed to say.

Oliver’s hand moved on his phone and my body jerked again. Then he said,

“Well I think that we’ve cracked that then. Now all we’ve got to do is get it working over the internet, then maybe get you on to one of these websites where people can watch you as they pay to drive you crazy like that. Maybe we could make a lot of money out of you Emily.”

“That sounds like fun, but can we take it one stage at a time please, and discuss each stage before we implement it. I need to make sure that my identity is kept a secret.”

“Of course.” Jack said.

If Jack was controlling it I knew that I’d be safe.

“Right, I’ve got work to do guys, please let me work in peace. I guess that you’ll both want to see each skirt and dress on me after I’ve shortened it.”

“Of course.” Jack replied.

And that’s what I did, although one of them, don’t know which one, did give the vibrator a quick blast a couple of times. Fortunately it wasn’t when I was actually cutting or sowing. I modelled the skirts and dresses and I guess that they were happy with the new length. I know that I was because they all, except my work skirts, now have a great risk of me exposing my knickerless butt and pussy if I do anything other than stand up straight or go outside when it’s breezy.

Neither of the guys told me to take the vibrator out when I went to bed and in the morning I was woken by a blast of full power which, for a split second, made me think that I’d been stabbed. When I looked up Oliver was there, phone in hand and laughing at me.

“I’m going to miss these moments Emily, Maybe I should ask Jack to make sure that you have that thing inside you all the time so that I can torment you anytime that I want.”

I didn’t tell him that there was no way that I’d go to work with a vibrator inside me, especially one that was controlled by someone else.

Jack joined me in the shower and we had a pleasurable fuck before breakfast.

When a hand found my skirt covered butt on the underground I got a reminder that I had to find somewhere to get changed between the station and work. As I walked that last half mile I looked around. Shops, offices, coffee shops and fast food places was all that I could see. Then I had a brainwave, fast food places often have toilets and the more well known ones usually keep them clean.

I did a quick detour and went into a McDonalds, yes, they had a toilet, and when I went in there it was quite clean. Not very big, but big enough for me to get changed in. I has a happy little girl as I went and ordered a coffee in my business suit. This place was going to be used by me quite a bit

As I walked the short distance to my place of work I decided that at lunch time I was going to the teenage fashion shop that was close by to see if I could find a little, thin, short summer dress.

I had a smile of expectation on my face all morning, and my pussy was tingling and leaking so much that I had to go to the toilet and put a tampon in me to soak up all my juices.

The afternoon went quickly too and I hurried to the shop to see what I could find. One advantage of being so small is that there are often tops that are long enough to be worn as dresses, and that’s what I found, thin, flowery and buttons down the front. It’s also quite tight fitting, great for showing my nipples, but not for the breeze in the underground to blow up. I decided that I’d have to remember to stand on the escalators with my feet well apart.

Next stop was McDonalds for a trip to the toilet to get changed and then queue for a coffee. As I walked to the underground I felt so naughty wearing such a thin, short ‘dress’ with nothing on underneath, I was in London, not Ibiza and just about all the other girls were wearing jeans and tops.

The warm breeze in the station felt nice as it tickled my pussy but I didn’t get the chance for some fun until I got on the train. Being evening and people leaving for home at all different times, the trains aren’t as busy so I often manage to get a seat. Thankfully, the trains have seats along the sides and I sat with my bag between my feet.

I could have pressed my knees together but I didn’t, and because of my short ‘dress’, the man opposite was looking at my bare pussy. If I’d taken the tampon out at work my pussy would have been soaking the seat below me.

I kept looking around to see if anyone else was looking at me and when I saw no one my knees drifted further apart for a few seconds then closed a bit. I played that game for a couple of stops then stared at the man’s eyes. When our eyes finally met I smiled and licked my lips.

I expected him to blush and look away, but he didn’t, he smiled and his eyes lowered to my pussy again. I decided to reward him with more open knees views.

The man got off the stop before me and I felt happy with myself, and horny. As I went up the escalator I glanced over my shoulder and saw 2 young men stood side by side looking up at my butt and pussy.

As I walked to the apartment I heard someone catching up with me. As they got very close I heard,

“Emily, you’re such a tease, where did you get that dress from?”

It was Jack and as we finished the walk I’d told him exactly what I’d done.

“You be careful Emily, there’s some nasty people around.”

“Did I ever tell you that I’m a karate black belt Jack?”

“No, really?”

“Really, so you’d better not upset me buster.”

“I don’t want to upset you Emily, just help you get the most out of your newly found passion, your exhibitionism, because that’s what you’ve turned into.”

I hadn’t really thought about it much before, but as we walked I realised that that was what I now am, an exhibitionist who wants to be told what to do, what to wear, or not, and to be controlled. I realised that I now have a split personality, work and out of work. At work I have to take control at times and I reckon that I’m good at that. Outside work I also reckon that I’m becoming good at being a submissive exhibitionist.

I didn’t get time to dwell on it because someone else caught up with us, Noah who lives on his own in the apartment above us.

“Hi Jack,” Noah said, “who’s this beautiful young lady? And what have you done with that young business lady that used to live with you, what was her name, Emily I think?”

“Hi Noah,” I replied, “I guess that she developed Dissociative Identity Disorder.”

“What’s that?”

“Multiple Personality Disorder.”

“Oh, and is that you or Jack?”

“Very funny mate. Are you coming to the party on Saturday?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world. After seeing those photographs I can’t wait to see the real thing. I’m assuming that that version of you will be there Emily.”

“I certainly will.”

“You won’t have to wait that long mate.” Jack said as he opened the door to our building.”

Once inside the building I turned to Noah, put my bag down, smiled at him and started unfastening the buttons on my ‘dress’ and I said,

“I have to strip down here each day, you don’t mind do you Noah?”

“Fuck no.”

It didn’t take long for me to be naked and I spread my feet a bit and put one hand on my hip, and smiled.

“You like?”

“Fuck yes.”

“Want to follow me up the stairs Noah?”

“Fuck yes.”

“Have you forgotten all words but fuck, yes and no Noah?” Jack asked.

“Fuck yes, err sorry, it’s just that I’m not used to having such a gorgeous girl strip in front of me.”

“Neither was I, but I’m getting used to it.” Jack said, “Relax mate, you can stare at her body all you like, she loves it.”

“So I see. Does she play with herself in front of people that she hardly knows as well?”

“I will on Saturday, just for you Noah.”

“Can I watch as well please Emily?” Jack asked.

“You don’t need to ask Jack, just tell me and I’ll do it for you anytime.”

By then we were walking up the stairs, Jack first, me next and Noah last. I could feel his eyes burning my butt and pussy, making it get wetter, although the tampon was stopping Noah from seeing that.

Oliver was at home when we got there and he immediately told me to get on the table. When I lifted and spread my legs he said,

“Good job I’m going to fuck your butt Emily, I take it that your period has started. I hope it will be over by Saturday.”

“No Oliver, my period hasn’t arrived, that’s there to soak up my juices, stop my skirt from getting a wet patch and stained.”

“Been looking forward to getting it up the arse have you?”

I said nothing, but I made a noise because of the pain as his cock pushed into my butt. That pain got less as his cock went in and out of me but it still hadn’t turned to pleasure by the time that I felt him cum inside me.

Oliver’s immediate needs satisfied, we went about our usual tasks before settling down to eat. The conversation was mainly about Oliver’s move up north and the arrangements for the weekend. Then after clearing up it was back to the skirt shortening for me. This was made difficult for me because Oliver told me to swap the tampon for the remote controlled vibrator and tortured me by bringing me to the edge then backing off, about 5 or 6 times before telling me to remove the vibe, go to bed and not touch my pussy.

Oliver woke me by pushing 2 fingers up my vagina. Again he commented on how wet I was and I again wondered if I’d been playing with myself whilst I slept. And again he left me unsatisfied but I didn’t mind because I just knew that Jack would take care of my needs before we had to leave for work.

And Jack did, I think that both of our alarms are going to have to be set to go off earlier to give us time to have a really good fuck before we have to leave for work.

Leaving for work was different for me that day, I packed my work clothes then just before I left I put on a thin tank top and a skater type skirt that stopped not far below my butt and pussy. I felt naughty, but nice, as I stepped out onto the street. The first signs of autumn were there and the air was chilly making my nipples tick out even more.

The anticipation was intoxicating as I got nearer and nearer to the tube station, then going down the escalator. The platform was crowded, and that was before the crowded train arrived. I managed to squeeze into the carriage, surrounded my men in suites. In a none sexual way that was good because I’m too short to reach the overhead straps to hold on to and their bodies would stop me from falling if the train braked too sharply. But, the crowds and my lack of height also meant that wandering hands could anonymously grope my body and they started doing just that as the doors closed.

The hands came quicker and in greater quantities than they had on previous days when I’d been wearing my business suits, I guess that my slutty appearance was an invite and they were using that invite.

I spread my feet as much as I could, for 3 reasons. Firstly to put my bags between them, secondly for balance against the rocking of the carriage, and thirdly to give the hands access to my uncovered pussy. It wasn’t just my butt and pussy that was getting some attention, it wasn’t much but a hand slid up my loose tank top and found one of my tits and the rock hard nipple.

I was in heaven as the hands didn’t stop, even when the train stopped at stations. It wasn’t until the crowd started thinning that the hands started to stop and all too soon they had all gone, but at least I’d managed 1 orgasm.

There was time for me to compose myself before I had to get off and go up to the street. There was so many people on the escalator that there was no opportunity for anyone to see up my short skirt.

Again I felt a little naughty, but nice, as I walked the streets of central London wearing so little. All too soon I was in the Ladies in McDonalds getting changed and inserting a tampon. I just knew that I was going to feel randy and wet all day.

My day at work was lighter and a couple of times I found myself thinking about how my life outside work had changed so much. The tampon inside me was going to be mighty wet when I pulled it out in McDonalds on the way home.

**Emily’s Home Life Changes**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

The next couple of days went very much the same until the Thursday evening. Jack and Oliver did a first, and a last with both of them, by taking me to the pub. They had me wear just an ultra short summer dress and heels and it felt so nice to go out in London wearing so little.

I caught a couple of young guys heads turning to look at me as we passed and walking into the pub was just the same. My nipples were really poking at the front of the dress and my pussy was tingling as I walked with Jack and Oliver to the table that a couple of their mates were sat at.

“Where the hell have you been hiding this beauty guys?” A man called Ben asked as I slid onto the bench seat next to him.

“You like her Ben?” Oliver asked, “you can touch her if you like, she won’t bite and she likes being groped.”

“Is that right.” Ben replied as one of his hands went to my bare thigh and squeezed it.

I turned my head to look at him and our eyes met. I smiled and let my knees drift apart a little.

Liam, the other mate of Oliver’s and Jack’s, stood up and came round to the other side of me. I was now sat between 2 guys, neither of which I’d met before, and both of them had a hand on one of my bare thighs. I looked up to Oliver and Jack and saw that they were both smiling.

“Help yourselves guys.” Oliver said as he sat on a chair and Jack turned to go and get some drinks.

Ben was the first to slide his hand up until it touched my pussy causing me to moan.

“Fuck,” Ben said, “she’s a horny little bitch.”

“Yep, and she likes this as well.” Oliver said as he pulled the remote vibrator out of his pocket and put it on the table.

“Is that what I think it is?” Ben asked.

“Yep, want to put it in her?”

Ben took it off the table and both Liam and Ben pulled my knees far enough apart for Ben to be able to push the bulb end of the vibrator inside me before they let go of my knees and they closed a little.

“So are we going to have some fun with that then?” Ben asked.

Oliver got his phone out, opened the app and gave me a quick blast to which I gasped and jumped a little. As the blast died away I looked up and saw Jack with our drinks, He put them on the table then pulled a chair up so that most of the view of my bare legs and pussy were hidden by him and Oliver.

The 4 of them had been playing with the controls of the vibe for about half an hour when 2 more young men appeared.

“Wow, where did you find this one?” A guy called AJ asked as he looked down on my bare, slightly spread legs and pussy with the pink tail of the vibrator sticking out.

Before long AJ and Dave had swapped places with Ben and Liam and I had 2 different hands rubbing the sides of my pussy. As you can imagine, all that attention to my pussy was driving me crazy and it didn’t take long for my first orgasm in the pub to arrive. Thankfully, it was quite noisy in the pub and no one, other than our group, appeared to notice what was happening to me.

The 6 guys did let me have the odd moment of calm so that I could take sips of my drinks, but basically, together with the vibrator, they made me cum 4 more times before the number of people in that bar started to reduce.

It got to the point where there must have been no more than 20 or so people there and that was when Oliver told me to stand up and take my dress off.

“What about the other people here?” I asked.

“I’ve spoken to the landlord and he’s okay with having a girl get up on a table and dance for us all.” Oliver said.

“What, you want me to dance on a table naked?”

“I didn’t say naked, you did, but yes, and you know that you want to do it don’t you?”

He was right, I was still as horny as hell and I’d have danced naked on a stage in front of thousands of people at that moment. The guys cleared a table and as soon as some music came on they helped me climb up and I started swaying to the music. I wondered if they could see my little pink tail or even my bare butt or pussy.

After a couple of minutes I heard someone shout, “Off, off.” I knew what they wanted, and so did I, it was just that I was teasing them a bit.

I started unfastening the buttons on the top part of my dress and then pushed it back revealing my little tits. When still buttoned at my waist, my dress is too tight to slide all the way to the floor so it hung from my waist.

I played with my nipples with both my hands until either Jack or Oliver gave the vibrator a quick blast causing me to gasp and my hands to drop to my pussy, The vibe stopped and again someone shouted, “Off, off.”

“Okay guys and girls,” I thought, “here it comes.”

Yes, there were a couple of girls who were still there with their men, and they were staring at me just like the guys were.

I unfastened another button and waggled my hips. The dress stayed put.

I unfastened another button and again waggled my hips. Nothing.

I unfastened a third button and waggled my hips and the dress slowly descended, then all of a sudden it dropped to the table. I was naked on a table in a pub in England. It felt soo good.

My right hand slid to my pussy and my left hand to my right tit. As I swayed I played, but not for long. The vibe burst into life, and this time it stayed on. My body stated jerking, my mouth started swearing and my right hand started furiously rubbing my clit. With everything that had been happening since I’d left the apartment it wasn’t long before I was cumming.

Whoever was controlling the vibrator took pity on me and the vibrations stopped, but just as I was starting to get my senses back the vibrator started again.

How I managed to stay on the table I will never know but I quickly went up there again with all the resultant vocal and physical actions.

This time when the vibrations stopped they didn’t start again and when I took a deep breath and looked around everyone started clapping. With Jack’s help I climbed down and got a few complimentary remarks from some of the audience. Jack gave me my dress back and I put it on as the landlord told me that I could give a repeat performance anytime that I wanted. As we walked out I was thinking and hoping that Jack would take me there again.

Somehow I managed to keep up with Oliver and Jack as we walked back to the apartment and I remembered to strip as soon as I got into the building. I should have had a shower but I didn’t and I collapsed onto my bed and was asleep within seconds.

Oliver woke me by send the instruction to vibrate fast to the vibrator that was still inside me and I jumped up, not knowing what was happening to me. I started to pull the vibrator out but Oliver told me to stop and he quickly got me panting and close to cumming before switching it off and pulling it out.

“Enjoy your day.” he said as he walked out of my room and out of the apartment.

Jack walked in and finished me off with his mouth before telling me to go and shower and shave. I put my hand on my pubes and realised that my stubble had grown quite fast over the last 24 hours. I decided that I needed to research permanent hair removal.

Jack joined me in the shower after I’d shaved and he fucked me until we’d both cum. We had some breakfast and I dressed in a slutty outfit and left for work.

I did get groped on the underground, but not enough to make me cum and I was a bit disappointed as I walked to McDonalds to get changed and a coffee.

My day wasn’t bad and I had time to think about the previous night resulting in me having to go to the toilet and insert a tampon. I also found myself thinking of wearing that amazing vibrator at work for a second. Then I got real; there’s absolutely no way that I could have that vibrating inside me when I was at work. I have to talk to people, give presentations and lots more ways of having contact with other people. It’s totally out of the question.

It was McDonalds as soon as I left and the slutty girl got on the underground and flashed my pussy to a man sat opposite me.

Jack was waiting for me when I got home and he gave me a some clothes to put on, and what has now become my gym kit. Ten minutes later we were walking into a gym that I had never seen before. Jack signed me in as a guest and I went to the ladies changing room.

Stripping naked I got out of the bag the clothes that Jack had packed for me and looked at them. I smiled as I realised just how exposed I would be. I put them on and walked out to where Jack was.

“Are you sure that I can wear these in there? Won’t I get thrown out?”

“Relax Emily, it will be mainly young men in there and I can’t imagine for 1 seconds that they will complain, besides, I’ve spoken to the manager and he’s okay with you wearing that, or less.”

“Or less; does that mean that you will be telling me to take these off at some point?”

“Maybe, you’ll just have to wait and see. Come on, let’s see just how fit you are.”

“So are you going to tell me what to do?”

“Of course. Come on.”

I was wearing 1 of Jack’s old wife-beater type shirts that he’d got me to shorten so that it came down to the bottom of my ribs, and was way too big for me. I’d tried it in my bedroom and I could easily push both shoulders of the shirt over mine and it just slid down to the floor. I hoped, or did I, that he didn’t have me going upside down at any point.

Below the top is a skirt that started out long enough to go down to just above my knees. Jack had got me to cut just over the bottom half off and now it only just covers my butt. What’s more it’s made of thin cotton and is flared. I almost feel naked when I just stand there because, apart from a little bit on my butt, it doesn’t touch me below my waist. He also got me to change the fastener from a button to a little bit of velcro. One tug and it’s undone and off me.

Anyway, as soon as we walked into the workout room heads turned to look at me. I was sure that they were thinking how stupid I was to go for a workout in an outfit like I was wearing. There were about 10 young men and just 1 other girl in there. She was wearing a lycra sports bra and lycra short shorts.

“Where do we start?” I asked.

“A little stretching to start with, just do as I do Emily.”

I did, feeling my shirt drop away from my tiny tits as I bent forwards. The neck of the shirt is low on me but I didn’t think that anyone would be able to see my tits as I bent forwards. I don’t know if anyone saw my butt as I bent over but they probably would have if they looked.

Stretching over, Jack took me to the exercise cycles.

“No chance of anyone seeing my tits or pussy on that.” I thought as I climbed on.

“The seat’s a bit too high for me Jack,” I said as soon as I started to pedal.

“Just make do.” Jack replied as he quickly got into the rhythm.

I had to slide from side to side to keep my feet on the pedals and with my bare, wet pussy on the saddle I could easily do that but I hadn’t thought about the effect that it would have on me and I soon realised that it was arousing me. My clit going from side to side on the slippery saddle was amazing.

I looked at Jack in the big mirror in front of us and our eyes met.

“Enjoying that Emily?”

“Err yes, did you know about this?”

“Yes, I’ve seen other girls making themselves cum on there.”

“Maybe this exercise lark is going to be fun.”

I quickly found myself cumming and somehow managed to make it not too obvious to the other people in there, although Jack was watching my face closely in the big mirror all the time. After I’d cum twice Jack told me to stop and I reluctantly did, getting off and just standing there holding the bike for a few seconds to me get used to being on my feet again.

After that Jack took me round most of the different machines that were unoccpied and showed me how to use them. There was very little chance for anyone to see my goodies until we got to the thigh abductor, and boy was that an exposing experience. In that skirt, any skirt, with your legs stretched wide apart your pussy area is going to be on display, and if you’re not wearing knickers anyone who cares to look will see your spread open pussy.

I guess that most of the guys in that room were waiting, and hoping, that I would go on that machine and Jack didn’t disappoint them. Each time that my legs were wide apart I looked around to count the number of young men that were looking at my bare pussy.

I only pushed my legs apart 3 times before Jack told me to stop, but on the third time I counted 6 men in front of me looking at my oozing pussy. I was both happy and unhappy as I climbed off.

“That was fun.” I said to Jack as he led me to the floor mats.

“Thought that you might like it, look at those diagrams of floor exercises and have a go at each one. There’s some that are aimed at women.”

I looked and quickly realised that both my tits and pussy were about to be put on display. I looked at Jack and smiled before getting down on my back and started at the first on the left on the big poster.

There was Lunges, Push-up, Crunches, Burpees and Kegels, most of which left my pussy exposed a little, but the ones that I liked the most were the Shoulder bridge and the Handstand push-up. The Shoulder bridge with my feet apart put my pussy on full display for the guys who were watching me, and the Handstand push-up put my pussy and my tits on display.

I only managed 3 of the Handstand push-up and later told Jack that I need to get some more strength in my arms.

After those, Jack told me that I’d done enough for 1 day and we went to get showered and dressed. I was the only girl in the ladies and as I showered I couldn’t resist playing with my clit and making myself cum again. All that exposure to the men in the workout room made sure that I orgasmed quickly and I managed to walk out to reception at the same time as Jack.

During the walk back to the apartment Jack asked me what I thought and if I wanted to go again. I told him that I would probably have a few aches and pains in the morning but all the aerobics and gymnastics at school and the karate on an evening must have helped me; but yes, I wanted to go again, just so long as he was there to look after me. I reminded him that a 5 foot nothing, skinny girl would be a great target for a trouble maker even if she was a karate black belt. The best defence being not to get into a position where you need those skills.

Jack joked that he’d never try to upset me.

I was naked before we started climbing up the stairs to the apartment and Oliver told me to bend over the table as soon as I got in. As he rammed his cock into my butt I decided that I wasn’t going to miss him when he moved to Manchester.

The Saturday morning saw Jack and me going shopping, I wanted some more clothes and Jack wanted to approve of what I bought, and we needed some supplies for the party.

Before we went out we ordered the food and booze online for delivery late afternoon, Jack telling me that I was going to give the supermarket delivery guy a pleasant surprise.

Jack told me to wear a dress that easily came off, saying that he wanted me to get totally naked each time that I tried on a top or skirt. I wasn’t complaining and chose a summer dress with an elasticated top. Even with all the wrinkles of the elasticated top part you can easily see my hard nipples poking at the material.

Oliver checked that the dress was easy to get off me by sharking me just before we left. I shrieked as my dress went up and over my head and arms before he threw it back to me telling me that he liked that dress.

It’s one of the dresses that Jack had me shorten although it is a decent (almost) length I, or Jack, can make it a bit more decent, or not, by pulling it down or up a bit, but that can easily be at the expense of my nipples or pussy getting uncovered; a thing that jack did a few times when we were out.

Because I’m so small, I often shop and shops that sell clothes for young teenage girls and the changing rooms in some of them are big enough for the parents to be in there at the same time. Jack took advantage of that and twice whilst we were shopping he fucked the naked me whilst in those changing rooms.

In the more adult stores he had to wait outside but that didn’t stop him from telling me to come out and show him what I was trying on, and sometimes that meant me going out topless or in something so short that my butt or pussy was showing. We didn’t get any complaints from anyone who saw me, but we did get a few looks of approval.

Whilst we were shopping Jack had a few things that he wanted to buy and we went into hardware shops and a couple of adult stores. I got quite a few ‘knowing’ looks from men in the adult stores and I was a little disappointed when Jack didn’t tell me to show them what was under my dress.

We arrived back home just in time for me to answer the door to the supermarket delivery guy. It was an old man and he said that I was brave and beautiful. I thanked him and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

Oliver was also there and the 3 of us got things ready for the party before I went for a shower and shave. I wanted to be at my smoothest for all out neighbours.

When the doorbell rang for the first time I admit that I was a little nervous as well as a lot excited. I could feel my juices escaping to my upper thighs and my nipples were rock hard. It was a young couple, Pete and Bella, who didn’t look at all surprised to see me in all my naked glory.

Inviting them in I pointed them in the direction of the kitchen and the drinks.

After that first arrival I relaxed and soon there must have been about 25 people in the apartment including singles, gay couples and lesbian couples. All complimented me on my body and bravery as they arrived.

It quickly developed into your typical party except that I was naked, the only one naked. The only one there that put his hands on me, and in me, during the first part of the party was Oliver. Whenever he came over to me his hands went straight to my butt or tits or pussy. One time he lifted me up onto the worktop and finger fucked me while he talked to the couple that I had been talking to. Unfortunately he didn’t make me cum.

Unsurprisingly, the main topic of conversation when I was around was the photographs. Everyone wanted to know all about my holiday and in particular my time as a sex slave for the 3 guys. I found myself bragging about how much fun it had been and how much fun it had been being naked most of the time.

After most of the food had gone, Oliver announced that there were some deserts but it would take a few minutes to get them ready. It was a surprise to me when he helped me clear the table then told me to get on to it and spread my arms and legs.

Oliver and Jack then used some of the rope that Jack had bought at the hardware shop earlier that day to tie my wrists and ankles to the 4 corner legs of the table. Apart from when Oliver finger fucked me, this was the first time that my legs had been spread wide for everyone to see every detail of my pussy.

It felt soo nice and I swear that if people had started talking about it I would have cum without even being touched.

Anyway, Jack and Oliver kept getting deserts from the kitchen and putting them all over my naked front. What’s more, they didn’t leave them in the containers, the tipped them out onto my flesh. If anyone wanted to eat them they would have to use their fingers or a spoon direct on to my flesh.

I’d wondered why Jack and Oliver had told me to order lots of sticky and sloppy deserts but no plastic bowls and I was finding out.

My body was covered from shoulders to upper thighs with gooey deserts, some of the more watery ones running off me onto the table.

When everything was on me Oliver announced that the desert table was now open and people moved in and started helping themselves.

Unsurprisingly, my tits and pussy got cleared first but people were spooning the gooey food from other parts of me to my tits and pussy.

Before long the gooey food around my pussy was getting mixed with my pussy juices and fingers were encouraging my pussy to produce a lot more. Another thing that raised my arousal was that Oliver got the large aerosol of squirty cream and kept putting the nozzle into my vagina and squirting the cream inside me. That was a weird, but nice feeling. Thankfully it was just quick blasts. I hate to think what having the whole lot squirted into me in one go would have done to me.

I was slightly surprised to see a couple of the straight women finger fucking me and then licking the mixture of cream and my juices off their fingers.

When everyone had had enough deserts Jack untied me and told me to go and have a quick shower. I did, and when I got back he told me to get back on the table. I did so, wondering what was in store for me.

This time when both Jack and Oliver tied me down Jack added 1 more rope, round my waist. I knew just what was going to happen to me when I saw Oliver walking towards me with a big grin on his face and the remote vibrator and the magic wand in his hands.

I too was smiling as he pushed the vibrator inside me and lay the magic wand close to my pussy. I watched as he opened the app on his phone and I gasped as the vibe burst into life. Oliver then passed his phone around the room letting everyone have a go at controlling the vibrator.

I was in both heaven and hell as my body writhed about, totally out of my control. I orgasmed twice within the first couple of minutes.

Then Oliver held up the magic wand and offered it to anyone who wanted to use it on me. I gasped and thought that I was going to die as at least half a dozen people got up and formed a queue.

Needless to say that I didn’t die, nor blackout, although I was sure that I was close to the latter a couple of times as orgasm after orgasm rolled over me.

When it finally stopped I was totally exhausted and I just lay there as people started leaving, quite a few coming over to me, thanking and praising me. I was in no fit state to respond.

When everyone had left Jack untied me then carried me to the shower. He stripped and climbed in to help wash me before drying me and carrying me to my bed.

I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

It wasn’t Oliver who woke me, it was Jack, kissing me on my forehead and telling me that it was time to get up.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Seven. We’re going hiking, remember?”

“Oh yes, can you get me something suitable to wear please?”

I looked out of the window and saw that it looked like it was going to be an okay day I didn’t really fancy walking around a wood in the cold and rain.

By the time I was out of the shower I was feeling quite good, what’s more my pussy wasn’t sore. Jack had got out a very short, flared skirt, a thin tank top, a jumper and my trainers.

“That should do for you at this time of the year. you’ll probably want to take the jumper off once the sun warms things up.”

 “Thanks.” I replied wondering if those skimpy clothes were really appropriate for hiking in Epping Forest.

After a quick bite to eat we set off with Jack carrying a backpack with goodness knows what in it. We were soon on the underground heading for Chingford with Jack reminding me to keep my knees apart so that the people sitting opposite me got a good look at me pussy.

At Chingford we got off and Jack got out a map. After studying it for a minute or so we set off walking, thankfully at a reasonable pace. Before long we were in the woods with not a building in sight and only a few people as well. I was finding it hard to believe that I could feel like we were in the middle of nowhere when we were so close to London.

We were talking as we walked, talking about all sorts. Jack told me that Oliver would be leaving in the morning and not coming back. I again asked him if he wanted me to pay more rent. He laughed and told me that having a little, naked fuck buddy was payment enough.

“I hope that you don’t think that I’m selling my body to you for cheaper rent Jack?”

“Hell no Emily, we have a mutual agreement that suits us both, You’d make a great prostitute but you are not one.”

“You know what would suit me more Jack?”

“Go on.”

“Well now that there’s just going to be the 2 of us, how do you fancy being naked all the time as well?”

“Hmm, I guess that I could do that, but I’m not stripping down in the entrance hall like you do. People coming and going love to see a naked girl but a naked man could easily get a few complaints.”

“Fair enough. It’s a strange world that we live in, everyone bangs on about equality but there’s no equality in clothes, I mean women can get away with wearing next to nothing most of the time but men are expected to wear thick pants and trousers. I think that everyone should be allowed to wear as much or as little as they want, wherever they want.”

“In principle I agree with you but there’d have to be a few exceptions like protective clothing for hazardous jobs or crash hats for motorcyclists and bikers.”

“And I guess that there are places where people shouldn’t be allowed to cover their faces for security reasons.”

“True. Okay, starting tomorrow evening, I’ll be as naked as you in the apartment.”

“Does that mean that you are going to shave your pubic hair off? You did say as naked as me.”

“Okay, but I think that that should be one of your jobs Emily.”

“That sounds like fun, we’d better set the morning alarms for 30 minutes earlier.”

“You’re enjoying this slavery a but too much Emily. I might just have to spank you or something.”

“Don’t you think that having to walk around out here wearing next to nothing isn’t punishment enough for me?”

“No, you’re enjoying this.”

“You’re right there, it’s beautiful here, so peaceful, so fresh, so back to nature. It makes me want to strip completely, really get back to nature.”

“I would let you strip completely Emily, but not right here, too many families. We might find a place further round the walk.”

“You’re right, I hope so, my tan is starting to fade.”

“Maybe we should go on a winter holiday, just the 2 of us.”

“That would be nice but it would have to be somewhere that I can be naked most of the time.”

“We’ll have to see what we can find.”

Just then a couple of men on bikes came wizzing passed us, one of them wolf-whistled, presumably at the amount of bare legs that I was showing.

“Glad that you like them.” I shouted after them.

“Can you roll the top of that skirt over so that you’re showing a bit more?” Jack asked.

I smiled and did it. I smoothed my hands down the front and back of it and I could feel my bare slit and some of my butt cheeks.

“You want me like this?” I asked.

“Yes, for now. We’ll see who we meet along the trail.”

I’d taken my jumper off shortly after we’d started walking and I’d checked my nipples when I took the jumper off. They were making small bumps in my thin top but when I looked down now the bumps were a lot bigger. I smiled, and we kept walking.

We came across some really nice, and unexpected for near London, sights and we stopped a few times to take in the beauty and peace and quiet. One time we stopped and sat on the grass for a while. There was no one else around and Jack leaned over and told me to spread my legs. Then he played with my clit and fingered me until I orgasmed.

I don’t know why but having an orgasm out in the open in England on a pleasant day was really nice and very satisfying.

That wasn’t the only orgasm that I had that day, a bit further on we saw a little secluded grassy area just off the track, and Jack led me to it and told me to get naked. We then had a great fucking session in lots of different positions, it was amazing and when Jack finally filled my pussy he collapsed on the grass next to me. We just lay there for ages, looking up at the sky and the planes flying past and wondering if they were going to some exotic place where everyone was naked.

Reality kicked in a bit later when we heard some kids that sounded like they were coming our way so we quickly got dressed and continued our walk.

A bit later we started to hear motorcycle engines, lots of them, then we arrived at a car park that was full of motorcycles with a lot of leather-clad, big, hairy men. I have to say that I was a little scared, I mean I’ve heard stories of hells angels and what they do to girls.

Jack told me to relax, that he didn’t think that this was a hells angels meeting, just some like-minded guys meeting up for, or after a ride out.

That proved to be very true, as we walked through the bikes to the cafe we got a lot of friendly comments and I got a lot of nice, not rude, compliments. We went into the cafe and got a drink and snack and sat at a table. Before long, half a dozen, big, hairy guys in leathers were talking to us and I quickly realised that they were really nice guys.

When we’d all finished our coffees they invited us to have a look at their bikes that they were obviously very proud of. Now, as you may remember, I know a bit about motors and I like bikes, big bikes, and as we walked out with them I imagined myself riding a big Harley, totally naked, out in the warm countryside.

Two of the bike that belonged to the guys were big Harleys. As we were looking at them the guys were telling us all about them. Okay, I didn’t understand all of what they were saying, but it was obviously more than Jack understood and I was happy that he didn’t drag me away from the guys.

Then 1 of them asked me if I’d pose for them sat on the bikes.

“Me, pose naked on 1 of those? No, I couldn’t, I.”

I got interrupted by 1 of the guys,

“We didn’t say anything about posing naked, but yes please, you’d look amazing naked with something hot and throbbing between your legs.”

Both Jack and I laughed at the old joke then Jack told me that I could if I wanted to. Well, my top and then my skirt were off in no time and I was naked in a car park out in the forest, in amongst something like 100 big motorcycles and some of the owners.

It was a good job that everyone there was an adult and that we were miles from civilisation, well apart from the cafe.

All the guys wanted photos of me on their bikes and I had a lot of fun pretending to ride them and laying back on the seats with my legs either side of the tanks. What’s more, the guys loved taking photos of me like that, most of the photos being taken from the front of the bikes so that they got my spread pussy in the shot.

Just as I thought things were coming to an end 1 of the guys asked me if I wanted to go for a short ride with him. I was both shocked and excited, especially when 1 of the guys offered me a helmet to borrow. I looked at Jack and he nodded his head.

“Okay, yes please.” I said.

Two minutes later I was on the back of a bike and I literally did have something hot and throbbing between my legs. We didn’t go far, only a couple of miles, but it was an exhilarating experience and I nearly orgasmed as I held on tight to the big guy in front of me. I saw a handful of other bikes on the road, and a few cars, and I’m happy to say that no one crashed after seeing a naked girl on the back of a bike. I had images in my mind of the guy continuing and riding right through the centre of London with me behind him. I giggled to myself at the thought.

All too soon we were back in the car park and I was climbing off in a very unladylike way, much to the delight of Jack and the other guys who were watching me.

I took the helmet off and handed it back to the guy who had leant it to me, then turned to guy whose bike I’d been on, put my arms around him, well not all the way, my arms weren’t long enough, then gave him a big kiss on his bearded cheek.

Jack handed me my skirt and top and I put them on before thanking the guys again and saying goodbye.

As we walked out of the car park Jack asked me if I’d enjoyed the experience.

“Yes, it was totally amazing. One day I’m going to get a Harley and ride it around totally naked but I think that I need to grow a bit first.”

“Well Emily, I once saw 2 German girls riding big bikes around a car park and I wondered what they were up to. Then when they stopped it was next to a big curbstone and I saw that they were quite short and needed the height of the curbstone to touch the ground.”

“Wow, I wonder how they managed at road junctions or traffic lights?” I replied, but I had to admire their determination to get around on big bikes.

A bit down the track I told Jack that I needed a pee. He looked around, saw no one then told me to take my skirt off and have the pee right there where I was. I smiled and took the skirt off. Then I spread my legs, thrust my hips forward and let rip.

“See how far you can get it Em.”

I leant back a bit further and watched my pee shoot about 3 metres in front of me.

“I don’t think that I could get it that far Em. You know I once knew a lad who could pee right over a car, length ways. It was his sort of party trick when we were out boozing. How the hell he did that I will never know and I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t see it.”

“Wow,” I said as my stream slowed then stopped. “I doubt that I could do that.”

“Well have to try it sometime.”

I put my skirt back on and we continued back to Chingford.

The train ride back to the apartment was ‘interesting’, a group of 5 or 6 rowdy teenagers got on and came and stood near us. Jack had sat a couple of seats away from me so that he didn’t appear to be with me. He didn’t want to put people off from staring and my bare, uncrossed legs and pokey nipples.

The teenagers were looking down at me and making comments about being able to see my bare pussy. One of the girls with them was saying that I must be a prostitute and a couple of the boys then asked me how much I charged for a blowjob or a fuck.

I stared at them for a couple of seconds then replied,

“A hell of a lot more than you can afford.”

“So how much for a proper look at your pussy then?” Another asked.

“Oh looking is free.” I replied as I lifted my feet up onto the seat and spread my legs.

That got a few unpleasant comments from the boys and the girls but I didn’t care, I was enjoying their eyes on my bare pussy.

I stayed like that for a couple of minutes until the train started to slow as it pulled into a station. I was disappointed as the teenagers got off leaving me flashing a young couple sat opposite. I smiled at them then lowered my legs and said,

“What?”

They didn’t say anything and when I looked at Jack he was just smiling.

It was only another couple of stops for Jack and I and when we got off Jack stood beside and below me on the escalator. Anyone coming up behind us would have seen his hand under my skirt fondling my butt and rubbing his fingers along my slit.

As we walked back to the apartment I thanked Jack for a wonderful day and asked him what I could do to thank him. He told me that I was already thanking him enough.

Oliver was busy packing all his belongings into 2 suitcases but not busy enough to not tell me to bend over the table for him to fuck my butt. Once he was done he said,

“I’m going to miss fucking you Emily and there’s one thing that I really wanted to do with that butt of yours and I guess that this will be my last chance, so you get on the table and get your feet behind your head.

As I did so I was thinking that I wouldn’t miss the way that he treats my body and judging by the position he had told me to get in he wasn’t going to fuck my asshole again.

Oliver went away then came back with 4 pieces of rope and he tied both my ankles and wrists to the table legs at the same end of the table. My butt and very wet pussy was up in the air for them both to see.

Oliver then pushed the remote controlled vibrator into my vagina and turned it on. As I started to enjoy the vibrations I suddenly felt something come down hard on my buttocks. I opened my eyes and saw Oliver with a leather belt in his hand and a big grin on his face.

“Can you video this for me please Jack?” Oliver asked.

I watched Oliver punishing my butt and playing with the controls of the vibrator, and Jack using Oliver’s phone to record all the action, for a long as I could, but the combination of the leather belt hitting my butt and the vibrator shaking my insides, took me to a place that I wasn’t sure that I wanted to be.

That was until I realised that an orgasm was building inside me.

After another 3 or 4 swats and Oliver adjusting the vibrator to its maximum speed, my tears gave way to moans of pleasure and my body jerking about got worse.

The orgasm exploded out of me with my moans and swearing being loud enough to wake the neighbours. Just as my orgasm started to subside, Oliver moved a little and the next swat landed lengthways along my slit. The pain and pleasure was unbelievable as I went up there again.

Two more times that belt landed lengthways along my slit before I vaguely remember hearing Jack telling Oliver to stop. He did, and I slowly managed to asses the state of me. My butt hurt like hell, my pussy hurt like hell, there was still tears on my face, my heart was pounding, my nipples were throbbing and the vibrator was still trying to blend all my internal organs together.

I saw Jack reach for Oliver’s phone and the vibrations stopped. I took a few deep breaths the saw Oliver walking away. Jack started untying the ropes and my legs sprang up a bit before I lowered them to the table.

“Are you okay Emily?” Jack asked.

“Yes, no, ….. I will be, just give me a couple of minutes.”

Jack reached to my head, stroked my hair and watched my chest heaving up and down. My heart rate slowly returned to normal and I looked up at Jack.

“That was different.” I said as I reached down and pulled the vibrator out of me. “I don’t know if I want to do that again.”

“Don’t think about it right now Em, let’s get you into the shower then take it from there.”

Jack scooped me up into his arms and my feet touched the floor again in the shower.

“Can you clean me please Jack?”

Jack stripped then climbed in. He held me to his front and turned the water on. I swore as the cold water hit my back then ran down over my hot butt.

“That’s nice.” I said, referring to both the cold water on my butt and Jack’s cock that was getting hard and pressing on my stomach.

After a minute or so I looked up at Jack and said,

“Lift me up.”

He did and my legs went around him and I felt his cock at my vaginal entrance.

“Fuck me.” I said and felt Jack loosen his grip on me.

I sighed as I felt his cock bury itself deep inside me.

“Just hold me right there please.”

He did, and I relaxed and enjoyed the feeling. About a minute later I decided that I wanted Jack to fuck me and I started rotating my pelvis. Slowly at first, then getting faster and faster. Jack responded by just thrusting his hips back and forward. His cock wasn’t moving much inside me, but it was enough for us both to cum.

Two orgasms over and a short rest later, Jack lowered me to the floor then turned up the shower heat and started soaping me.

“How’s you backside feel Emily?” Jack asked as he rubbed me with the towel.

“Not too bad actually, what does it look like?”

“Cute as ever, red but not too red, and no skin damage. It should be back to normal within 24 hours or so.”

“Good, can I go to bed now please?”

“Sure, do you want anything to eat?”

“Not right now, maybe I’ll have a midnight snack.”

I went and lay on my bed, on my stomach with my legs spread wide. I was asleep within a minute.

It was only 10 o’clock when I woke up, I wandered out to the lounge and saw Jack working on his laptop.

“Where’s Oliver?”

“Gone to bed, he’s got a busy day ahead tomorrow.”

“I guess, in a way I feel sorry for him, he just got to live with a naked girl and could use her ass anytime that he wanted and all of a sudden he loses both.”

“Yeah, but you won’t miss him fucking your ass will you?”

“No, I much prefer to be fucked in my pussy or mouth.”

“Yeah, I prefer that as well, your butt is cute and small and round, amazing to look at but it’s not as nice to fuck as your other 2 holes.”

“Thanks Jack, you hungry, want a sandwich or something?”

“No, I’m good thanks.”

I went to the kitchen and looked in the fridge. There was still a few leftovers from the party so I got a plateful and went and sat opposite Jack. As I ate he kept looking over to me so I slowly opened my knees. By the time I’d finished eating them my knees were wide apart and my pussy had got wet.

“If you tease me like that all the time it isn’t Oliver that will be tanning your backside Emily. Come over here girl.”

As I put my plate down and went over to him he put his laptop to one side and unfastened his trousers. I pulled them down for him and then I straddled him, lowering my pussy onto his cock.

When I hit bottom I looked at him and said,

“Is this what you want big boy?”

“Shut up and bounce up and down.”

I did, and a couple of minutes later I came then he did. I stayed on him, gently sliding my chest from side to side so that my nipples were lightly brushing his lips.

“Jeez Emily, I really like the new you. If you could produce a pill that would change any girl to what whatever has changed you you’d be worth millions.”

“I can’t help how I’ve changed, I guess that I’ve always been a submissive, exhibitionist slut but always used to suppress it.”

“Well I like the real you.”

“So do I.”

By that time his cock had gone soft so I climbed off him and went back to bed.

It was Oliver that woke me by pushing 2 fingers into my vagina and lifting my butt up off the bed.

“I’m going to miss doing that. See you around sometime Emily.”

With that he pulled his fingers out of me and my butt dropped back onto the bed while he turned and walked out, never to be seen again.

I just lay there thinking that I would and wouldn’t miss him.

Jack came into my room a couple of minutes later as I was getting off my bed and said,

“Well that’s Oliver gone, come on Emily, shower time.”

We had a joint shower that took nearly 20 minutes because Jack shaved my pussy and I shaved around his cock and balls, then we fucked, then I shaved the rest of me while Jack got out and went to get dressed.

I again wore my slutty clothes to McDonalds and got groped on the underground, I’m starting to recognise the faces of the men that come and stand around me but I don’t acknowledge any of them because I want it to be totally anonymous.

At McDonalds I got changed then went to work. There were 2 differences with me at work that day, and all future days, one was that my skirt wasn’t so tight and I could relax my legs at bit, and the other thing was that I put the remote controlled vibrator into my vagina. Then I sent a text to Jack telling him what I’d done.

Five minutes later the vibe burst into life. Fortunately only on gentle vibrations that only made me feel good. The vibe is linked to my personal phone, not my work phone, so I knew that I could turn the vibe off and disconnect the internet to get some peace. I’d already discussed this with Jack and he is happy for me to do that, knowing that I need to put work before my personal pleasure – whist I’m at work.

That evening Jack did strip naked and it’s now 2 naked people that live in the apartment.

It’s great having a naked fuck buddy and one that understands and encourages my new needs to exhibit my naked body as much as I can.