**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.