**Return to Sessia**

by[Schlank](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=852283&page=submissions)©

*Author's note: This story is a continuation of "Enslaved in Europe" and "Enslaved in Fairfax County" and it probably never would have been written without the encouragement and cheering enthusiasm of Traum (one of my fans from Germany). Traum not only urged me to write more about Diane and Gretchen, but in addition to that also came up with new ideas and inspired me to write more. So, for those of you who wish to thank me for continuing to write about the lesbian sex-slave adventures of Diane and sending them back to Sessia, you owe some of those thanks to Traum as well.   
  
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**Return to Sessia Ch. 01**

Officer Ryan stayed with us the next few days and, of course, she took full advantage of the fact that I was a live-in sex slave.   
  
She shaved my legs and underarm area and my pubic area every day. And of course her thumb would "accidentally" slide over my clit every time she shaved my pubes. Of course this just increased my already high levels of sexual frustration and stimulation.   
  
She also continued to perform body cavity searches on my vagina and my tight, pink anus (even though there was no security-related reason to do so), but I never got used to them. It was tormenting and very exciting for me, and Officer Ryan's strong, probing fingers quite often brought me right to the frustrating edge of a powerful orgasm, but Gretchen forbade me to climax and, Officer Ryan seemed to know just how far she could provoke my poor clitoris without actually providing me orgasmic release.   
  
At times I would be whimpering and sweating, flush with lust and sexual frustration and Officer Ryan would ask me if I objected to Gretchen forbidding the relief that an orgasm would provide.   
  
What could I say? Gretchen was my mistress. I was her slave. Did I dare to speak out against her? Did I dare object to one of her decisions? My typical response in these situations was to silently shake my head and hope that there were no follow-up questions.   
  
Gretchen continued the tradition of my morning spanking and indeed; insisted that as our guest; Officer Ryan should have the honor of spanking me every morning. Officer Ryan never used a paddle or a strap or any type of spanking tool, preferring instead to swat my naked ass with her bare hand. This however does not mean that I was being shown any mercy. Officer Ryan has strong hands and a strong right arm. Every time she threw me over her lap and spanked my upturned ass with her bare hand it always ended with me red-eyed and sobbing and my poor bottom decorated with dozens of painful red handprints.   
  
On one occasion Dawn came over and saw me naked and red-assed and sobbing over Officer Ryan's knee. Dawn muttered and apology and said something about coming back later. Apparently she still finds it a little bit awkward watching her next-door neighbor get spanked naked over somebody's knee. I suppose we're going to have to do something about Dawn someday. She's adjusting badly to my being a naked submissive and someday she's going to have to come to terms with it.   
  
And Officer Ryan hadn't forgotten her promise to use a strap-on dildo to violate my tight, tiny little anus.   
  
Despite all my time as a slave, and all of the spankings and whippings and public humiliations, somehow nothing frightens me more than being anally penetrated. And, of course, Officer Ryan used a dildo that was too wide to be comfortably accommodated my tiny anus. I tried to protest that it was too big, but Gretchen and Officer Ryan just shushed me and tied me down and smeared gel lubricant into my tight pink anus and speared me with her massive dildo.   
  
I screamed in fear and shock every time that Officer Ryan abused my tight little anus, but no matter how much I screamed or protested of whimpered or sobbed, she showed no sign of compassion and just thrust the big, rubber phallus into my tight orifice and pumped it in and out over and over again.   
  
If she was trying to cure me of my fear of anal rape, she failed. I'm just as scared of it now, as I ever was.   
  
Of course, despite my fear, I obediently bent over and allowed Officer Ryan to tie me up before penetrating my tiny orifice. Oh, I would tremble in fear while I docilely waited for my anus to be abused, but Officer Ryan enjoyed my fear and my obedience equally. The look of timid apprehension and the tears in my eyes and the way that my legs would shake and twitch in quiet dread, just made the experience all the more delicious to her.   
  
She probably would have continued to violate my poor, sore, abused pink anus for an entire week, however one day Gretchen came home from her job with Listig Strategic Communications and she had some disturbing news that disrupted everybody's week and Officer Ryan's fun and games came to a halt.   
  
It seems that Gretchen lost the Sessia account and her boss gave it to Stacy Martinet instead.   
  
Stacy has been with Listig Strategic Communications for slightly longer than Gretchen (about four months longer) and she's stolen several accounts from Gretchen before. Gretchen went ballistic when Stacy stole the Sessia account and that was it. Spankings and anal rape suddenly became unimportant, and getting the Sessia account back from Stacy became Gretchen's sole concern.   
  
"There was an emergency meeting of the account managers," Gretchen explained. "The main focus of the Sessia account is no longer selling legalized Sessian slavery to the American public. Now the focus is on selling legalized Sessian slavery to the Sessian voters and the Europeans. Sessia just got kicked out of the European Union, and all over Sessia, people are freaking out. Some Sessian politicians want to ban legalized slavery altogether. We spent freaking *hours* in a meeting, trying to devise a solution that would rapidly turn around public opinion all over Europe."   
  
Gretchen looked angry, so I fixed her a drink. A rum and coke when she's angry will sometimes help calm her down. It was Officer Ryan who asked how Gretchen lost the Sessia account.   
  
"It was that damn Stacy," Gretchen spat. "She suggested a media blitz, focusing on a very photogenic and telegenic slave/master couple that could make a personal case for Sessian slavery rather than an economic case. It's a good idea, and I probably could have owned that idea and ran with it."   
  
At this point, Gretchen had finished her drink and she held the empty glass out towards me, indicating that she would like a refill. I took the glass from her hand and hastened to make her another rum and coke.   
  
"Apparently Stacy has friends all over Europe and one of them just happened to be staying at the Hotel Castello, the week that Diane and I were there and they made a video of us in the hotel lobby. Stacy showed it at the emergency meeting, and my boss's boss was *so* impressed, that he insisted right on the spot that he had to have Diane as the public face of Sessian slavery and Stacy volunteered that I could easily get Diane to agree to go to Sessia and win over public opinion in Sessia and the rest of Europe."   
  
I was being swept along by a sea of emotions at this point. On the one hand, I was literally wet at the idea of going back to Sessia and being paraded around as Gretchen's naked slave again. I was also consumed with fear and dread at the idea of going back to Sessia and being paraded around as Gretchen's naked slave again.   
  
I'm like that. With me, fear and lust tend to go together. There's just no explaining me.   
  
However, in addition to that, there was confusion.   
  
"So, if I go back to Sessia as your slave, how could that possibly lose you the Sessia account? It seems to me that would make you-"   
  
Gretchen didn't even allow me to finish my sentence. "I've lost the account," Gretchen spat, "largely because Stacy claimed that I can't possibly control my slave *and* manage the Sessia account both at the same time! She claims that they're both full-time jobs, and everybody at the meeting agreed with her! Well, everybody except for me of course! I'm a natural born multi-tasker, but would Aderholt listen to me? *NO!* He gave the account to Stacy Martinet and now I'm supposed to go back to Sessia as your handler, and; oh; I haven't told you the worst part yet! Since she's handling the Sessia account *I'll actually be working for her* the whole time we're in Sessia!!"   
  
Now, I understood Gretchen's exasperation. Stacy and Gretchen had never gotten along. They both had the same job title and each was constantly trying to outdo the other. But now rather than being Gretchen's equal, Stacy was going to be Gretchen's superior and would be giving Gretchen orders.   
  
And it occurred to me that I while Gretchen would be taking orders from Stacy, I'd be taking orders from both of them. At least Gretchen had some degree of emotional attachment to me. To Stacy, I'd be nothing other than a trained performer to do her bidding. I would be sort of like a trained seal at the circus. And if Stacy didn't like the way I performed, then what would happen? I dreaded the possible consequences of being under Stacy's control and my stomach filled with butterflies. If I agreed to go, I was certain that something horrible would happen to me.   
  
And yet, as frightening as the prospect of being at Stacy's mercy was, it would have hurt Gretchen grievously if I had refused to go. So, there was really never any thought given to the idea of me saying *"no"* to the idea of going back to Sessia.   
  
That night Officer Ryan slept in the guest room and Gretchen and I lay in our bed, both of us wide awake, staring into the darkness and too troubled to sleep.   
  
Around 2:00 A.M. I spoke up, my voice barely more than a whisper and I said, "Gretchen, I'm scared."   
  
I wasn't certain she heard me at first. She took a rather long time to respond. Finally, when I was just about to repeat myself, she queried, "What are you afraid of, Darling?"   
  
I explained that if we went to Sessia under the terms of Listig Strategic Communications, I wouldn't just be Gretchen's slave. I'd be Stacy Martinet's slave as well. I'd be taking orders from a woman that I'd never even met. In addition, Gretchen would be taking orders from her as well. It would make the whole thing a lot less personal and a lot more officious. I'd feel a lot less like a valued sex-slave and a lot more like a federal prisoner or a corporate whore. I'd be a number in a corporate database and my life would have a lot less red blood and a lot more red tape.   
  
"You're worried about your status as a sex-slave becoming cold and impersonal and passionless?"   
  
I sighed into the darkness, and replied, "That's pretty much it. I feel like our relationship is going to be poisoned because a large, heartless, faceless American corporation is going to own our relationship and stamp a huge corporate logo on it."   
  
In the dark, Gretchen held my naked body close to hers and I could feel the warmness of her skin and the firmness of her breasts as she pressed them into my back.   
  
"I have an idea," Gretchen confided in me. "Listig Strategic Communications may be able to control our public image while we're in Sessia, but they can never control our passions or our commitment to each other. Before we sell our souls to corporate America, I have an idea. Tomorrow, I'm going to put into motion a plan that will do something very personal and passionate that will bond us together for the rest of our lives."   
  
And then she kissed me, and I finally managed to fall asleep, confident that Gretchen had a plan that would solve both of our problems.   
  
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And the very next day I learned about the "Bonding Ritual".   
  
The Bonding Ritual is a public ceremony, in front of witnesses where a slave declares her willingness to serve a mistress (or master) for the rest of her life. The slave proclaims her commitment to her Mistress and then a Matriarch (or patriarch) pronounces that the slave and the mistress are permanently bonded.   
  
The slave is then stripped naked and bound in front of everyone, and then she kisses her mistress.   
  
It's supposed to be a very emotional ceremony.   
  
The ceremony was held at Gretchen's mother's house, which made me nervous as hell. Gretchen's mother knew that Gretchen and I lived together, but did she even suspect that her daughter was a lesbian? And an even bigger worry...did she suspect that her daughter was involved in a BDSM relationship? How would she react when she found out?   
  
And how would opinion of *me* change when she discovered that I actually *enjoyed*being thrown naked over her daughter's lap and spanked until my ass was red and almost welted?   
  
It turns out I needed have bothered worrying. Apparently (despite her respectable public image) Christina Busch had a very kinky history back in her college days and she was very accepting of her daughter's sexual orientation. She was even accepting of me as Gretchen's lesbian lover.   
  
"I'm glad you two told me," Christina told us as we sat in her kitchen, drinking coffee. "I spent years thinking that there was nobody special in Gretchen's life. Now, I know that she has you, Diane."   
  
"Oh, she's very special," Gretchen replied. "You'll see just how special at the bonding ritual."   
  
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Gretchen was able to get a surprisingly large number of guests for the ceremony, especially when you consider how little time she had less than two days to plan the whole thing.   
  
My best friend, Hailey showed up. She hugged me and held my hand throughout most of the ceremony. She seemed to have the idea that something horrible was going to happen to me at the bonding ritual and she wanted to show her support and be there for me. She couldn't seem to grasp the idea that this was something I wanted.   
  
My sister, Amy showed up. So did her fiancé, Scott. Scott was the only non-female at the ritual. It was a lesbian thing, so really I was a little upset about Scott being there, but at least Scott was a gay man, so I knew he wouldn't be ogling me.   
  
My old boss from Griffith Bank was there. I didn't recognize her at first. And I was totally surprised to see her. *"Francine?"* I asked when I saw her walk across the back lawn of Christina's home. "What are you doing here?"   
  
"Well, I'm here for your bonding ceremony, obviously," came her cheerful reply. "I'd often suspected that there was a lot more to you than the boring persona that you depicted at work, but I never dreamed that your personal life was *this* exciting!"   
  
"But, who told you?" I asked. I certainly wouldn't have told my boss or any of my co-workers about my kinky sexual activities.   
  
"She did," Francine said, as she gestured over to Gretchen. "Your girlfriend...or I suppose it would be more appropriate to call her your mistress."   
  
"She told you?" I asked, shocked and humiliated and scared. It was one thing if strangers in a foreign land knew that I was a lesbian sex-slave, but I used to work for this woman. I didn't want this woman to have an image of me naked, on my knees, my ass red from a brutal spanking while I licked another woman's pussy.   
  
Francine just smiled and put her hand on my shoulder. "Diane, there's no need to be embarrassed. When I was your age, I did a lot of the stuff you're doing now. Hell, I started out a lot younger than you. I was only fifteen the first time I was stripped naked and tied up by another girl."   
  
*"Fifteen,"* I asked incredulously.   
  
"Well, I'll be honest," Francine responded. "The other girl didn't really think of it as anything sexual. She just thought we were playing a game. I was an East-German spy and she was an American who had to interrogate me to find out where I'd hidden a computer disc that I'd stolen from an American agent. For me it was sexual, but for her it was totally innocent. She had no idea that I was getting a sexual thrill from it."   
  
"An interrogation, huh," I asked, marveling at the way she had tricked an innocent and naïve girl into tying her up.   
  
Gretchen had invited some of her female co-worked from LSC (but she deliberately left Stacy of the list of invitees), and soon I was surrounded. Amy, Hailey, Gretchen, Scott, Francine, Christina and three of Gretchen's co-workers. Also the UPS deliver woman who delivers packages in our neighborhood. I didn't recognize her at first in civilian clothes, but apparently Gretchen invited her as well. Everybody thought I was brave for going through with the ceremony, although there were several questions that I felt uncomfortable answering.   
  
There were the inevitable questions about how I was able to handle the humiliation and embarrassment of being naked and exposed in front of hundreds of strangers when I went to Sessia. There was also Elena (one of Gretchen's co-workers) who had never been spanked and wanted to know just how painful it was. It was a difficult question to answer, since she had no experience with spanking (not even as a child), thus no context, but I tried to answer all of their questions politely and accurately, without blushing or stammering.   
  
Finally when it came time for the actual ceremony, Officer Ryan was the one who presided over it.   
  
"Diane Schlank," she announced loud enough for all assembled to hear. "You are here to pledge yourself to Gretchen Busch, as her sex slave from this day forward. Do you do this of your own free will?"   
  
"I do," I replied.   
  
"Gretchen Busch," she then called out. "Do you have the ceremonial shackles?"   
  
"I do," replied Gretchen.   
  
Actually, they were stainless steel handcuffs, but upon closer examination, the handcuffs were engraved with the words:   
  
*Diane Schlank, Sex Slave   
  
Property of Gretchen Busch   
  
Never shall they be parted*  
  
The words had a huge emotional effect on me, and when Officer Ryan gave the order for me to hold out my wrists so that they could be bound, I was so overcome I almost broke out in tears. There was a loud metallic *click* as Gretchen locked my wrists behind my back in stainless steel and then Officer Ryan announced, "The slave has been bound by her mistress."   
  
Officer Ryan then addressed the entire crowd and in a loud, booming voice proclaimed, "Diane has proclaimed her intent to be a sex-slave in front of her family and loved ones. Now to prove that intent, she shall allow all of you to bear witness as she is stripped naked by her mistress."   
  
There was a slight pause for effect and then Officer Ryan turned to Gretchen and said, "You may now strip your slave."   
  
As per Gretchen's instructions, I wasn't wearing very much. Just a white shirt-dress, a white belt, white stay-up stockings, white low-rise thong panties and white shoes with four-inch heels.   
  
My heart was beating painfully fast as Gretchen advanced on me. Friends, family and strangers watched as Gretchen stripped me naked. First she unbuckled my belt and threw it to the ground. Then, rather than unbutton the buttons on my shirt-dress, she just gripped the front of the dress in her strong hands and ripped it open, tearing buttons off and sending them flying in all directions. I gasped at this act of violence (as did several people in the crowd) and with my dress ripped open, everyone assembled could see that I wasn't wearing a bra.   
  
"You won't need this anymore," Gretchen curtly remarked and then she produced a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut my shirt-dress off of me and let the tatters of fabric fall to the ground.   
  
"I think you're enjoying this," Gretchen whispered into my ear and grasped one of my nipples between her thumb and forefinger. The nipple was hard and swollen and erect.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied. It would have been impossible to deny my arousal at that point.   
  
Then I was naked except for my shoes, my stockings and my panties. Gretchen knelt down and grabbed my right foot and lifted it off the ground and removed my shoe. Then she did the same thing my left foot.

Gretchen had more fun with the stockings. She grabbed the fabric of the stockings at the top and slowly slid the material down my thighs, fondling the smoothness of my skin as she went.   
  
Then she hooked her fingers into the waistband of my tiny panties, and before she began to pull them down, she looked up at me and said, "Most of these people have never seen you naked, Diane. Now you're about to be stripped naked in front of them. And for the rest of their lives -- no matter what you're wearing- they will always remember what you look like naked and exposed and handcuffed. How does that make you feel?"   
  
Gretchen didn't give me time to respond. She just wanted to see the humbled and humiliated look on my face just before I was stripped of my last vestige of clothing and dignity.   
  
Then, instead of sliding the panties down my hips, Gretchen gripped the flimsy fabric in her hands and used the scissor to shred the panties and tear the delicate fabric from my body, leaving me naked and exposed in front of ten fully clothed people.   
  
There was an immediate reaction amongst the assembled guests. Not only was I standing naked and handcuffed, with no hope of covering myself, but my pussy was also shaved bare and totally exposed. And to my shame and humiliation, my pubic lips were swollen and unfurled and engorged with arousal.   
  
And despite the fact that I had agreed to it, it was still the most dreadfully embarrassing and extremely humiliating event in my life thus far - to be seen totally naked by people who knew me. I just stood there in total embarrassment as twenty eager eyes wandered all over my nude body. And for those with cameras the opportunities were endless and I was circled and photographed from every conceivable angle.   
  
Then, with a dramatic flourish, Gretchen tossed the shredded fabric that had once been my panties to the ground and then Officer Ryan loudly proclaimed to Gretchen, "You may now kiss your slave."   
  
It was a historic moment as Gretchen kissed me; her naked and handcuffed slave; in front of her mother, my sister and several of our friends and acquaintances. And it seemed that everybody had a camera or a camcorder to capture the event and make certain that it never be forgotten.   
  
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So, the next step was the signing of the paperwork.   
  
I didn't read most of it. And if you had any concept of exactly how much paperwork is involved when you travel to a foreign nation to promote a product or cause you wouldn't judge me. And of course I wasn't just traveling to Sessia to promote a cause; I was also signing away quite a lot of my legal rights while I was there! So, there was more paperwork for that! And then there were the medical documents and legal documents and financial documents and contracts that spelled out my responsibilities to LSC and the paperwork that spelled out the obligations I would have towards Gretchen under Sessian law as her slave and the paperwork just went on and on and on.   
  
Eventually, Officer Ryan just went to stay in a hotel. She came to Gretchen's house to spank my ass and rape me with a ten-inch strap-on dildo, not to watch me do paperwork.   
  
And then came the day that I met with Victoria.   
  
Victoria Lynn Johnson works for Stacy Martinet and while Stacy manages everything from an office in Washington D.C., it was arranged by Stacy for Victoria to travel to Sessia with me and Gretchen. And of course before we left, Victoria had to make sure that Gretchen and I would be delivering the proper image.   
  
For starters, Victoria didn't like the image my hair gave off.   
  
"You have a very pretty and open face," Victoria informed me, "but your hair is too long and too flowing and it just gets in the way. We'll have to get it cut and styled, so that the photographers don't have any problems getting photos of your face."   
  
I thought she was joking at first, but then she sent me to a hair-stylist in Falls Church and had them chop most of my hair off. What was left was cute and stylish, but much shorter than before.   
  
And despite the fact that I would be spending most of my time in Sessia naked, Victoria decided it was very important to pick out the clothes that I would be wearing for the day that we arrived.   
  
"You do know that they're going to make me strip naked there at the airport, right?"   
  
"Absolutely," Victoria replied, "I'm looking forward to it. You-a free woman-stripping naked in public, and being reduced to a naked slave in front of scores of witnesses will be a highly ritualistic and emotional event and we only get one shot at maximizing its potential! We've got to get it right the first time...which means that you've got to wear the right outfit for the cameras!"   
  
Victoria ended up going with a very conservative (yet somehow cute) women's skirt suit with a classy, grey tweed jacket with a three button front closure. This was paired with a gray tweed skirt that just barely covered my knees. Of course the skirt was custom-fitted to show off the shape of my ass, and the jacket was custom-fitted to show off the narrowness of my wait.   
  
There was also a crisp, button-up shirt, black sheer stockings and black heels. The whole outfit had the effect of making me look classy, yet feminine. The outfit was also complex enough that it would take several minutes to disrobe, which would allow the photographers time to get plenty of photos of me as I undressed at the airport.   
  
Oh, yeah, did I mention that Victoria arranged for newspaper photographers and TV news crews from six different nations to be at the airport waiting for me on the day I arrived in Sessia?   
  
On the day that I got on the plane, Victoria even had a professional makeup artist apply my makeup.   
  
Oh, and Victoria also picked out Gretchen's clothes and her makeup professionally applied as well. Gretchen was furious about this. She had gone to college and got a college degree and worked for years as an accounts manager at Listig Strategic Communications. Now, she was being dressed and made up like some sort of runway model or stage performer. Nobody cared about the knowledge in her head; they just cared about how good she looked in front of the cameras.   
  
The whole time on the flight across the Atlantic, I had butterflies in my stomach. Sure, I'd stripped naked in front of strangers before, but somehow it never gets easy.   
  
Also, I've never stripped naked in front of an army of reporters and TV cameramen before. Literally millions of people were going to see my humiliation and surrender when I stripped naked at the airport.   
  
We arrived at Alexander Price Airport and got off the plane and my heart was beating so hard I could actually feel it pounding in my chest. Gretchen had an arm around my shoulders and Victoria tightly held my left hand.   
  
At the time, I thought they were comforting me in my time of need, but they could just as easily have been holding onto me to help make certain I didn't panic and make a run for it.   
  
Victoria informed one of the airport officials that I was registered as a slave with the Office of Slave Identification (OSI) and he took my passport and called for security.   
  
I tried to even out my breathing. I took long, slow breaths and tried not to panic. I'd done this before. I could do it again. No reason to panic. Nobody's going to hurt me...well, not any worse than I'm used to anyway.   
  
In short order, two officious-looking, young women in intimidating-looking uniforms with the letters AAS on their stab vest marched down the corridor and intercepted me. One of them was holding my passport.   
  
"Miss Schlank?"   
  
"Yes, Ma'am," I replied, not having to fake how nervous or intimidated I felt.   
  
"You'll have to come with me, Miss Schlank. By Sessian law, you can't be processed by the same procedures as your friends. The Office of Slave Identification has written their own rules for the processing of registered slaves that come to Sessia from a foreign nation."   
  
I was nervous and I'm certain I was sweating by then, but I managed to screw up my courage and meekly reply, "I understand. I'll go with you and acquiesce to whatever procedures Sessian law requires."   
  
"Good girl," I heard Victoria say. Gretchen was quickly identified as my legally recognized owner and one of the AAS security guards told Gretchen where and when I would be available for her to reclaim.   
  
My wrists were quickly and efficiently handcuffed and I was led down a corridor, to an area of the airport that was visible to scores of tourists, travelers and airline employees; however it was also roped off and thick with security personnel. There were no walls or barriers to keep people out of the room, but multiple signs were erected, stating, "No unauthorized personnel beyond this point" and "Restricted Area".   
  
At least a hundred people would be able to witness my capitulation as I obediently stripped naked, but only the AAS guards and OSI bureaucrats would get close enough to actually touch me.   
  
The security guards unlocked my wrists from the handcuffs and I was identified by my passport photo as well as the photos of me that the OSI already had in their database of registered slaves. Everyone who was ever a registered slave in Sessia has a permanent file that database.   
  
They also had my fingerprints on file and after I was released from the handcuffs, they used a biometric scanner to verify that my fingerprints matched the fingerprints of the Diane Schlank that was registered as a slave in Sessia four months ago.   
  
Having checked and double-checked and triple-checked my identity (I guess they really don't want to take the risk that they might accidentally enslave the wrong person), the three officials from the OSI certified that I truly was Diane Schlank, American citizen, and registered property of Gretchen Starke.   
  
"Very well, Miss Schlank," said one of the security guards as she grabbed a cardboard box at set it down on the table, "Get undressed and place all of your clothes and any personal items in this box. You'll get everything back when you go back to the United States."   
  
I swallowed hard and faced the table where the three member panel from the OSI was sitting. Behind me crowds of people watched, including camera crews from the BBC and other news networks. If I looked in their direction and made eye contact, I'm not sure if I would have had the courage to strip naked in front of them.   
  
I started with the tweed jacket. There were just three buttons to unbutton and then I could slide it off. It was the first to go into their cardboard box. Then off came the shoes, and then the custom-fitted skirt with the hidden zipper.   
  
My back was to the journalists and the camera crews, but I could feel them judging me, evaluating my physical attributes, taking photographs and video footage. Their eyes on my body were almost as bad as being groped by their hands.   
  
The crisp button-up shirt took longer to remove. It had a lot more buttons than the jacket, and my hands were starting to shake at this point. Finally a security guard had to help me get my shirt off. She also had to help with the hook and eye on my pushup bra (I don't normally wear pushup bras, but Victoria insisted that I wear one) and she grabbed hold of my thighs and I shuddered as I felt her strange hands on my legs as she slid my stockings down.   
  
I felt hot and feverish and embarrassed by the time I was just down to my panties. They were black, low-rise; hip-hugger panties with black lace trim that left very little to the imagination. They were very tight and very small and clung to me like a second skin. You could clearly see the shape of my ass through the thin, tight spandex/lycra fabric of the panties and I also had a "camel-toe" where the panties were digging into the cleft between my public lips and it felt as if the material had ridden up into the back and was wedged tightly in between the my buttocks. But Sessian law was very clear. Those panties would have to come off.   
  
So, I took a deep breath and hooked my thumbs into the waistband of the panties and struggled out of them in front of an audience of scores of people. Once they were free from my hips, they slid down my slender thighs easily. I stepped out of the tiny article of clothing once it had hit the floor and I dutifully dropped my panties into the cardboard box along with my dignity and self-respect.   
  
"I'm pleased to see that your pubic area is clean-shaven," an OSI bureaucrat interjected as she looked directly at my swollen pubic lips. "We have a new punishment for slaves that fail to keep their genitals smooth and hairless. Believe me, you wouldn't like it."   
  
That blunt statement scared the hell out of me, but it also made me wet. What would she have done to me if I had negligently allowed pubic hair to grow on my pubic mound? Visions of painful and traumatic punishments instantly sprang into my imagination.   
  
I was already stark naked, and feeling helpless and vulnerable and embarrassed, but then a grim faced OSI bureaucrat demanded that I take off my watch and I surrender that as well. "Slaves aren't allowed any personal property, you know."   
  
So, I unbuckled my watch from my wrist and placed that in the box as well.   
  
I was now a docile and lowly slave and my body language made it obvious to everyone that they had just witnessed my transformation from free-woman to slave-girl. I now passively awaited the orders of those who had authority over me.   
  
"It's time for a body cavity search," announced one of the OSI bureaucrats. She was young (slightly older than me) and wore a gray skirt suit almost identical to the one that I'd been wearing just moments before. Somehow I felt it an affront that she was still clothed in a nice suit, while I was stark naked and vulnerable and exposed to the world.   
  
The box with my clothes was closed and sealed with packing tape and labeled with my name and slave number, and then taken away. I wouldn't see it again for a long time.   
  
"Open your mouth, wide, Miss Schlank," one of the security guards ordered me. "It's time we did a body cavity search." The guard then proceeded to use a tongue depressor to keep my tongue down while she examined the interior of my mouth. When she was satisfied I wasn't hiding anything in there, I was ordered to stand with my legs far apart, bent over, with my head down and my hands flat against the table, my knees straight and my ass way up in the air.   
  
The security guards took a lot of time to make certain that every detail of my position conformed to their specifications. It seemed to me that it was designed to make me feel as vulnerable and exposed as possible.   
  
After they were satisfied that nothing could be done to make my position any more humiliating, one guard took her sweet time snapping on a latex glove and getting into position behind me.   
  
This made for good drama and the photographers snapped photo after photo of my widespread legs and vulnerable ass, as the security guards made me wait for what was to come.   
  
I waited and waited and the suspense was becoming unbearable. Every part of my body went tense, waiting for a latex-clad finger to penetrate a very tender part of my anatomy; however the security guard was content to make me wait. I held the position so long that my legs started to feel weak and wobbly, the muscles in the back of my legs felt uncomfortably stretched and taut and sweat began to form on my torso and underneath my arms.   
  
Then, when I thought I couldn't take the suspense anymore, I felt the security guard firmly grasp my labia with one hand and then shove two fingers deeply inside me with the other hand.   
  
Gretchen hadn't given me permission to orgasm in several days and my clit was super-sensitive and swollen. The woman thrust and wriggled her strong fingers, exploring every inch of my sensitive interior, while I was forced to maintain my very difficult and awkward pose. I moaned and felt an orgasm approaching within seconds after her fingers entered me. She may have been doing a body cavity search, however as she roughly fingered my aching cunt, it felt more like she was trying to bring me to a wild and screaming orgasm. To make matters worse, my face was just a few inches from the face of an OSI bureaucrat and she was studying my face closely, probably attempting to assess my emotional reaction to what was being done to my sensitive pussy.   
  
And to add to my embarrassment, I could hear the army of reporters behind me, recording the whole thing, immortalizing my shame as I panted and perspired and felt my body flood with endorphins as this woman's merciless fingers invaded the most sensitive part of my anatomy and probed it. My humiliation and submissive surrender to authority would soon be shared all over Europe.   
  
I continued to whimper and my thighs continued to tremble and shake, and just when I thought orgasm was inevitable, the security guard withdrew her fingers. They came out covered with hot, sticky fluids,   
  
"Keep your legs spread like that," she ordered me, "or else you'll be punished."   
  
And while I consumed with self-pity for how I had been unjustly denied a much-needed orgasm and how my passive acquiescence to sexual abuse would soon be soon all over Europe, the AAS security guard grabbed the cheeks of my ass and pulled them roughly apart. Some sort of cold, thick gel was smeared into the delicate pink flesh between by my buttocks and then I didn't even have time to take a deep breath before she plunged a finger directly into my anus.   
  
My asshole was still sensitive from all those times that Officer Ryan had anally violated me with a strap-on and I made a noise that was half gasp, half whimper as that finger speared me deep.   
  
It was hard for me to maintain my position with my head down and may ass up and my legs spread so ridiculously wide with that finger moving around inside of me, but slaves can get into a lot of trouble for not following orders, so I screwed my eyes shut tight and gritted my teeth and made a herculean effort to ignore what that strong finger was doing inside my anus as maintain my difficult posture.   
  
I whimpered as the security guard's strong finger continued to assault my tiny, sensitive hole. I had so many nerve endings down the AAS employee seemed to be determined to manipulate and stimulate and abuse them all.   
  
I had tears in my eyes by the time she finished. But rather than comfort me after my traumatic ordeal, somebody pressed something cold and metallic to the back of my neck and I felt a sharp, sudden pain and heard a mechanical sounding Ka-chunknoise.   
  
"What the hell was that?" I asked, frightened and confused. By Sessian law, they're not allowed to any real damage to slaves. They're not allowed to break our bones or stab us or brand us or do anything that would require a trip to the hospital.   
  
"I just injected you with a tracking chip," the female security guard replied. "It's nothing to be concerned about. It's just underneath the skin. After a day or two you won't even be able to see the mark where it was injected."   
  
"A tracking chip," I asked, not certain I understood.   
  
"It's like Lojack," she replied. "It sends out a beacon that the OSI and the police can detect. It means the OSI will always be able to find you, no matter where you go. Miss Starke insisted that we outfit you with one."   
  
Then the two uniformed security guards grabbed me by my upper-arms and pulled me up and I attempted to stand on shaky legs. I was still traumatized from everything that woman had done to my pussy and asshole and was also my body just wanted to collapse.   
  
While I was still reeling from my body cavity search, an OSI bureaucrat produced a black, leather slave collar and she locked it around my neck. A metal tag was attached to the collar which listed my name as well as the name of my owner. There were also two contact numbers that people could call if I ever got lost or (far less likely) if I was captured after escaping. There was a loud click as a small metal padlock was locked onto the collar, making it impossible to remove.

Next there were photos. One of the OSI bureaucrats took out at camera and had me stand with my back against the wall so she could get photos of my re-enslavement for the official OSI records.   
  
"Stand at attention, please," the bureaucrat said as she pointed the camera at me. Since I'd been a slave in Sessia before, I knew that standing at attention meant standing with my legs far apart, my hands behind my neck, my elbows back, my spine straight, my tummy sucked in, my chin up and my breasts thrust out.   
  
She took a photo of me stranding in that extremely open and vulnerable position and then she told me to turn to the left. I obeyed her orders, and then she took another photo of me standing in profile.   
  
Of course she then ordered me to turn to the right and she took another photo of me in profile, getting me from the other side.   
  
Now, that I was properly processed, Gretchen was allowed into the restricted area and the TV crews and newspaper reporters got tons of photos and video footage as Gretchen placed one hand on my jaw and guided my face towards hers so that she could kiss me on the mouth.   
  
It was a good kiss, but then Gretchen directed me to place my hands behind my back, as if they were tied in a box-tie. She said it would make me look more submissive and slave-like for the cameras.   
  
I obediently locked my arms behind my back, thrusting my breasts up in the process. The photographers went nuts and started snapping multiple photos even before Gretchen began her second kiss.   
  
The second kiss lasted much longer and was far more passionate. Gretchen thrust her succulent tongue into my mouth and explored my tongue with hers. I moaned into her mouth as the kiss lingered and I felt tingles spread from my tongue and throughout most of my feverish, naked body.   
  
By the time we broke from the kiss, dozens of people in the airport were applauding.   
  
Gretchen then put her arm around me and led me naked out of the restricted area. When the two of us joined back up with Victoria, Gretchen gave Victoria a fairly smug smile and asked, "How was that for projecting the proper image?"   
  
Victoria grudgingly conceded that Gretchen had a talent for performing and getting the appropriate response from the crowds, however I could barely hear her words as people kept coming up to Gretchen and me and giving us compliments.   
  
"I don't normally say this to women," a slender British lady in blue denim confided in me as she casually placed a hand on my shoulder and gave me a provocative smile, "but you are sex on legs."   
  
I was still nervous and embarrassed, mostly because I was stark naked in front of so many strangers, however as the tourists and the locals came up to me and showered me with compliments about my physical appearance my embarrassment faded somewhat. I mean...it was still challenging to be naked amongst all these people dressed in their nice outfits, but hearing so many favorable comments actually boosted my confidence and lowered my level of fear and embarrassment down to a manageable level.   
  
Victoria gripped me by my left arm and Gretchen gripped me by my right arm as we exited the airport. And some young man (I never saw him before) fetched our luggage from the baggage terminal and followed the three of us towards the exit. Even if I wasn't a slave, and were free to speak, it would have been difficult to ask Gretchen or Victoria any questions, as I remained the center of attention, with a variety of clothed strangers coming up to me and attempting to chat me up, most of them I am sure were motivated by the desire for a close up view of my naked body, which was constantly on display.   
  
Every inch of my body, including my firm, tight ass, my clean-shaven pussy and my firm breasts with their erect pink nipples were available to anyone that looked, and damn near everybody was looking! The guys mostly just stared as if they were in a hypnotic trance, while many of the women seemed intent on analyzing my physical attributes and looking for some small flaw or shortcoming which they could criticize.   
  
Was I too pale? Was I too skinny? Did I wear too much makeup? Did my lack of pubic hair make me look like a slut? Did my erect nipples and swollen public lips make me look like a slut?   
  
I caught snatches of conversation as the women in the crowd chatted amongst themselves, totally indifferent to the fact that I would likely overhear them. One said to her friend, "Did you see the way that slag squirmed when they snapped on the latex gloves and poked around in her quim? The tart was really up for it!" Another woman complained that I had "an ass like a fourteen-year old boy."   
  
I began to feel degraded by the way the women openly made disparaging remarks about my naked body, but then I heard another woman loudly reply, "She has an ass like a dancer! You're just jealous because she has a tiny ass, and your ass is the size of Cardiff!"   
  
And then my spirits were further buoyed when one woman confided to her friend, that her "knickers got soaking wet just watching, when they forced her to get undressed." And as we stepped outside, I heard another woman's voice say, "If I had a body like that, I'd bloody well never hide it under clothes."   
  
And when we were at the curb and Gretchen signaled for a cab to pick us up, three cabs all tried to pull to the curb simultaneously.   
  
This was followed by much swearing and honking of horns. Apparently having an attractive, naked slave-girl in your cab is some sort of prized opportunity. All of the cabbies wanted me in their cab and nobody wanted to concede their naked prize to the competition.   
  
Victoria found this amusing. Even Gretchen smiled a little bit at this. And the cameramen from the TV news stations caught it all on film.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 02**

Exposing my naked body in front of hundreds of fully-dressed strangers was intimidating and humiliating and degrading, yet somehow it also energized and excited me. It also left me with a heat between my legs and a throbbing in my clit.  
  
By the time the taxi parked in front of the Hotel Castello, I had left a wet spot on the leather seat of the taxi cab. Gretchen pretended not to notice, however Victoria raised an eyebrow. She concentrated most of her thoughts on how to best promote me (and legalized slavery) to the media. She never really invested any thought into what sort of emotional reaction might be activated in me when I was stripped naked and paraded around the public streets of Europe.  
  
Gretchen stopped me before I entered the hotel and unzipped one of the suitcases, looking for something and insisting that I couldn't go inside until she had it.  
  
When she pulled it out, it was the stainless steel handcuffs with my name and hers engraved on them. The handcuffs symbolized our bond in much the same way a wedding ring symbolizes the bond between a man and wife.  
  
"Turn around and give me your hands, Darling," Gretchen said as she held the handcuffs up where I could see them.  
  
There were at least twenty people on the street, stopping to get a good look at my naked body, but I obeyed Gretchen's command and turned around and placed my hands behind my back. Within moments I felt the cold steel clamp down upon my left wrist and then I felt cold steel clamp down even harder upon my right wrist.  
  
"Now, we're ready to enter the hotel," Gretchen announced.  
  
Of course, not all of the European media had been at the airport. Some of them were waiting for us at the hotel. And the moment my bare feet set foot in the hotel lobby, I was surrounded by cameras, TV camcorders and reporters. I had never before been the center of so much attention, and with so many eyes and cameras directed intently at my nude body, I somehow managed to feel even more naked and exposed than ever before.  
  
I know the type of technology they use in some of those cameras and camcorders. If they wanted to they could focus in on a tiny part of my anatomy from a block away and see it with perfect detail.  
  
Suddenly I regretted shaving my pussy. My swollen, pink pubic lips would be well on view for the photojournalists, even all the way across the lobby.  
  
Without warning I was overcome with emotion. Something similar to shock and stage-fright washed over me and I found my legs froze. A chill spread up and down my spine. I couldn't seem to take another step forward. I tried to force myself my legs to move and failed.  
  
I attempted to tell Gretchen about my predicament, but when I opened my mouth, the only thing that came out where pathetic whimpering sounds.  
  
"Gretchen, is there something wrong with your slave?" Victoria asked. "Why is she stopping here?"  
  
I noted with some degree of humility that Victoria directed the question to Gretchen rather than me. Yesterday Victoria would have treated me like a real person, worthy of addressing directly. But now, having seen me stripped naked, subjected to a humiliating body-cavity search and handcuffed, she no longer thought of me that way. Now I was just something that Gretchen owned.  
  
"Diane," Gretchen said sternly, leaning in close to my face. "Darling, you need to walk forward, across the lobby and over to the check-in counter."  
  
I tried once again to explain my predicament, but once again the only sounds that issued from my throat were totally inarticulate whimpering sounds. I felt as if my nudity was under greater scrutiny than ever. It was as if I could feel all the millions of eyes that would be ogling me when the film footage of my naked body was broadcast on to people's television screens and computer monitors.  
  
"Diane, we don't have time for this," Gretchen said, and then she developed a very blunt and direct solution to my emotional trauma.  
  
Physical trauma.  
  
Snapping me out of my trance was a sudden and sharp pain in my left nipple. My nipples were already swollen and erect and super-sensitive. So, when Gretchen took one between her thumb and forefinger and cruelly pinched it, the pain jolted me out of my stage-fright and forced me to focus on my poor, abused nipple and to ignore all the cameras and the forget the millions of people who would soon be able to ogle my naked flesh.  
  
Gretchen walked across the lobby of the hotel, her high-heeled shoes clicking on the tiles as she advanced forward. She still held a tight grip on my left nipple and I was obliged to follow her progress or risk having my nipple yanked off.   
  
Obediently I followed Gretchen's course forward to the check-in counter, matching for course and speed. My bare feet mimicked the pace of Gretchen's high heels across the cold, tile floor. I strained uselessly against the stainless steel cuffs that imprisoned my wrists.  
  
I was concentrating so strongly on the sharp pain in my nipple that I didn't even notice when Gretchen started speaking to the girl behind the counter and began checking us in to the hotel.  
  
I'd seen the girl the last time we'd stayed in this hotel. She was about four inches shorter than me (which since I'm 5'10", she was still a good height for a woman) and she had her hair cut short like a boys. She was endlessly perky and energetic and she wore a hotel uniform with a name tag that read, *"Keira".*  
  
Keira and Gretchen exchanged pleasantries and obtained our room keys. Keira never even glanced in my direction, which I thought was rather odd. I mean....even if she was heterosexual how do you ignore a girl who's completely naked, standing right in front of you? Seriously, does that happen so often in Keira's life that she's become blasé about it?  
  
Gretchen finally released my nipple when she accepted the room keys from Keira and I let out an anguished gasp. As the blood rushed back to my already sensitive nipple, the pain increased. My nipple throbbed with fresh pain, but through the haze of intense pain, I heard Keira say, "My manager will be really disappointed that she missed you, Ms. Busch, but she did leave this for me to give you."  
  
Keira handed Gretchen and envelope and Gretchen opened it.  
  
"What is it?" Victoria asked, as she looked over Gretchen's shoulder.  
  
"It's just a list of names," Gretchen replied. "We'll deal with it later. I'd like to get to my room and unpack now."  
  
"What, *now*?" Victoria blurted out. "We've got at least four TV camera crews in here! You're not going to show off your slave? This is a great opportunity for sound bites! How can you waste this? You've got to give them something!!"  
  
Gretchen rolled her eyes at Victoria and tried to remain calm. "Okay," she said. "I'll give them something."  
  
Gretchen turned me around so that my back was to the check-in counter and I was facing all of the TV cameras. Then she grabbed me by my slave collar and forced me to lean backwards so that I was looking straight up at the ceiling. My back was arched almost as far back as it could go, this pushed my hips forward and caused my breasts to be much more prominently displayed and my nipples to stick straight up into the air. Then Gretchen took hold of one of those nipples and pinched it tightly, trapping me into place and forcing a pathetic whimpering sound to issue from my lips.  
  
"Okay, Diane, I need you to spread your legs now for the cameras. Don't make me have to tell you twice."  
  
I didn't want to find out what sort of nasty surprise would follow if I failed to obey her order, so I spread my legs about shoulder length apart. The, realizing that Gretchen wouldn't be satisfied with that I spread my legs about another ten to twelve inches. This of course, meant that my moist, swollen pubic lips would be very much on display for the TV camera crews.  
  
*"I am very disappointed in you, Slave,"*Gretchen called out loud enough that the TV Camera crews could easily pick up her words on their microphones. "You were very hesitant to obey when I ordered you to walk across the lobby! Tomorrow morning you'll be taken to the punishment park in Oceangate, and severely punished for your disappointing behavior!"  
  
I whimpered and panted as Gretchen tormented my poor, sensitive, swollen nipple, but I was getting even wetter and more exciting at the way that she was publicly abusing and humiliating me in front of all of these people.  
  
Then Gretchen painfully smacked my breasts, first the right one, then the left one. I screamed in pain and shock both times. I wasn't putting on a show for the cameras either. These slaps really hurt.  
  
The photojournalists and cameramen seemed to appreciate this. They got plenty of good photos and video footage. Victoria estimated that it would be less than an hour before some of this showed up in European television.  
  
Gretchen and I had a room on the second floor, so we took the stairs rather than the elevator. Of course, they photojournalists followed me and got plenty of photos of my naked ass as I climbed the stairs.  
  
Victoria had her own room next to mine, but because she was scheduling like, every single second of my time while in Sessia, she felt obligated to come visit my room as soon as she finished unpacking.  
  
While Victoria was in our room, Gretchen explained the list of names that the hotel manager had prepared for her.  
  
"Basically it's a list of hotel employees that are permitted to have sex with you."  
  
Gretchen allowed me to look at the list. There were six names on the list. Thankfully, all of them were female. I noticed with a certain degree of amusement that one of them was the hotel manager herself.  
  
"I negotiated with the hotel manager, and because I'm allowing several of her employees to have their sexual fantasies granted, she's allowing us to stay in this hotel free of charge."  
  
I thought it was a good deal. Slaves are often forced to have sex with complete strangers and we usually don't get anything in return. But, Victoria was far less impressed.  
  
*"Are you crazy?"*Victoria screamed. "Your slave is the central focus of a major media event! Her presence in this hotel is bringing in tens of thousands of dollars for this hotel! They are booked*beyond full capacity*and have had to convert the conference rooms into hotel rooms in order to try to accommodate all the guests! Most of the reporters and photographers that are covering this slave story are staying in this hotel! I could have gotten us all free rooms *without*your slave sleeping with anybody! I was in negotiations to do just that! Probably the only reason I didn't succeed, was because you were negotiating your own deal behind my back!"  
  
"Look here, Vicky," Gretchen shot back, "You need to keep me in the loop if you don't want us working against each other! You kept me in the dark about us getting free rooms from the hotel! Maybe if you had told me what you were planning, I wouldn't have offered up Diane's ass on a silver platter to the hotel manager!"  
  
Actually, Gretchen probably would have offered up my naked ass anyway. Part of Gretchen's style of slave training is to force her slave to sexually service multiple women. It keeps the slave girl busy, it's potentially exhausting and it keeps her from thinking too much. Also, it turns the slave-girl into a sex object, which is exactly what a slave is supposed to be. That's the main reason that slaves are always kept naked and kept in a near constant state of sexual frustration and arousal.   
  
We slaves are supposed to be available for sex at every minute of every day.  
  
Gretchen and Victoria spent several minutes yelling at each other while I stood the timidly and stark naked with my hands bound helplessly behind my back. It was a very uncomfortable and awkward situation for me, but slaves learn to live with discomfort.  
  
Eventually, Victoria agreed to keep Gretchen in the loop and inform her of her negotiations and plans and Gretchen agreed to do the same for Victoria.  
  
Victoria glared at both of us as she exited our room, but she managed not to slam the door when she left. I was pretty sure that was a good sign.  
  
Then Gretchen uncuffed me and ordered to unpack and put everything away.  
  
When I was almost finished unpacking, there was a knock at the door. Since Gretchen had ordered me to unpack, and I wasn't finished unpacking yet, I didn't even glance up at the door. It's a slave thing. Slaves stay focused on their tasks until they are finished or they're ordered to stop.  
  
So, Gretchen was the one who answered the door. I didn't recognize the woman Gretchen let in at first. Her name was Olivia Pitt and she was the manager of the hotel. She was tall, well-dressed and had an air of self-confidence about her.  
  
*"Gretchen,"*the manager greeted Gretchen enthusiastically with a hug as soon as the door closed behind her. "I'm sorry I couldn't have met you in the lobby. There was an important business call and I couldn't get away. When you run a hotel of this size, the demands on your time are enormous."  
  
"I know all about the demands that corporate responsibility can place on your time," Gretchen assured her. And they continued to make small talk about hotel management and public relations accounts while I unpacked our suitcases and put everything away.  
  
When I was finished, Olivia took me into her arms and held me close. It wasn't the first time that I was naked and hugged by somebody wearing tweed, but I'll never get used to it. Tweed looks and feels of authority and tradition, and to have that rough fabric pressed against my soft, naked skin made me feel even more vulnerable and dominated than if had I just posed naked for Olivia.  
  
"I was hoping that you and your mistress would come back," Olivia confided in me. "It's very rare that we have slaves in the hotel and you are by far the most fetching. The most eye-catching slave I've ever had the pleasure to meet."  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I said humbly and somewhat taken aback. It's not often that slaves are the recipients of such gushing and compliments.  
  
"Of course, just because you're beautiful doesn't mean that I'm going to be gentle with you," Olivia said, her cheerful facial expression not changing even slightly.  
  
"For the most part I have to work very hard to make certain that the guests in this hotel are comfortable and happy and satisfied. However, it's rather the opposite for you now, isn't it?"  
  
*"Mistress,"*I asked, somewhat nervous and dreading where she was going with this.  
  
Olivia pushed me back and looked me directly in the eye and proclaimed, "The hotel is under no obligation to see that you're comfortable or happy or satisfied. In fact, I intend to make you rather *uncomfortable*and *unhappy*during your stay here. You; on the other hand; will have to work hard to keep *me*happy and satisfied."  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I said, somewhat deflated, having been reminded once again of my inferior status in Sessian society.  
  
"Now, my pretty, little slave-girl," Olivia said as she pushed me away and made a twirling motion with her finger, "Give us a spin. I want to get a good look at that delicious nude American body of yours before I start hurting it."  
  
I turned slowly, giving Olivia a good look at my naked thighs, naked buttocks, naked breasts, erect nipples, flat abs and swollen, pink pubic lips from every angle. When I had done it once, she had me turn two more times, just so she could be sure her eyes didn't miss a single inch of my beloved nude body.  
  
"Just perfect," Olivia gushed. Pygmalion himself couldn't have carved a more perfect girl."  
  
I smiled at the compliment, and then Olivia's voice grew more ominous and she added, "A woman who wants to be taken seriously in the business world in this country has to be married to her career. Any hint of hobbies or romantic entanglements or lovers is seen as a weakness. Any time spent flirting or seducing or shagging is considered proof of negligence towards ones career goals. So, in order to get promoted from payroll accountant to assistant manager I had to suppress my sexuality and work weekends and holidays. In order to get promoted from assistant manager to manager I had to do the same thing. And I had to cover up any hint of my sexual or romantic inclinations."  
  
As a slave, I probably would have gotten into trouble for saying what I thought, but Gretchen spoke up and asked, "So, if you came out as a lesbian, that would have hurt your career?"  
  
Olivia looked away from my nude body for a few seconds and favored Gretchen with a glance, "Oh, yes," Olivia replied. "If it was known that I fancied girls, it would have been considered a weakness."  
  
Then she placed one hand gently on my hips and with the other hand she gently fondled my left breast and nipple, causing the nipple to become even harder and more erect. "But even fancying boys would have been considered a weakness. Men in corporate Sessia can have a wife and a small army of lovers on the side and nobody ever seems to think that that will affect their ability to manage a hotel or a publishing house or a cable TV station, but women in corporate Sessia are automatically assumed to be easily distracted and if they have a husband or a boyfriend or a lover, it's assumed that they'll be thinking about sex all the time and they'll neglect their business responsibilities."  
  
"Women in Sessia have to appear as asexual as one of those bloody Barbie dolls."  
  
"I'm very sorry to hear that, Mistress," I said trying to sound as sympathetic as possible, however my voice came out sounding very breathy as Olivia's fingers were now playing with both of my nipples, stimulating a whole fleet of sensitive nerve endings and making me feel even more tingly and more aroused. I once again became aware of the wetness between my legs as the tingles from my nipples traveled across the front of my body and straight down to my cunt.  
  
"I was so bloody infatuated with you," Olivia continued. "But I couldn't even be in the lobby when you were being thrown naked over Gemma's lap and spanked in front of dozens of people. If people saw the way I stared at your naked arse, there'd be talk. I had to watch all of your spankings from my office on the feed from the security cameras."  
  
"I'm sorry you never got a chance to see my slave up close and personal when she was being spanked," Gretchen said, sounding sympathetic. "But, if you'd like, I could spank her right here and now and you could watch. There're now witnesses now. It's just you and me and my slave. And none of us will say anything."  
  
I hadn't even done anything wrong and yet here Gretchen was offering up my innocent, naked ass up for punishment, just to be hospitable to a guest in her hotel room. I silently cursed Gretchen for being so unfair and heartless, but on another level I found it arousing that she was going to punish and humiliate me in front of the hotel manager. I know it's confusing and difficult to understand, but just the thought of being thrown over Gretchen's lap and giving this unwarranted punishment while Olivia looked on and smiled appreciatively, had me feeling hot and feverish and excited. I was getting wetter just thinking about the unfairness of it, and how I was helpless to do anything to stop it.   
  
Olivia smiled and licked her lips and said, "Actually, what I'd really like is if I could put her over my own lap and spank her myself. I've never spanked a girl before, and I'd really like to take full advantage of this time that you're giving me with your slave. Having her over my own lap would be so much more personal than merely watching."  
  
Gretchen seemed to be amused and let out a small laugh at Gretchen's request. "Go right ahead," Gretchen said.  
  
"I've spanked Diane plenty of times, so I know how much she can take. I'll just stand back and supervise and tell you when she's had enough."

Olivia didn't need to be told twice. She sat down on the bed and then with predatory quickness, she grabbed my arm and pulled me down onto her lap. The move was so quick and unexpected and forceful that I let out a yelp of surprise.  
  
Suddenly was pelvis was resting across her lap, with my naked buttocks prominently displayed for Olivia's enjoyment. I had one hand on the floor and one hand gripping the side of the bed. My view was largely of the navy blue carpet beneath me.   
"I just love her bottom," Olivia confided to Gretchen, as she fondled my naked buttocks with her questing hands. "It's so high and firm. And while her glutes are so firm and hard, the skin that's layered over top of the muscle is so smooth and soft."  
  
Olivia's hands gently but firmly squeezed and stroked and caressed by buttocks. Then her fingers slowly and lovingly explored the furrow between my buttocks. Then I gasped involuntarily when she found my anus and began to stroke and rub it with her finger, gently at first, but then as I made involuntary whimpering and gasping sounds she used more and more force.  
  
"I just love it when she makes sounds like that," Olivia explained.  
  
"She has a phobia about being touched down there," Gretchen explained. "I'm really not sure why."  
  
Suddenly Olivia's hand retreated and she said, "Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I didn't know."  
  
Gretchen laughed again and said, "I didn't say you had to stop! She's a slave! When a slave has a phobia about something sexual, you don't tiptoe around it! You inflict on her over and over again!"  
  
Suddenly Olivia's fingers returned, pushing against my sphincter muscle even harder. I groaned as she pushed her finger inside of me and wriggled it around.  
  
"She's making such wonderful sounds, "Olivia gushed. "And I haven't even started spanking her yet.  
  
  
"Oh yes, that reminds me," Gretchen responded. "Diane, what's the proper way to display your body when you're being spanked?"  
  
I had totally forgotten. Gretchen likes for me to keep my thighs well apart during a spanking. With Olivia sitting on the edge of the bed like this it was hard to spread my thighs, but I spread them as far apart as I could under the circumstances.  
  
Gretchen then explained to Olivia that it was very important for a slave-girl to keep her pubic lips on display whenever possible. This was especially important when a slave was being punished.  
  
"It's one of the reasons that we keep her pussy shaved," Gretchen explained. "Slaves aren't allowed modesty. Slave-girls should always display their swollen pubic lips prominently. And if their pubic lips aren't swollen, that's a problem that needs to be corrected."  
  
Without warning, Olivia's hand dipped between my thighs and she slid her fingers across my sensitive swollen labia. Not just for a quick grope either. She traced her fingers from top to bottom, across every inch of my vaginal lips, almost as if she were planning on drawing a picture of it later and wanted to memorize every detail. She even traced slow, lazy circles around my clitoris with her finger and eventually slipped two fingers deep inside of me. I let out a long and agonizing moan as she stimulated my lust but refused to bring me to climax.  
  
"They're swollen alright," Olivia confirmed, "and slick with her own juices."  
  
"That's normal for a slave-girl," Gretchen confided Olivia. "Slaves that aren't constantly displaying themselves to be in a state of lust get punished, although Diane has never had a problem in that department. She has a natural affinity for this aspect of slave life. When they forced her to strip at the airport her pussy was so wet I could spot it from over thirty feet away."  
  
"She must have been dripping like a faucet for you to be able to notice from that distance."  
  
"Diane loves to be abused and humiliated and displayed naked in front of strangers; so yes; strip her clothes off and much of the time her pussy*is*dripping like a faucet."  
  
Gretchen and Olivia continued to talk about my pussy while Olivia fondled my pubic lips. I thought that they might chat about my pussy for hours, but then Gretchen brought Olivia a warm washcloth to wipe my juices off of her hands and suddenly Olivia's hands were all about spanking my naked buttocks.  
  
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!  
  
Olivia's initial spanks weren't very hard, but Gretchen (being *ever*so helpful) explained that I had a rather high tolerance for pain and that Olivia could smack my ass *much*harder than she was currently doing.  
  
  
Olivia took instruction well, and her next blows stung as she laid into my ass with a lot more force.  
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*  
  
*"Better?"*Olivia asked.  
  
"That's much better," Gretchen conceded. "That's about how hard I spank her, when she's over my lap.  
  
"I'm leaving some reddish handprints on her bottom," Olivia observed. "Is that okay?"  
  
"She's somewhat pale, so reddish marks from a spanking show up on her skin more readily than they would on a darker girl's skin. This is normal. Just continue spanking her the same way as before."  
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!!*  
  
"That's good," Gretchen said, praising Olivia's technique, but try not to concentrate on just one area. There's the left buttock and the right buttock. You've got that down, but there are also the backs of the thighs and that crease where the tops of the thighs meet the bottom of the buttocks. You've got a lot of targets to choose from, so spread the blows around."  
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*  
  
Olivia was a good student, and armed with Gretchen's advice, she was soon making my thighs and my ass a stinging red color and causing me to make pathetic whimpering sounds.  
  
"I can see why you enjoy this so much," Olivia confided to Gretchen. "It's really sexy the way she flinches and writhes when she's hit. "And that sexy whimpering sound.....I didn't even know she made that sound. Watching the security feed in my office you just get video. You don't get any audio."  
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*  
  
Much to Olivia's delight I continued to squirm and make shuddering gasps of indrawn breath as she abused my poor, vulnerable, naked thighs and buttocks with blow after stinging blow. It had become a struggle to maintain the position that Gretchen had ordered me to hold. Olivia's blow stung so much, my body was overcome with pain and my hands curled into fists and I whimpered and violently shook my head and gasped and kicked my legs in response to the pain, yet somehow managed to keep my thighs apart.  
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*  
  
Eventually my whimpers and gasps turned to mindless sobbing and that's when Olivia finally stopped spanking my poor, abused, stinging bottom.  
  
  
Olivia pushed me off of her lap and I collapsed, crashing clumsily to the floor. I don't know how long I remained there on the floor, a pathetic, naked, sobbing heap, but when I looked up, Olivia had removed her shoes and her tweed pants and had just slipped out of her panties.  
  
Towering over my sobbing, naked form was Olivia's vulva covered with silky pubic hair and an eager swollen clit right up front, just begging for attention.   
  
Without saying a word, Olivia looked down at me with an impatient look. Apparently I was supposed to know that she liked to have her pussy eaten immediately after she punished a slave to the point where she was sobbing on the floor.  
  
I kneeled up and placed one hand on her thigh and the other hand on her sharp hipbone and began to lick at her slick, salty, pink pubic lips and listened to her moan. Even in throbbing pain, I still have a great talent for eating pussy and I soon had Olivia's juices all over my chin.  
  
She didn't come instantly of course. Even the most sexually aroused of women usually take a little time and effort to get off. I licked and licked and kissed and eventually coaxed her clit out of its hood. Olivia moaned louder at that point and soon I had her clit in my mouth and I sucked on it for all it was worth. Olivia rewarded me for my efforts by jabbing her pelvis forward again and again in sharp, energetic thrusts as I brought her to a screaming, gasping, enthusiastic orgasm.  
  
For a long time I knelt at Olivia's feet while she gasped and caught her breath. When she finally recovered from her powerful orgasm, she scooped me up in her arms and stood me up and allowed me to cry on her shoulder.  
  
Olivia was very confusing and difficult to understand. One second she was mercilessly spanking my poor ass until it was red-hot and stinging and the next second she was hugging me and patiently waiting for my sobbing to subside.  
  
Although as confusing as Olivia was, I've met women like her before. They'll spank you or whip you until your skin is welted and raw, but then they'll hold you in their arms and kiss you and tell you that they love you. It's confusing.  
  
Then again, I'm a feminist who enjoys being stripped naked in front of dozens of strangers and spanked and fondled, so I suppose it's not easy to understand my idiosyncrasies either.  
  
When I was done sobbing, Olivia ordered me to help her get dressed. It was easy, although I had felt a stronger bond to her when she was naked from the waist down. Once she was fully dressed she once again seemed to be far more authoritative and superior to me.  
  
Then she patted me affectionately on the butt and informed me that there was a reporter in room 211 that was waiting to interview me. Actually she wanted to interview both Gretchen and I, but she wanted to see us separately and she wanted to see me first.  
  
"Do I have to go alone?" I asked.  
  
"It seems that every time Gretchen and I get separated, something bad happens to me."  
  
"Can you take her to see the reporter?" Gretchen asked Olivia. "I've got to talk to Victoria and set up some sort of ground rules so that she doesn't spring any more surprises on me."  
  
"It's best if I'm not seen alone with her," Olivia explained. "I have a reputation to uphold. But I'll get somebody from hotel security to escort her to the reporter and return her safely to her room."  
  
Olivia made a phone call and soon a tall, lean, athletic-looking, impressive, female security guard with a stern, authoritarian demeanor arrived at the door to Gretchen's room. Olivia explained to the guard that she was to escort me to the reporter's room and wait for the reporter to finish interviewing me. After the interview was over, she was to escort me back to Gretchen's hotel room. I wasn't to speak to anyone else in the hotel and I wasn't allowed to make any stops anywhere else in the hotel. And if I was difficult or disobedient, the guard had permission to restrain me with physical force.  
  
The security guard glared at me with cold, accusatory eyes and asked, "Why don't I just cuff her? You'd be amazed at how much more cooperative people get when their wrists are trapped behind their back in stainless steel."  
  
Olivia seemed to consider this for a few seconds and then responded, "Use your own best judgment. If you think the handcuffs are a good idea, go ahead and use them,"  
  
Apparently the security guard thought they were a good idea. Soon I found myself naked and handcuffed with a strong grip on my right arm as the security guard led me down the hall to the appointed location.   
  
Out in the corridor, hotel guests and photojournalists and cameramen were staring at my bare butt while the security guard kept a tight grip on my arm and dragged me along like a political prisoner of something.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 03**

So, the security guard kept a tight grip on my arm and dragged me down the corridor and I was ogled repeatedly as hotel guests stopped what they were doing so that they could get a good, long look at my naked body.   
  
Even if the guard didn't have an iron grip on my arm, I still couldn't use my hands to cover my naked breasts, as my wrists were bound behind my back with stainless steel handcuffs.   
  
Most of the hotel guests and hotel employees just stared as I was dragged naked down the hall, however some of the bolder people took photos or blew me kisses or called out to the security guard with ideas of cruel things that she could do to me. It was humiliating and scary to be treated like this, but arousing as well. The more people stared hungrily at my naked body and called me names and suggested that I be taken to the punishment park or spanked or whipped or given *another* body cavity search, the wetter I became between my legs and the hotter and more flushed I felt.   
  
Eventually we reached room 211 and the guard used her free hand to knock on the door. Her knock was firm and loud. She obviously had a strong arm and hard knuckles.   
  
The door was opened by a beautiful, well-groomed woman with short, yet stylish red hair and intelligent-looking green eyes with eyelashes that were so perfect I'd almost swear they had to be fake. She was wearing a black linen suit, tight jacket with no blouse underneath it, a short tight black skirt and black shoes. Her legs were long and sexy and reminded me of a dancer I had a crush on back when I was sixteen years old.   
  
"I'm with hotel security," the security guard said.   
  
She introduced herself with her name and rank, however I was introduced simply as "the slave that you wanted to interview".   
  
The beautiful, well-groomed woman introduced herself as Jennifer Agutter, reporter and columnist for the Insider.   
  
Ms. Agutter looked me up and down and escorted me into her hotel room, one arm draped possessively around my shoulders. "Please stand in the center of the room, dear," she said. "The photographers are set up and that's where they need you to stand."   
  
All the furniture had been pushed away from the center of the room, so I padded over to bare spot on the floor and looked back towards Ms. Agutter. "Yes, that's a good girl," she said with approval. "But legs a little bit further apart, I think. I want you looking as open and available as possible."   
  
I spread my legs slightly more than shoulder length apart. This seemed to please Ms. Agutter. It also made me feel far more naked and vulnerable, especially when I noticed the two young men in the room.   
  
The two young men stood in the corner. They were young and slender, but unremarkable looking. Their clothes looked cheap; however their photography equipment looked expensive. They had one camera on a tripod and at least four lenses of different sizes.   
  
The clean-shaven one was wearing a t-shirt which declared his support for Manchester and his contempt for Liverpool. I think those are soccer teams or football teams or something.   
  
At any rate, the Manchester fan walked up to me and asked me to hold still while he took some readings with his light meter. Of course; rather than point the light meter at my face; he first posted the meter at my breasts; and then he pointed it at my swollen pubic lips. I had a desire to call him a typical male pervert, but slaves learn to keep their mouths shut when such ideas pop into their heads.   
  
Next he asked me to give him a spin and he took light readings off of my bare ass.   
  
"Are those handcuffs strictly necessary?" asked the Manchester fan. "We've got a plan for her photo shoot, only she needs her hands free for some of the poses."   
  
Soon I felt the security guard's strong hands on my wrists. She lifted my arms up painfully high, forcing me to bend over and look straight down at the floor. "I'm going to unlock your wrists," she informed me, "However if you give these people any trouble, I'm going to be right outside. And I'm in no mood for any nonsense. Understood?"   
  
This woman was strong and authoritative and scary and had a death grip on my wrists. I was utterly at her mercy, so of course I cooperated.   
  
"I understand, Mistress. I won't cause any trouble. I promise."   
  
In addition to being totally intimidated by this woman with her strong arms and strong hands and her handcuffs and official uniform, I have to admit I was totally turned on. My clit was throbbing and my heart was pounding loudly in my chest. I felt totally owned and cowed by her authority and superior strength. I had a desire for her to remain in the room and bully me some more, however it was not to be.   
  
My wrists were unlocked from the stainless steel cuffs and then the security guard told Ms. Agutter that she'd be out in the hallway, and that if I gave her any trouble just to give a shout.   
  
"I don't think that shall be necessary," Ms. Agutter replied. "The poor girl looks to be quite terrified of you. Just look at the expression on her face."   
  
Did I really look terrified? Unfortunately there was no mirror in the room. I couldn't get a look at my own face. Although, honestly I did feel daunted and overwhelmed by the woman. She was quite skilled when it came to dominating a lesbian submissive like me.   
  
The security guard made a disdainful sniffing noise and stepped out into the hallway. Then the photographers went to work.   
  
"Okay, the big, bad scary woman is gone," the scruffy-faced photographer assured me. "Now just do as you're told, and I promise I won't ask her to come back in. Now, for starters, I want you to pose with your hands clasped behind the back of your head. That's right. Elbows back and arch your back."   
  
This pose of course forced my breasts out and displayed them in a very suggestive manner...almost as if I were offering them up to be examined or fondled or pinched.   
  
There were several blinding flashes as they took several photos of me in this position.   
  
"Okay luv, now turn around and exactly same pose as before...except legs farther apart this time."   
  
I could hear the flash now, even if I couldn't see it. And then I heard Ms. Agutter's voice. "Your bottom is awfully red. Is it always like that?"   
  
"I was just spanked just a few minutes ago, Mistress...right before I was brought to your room."   
  
"We can work with that," one of the photographers assured her. "There are certain people who think that a reddened ass is sexy. I think they call it *slave chic* or something."   
  
I could feel my face getting hot. It's embarrassing when people notice I have a red ass. It makes me feel more naked somehow. Despite the demands of the photographers and the embarrassment of them seeing my freshly-spanked ass, my pussy was throbbing and I was desperately horny. Being spanked by the hotel manager and manhandled and handcuffed and dominated by that security guard and being displayed naked in front of well *everybody* had left me with a feeling of intense arousal, and there was nothing I could do to alleviate my sexual frustration. I looked down at my naked body and saw that my nipples were erect and swollen and my pubic lips were pink and swollen and slick with my juices.   
  
"Head up," admonished one of the photographers. "You need to keep your head up, or you'll ruin the shot."   
  
His orders broke me out of my musing and my self-pity and I stared straight ahead at the wall.   
  
"That's a good girl," the photographer said from somewhere behind me. "Now just stay like that until I tell you to move."   
  
I heard the telltale burst of the camera flash several move times. And as the camera recorded my nudity and my vulnerable pose, one of the photographers commented on how visible my pubic lips were in between my wide-spread thighs.   
  
I groaned at this, embarrassed at the great time and detail they were putting into examining my naked body and then one of them ordered me to bend over and place my hands against the wall.   
  
"You see how her anus and pubic lips are much more on-display now? That's perfect. Oh, and um, slave girl, look over your shoulder and give me a look like you're afraid."   
  
I was now on display like some sort of shameless whore and humiliated beyond measure. I looked over my shoulder and gave the photographer my most pathetic look. At least I *thought* I looked pathetic. The photographer wasn't satisfied. "*No! No! No!* You don't look afraid! You just look embarrassed! You look like your mother just caught you masturbating! I want a look in your eyes like I just pulled out a bullwhip and I'm gonna use it on you."   
  
I tried to give him the look of desperate fear that he asked for, however I somehow seemed to be coming up short.   
  
"Jenn, can you help us out?" the photographer asked the reporter.   
  
"I think I have just the thing," Jennifer replied with her cultured, British accent. She walked briskly over to where I was displaying my naked body and said, "Now, whatever you do, keep looking straight into the camera, and don't move."   
  
I tried very hard to be obedient and follow Jennifer's instructions and then suddenly her hand was in between my spread thighs, gripping my swollen labia and pinching it painfully.   
  
I yelped in pain and whimpered and squirmed and she pinched my tender, pink flesh again and again. "That's perfect!" the photographer yelled out with triumphant enthusiasm. "That's exactly the look I'm looking for!"   
  
The photographer took at least three-dozen photos of my like that and then Jennifer moved away and I tried to keep the look of fear and outrage and helplessness on my face so that Jennifer wouldn't come back and pinch me again.   
  
The photographer took scores of photos with me in that position with the "perfect" look of fear and helplessness on my face. He seemed extremely happy and eventually I became too relaxed with him and the look of fear faded from my face. Jennifer and the photographer both noticed at the same time.   
  
"Please, no," I begged. "Don't hurt me. I can do it without being pinched!"   
  
But Jennifer ignored my pleas and soon my sensitive labia were being pinched again. And just to be on the safe side, she grabbed one of my swollen, sensitive pink nipples and painfully pinched that as well. And she kept on pinching it, pulling and twisting and causing me to yelp and whimper and sob in pain. I had tears streaming down my face by the time she was done abusing my poor, swollen nipples.   
  
"I can do this all day," Jennifer informed me. "Your begging me for mercy doesn't have the slightest impact on my actions."   
  
Jennifer walked away from my naked form and the photographer called out, "*Perfect!* Okay Slave girl, don't move and don't change your facial expression! This is the prefect shot! This is going on the cover!!   
  
They must have taken about thirty or forty photos of me like that with my face wet with tears and a pained, helpless, fearful look on my face. I can't imagine why he'd need so many photos of me in the same exact pose. Perhaps he wasn't confident of his own abilities and was afraid that twenty of his photos would be overexposed or underexposed or something.   
  
I don't know. Actually I don't know much about photography. Maybe he had a good reason for taking so many photos of me in that position.   
  
When they were done the photographers left their camera behind, but took several rolls of film. "It's best to get these developed as soon as possible," said of one of the photographers. "But are you sure you'll be alright all by yourself with the slave girl?"   
  
"David, please," Jennifer protested, "She's just a slip of a girl. She can't possibly weigh more than 54 kilograms and she's naked. What's she going to do? Just go and let me do my interview."   
  
"I'd feel better if you let me tie her up first."   
  
"Tie her up with what? David, this is a hotel room. We have a bed and a sink and a mini bar and a shower. There's nothing here that you can tie her up with."   
  
I was still looking over my shoulder, so I was able to see when David rummaged through his photography gear and from somewhere underneath his lenses and rolls of film and other tools of his trade, he pulled out a large quantity of rope, cut to lengths of about three or four feet.   
  
And in a flat, disapproving tone, Jennifer asked, "David, why on Earth would you have packed all of this rope in your photography gear?"   
  
David didn't answer Jennifer's question. He just walked over to me with a plethora of rope in his hand and said, "Do you want me to tie her up or not?"   
  
Jennifer rolled her eyes. She obviously didn't think it was necessary, but she also didn't seem to think it was worth it to waste time arguing with her photographer. "Fine, David, do whatever you want. I don't need her to be able to move about. I just need her to be able to talk and answer my questions."   
  
For a photographer, David was quite adept at knots. He ordered me to stand and cross my wrists behind my back and within seconds, the ropes were biting deeply into my naked flesh and my wrists were bound helplessly behind my back.   
  
"Are you done now?" Jennifer asked, obviously impatient for David to leave.   
  
"She's all yours," David replied. "If she gives you any trouble, just call for help from the security guard outside."   
  
"David, I'm quite certain that I can handle one naked slip of a girl whose hands are tied behind her back. Now bugger off and let me get to work."   
  
David buggered off and Jennifer sat down at her desk and picked up a pen and a legal pad. Then she looked up from her legal pad and made eye contact with me. She gestured with her hands and offered to let me sit in a chair a few feet away from her, but my naked bottom was still stinging and sensitive from the spanking the hotel manager had given me. I preferred to stand.   
  
"Very well, Diane, I am going to ask you a series of questions. I expect you to answer them all honestly and completely. If I believe that you're being dishonest or withholding information, I shall report to your mistress that you were uncooperative. Do we have an understanding?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I answered emphatically. I didn't want to do anything that would anger Gretchen. I was already at her mercy, and she could do all kinds of horrible things to me if she thought I was being disobedient.   
  
She started off with very harmless questions. She asked if I was an American citizen. She asked me for my age and date of birth. She asked me for my current address. She asked me about my educational background, what sort of grades I got and if I had ever gone on to college.   
  
Then the questions became more sexual.   
  
She asked me when I first realized I was sexually attracted to other girls. I think I answered that I was around eight or nine at the time. Then she asked how old I was the first time I kissed a girl. She also asked how old I was when I first had sex with another girl. Then she asked when I first began to have fantasies of being dominated and abused. I told her that those fantasies probably began around age twelve or thirteen.   
  
I was about sixteen or seventeen the first time I was ever spanked by another girl. And the other girl didn't even realize that it was something sexual for me. I had rather manipulated a girl on my high school track team into getting mad at me and she twisted my arm behind my back in the locker room when nobody else was around and swatted my naked ass until her hand hurt. That answer seemed to disappoint Jennifer. I think she would have preferred it if my descent into submission began at an earlier age and was more openly sexual.   
  
Then she asked me about my sexual fantasies. She was very interested in those, and she required that I be very detailed in describing them.   
  
"Well, in my fantasies, I'm always dominated by women who are older and stronger than I am. And they're almost always in positions of authority; the leader of a sorority, a security guard at the mall, a teacher at my school, a warden at a women's prison, a lifeguard at the pool, the auctioneer at a slave market."   
  
Jennifer interrupted me at this point. "I'm sorry dear," she said. "What slave market is this? Where is this slave market you're talking about?"   
  
"It doesn't exist," I replied. "It's all in my head. I read about slave auctions in books by Ann Rice and Molly Weatherfield and they really got my pussy throbbing. I've been masturbating about being sold at a public slave auction for years."   
  
"How long have you had this slave auction fantasy?"   
  
"Um, I dunno...I guess since I was fifteen. Five years I suppose...ever since I found a used copy of '*Carrie's Story'* at a bus stop. I read that book cover to cover dozens of times. Sometimes I would get wet just *thinking* about scenes from that book."   
  
"And there was a slave auction in that book?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I responded, "at the end of the story."   
  
"And the slaves were sold naked, just like in your fantasy?"   
  
"Of course," I answered. "Who would buy a sex slave if they couldn't see what they were buying? Breasts, nipples, buttocks, pubic lips: isn't that what the buyer is paying for? Who would pay large amounts of money for that merchandise sight unseen?"   
  
Jennifer seemed to think that my answer was very significant as she spent a great deal of time writing on her pad after I said it. Then she looked up at me and she smiled. Her smile didn't look malicious, it actually looked friendly. Slaves don't get to see smiles like that very often.   
  
"I want you to tell me all about your fantasy about being sold at auction," she said. "Explain it to me in as much detail as you possibly can. And please, keep your thighs apart while you talk. I want to see if your pussy actually gets wetter as you're talking about this fantasy of yours."   
  
I spread my legs about shoulder width apart, but of course that wasn't far enough. Following Jennifer's orders I spread my legs apart an additional twelve inches. I hadn't even begun to tell her about my slave-auction fantasy and I was already feeling like an exposed, naked slave, displayed on the auction block for all to see.   
  
Jennifer stared at my shamelessly exposed and swollen pubic lips and determined that my legs were spread far enough apart. She seemed to stare silently at them for an uncomfortably long period of time before finally saying, "Diane, you may begin to telling me your story now."   
  
So, I took a deep breath and began to tell the cold, impersonal journalist about one of my most intimate, private sexual fantasies.   
  
"Well, it always starts out with me turning eighteen. In my fantasy there's a federal law that every female in America has to serve four years in the NSS or National Sexual Service. Some girls get out of serving, if they come from a rich family and can buy their way out of serving their country, but most of us have to serve. If you can't buy your way out, you'll get a letter giving you ten days to report for a pre-induction medical exam. If you show up, pass the physical, and submit to induction, they'll put you on a bus to basic training the same day."   
  
"In my fantasy, my mother drives me to the pre-induction medical exam and I'm forced to strip naked in front of her and about twenty NSS employees. All of my clothes are placed in a cardboard box and it's sealed up with packing tape and my name and federally issued service number are written across it with a sharpie. The box is then taken away to another part of the building. They make me fill out a form with a bunch of questions about my medical history and then I'm made to wait there in their outer office until they call my name. Several other girls show up for their pre-induction medical exams and they're forced to strip naked as well. There's no place to sit and nobody wants to make eye contact or make small talk with each other, so we all just stand around naked and looking embarrassed. My mother has the good grace to look embarrassed for me."

"Some of the girls have large breasts. Some of the girls are almost flat-chested. Some of the girls have a large, hairy bush. Other girls have their bush shaved down to a tiny landing strip. All of the girls seem to be nervous and embarrassed about being forced to be naked in the public lobby of a government building in front of a lot of strangers. Some of the girls are quite attractive, but I try not to stare at their naked bodies. My Mom has no idea that I'm a lesbian and I'd like to keep it that way."   
  
"Eventually my name is called and an NSS employee leads me back to a doctor's office. The other girls flinch when the NSS employee comes out with her clipboard and they seem relieved when it's my name that gets called, and not theirs."   
  
"I'm taken down a long hallway and a nurse takes over. She takes my temperature and has me step onto one of those scales so that she can record my height and weight. She also takes a tape measure and takes measurements of my waist, hips and breast size."   
  
"All of this information is recorded on her clipboard and then I'm taken into an examination room. The examination room has an exam table and a Gynecological examination chair. The gynecologists chair has padded knee crutches instead of stirrups and I'm instructed to sit in the chair, with my legs resting on the knee crutches."   
  
"Unbeknownst to me a security guard followed the nurse and me into the examination room. When I protest, the nurse tells me that the security guard is there to make certain that I don't cause any trouble or hurt any of the medical staff. The security guard stands directly across from the gynecological exam chair, so when I'm sitting in it with my legs spread far apart, the security guard has an ideal view of my exposed, pink pubic lips. Of course I'm embarrassed, but I'm told not to complain. I'm admonished that where I'm going people will be getting excellent and unobstructed views of my naked pussy every day."   
  
"I moan and whimper at that and then the nurse proceeds to produce a pair of scissors and a razor and some shaving cream. She shaves off all of my pubic hair, leaving my pussy even more exposed and on display, while the security guard stares intently at my pussy."   
  
Jennifer was scribbling down what I had just said and then looked up from her legal pad and stared at my pussy, much like the security guard in my sexual fantasy.   
  
"I do believe that you've become wetter and more aroused just by talking about this," Jennifer said. And then she leaned forward and I struggled not to flinch when she dragged her pen across my swollen, sensitive labia. Her pen came back slick with my vaginal secretions.   
  
"You're definitely wetter," she observed. "And your public lips look thicker and more swollen." She then looked up at me as if waiting for me to confirm her observation.   
  
My face felt exceedingly hot with embarrassment. I didn't mind telling Gretchen about intimate sexual fantasies like this, but to tell them to a total stranger was totally different. And then for her to notice how aroused my fantasies made me was even more embarrassing.   
  
"I've been masturbating to this fantasy since I was around fifteen years old," I admitted. "Now I got hot and bothered just thinking about it."   
  
"Is it having your naked body exposed, that makes you so aroused," Jennifer asked. "Or is it the fact that these authority figures have made you helpless? Or is it the implied threat of punishment?"   
  
I had to think about it for a few seconds before I answered. I normally don't give this sort of thing much thought.   
  
"I suppose it's all three," I finally responded.   
  
"So, that security guard out in the hallway," Jennifer asked, "the one who handcuffed you and brought you to my room, she sexually aroused you with the way she made you helpless and forced you to walk naked down the halls?"   
  
I closed my eyes and nodded my head. It was humiliating enough to be stripped naked, handcuffed and forced to display my shaved pussy for hundreds of strangers to see, but it was even more humiliating to admit that I enjoyed being exposed and disgraced like that!   
  
And then to paraphrase, Jennifer asked, "So, with their new policy on legalized slavery, Sessia is now sort of a Disneyland for submissive girls like yourself, isn't it?"   
  
"Oh yes," I agreed. "They couldn't have built a better theme park for submissives if they tried."   
  
Then Jennifer scribbled furiously on her legal pad. Apparently I said something quotable or relevant. It seemed she wanted to write it down everything before she forgot it. She filled up at least an entire page with her thoughts and observations before asking me additional questions.   
  
Of course she had me finish explaining about my slave auction fantasy. In my fantasy everybody at the NSS treats me like my opinions and preferences don't matter. I'm just a naked slave to be promoted and sold to the highest bidder. Nobody cares if I like what's happening to me. I'm just there to follow orders. And of course on the big day I'm naked on a stage with hundreds of bidders ogling my naked body as the auctioneer forces me to pose in extremely indecent poses. Of course, if I don't spread my legs wide enough or obey the auctioneer fast enough, I'm struck with a riding crop or some sort of whip. Of course the crowd loves this and they encourage the auctioneer to whip me even when I am slow to obey.   
  
"What if there was actually a government agency like the National Sexual service?" Jennifer asked me.   
  
"That could never happen," I replied. "Not in America. There are too many safeguards against it. I mean...just take a look at the thirteenth amendment to the U.S. Constitution. It specifically forbids slavery in the United States."   
  
"Quite right," agreed Jennifer. "But just supposing that tomorrow there was some sort of revolution or coup or something and you could go back to the United States and be stripped naked by government bureaucrats and be incarcerated by some sort of federal government agency and trained to be a sex-slave and sold in a public auction and bought by one of your fellow Americans. Is that something you would actually want? Or would that be too much for you?"   
  
I was getting wetter just thinking about it.   
  
"I would like that a lot," I replied. "I mean...I would be sold to a woman, right? I don't think I could handle being sold to a man."   
  
"Of course," Jennifer replied. "You'd be sold to a woman. But you'd have to spend the next four years totally naked. You'd be forbidden by law to wear any clothes...even if friends or family came to visit, you'd still have to be naked in front of them. It would be the law and the local police agencies would enforce it. Are you certain that you could handle that?"   
  
My pussy actually throbbed at the thought of being able to go back to America and be treated like that. I wouldn't even have to explain my lifestyle to my mother. It would be something that the government was forcing me to do.   
  
"I could handle it," I assured Jennifer. "You don't know how much I crave this sort of control and abuse...and even the punishments. I might scream and protest when I'm being spanked, but honestly the most powerful orgasm I've ever had, occurred when I was over a woman's lap and she was giving me a brutal and humiliating spanking in front of dozens of witnesses. If they had a vote tomorrow to make that sort of slavery legal in the United States, I'd vote for it."   
  
"Are you certain?" Jennifer asked. "Remember your neighbors would inevitably end up seeing you naked in public. Probably friends that you knew back in school would see you naked as well. Would you really want something like that to happen to you?"   
  
This talk was really turning me on. My pussy was still wet and throbbing and my nipples were so hard and erect that they ached. "Just feel how hard my nipples are," I replied.   
  
Jennifer got up out of her chair and placed her hands on my nipples. With her thumb and her index finger she felt the hardness of my swollen, erect throbbing nipples. The friction of her fingers against my bare, sensitive flesh felt good and I wanted her to do much, much more, but she took her hands away after just a few seconds.   
  
"They are quite hard," admitted Jennifer. "And you're saying that the thought of being a naked slave back in America is what made your nipples become so hard?"   
  
"It would be like a non-stop party for me," I replied. "The more I was forced to display my naked body in front of my neighbors and humiliate myself in front of them, the more my nipples would be like this. They'd probably be hard and erect twenty-four hours a day."   
  
"I think I rather believe you," Jennifer said. "Also your labia are quite swollen and slick with your own juices. I believe you really would enjoy it if you returned to America and were forced to be a naked slave in your very own home town."   
  
Jennifer wrote more down on her legal pad and after a few more follow-up questions, she decided that our interview was done.   
  
"We shall probably meet again," Jennifer said. "There's a lot of buzz around you right now, so my editor will probably want follow up articles. However right now I should like to speak with your owner, Ms. Starke."   
  
Jennifer attempted to untie the ropes around my wrists, however the guy who tied me up made the knots too tight and Jennifer couldn't undo them.   
  
"Bugger," swore Jennifer. "There's nothing for it. I'll just have to send you back like that. I'm certain that somebody will be able to get you free at some point."   
  
And then just like that, I was back in the custody of the big, imposing security guard. She took me by the arm and led me back to my hotel room while a dozen hotel guests (or more) gaped at my naked body. Of course some of them had cameras and they preserved my humiliation forever by taking dozens of photos of my naked boobs and shaved pussy being put on display in the hotel corridor.   
  
"I'm returning your slave to you," the security guard said when she was face-to-face with Gretchen once again.   
  
"Bring her inside," instructed Gretchen and I was roughly forced into the room.   
  
Gretchen then examined my naked body and discovered the ropes that were used to tie my wrists behind my back. "What's all this?" Gretchen asked. "Why are your wrists bound with rope?"   
  
"The photographer thought that I needed to be tied up," I replied.   
  
Gretchen and the security guard nodded to each other as if that made perfect sense. I was just a slave, so I didn't bother to disagree. Slaves are never supposed to disagree with a free woman. Gretchen and the security guard just left me tied up like that.   
  
Victoria showed up in my hotel room a few seconds later and she didn't seem the least bit concerned about my wrists being bound. She didn't even ask about it.   
  
"So, how did your interview with the reporter go?" she asked.   
  
I was surprised that Victoria didn't offer to untie me, but I didn't complain. I knew what happened to slaves that complained and I wasn't about to invite any extra punishments.   
  
"I thought it went pretty well," I said. "She asked me a lot about my sexual history and my sexual fantasies. I answered all of her questions and honestly as I could."   
  
"Anything quotable," Victoria asked. "I mean sexual fantasies can be yummy of course, but the European public will usually remember a sound bite longer than they'll remember a yummy sexual fantasy."   
  
I fidgeted in my bonds and rubbed my thighs together. Victoria had no idea how sexually frustrated I was and I was desperate for some sexual relief. I wished that she would just go away and leave me alone so that I could find something to rub against and hopefully get some sort of sexual satisfaction, but she seemed determined to stay in my hotel room and ask me questions.   
  
"I also told the reporter that the Sessian government couldn't have built a better theme park for submissives if they tried," I said, remembering that snippet of the conversation I'd had with the reporter.   
  
Victoria had only been half-listening to me as she checked her iPhone for messages, but then suddenly she looked up, and made eye-contact with me.   
  
"Couldn't have built a better theme park for submissives if they tried," she said. She seemed to mull those words over for a few seconds and then said, "That's brilliant! I wish I had thought of that!"   
  
Victoria enthusiastically pulled me close and hugged me. I had never seen this woman so excited before. She was usually so officious and stuffy, but suddenly she was very emotional and hugging me as tightly as any lesbian had ever hugged me. My exposed nipples instantly stiffened upon contact with the fabric of her crisp, lightweight cotton jacket.   
  
"You need to remember those words and repeat them as often as possible when the press is around," Victoria insisted. "That's a sound-bite waiting to happen! It'll make Sessian slavery seem a lot less like a human-rights violation and a lot more like consenting adults having as much fun as a kid in a candy store!"   
  
She actually began to jump up and down while holding me close. My naked breasts were still mashed up against her and the friction of her cotton jacket rubbing up and down against my sensitive nipples, caused my clit to throb with even greater sexual need.   
  
Then Victoria released me from the hug and looked me in the eyes. She was still smiling enthusiastically and asked, "Can you remember to do that?"   
  
It was hard to think with my body all awash in unmet sexual needs, but I nodded my head and said, "They couldn't have built a better amusement park for submissives if they tried...I'll remember."   
  
My breathing was labored as I said it. Normal breathing just didn't seem to be an option anymore. Being naked in front of hundreds of strangers and being forced to tell my most intimate sexual fantasies to that reporter and Victoria rubbing my nipples all combined to increase the throbbing in my wet sex and driving me insane. My swollen pubic lips and thighs were slick with my own juices and my nipples and clit were all so swollen that they ached. I desperately needed to cum. The prolonged stimulation and denial was wearing me down. It was difficult for me to think of anything but my need for sexual gratification.   
  
"Okay, tomorrow morning you're making an appearance at the punishment park and after that, you're meeting with Alexandra Sharp. There'll be reporters at both events. Try to find an excuse to use that line at both events. Try not to be too obvious that you're deliberately dropping a sound-bite, but don't be shy about speaking up either."   
  
Despite the fact that my mind was hazy with sexual frustration and need, I wondered how I was going to find an excuse to use my line about Sessia being an amusement park for submissives. And could I do it casually, yet forcefully like Victoria wanted? And could I pull it off while my body was desperately craving to be touched and fondled and rubbed and sexually satisfied?   
  
"Victoria," I said, rubbing my thighs together once again, frustrated that it didn't seem to reduce the throbbing in my clit, "Slaves are quite often punished for speaking without permission; would I be given permission to speak at these two events?"   
  
"Oh, don't worry about it, Slave-girl," Victoria said casually. "I'll talk to Gretchen and make sure she knows you need to say certain things to the press. It's all for a good cause."   
  
Then Victoria got excited about briefing me on the woman I was going to be meeting tomorrow. After my visit to the punishment park (Ouch! I wish she'd stop reminding me about that. Life as a slave is difficult enough without being constantly reminded that I'm going to be subjected to cruel and painful punishment in front of scores of strangers) I was going to be introduced to Alexandra Sharp. Alexandra Sharp was apparently a Sessian athlete who had competed in the 2012 Olympics in London and had won a medal (gold or silver. I'm not sure which. It's hard to concentrate when I so desperately need this throbbing in my clit to be attended to) in the women's pole vault competition.   
  
And then Victoria pulled up photos on her iPhone to show me what Alexandra Sharp looked like.   
  
She was tall and athletic and was wearing tight bikini shorts and had sexy, detailed, intense abdominal muscles and long, athletic legs. She was tall and athletic and lean and almost naked in photo after photo that Victoria showed me. She was exactly the sort of woman I usually fantasized about overpowering me and ripping off my clothes and dominating me. These photos were not helping me to calm the throbbing between my legs. They were only making things worse. I desperately wanted her to take her strong hands and roughly fondle my naked breasts and pinch my sensitive nipples before she took her strong fingers and drove them deep inside of me, forcing them into my sex again and again and again until I screamed from an Earth-shattering orgasm.   
  
"Ow," I yelped when Victoria suddenly smacked me hard on my naked bottom.   
  
"You didn't hear a single thing I just said, did you?" Victoria said accusingly.   
  
"I'm sorry," I said, trying to sound as contrite and penitent as possible. Lusty thoughts of Alexandra's strong fingers opening up my vulva and feeling her knuckles inside of me, driving deep and fucking me to powerful orgasm after powerful, overwhelming orgasm made it impossible to concentrate on Victoria's words.   
  
"Dammit Diane, get your head into the game," Victoria admonished me. "Sessian slavery depends on public opinion and you are going to be a major force in shaping public opinion in Sessia and all over Europe! And if you don't do your part and perform at these public events, then we're all just wasting our time."   
  
I took a deep breath and was about to tell Victoria I was sorry, but then she added, "Screw this up and it will mean another trip to the punishment park."   
  
Just the thought of being naked in front of a crowd of strangers and punished with a whip or a riding crop or with metal clamps, stoked my sexual excitement again. I was being tormented! Everything Victoria said and did was causing my sex to throb with sexual need. I really needed her to go away and leave me alone.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 04**

The next morning began with me waking up on the floor naked with my hands cuffed uselessly behind my back and my ankles bound in leg shackles. It took me a few seconds to remember where I was and why I was naked and helpless.   
  
I didn't struggle for very long. I soon remembered why I was naked and bound and sleeping on a crib mattress. I was in Sessia and slavery was legal here. I had signed a slave contract and was legally Gretchen's property.   
  
"Finally awake are we?" I heard Gretchen's voice say after I stopped struggling against my handcuffs.   
  
"Today is going to be a rough day, so I let you sleep in," Gretchen said before I had a chance to answer.   
  
I had nothing to say in response to that; however my private thought was that *yesterday* was pretty rough. Was today actually going to be *worse?*Still somewhat groggy, my feet were unshackled and I was led naked by Gretchen and a female security guard (not the one from yesterday. *This one* actually smiled at me) through the hotel to the lower levels where they located the hotel health club and the locker rooms.   
  
The locker rooms were almost completely empty this early in the morning; however Gretchen dragged me across the room and towards a cute, slender blonde girl. She had an athletic build and was wearing a red one-piece bathing suit with the word LIFEGUARD emblazoned across the front. "Lexi, this is Gretchen Starke and her slave," the security guard said, introducing Gretchen and me. I couldn't help but notice that Gretchen was introduced with her name, whereas I was just introduced as Gretchen's slave.   
  
"Ms. Starke, this is Lexi. She'll be in charge of grooming your slave; washing her, shampooing her, shaving her etc. She'll also be the person who spanks her every morning."   
  
I had been told that I would be spanked in the hotel lobby every morning, however as soon as the security guard said it out loud I felt my body flood with apprehension and nervousness. Yes, I did find spankings to be erotic and sexually exciting, but I also always dreaded them. When delivered by somebody with a strong arm they stung like hell, and when administered in front of an audience, they were quite humiliating.   
  
Perhaps sensing my fear and trepidation, Gretchen turned to me and said, "Go with her and do everything she says, darling. I'll meet you upstairs in the lobby."   
  
Gretchen then surprised me by kissing me on the lips and unlocking me from my handcuffs. The kiss calmed my nerves somewhat and then Gretchen and the security guard left me alone with Lexi.   
  
The girl looked so young and so innocent; I could hardly believe that in just a few short minutes she'd be inflicting a cruel, stinging spanking on my innocent, naked bottom in front of a crowd of witnesses.   
  
"Diane, I know you're a slave," Lexi said once we were alone, "And I know slaves are usually ordered to address all women as *'Mistress'*, but I'd prefer it if you called me Lexi. I'd kind of like to be a friend if that's okay with you."   
  
Then she extended her hand to me, apparently as a gesture of friendship.   
  
It seemed very confusing to me that a girl who was going to painfully smack my naked bottom repeatedly and cause me great pain and embarrassment also wanted to be my friend, but the life of a slave can sometimes be a strange one. I took the hand that Lexi offered and shook it.   
  
"Okay, Lexi," I said. "I think I'd like that."   
  
Having a friend is a very unusual thing for a slave, but now I had one. My new friend and I had about three seconds to hug before she had to get to the business of grooming me.   
  
First she gave me an enema, which I hated for multiple reasons. Then she brushed and flossed my teeth. Then she cut my fingernails and toenails to a proper length.   
  
"Okay, this next part is kind of kinky, so I'm going to apologize in advance," Lexi said as she led me by the hand to a door marked Exit.   
  
Once through the door, Lexi and I were out behind the hotel. The ground underneath our feet was concrete and Lexi led me over to an area where metal shackles dangled from metal chains. Lexi indicated that I should raise my hands up so that she could lock my wrists in the shackles. Now that Lexi was my friend it would have seemed rude not to cooperate with her. I raised my wrists and allowed Lexi to trap my wrists in metal bondage. Lexi stood on a box to lock my wrists into the metal shackles and made me helpless. "You're very brave," Lexi informed me and then she kissed me on the lips.   
  
"The crowd has been gathering for over two hours now," Lexi said pointing to her right and indicating a crowd of male and female spectators in the hotel parking lot. We were separated from them by a chain link fence. "They're interested in watching as I wash you."   
  
There was no showerhead, however Lexi soon located a hose and used it to hose me down with cold water. The first blast of cold water against my naked skin made gasp and squirm, but soon became bearable. Lexi stood there making sure that my entire body was wet and then she laid the hose down and came at me with a sponge and a bar of soap.   
  
For approximately twenty minutes, she lathered and rubbed and teased my every nook and crevice on my body that her young hands could find. Lexi wasn't merely washing my body; she was also performing for the crowds. And as Lexi's hands soaped up my back I noticed a TV news van out in the parking lot. There was probably a camera crew filming me. I struggled not to show signs of embarrassment as Lexi washed my neck, then my chest. And as hundreds of local men and women watched, Lexi lingered on my proud breasts, running her slippery hands over my nipples until they felt too sensitive to touch. I moaned and whimpered in protest, but Lexi continued, all the while remaining behind me so that she wouldn't block the crowd's view of my naked body.   
  
Eventually Lexi's hands moved down my sides and hips moving towards my swollen pubic lips. Her sponge and bar of soap worked magic on my libido. After her hands and sponge had been rubbed across my clit about a dozen times, Lexi brought me to the point where I was teetering on the edge of orgasm. But almost instantly, she moved her soapy hands down my thighs, not allowing me to achieve release. I closed my eyes tightly and groaned with need.   
  
I was hosed down once again and then Lexi proceeded to shave my legs, armpits and legs. She took her time and soaped up my armpits, legs and vulva before shaving me. Then she did a thorough job and made certain that there was no stubble left behind. The crowd actually applauded when she shaved my pussy*. "Lex-xi,"* I protested as she glided the razor across my pubic mound and rubbed against my swollen clitoris again and again. The way she kept touching my clit way making me crazy with lust. It was all I could do to keep from screaming.   
  
I was already moaning from the red-hot sexual need in between my thighs when Lexi hosed me down for the third and final time. And it didn't help when she aimed a concentrated spray of water directly at my swollen, sensitive pubic lips.   
  
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"I thought you said you wanted to be my friend," I complained when Lexi and I were back in the locker room.   
  
"I'm really, really sorry, Diane," Lexi said softly. "I really do want to be your friend, but even so I still have to follow orders. I may not be a slave, but my boss gave me specific instructions on exactly how and when and where to groom you. If I refuse to follow orders, I'll get in trouble; possibly even fired, and they'll just get somebody else to soap you up and wash you off for the crowds."   
  
Lexi stood behind me as she combed my hair. I could feel her young, firm breasts press against my back as she worked. Like most things in Sessia, this served to inflame my already inflamed libido.   
  
"Did you have to spend so much time on my breasts and my pubic lips?" I inquired, sounding whining and petulant. "Do you have any idea how worked up I am right now? I am so overstimulated right now my legs are trembling and I can barely walk!"   
  
"I'm sorry," Lexi said yet again, "But I was ordered on five different occasions to keep you in a state of high sexual tension. My boss told me it was really important."   
  
The look in Lexi's eyes was utterly devoid of malice. In point of fact, she looked penitent and apologetic. She really didn't bear me any ill will; she was just as much a pawn in all of this as I was. Then Lexi hugged me and asked me to forgive her. The girl was so endearing and legitimately desperate for my acceptance; I had no choice but hug her back.   
  
"Of course I forgive you," I said. "Honestly, if anybody should be blamed here it's me. I'm a big girl and I knew what I was getting into when I signed that slavery contract. When I signed that thing I basically placed you and hundreds of other people in a position where you would have to do horrible things to me in order to keep your jobs."   
  
Lexi smiled at that and we unhugged. The look on her face was priceless.   
  
"You realize I have to take you upstairs and spank you now," she said.   
  
I was dreading it. The spankings I've received in the lobby of this hotel had always been brutal. And the crowds just seemed to be getting bigger and bigger. My punished bottom was a popular source of entertainment. But rather than admit this, I merely replied, "I know."   
  
"Still friends?" she asked.   
  
I looked into Lexi's hopeful eyes and I simply couldn't let her down. It would be like kicking a puppy.   
  
"Still friends," I responded.   
  
Lexi's smile seemed to brighten up the entire room. Then she kissed me and took me by the hand and led me upstairs.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
There must have been over five-hundred people in the lobby this time, including two TV camera crews, ready to film my punishment. Also I counted at least six security guards who were working crowd control. My adoring public was welcome to witness my punished bottom, but they weren't allowed to touch.   
  
I was filled with both dread and a sort of lustful anticipation. The things I noticed right before my spanking were kind of insane. I noticed that Lexi's one-piece bathing suit was low cut enough that it showed off some of her cleavage and high cut enough that it showed off some of her high, firm buttocks. How many girls that were about to suffer corporal punishment in front of hundreds of witnesses would have noticed small details like that?   
  
I'll bet Lexi's wardrobe was Victoria's idea. She was a stickler for projecting the proper image.   
  
More security guards appeared and rapidly went to work. Leather cuffs were produced and buckled onto my wrists. And just as quickly those cuffs were hooked to the back of my neck. I barely had time to register how helpless they had made me before a chair was produced for Lexi to sit in and I was dumped unceremoniously across Lexi's lap.   
  
"Take a deep breath and brace yourself," Lexi advised me as she gently but firmly laid one hand across my waist, "This is really gonna hurt."   
  
I followed Lexi's advice and took a deep breath, although I held out some hope that Lexi wouldn't hit my naked bottom all that hard. She was obviously an amateur who had never spanked anyone before. She might not have a knack for it.   
  
*SMACK!* The first blow came down on my naked vulnerable ass and I realized that Lexi was a natural at this. Her first swat was easily as hard as any swat I'd ever received from Gretchen. I squirmed across Lexi's lap and Lexi's grip around my waist tightened. There was no way she was going to allow me to fall off of her lap. I gasped in pain and an instant later the second stinging slap landed on my naked buttocks.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!* The blows fell on one vulnerable, defenseless cheek and then the other. I could easily imagine what my bottom looked like. Angry reddish-pink handprints appearing on my naked buttocks and multiplying until my entire bottom would be covered in reddish pink and my previously pale skin color would completely disappear.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK!*   
  
I cried out incoherently in pain and struggled pointlessly against the restraints on my wrists. My long legs kicked and I thrashed around as much as I could in Lexi's strong grip, but it was all for naught. I couldn't possibly get free and I couldn't possibly stop Lexi's powerful arm from coming down again and again and punishing my poor, innocent, naked bottom.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*   
  
I whimpered and sobbed and hot, wet tears ran down my face. I realized I must be giving the crowds quite a show; a cute, twenty-year-old, naked girl with her wrists bound to the back of neck, wriggling furiously on a cute lifeguard's lap, kicking her legs up in a vain attempt to escape the pain as her defenseless bottom became redder and redder.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*   
  
Lexi's spanking technique was a masterpiece of pain. Within a minute or two I was weeping openly. My entire bottom was stinging and red-hot with heat. And then Lexi changed her technique. Instead of spanking my buttocks, she began to concentrate on the tops of my thighs. My skin is more sensitive there and my screams of pain and distress became louder. Lexi seemed not to notice and her hand continued to rain down blows on my naked skin.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*   
  
I continued to kick and scream and the tears continued to flow, but Lexi's hand didn't cease in its cruel, unjust punishment of my shapely bottom.   
  
*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*   
  
At last the blows stopped. My entire body went limp and I wept openly, still over Lexi's lap. Then I felt Lexi's fingers tenderly caressing her poor, punished bottom. Lexi's fingers were gentle, but my bottom was so sore and sensitive that I couldn't help but whimper and tremble at her touch. After a few minutes of this the female security guard from earlier that morning arrived and removed the leather cuffs from my wrists and I was told to stand up and hug Lexi.   
  
I was still sobbing, but I stood up and gave Lexi a hug. "You were very brave," I heard Lexi say over the sound of my own sobbing. "My hand stings from spanking you like that. I can only imagine how your bottom feels."   
  
My bottom felt like I had just sat on a hot stove, but Lexi's kind words and her sisterly hug filled me with strong feelings of affection towards the blonde girl. She may punish my poor, naked bottom in front of hundreds of people, but she didn't do it out of any sort of malice or hostility. She was sincerely fond of me and wanted to be my friend. She only hurt me because she had a job to do and was following orders.   
  
Lexi held my naked body close to her clothed one. She wrapped her arms around me and allowed me to cry on her shoulder. She gently stroked my hair with her hand and eventually my sobbing subsided.   
  
She used her hand to gently wipe the tears from my face and then totally surprised me by kissing me passionately on the mouth.   
  
I had forgotten that hundreds of people were watching us; however as soon as Lexi and I broke from out kiss, the thunderous sound of applause filled the room. Apparently when a naked slave-girl gets a kiss from the girl that just mercilessly spanked her ass and left her in tears, it's worthy of a standing ovation.   
  
Don't ask me why. I don't make the rules. I'm just a naked slave-girl.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
When we arrived at the punishment park in Oceangate I was so nervous that I had to pee. My bottom was still sore and tender from what Lexi did to it. I didn't know how I could cope with yet another punishment so soon.   
  
The punishment parks have dozens of security guards. One of them took me to the toilets and watched me intently while I sat on the toilet and peed.   
  
Do you have any idea how difficult it is to pee while an armed security guard is watching you like that? It seems unfair to add that kind of pressure on a poor naked slave when she's already nervous and apprehensive enough! Exactly why couldn't Gretchen have taken me back to the ladies' room? Why did they need an armed security guard? Did they really think that a naked girl with a wounded bottom would escape if she weren't escorted to the restroom by an armed guard?   
  
Eventually I was delivered to the park employees who dress all in white. The white-clad employees are far chattier than the security guards and far more likely to crack a smile, but these are also the employees who punish you, so being turned over to them wasn't necessarily an improvement for me.   
  
"So, you're the celebrity," the smiling woman said. "I saw you on the news last night. They had footage of you being stripped naked at the airport."   
  
Then she put on a latex glove and said, "Open."   
  
It was a single-word command and I didn't know exactly what she meant. Her meaning soon became clear as she grabbed me by one of my nipples and pulled me forward. Then she took her hand with the latex glove on it and brought it up to my face.   
  
Once I understood what she wanted, I opened my mouth wide and allowed her to search my mouth with her fingers. It had been months since I'd been to a punishment park and I'd totally forgotten that one of the first things they did to a slave was perform a complete body cavity search.   
  
"Okay, up against the wall," she commanded me after she was done searching my mouth for contraband. Now that I understood the rules of the game, I quickly and gracefully placed my hands against the wall, arched my spine and raised my ass up and spread my legs shamelessly wide. This position left my asshole and my pussy extremely vulnerable and available to the park employee's hands.   
  
"Being a celebrity won't get you any special treatment here," the woman told me as she removed one latex glove and snapped on a fresh one. "My instructions are to treat you just like any other slave that comes to the punishment park."   
  
I kept my eyes focused on the blank wall in front of me as she talked, and when I felt her smear cold, lubricating gel on my pink, tender anus I closed my eyes. I gasped as one strong finger was pushed forcefully into my anus and then deep inside of me. I whimpered as she roughly probed my asshole, but (as per usual) my whimpers were ignored. Nobody ever seems to care if a slave is distressed about something.   
  
Of course once she was finished with my ass, she tore off her latex glove and put on yet another one. At this point several park employees had gathered around and were apparently intent on watching as my pussy was searched for contraband.   
  
"I saw you being stripped at the airport," one of the park employees said, "It's going to be a long time before you get those clothes back."   
  
I would have liked to make some sort of sarcastic retort, but before I could even think of one, I felt my labia being separated and two strong fingers being thrust deeply into my aching sex. Those fingers were ruthless in their exploration of my pussy and despite my attempts at self-control, I began to moan and wag my hips as those pitiless fingers explored every inch of my interior. I hadn't had an orgasm in days and I desperately needed one, but the park employee withdrew her fingers just slightly before her cavity search drove me to an uncontrollable orgasm.   
  
My knees were going weak and I whimpered at the last-second denial of the orgasm I so desperately needed, but my distress was ignored and I was ordered to stand up.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
The placard read Slow to obey. Technically this was a minor infraction on my part, but when you're a slave, the severity of the punishments doesn't always match the severity of the offense. Of course there were reporters and photojournalists and cameramen in the punishment park. They'd been given a rather large section of the park to do their thing. Now that I was a celebrity, the press was going to follow me everywhere I went. They would have a front-row seat for my punishment.

There were introductions all around. The tall, intimidating-looking woman in white was Cheryl and her less tall, less imposing-looking assistant was Caroline. They both were both all smiles and handshakes as they chatted with Victoria and Gretchen. And then my mistress stood next to me and explained my punishment while Cheryl and Caroline used ropes to tie me to something they called a punishment post. It was the same height as a whipping post, but about three or four times wider. There were also stainless steel rings along the sides that could be used to tie my wrists and ankles to. Finally right about at waist height there was something that looked like an 18-inch long padded battering ram attached to the post. Cheryl and Caroline bound me to the post spread-eagle style with the padded thing pressed into the small of my back. This forced my naked body into the awkward position of not only having my arms and legs far apart, but arching my back into an extreme arch and forcing my breasts and pussy far forward, so that they were extremely available for fondling or pinching or whipping.   
  
I squirmed in my bondage and wondered how cruelly these women would take advantage of my vulnerable position.   
  
Even before they began to punish me I was already making sounds of distress. This is not an easy position to stand in. It's difficult on my spine, it's difficult on my inner thighs and it's difficult on the arms and shoulders. They had me stretched out and helpless and in actual pain before the punishment even started.   
  
"We start with your nipples," Cheryl explained and she produced two stainless steel nipple clamps. Without any more warning than that, she opened their strong jaws and allowed them to bite down on my poor, sensitive, swollen, erect nipples.   
  
I tried to be brave for the cameras, but those horrible metal jaws bit into my poor, sensitive flesh hard! I started to whimper and shed tears almost instantly. A girl's nipples are just too delicate to be treated so harshly. There's a huge concentration of nerve endings in a girl's nipples and biting into my nipples with stainless steel jaws is just too painful. A girl just can't be brave when her nipples are being brutally abused like this!   
  
"Now, one of the things about nipple clamps," Cheryl explained, sounding somewhat like a college professor lecturing her students, "Is that they'll hurt less if you keep your nipples immobilized. If your boobs bounce up and down, the clamps will bounce up and down and tug on the sensitive flesh that they're attached to. And that; of course; will just make the pain in your nipples much worse."   
  
That warning sounded awfully ominous and I rather suspected I knew what it foretold. My heart began to beat my faster and my pulse raced. My nipples were already in agony. I couldn't possibly endure any greater pain.   
  
Within seconds Caroline produced a wicked, black leather whip. It was one of the smallest whips I had ever seen. However I've learned that in the world of BDSM, small size does not always mean harmless.   
  
The whip looked to have nine leather lashes, each approximately nine or ten inches in length. The shorter lashes didn't necessarily mean that they would hurt less when they struck my naked skin. Although it did mean that the woman who used it on my naked skin would have more control and would have an easier time aiming at her intended target.   
  
Caroline handed the whip to Cheryl and Cheryl proceeded to whip my naked body.   
  
I resolved to use all of the self-discipline at my command and to remain utterly still, no matter how much Cheryl's little whip hurt. After all; just as Cheryl said; the more I moved, the more my nipples were going to throb with unbearable pain.   
  
Thwack! Cheryl ruined all of my plans with her very first blow. Her small whip cut through the air and the leather lashes landed on my inner thigh, high up and less than an inch from my pubic lips. The stinging pain on my naked skin caused me to lose all self-control. I jerked against my ropes and caused my breasts to jerk up and down, multiplying the pain in my nipples.   
  
"Aiiaagghhhh!!" I gave up any plans for self-control. The whip stung far too cruelly for me to attempt stoicism.   
  
Thwack! The next cut stung worse than the first and landed directly on my swollen, wet, pink pubic lips. I struggled desperately to close my legs together, but of course the ropes defeated my struggles. All I managed to do was tremble and shake and bounce the nipple clamps some more, making my poor nipples suffer even more.   
  
"Aaaarrgghhh!" I attempted to form words and beg for mercy, but honestly I was in so much pain, I couldn't seem to get the language center of my brain to function. All I could do was scream inarticulately.   
  
Thwack! Thwack! Cheryl picked up speed. The smallness of the whip meant that she didn't have to raise her arm up and down to whip my naked flesh. All she really had to do was snap her wrist. It meant that she could mark my naked skin far faster than she could with a long whip. There was no time between cuts for me to relax.   
  
Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Cheryl continued to abuse my naked skin, most of the blows landing on my poor, aching pussy. My poor, sopping wet sex had been aching for days due to constant teasing and sexual frustration, but the whipping brought a much sharper and more extreme pain.   
  
I lost count of how many times Cheryl whipped my naked body, although all of her blows were aimed at one of the most delicate parts of my anatomy. Sometimes the lashes of her whip landed on my tender inner thighs. Sometimes her wicked whip cracked against my poor, swollen, delicate pubic lips and sometimes her whip even swished through the air to deliver unbelievable pain to my swollen clitoris, which was peeking out from its protective hood.   
  
"Ohhhhghhaaahhhhh," I screamed, incapable of actual speech, but Cheryl just continued to whip my sensitive pussy, making it redder and redder.   
  
Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!   
  
There I was, a naked girl, screaming in pain, bound to a post with painful clamps stinging her nipples and a leather whip, cruelly delivering pain to her defenseless, exposed, swollen pubic lips. I hoped the Sessian media and their loyal viewers appreciated the show I was putting on for them.   
  
Eventually the whipping stopped and I was allowed to stand there, sobbing, my chest heaving; the clamps on my nipples hurting worse than ever.   
  
My vision was blurry with tears and my pussy, inner thighs and nipples burned with a pain that no girl should ever have to endure. Caroline walked between me and Cheryl and in a casual tone of voice asked, "How bad is the pain?"   
  
I couldn't think of words sufficient to describe just how bad the pain really was, so I simply replied, "Real bad."   
  
As I was answering Caroline's question, she reached over and unclamped the steel clamps that had been biting into my nipples. This may sound like a mercy, however once the clamps were removed, it meant that more blood could circulate into my poor, abused nipples and that meant a lot more pain as the blood flooded back in.   
  
Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! As soon as Caroline removed the metal jaws from my poor, pained nipples, Cheryl took her little whip and proceeded to whip each of my breasts, aiming directly for my poor abused nipples.   
  
"Oh gawwwwd nooooooo, please, nooooooo, aaaaauuuuuuggggggg!" I screamed, but Cheryl ignored my protests and continued to whip my breasts until every inch of them was throbbing in pain.   
  
Cheryl and Caroline smiled and seemed to be quite pleased at how they had physically abused my poor naked body. I didn't smile I just sobbed in pain and occasionally looked down and my reddened naked body. My breasts, loins and inner thighs all looked as if they had a bad case of sunburn. I would have been grateful if it were only sunburn. I actually got sunburn on my breasts when I was a teenager and had gone skinny-dipping with some girls from school. None of us brought sunblock and after we got out of the water I had to spend almost two hours in the hot sun chasing a girl who had stolen my clothes. The sunburn that I had gotten on my breasts was painful, but not as painful as this.   
  
"Well, Darling," Gretchen said after I had been given some time to adjust to the severity of the pain my body was enduring, "Do you think that this little punishment has taught you the value of obeying all of my orders quickly?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied eagerly, "Oh yes!" I didn't ever want to be punished like this again.   
  
"Excellent," Gretchen replied, "That's exactly the sort of response a mistress loves to hear. Now we can get on to the matter of your second punishment."   
  
"Second punishment?"   
  
"Victoria told me all about how you were rubbing your thighs together when she was in the hotel room with you. You know that slaves are always supposed to keep their legs apart. When you break basic rules of slave etiquette like that I have topunish you!"   
  
I had no idea that Victoria knew anything about the rules that slaves were supposed to follow. I had assumed that she was rather ignorant when it came to slave etiquette.   
  
"Of course, now that everything we do is watched and recorded by the European media, we have to make certain that your punishments are flashy and erotic and titillating. Pain isn't nearly as important as presentation these days."   
  
I looked over at the area of the park where the reporters and cameramen and photojournalists had taken over. They were watching me intently, waiting to see what would happen to me next. I trembled at the thought of what sort of horrible thing Gretchen had in store for me.   
  
"You broke the rules because of the throbbing need in your pussy," Gretchen explained to me. "You thought that having your swollen clitoris attended to was more important than being an obedient slave. I am therefore going to make certain that your pussy is attended to today. Somebody is going to pay a lot of attention to your pussy today."   
  
My pussy had just been whipped raw. It would probably take days to recover from the stinging pain that Cheryl had inflicted on it. I didn't want for my pussy to get a lot of attention right now. I whimpered at Gretchen's words and then began to sob once again.   
  
Eventually Caroline returned (I hadn't even realized she had left) and she was accompanied by a naked, female slave. The slave Caroline was escorting towards me was tall and had a very slim, slender body like a young teenage girl, a flat belly with tight abdominal muscles, long shapely legs leading up to a very firm and round, small, tight ass that had apparently been reddened by a very recent spanking (or possibly whipping) and breasts that looked firm and perky and were probably a C-cup. Her nipples were pinkish and her face was cute and sort of oval shaped and framed with blonde hair. Of course her pubic area was shaved bare; Sessian law demands that all slaves must be denied the covering of pubic hair. The slave-girl kept her hands behind the back of her neck as Caroline marcher for towards us.   
  
"This is Heather," Caroline announced. "Her mistress agreed to loan her to us for a few hours. Will she do for what you have in mind?"   
  
"Well, she's certainly pretty enough," Gretchen responded. "Heather, have you ever eaten a women's pussy before?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," Heather said. Her accent sounded American. And from the black leather slave collar around her neck, I realized she must be a lesbian.   
  
"I want you to eat this slave-girl's pussy," Gretchen said, pointing to me. "Now, her pussy will be extremely sensitive as she's just been whipped down there. She won't even want you to touch her. But no matter how much she moans and whimpers and begs you to stop, I want you to keep going. Don't stop until I tell you to."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," Heather said and she walked right up to me. She whispered, "I'm sorry," soft enough that I could barely hear her and then she dropped to her knees, stuck her face between my widespread thighs and began to lick my pudendum like a cat. My pussy was throbbing and I was desperate for orgasmic release; however the raw aching flesh of my vaginal folds were so sore and sensitive that Heather's tongue hurt almost as bad as the whip.   
  
At first the heat between my thighs was all pain, but there was something magic about Heather's tongue and somewhere along the line the heat in between my legs started to transform from pure pain to a hybrid sort of heat. Heather's tongue was creating a heat that was fifty percent red-hot pain, but it was also fifty percent thunderous lust. I whimpered and whined and squirmed as Heather licked my poor, abused flesh, but the whimpering wasn't all about pain anymore. Part of it was about this beautiful, lesbian slave-girl stimulating the millions of nerve endings in my clit and bringing me closer and closer to orgasm. Fresh, wet tears rolled down my face as a fire raged madly in my abused, wet sex. My breathing was labored and I let out more inarticulate cries, although they sounded different to me. They sounded more wanton and less tortured.   
  
I moaned and the fire in my loins grew. Heather's tongue was magic on my punished pussy.   
  
Heather licked me to a point of erotic delirium and I panted through orgasm after orgasm while tied to the punishment post, my breasts heaving as my breath came in short, panting gasps, eyes closed in a land of joyous, glorious agony.   
  
When it was over, Caroline and Cheryl applauded. Then Gretchen and several of the patrons in the park joined in and applauded as well.   
  
Then several members of the press began to clap.   
  
Eventually Victoria began to applaud as well, but I think she did it just to be part of the crowd. I'm not at all certain that she understood the significance of what had just happened. I think Gretchen would have to explain it to her later.   
  
Cheryl and Caroline finally untied me from the punishment post and I promptly collapsed. Between the whippings and the massive orgasmic eruption that ripped through my girlish frame, I'd been drained of all energy and my legs wouldn't support me anymore.   
  
"Heather," barked out Cheryl, "Don't just let her collapse onto the ground like that! Help her to her feet!"   
  
Heather was stronger than she looked. The naked slave-girl looked feminine, but had the strength of an athlete. She enveloped me in compassionate arms, lifted us both up with her strong legs and when we were both vertical, Heather held me comfortingly as a mother might a child.   
  
"You're in charge of her until she and her mistress are ready to leave," Cheryl told Heather. "Keep her standing and don't take your hands off of her."   
  
My arms felt weak and rubbery, yet still I attempted to hold onto Heather. Our naked bodies were pressed close to each other and when Cheryl wasn't looking, Heather kissed me on the cheek. Then she nuzzled my face with her face and said in an intimate whisper, "You're adorable".   
  
"You're pretty cute yourself," I whispered back. This comment earned me another kiss.   
  
"I'd love to eat your pussy again when it's all healed up," Heather whispered softly in my ear, while I rested my head on her smooth, rounded shoulder.   
  
"I'd love that too, Heather," I confided to the naked slave-girl, but of course my mistress controlled my entire sex life. There was no way I could have sex with Heather without Gretchen's permission, and Gretchen was obsessed with keeping me in a constant state of sexual tension.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
Gretchen had to make some phone calls before we left. Then she had to confer with Victoria. Then Victoria had to make some phone calls. I think mostly they were deciding what was going to be done to me and when and where and how many reporters could they arrange to witness it. I think it's easier for them to plan my life if I'm not actually there.   
  
"C'mon, Slave-girl," Gretchen called out to me when she was ready to go. "Kiss your new friend goodbye and then we have to catch a cab to Kingsbridge!"   
  
I kissed Heather goodbye and my gaze lingered on her longingly before I followed Gretchen out of the park. Heather's naked body was amazing and she was very skilled at cunnilingus. If I had a vote, I would have voted to stay with her a lot longer.   
  
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Kingsbridge is where Alexandra Sharp lives. Alexandra Sharp is a world-class athlete who represented Sessia in the pole-vaulting competition and won a medal at the 2012 Olympics in London.   
  
She's also firmly in favor of slavery remaining legal in Sessia and made it known that she would be willing to go on record as supporting it. So, a big media event was arranged at her house and it was decided that she and I should meet in front of thirty reporters or more.   
  
When we got to Ms. Sharp's house it definitely looked like "or more"; there where people working the lighting and people setting up a boom mic and cameramen setting up to record and electrical experts setting up electrical cables and whatever else they needed to do a TV broadcast from Alexandra Sharp's home.   
  
When Alexandra came out, ready for the cameras, she looked fantastic.   
  
She had an amazing physique, lovely muscles, super-fit toned body and she was wearing a skimpy outfit of black skintight, spandex/nylon bike shorts, a sports bra and running shoes.   
  
Also, she was tall. I'm five foot, ten and Alexandra was at least three inches taller than me.   
  
Alexandra ignored all of the cameramen and sound men and electrical experts and walked right over to me. "You must be the slave," she said, brilliantly spying the one person in the room who was stark naked and wearing a slave collar.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I said in awe of her superior height and muscle tone. I could only imagine how many hundreds of hours of intense training it took to get a perfectly sculpted body like hers.   
  
Alexandra was a hand-shaker. We exchanged grips and then she insisted that I not call her mistress. "I'm not into the whole slave/master scene. And anyway all of my friends call me Alex. And your name is..." she paused for a few seconds and read the name on my slave collar, "Diane."   
  
We had a few minutes before they started filming. Basically Alex was going to explain why she was in favor of Sessian slave laws. Then I'd have an opportunity to explain why I was in favor of Sessian slave laws. A few reporters from the crowd would be able to ask questions from both me and Alex and then the whole thing would be over and I could go home.   
  
Alex had an agent or a PR person or a lawyer or some sort of paid professional who introduced both of us. I had a bad case stage fright, but the throbbing pain in my breasts and my pussy reminded me that there were worse things than appearing nude in front of millions of European viewers. I resolved not to freeze up in front of the cameras.   
  
Alex explained that she was a firm believer in the beauty of the human form.   
  
"I go to the punishment parks," she explained, "not because I'm into whipping posts and pillories and all that slave/master stuff, but the slaves in Sessia are testaments to the human body. Every slave contract that the OSI approves, requires that the slave be in excellent physical condition and has a body that is esthetically pleasing. Every slave I've ever seen in this country is low in body fat and has great muscle tone."   
  
As Alex said this, she placed her hands on my body, rubbing a hand across my flat abs in an apparent attempt to show them off. She also turned me around in an apparent attempt to show off how high and firm my ass is to the reporters.   
  
"It's quite obvious that they've taken care of themselves. If you ask me, allowing people like that to strip off their clothes and walk the streets nude is an honor that they've earned."

There were very vocal objections amongst the press at that. Nobody in the press pool seemed to think that being paraded nude down the streets of Sessia in handcuffs was an honor. They seemed to be more of the opinion that it was a humiliation.   
  
"When I was in London for the 2012 Olympics," Alex countered, "Athletes like myself stripped down in the locker rooms and in the showers and we were never humiliated. We weren't humiliated because we spent years toning and working our bodies and improving them to the point of near perfection. I'm not ashamed of my body, and if it weren't against Sessian law, I'd strip down right now and continue the rest of this media event in the nude. But since I don't want to get into any legal trouble, I'm keeping my clothes on."   
  
"Are you sure you're not in the minority on this," one of the female journalists asked. "It's one thing to strip down in the locker room, surrounded by your teammates, but other than yourself can you think of a single athlete in this country who thinks that public nudity is a good thing?"   
  
"It's funny you should ask that," Alex responded. "In the past six months I've spent some time in the punishment parks, and do you know what I've seen?"   
  
I think that was a rhetorical question. Alex didn't actually wait for the reporter to respond.   
  
"I've seen four male slaves who were once on the Sessian Olympic diving team. I've seen one female slave who won a silver medal for Germany in the long jump competition. I've seen one female slave who had once won a bronze medal for Germany in figure skating and I've seen one female slave who won two gold medals for Russia and four silver medals competing in the field of gymnastics. And since all of these athletes had to strip down naked in order to be slaves here in Sessia, their views on public nudity can't be very different from mine."   
  
"Could you give us the names of these athletes?" one of the reporters inquired.   
  
Alex hesitated on that one. I think she was worried about the privacy of the athletes involved. I know I certainly want to keep my sexual hobbies secret from people in my family. I especially don't want my mother finding out that I'm into being stripped naked and whipped in front of crowds of strangers.   
  
"Look, if you really want the names of those athletes, just logon to the OSI website and check their archives. If you people are really trained journalists, you should be able to match the names on that website to the names of athletes who've competed in the Olympics."   
  
"Obviously, I think that the laws in Sessia regarding nudity need to be changed," Alex said, changing the subject. "Right now, only slaves are permitted to step outside their homes in the nude. If somebody like me were to do it I'd be arrested. I have an incredible body, but I'm not allowed to uncover it in public unless I sign a slave contract."   
  
"Are you planning on signing a slave contract?" one of the reporters called out, a bit too eagerly in my opinion.   
  
"No, that's not what I'm all about," Alex shot back. "That's not what I'm into. But I still think that people with bodies like mine," and then for dramatic effect, Alex squatted down, grabbed me around the waist and threw me over her shoulder. I yelped in surprise and realized with shame that my spanked bottom (which was probably quite red) was now being displayed prominently to all the members of the press, "And people with bodies like Diane should be able to display their sculpted, flawless bodies in the nude without fear of arrest or fines or other legal penalties."   
  
"Diane agrees with me, don't you, Diane?"   
  
I had never really thought about it before. However I was naked and Alex had a firm grasp around my waist and her arms were very, very strong. And my very sore ass made a very vulnerable target if Alex wanted to swat it with one of her hands. I decided right then and there to agree with Alex on the issue of public nudity.   
  
"I agree totally," I called out, dangling naked from her right shoulder, looking down at the floor and her sculpted ass in her skintight bike shorts.   
  
When it was my turn to explain my support for Sessian slave laws, I explained that there was a segment of the American and Sessian population (as well the Russian population, the Greek population, the British population and a lot of other populations around the world) who were really passionately into bondage and discipline.   
  
"Laws that allow submissives to be submissive in public are no different from laws that allow gays to display affection in public or allow gays marriage. Submissives are just the most recent sexual minority to have laws passed in their favor. The punishment parks are sort of like Disneyland for people like me. Sessia couldn't have built a better theme park for people like me if they tried. Being stripped naked and handcuffed and ordered around and controlled by a strong, authoritarian woman really makes my pussy throb. People who love Snow White and Mickey Mouse and Mister Toad's Wild Ride have Disneyland. People who love corporal punishment and slave contracts and spread-eagle bondage should be allowed to have Sessia."   
  
At this point, Alex set me back down on the ground, so I was standing on my own two feet and face to face with reporters.   
  
"So, you've been whipped?" asked the female reporter.   
  
I nodded my head in agreement. "Yes, several times."   
  
"And you actually enjoy this?"   
  
"Yes, I do."   
  
"Why?" she asked, sounded totally perplexed.   
  
"I don't quite understand it myself," I replied. "Why are lesbians attracted to other women, instead of being attracted to men? Why do some people love tea, but hate coffee? I guess some people are just wired differently."   
  
This went on for quite some time. The female reporter from channel six kept trying to make BDSM sound twisted and maladjusted and I kept trying to defend it. I think I did quite a good job. I kept pleading the case that other minorities had places they could call their own. Mormons had Utah, the Jews had Israel, gays had San Francisco, fat, willfully-ignorant drunks had Mississippi. Sexual submissives had a right to keep Sessia for themselves.   
  
And just before the media event wound down, Alex reminded everyone that her new health-club; Sharp Fitness; had just opened up its first location in Oceangate and to make certain people took notice she announced that I had been granted a free membership.   
  
"Seriously," I asked.   
  
"I talked it over with your mistress," Alex explained, "And she thought having a naked slave-girl exercising in my club every day would be really good for business. She was of the opinion that people would join my health club just to watch you exercise."   
  
My mouth just sort of hung open. I didn't have any ready response to that. Although, she was probably right. The Hotel Castello got a lot of extra business whenever I was a guest in their hotel. Sharp Fitness would probably get a lot of new customers once it was known that a naked slave exercised there on a regular basis.   
  
"Tell her about the personal trainer," Gretchen yelled from the other side of the room.   
  
"Oh, yes," Alex said, apparently having forgotten that particular detail until Gretchen reminded her. "You said that your pussy throbbed when you were controlled by a strong, authoritarian woman? Well, I've got a number of personal trainers working at Sharp Fitness who fit that description. I'm going to assign one of them to be your personal trainer and I'm going to tell her to especially strict and unforgiving with you."   
  
When Alex told me that, the look on my face must have been priceless. All the photojournalists suddenly snapped my photo and cameramen all seemed to be moving in for a close-up.   
  
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By the time we made it back to the hotel I was exhausted. I had been spanked, whipped, subjected to a body cavity search and told that I was now going to be going to a public health club and ordered around by a stern, authoritarian personal trainer who would make me exercise for her in the nude in front of all of the other customers.   
  
Gretchen handcuffed my hands behind my back and led me into the hotel lobby on a leash. I barely noticed. I was emotionally and physically exhausted and I didn't even seem to notice the people ogling my naked body anymore.   
  
My state of exhaustion was probably why I didn't notice the cute, slender girl waiting outside my room. She was blonde and cute and slender and at first I didn't recognize her. Of course the clothes might have thrown me off slightly. The last time I saw her, she was wearing a one-piece bathing suit. Now she was wearing blue jeans and a V-neck tee-shirt.   
  
"Lexi," Gretchen greeted the girl. "I haven't seen you since you spanked Diane. How are you?"   
  
"Gretchen, hi," Lexi responded. "I'm just fine. I um, the hotel manager said that um, you said it was okay if I had sex with your slave after I got off from work."   
  
I looked over at Lexi; a sort of awkward, teenage eagerness in her eyes. She was really eager to have sex with me, but she felt awkward actually saying the words. Perhaps it was the lesbian thing that made her feel awkward. Or maybe it was getting permission from Gretchen to have sex with a human being that she legally owned; whatever the reason, Lexi felt awkward and uncomfortable asking Gretchen for permission to have sex with me.   
  
"Of course," Gretchen responded, full of good cheer. "My slave just needs a few minutes to freshen up. You can come on in and make yourself at home while my slave gets ready."   
  
I was exhausted, but apparently I was going to have sex with Lexi before I could recuperate from my taxing day. Gretchen pushed me inside the hotel room and removed my leash and handcuffs, so that I could get ready.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 05**

After my hands were free from the handcuffs, Gretchen swatted me on the ass and I headed into the bathroom to try and got a look at myself in the mirror. My breasts were an angry reddish-pink color from being whipped in the punishment park and the expression on my face made me look nervous and hunted. If you added all of that up along with the slave collar and how I was stark naked, I looked a lot like an escaped slave.   
  
I tried to force a smile to my face, but I was just too sore from being whipped earlier. I took two aspirin, gently rubbed in some cocoa butter on the areas of my skin that had been whipped (Gretchen had stocked the medicine cabinet in the hotel bathroom) and splashed cold water on my face. It wasn't enough to fully recover from my day, but it was the best I could do given the time and resources at hand.   
  
When I came out of the bathroom, Lexi and Gretchen were standing near the bed, chatting like they were old friends.   
  
Lexi sensed that I was in the room and silently turned to face me. The wide-eyed look on her face implied eagerness of the type that only the young can seem to manage. You would almost think that it was Christmas morning and there were dozens of presents underneath the tree for her to unwrap.   
  
Instead, there was only one present for her, and I was already unwrapped, and she had already seen me naked before, so what was Lexi so excited about?   
  
"Are you ready now?" Lexi asked, practically jumping up and down with impatience. The girl was so keen to get started! Normally this sort of giddy impatience for sex was seen only in high school and even then, only...   
  
It suddenly occurred to me that Lexi was almost certainly a virgin. Back in my high school a girl as gorgeous as her would never have been able to make it to graduation day without losing her virginity. She would've been pursued by half the graduating class! And yet, here Lexi stood with the sort of overt, unrefined enthusiasm that you almost never see in adults.   
  
"I'm ready," I said, and then Lexi exploded into action, her tee-shirt was stripped off of her body so quickly I couldn't believe a human could undress so fast. One second she was fully dressed; and then in the blink of an eye; the shirt had been pulled up over her head and was suddenly airborne. It landed on the floor near my feet. She took off her shoes without untying them and then unsnapped and unzipped her blue jeans.   
  
I'm sure Lexi would've gotten out of her blue jeans just as quickly as she'd taken off her tee-shirt, however she'd worn jeans that were basically skintight and when she tried to take them off they clung to her hips and the girl was forced to struggle out of them.   
  
"Diane, help her," Gretchen ordered and soon I was on my knees, grabbing at the uncooperative denim garment and pulling it down Lexi's thighs.   
  
"Thanks, Diane," Lexi said as she stepped out of her jeans. I couldn't help but notice that her jeans were so tight that her socks came off her jeans passed over them. Also Lexi's panties were pushed down about an inch when Lexi had forced the jeans down past her hips. Her panties were riding low enough that I could see a small amount of pubic stubble peeking out over the top. Her stubble was blonde and very, very short. I would guess that Lexi had shaved her pubic patch completely bald about two or three days ago. This couldn't be more than three days growth.   
  
While I was examining Lexi's pubic hair and calculating how long it had been since Lexi had shaved it last, Lexi undid the clasps on her front-fastening bra and tossed it on the floor, right on top of her tee-shirt. Then Lexi pushed her panties down her thighs, and once they were past her knees gravity did the rest.   
  
"Okay, up you get," Lexi ordered me with youthful enthusiasm and urgency. I know I said this before, but she was just like a little kid on Christmas morning.   
  
I stood up and the look on Lexi's face was one of avid anticipation. She was grinning ear to ear and her naked breasts rose and fell as she inhaled heavily and then exhaled. She was so excited that her breath was coming in big, heavy gulps of oxygen.   
  
For a few seconds Lexi just stared at me, smiling beatifically and breathing heavily. She looked into my eyes with a look of such hunger and passion I could almost believe she really was a virgin, but this girl was so beautiful and so utterly perfect I couldn't really believe that I was her first. And besides I really wouldn't want the responsibility for being her first. Can you imagine what that would mean? If I was bad, Lexi could be disappointed and be put off sex for the rest of her life. If I was extraordinary, I could be setting a standard that none of her future lovers could ever live up to.   
  
Lexi didn't give me a lot of time to think about that. She grabbed me by my slave-collar and yanked me forward into a kiss. Her mouth on mine felt hungry and greedy. And then she forced her tongue into my mouth and suddenly we were both breathing heavy as Lexi's enthusiasm became infectious. Lexi's fervent tongue on mine was stimulating. It was almost like Lexi was transferring some of her youthful energy into my tired body by touching her tongue to mine. Lexi continued kissing me like that for quite some time, our tongues intertwined as Lexi wrapped her arms around my naked body, one arm encircling my back and the other dipped lower and lower until she had one hand on my naked buttocks, copping a feel. Our kiss continued and the sound of Lexi's heavy breathing filled the room. Her naked skin was so hot it felt feverish and I almost giggled at the thought that the cure for Lexi's fever was sex with a naked slave-girl. Eventually Lexi came up for air and a thin, glistening trail of saliva connected our mouths when Lexi's lips slowly separated from mine.   
  
Lexi just stood there for a few more seconds, her hands resting on my naked shoulders with a dreamy smile on her face. Lexi was totally smitten with me. I hated to think how she was going to react when I went back to America.   
  
Then we were hugging, Lexi's naked body pressed close to mine, her young, firm, perfect breasts pressed against mine. Ordinarily I would consider it to be a great form of foreplay for my lover to press her naked body against my mine, however my poor breasts were still sore from being whipped and I moaned in pain as Lexi rubbed her naked breasts and erect nipples up and down across my raw, tender, abused flesh.   
  
I moaned and Lexi confused my moans of pain and moans of lust, although truth be told, I was sexually aroused at this point. Lexi was so adorable and had such perfect skin and such a perfectly proportioned body I'd very likely have to be *dead*not to be turned on by her tender touch.   
  
"*Okay, down, down, down,"* Lexi ordered and she pushed me to my knees. The view down at this level was wonderful. Lexi had flat abs and a four-pack stomach, sexy thighs that were firm, athletic and smooth and an adorable pussy with a light dusting of blonde stubble decorating it. I kissed her gently over and over again on her tight abs, centering my attention on her belly button; however Lexi groaned at this and impatiently pushed my head lower, down to her pink, puffy pubic lips.   
  
"I've waited all day long," Lexi said excited and impatient. "I've been thinking about you all day long and I'm a wreck from all the waiting. Please don't make me wait any longer."   
  
Lexi sounded desperate and tense and I was actually flattered that I had the power to drive Lexi's hormones into such sexual overdrive. She changed her stance, legs now further apart, giving me easier access to her perfect pink pubic lips. I dug my tongue in, separating her inner labia and tasting her juices. She had a pleasing taste. I wondered somewhat irrationally if her youthful enthusiasm and eager attitude somehow made her pussy taste better. It wasn't a logical thought, but I had a very long day and wasn't really at my best, so sue me for not being at my most brilliant.   
  
Gretchen will tell you that I'm an expert at cunnilingus. I knew exactly how to use my mouth and tongue to make Lexi happy, and when the time seemed right, I licked at her swollen clitoris, trapped it between my teeth and methodically began to suck on it.   
  
Lexi sucked her breath in through her teeth and in deep, sultry voice exclaimed, "Oh God!"   
  
I continued to suck on her hot, swollen clit and she stomped her right foot like a nervous rabbit and gripped my head tighter. Her thighs trembled and she began to chant, *"Oh God, oh God, Oh God, Oh God,"* so loudly and passionately that I worried they could hear her cries out in the hotel corridor.   
  
I held on tightly to her beautiful, firm, athletic thigh with one hand and her high, firm buttocks with the other and continued to suck on her clit until she stopped crying out.   
  
"That was amazing," Lexi said in a breathless, satiated tone of voice. Soon I was back on my feet and there was much hugging, even though my poor, aching breasts felt sore being pressed up against hers, there was no way I could refuse her offers of affection. Even if I *wasn't* a slave I couldn't have said no to her. Lexi was just so sweet and adorable. She was a delight to hold and a she very nearly purred like a kitten as we both stood there naked, pressing out bodies against each other. Pushing her away or telling her that she couldn't hold me would have been an outrage. I would have detested myself if I denied Lexi her moment of physical affection.   
  
We stood there for several minutes, her arms wrapped around my naked body, her naked front pressed up against mine, her head resting on my naked shoulder. We might have stood like that for hours, except Gretchen broke us up.   
  
"Okay, Lexi, it's time for you to go now," Gretchen announced as she gave the eighteen-year-old a playful slap on the ass.   
  
"So soon," Lexi asked. "I sort of thought I might-"   
  
"She's my slave-girl," Gretchen interrupted, "and I need some time with her too. That means you'll have to go now."   
  
"But I-"Lexi protested, but Gretchen simply interrupted her again.   
  
"You can see her tomorrow morning, when you spank her," Gretchen retorted. "For now, you're going to have to get dressed and go."   
  
Lexi and I unhugged and I helped her find her clothes and get dressed. And soon I was once again the only naked person in the room.   
  
We kissed goodbye and Lexi said, "I'll see you tomorrow, Diane," and then it was just Gretchen and me in the room.   
  
Once Lexi was gone, Gretchen gave me a look and said, "I do believe that girl has fallen in love with you."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I responded nervously. It was somewhat dangerous for a slave girl to have an admirer like Lexi. Sometimes a master or mistress could get really upset if a young attractive boy (or girl) became smitten with their slave. If that happened the mistress might take out their anger on the slave. Knowing this I was understandably concerned how Gretchen would react to Lexi's infatuation with me.   
  
"Turn around," Gretchen ordered.   
  
I turned around, giving Gretchen a perfect view of my naked butt, hoping she didn't plan to punish it.   
  
"Hands behind your back, Slave," Gretchen ordered.   
  
I obediently placed my hands behind my back and crossed my wrists. I was hoping this meant that my bottom was safe. If Gretchen bound my wrists behind my back it would make it more difficult (although not impossible) for her to take a riding crop or a cane (or any other painful instrument) to my already sore buttocks. I held my breath and waited to see what Gretchen would do next.   
  
I felt Gretchen lock cold steel around each of my wrists. She had locked me in handcuffs. Feeling somewhat relieved I exhaled. This was far from the worst thing Gretchen could have done to me.   
  
"Now, get on your knees," Gretchen ordered. "You don't need your hands to eat pussy," Gretchen informed me, "and watching you have sex with Lexi has got me all hot and bothered. Hell, I've been all hot and bothered ever since I saw you and that slave-girl at the punishment park."   
  
Gretchen stripped down to nothing, saving her panties for last. She had worn black thong panties that looked sexy as hell on her hips. Of course she looked quite seductive when she was totally naked too. My mistress had firm breasts, hard nipples, a flat tummy, a slender waist and long legs that I could kiss and lick for hours if only my mistress allowed me.   
  
Her pubic lips were swollen and moist from top to bottom. I'd eaten her pussy many times before and knew exactly how to lick and nibble and suck on her feminine treasure in ways that would make her moan and shudder in delight.   
  
I licked her labia from the bottom to the top, almost like licking an ice-cream and Gretchen began to moan almost instantly. I licked up under the hood of her clit, releasing her hard, swollen hard nub. I flicked it with my tongue and sucked it. Gretchen's hips and thighs trembled and shuddered even harder than Lexi's. Gretchen must have really needed this really bad. I couldn't recall the last time Gretchen came so violently. "*Diane, oh Diane,"* Gretchen screamed out. *"Yes, that's ughh, yes! Yes! Yes! Keep doing that, Slave-Girl! Ughhhh yes! Ugghhhhhhh...Harder!! Harder, you naked slave-girl Ughhhhhhh Aghhhhhh! Aaaaagggghhhhhaahhhh!!"* I just kept sucking her clit until she came down from her intense orgasm.   
  
Somehow we both ended up lying on Gretchen's bed and I was so exhausted that I fell asleep within seconds. Normally a slave isn't allowed to sleep in her mistress's bed, but Gretchen must have drifted off to sleep around the same time I did.   
  
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It was hours later when I woke up and Gretchen was still sleeping. Very carefully (with my hands still handcuffed it was difficult) and quietly I crept out of bed and knelt on the carpet and stared at my mistress's delicious naked body. From where I was kneeling I had an excellent view of my mistress's naked thighs and perfect, firm, lightly-tanned buttocks and her pert, pink pussy lip peeking between her legs. I could have stared for hours, but less than ten minutes later Gretchen's cell phone rang.   
  
"What the hell," Gretchen swore, and she groped around until her hand eventually encountered the cell phone and she pressed the appropriate button.   
  
"*Dammit all, Hello*," Gretchen spat out into the phone.   
  
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So, about thirty minutes later, Gretchen and I were in a restaurant, sitting across from Victoria.   
  
"Those bloody bastards," Victoria swore before she downed a shot of tequila.   
  
"Which bastards are those," Gretchen asked.   
  
"The European media," Victoria responded. "They totally ignored everything your slave said at Alex Sharp's home today. What your slave said was sound-bite gold, but now they've fixated on the whole that whole thing Alex Sharp said."   
  
Victoria waved a waitress over and ordered another tequila and then returned her focus to Gretchen. "Alex Sharp hinted that several Olympic athletes had signed slave contracts here in Sessia, now the European media is obsessing over it. There's non-stop news coverage all over Europe, filled with conjecture over which Olympic athletes may have served as sex-slaves here in Sessia! They won't stop talking about it! Everything else has been pushed to the back burner!"   
  
"Well, you can hardly blame them," Gretchen interjected. "Olympic athletes are celebrities. Can you imagine what it would look like if Darya Klishina was forced to strip naked at the airport in front of everybody and stand for a body cavity search? I'm not ashamed to say that panties get wet just thinking about it."   
  
Darya Klishina was hot. If I were wearing any panties they'd probably get wet at the sight of Darya Klishina being forced to strip in a public place and bent over for a body cavity search, but Victoria didn't share the same feelings that Gretchen and I did.   
  
*"You sound just like them,"* Victoria spat. "Look, you and I and Diane are all getting paid a lot of money to promote the slave trade here in Sessia. If slaves from Germany and Russia get all of the media attention, our client is going to wonder why they're paying us! We need to get Diane's face back on the TV screens! Otherwise we might end up losing the account!"   
  
The waitress brought Victoria another drink and Victoria drank it without even tasting it. She drank tequila as casually as I inhaled oxygen.   
  
"The good news is nobody knows who these six Olympic athletes are," Gretchen began.   
  
"Seven," corrected Victoria sharply.   
  
"Fine, seven, whatever," Gretchen said, grumpily, "The point is, Diane is naked and gorgeous and available for the TV cameras. The Olympic athletes are mystery people, so there's no way that the camera crews will be able to get a naked Olympic figure skater or naked Olympic gymnast on film. Once they learn to accept that, they'll come running back to Diane and start putting her naked ass back on TV again."   
  
"They'd better," Victoria said grumpily.   
  
Victoria had several more drinks and Gretchen and I both had something to eat while the restaurant patrons and several of the wait staff stared at my bare breasts. Of course Gretchen had to feed me, because I was still wearing my handcuffs and I could hardly feed myself with my hands bound behind my back   
  
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The next day I was chained up and washed by Lexi again in front of hundreds of onlookers, however there were some unexpected changes. A showerhead had been installed at some point in the last twenty-four hours, so I didn't get the hose this time. Also, Lexi was far gentler when washing my breasts and my pubic lips. I'm wondering if Gretchen or Victoria or perhaps the hotel manager told her about how I'd gotten whipped in those areas of my anatomy and how my poor boobs and pussy were really and truly sensitive right now.   
  
Lexi soaped up her sponge and applied it to my chest and belly and was oh-so gentle as she washed my tender, sensitive breasts. Anticipating pain, I began to breathe deeply, but Lexi was kind and did her best not to hurt my poor whipped breasts. And when her sponge made its way down to my swollen labia and semi-exposed clit, it slowly stroked me and gently soaped me up. Lexi had already made it clear that she only follows orders, so somebody had ordered her to take it easy on me today. I just wondered who it was.   
  
After my shower was over, Lexi placed an arm around me and led me back inside the locker room and toweled me off and blow-dried and brushed my hair and applied my makeup.   
  
"You realize I still have to spank you?"   
  
"I know," I replied. I was a slave. I had no illusions about the role that I had to play in all of this.   
  
"I still love you," Lexi said, "Even when I'm hurting you. I just want you to know that."   
  
Then Lexi kissed me and took my hand and led me upstairs. She was wearing her one-piece bathing suit again and I was stark-naked. The difference between Lexi's status and mine was obvious to anybody who cared to look, but Lexi would have treated me as an equal if she could have gotten away with it. She didn't want to be my mistress; she just wanted to be my friend.   
  
It occurred to me that this was probably as difficult for her as it was for me. She just wanted to laugh and hold hands and hug and kiss and have yummy orgasms with me, but she was forced to do painful humiliating things to me for the entertainment of the hotel guests.   
  
When Lexi and I arrived in the hotel lobby I heard Victoria's familiar voice calling us over.   
  
"Lexi, Diane, I promised some photographers from The Insider that you two would pose for some publicity photos before the spanking began."   
  
Victoria led us over to a female photographer who had had been allowed onto my side of the barrier. She took a few minutes to set up and check the light readings before she told Lexi and me how to pose.

"Diane, could you try and look submissive for the camera, please," she asked as she aimed her camera at me.   
  
The request confused me. I was already naked, shaved perfectly smooth and wearing a slave collar. How much more submissive could I look?   
  
The photographer made an impatient-sounding sigh and responded, "Place your arms behind your back with your wrists snug up against the opposite elbow, also don't make eye contact with the camera, look down at your breasts and your nipples and focus on them."   
  
I followed her instructions and felt even more naked and exposed than before. With arms behind my back, my breasts and nipples were much more prominent and on-display. My nipples became even more swollen and erect at the thought of how much more naked and vulnerable I was compared to the fully clothed photographer.   
  
"You have a really beautiful figure," the photographer said pleasantly enough. She snapped a few photos of my nudity and then said, "Okay, Lexi, stand next to Diane, really, really close and place your arm around her waist."   
  
Lexi wrapped her arm around my naked waist and the photographer told her to smile. I was told not to smile, as smiling wasn't very submissive.   
  
"I need Lexi to look smug and triumphant, and I need Diane to look defeated and owned, okay?"   
  
I had some experience looking defeated, so I found the photographer's instructions easy to follow.   
  
"Excellent," said the photographer. "Now, Lexi let your hand drop down and grab one of Diane's butt cheeks."   
  
Lexi smoothly let her hand slide down and grabbed one of my buttocks and gave it a little squeeze. My buttocks were still a little bit sore from the previous day's spanking, but I tried not to react to the pain.   
  
"Now, Lexi, show up some teeth," the photographer urged. "Now, Lexi, throw your head back and laugh."   
  
The photographer's camera clicked repeatedly as she took photo after photo of clothed Lexi and naked me as we both stood there and posed in the hotel lobby. The humiliation and attention of being the only naked person in a room full of clothed people sent a surge of excitement straight to my sex.   
  
After this well-dressed photographer had taken about a hundred photos of my naked body, she decided to pose me differently.   
  
"Okay, Diane, this time I want you to kneel on the floor and face Lexi. Oh, place your hands behind your back again, wrists to opposite elbows, but this time instead of looking down, I want you to look directly at Lexi's crotch."   
  
My face felt hot at that command. It was too much like I was being ordered to perform oral sex on Lexi; her one-piece bathing suit was very tight and cut very high on the leg. I could almost make out the shape of her vulva though the thin material of her bathing suit.   
  
"Okay, Lexi spread your legs a little bit farther apart," the photographer said, "And Diane, raise your chin slightly and give us a sad, pathetic look, like your pleading with Lexi not to make you do this."   
  
The photographer stood slightly behind me and to the side, mostly getting a profile view. I licked my lips and I looked up slightly, eyes wide and giving Lexi my best frightened little girl look.   
  
The photographer snapped some more shots and said, "Okay, Lexi, look over here and give us a look of cold, hard arrogance."   
  
After a few more photos, I was told by the photographer to straighten my spine and stick out my tits. I know this sounds shameless, but the more the photographer treated me like a sex-object, the more I could feel my pussy getting wet. I wanted her to objectify me even more, but after taking a few more shots of me on my knees, staring at Lexi's crotch, she said, "Okay, I'm done. Diane, you were a joy to photograph. Your face and body are flawless. You should have been a model. Lexi, I guess you can spank her now."   
  
The photographer gathered up her camera, her camera bag and several other supplies and walked away. Lexi took me by the hand and led me to the center of the lobby where a chair had been prepared. "Just like yesterday," Lexi assured me. "It's going to hurt, but I think you can handle it. You're a big girl."   
  
I groaned, but obediently got over Lexi's lap. She didn't rush me, but instead waited for me to get situated, with my hands on the tile floor and my ass up in the air.   
  
"Are you comfortably over my lap," Lexi asked.   
  
I thought of a smartass comment, but then bit it back and said, "As comfortable as I'm going to get I suppose."   
  
And although the photographer said she was done taking photos of me, I saw her in my peripheral vision, just as Lexi's hand came down hard on my naked buttocks. I couldn't keep still, but instead shamelessly wriggled and writhed and jerked as Lexi's merciless hand came down again and again and punished my innocent, naked bottom. I tried gritting my teeth and attempted to be quiet, but Lexi's hand stung and soon whimpers and moans escaped my lips, giving the TV news crews some sound effects for their video.   
  
The lifeguard spanked my poor bottom harder and harder, and the photojournalists and TV cameramen and hotel patrons all seemed to enjoy my misery. My naked buttocks and the backs of my thighs were already sore, but Lexi reddened my naked flesh and made it sting much worse than before. My buttocks tensed and my breasts heaved and tears spilled down my face as I cried out in pain, but Lexi's hand showed no mercy to my poor, sore, naked bottom.   
  
My hands weren't bound this time, but I kept them on the floor and didn't use them to try and defend my bottom. It took a tremendous amount of self-discipline, but I knew that using my hands to protect myself from a spanking would be seen as disobedience and it would earn me another trip to the punishment park.   
  
After the harrowing experience was over, Lexi and I hugged and I sobbed on Lexi's shoulder. Her clothed body felt odd rubbing up against my naked flesh, it enhanced my feelings of nakedness and vulnerability to have the fabric of her clothing against my naked breasts and torso.   
  
As if by way of apology, Lexi said, "You have a really beautiful ass. It seems like such a shame to mark it up and spank it all red, but you're just a slave and I'm just a girl who's getting paid to spank you."   
  
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At breakfast my bottom was stinging horribly and I wished I could stand rather than sit on my sore bottom, but Gretchen insisted. Also, to add to my helplessness, Gretchen locked my wrists behind my back in handcuffs, so that I couldn't feed myself. And for reasons I will never understand, she also locked my thumbs together in those tiny thumb-cuffs. To me, the thumb-cuffs seemed like overkill. Of course everyone in the restaurant was staring. I was a naked girl in a restaurant with her hands bound behind her back. There were at least thirty people staring at me and making me feel deliciously helpless and indecent. Most of the shameless gawkers were young men, eating alone, however there was at least one elderly woman wearing tweed and pearls, one married man with his wife and daughter and all three of them watched me intently with a look of smoldering hunger in their eyes. The daughter looked to be about eighteen and the wife and her husband looked to be about thirty-five or thirty-six. Shouldn't Mommy and Daddy inform their daughter that it's impolite to stare at the naked girl? Also I spotted two of the waitress and three of the waiters repeatedly walking past my table far more often than was necessary so that they could look me up and down and get a good, long look at my naked body.   
  
Since my hands were locked behind my back, Gretchen had to feed me.   
  
Victoria seemed to have no interest in food. She drank a Bloody Mary to take the edge off her hangover and plopped a thick folder onto the breakfast table.   
  
"These are the results of polling," Victoria said flatly to Gretchen and me. "At great expense, LSC selected a cross section of Sessian society and invited them to give us their opinions on Sessian slavery; or more specifically about Diane; as she is supposed to be representing legal slavery in this country."   
  
Gretchen and I looked at Victoria's folder. It looked to be about three-inches thick and I couldn't even begin to read it as my hands were bound behind my back and I couldn't pick up the folder. "Would you care to tell us what's in it?" I asked.   
  
Victoria drank down half of her Bloody Mary in one long, thirsty gulp and said, "Well for starters, we can all thank channel-four news for covering Diane's trip to the punishment park yesterday, as well as her spanking in the hotel lobby yesterday. All the other news channels are obsessed with that Olympic athletes thing and without channel-four we'd be starving for attention at this point."   
  
Victoria then drank down the rest of her Bloody Mary and almost immediately our waitress was at our table to take Victoria's empty glass away and take Victoria's order for another Bloody Mary. Of course the waitress used the opportunity to look me up and down and ogle my naked breasts and erect nipples.   
  
"Almost sixty-one percent of the Sessian people feel that Diane's punishment in the punishment park was too brutal. Apparently there's a fine line between punishments that are sexy and punishments that are just cruel."   
  
I rather agreed with the sentiments of the Sessian people, but Gretchen was upset. "What," Gretchen said, sounding appalled. "We're doing polls on the best way to treat my slave?"   
  
"We're doing polls on an important LSC asset," countered Victoria. "Diane is an important symbol of Sessian slavery and we need for that image to be as positive and popular as possible. Diane's approval ratings are actually pretty high already, but we could elevate them even higher.   
  
Victoria opened up her folder and removed a few documents. "Here are a few things that we can do to elevate Diane's numbers," Victoria said and she looked up from her reports. "Orgasms and lesbian sex are good. More than eighty-six percent of the people in our sample group loved it when Diane had sex with the slave-girl in the punishment park. Diane needs to have sex with her again. Her owner's name is Tracy and I've left her some phone messages. I'm going to try and arrange for Diane to have sex with her again in front of camera crews.   
  
The waitress came back with Victoria's drink and Victoria accepted it cheerfully and took another sip.   
  
"Hold on," Gretchen objected, "An important part of Diane's slave training is that her orgasms are rationed and that she be kept in a state of sexual tension most of the time. Are you telling me that a group of faceless Sessians sitting in front of their computers can alter my slave's training regimen simply by logging onto a website and voting against my methods?"   
  
"Your training regimen be damned," Victoria snapped, "This isn't about you and Diane having a slave and mistress vacation. This is about LSC promoting Sessian slave laws. And every time I tell you that you and Diane both have to do something, it's because LSC has decided it will be beneficial to the cause of promoting the slave laws here."   
  
Victoria took another sip of her Bloody Mary and added, "And since you and Diane are both working for LSC, I expect you both to do as you're told."   
  
Gretchen glared at Victoria, but she knew that Victoria had a point. Gretchen worked for LSC and had to follow their dictates, even it meant she had to change the way that she treated her sex-slave.   
  
Of course I loved the idea of more sex and more orgasms. I was a slave who had been kept naked, constantly teased and kept in a high state of sexual tension. More orgasms would give me some degree of relief, even if they were in public and in front of photojournalists and the prying eyes of reporters.   
  
"Oh, wipe that smirk off your face," Gretchen told me. Apparently I had allowed my approval of Victoria's plan to creep onto my face. "Taking joy in a mistress's defeat is unbecoming of a slave-girl. I'll be punishing you for that later."   
  
I instantly regretted any smiling or smirking I might have done. My naked bottom was already sore from this morning's spanking. I dreaded whatever punishment Gretchen might have in store for me.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
The Sessian parliament is in Fairwind, and we were meeting with a minister of parliament at 11:00 am. Nigel Buxton was a member of the Labour Party and a supporter of Sessian slavery laws. Victoria had called his office and arranged for a photo-op with him. When we arrived, we were met by a member of his staff. Her name was Gwendolyn Post and she wore a grey business suit with a single-breasted jacket and a mid-length skirt. Her conservative attire made me feel even more naked than before. She shook hands with Gretchen and Victoria and seemed surprised when I explained I couldn't shake hands due to the fact that my hands were bound behind my back.   
  
"Right," she said, looking me up and down without ogling me. "Minister Buxton is on a tight schedule today, but can spare fifteen minutes for this event. Follow me and I'll show you to the conference chamber where the media have set up."   
  
The Sessian Parliament was an extremely busy place with lawyers, lobbyists, security guards and government employees of all types. Everybody seemed to have a job to do, however a few of them spared a few seconds to glance at my naked body. I imagine it's not every day that a naked girl walks the halls of parliament.   
  
When we passed through the security checkpoint, my handcuffs and slave collar set off the metal detector. Suddenly three security guards appeared out of nowhere and one of them ran a security wand over me. It beeped when it got close to the stainless steel handcuffs and the metal padlock on my slave collar.   
  
It is intimidating for a naked girl to have three armed security guards hovering over her with unfriendly eyes, but eventually they determined that I wasn't a threat and they let me go. Ms. Post muttered some disparaging sort of comment about the security guards being children with guns and badges, but she said it softly so I couldn't quite make out her exact comment.   
  
Being naked and helpless and being surrounded by dozens of clothed people made me feel more helpless and more aroused. Apparently Ms. Post noticed my arousal and she arranged a towel to be placed on my chair in the conference chamber so that the fluids from my slick pubic lips wouldn't stain the chair cushion.   
  
I was humiliated that she had noticed and I felt my face grow hot with embarrassment, but she said nothing more about it. I had made my choices in life and she had made hers. My choices led me to be naked in public with my slick, swollen pubic lips on display. Her choices led her to be wearing a single-breasted business suit and working for a member of parliament.   
  
Members of the press had set up with their cameras and their lighting equipment on the opposite side of the room. Gretchen and Victoria and I sat on one end, the press aimed microphones and cameras at us and waited for Minister Buxton to arrive. Ms. Post made certain that Gretchen and Victoria had refreshments while we waited. Unfortunately my hands were still bound behind my back, so I was unable to partake of the coffee and ice-water that had been so graciously provided.   
  
I can't sit comfortably because my recently spanked bottom is still tender and sore, but Gretchen ordered me to stop squirming in my chair. I was also ordered to keep my knees far apart.   
  
When Minister Buxton finally arrived he was lean and dapper. I had been expecting an overweight, balding man, but Minister Buxton had a full head of silver-white hair and was svelte and agile on his feet. His face was all sharp lines and straight, white teeth and a smile that looked disarming. He may have been old enough to have silver-white hair, but he was still bristling with youthful energy.   
  
"Sorry to keep everybody waiting," Minister Buxton said as he shook hands with Gretchen and Victoria. He didn't make the mistake of trying to shake mine. Ms. Post probably told him about how my hands were bound behind my back.   
  
"Ladies and gentlemen of the press," he said, now addressing the reporters on the other side of the room, "I know there's been a lot of talk in recent weeks about our nation's slave laws. Some of my fellow countrymen have called for us to abolish the OSI, the punishment parks and all the slave laws. I've heard all of the arguments against slavery, and I'm sure that you ladies and gentlemen of the press have heard them all as well."   
  
I was almost blinded at this point as photojournalists took photo after photo of the minister and the flash photography was overwhelming my eye's ability to cope with explosions of bright light.   
  
"However," the minister continued, now making his pro-slavery counter-argument, "since the establishment of Sessia as the one nation in Europe that allows the owning of slaves, we've seen a massive increase in tourism, adding an additional 1.7 billion pounds to the Sessian economy. Hotels, restaurants, car rental agencies and other Sessian businesses related to tourism have seen a huge increase in profits and we've created over 25,000 new jobs as a result."   
  
Minister Buxton paused dramatically to let all of that sink in. I actually knew that slavery had helped the Sessian economy; however I had no idea of the exact numbers. One point seven billion Sessian pounds was over two billion American dollars. The money involved here was beyond-tremendous!   
  
"The commerce ministry has projected a much larger increase in new jobs next year as long as slavery is still legal and the punishment parks stay open. On the other hand, if we outlaw slavery; as my critics in the Catholic Popular Party and the Conservative Party want to do; we'll lose the 25,000 jobs we've already created and tourism to our fair nation will decline dramatically."   
  
"Minister Buxton" called out one of the reporters, "aren't you afraid of Sessia becoming cut off from the rest of Europe over this issue?"   
  
"Joel," the minister admonished, "this isn't a question and answer session. I'm just here to make a quick statement. That's all I have time for today."   
  
"Yes sir," acknowledged the reporter. "However if it wasn't for the slavery issue, Sessia never would have been kicked out of the European Union."   
  
"Many of the Sessian people were opposed to us joining the European Union in the first place," the minister retorted. "And I wasn't going to share this with the public until later, but it seems that now is as good a time as any. Members of parliament in Greece are planning on bringing legalized slavery to a vote in their country. They've seen what slavery and the punishment parks have done for the Sessian economy and now they're hoping to follow in our example. The Greeks don't seem to be afraid of being thrown out of the European Union. We should be at least as brave as the Greeks."   
  
The reporters looked a little stunned at this announcement. Apparently none of them had known about Greek intentions to have sex-slaves in their country. For a few seconds they had a deer-caught-in-the-headlights sort of look and then they exploded into an uproar.   
  
"Minister Buxton! Minister Buxton! Minister Buxton!"   
  
But, the Minister ignored them and exited the room. His assistant very deliberately stood between the reporters and the retreating minister and said, "I'm sorry, but the minister has a very busy schedule. That's all he has time he can spare for today."   
  
I felt somewhat cheated. Neither Gretchen nor I had been allowed to say anything. We were just props. We were just decoration to be in the background while the minister of parliament got all the attention. I wasn't the only one disappointed. As we were leaving I heard Gretchen say to Victoria, "We bring an attractive, naked girl to a public event and the press just ignores her! What kind of country is this?"

Suddenly a female's hand was on Gretchen's arm and a microphone was shoved in my general direction. "My name is Megan Coyle with Channel Four," said the woman attached to the hand, "and I have a question for your slave if that's alright."   
  
Gretchen and I both looked straight at Megan (and the cameraman behind her) and we tried to compose ourselves. Apparently I wasn't going to be ignored after all. Gretchen nodded to Megan, giving her permission to ask me her question.   
  
"This is a basic question," Megan said, "one that millions of Sessians are wondering. Don't you; as a woman stripped of clothing and paraded naked down public streets and subjected to corporal punishment; find your time as a slave to be scary and unnerving?"   
  
The question was sprung on me without warning and the TV camera looked huge, intimidating and somehow seemed as if it could look into my soul and judge the honesty of my answers. I know that sounds irrational, but wait until a cameraman from a major TV news network shoves a camera in your face and see how youreact!   
  
Megan Coyle held the microphone out towards me and waited patiently for my answer. Luckily, Victoria had warned me that something like this could happen and had tried to prepare me for it. I had spent days trying to articulate my feelings on the subject and I had what I thought was the perfect answer.   
  
"You can tell the millions of Sessians who are wondering that it's very scary. Sometimes my heart beats so hard in my chest that it feels like it's going to break my chest wide open. But along with the fear there's also a sort of excitement that I've never been able to find anywhere else. You know how people are scared to ride a roller coaster, and they scream in terror when they're being whipped through the air, upside-down and at a hundred miles an hour? Well, a lot of those people will ride the same roller coaster over and over again, even though it scares the crap out of them and makes them scream in fear and they dread the part where they get flipped upside-down."   
  
I paused for dramatic effect, much the same way I saw Minister Buxton do and then added, "That sort of fear that people get on the roller coasters; that's the same sort of fear I get from being a sex-slave."   
  
From the look on Megan's face it seemed that she liked my answer, however all she said was, "Thank you for your time," and then she and her cameraman moved along.   
  
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In the taxi, Gretchen reminded me how I had earned a punishment by smirking earlier. I didn't know what she had planned, however I was naked and my hands were bound behind my back. I was dreading what came next even though I didn't know what it was.   
  
From her purse, Gretchen then produced two small, stainless steel clamps. I recognized their purpose immediately. The words, "Mistress, please, no," were out of my mouth before I even realized I was talking.   
  
"Don't argue," Gretchen scolded. "You've earned this punishment. Just sit quietly and accept what's coming to you. I'll take the nipple clamps off when the ride is over."   
  
I dreaded the sharp pain of metal jaws biting my tender, swollen nipples, but nevertheless I obediently sat up straight and thrust my chest out, making my nipples an easy target for Gretchen to reach. Gretchen's hands reached for my naked flesh and I winced as my pink and protesting bud was clamped. The pain was horrible. I knew it would lessen as I grew used to it but not by very much. Then I whimpered as Gretchen inflicted the same sort of pain on my other nipple.   
  
I was kissed, fondled and reminded that I earned this punishment. My nipples burned and throbbed, but I tried to be stoic about it. Gretchen was right that I should never have smirked. I've been trained as a slave. I know that slaves are never to show their personal feelings on their face, and especially not when they're feeling happiness at their mistress losing a battle against corporate America.   
  
Every time the car drove over a bump I felt it in my nipples. The pain was sharp and left my nipples hurting for the entire drive. Gretchen never bothered to tell me where we were going or how long we'd be in the car. The ride was pure torment and my innocent nipples were aching the entire time. The harrowing trip seemed to go on forever.   
  
When we arrived at our destination, Gretchen paid the cab driver and had the driver help me get up out of the cab. The pain in my nipples became sharper every time I moved, so I just wanted to sit still, but the ride was over and I had to get out of the car.   
  
Then, with the cab driver watching, Gretchen reached for my breasts and simultaneously plucked the clamps from both my left and right nipples. I gasped in agony and gratitude.   
  
"That better?"   
  
"Thank you-oh, yes!"   
  
Actually, the pain was much worse after the clamps were removed. I broke out into a sweat and tears rolled down my face as blood circulation returned to my poor, abused nipples. I was so fixated on the sharp pain in my poor, aching nipples that I failed to notice where we had arrived.   
  
Gretchen pointed and I followed the direction of her finger to the large sign on the front of the building. We had arrived at Sharp Fitness.   
  
Gretchen then placed an arm around me and led me; stark naked and in handcuffs; towards the entrance of the health club.   
  
"Come on, slave-girl," Gretchen said enthusiastically, "It's time for you to meet your personal trainer!"   
  
At Gretchen's words, I felt fear, apprehension and dread. However I was just a naked slave. My opinion on the subject didn't matter. This personal trainer might be the most, sadistic, merciless personal trainer in all of Europe, but as a slave I had no way of avoiding my fate. Even if I managed to run across the parking lot and outrun Gretchen and escape her, the Sessian authorities would eventually capture me (rather quickly I should imagine...how long can a naked, handcuffed girl with no money elude the police?) and force me to meet with my new personal trainer.   
  
A girl about my age exited her car and gawked at me as Gretchen forced me to walk naked across the parking lot and past the gaping girl's location.   
  
"Haven't you ever seen a naked slave before?" Gretchen asked the girl as she put her hand in the small of my back and pushed me ahead like a political prisoner. The girl continued to stare and replied, "not at this range."   
  
The girl grabbed her workout bag from her car and followed Gretchen and I into the health club. She then proceeded to hover just a few feet away while Gretchen led me to the main desk and introduced herself to one of the employees.   
  
"Hello, my name is Gretchen Starke and this is my slave, Diane Schlank. I believe that a personal trainer has been reserved for her."

**Return to Sessia Ch. 06**

I stood in the lobby of Sharp Fitness wearing nothing but a leather slave collar and stainless-steel handcuffs. The girl behind me was staring at my naked butt and the girl at the membership desk was staring at my smooth, shaved vulva and protruding tits. Both of them looked mesmerized, as if they'd never seen a naked girl in a public place before. It was a look that still made me feel awkward and uncomfortable and somehow more exposed than when I was naked in front of all those reporters.  
  
Gretchen made eye-contact with the girl at the membership desk and tried to get her to focus. "Hello, my name is Gretchen Starke," she said, "and this is my slave, Diane Schlank. I believe that a personal trainer has been reserved for her."  
  
"Oh, you must be the one we heard about." The girl said, as she intently examined my naked body from head to toe, and back up again.  
  
"Wow, you're more beautiful than I thought you'd be," she gushed. "You're so brave, going nude in public like that. I could never..."  
  
Being reminded of my nudity over and over again didn't make it any easier. And this girl was looking me up and down as if she was trying to memorize every curve and line of my naked body. She was so absorbed in her study of my exposed skin she barely heard a word Gretchen said to her.  
  
"Personal trainer," Gretchen said again. "Do you have one?"  
  
Finally the girl snapped out of her trance and got on the phone and talked to one of her co-workers. "Dave, Diane Schlank is here to see Claudia....Diane Schlank, the sex-slave. The naked one... Yes, that's today. Yes....She's here....right now. Yes, she is. Thanks."  
  
My breasts heaved up and down as I took several deep breaths, trying to calm down, but when clothed people stare at me like this it almost like I can feel their hands on my bare skin. It's like their eyes are doing more than just looking. I could feel my nipples getting harder as this girl stared at my naked breasts and it felt almost as if my butt was being fondled as the other girl stared at my bare ass. Try spending a whole day naked and in public, getting stared at by clothed men and women and you'll probably understand what I'm talking about.  
  
Then, while I was feeling all feverish and exposed and awkwardly naked in front of decently clothed people my personal trainer walked in.  
  
I knew she had to be the personal trainer even before she introduced herself. She was about 5'10" (or 178 centimeters for you Europeans out there) and looked very athletic. She had nice flat, tight abs, her legs were long and firm and calves were well developed, her breasts were B-cup but very high and firm. She was dressed in black tights, a black leotard, white sweat band and white running shoes. She proceeded forward gracefully and purposefully and held her hand out for me to shake.  
  
"I'm Claudia," she said, with an accent that was very definitely British. "Alex told me to expect you."  
  
Feeling awkward and embarrassed, I replied, "Sorry, I can't shake hands. You see, my wrists are cuffed behind my back."  
  
Claudia's firm breasts heaved as she inhaled sharply and she closed her eyes tightly and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Look, Alex told me that you'd be naked and I can deal with that. It's unusual, but it won't affect your ability to exercise. In some ways it may even be beneficial. However I cannot condone one of my trainees wearing handcuffs. You simply cannot do a proper workout with your hands bound behind your back."  
  
She gave both Gretchen and I a look of impatience and then she said, "Could somebody unlock her, please?"  
  
Gretchen produced a tiny key and had me turn my back to her. First she unlocked my left wrist, and then she unlocked my right wrist. I spent several seconds massaging my sore, chafed wrists and then Claudia spoke again.  
  
"Alright, let's try that again," Claudia said and extended her hand to me.  
  
We shook hands and then Claudia said, "Alright, Diane, you actually pretty trim and toned, almost like an athlete actually. Your abs could do with a bit of work, but you have good muscle-tone, far better than most of the people I've trained. Let's get you upstairs and test your cardiovascular endurance on the treadmill and I'll put together an exercise program for you."  
  
I walked up the stairs, aware that Claudia (and the almost dozen people I passed on the staircase) was staring at the most intimate parts of my bare body. People who saw me from the front were treated to the sight of my breasts as they wobbled ever so gently with each step and very likely got a peek at shaved-bare sex, made more obvious and conspicuous by the fact that my pubic lips were swollen and blossoming. Nothing at all about my body was left to the imagination. Everything, from my hard nipples to my wet, throbbing sex, was all right there for these people to examine, ogle and stare at.   
  
As I was marched over to the treadmill, every eye turned as if inspecting, or judging me. I knew it was all a normal part of being a sex-slave, but there are some things I suppose that you never fully adapt to. I hoped that the patrons of the health club were mostly admiring the view and not condemning me as a "shameless slut" or a "whore" or any of those other words that religious types use just before they damn you to hell for your "sinful ways".  
  
My cardiovascular test started off easy enough, but Claudia kept raising the difficulty level, making me work harder and harder to keep up.  
  
It didn't seem to take long before I was panting and sweat was dripping off my forehead and into my eyes. Of course every eye in the health club was watching my performance, watching my naked breasts bounce, watching my bare legs work harder, watching my body generate more and more sweat; they were definitely all judging me now, but in a different way now. Now I was being evaluated and judged on my athletic performance.  
  
Claudia kept raising the difficulty level until I was exhausted and my naked body was on the verge of dropping.   
  
By the time Claudia allowed me to rest my naked body was literally covered in sweat and I was panting like I had just run a marathon. I could no longer stand on my own and I leaned against the handrails of the treadmill while I tried to catch my breath.  
  
Claudia took my wrist in her hand and checked my pulse, seeing how fast it was.  
  
"Normally, I'd measure your pulse at the pulse point on your neck," Claudia explained. "But your slave collar makes that rather difficult."  
  
Claudia asked me a few questions about what sort of physical exercise I normally did and if I had any injuries that she should be aware of. She also asked how long I was going to be in Sessia. If I was going to be in town several months, she could come up with a much more detailed exercise program than if I was going to be in town just a few days.  
  
"We're going to be in town indefinitely," Gretchen replied over my shoulder, "At least until the next national elections."  
  
Claudia smiled a predatory smile at me and said, "Well then, I get to work your cute little ass for at least three months!"  
  
I felt like a fly caught in a spider web and waited to see what would happen to me next. Here I was stark-naked in a health-club, surrounded by people in tights, leotards, bike shorts, sports bras, tee-shirts, legally obligated to do whatever this trainer told me to do. I was totally under Claudia's authority and control and being ogled by all of these clothed health-club patrons, both male and female.  
  
Claudia said she was going to work my ass and she certainly did. She started me off on some stretching exercises; mainly I think to see just how flexible I was. She ordered me to get down on the floor to do a front split. This is a very difficult stretch that really put a huge strain on the inner thigh muscles and basically all of muscles, tendons and ligaments in the whole pelvic area. Once I'd achieved it, Claudia had me hold it for several minutes, until I could really feel the burn and I started to tremble.   
  
Another thing the front split does (if you do it correctly) is to force a girl's pubic lips into direct contact with the floor, with most of the girl's body weight pressing down on top of them. So, there I was naked, with my loins completely shaved, my labia swollen and sensitive and most of my body weight pressing my labia firmly into the floor.  
  
That Claudia is a sadist.  
  
She also had me do a kneeling lunge stretch, a reverse lunge stretch, a single leg stretch, a straddle split, a straddle side stretch and a straddle center stretch.  
  
Of course all of these flexibility exercises put my pussy much more on view than usual (especially now that I was naked and all of my pubic hair had been shaved off) a fact which Gretchen reminded me of and which caused my face and upper body to grow hot with embarrassment, knowing that dozens of patrons of the health club were openly watching me while I performed these exercises naked, just a few meters away from them, provocatively exposing my shaved pubic lips for them.   
  
And yet, as embarrassing as this all was, my clit refused to stop throbbing.  
  
After all the stretching exercises, Claudia ordered me to perform a series of abdominal exercises. The first one involved an exercise ball (of which the health club had at least a dozen). From a push up position, I was ordered to place my feet on the ball. Claudia ordered me to keep my arms straight and my abs pulled in.  
  
Then, under Claudia's strict gaze I was ordered to keep my legs straight, my back straight, and my abs tight and move my hips up until my naked ass was pointed straight up at the ceiling. I held that position for about a second or two and then returned my feet and buttocks back into the starting position.  
  
I'm in relatively good physical shape, so doing just one rep was easy; however Claudia had me do it over and over again. I did hundreds of reps, until my abs ached and I was drenched in sweat.  
  
Claudia had no sympathy for how difficult it was to do so many reps of this exercise and would only say things like, *"Don't arch your back! Get your butt up higher! Roll back all the way! Keeps it going! I didn't say stop!"*  
  
Hundreds of reps with the ball really worked my abs and left me feeling sore and exhausted, however Claudia didn't care and she made me get up and do at least four-hundred reps of Bulgarian Split-Squats. I lost track of the count as she kept having me change which leg was the front leg. Also, she started me off with an eight-pound weight in each hand. At some point she determined that I wasn't working hard enough so I ended up with a ten-pound weight in each hand and by the end of my workout I had a sixteen-pound weight in each hand. All I really know is that by the time I was finished, I was sweaty and exhausted and my glutes and hamstrings had been worked so hard they practically burned.  
  
"Your butt and thighs actually look fine," Claudia told me. "I just want to make certain that they stay that way. We'll keep doing the Bulgarian Split-Squats every day, to keep your glutes in shape. After all, who would want to spank a slave with a butt that's not high and firm?"  
  
I groaned at this, but Claudia gave me a sports bottle to drink from. I put the plastic bottle to my lips and drank the water down greedily. I had sweated so much during my workout; I desperately needed to replace lost fluids.  
  
"Can you bring her back tomorrow, the same time?" Claudia asked, and I moaned at this as well. And then to make matters worse, Claudia gave Gretchen a list of the foods that I was allowed to eat and the foods that I was not allowed to eat. Dammit! Up until this point Gretchen had allowed me a lot of freedom when eating was concerned! Now; thanks to my personal trainer; I'd be on a restricted diet!  
  
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It was Gretchen's idea that I shower before we left the health club. Claudia led me through the women's locker room and into the women's shower area. Of course there were plenty of women in the locker area who stared as I was marched past them and into the showers. Two of them actually followed me and stared at my naked body the entire time I was showering.  
  
Of course, naked women walk through the women's locker room every day; however none of them wear slave collars around their necks. So, even in a room where it was traditional for naked women to congregate, my status was still marked as inferior and submissive to all of the other naked females.  
  
After an eternity of staring silently while watching me shower, the bolder of the two women finally said, "So, you're that slave who's been on the news."  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, hating to call her by the honorific *Mistress*, but afraid of the punishments I might receive if I failed to address a free woman properly.  
  
"I saw you on Channel Four being spanked over some girl's knee. It looked like it really stung."  
  
"Yes, Mistress, it was extremely painful," I admitted as I soaped up my abs and rinsed them off. The woman continued to stare at my naked body, her eyes lingering on my bare breasts and shaved sex. She didn't even try to be subtle about her staring.  
  
"Turn around and show me your ass," she insisted. "It was all red on the TV. I want to see if the color is as bright as I remember."  
  
I found her command to be humiliating and disturbing, but she had already seen my naked ass when she followed me over to the showers, so I decided that she couldn't demean me any further by seeing it again. I turned around and showed her my naked ass and waited for her to go away.  
  
"It was redder on TV," she complained.  
  
"The redness is caused by blood rushing to the area of the body that is being harmed, Mistress," I said. "After the spanking is over the redness gradually fades."  
  
"Well, now I feel cheated," the girl said as I stood with my naked ass on display. "I told Mona all about how red your ass was and now she doesn't get to see it."  
  
I braced myself. Even before the next words came out of her mouth I had a grim sense of foreboding exactly what she was going to say.  
  
"Step out of the shower, slave-girl. I need to spank your ass so that Mona can see just how red your ass can get."  
  
I moaned at this, but reluctantly obeyed. I was just a naked slave-girl and this was a free woman. If Gretchen were around she might have spoken up in my defense (or maybe she wouldn't), but as a slave I couldn't legally do or say anything to defy this woman.  
  
"How do you want me, Mistress?" I asked as I stood naked and soaking wet in front of her.  
  
She was standing very close to me, very nearly nose-to-nose, and for a few seconds I thought she was going to lean forward and kiss me, but in the end she just said, "Face that wall over there with your hands above your head, palms pressed flat against the wall, stick your butt out and spread your legs."  
  
It was the police frisk position, very popular amongst dominants. It left very nearly every inch of my body exposed and vulnerable.  
  
"Like this, Mistress?" I asked as I adopted the dreaded pose and looked over my shoulder at her.  
  
"That's fine," she said, "But don't look at me. You keep your eyes focused on the wall in front of you."  
  
I took a deep breath and felt millions of butterflies in my stomach as I waited for this girl to smack my naked vulnerable ass with her hand. She didn't leave me waiting for long.  
  
This nameless girl didn't have any technique or style; she just mindlessly smacked my naked ass over and over again. She hit me very hard and very fast and the slaps started stinging with the very first blow. I didn't want to give this malicious woman the satisfaction of hearing me cry out in pain, but her unrelenting assault on my wet, naked, stretched skin was agonizingly painful and my ass was already sore from this morning's spanking. Soon my arms and legs were trembling and I was crying loudly as hot, wet tears flowed down my face and dripped off my chin.  
  
After what seemed like a very, very long time my ass was a bright, even pink and the spanking finally stopped. "You see?" the cruel woman asked, "That's how red her ass was on the TV."   
  
"That's not red," Mona protested, "That's a bright reddish-pink, but it's not red."  
  
The girl who had spanked me made a disgusted sound in the back of her throat and then said, "It's just a bloody figure of speech! It's like calling African people black. They're not really black; they're some sort of shade of brown. But nobody ever complains that we're using the wrong word to describe them!"  
  
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There are rules, traditions and etiquette in the world of Masters and slaves. It's long been accepted that horrible things may be done to slaves; however those horrible things must be done by the proper people. A mistress may punish her slave cruelly for no reason at all, however if some random stranger in a locker room wants to punish a slave cruelly that person needs permission first from that slave's legal owner.  
  
When that woman in the locker room spanked my ass raw she committed a serious faux pas by not getting Gretchen's permission first. I was Gretchen's property and that woman shouldn't be playing with Gretchen's property without Gretchen's approval.  
  
When Gretchen saw the reddish-pink color of my freshly spanked ass, she demanded to know who had done it. I didn't know the woman's name; however I gave Gretchen a physical description of the woman. Gretchen went to the Health Club manager and with the help of modern technology and modern bureaucracy we soon found out that the lady who had cruelly assaulted my hindquarters was named Emma Scott. She lived in Foxhaven, her membership number was 22621-21 and she had checked in at 10:22 this morning.  
  
There was no record of her checking out; however health club guests weren't required to check out when they left the club, only when they entered.  
  
"What do you intend to do about her?" Gretchen asked the club manager. "She can't just go around grabbing my slave and doing things to her just because I'm not around. This is almost as bad as if Emma grabbed my slave and kidnapped her. There's no way I can bring my slave here if you can't give me some assurances this won't happen again."  
  
Gretchen, the club manager and I all understood the implied threat here. Having a naked slave-girl at Sharp Fitness would bring in more business. Libidinous teenagers, dirty old men and all sorts of lesbians would be flocking to Sharp Fitness and be eager to pay whatever fees were required just so they could be a member of the club where the hot, naked slave-girl worked out. Of course many of them probably would show up just to stare at my boobs and other parts of my naked anatomy, but as long as they paid their membership fees, the management would be happy.  
  
"I'll revoke her membership of course," the club manager responded. "If she tries to enter the club again she'll be denied entry. I'm adding notations to her file right now."  
  
The manager typed new information into his computer, indicating that Emma Scott was persona non grata at Sharp Fitness and then he updated her file. Her membership card would be worthless now.  
  
"If she has any objections about her membership being cancelled I'll talk to her personally," The manager assured us. "This will never happen again."  
  
I was a cash cow for Sharp Fitness, so of course the manager didn't want Gretchen to stop taking me to this club. He would do anything to assure Gretchen that her property wouldn't be used by anybody else.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
After the health club Gretchen took me to lunch. My new personal trainer had me on a restrictive diet and I wasn't allowed to have dressing, croutons or shredded cheese on my salad. Also, Gretchen had handcuffed my wrists and thumbs behind my back again. This meant that I couldn't feed myself, so Gretchen ended up feeding me.  
  
It was embarrassing to have to be fed while dozens of restaurant patrons watched me. Of course they were probably more interested in my naked tits that were thrust forward as my bound arms caused my shoulders to be pulled back.

To add to my embarrassment and discomfort Gretchen *accidentally*spilled ice-water on my naked breasts a couple of times. The freezing cold water caused my nipples to become even harder and more erect; it also gave Gretchen an excuse to paw at my breasts in public as she wiped the moisture off my breasts with her napkin.   
  
"Oh, that must be so cold on your naked skin." Gretchen said, fussing over me as she wiped the ice-cold water off of my breasts and tender, erect nipples.  
  
Of course everybody stared, men, women, kitchen-staff, waiters, waitresses, the hostess and all of the patrons.  
  
Gretchen pretended not to notice, but I squirmed in my seat the whole time, partially because of the embarrassment of feeling three-dozen eyes ogling my naked body, partially because Gretchen kept spilling icy cold water on my hot naked skin and partially because my poor bottom was sore and sensitive after all the spankings I'd had so far today.  
  
When it came time to pay the bill, the waitress turned to me and said, "You have such a beautiful figure, Miss. I wish I looked half as nice as you."  
  
Actually the waitress looked better than she gave herself credit for. She was a petite girl with a pretty face, pouty lips, a slender waist and a flat tummy. Maybe she was just complimenting me in order to get a larger tip from Gretchen.  
  
"If you're really enchanted by her beauty," Gretchen said as she signed for the bill, "You can come up to her room tonight and have sex with her."  
  
Gretchen wrote down our room number at the Hotel Castello so it would be easy to find me. She also wrote down her cell phone number in case the girl had any questions.  
  
"Seriously?" the waitress asked, smiling and blushing at the same time. "She'd really do that for me?"   
The girl was breathing hard and grinning ear to ear, as if she'd just won the lottery.  
  
"If she decides to fight the inevitable," Gretchen said, "I'll whip her until she changes her mind."  
  
"You wouldn't really do that to her, would you?" The waitress seemed to be totally innocent. She lived in a country where slavery was legal, but she didn't seem to understand how masters and mistresses treated their slaves.  
  
"Diane, why don't you answer that question for the dear girl?"  
  
I looked up at the face of the enthusiastic girl. She had the same sort of look of adoration as Lexi had when she looked at me.  
  
"If I refused to obey an order Gretchen would really whip me. But it's not going to become an issue. I'd be happy to kneel between your legs and do whatever it takes to make you happy sexually. I've done it for other women. I'll happily do it for you."  
  
The smile on her face seemed to light up the entire room.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Once again I ended up at the Punishment Park. I thought I had been quite well behaved so it seemed rather unfair to me that I was brought back to this place of whips and pain and humiliation.  
  
This time I was tied spread-eagled on the ground. My wrists and ankles were tied to stainless-steel rings and there was some sort of protrusion underneath my hips that forced me to arch my back and make my breasts and loins more prominent. I was stretched wide open with my feet so wide apart that I felt as if I could be split apart. When the park employee checked the knots and cords I couldn't move at all.  
  
"Now don't you go anywhere, cutie" the park employee said, smiling down at my helpless, nude body. "I'll be right back."   
  
My thought was she was probably going to fetch a whip or some painful metal clamps. Just leaving me spread-eagle and helpless was not in keeping with the other punishments I had experienced at the park so far. I groaned in trepidation of whatever unpleasant fate was going to befall me.  
  
When the park employee came back, she was accompanied by a free woman and a naked slave-girl. I eventually recognized the slave girl as she one who had eaten my pussy the day before.  
  
"This is Heather," the park employee informed me, as she laid a hand on the slave-girl's naked shoulder. "And this is her owner, Tracy."  
  
Gretchen came to stand behind Tracy and Heather and added, "Since the press is following you everywhere you go, we thought we'd give them something worth seeing. Two naked slave-girls engaging in lesbian sex should be worthy of their attention, don't you think?"  
  
My breasts and pubic lips were still somewhat sore from being whipped yesterday, but nobody seemed to care. Heather got down on her knees and knelt between my wide spread legs. Then two of her fingers were inside me, causing me to moan and making my pussy throb with renewed intensity.   
  
"There you are, Darling" said Gretchen said with a smile. "You're beautiful, you're helplessly bound and you're naked and the European media is going to watch and see how many orgasms this slave-girl can provide you."  
  
I could only raise my head a bit, but I was able to spy a few or the members of the Sessian media with their cameras set up, ready to immortalize my humiliation forever.  
  
Gretchen, Tracy, Victoria and the park employee all stood back so that the photographers and cameramen had a better view of my nude body and the naked slave-girl who was stimulating my erotic zones. She had started by fingering my pussy, but almost instantly changed position and began to kiss, bite and suck on my nipples.  
  
I had desperately wanted an orgasm for a long time, but I was I felt shamed and mortified that my orgasm would be seen by dozens of reporters and photojournalists. What must they think of me, seeing me like this?  
  
While Gretchen watched me gasp and twitch as Heather brought me close to orgasm, she deepened my humiliation by saying, "This is wonderful fun, darling. How many girls are lucky enough to share their orgasms with all of Europe?"  
  
I was tempted to make some smart-ass remark in response to that, but slaves usually get punished for smart-ass remarks and I was already naked and bound in a punishment park. Then Gretchen had the temerity to add, "I intend to watch your orgasms, Diane. You mustn't try and hold them back. I want the people of Europe to enjoy them all. You're such a lucky girl."  
  
Heather kept changing the focus of her interest. First she would focus on stimulating my nipples, and then she would proceed to lick at the exposed sex between my widespread thighs. When my nipples were swollen, erect, aching and covered with her saliva, she crawled between my legs and began licking at my swollen labia and making me moan and pant some more.  
  
Heather's tongue and lips were quite skilled. It didn't matter if she was focused on my nipples or my vagina. Either way, her mouth had a strong effect on me. Even with the humiliation of scores of strangers watching me, I soon found myself panting and heaving against the ropes. I looked up at the naked slave-girl, but she was too absorbed in her task to notice the pleading look in my eyes. She just kept happily licking and occasionally would, without warning, bite one of my nipples, making me yelp. I held my tongue and refused to complain about this humiliating treatment, but I knew that an extremely shaming orgasm was inevitable. I couldn't move and Heather's tongue worked away on my naked body with unrelenting vigor. Gretchen's eyes were bright as she looked down on me and the other naked slave-girl.  
  
The first orgasm, when it came, felt like the detonation of a nuclear bomb, with my clitoris at ground zero. Wave after wave of powerful sensation radiated outward from my clit and spread though my entire naked body making me scream and thrash painfully against the bonds on my wrists and ankles. When it was all over, I was sweating, panting, exhausted and ashamed.  
  
But even though I was utterly humiliated and had tears on my face after having a loud, panting orgasm in front of Victoria, several park employees, park patrons and dozens of members of the European press, Gretchen wasn't done with me yet. I saw one photojournalist move in closer as Heather began to lick at my sex again. Almost immediately I began to pant and grunt and sweat again as a second orgasm built up inside of me. I was helpless to do anything to stop it. Heather stayed there between my widespread legs, attending to my shaved sex and eventually I panted and grunted my way to another explosion of female nerve endings.   
  
After it was over, a female park employee organized a line of people to come and get a good look at my naked, helpless body. Each person got about five seconds to ogle my nudity up close before they we forced to allow the person in line behind them to get a look.  
  
Most of the people in line were free women wearing fashionable clothes; however there were a few naked slave girls as well. I few of them winked or blew me kisses. All of them smiled as me, as if we were sharing some sort of beautiful moment together. I smiled back, not really understanding why.  
  
Then there were the men, and just like the women most of the men were free men wearing fashionable clothes, however there were some naked slave-boys as well. They smiled at me as well, but I thought their smiles were all creepy, especially as they were accompanied by large, swollen erect penises.  
  
And; of course; most of the freemen and free women brought cameras and took photos of my helpless nudity.  
  
Much later, Gretchen sauntered over to my helpless nude form, knelt down and playfully pinched one of my nipples. "Now, if I untie you," Gretchen asked, "do you promise to hug that slave-girl and thank her for servicing you?"  
  
I felt embarrassed and distraught, but I understood what sort of misfortune lay in wait if I complained about the way I had been treated. Discarding all of my self-respect, I said, "Yes, Mistress. I promise to hug that slave-girl and thank her for licking my pussy and sucking on my nipples"  
  
Gretchen called over a park employee to untie me and she pinched my other nipple, considerably harder than the pinched the first one. I flinched and whimpered in pain.   
  
"Just remember, you promised," she said as she continued to abuse my nipple. I understood the message she was trying to convey. Either I followed her orders, or more pain to my sensitive nipples was certain to follow.  
  
Gretchen kissed me before she stood up and the naked slave-girl was led over to me. She was about my height and weight and even had the same hair color as me. And of course her vulva was shaved just like mine. Slaves are never allowed to have pubic hair, it's against the law.  
  
Heather was hesitant as she approached me; apparently I was supposed to make the first move.  
  
"Um, thank you for using your lips and your tongue to bring me to orgasm over and over again," I said loud enough for dozens of people to hear. "Your mouth is very skilled."  
  
Then Heather and I hugged, Heather pressed her naked body close to mine and I could feel a great deal of body heat as she wrapped her arms around me and pressed her naked breasts into mine. She felt so hot she was feverish.  
  
She kissed me softly on the lips and her lips felt good. I wrapped my arms around Heather's naked body and I felt that I should really hate this girl for her participation in the way I was publically humiliated, but somehow I just couldn't do it. Maybe it was because she and I looked so much alike, or maybe it was because she was a slave and had no real choice in the matter. She had to follow orders or be punished.  
  
I held the naked girl close and kissed her on the shoulder and smelled her hair. Her skin felt soft and warm and she smelled nice. And when her bare thighs brushed up against mine I felt a familiar tingle in my sex. I was surprised that I could still get that sort of feeling in my loins so soon after two powerful orgasms, but Heather was a real treasure when it came to physical beauty. Later I'd ask Gretchen if I could return the favor and bring Heather to multiple orgasms while scores of people watched.  
  
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When we returned to the Hotel Castello, I got a standing ovation. Approximately two seconds after my bare feet touched the tiles of the lobby floor, people started clapping, hotel guests, front desk staff, security guards, bellboys, everybody!  
  
I was totally dumbfounded. I actually looked around the lobby to see if there was somebody else they could be applauding for, but Gretchen, Victoria and I were the only ones who had just entered the lobby. The applause seemed to be for us.  
  
Finally a bellboy came up and apparently saw my look of confusion and explained. "We say you on channel thirteen," he said. "You and that other slave-girl at the punishment park; it was the hottest thing I've ever seen!"  
  
Dozens of hotel guests and hotel employees came up to me and told me similar things. Apparently channel thirteen had been at the punishment park and broadcast a live feed of Heather licking my pussy and driving me to orgasm while I was tied down spread-eagle and helpless.  
  
My face felt hot and my head felt as if it was being squeezed in a vice. It was bad enough for dozens of people in the punishment park to see me in that humiliating predicament, but it was far worse that all of these people in the hotel saw me as well. This hotel was basically my home until I returned to America! Everybody in my home had seen me at my most degraded!!  
  
A woman in her late twenties came up to me and wrapped her arms around me, embracing me in an enthusiastic hug. "You were amazing," she gushed. "That was the most blatantly sexual thing I've ever seen in my life!"  
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I said falteringly. I could just barely hear her. My heart was beating in my chest so hard I could hear the pounding in my ears. It was partially drowning out all the words people were saying.  
  
Her clothes felt rough against the sensitive skin of my bare breasts and nipples, and as soon as she unhugged me, more people came up to me, apparently I had a lot of fans now.  
  
A young guy (about my age) in a black tee-shirt and blue jeans walked up to me all smiles and enthusiasm threw his arms around me and kissed me. "You are my new favorite celebrity ever," he exclaimed. "Can I get your autograph?"  
  
"Sorry," I said submissively, "but my hands are cuffed behind my back."  
  
"Well, that's certainly a problem we can solve," Gretchen said. She took the tiny key and unlocked my wrists from the handcuffs. Once my hands were free, the boy handed me a pen and an 8x10 photo of me at the airport. In the photo I was surrounded by OSI bureaucrats and AAS agents. An OSI bureaucrat was holding a black, leather slave collar and I was standing there, naked and submissive, lifting my chin up so it would be easier for her to lock it on my throat.  
  
I signed the photo and asked, "Where did you get this?"  
  
The young man looked me up and down while he answered. He almost completely ignored my face, focusing mainly on my shaved pussy and aching-hard nipples. He was so hypnotized by the naughty bits on my naked body I was actually starting to wonder if he had ever seen a naked girl before.  
  
"Oh, there's this guy named Graham Fullerton. He took lots of photos of you that day when you arrived at the airport. He's selling them for like sixty pounds each. I would've bought more, but with my job and my income I could really only afford to buy one."  
  
"He does good work," Gretchen commented. "Is he a professional?"  
  
"I dunno," the young male replied. "I guess so."  
  
"This is professional quality Gretchen observed. "Maybe I should seek out Mr. Fullerton and buy some of these from him. You look absolutely gorgeous in these photos, Diane."  
  
I groaned at this and met more members of my public. They hugged me and told me how absolutely beautiful I was and praised me for my bravery for going nude in public.   
  
Eventually there were people that asked if they could have their photo taken with me and Gretchen was more than happy to oblige them. Gretchen would take their iPhones or digital cameras and allow them to pose with me while she took photo after photo of me with perfect strangers.  
  
Most of the people who posed with me would put their arm around me, their hand on my hip or my shoulder, however some people couldn't resist letting their hand slip down and fondling my naked butt or giving one of my sore buttocks a squeeze.  
  
Even Lexi showed up to pose for pictures with me. "You're just so adorable," Lexi said, "I can't let you go back to America without some photos to remember you by."  
  
Lexi started off smiling with her arm around my waist as we both posed for the camera, however there were a few photos where she kissed me on the cheek, two photos where she kissed me on the lips and one where she was cupping my left breast. The one where she was cupping my breast in her hand was actually Gretchen's idea. Can you believe that? Most girlfriends would be jealous and possessive if somebody else felt up their girlfriend's breasts.  
  
My breasts were still sore from being whipped the previous day, but slaves learn not to complain about such things. Slaves that complain get punished more than slaves who remain silent.  
  
Eventually we made it back to my room, I was physically and emotionally exhausted and wanted nothing more than to rest, however I was once again thwarted.  
  
"You have another photo shoot," Victoria informed me. "It's downstairs."  
  
"Victoria, please! I'm exhausted," I tried to protest, but the woman from corporate America didn't understand anything that wasn't written in a corporate memo or quarterly balance sheet. Soon I was led downstairs and was met by a photography crew from Insider Magazine.  
  
A tall, dark haired man in a black tee-shirt seemed to be in charge. He greeted Gretchen and Victoria and explained that he had heard about my showering in public every morning and it gave him an idea for a photo-shoot. He was really excited about it and seemed to think that his excitement should be infectious.  
  
As the naked slave-girl I'd be the star of the photo-shoot, however there was female model there with a gorgeous body. She was a brunette with a track athlete's legs and high, firm ass. She had very small breasts; however your eyes were drawn to her amazing abs just above her pelvis.  
  
Did I mention that she was almost naked? She wore only a tiny, black G-string and a black tee-shirt that had been strategically shredded to cover only her firm breasts and nothing else.  
  
"Miss Schlank, we'll need you standing over here," and he indicated an area of the hotel health club where it appeared that the patrons usually showered, a concrete compartment with shower nozzles along one wall. The rest was bare except for taps and a coiled hose.   
  
There was an obvious recent addition to the room that the photographer pointed out; it was a stainless-steel shackle. The shackle was attached to a chain and the chain was bolted to the concrete floor.  
  
"Allison, if you could shackle her ankle," the photographer suggested. "I'll get some light readings and take a few preliminary photos."  
  
The tall, athletic woman locked my ankle in metal bondage and I admired her firm ass as she bent down to secure me. After my ankle was shackled she seemed to take a few seconds to stare at my shaved pubic lips. Had she never seen a woman with a shaved pubis before, or was there a physical attraction?  
  
I could feel her hot breath as she stared at my naked pussy, but the photographer interrupted her reverie, claiming that she and the entire crew needed to wrap up the photo-shoot quickly, something about a 4:00 deadline.  
  
Sadly, once the photo-shoot began things got very bad for me. Allison picked up the hose and pointed it at my naked body. An icy jet of water struck my naked flesh and seemed to knock the breath out of me. It was so cold it stung like a hundred needles and I cried for Allison to stop. The photographer told Allison to keep on going, so the cold spray of water continued to abuse my naked body. I tried to evade the cold, cruel spray from the hose, but the stainless steel shackle around my ankle prevented me from doing very much. No matter how I bent and twisted, the hose followed me. At the photographer's urging, the jet narrowed and intensified seeking those areas of her being where it hurt most, my nipples, my pubic lips: my anus. My hands were unchained and I attempted to use them to protect the most delicate parts of my anatomy, but the arctic jet always seemed to be ahead of them. I huddled in the corner, but Gretchen, Victoria and the photographer all ordered me to turn around. I was a slave and I knew I couldn't disobey Gretchen. I turned my naked, vulnerable body towards Allison and her wicked hose, presenting my aching breasts and pubic lips as easy targets.

I was aching and miserable, but Allison stopped spraying me long enough for the photographer's assistant to give me a bar of soap. I stared at it dumfounded for several seconds.  
  
"You lather yourself up with it, Girl," the photographer called out to me. "I thought that would be obvious! I designed this photo-shoot to be so simply that everything should be intuitive!"  
  
I had some smart-ass comments that I bit back and lathered myself up. The photographer made constant suggestions about which parts of my body should be lathered up most extensively and I obediently lathered as he instructed, spending most of my time lathering up my loins, my sore buttocks and my poor, aching breasts  
  
"Okay Diane, now I want you to face Allison," the photographer called out to me, " Feet wide apart. Reach your hands high above your head."  
  
I'm sure that Allison would never have done it if she were in my shoes. It was a cruel exposure for a naked girl, but Allison was a model and I was just a slave-girl. Suffering in my inferior status, I obediently assumed the pose. My soaped and lathered naked body was soon under assault by the icy spray of Allison's cruel, wicked weapon and I panted and whimpered as she tormented me with it.  
  
The water bit at my defenseless, naked body and the photographer snapped his photos. All traces of soap were soon washed away. But the jet had been made more vicious. As it roamed up and down my naked, vulnerable body, hurting my sensitive pussy and my swollen, aching nipples, I couldn't keep from flinching.  
  
Finally, the photographer ordered me to turn around and face the concrete wall, standing with my legs far apart with my ass sticking out, my arms above my head and my hands pressed up against the wall. Allison then aimed her hose at my poor, stinging ass and sprayed me mercilessly, not missing a single inch of my naked skin, I cried and sobbed when she aimed the cold, punishing spray directly at my anus.  
  
When it was over, the photographer began to pack up his photographic equipment, but I was still sobbing. The most intimate, erotic parts of my anatomy were a riot of pain and I couldn't stop the shuddering sobs of agony.  
  
Allison unlocked my captive ankle and used a towel to dry me off. "You're very brave, blondie," she said to me. "I've always thought of myself as tough, but I never would have agreed to go through that scene that you just did, and I've run in two marathons."  
  
Allison hugged me and allowed me to sob on her shoulder. Her skin was warm, she was very nearly naked and had an incredible body. I couldn't help but think of our hug as erotic.  
  
Soon Gretchen pulled Allison off of me and said, "I've got to take my slave-girl home. She's had a rough day and now she needs her rest."  
  
*"Rest,"*I thought, *"Is it true? Will I finally get a chance to lie down and try to recover from this day?"*  
  
I suppose I must have somehow made it up to our hotel room and into Gretchen's bed, because the next thing I remember I was lying in Gretchen's bed one wrist handcuffed to the bedframe and six hours had passed.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 07**

Two female security guards hovered over me. They reminded me of amazons. Each of them was at least six feet tall and had a lean, yet athletic look about them. I was only five foot, nine and one-hundred and twenty pounds. They made me seem small and ineffectual by comparison.   
  
Each of them had an iron grip on my arm and refused to let go as they led me down a corridor and into what appeared to be a very large office. Behind a very large, mahogany desk sat a rather attractive woman with high cheekbones who appeared to be in her late twenties or early thirties. She wore a very smart-looking black blazer over her white blouse and her red hair looked freshly styled.   
  
"This is the one?" the smartly-dressed woman asked.   
  
"This is her," one of the women with the iron grip on my arm responded. "She was embezzling from the company. The chief accountant showed us how she did it."   
  
The smart-dressed woman leaned across her desk and stared at me with intense eyes and said, "Do you want to go to jail?"   
  
*"No,"* I exclaimed, full of panic and desperation, *"Please, don't call the police! I'll give back all the money! I'll never steal from you ever again! I swear!"*   
  
The well-dressed woman placed one hand on the phone and smiled like a predator that's cornered its prey. "There is a way to gain my forgiveness and avoid a lengthy prison term," she informed me, "however you must do everything I say, no matter how outrageous it sounds. If you balk, I will call the police and press charges against you for embezzlement."   
  
"I promise, Miss Beaumont," I said emphatically, "I'll do whatever you say! I don't care *what* it is! Just please don't turn me over the police!"   
  
"Very good," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "That's just what I had hoped you would say. Now take off your clothes."   
  
I was stunned. I don't know what I was expecting Miss Beaumont would ask of me, but I certainly wasn't expecting her to ask me to undress in front of her and two security guards!   
  
My heart thudded in my chest and I felt a sensation of shock wash over me. I placed a hand over my heart and said, "You mean...?"   
  
"I mean strip," she said in a firm, no-nonsense tone of voice, "Or if you prefer I can call the police."   
  
I was trapped. Miss Beaumont had me totally at her mercy and she knew it. With Miss Beaumont and two security guards watching my every move, I unbuckled my belt and reached for the front of my shirtdress and began to unbutton it.   
  
My bra was one of those demi-bras with underwire cups. I couldn't remember why I was wearing a bra that so blatantly showcased my breasts, but I could tell that Miss Beaumont appreciated the view. My breasts looked larger, rounder and higher than I could ever remember seeing them before.   
  
I continued to unbutton my dress and when I had unbuttoned the last button, I shrugged and allowed the dress to fall to the floor, leaving me standing there in just my bra, panties and high heels.   
  
"Everything," demanded the authoritarian woman. I reached around awkwardly and felt for the hook fastenings of the bra and undid them and then slipped the bra off and slid it down my arms. Once my breasts were exposed to her gaze, Miss Beaumont stared at them like a hungry wolf stares at a rabbit. Her stare made me feel more exposed and vulnerable than if I was fully naked. Instinctively I crossed my arms over my chest in a defensive motion.   
  
"Don't cover yourself," Miss Beaumont snapped, "Place your hands behind the back of your neck. That's better. Elbows back."   
  
My traitorous nipples instantly became hard when exposed to her lecherous gaze. I couldn't stop it from happening. Being naked almost always causes my body to react. My nipples become hard and erect and I get a shivery tingle. I can be naked in the shower or naked at my doctor's office for a medical exam, but being naked almost always makes me aroused.   
  
Miss Beaumont's smile widened when she saw my erect nipples and then she said, "Shoes too, and then your panties."   
  
Once I was standing there barefoot, I hooked my thumbs into my panties and pulled them down. The spandex/lycra garment was very tiny and didn't cover much, however I missed it terribly once it was on the floor and my pubic lips were exposed to Miss Beaumont's prurient gaze.   
  
Miss Beaumont surveyed my bared youthful body with approval. "You're very lovely, Diane," she said. "I think perhaps we can come to an agreement after all that doesn't involve the police."   
  
I looked down at my bared labia and noticed I was completely shaved down there. I didn't remember shaving my pussy. Was that something I normally did? Or did I go to a salon for a full bikini wax that left me hairless? That would be extremely painful if I did. It would involve yanking hundreds of pubic hairs out by the roots.   
  
While I was looking down and contemplating my own shaved vulva, Miss Beaumont had gotten up out of her chair and walked over to where I was standing. She snaked a hand between my thighs and forced a finger into my pink slit. Reflexively I closed my thighs together, however Miss Beaumont slapped me across the face and admonishingly snapped the word, "*Spread!"*   
  
If it weren't for the two security guards behind me, I might have slapped her back or tried to argue with her. However I was now naked and outnumbered three to one. Also each of the Amazonian security guards was big enough to overpower me all by themselves.   
  
I spread my legs, feeling defeated and defenseless and exposed. Miss Beaumont's hand leisurely explored my cleft, probing deep and of course her fingers rubbed up against my clit as she worked her fingers in and out of me.   
  
By the time she removed her fingers from my pink slit, my clit was swollen and I was soaking wet.   
  
"Open," Miss Beaumont snapped at me as she held up her hand near my face, three fingers slick with my juices.   
  
I wanted to argue, but there wasn't much I could do. I was outnumbered three to one, and there was the threat of the police to consider. I opened my mouth and allowed this stern, authoritarian woman to place her fingers in my mouth so I could suck the juices from my own pussy off of them.   
  
When Miss Beaumont returned to her desk and sat down, I figured that she was done with me. What this woman had made me do was humiliating and degrading, but apparently it was over. My chest heaved as I breathed in a sigh of relief and asked, "May I get dressed now?"   
  
"No," Miss Beaumont's answer was very succinct.   
  
I began to feel real panic as I realized I had no idea what else Miss Beaumont wanted from me or how long it might take. Did she intend to keep me here for another hour? Two hours? Six hours? Twelve hours? I really had no idea what she had in store for me.   
  
I was a naked girl in an office with three clothed people watching me. I felt very vulnerable and defenseless and out of place and then Miss Beaumont said, "Diane, place your hands behind your back and cross your wrists."   
  
Honestly, her new command sounded less crazy than her command to strip naked. This time I obeyed without comment. I put my hands behind her back and crossed my wrists.   
  
"Stand still, Diane. Erica is going to lock your wrists in handcuffs."   
  
Obediently I stood, although there was fear in the pit of my stomach. Being naked in front of all of these clothed people was bad enough, but handcuffs would enhance my helplessness to a degree that I wasn't certain I should be willing to accept. I trembled at the touch of cold, hard metal around my wrists, and wondered what else would happen to me now that I had lost the use of my hands. I winced as the authoritative clicks of the stainless steel cuffs signaled with finality my total helplessness.   
  
Once the security guard had successfully trapped my wrists, Miss Beaumont told the security guard to turn me around so that she could get a good look at my ass.   
  
Once I was turned around, I could see the looks of the faces on the two female security guards. They had lustful looks on their faces almost identical to the one of Miss Beaumont's face. Apparently all three of them were lesbians with a thing for dominating naked, helpless girls.   
  
And while the two uniformed women gave me libidinous looks, I could feel Miss Beaumont's hands on my naked, girlish body. I trembled as she placed her hands on the small of my back and moved my handcuffed wrists out of her way. Then she let her fingers trail leisurely down the crack of my ass. I whimpered as she cupped both of my buttocks in her hands and told me that my naked bottom was adorable.   
  
"Thank you, Miss Beaumont," I said, although what I really wanted to say was "Get your hands off me, you pervert!"   
  
"You got a good look at her bottom, Erica," Miss Beaumont said to one of the female security guards, "What did you think of it?"   
  
"It looked very high and firm", Erica said. "It's adorable."   
  
"She has the most darling buttocks I've ever seen on a female," Miss Beaumont said sounding sincere, "It's almost a shame we have to mark it up."   
  
"Mark it up?" I asked nervously, while Miss Beaumont continued to fondle my ass.   
  
"I'm afraid so," Miss Beaumont said, not sounding very sorry at all. "After all the money you stole from this company, I couldn't possibly let you off the hook with a minor punishment like stripping naked in my office. I'm going to have to inflict something on you that really stings. Otherwise you'll never truly learn your lesson."   
  
She said it so calm and reasonably, I could almost believe that she was doing this for my own good, rather than getting some sort of cheap lesbian sexual thrill out of it.   
  
"Of course, before your ass pays for your sins, there's a ritual waiting period. It helps to focus your mind on what you've done and why you deserve to be punished. Also it does wonders for employee morale when they get to view the penitent before the punishment."   
  
It took a few seconds for my brain to process that last bit. "View the penitent? Me? Other employees are going to see me, naked?"   
  
I had always been shy about showing my naked body to anyone and now I was in a panic at Miss Beaumont's words. It sounded like she was going to be displaying my naked body to anybody and everybody that worked here!   
  
"You violated the trust of your co-workers and superiors," Miss Beaumont calmly explained. "Therefore it seems only fair that your privacy will be violated by your co-workers and superiors. The people whose trust you violated will get to see your most intimate treasures, and you get no say in who will be allowed to ogle your nudity or touch the treasures that you normally hide underneath your clothes."   
  
The security guards led me naked down the corridor and I was frustratingly unable to cover my nudity due to my hands being bound behind my back. A well-dressed woman came out of one of the offices as we passed and Erica stopped our procession so that she could get a better look at my blushing naked body.   
  
"Embezzler," Erica explained. "We're disciplining her in-house, instead of involving the police."   
  
As I was made to walk again, I could hear the woman talking to one of her co-workers. Before I reached the end of the hall, they were both standing in the corridor, gawking at my naked butt.   
  
The security guards frog-marched me into a conference room and closed the door behind us. It looked to me as if this conference room hadn't been used in quite some time. The conference table had been removed, as had most of the chairs.   
  
"Stand over there," Erica commanded as she pushed me towards the center of the room.   
  
Strangely, I hadn't noticed the vertical posts in the center of the room until I was standing directly between them.   
  
"We're to bind you here, while you wait for your punishment. If you don't struggle and cooperate with us, the whole thing will go smoother."   
  
I was already naked and filled with dread at being on display for my co-workers to gawk at; however these women totally intimidated me with their superior size and athletic physiques. I wasn't going to give them any trouble.   
  
The security guards unlocked me from my handcuffs. I was relieved to be released from the metal bondage of the cuffs, however my relief was short-lived as the two Amazonian women then produced a great deal of rope from a nearby cupboard and expertly and tightly tied ropes to my wrists and then threaded the ropes through an iron ring set into the ceiling above me. Then they pulled me up so that my feet were off the floor. The two women stood back to examine their handiwork as I groaned with the strain of my arms and shoulders supporting the weight of my body.   
  
"I like the way that her tits stick out with her arms pulled way up like that," said Erica, "but we can't just leave her legs to dangle."   
  
"You're right," agreed the other security guard. "Let's tie her ankles and secure them to the posts."   
  
They each took a length of rope, tied it tightly around one of my ankles and then pulled my legs wide open and tied off the ropes to the posts on either side of me. I was totally helpless and indecently exposed. My arm muscles were at full stretch and the dips between the tendons at the tops of my thighs seemed to thrust my shaved pussy outwards exposing my open pink pubic lips like a hungry mouth. My inner thigh muscles now felt the strain as my legs were stretched far apart and a lot of my body weight seemed to rest on them now. My stomach muscles were pulled flat with the tension as I vainly squirmed and attempted to gain some sort of comfortable position for my aching body.   
  
"Perfect," exclaimed Erica as she gazed at my stretched and exposed nudity, "She's ready for visitors now."   
  
I groaned at the thought of anybody coming in to see me like this. I was naked and shaved with my hands tied stretched above my head, and my ankles tied out to the side spreading my legs wide and leaving my pink pubic lips obscenely on display.   
  
"I'll go alert the department heads," Erica said as she affectionately patted my buttocks, "You stay here and keep an eye on her."   
  
I was left alone with the other female security guard. She was tall and intimidating with intense eyes and a firm jaw. She didn't speak, but she took advantage of my helpless state by stroking my exposed anus and pushing her finger provocatively into my wantonly exposed slit. Despite the fact that it was humiliating to be groped like that I began to pant and felt the shivery tingles of an orgasm building as she fingered me, however when my breathing became exceptionally labored, she withdrew her finger leaving me sexually unsatisfied and on edge.   
  
I whimpered at being teased and then so cruelly denied an orgasm, however there was no sign of sympathy or compassion on the security guard's face. She just stared at me and observed my misery without comment or compassion.   
  
I looked away from the silent security guard and down at my split loins and prayed my visitors would be few and far between. It was humiliating to be naked and on display like this, so the fewer people to witness my humiliation the better.   
  
There were visitors, mostly members of the accounting department who found an excuse to enter and, in passing, have a damned good look at my pubic lips which were now embarrassingly swollen, moist and spread wide open.   
  
One well-dressed employee replaced another, smirking at my predicament. Some of them took pictures of my helpless nudity with their cell phones.   
  
A tastefully attired young woman from the marketing department came in and stared unashamed at my exposed pubic lips while she tried to chat with me.   
  
She tried to be friendly, but I was humiliated at being exposed before my co-workers like this and wasn't really in the mood for conversation. She offered me a sip of her coffee, which I gratefully accepted, however in retrospect I probably didn't really need anything with caffeine. Fear and sexual frustration had already stimulated me enough. I really didn't need any other stimulation.   
  
When the friendly woman finally took her coffee and left, the security guard ordered me to smile pleasantly at anyone who dropped by to visit me. It wasn't easy, but I was helpless and at her mercy, so I tried my best to smile at any one who dropped by to have a good look at the naked girl who was spread so wide apart she thought she'd split wide open.   
  
An intern from the marketing department came in and I smiled at her, even though what I really wanted to do was to scream at her and demand that she leave me alone. She was pretty young; perhaps nineteen years old; and not as reserved or diplomatic as the other employees that had dropped by to see me.   
  
She looked me up and down, not the least bit afraid to stare directly at my exposed nipples or my indecently exposed wet, pink sex. She took all the time she wanted and had a good, long look. I could feel my face growing hot with embarrassment.   
  
Eventually the girl's attention focused on my vulnerable breasts. She bent forward and kissed each of them lightly, then bit each nipple with a momentary severity. I howled in pain and outrage. A girl's nipples should never be subject to such treatment. Nipples are just too delicate and sensitive and have a multitude of nerve endings that make them very receptive to even the slightest touch!   
  
The teenager looked up from my pained nipples and made eye contact. She had a look of youthful enthusiasm and wide-eyed delight. "You made an awful fuss just now," she said. "Haven't you ever had your nipples bitten before?"   
  
"Of course not," I snapped. "It's wrong to treat a girl's nipples like that. No civilized person would ever do such a cruel thing! No girl should ever have her nipples abused like that!"   
  
"But, you're so cute and naked and helpless," the intern observed, relishing her power over me. "I'd be foolish not to take advantage of you while the opportunity presents itself."   
  
I tried appealing to the security guard for some sort of protection from the young intern, but I was informed that there was no rule against what she was doing. I had stolen from the company, so I had to be punished. If the intern wanted to bite my nipples, that was her right.   
  
I struggled mightily against the ropes that held me but succeeded only in working up a sweat, arching my spine and thrusting my naked hips forward slightly. My vulnerable breasts and nipples belonged to the young intern far more than to myself. "Don't touch them. Leave them alone," I ordered, even though I knew it wouldn't do any good.   
  
Much to my shock and indignation, the young intern took one of my nipples into her mouth and sucked on it. When she was done stimulating my nipple with her mouth and tongue, she proceeded to take my other nipple into her mouth and sucked vigorously on that part of my female anatomy as well. I stared fixedly at the opposite wall and tried to ignore both the hard small tongue and its effect.   
  
I looked down when she was finished. My traitorous nipples had swelled and become hot and erect. They were still wet from the mischievous lips and had become so sensitive that their aching almost made me scream with need.   
  
The intern briefly stroked my widespread inner thighs before gliding a finger gently across my exposed pink labia, which at this point was embarrassingly swollen and slick with my own juices. I whimpered as the intern gently stroked her finger across my sensitive pubic lips again and again with maddening slowness. She was teasing me, and I was helpless to do anything to stop her.   
  
I panted and whimpered as this girl played with my loins and then I made an inarticulate, girlish noise as she inserted two fingers into my sensitive, throbbing sex. It seemed as if those two fingers were somehow stimulating my entire naked body. I struggled against the ropes, but to no avail. The mischievous girl's fingers explored, poked and teased.

I groaned and fought against the ropes that made me helpless and attempted to thrust my pelvis hard against this girl's fingers, but every time I came close to approaching an orgasm, she would withdraw her fingers from my sex and watch me intently, studying the frustration on my face and seeing the tears well up in my eyes.   
  
And when I'd calmed down somewhat, she would impale my pussy on her fingers again and begin to tease my libido once more.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
I woke up naked in Gretchen's bed with a stainless steel handcuff locked tightly around my wrist. It took me a few seconds to realize the thing with the intern was just a dream and acclimate to the real world. Apparently I was in a hotel room in Sessia. I wouldn't go anywhere without Gretchen's permission, but the handcuff on my wrist increased my feelings of helplessness and vulnerability. Gretchen likes that. She says it helps to keep me in the proper mindset and maintains the proper image.   
  
My bottom was still sore from multiple spankings, my muscles were sore from the workout Claudia made me do for her and my pussy was throbbing with need. I desperately wanted to reach down with my free hand and finger myself to orgasm, but slaves who get caught masturbating tend to receive cruel and unusual punishments.   
  
"Oh good, you're awake," I heard a female voice say. "Gretchen, she's awake now."   
  
I looked up and saw the waitress who had served Gretchen and me at lunch earlier that day. She was no longer wearing her waitress uniform and was dressed in jeans and a black tee-shirt, but I recognized her well enough. She had a pretty face, a slender waist and a flat tummy, but with her A-cup breasts, narrow hips and charming pixie haircut, she looked almost like a teenage boy.   
  
"Diane," Gretchen said slowly, enunciating each word carefully, "This is Michelle."   
  
Gretchen placed her hands protectively on Michelle's shoulders and added, "She's young, she just turned nineteen, and she's a little bit nervous about having sex with a girl for the first time, so I expect you to do everything in your power to put her at ease and make certain that this is an enjoyable experience for her."   
  
I had to bite my tongue at that. She was nervous? I was the one who was naked, exposed, vulnerable, handcuffed and sore from multiple spankings! What did Michelle have to be nervous about?   
  
I didn't say any of this out loud and instead replied, "I'll do whatever makes you happy, Mistress."   
  
Gretchen unlocked my wrist from the handcuff and Michelle helped me up off of the bed. The instant I had my bare feet planted on the floor, Michelle pulled me close and kissed me passionately on the mouth. Our tongues met and Michelle moaned into my mouth as I was relentlessly kissed.   
  
"God, you are so beautiful," Michelle panted. "I can't believe Gretchen is allowing me to have sex with you."   
  
The smile on Michelle's face was beatific. She was blissfully happy just to be kissing me. Of course Gretchen had promised her more than just kissing, so eventually Michelle stepped back and placed her hands on my breasts, cupping them and lifting them ever so slightly, almost as if she were weighing them.   
  
"God, they are so beautiful," Michelle exclaimed. "Could you do me a favor," Michelle asked, "Could you arch your spine and pull your shoulders back? I'd like to examine them...well.."   
  
"You want them on display," Gretchen suggested. "You'd like for them exhibited and jutting out for your attention."   
  
"That's it," Michelle said in enthusiastic agreement with Gretchen, "That's exactly it!"   
  
Then she turned to me and said, "Would you mind?"   
  
It sounded silly that she even asked me for my opinion. Slave-girls were never asked what they wanted. They were just given orders, and they either obeyed or were forced to obey. So, I arched my spine and placed my hands behind my back and thrust my breasts forward.   
  
Michelle's own breasts were rather small; I suppose that's what caused her to be so fascinated with mine. She felt me up quite thoroughly; she petted my breasts them from the sides, cupped them from the bottom, massaged my nipples with her thumbs, separated them with her hands and then pushed them together. She was almost like a child that had found a new toy to play with.   
  
"I've never seen breasts as nice as yours, "Michelle gushed and then she began to roll my nipples between her thumbs and forefingers.   
  
My nipples are very sensitive and what she was doing felt really good. I moaned as Michelle's fingers stimulated my libido and made me feel tingly all over.   
  
Michelle proceeded to fondle my thighs, my bottom, my flat abs and my shaved vulva, but inevitably she ended up returning to my breasts. Apparently Michelle felt that my breasts were my best feature.   
  
"You're perfect, you're adorable, you are like the perfect girl," Michelle said, still gushing with effusive praise for my body. She had a huge crush on me, and might have stayed in my hotel room all night, only Gretchen prompted her to hurry up and move things along.   
  
Of course, while Michelle loved my breasts, the endgame really involved my mouth. Gretchen ordered me to get down on my knees and unbutton and unzip Michelle's pants. Michelle could have done it herself, but apparently it helps to reinforce my inferior status if I'm made to do it.   
  
Michelle didn't like having her pants pooled around her ankles in an untidy pile, so I ended up removing Michelle's shoes for her and helping her step out of her jeans. Then I grabbed the waistband of her panties and pulled them down her hips, her thighs and past her ankles so that she could step out of them.   
  
"Diane is quite skilled at using her mouth to make women happy," Gretchen boasted. Then to me she said, "Show her, Diane."   
  
Michelle's pubic hair was unexpectedly long and it required some work for me to find her labia so that I could go to work. I explored through Michelle's pubic hair until I found her pubic lips, which were already soaking wet with her juices. I felt a certain amount of pride, knowing that it was me who made her so wet with amorous passion. I smiled somewhat and used the fingers of both hands to peel her labia apart and spread her lips wide open. My tongue probed the gap between her pubic lips and Michelle gasped in intimate pleasure. As my tongue impaled her sex, she drove her hips forward to eagerly accept my tongue inside her. Michelle's sex tasted slightly salty as I lapped at her. Michelle apparently liked what I was doing as she spread her thighs wider and made enthusiastic moaning sounds. Gretchen had stopped giving me commands, apparently happy with my performance between Michelle's legs.   
  
When Michelle switched from moaning to panting, I used my tongue to slide the hood back from Michelle's hard, swollen clitoris. Then I licked at that hard nub, teasing it and making Michelle pant louder and with greater passion.   
  
Then I inserted two fingers inside Michelle's sex, probing deep and then started to curl my fingers in a 'come hither' kind of motion, all the while licking at her clit.   
  
She arched her back and squealed with pleasure at what I was doing between her legs. That's when I took her swollen clit gently between my teeth and began to simultaneously lick it and suck on it. The combination usually drives most women right over the edge. Michelle's hips writhed and Michelle almost knocked me down with her enthusiastic squirming of her hips.   
  
I continued to suck and lick at her clitoris, causing Michelle to make all manner of exhilarated noises. Some of these noises I can't even describe. Panting, moaning, whimpering and wailing; I can describe those; but some of these noises were beyond my experience. Michelle's noises of passion very nearly deafened me as Michelle's hips writhed and squirmed and my tongue worked its magic on her clit.   
  
As I continued to suck and lick at the teenager's clit she went wild with her responses. Her hips thrust forward with abandon and then her entire body shuddered. She then grabbed my head in a grip that was like iron and continued to shudder and make sounds like a red-tailed hawk.   
  
Even after her orgasm was over, Gretchen had me stay between her legs and lick every last drop of juices from her pussy.   
  
"Oh, God, you are so incredible," Michelle gushed, "I've never had an orgasm like that in my life! I never even knew that orgasms like that were possible!"   
  
After I stood up, Michelle hugged me and held me so tight I wondered if she was an athlete. Her arms were super-strong. It was almost like I was being gripped in a vice.   
  
She didn't want to let me go, but Gretchen insisted. Michelle might have a crush on me, but Gretchen owned me, and when Gretchen said it was time to let go, Michelle had no choice but to do what Gretchen said.   
  
Michelle reluctantly released me and made a face when Gretchen told her to get dressed. She didn't want to leave and she pleaded with Gretchen to stay with me a little longer. Eventually Gretchen gave Michelle permission to stay and watch while I ate Gretchen's pussy, but only if she was willing to watch quietly and not interfere.   
  
Gretchen set me back down on my knees and she removed her pants and lowered her panties down to her ankles and sat down on the bed. Just like Michelle, Gretchen was soaking wet. Gretchen gets aroused seeing me spanked, bound or humiliated and she'd seen plenty of that every day that we'd been in Sessia, so she was utterly awash in lust.   
  
I licked her beautiful pink slit from bottom to top and Gretchen started moaning almost immediately. Gretchen's labia were wet before I even began to lap at her sex. As an experienced cunnilingist, I can tell you that not all women's juices taste the same. Sometimes when I'm going down on a woman, the wetness I lick from her pubic lips tastes bland. With other women the taste is sweet. Sometimes the taste is sour. Sometimes a woman will taste buttery or salty. Sometimes she'll taste like wine. But the taste of Gretchen's pussy is my favorite of all the pussies I've ever licked. It's a very subtle taste; almost imperceptible; but her pussy has a sweet taste like pineapple.   
  
You may think that sounds crazy, but I've licked her pussy and you haven't. I know what she tastes like.   
  
And as I got lost in the taste of Gretchen's pussy, her breathing quickened and her thigh muscles tensed. I had barely even begun to lavish attention on her swollen clit before her first orgasm started.   
  
Her first orgasm was loud and passionate and involved Gretchen bouncing her ass on the bed, bucking her hips and thrusting her pelvis into my face. Gretchen rarely orgasms that quickly, I can only assume that her level of sexual tension was very high, I suppose that's why she was in such a hurry to get Michelle out the door.   
  
After her first orgasm, Gretchen had me stay on my knees and she spread her legs even farther, giving me even easier access to her moist labia. "Again," she insisted. "Do it again."   
  
The second time it took longer to bring her to orgasm, although I think she enjoyed the second one more. Her thighs trembled more, her breathing was more passionate and she gripped my head tighter. Also her first orgasm was over quickly, while her second orgasm just seemed to go on and on and on. It was a remarkable example of sexual endurance and sustained pleasure that her second orgasm lasted as long as it did. I think Michelle was jealous of Gretchen for how much longer Gretchen's orgasmic bliss seemed to last.   
  
Gretchen panted and shuddered and moaned for what seemed like thirty minutes or more, and then she lay limp and exhausted, sweaty and satisfied. Michelle finally let herself out without saying anything. I think she felt somewhat betrayed that she wasn't the only girl for me.   
  
She just didn't understand how the slave dynamic worked.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
My routine in Sessia was fairly predictable for the next few weeks. Lexi would wash me every morning in front of a crowd of leering hotel guests and reporters and then my poor bottom would be mercilessly spanked for the entertainment of a different group of leering hotel guests and reporters.   
  
I would be taken to the punishment park to have sex with Heather or some other slave-girl (with plenty of park patrons and reporters watching) and then I'd be taken to Sharp Fitness so that Claudia could put me through a grueling workout and scores of health club patrons could ogle my naked body.   
  
In the first week that Claudia acted as my personal trainer at Sharp Fitness, over nine-hundred new customers signed up for new memberships at Sharp Fitness. Many of them didn't even exercise when they got to the health club. They just showed up to catch a glimpse of the naked slave-girl being put through her paces by her personal trainer.   
  
One day in particular was very popular with the club patrons.   
  
On this particular day, Claudia didn't work my abs or my arms or my glutes. Instead she spent several hours working on my flexibility. The patrons of the club were practically knocking each other over to get a closer look at me as Claudia commanded me to work on my front split, my kneeling lunge stretch, my reverse lunge stretch, my single leg stretch, my straddle split, my straddle side stretch and my straddle center stretch.   
  
Of course all of these flexibility exercises put my pussy much more on view than usual; especially seeing as how I was naked and all of my pubic hair had been shaved off; which Claudia assured me was a good thing. She insisted that the further apart I could stretch my legs, the more my pubic lips would be exposed and on display and the more people would want to maintain their memberships and pay their monthly membership fees.   
  
The more Claudia talked like this, the more I thought she and Victoria would get along. They both had a corporate mindset. I could feel my face grow hot with embarrassment, knowing that a crowd of strangers were watching me while I performed these exercises in the middle of the health club and I was provocatively revealing my shaved pubic lips for them.   
  
But, as embarrassing as this all was, my clit refused to stop throbbing.   
  
When I was slow to obey or failed to live up to Claudia's expectations she would punish me. Much to my surprise, Claudia had a cheap leather whip, probably given to her by Gretchen or Victoria. Several times, when she thought I was slow to obey her commands, she would use it to deliver a quick, stinging, painful lash to my naked buttocks.   
  
And at one point, she even ordered me over her lap so that she could spank my naked bottom and the backs of my thighs with her bare hand.   
  
Claudia's arms are quite slender and I had wrongly assumed that her hand wouldn't sting very much when she spanked me. I learned however that Claudia's arms have lean and ropey muscle and she can spank very, very hard.   
  
With my naked ass up in the air and my palms flat on the floor, Claudia's strong right arm and her merciless right hand administered a painful sixty swats to my poor, upturned bottom and the vulnerable backs of my thighs.   
  
I can't even remember why Claudia was spanking me. The reasons probably aren't even important now. Claudia intended to prove her dominance over me and I suppose one reason would be as good as another for doing that.   
  
Also, the health club patrons loved the show that Claudia was putting on for them. Everybody stopped whatever they were doing and leaned forward to observe as the naked American girl bounced and squirmed in a shameful manner over Claudia's lap and Claudia delivered a volley on stinging swats to her poor, defenseless bare bottom.   
  
Long before the spanking was over I was sobbing like a little girl and Claudia assured me that my naked bottom was very, very red.   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
And then came the day that my sister came to visit me.   
  
When a girl (or a boy) engages in kinky bondage and discipline sex, they assume that their family will not become involved in any way, but one evening my sister Amy arrived in Sessia and knocked on the door to my hotel room.   
  
I was exhausted after a particularly grueling workout at Sharp Fitness and Gretchen had promised me that I could rest before making any more public appearances, but there came a knock on our hotel room door and before Gretchen or I could even begin to consider the consequences, Gretchen ordered me to answer it.   
  
So, completely naked (except for my slave collar) I went to the door and opened it.   
  
And my sister Amy was standing in the doorway.   
  
Until you engage in a lifestyle like mine where you associate with hundreds of people who think nothing of stripping you naked and exposing you in public for the leering crowds to ogle; and a sister or mother or cousin or brother shows up and surprises you; you'll never know how embarrassing it can be to be caught naked by a family member who shows up unexpectedly.   
  
"Surprise," Amy exclaimed as she stood in the doorway to my hotel room. She'd seen me naked like this before, so she didn't freak out, but it's still awkward and embarrassing for a family member to walk in on me while I'm in naked slave-girl mode.   
  
Oblivious to my embarrassment, Amy wrapped her arms around me and enveloped me in a sisterly hug. I felt her clothed chest against my bare breasts, and her hands on my naked back, shoulders and waist.   
  
Part of the reason that this was awkward and embarrassing is that Lexi, Claudia, Gretchen and a whole host of other women are constantly working to stir up my libido and keep me sexually frustrated. Because of this, my loins are stirred by anyphysical contact with any woman. Amy's hug caused my nipples to stiffen, my heart to beat faster and my pussy to tingle; and honestly it makes me feel uncomfortable and guilty to be having libidinous feelings from having my sister press her body up against mine.   
  
"Amy," I responded politely, "What are you doing here? Why didn't you tell me you were coming to Sessia?"   
  
Amy broke from out hug and gave me one of those playful smiles. "I wanted to surprise you, silly. Scott's Aunt Malory gave him an early wedding present; an all-expense paid trip to four European cities. Knightsbridge is our first stop before we move on to Rome, Paris and London."   
  
"So, you're here with Scott?"   
  
"Of course! Neither one of us had ever been to Europe before and I've always wanted to go! Scott told his Aunt and BOOM, she called her travel agent and paid for everything!"   
  
"It must be nice to have an aunt with that kind of money," I replied. Inwardly I was thinking that it was more embarrassing to expose my naked body to friends and family than it was to expose it to strangers, but outwardly I was just making small talk.   
  
"Diane, is that Amy?" Gretchen asked as she walked over. Amy explained once again about Scott's Aunt Malory and how she wanted to surprise me with her visit.   
  
"Does Scott's aunt know that Diane and I are here as slave and mistress?" Gretchen asked, understandably concerned about my secret sex-life becoming public knowledge with the folks back home.   
  
"No, oh God no," Amy exclaimed. "She doesn't even know that the two of you are in Europe. As far as she knows, Scott and I are here to see the Knightsbridge Ballet perform at the Terpsichore Center. She doesn't know anything about Diane's slave contract or anything like that. I'd never tell her, and I swore Scott to secrecy."   
  
Once Amy said that, my shoulders relaxed and I released the breath that I hadn't even been aware I'd been holding. Being a lesbian sex-slave who exposes her naked body in public is the sort of secret that could be mortifying and ruin my reputation for all time if it ever got revealed to my family back in the United States.   
  
Once Gretchen and I were noticeably appeased by her news, Amy looked my naked body up and down and said, "Diane, you look great! I think slavery really agrees with you!"

Then she took her hand, stroked it across my naked abdomen and exclaimed, "Look at you! You've got a four-pack! Are you an athlete now?"   
  
I looked down at my abs and Amy was indeed correct. All of the painful abs exercises had paid off and not only were my abs tight and flat, but I also had clearly defined and visible abdominal muscles just underneath the skin.   
  
"Diane has a personal trainer now," Gretchen explained. "The trainer works her hard, and what you see here are some of the results of all that hard work."   
  
"Wow, those are amazing," Amy gushed as she slowly stroked her hand across my new and improved abs.   
  
"Her butt looks better too," Gretchen explained. Then, to me she said, "Diane, show her your butt."   
  
I was averse to showing my sister my naked bottom, even though she had already seen it before. The way Gretchen had me exposing my nude backside to my sister somehow seemed more lewd and shameless than any previous time my sister had seen me naked. It was almost as if I were trying to arouse my sister's libido.   
  
I took a deep breath and turned my back to my sister, displaying my bare ass for her to get a good look. I felt like a shameless slut.   
  
"Well, sure it looks good," Amy conceded, "But her butt has always looked good. Her butt has always been her best feature. It's always been high and firm and it's never sagged."   
  
Amy's words stroked my ego and I almost forgot how shamefully I was displaying my naked body, but then Gretchen said, "It's a lot firmer than it was before. Give it a squeeze and see for yourself."   
  
"Really," Amy asked, apparently hesitant to fondle her older sister's naked bottom.   
  
"Sure, go right ahead," Gretchen encouraged. "Your sister wont' mind."   
  
Amy grabbed my right buttock in one hand and my left buttock in the other. She pressed her fingers into my naked flesh and squeezed, then she repositioned her hands on my buttocks and squeezed again.   
  
"Wow," Amy enthused, "You've got soft skin but really hard muscle there. That's really, really firm, Sis!"   
  
"Claudia works your sister very hard," Gretchen explained, "Doesn't she, Diane?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I conceded, uncomfortable about the way that my sister was examining my naked body like a prospective buyer examines a naked slave at the slave market.   
  
At Gretchen's urgings, Amy spent several minutes feeling my arms, my thighs and my obliques. I felt more and more like a naked slave being examined at the slave market all the time. It was somewhat humiliating to be examined like that by my sister, but also arousing. I desperately didn't want my sister to realize that I was getting aroused by the way that she was exploring my naked skin with her fingers, but as a slave-girl I didn't have the authority to tell her to stop.   
  
After what seemed like hours, Amy finally removed her hands from my naked body and invited me out for dinner and drinks. She also said that she and Scott were going to the ballet afterwards and could get extra tickets if Gretchen and I wanted to go.   
  
"I've very sorry, Amy, but we'll have to decline your kind offer," Gretchen replied. "Diane has had a truly grueling day and she needs her rest so that she can be fresh for her public tomorrow."   
  
Amy looked my naked body up and down again and said, "How about tomorrow? Scott and I are staying at the Corinthia Hotel in Knightsbridge; room 515. Give us a call and the four of us can meet for lunch."   
  
I was about to agree, but Gretchen spoke before I could and said, "I'll give you a call around noon. That should give Diane enough time to make all of her public appearances for the day."   
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***   
  
I was restless and didn't sleep well that night.   
  
I kept dreaming that I was a slave on the auction block. My naked body was on display for prospective buyers and my wrists and ankles were tied to vertical poles to my left and my right to keep me from covering my naked body while the buyers examined every nook and cranny of my naked flesh.   
  
In one of my dreams a young, attractive blonde girl (who looked remarkably like my sister) fingered my pussy with two strong fingers, almost as if she were looking for a hidden prize. Her fingers probed deep, her top knuckle sliding across my swollen clit and making me pant, feverish with lust. My legs were spread far apart and no matter how much I strained against the ropes tied to my ankles I couldn't close my legs together. The girl was very vigorous in her probing of my pussy and I was on the verge of a powerful orgasm when I woke up in the dark hotel room, handcuffed to Gretchen's bed.   
  
In other dreams there were other people examining my naked body. Some of them were more interested in grabbing my breasts, squeezing them like melons and painfully pinching my nipples. Their hands were cruel and harsh on my delicate flesh, but I still woke up from the dream with an urgent throbbing in my sex. I was sexually vexed and in desperate need of relief. If I didn't get an orgasm soon I was going to scream. It was pure torture being suffused with so much lustful frustration and being forbidden to do anything about it.   
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
The next morning I spoke to Lexi. It was after I'd been showered, but before I received my public spanking over Lexi's lap. We were all alone in the locker room, so there was no chance of anyone overhearing our conversation.   
  
"Mistress, may I please ask a favor?"   
  
Lexi gave me an amused smile and replied, "I think it's a little unusual for slaves to ask for favors...but I like you, Diane...so, go ahead and ask."   
  
I knew we didn't have much time, so I just fervently blurted out my plea, "I haven't had an orgasm in ten days, Mistress. The sexual heat in my clit is driving me mad! Please, please, please finger me to an orgasm before you take me upstairs! Nobody has to know about this except for you and me! We're the only ones down here right now. I'll never tell anyone, and you'd be doing me a huge favor."   
  
I looked at Lexi with pleading in my eyes, but she was totally unmoved.   
  
"Sorry, Diane," was Lexi's response, "They told me that you'd probably ask me to do something against the rules at some point, and I was given strict instructions on how to respond."   
  
I was then grabbed painfully by my ear and led up the stairs in a humiliating fashion, naked with my ear tightly gripped by Lexi's strong thumb and forefinger, being dragged behind her.   
  
"What is this?" Gretchen asked when she saw Lexi dragging me naked and humbled by my pinched ear.   
  
"Your slave-girl asked me to finger her to orgasm and keep it a secret from you," Lexi replied. Damn that Lexi! Even if she wouldn't help me with my maddening sexual frustration, I thought she at least liked me enough to keep my secret! The damn girl was a tattletale!   
  
"Diane," Gretchen said, her voice filled with disappointment, "Those are two sins you've committed against your mistress and you'll have to repent for both of them."   
  
"Mistress, please," I pleaded with a chocking throb in my voice and beseeching look in my eyes.   
  
"No," Gretchen said. "There's no mercy for slave-girls. It sends mixed messages. After Lexi is done spanking you, I'm taking you straight to the Punishment Park."   
  
I flinched at the pronouncement and my heart was filled with fear, trepidation and shame. A trip to the punishment park usually meant that I'd be sporting marks on my naked skin from a painful whipping or cropping. And I was to meet with my sister in a few hours. It would be unbelievably humiliating to meet with my sister and have her see whip marks on my skin.   
  
Neither Gretchen nor Lexi seemed to have any sympathy for my plight and I was led over to the chair and forced over Lexi's lap so that she could spank me in front of the ogling crowds and the European media.   
  
I tried to be brave, but I was yelping in pain after the third stinging slap on my bare buttocks. It seemed to me that Lexi had gotten stronger. Her blows were landing on my ass harder than ever. Had I offended her by asking her to keep secrets from my mistress? Was she trying to prove a point? No spanking that I had received from Lexi had ever hurt this much! The pain was overwhelming!   
  
I thought the pain was already more than I could bear and then Lexi's hand started slapping my bare ass even harder and faster. She would hit the same spot over and over, hurting more each time, then start on a new spot.   
  
I sobbed and without even think I started to scream out apologies. I'm not even certain exactly what words I used or who I was apologizing to, but I do know that I screamed out the word, **"SORRY"** at least a dozen times.   
  
When I was finally allowed up from Lexi's lap, I was made to kiss both Lexi's feet and Gretchen's.   
  
Then I was made to crawl over to members of the European press so that they could get close-up photos of both my reddened ass and my tear-streaked face. Then I was made to kiss Lexi's feet again so that they could get close-up photos of that as well.   
  
Then Gretchen loudly proclaimed that she was taking me to the Punishment Park in Terra del sesso. My face was already wet with tears, my poor little butt was on fire and there was an unbearable ache in my clit from the torturous sexual frustration and I was being taken to the Punishment Park for further torture.   
  
How much more distressing could this day possibly become?

**Return to Sessia Ch. 08**

**The Punishment Park:**  
Three simple words that fill every naked slave with fear and trepidation.  
  
Slaves and their owners are allowed to go to the head of the line and enter the park ahead of everybody else. We also gain entrance into the park for free. The naked slaves are the entertainment for all of the paying tourists, so I suppose that makes sense, still we slaves don't much appreciate the special treatment. Our time in the Punishment Park usually involves a lot of stinging, throbbing, miserable pain inflicted by whips, riding crops, nipple clamps or some other dreaded torture device.  
  
Of course the naked slaves who are the recipients of these distressing punishments are turned over to park employees at the outset so that they can be subjected to a humiliating body-cavity search. There's no legitimate security reason for the search; the park employees just like to humiliate the slaves before the punishments begin.  
  
"Turn around," A tall, intimidating-looking woman ordered me and of course, I obeyed. It's a slave's lot in life to be obedient whenever a clothed person gives us a command.  
  
Then she ordered me to bend over and grab my ankles. Without being told, I spread my feet far apart. It satisfied the Sessian tradition where slaves expose their genitals as much as possible as well as making it easier for me to balance.  
  
While I was staring down at the floor and I could feel the strain as my triceps were being stretched, I couldn't see the face of the park employee, but I could sort of sense that she was smirking at my predicament.  
  
First she smeared thick, cold lubricating gel in between my buttocks and all over my exposed anus and then she stabbed her fingers into me, forcing my anus open and probing deep into my anal cavity. I whimpered as her fingers crudely forced their way in and probed deep, pretending to search for contraband inside of me.  
  
Her malicious fingers explored my interior far longer than was strictly necessary and then she removed her fingers from my anus, pulled off her original latex glove and snapped on a fresh one.  
  
"Let's see what you've got in here," she said jovially as she inserted two fingers into my throbbing sex. I was already wet and saturated with sexual tension, but the park employee probed, stroked and explored my vagina in an apparent effort to make me moan and whimper. If she was actually doing an honest body-cavity search she would have finished up in like three or four seconds, but this woman just kept probing and stoking and fingering far longer than that. My legs were trembling and I was panting with sexual desire and beginning to sweat by the time she was finished.  
  
Having worked my sexual need up to a fever pitch, she removed her fingers from my throbbing vagina and told me I could stand up.  
  
"You're clean," she said, "Now go and enjoy the park."  
  
I wanted to say something bitter and angry in response, but that would have just gotten me into more trouble. Instead I gave her a smile that concealed the resentment I felt towards her and allowed Gretchen to lead me deeper into the park that so many slaves have grown to fear.  
  
With the assistance of another park employee, Gretchen soon obtained some rope and then I was ordered to place my arms behind me; above the small of her back; wrists against my elbows.  
  
I could sort of anticipate what was coming next, so it was no surprise when Gretchen took the nylon rope and bound my wrist and basically tied my right wrist to my left elbow. My left wrist was similarly bound to my right elbow. There were also ropes that bound my arms closer together behind my back, making the whole thing more secure and impossible to escape from, no matter how much I struggled.  
  
Even after my hands were helplessly bound behind my back, there were still ropes left over. I didn't guess right away what those were for.  
  
Gretchen took one rope and snaked it between my legs, pulling it tightly between my butt-cheeks and then yanking it painfully between the sensitive, tender swollen folds of my pubic lips. While Gretchen was doing that, the park employee took a different length of rope and tied it tightly around my waist. In the end, the rope that was yanked up between my pubic lips was tied off in the back around my waist and in the front around my waist as well. Then another rope was added with great difficulty to the crotch rope to act as a leash, so that Gretchen could lead me around the park by tugging on it.  
  
Merely *walking* with the nylon rope biting deep into my labia hurt bad enough, but every time Gretchen pulled on the rope, the rope buried itself even deeper inside of me and the biting sting of the rope hurt even worse. "Mistress, I can't walk like this," I protested, "The rope is cutting my pussy in two!"  
  
"You can do it," Gretchen calmly assured me.  
  
Tears welled up in my eyes and I began to cry. Gretchen reminded me of my sin trying to indulge my lusts and having an orgasm without her permission. "Bad girls who can't control their shameless sexual cravings get their naughty pussies punished. I hope punishment helps you to remember that fact."  
  
I was forced to walk around the park like that, being led by my sore, tortured pussy with Gretchen pulling on that loathsome rope. I was forced to walk past dozens of naked slaves, fully-clothed tourists, and uniformed park employees and of course members of the European media who filmed me or snapped photos of my painful predicament.  
  
To add to my shame, Gretchen would stop and inform random people in the park exactly why I was being punished with a piece of rope being pulled up tightly in between my poor, sensitive pubic lips. "She couldn't control her sexual appetites," Gretchen would tell them, "Tried to get a girl from our hotel to play with her pussy and finger her to orgasm."  
  
To make matters worse, a park employee followed us around and would occasionally whip my already sore bottom with a stinging leather whip when she thought I wasn't walking fast enough. I was made to walk around the punishment park at least six times before Gretchen stopped leading me around by that dratted leash and the painful crotch-rope was removed from between my poor, abused pubic lips.  
  
*"Oh God,"* I exclaimed as the rope was pulled out. My pussy lips were raw from having that rope biting deep into my tender flesh. I wondered if I would ever walk normal again.  
  
While I was still sobbing from the pain of how Gretchen had abused my poor, tender pussy, Gretchen began preparations for my second punishment.  
  
First all of the ropes were removed from my naked body. I was temporarily grateful, but before I could take the opportunity to rub the parts of my body that had rope-burn, I was made to sit down on a sturdy, wooden chair so that I could be bound to it.  
  
A female park employee in a smart, white uniform pulled my arms over the back of the chair and tied my wrists together, then attempted to pull my elbows together. After years of ballet I'm quite flexible, and after a great deal of difficulty the helpful employee finally managed to pull my elbows close enough to touch and then she tied them off quite competently with more rope. It's a painful way to be bound and I whimpered and panted at the way it made my arms ache, but nobody seemed to care.  
  
Ankle cuffs were secured to my ankles and ropes were tied to each. I felt both of my ankles pulled toward the back of the chair. I groaned in pain as my ankle ropes were pulled tight over towards the ropes that held my wrists. The park employee continued to pull my ankles up towards my wrists, causing my body to bow as much as it could. The way my body was bowed meant that my spine was arched and my breasts were jutting out far more than usual. I'm sure the photographers and cameramen in the press appreciated the way that I was displaying my naked breasts to their best advantage.  
  
"It was bad enough that you tried to have an orgasm without my permission," Gretchen admonished me, "however when you tried to get Lexi to keep your little sin a secret from me, that just made the whole thing even worse. Now I have to punish you for that infraction as well."  
  
I was worried about what was coming next. The way I'd been bound, my breasts were incredibly vulnerable. With my back arched, my breasts pushed out tautly. My thighs, ribcage, pussy and abdomen were also utterly exposed and vulnerable to punishment. I whimpered at the thought of whatever painful punishment would be inflicted on me next.  
  
I had a grim sense of what was to come as Gretchen grabbed my nipples between her thumbs and index fingers and began to pull on them. Gretchen took her time, squeezing, pinching and pulling on my defenseless nipples; hurting them, but also getting them hard and erect and swollen.  
  
"There," Gretchen said with a certain degree of satisfaction, "Now that they're standing at attention, we can begin."  
  
Then the female in the smart-looking white uniform picked up a leather whip and let me get a good look at it and said, "You've got very nice looking breasts, Miss Schlank. It's almost a shame that I have to mark them up."  
  
I knew then that she would soon be using it on my poor, defenseless breasts and making me scream in pain. I panicked and pleaded with the park employee. "Please don't do this," I said, "You're a woman. You know how much this is going to hurt if you whip my breasts!"  
  
"Try not to get too agitated, Miss Schlank," she responded in a calm, almost soothing voice, "It's going to hurt, but it shouldn't be unbearable. You've been to the Punishment Park before. I'm sure you've developed a fairly high tolerance for pain by now."  
  
I gasped as the leather thong stuck my protrusive breasts, smacking across both of them. It stung far worse than when Lexi spanked my bare bottom. Of course a girl's breasts aren't designed to take a lot of punishment. Breasts are quite delicate when compared to other parts of a girl's anatomy.  
  
Then the girl in the white uniform began a systemic whipping my poor, defenseless breasts with that abominable leather whip. She hit them across the nipples, on the sides, the top and even the undersides. The pain wasn't unbearable but bad enough to make me cry. I begged Gretchen to make the punishment stop but predictably I was ignored. When a slave begs for mercy, it's traditional to just ignore her or to punish her even harder. And Gretchen apparently was a firm believer in tradition. I didn't count how many times the woman with the whip lashed my poor breasts, but it was enough to make them sting and burn.  
  
"Please," I screamed distressingly loud, "You don't have to hit them so hard!"  
  
She and Gretchen shared a look while I blubbered and sobbed and then suddenly the girl brought the whip down across my inner thigh. I screamed in excruciating pain and the girl said, "That blow across your thigh was hard. The lashes across your breasts have actually been pretty mild. Would you like me to hit your breasts this hard?"  
  
And just as she asked the question, she whipped my other thigh. The stretched skin across my naked thigh exploded in pain.  
  
*"No! Please no,"* I screamed. "I'm sorry about the way I complained before! The way you were whipping my breasts wasn't hard at all!"  
  
"I'm so glad," the park employee purred, "I really hate to get the slaves upset."  
  
Then she proceeded once again to whip my breasts.  
  
I had to confess that she really wasn't whipping my breasts all *that* hard, however a girl's breasts are rather delicate things and it doesn't require a great deal of effort to make them really throb and ache with horrific pain. And the horribly helpful employee just kept lashing them again and again and again.  
  
The more she swung her leather whip, the more sensitive my breasts became. The whip stung my reddened breasts, snapping down as I struggled vainly against the ropes that bound me. The leather thong snapped and bit into my tender breasts again and again as my taut breasts quivered and stung and burned under the merciless blows. My entire chest heated and my hard nipples became more and more horribly sensitive.  
  
"*Ahh, Ugh, Oh, Aauugghh,* *Aaiighhh,"* I screamed inarticulately while tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down the sides of my face.  
  
"You see what happens when a slave tries to keep secrets from her mistress?" Gretchen asked when there was a pause in the whipping.  
  
"*Oauugghh, Yes, Mistress,"* I cried out.  
  
"See that you don't forget," Gretchen replied sternly and then she grabbed my left breast in her right hand and squeezed it in her firm grip. I let out a frantic scream as her tight grasp on my already tender breast drove my pain to agonizing levels.  
  
I was left there to sob for several minutes, allowing the photographers and cameramen to get plenty of footage of my suffering nudity. I had an anxious public that wanted photos and video of the naked slave-girl in torment and Gretchen aimed to make sure they got what they wanted.  
  
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When Gretchen and I reached the Corinthia Hotel in Knightsbridge I was still sore and smarting from my whipping at the punishment park and that damn nylon rope that they had pulled so tightly between my pubic lips. The rope was no longer snuggly nestled between my labia, but they still felt sore and sensitive. I wondered how much longer before my pussy recovered.  
  
And to make matters worse, while we were taking the elevator to the fifth floor, Gretchen insisted on pinching and pulling on my already tender nipples until tears welled up in my eyes and I began to whimper.  
  
So, when Amy opened the door and I was greeted by her and Scott, I was naked, in handcuffs, on the verge of tears and I had visible red marks on my breasts and thighs from where I'd been whipped. The marks on my thighs were the worst; the skin on my thighs was actually swollen and raised in addition to being reddened. If they had whipped my thighs any harder, they would have broken the skin.  
  
"Diane, what happened to you?"  
  
Amy very nearly gasped when she saw the whip marks and the tears in my eyes. She had never seen me accept any punishment more harsh than a spanking and really didn't have a full understanding of what it meant to be a slave.  
  
"She was attempting to keep secrets from me," Gretchen responded. "Slaves are not supposed to conceal things from their mistress, so I had to punish her to teach her the error of her ways."  
  
Amy shot Gretchen a poisonous look and said, "You didn't have to be so rough. Just look at her. Her punishment must have been brutal."  
  
Amy went through her luggage and managed to find a bottle some sort of lotion. "This is therapy lotion," Amy informed me. "It's got vitamin-E and aloe. It's used mainly to treat sunburn, but it should help ease the pain and speed up the healing process for this too."  
  
My sister poured a generous amount of lotion into their hands and then got down on her knees and began to gently rub it into the reddened skin on my legs. My thighs were very tender and I gasped when Amy gently rubbed the lotion in yet stood perfectly still and noticed Gretchen smirking. She knew how uncomfortable it made me for my sister to even *see* me like this, but for Amy to place her hands on my naked body made me feel even more ill at ease. Amy's touch was gentle, but disturbingly arousing, and I grew increasingly embarrassed that I was being turned on by my sister's hands on my naked body.  
  
"If you're trying to ease the sting of her punishments, you should know we gave her a rather severe spanking this morning as well," Gretchen said, earning another glare from Amy and making me blush.  
  
Amy squirted more lotion into her hands and gently massaged the lotion into my sore skin, one buttock at a time. Even though my bottom was sore to the touch, eventually Amy's hands rubbing the lotion in felt good. I let out an audible sigh as my sister smoothed lotion into my naked buttocks and eased the stinging pain.  
  
Gretchen was getting a hell of a show as my sister smoothed her hands all over my naked body. I could feel my face getting hotter as Amy slowly and thoroughly worked the lotion into my abused breasts, her hands brushing across my nipples far more often than I thought strictly necessary. It actually felt quite soothing as Amy kneaded the lotion into my naked boobs, circling my nipples for an unreasonably long period of time. I wondered if Gretchen had somehow planned this in advance. Maybe that's why she had cuffed my hands behind my back, that way I couldn't apply the lotion to my own breasts.  
  
I sighed at the gentle touch of my sister's hands on my breasts and actually felt some regret when she took her hands away. Then she noticed the rope marks on my arms and my wrists and started to rub lotion into my arms.  
  
"Oh, I had totally forgotten that rope burn could be painful," Gretchen said, trying to sound sincere. "If you really want to sooth the pain of rope biting into her skin, you should know that we had a rope pulled taught between her butt cheeks and sharply separating her pubic lips."  
  
Scott audibly gasped and cried out something that sounded like, "*You what?"* and my sister glared at Gretchen again and said, "Gretchen, I know that my sister loves you and I know that she loves the harsh discipline, but you're taking this too far! Giving a girl rope-burn on her pussy is a cruel thing to do! A girl's pubic lips are very delicate and sensitive! How could you not know this?"  
  
Gretchen gave Amy the standard line about how I was a submissive and needed harsh discipline and she wouldn't be doing me any favors by going easy on me. In some respects she was correct. I craved the abuse and the constant reminders of my inferior status, although thrusting me into a situation where I got felt up by my sister was a mind-fuck and I really wasn't prepared for that.  
  
"I should report you to the OSI," Amy growled. "I know Diane is your slave, but there are some things you don't do."  
  
"Diane, let me know if this hurts," Amy said and then began to smooth a generous amount of the lotion into my swollen pussy lips, spreading my pubic lips apart and applying the lotion to the chafed flesh of both of my poor pubic lips. My pubic lips were a bit red, engorged and sensitive to the touch as my sister ran her fingers over my very intimate flesh. This was supposed to a mission of mercy; however Amy's hands were getting me disturbingly aroused.  
  
I winced in pain when Amy's fingers touched my swollen pubic lips and also let out a whimper of sexual frustration, which Amy mistook for a whimper of pain and she apologized for hurting me. Gretchen wasn't fooled and she gave me a knowing look while my younger sister knelt between my legs and got the pink seam of my pussy moist with her therapy lotion.  
  
My pussy stung every time my sister touched it, but my libido's reaction to my sister's fingers was stronger than the pain. My pussy throbbed, tingled and hungered for more than just the tender touch of my sister's fingers applying ointment. I wanted her to strum my clit and bring me to a screaming orgasm.  
  
Of course, she didn't. Once my reddish, puffy pubic lips were covered in therapy lotion, my sister took her hands away from my throbbing sex.  
  
By the time she was finished, I was breathing funny, almost delirious with sexual heat and of course my pubic lips were slick with more than just lotion.  
  
Then, just to be thorough, Amy applied lotion to the rope burns around my waist and in between my buttocks, where that damn nylon rope had tightly dug in, causing chafing between the cheeks of my ass.  
  
"Oh, my poor sister," Amy fussed and then she took a comb and ran it through my hair. Apparently I had thrashed around a lot when I was whipped and my hair got all mussed.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The staff at Raffinato was exceedingly helpful and attentive. Our party was seated almost immediately and a friendly waitress with menus appeared the instant my sore bottom made contact with my chair. Of course she recognized me from the television. Also she'd seen my photo on the cover of the Insider. I was something of a celebrity now.  
  
Our waitress gave me an adoring look and told me how brave I was venture out into public naked and exposing my body to the gaze of thousands of adoring fans.  
  
"I could never work up the courage to do what you do," she said as she looked at me with a sort of star-struck look in her eyes. "I don't know how you do it."  
  
"It's difficult," I admitted, "Especially at first. But the longer you do it, the less unnatural it seems."  
  
"So, you never get the jitters or feel embarrassed with fully-clothed people staring at your naked body?"  
  
"Oh, I didn't say that. I still feel awkward, flustered, vulnerable and defenseless at times. Clothing is sort of a protective covering people wear and I don't have any. It's just...I'm not always aware of how vulnerable I am. Sometimes I'll be so focused on something else that I forget."  
  
Our waitress took our dink orders and returned with our drinks with impressive speed. Of course Gretchen didn't allow me to drink anything with alcohol. I was the legal age for alcohol in Sessia, but Gretchen and my personal trainer were controlling what I could eat and drink, and alcohol was on the forbidden list.  
  
Then our waitress noticed the handcuffs on my wrists and asked, "Are those real?"  
  
"Of course they are," Gretchen answered. "What would be the point in locking her wrists in fake handcuffs?"  
  
"So, you really can't get them off? Not even if you really, really wanted to get free?"  
  
Gretchen then ordered me to stand up and allow our waitress to examine the handcuffs closely and see for herself just how solid and inescapable they were.  
  
With the waitress standing behind me, she had an excellent view of my bare ass. And she seemed to take her time examining the cuffs, pulling my arms up higher on my back, fingering the lock, examining the chain and the wrist opening. She accidentally tightened the handcuffs one notch while examining them, but was utterly unable to get them off of my wrists.  
  
While the waitress stood behind me and fooled around with the stainless steel that bound my wrists, I noticed that everyone in the restaurant was staring at my exposed nudity. Some of them were very subtle in the way that they did it, peering at my naked body of the top of a menu and some of them were pretty bold and blatant at the way they stared at my naked tits and midriff, but everyone was admiring the view.  
  
And just like that, the way that I was helpless, exposed and naked in a room full of fully-clothed people who were eyeing my naked body, got my pussy throbbing again. The feelings of helplessness and vulnerability quite often get me excited and the waiters, waitresses and patrons staring at my naked body while my bound wrists were being examined by this curious waitress had me feeling about as helpless, exposed and vulnerable as a person can get.  
  
My nipples became painfully hard and erect and pointed directly at a table where a man in his late twenties sat next to a woman in her late twenties and calmly drank coffee while they eyed my naked distress. They watched unconcerned as my pussy throbbed, my heart beat madly in my chest and my swollen nipples pointed at them like twin machine-guns.  
  
"Okay, I admit defeat," the waitress proclaimed, "There's no escaping these."  
  
Once the waitress was satisfied that the handcuffs were escape-proof I was given permission to sit down; however I was constantly aware of everyone in the dining room staring at my exposed nudity.  
  
Our waitress was apparently infatuated with me, constantly finding excuses to return to our table, filling water glasses, bringing us extra napkins, asking us if everything was to our liking and such. Every time she came over I noticed her eyes drifting over to me, eyeing my exposed breasts and my painfully erect nipples. She even offered to help feed me, as my hands were bound behind my back, but Gretchen insisted that feeding me was her job.  
  
Being fed by Gretchen while my hands are bound behind my back only serves to magnify my feelings of helplessness, so she does this to me quite often.  
  
It took Scott and Amy a few minutes to adjust. Most people don't consider it normal to have lunch with a bound, naked girl, however I didn't complain about the way I was being treated and none of the restaurant staff said anything, so eventually Scott and Amy adapted and drifted into casual conversation as if this were just a normal meal.  
  
Once they had relaxed somewhat, Scott started to tell us about how he had seen the Knightsbridge Ballet perform at the Terpsichore Center the night before.  
  
"They performed Dionysus and Acoetes," he gushed. "Matthew Bolle danced the lead role of Dionysus. He is amazing! He has grace, poise, lean abs, an absolutely perfectly-shaped butt, a contoured waist, sculpted legs, slim thighs and flexibility that you have to see to believe! He has this angelic, boyish face, and his costume! In the second act, they tear off his chiton and underneath all he's wearing is this flesh-colored G-string. If you weren't paying close attention, you'd swear he's naked! "  
  
"That sounds more like porn than ballet," Gretchen commented.  
  
"Oh no," Scott protested. "There's a whole story behind it. It's the uplifting story of how Tyrrhenian pirates captured Dionysus. They planned to violate the pretty boy and then sell him into slavery. That's why they rip his clothes off. It's homoerotic, but in an artistic sort of way. And anyway Dionysus is actually a god and when they rip his clothes off, it just makes him angry and well...things do not end well for those pirates. He does this sort of dance of death, and kills everyone except for Acoetes."  
  
"It's a love story," Amy interjected with far less enthusiasm than Scott. "Dionysus and Acoetes fall in love and Acoetes builds a temple to Dionysus or something."  
  
"The Sessians are very progressive when it comes to homosexuality," Scott added. "In the United States you'd never see a ballet that celebrated two men being in love with each other."  
  
"Wait," Gretchen exclaimed, as she held a water glass up to my lips, "Dionysus and Acoetes are both men?"  
  
"Of course," Scott answered, "Don't you know your Greek mythology?"  
  
Amy, Gretchen and Scott continued their conversation about the great love that Dionysus and Acoetes had for each other and Gretchen continued to feed me. I squirmed uncomfortably in my chair, partially because my naked bottom was so sore, but also because of my throbbing clit. There comes a point when all the fingering and teasing and denial drives my sexual need into a sort of feverish madness, and I was definitely at that point.  
  
I rubbed my thighs together to try and get some relief, but that accomplished nothing. I swear Gretchen has to let me cum soon. Otherwise I'm going to go mad.  
  
Scott continued to go on about Matthew Bolle and his perfect ass and dancer's legs and how he was practically naked on stage. Amy's eyes glazed over and made little attempt to hide how bored she was hearing about Matthew's ass, Matthew's legs and Matthews's abs. I wondered if Scott even remembered that he was sitting at a table with three lesbians. Did he really think that Amy, Gretchen or I would be interested in the shape of some male ballet-dancer's ass?  
  
When we were finished eating, the waitress came out and cheerfully informed us that lunch was on the house. Apparently having a naked slave-girl was good for Raffinato's business and they wanted to keep me coming back.  
  
Gretchen was quite enthusiastic in her thanks and when the waitress brought out a copy of Insider Magazine for me to sign, Gretchen good-naturedly unlocked my handcuffs so that I could hold a pen.  
  
My picture was on the cover of the magazine that the waitress brought me. I was naked and posed with my legs far apart and my ass facing the camera. My pink anus and shaved pubic lips were exposed and blatantly exhibited while I looked over one bare shoulder, a look of fear, helplessness and pleading on my face. My buttocks were red from a spanking I'd had just before the photo-shoot and everything about the picture screamed "abused innocence."  
  
The waitress thanked me profusely for my autograph and urged us to come back again real soon.  
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***  
  
When we returned to the Hotel Castillo, Victoria was manic and impatiently dragged us from the lobby and into her hotel room so that she could inform us of the latest developments.  
  
She spoke very rapidly and excitedly, but I think I managed to absorb the main points of her frenzied account of what she had learned while we were gone.  
  
In Greece, support for slavery laws was increasing and a vote to enact legalized slavery in Greece had been scheduled for later this month. This; in turn; caused support for legal slavery in Sessia to increase, as the Sessians didn't want all of their tourism dollars to go to the Greeks.  
  
It was one thing to oppose slavery on moral grounds. However it was quite another to allow another nation to make money off of a tourism industry that the Sessians have created first! Sessian national pride insisted that the Greeks not steal tourism money that rightly belonged in Sessian banks!  
  
And as popular support for slavery laws increased, more ministers of parliament were willing to throw their support behind slavery laws.  
  
"And there's still more good news," Victoria effused, "We found a member of parliament who belongs to the Catholic Party that is willing to vote in favor of the Sessian slavery issue if we just loan Diane out for sexual favors once a week, every week until the issue of slavery is voted on in Parliament."  
  
"This is good news," Gretchen gushed.  
  
"Wait, what?" I exclaimed. I had visions of some overweight European politician that looked like Sydney Greenstreet feeling me up with his fat, disgusting fingers and pulling down his pants so I could suck his swollen penis that was barely visible underneath the enormous bulk of his belly.  
  
"Who is this member of parliament? Can I at least see a photo of him before I'm sent as a sacrifice to be raped, so that you can get one more vote when the slavery bill comes up?"  
  
"Hush," Gretchen admonished me sharply and painfully slapped both of my naked breasts. "You'll be whipped for making such a request. Slaves are not supposed to complain or pass judgment when they're loaned out for sex.""  
  
Gretchen called the hotel desk and requested that Lexi come up to my room so that she could whip me. I felt overcome with indignation and shock that my naked skin was to be whipped merely for asking to for the identity of the government official who would be fondling and abusing my naked flesh, and fresh tears began to well up in my eyes and slide warmly down my face.  
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***  
  
"You poor thing," Lexi said when she arrived in my hotel room. "You just can't stay out of trouble, can you?"  
  
Lexi hugged me and held me close while Gretchen got the whip that was to be used on my naked skin. I was frightened and Lexi's embrace made me feel somewhat comforted and safe.  
  
Sadly, Gretchen broke the two of us up when she returned with the whip. It was a wicked-looking thing, all black leather with a seven inch handle and a leather thong perhaps twice that long.  
  
"Take her down to the public area where you wash her, Lexi," Gretchen said softly. "Whip her hard across her buttocks and the backs of her legs and remind her that slaves are supposed to obey without question or complaint."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Lexi replied.  
  
"After her whipping, you can give her about fifteen minutes to sob and feel sorry for herself. Then; when she's done crying, bring her back to my room."  
  
Lexi placed her arm around my shoulders and led me down the hall, like we were two old friends on holiday. Of course the effect was ruined by the fact that I was naked and Lexi was carrying an evil-looking whip. But if you ignored those two relevant details, we looked like two friends out for a night of revelry.  
  
  
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***  
  
"Sorry about this," Lexi said as she held up the restraints that were to imprison my wrists.  
  
I meekly surrendered my freedom and allowed Lexi to make my wrists bound and raised high above my head.  
  
Once my wrists were bound helplessly above me, I reflexively struggled against my restraints. I couldn't get free of course. I can never get free. In Sessia they really know how to make a slave-girl helpless, but it's in my instinct to always struggle and tug at my restraints.  
  
"I need you to turn around now," Lexi said. "Gretchen wants me to whip your ass and the backs of your legs. The way you're facing right now, I can't get at them."  
  
I obligingly turned around. The way I was bound, I couldn't run away or lower my arms, but could easily turn. And believe me, it is much better to get whipped on your back than on your front. If I remained facing Lexi, it would leave my breasts open as a target for the whip, and no girl wants to be whipped there. Breasts are just too damn sensitive.  
  
"This is going to hurt," Lexi warned me. "I hope we can still be friends after this."  
  
I turned my back to Lexi and stared at the white wall in front of me and braced myself while I waited for Lexi to swing her evil-looking leather whip. I whimpered just thinking about that whip slashing across my naked skin. My bottom was already quite tender from all of the previous spankings I'd received.  
  
I never heard the sound of the whip whistling through the air, just the sound of leather on bare skin and an explosion of red-hot pain as the whip cracked across my poor defenseless buttocks.  
  
I screamed and kicked out with my left leg. My whole body shook reflexively as if I might somehow shake off that terrible sting. "Lexi, that hurt," I exclaimed accusingly.  
  
Lexi's only reply was a second slash, only half an inch below the first. Again I screamed as my tender, naked flesh was abused by the whip. "Oh, that hurt! Lexi, Please!!!!"  
  
"I'm sorry, Diane," Lexi explained. "You're my friend and I love you to bits, but if Gretchen says I have to whip you, I have to obey. It's not even like I'm swinging this thing as hard as I could. My arm is pretty strong from swimming and push-ups and whatnot. I could actually whip you much harder than this."  
  
My bottom was burning with a horrible stinging sensation where the leather had kissed my naked skin, but I had to admit Lexi was right. She had an impressively strong arm for a girl. She could swing much harder.  
  
"I'm sorry for complaining Lexi," I said, even though my ass felt like it had been stung by several wasps. "I know you're trying to be kind. I appreciate it. I really do."  
  
"Thanks for understanding, Di," Lexi responded. Then she set the whip down somewhere and ambled over to kiss me on the cheek. I really do love you, you know."  
  
Lexi then kissed me long and passionately on the lips before she walked away and retrieved her whip from where she had set it down.  
  
I stood there and contemplated my confusing feelings for Lexi. She spanked me every morning and now she had me bound and defenseless for an even more painful whipping, but she was my friend and I had real feelings of affection for her.  
  
While I was contemplating that, a third stroke exploded across my naked skin. It lashed diagonally across the back of my left thigh, just underneath the buttocks.  
  
"Aaaaauaahhhhhh," I screamed in inarticulate pain, but didn't ask for Lexi to stop. I just choked back sobs as tears welled up in my eyes again.  
  
My ass burned as Lexi delivered the forth slash diagonally across the back of my right thigh, very high up, just barely marking the buttock in that delicious crease where the buttock and thigh meet each other.  
  
I didn't say anything more after that, but I couldn't hold back the tears. I stamped my feet and kicked my legs as Lexi whipped my ass, the backs of my thighs and even my calves. As I danced around in a misery of pain, several times I turned so that my ass was facing the wall and my tits were facing Lexi.  
  
Each time I did this, Lexi would stop the whipping and order me to turn around so that she could whip me from the other side. I was grateful for the way that she patiently waited while I turned around. If she had whipped me across my breasts, it would have hurt so much more than being whipped across my legs and my ass.  
  
"Aaaaagggghhhhhh," I screamed as Lexi whipped the backs of my bare legs. The stinging swats made me dance a humiliating, ungraceful dance as I jerked and stamped my feet and yanked against the bonds on my wrists, making an embarrassing display of writhing and twisting, while Lexi punished my bare skin.  
  
"Just three more," Lexi assured me calmly. "You've got a nice collection of red and pink marks. I think Gretchen will approve."  
  
The next three were inhumanly painful on the backs of my already stinging, tender thighs. Lexi seemed to seek out the most sensitive spots on my naked skin and brought the whip down hard right on top of them.  
  
"Aaahhhahahhhahhh," I screamed as Lexi laid down blow after blow on my poor, smarting thighs. I no longer cared what sort of humiliating display I was putting on and I jerked, screamed and wailed with abandon. At one point I actually pulled and strained so hard against my wrist restraints that I pulled both of my bare feet several inches off the ground.  
  
Lexi had inflicted so much staggering, mind-numbing pain that I didn't even realize; at first; that she had gone over the count. She had promised me three more lashes, however her whip actually lashed me four more times.  
  
The fourth blow was a diagonal slash that began across the uppermost portion of my left thigh and left a painful, stinging mark across both my left and right buttocks. I let out a heartbreaking, woeful scream as my naked body was overwhelmed with a crushing amount of pain. Until you've been whipped on your naked skin with a leather whip you really have no idea how much it can hurt. If you don't believe me, come over to my house sometime, Gretchen and I will teach you.  
  
When I was done screaming, Lexi came over. "You were wonderful," she told me.  
  
"You were very brave, the way you withstood your whipping," Lexi assured me, "And you look more beautiful than ever."  
  
Lexi held me close and kissed me passionately. I melted into the kiss and moaned into Lexi's mouth. I would have hugged Lexi back, but my arms were bound above my head and I there was no way for me to get them free.  
  
Lexi forced her warm tongue into my mouth as we kissed, getting me more and more aroused. I wished desperately that my hands were free so that I could touch her, but this is the lot of a slave-girl. We very seldom get what we want.  
  
My nipples and my clit ached horribly and were in desperate need of being touched, but Lexi had other ideas. She continued to kiss me deeply and passionately, making me feverish with lust, but in the end she pushed me away and left me there, panting and hungry for much more.  
  
Then, stunning me out of my feverish need to be touched, was the sound of deafening applause. Apparently a crowd of hotel guests had wandering away from the pool and had spent several minutes watching Lexi make love to my mouth while I was bound and helpless.  
  
Men and women in bikinis and swim shorts all applauded. They all appeared to be about my age and all of them had looks of good-natured amusement on their faces. Once again I was the subject of entertainment for the people of Europe.  
  
When the applause died down, Lexi turned to me and said, "Oh yes, Gretchen wanted me to remind you that slave-girls are supposed to obey orders without question or complaint."

What could I say to that? I was already in a great deal of pain for questioning her orders once. I wasn't about to risk getting punished for saying the wrong thing again.  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I responded.  
  
Lexi's eyes glazed over for a second and then she said, "That sounds damn sexy when you call me Mistress. I don't know why, but it just does. Do it again."  
  
"Yes, Mistress," I repeated.  
  
Lexi kissed me again and the crowd applauded and cheered in great admiration.  
  
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When Lexi returned me to my room, my naked bottom and my legs were in horrible stinging pain, and yet my sex was hot and dripping. Gretchen pretended not to notice my desperately throbbing pussy and instead examined the red and pink marks Lexi had inflicted on my naked skin.  
  
"You've done an excellent job, Lexi," Gretchen said as she knelt down and ran her fingers across the painful marks on my bare skin. "I'm very proud of you."  
  
The throbbing pain from my whipping had become slightly less severe during the time that Lexi had allowed me to cry on her shoulder and during the walk up the stairs to my hotel room, but Gretchen's fingers on my bare flesh, slowly running her fingers across my whip marks, caused me to gasp and tremble as the pain was refreshed and began to sting with fresh intensity.  
  
Gretchen stood up and gave Lexi some money. I'm not sure how much. Every time I've been in Sessia, I've been stripped naked and enslaved. I've never been allowed to handle Sessian currency, so I'm not at all skilled at identifying denominations of Sessian money.  
  
"And you, my mischievous slave-girl," Gretchen said as she reached out and painfully pinched one of my exposed nipples, "You had best get some rest."  
  
"We leave in six hours," Victoria elaborated. "I've set everything up. The MP will be waiting for you."  
  
"You'd best be on your best behavior," Gretchen advised. "If you do anything to upset the minister, I'll have Lexi whip you again. She's shown a great deal of skill, this one. She really knows how to discipline willful slave-girls."  
  
Obediently I crawled into bed, laid down, buried my face in a pillow and closed my eyes. I wondered briefly how this day could get any worse and then suddenly I felt Gretchen's hard swat my already sore bottom.  
  
"Slaves sleep with their legs far apart," Gretchen admonished me. "You should know that by now!"  
  
Sobbing in pain, I spread my legs, leaving my wet, throbbing sex indecently exposed and vulnerable. I was feverish with sexual hunger and my poor bottom and my poor legs were smarting from a hundred different tender spots where the whip had kissed them, but somehow I did strangely manage to fall asleep.

**Return to Sessia Ch. 09**

The next morning started off much like any morning. I was roused from my slumber and taken to Lexi so that she could brush my teeth, shampoo my hair, wash me, shave me and see to all of my grooming needs.   
  
However, after I was all clean, groomed and smelling nice, I was intercepted by Gretchen, Victoria and a very attractive, blonde woman, with an overtly friendly smile not normally seen on anyone other than Hollywood actresses or high-pressure salespeople.   
  
"Lexi, I need you and Diane to hold up," Gretchen said assertively, "You can't leave just yet."   
  
The blonde woman was dressed in a very stylish charcoal grey skirt-suit with a knee length skirt and three-button tailored blazer. Her counterfeit smile along with her corporate-style dress code made me think that she might be a lawyer. I won't go into a long discussion of what I think of lawyers, but the instant I thought she might be a lawyer, I took a step backwards, putting extra distance between me and her.   
  
Gretchen gestured to the blonde (possible lawyer) lady and explained, "This is Olivia. She'll be taking Diane's place today in front of the TV cameras."   
  
Lexi and I must have both looked as confused as I felt, as Gretchen then elaborated, "Lexi, you'll be spanking Olivia. Olivia will be impersonating Diane for the crowds. Just treat her as if she was Diane and after you're done, Victoria will take her up to my hotel room."   
  
I kind of supported the idea of getting out of yet another painful spanking, however I couldn't wrap my mind around the idea of this woman getting away with impersonating me in front of a large crowd of people (including the European media) who knew exactly what I looked like.   
  
"She can't impersonate me," I protested softly. "No one will believe it!"   
  
Olivia took three steps closer to me, her artificial-looking smile still intact.   
  
"Really?" she asked amiably, "And why wouldn't anybody believe that I'm Diane Schlank?"   
  
I looked her up and down, realizing for the first time that we had a lot in common (at least as far as physical appearances were concerned). However there were a number of discrepancies that a careful observer was certain to pick up on.   
  
I realized I was looking up at her. The woman was about three inches taller than I was.   
  
"You've got to be about six feet tall," I explained. "I'm only five foot, nine. Somebody is bound to notice that."   
  
Her smile never wavered for a second, and without breaking eye contact with me, she slipped out of her shoes. Suddenly I was no longer looking up at her. With both of us in our bare feet, we were the same height.   
  
Okay, I suppose I should have seen *that one* coming. I haven't worn shoes in so long I suppose I just stopped thinking about them.   
  
"Her hair," Lexi said, "Diane's hair is short. Olivia's hair is much longer." And then for added emphasis, Lexi pointed at Olivia's shoulder-length haircut."   
  
"I think I can solve that problem, too," Olivia said with a playful smirk. Then she reached up and carefully removed her long, blonde hair. Apparently her carefully styled hair was just a wig.   
  
Underneath her wig, her real hair was about as short as mine. Although her real hair was butterscotch blonde. I was a light golden blonde. The difference would definitely be noticeable.   
  
Olivia set her wig down on one of the locker room benches and said, "I think it's time we switched clothes." And then she began to unbutton her blazer.   
  
"Um, Diane isn't even *wearing* any clothes," Lexi interjected.   
  
"She's wearing this," Victoria said as she tugged on my slave collar. "Olivia will need to wear it if she wants to impersonate Diane."   
  
Much to my surprise, Victoria rammed a key into the padlock that locked my collar on and for the first time since the airport, my neck was free of the collar.   
  
"But...mistress..." I stammered. Sessian law demanded that I wear my slave collar at all times. If anyone saw that I had removed it, I could get into a lot of trouble.   
  
"We're not going to get caught, you silly girl," Victoria admonished me. "Now hurry up and get dressed in Olivia's clothes!"   
  
Gretchen and Victoria really should have informed me in advance about their plans. It isn't easy for a naturally submissive slave-girl to just disobey the rules, take off her slave collar and cover up her nudity. Sessian law is very specific! Slaves are never allowed to wear clothes!!   
  
Gretchen smacked my naked backside very hard when I hesitated to pick up Olivia's discarded clothing.   
  
"Get dressed *now, slave"* Gretchen growled. "That's an order!!"   
  
That snapped me out of my paralysis. When a slave hears her angry mistress giving them an order it tends to override everything else...even Sessian law.   
  
I picked up Olivia's panties and began to step into them, and looked Olivia up and down again. I was impressed at how much her body looked like mine. Her waist was narrow like mine. Her stomach was flat and firm like mine. Her legs were firm and well-toned. Her vulva was shaved clean. Even her breasts seemed to be the same size and shape as mine.   
  
"Her nipples are a bit paler than mine," I observed, finding a slight flaw in her disguise.   
  
"Are they?"   
  
Much to my surprise, Olivia grabbed her own nipples and began to pinch and pull on her poor pink nipples. She was very brutal with them, and it must have hurt, but Olivia never once whimpered or panted or groaned in pain.   
  
And when she was finished the nipples did look darker, no doubt due to the increased blood flow that she had stimulated.   
  
I continued to get dressed in Olivia's clothes and was shocked at how well everything fit. We were the exact same size in everything! Her bra fit my breasts perfectly! Even her shoes fit! What are the odds that we would have exactly the same size feet?   
  
Of course Olivia's face wasn't an exact match for mine. We both had an oval-shaped face, but Olivia had thicker eyebrows, longer eyelashes, and slight circles under her eyes and a number of other tiny discrepancies that could easily be noticed by the public and the European media.   
  
Victoria apparently thought of that too and she placed a black leather fetish mask on Olivia's head. It completely covered her hair and most of her face. Under the circumstances it looked to me like Olivia could probably impersonate me and get away with it.   
  
"Wait," interjected Lexi, "Does she understand that when I spank her it's going to hurt? I spank really hard and if she can't take it, I don't want her having a panic attack in front of half a dozen TV cameras! I'm not sure *why* she's impersonating Diane, but if she goes into hysterics and tries to run out of the room and escape, it's going to be a huge deal and millions of people are gonna want to know what's going on. I might even get charged with assault, and I can't handle that kind of drama."   
  
Victoria raised her eyebrows at Lexi and said, "Olivia, would you mind answering that? Lexi here doesn't seem to think you have the requisite pain tolerance to handle the sort of punishment she can dish out."   
  
"You really should have spoken to your people earlier about the details of your plan," Olivia said flatly to Victoria. She was admonishing Victoria for her negligence, but in a mild way. She never raised her voice or sounded angry. She sounded calm, professional and polite the whole time.   
  
Then Olivia leaned against one of the lockers and arched her spine, thrusting her naked buttocks out so that they were prominent and impossible to ignore.   
  
I had to admit that her ass was really cute. Did my ass look like that? Honestly, I very rarely ever get the chance to see my own. Olivia's was so firm and flawless, I found myself helpless to look away from it.   
  
"Smack my ass, Lexi," Olivia said in that clam, polite of voice. "Show me how hard you can spank and we'll see if I go into hysterics."   
  
Olivia looked over her shoulder and waited for Lexi to smack her undefended, exposed bottom. Lexi looked unsure of herself. She looked to me and then to Gretchen and Victoria as if she were waiting for one of us to tell her what to do.   
  
"Well, go ahead," Victoria finally said. "She's inviting you to do it. They can't call it assault if you're just doing what she told you to do."   
  
Hesitantly, Lexi stepped forward and smacked her right hand against Olivia's unprotected backside. There was a loud smacking sound in the locker room and Lexi left a reddish-pink handprint on Olivia's naked skin, but Olivia didn't even flinch.   
  
Olivia took a few seconds to digest the pain and then said, "You call that hard?"   
  
Lexi then smacked the same exact spot three times in a row. The reddish handprint became overlaid with three more handprints until the reddish mark on Olivia's butt-cheek was a shapeless mass. Olivia grunted softly in pain at each blow, but she still kept her back arched and she still kept her butt thrust out.   
  
"If that's the hardest you can spank, I don't think we're going to have any problems," Olivia calmly observed. "Are there any more objections, or can we get started now?"   
  
"Just one more thing," Victoria said, holding up a ball gag.   
  
"You never said anything about being gagged," Olivia said. "You said I'd be naked and spanked in front of a large crowd, but I never agreed to be gagged. You never even brought it up."   
  
"I don't want you trying to imitate Diane's voice," Victoria countered, "And the best way to avoid that problem entirely is if we make it quite clear that you can't talk. A gag is a wise precaution under the circumstances."   
  
Olivia and Victoria stood close and squabbled quietly over the necessity of Olivia wearing a gag. I couldn't hear the exact words they were using, but Victoria must have eventually won the argument as Olivia opened her mouth wide and patiently allowed Victoria to shove the rubber ball deep into Olivia's mouth and buckle the leather straps tight around the back of her head.   
  
As Olivia walked away I couldn't help but admire the sway of her perfectly-shaped ass. Is that what my ass looked like when I walked away? That would explain the obsession that Gretchen has with my ass. Olivia's ass is definitely worthy of fixation and admiration.   
  
Completing my disguise, Gretchen placed Olivia's wig on my head and a pair of sunglasses on my face. And while Olivia went to the hotel lobby to get spanked, Gretchen and I headed for the parking lot and a sleek, black Mercedes Benz.   
  
Gretchen opened the door and told me to get in.   
  
"Where'd you get this car," I asked as I slid into the passenger seat. "It's gorgeous!"   
  
"It belongs to Olivia," Gretchen said as she started up the engine. "She's loaning it to us while we go visit the MP. Of course she's adding the coast of renting for car to the already considerable fee that she's charging us for impersonating you."   
  
"So, who is Olivia anyway," I asked. "Some sort of actress?"   
  
Gretchen smiled as she drove. "You could call her that. She typically appears at private parties and exclusive functions and plays the role of a slave or a corporal submissive."   
  
I absorbed that little piece of information and then asked, "So, she's some form of prostitute?"   
  
"Oh no," Gretchen replied emphatically, "Prostitutes will have sex with their clients in exchange for money. Olivia will take her clothes off and allow her clients to spank her or whip her. She'll take her punishments as gracefully as possible, but she never has sex with her customers."   
  
I took a few seconds to think about that. I guessed that "Entertainer" might be the best job description for what she did. The title of "Actress" sort of came close, although I'd never heard of an actress before that was paid to allow the audience to spank her before.   
  
"Slave for hire" just sounded too awkward and unwieldy to be a proper job title. "Entertainer" seemed to be the best possible job description for her. Although her form of entertainment was definitely very specialized.   
  
"Her services don't come cheap, though," Gretchen added. "I could have easily gotten a real prostitute for half the money."   
  
"I don't think a real prostitute would have had Olivia's pain tolerance."   
  
"Very few people do," Gretchen informed me.   
  
The drive to the MPs house was a long one. Apparently the MP had a home out in Bridgeworth. Bridgeworth was a small town out in the country and had beautiful health spas, farmland, antique shops and pubs with local character.   
  
Gretchen very studiously refused to discuss the MP with me, preferring to keep me in suspense as to the name, physical appearance or behavior of the MP. He could be a drunken wife-beater for all I knew.   
  
He probably wasn't, but Gretchen wasn't making me feel any easier by being totally secretive. By refusing to divulge any details whatsoever about the person I'd be having sex with, my imagination was free to conjure out the most disturbing, horrific scenarios.   
  
I did notice that Gretchen started treating me differently once I was wearing Olivia's clothes. She stopped calling me "slave-girl" and she no longer insisted that I call her "mistress". She still wouldn't tell me anything about the MP, however the dynamic between us had definitely changed.   
  
The scenery got a lot less populated as we drove, but it also got more charming. We passed at least one vineyard and we passed about a dozen bed & breakfasts. We drove through mile after mile of charming surroundings and finally Gretchen turned to me and said, "We're almost there."   
  
The Mercedes slowed down and eventually brought us to a halt in front of an electronically operated gate. Gretchen opened the driver side window and pressed a button on the side of the driveway. A woman's voice came over the speaker and Gretchen announced her presence. Within seconds the gate opened and Gretchen drove forward.   
  
"That was a woman's voice," I observed as Gretchen drove forward.   
  
"Yes, Diane," Gretchen agreed. "That' was a woman's voice."   
  
"So, the MP is a woman?"   
  
Gretchen studiously refused to answer and instead asked me to take note of the charming English country garden full of climbers and roses. I looked out the window and acknowledged them, but I was far more interested in the gender of the person I would be having sex with. Having sex with a man would be disturbing and traumatic for me, but sex with a woman would likely be no big deal.   
  
We got out of the car and made our way to the front door. Standing in the foyer was a relatively small woman. She couldn't possibly be more than five foot, six and she had bright blue eyes that were girlish and trusting. Her mouth appeared to be girlish, soft and utterly without malice.   
  
She was elegant, stylishly-dressed, looked to be in her mid to late thirties and gave the impression of being utterly wholesome and non-threatening. I felt utterly foolish that I was afraid of having sex with her. She looked charming and trustworthy.   
  
For several seconds we just stood there looking at each other in silence. I attempted to size her up based on physical appearance. Her eyes looked kind and without coldness. Her mouth looked soft and her face lacked the sort of lines normally associated with scowling. Her fingernails were cut short, thus making pinching or scratching unlikely. She wore no jewelry on her fingers, thus I didn't have to worry about being cut by a diamond or other gemstone if she struck me.   
  
Also, no wedding ring, meant no husband to come home and catch us in the act.   
  
I suppose she was attempting to size me up as well. I'm not certain what sort of conclusions she drew about me, although I hope that I met with her approval.   
  
Finally Gretchen broke the silence by saying, "So, Diane, this is Roberta Preston. Roberta, this is Diane Schlank."   
  
Roberta held her hand out and waited for my reaction. I raised my hand up, and while we shook hands she replied, "You looked different on television."   
  
"We thought it best to bring her here in disguise," Gretchen responded. And after imparting this little tidbit of information, she removed my wig and sunglasses.   
  
"Well, well," Roberta said, "That's more like it. I suppose I'd best invite you both inside and offer you some tea."   
  
The MP preferred to be called "Lady Preston" and her kitchen was quite large. Her dining room was large enough to sit ten people. Using such a large dining room to serve three cups of tea seeming like overkill, but I was out of my element.   
  
Also, I never really liked tea. I've always preferred coffee, but coffee is more of an American thing. Sessian ministers of parliament apparently drink tea.   
  
After Lady Preston had gotten past the formalities of serving us tea (which I didn't want) and blueberry scones (which I'd never seen before, but were actually quite good), she gave me a penetrating look and inquired, "Diane, isn't it about time that you got out of all those clothes?"   
  
I must admit that the question took me by surprise. Gretchen had been treating me like a free woman almost two hours and I had adjusted to thinking like a free woman. Now, that I was being asked to remove my clothes, I felt a sudden twinge of guilt for not being naked in the first place.   
  
I rose awkwardly from the dining room table and mumbled some sort of excuse for why I was still wearing clothes, however it came out sounding awkward and confusing.   
  
Lady Preston avidly scanned my face as I began to unbutton my blazer. The look of discomfort and surprise on my face seemed to interest her greatly.   
  
Then she turned to Gretchen and asked, "Is she always like this when you tell her to strip?"   
  
"Not always," confided Gretchen, "But treat her like a respectable lady, put her in comfortable surroundings, get her relaxed and then tell her to strip in front of strangers and it puts her off balance. It catches her off guard."   
  
Lady Preston ordered me to place my shoes at the far end of the dining room table and after that, I was ordered to pile the rest of my clothing over top of the shoes.   
  
I removed the panties last, hooking my thumbs into the waistband and pulling them down my legs so that I could step out of them.   
  
Lady Preston raised an eyebrow as she stared directly at my shaved vulva. The corners of her mouth turned up ever so slightly into a type of delicate smile. "You're absolutely adorable, Diane," she confided in me.   
  
"Thank you, Lady Preston," I replied, basking in her approval.   
  
Lady Preston watched me with a deep longing in her eyes. It looked like she had more than just lust in her eyes. It looked identical to the way Gretchen stared at me when we first met, back when everything between us was new and exciting.   
  
"The video recordings don't do you justice. In person you look far more desirable. If I'd known that you looked this delightful in person, I'd have made a deal with Gretchen months ago."   
  
"That's very flattering, Lady Preston," Gretchen said as I stood there naked with the minister of parliament staring fixedly at my naked body, "But what exactly are you going to do to Diane while she's here? We never really hammered out the details for that over the phone."   
  
"There are some things that can't be said over the phone," Lady Preston replied. "In politics you can never really be certain that your phone conversations are private. Political adversaries have been known to engage in illegal activities and record the phone calls of MPs and our staff. Face-to-face conversations are almost always safer."   
  
"So, what do you want of me?" I asked. "I'm assuming you want sex. Since I arrived here it seems like most of the men and about half of the women in Sessia want to have sex with me."   
  
"You are delicious," Lady Preston said to me, "You're basically an aphrodisiac on legs. And just about any women would be honored to have your smooth naked skin pressed up against them, however I want more than just that. I want you across my lap while I spank your naked backside mercilessly. I want to see your bottom turn red. I want to wipe your tears away while you tremble and sob. It may seem odd, but I see crude, unsophisticated rituals like that as foreplay. I honestly can't enjoy sex without them."

"And the secrecy?" Gretchen asked.   
  
Lady Preston looked at Gretchen as if she was quite insane. "I'm a member of the Catholic Party. Our party leadership consists of a bunch of sexually-repressed, old, patriarchal, self-important men who think that sex is vulgar and sinful. If any of the other members of the Catholic Party learned of my sexual activities they'd turn on me like a pack of wolves turning on a beagle that had just been caught infiltrating their pack by wearing a rented wolf-costume."   
  
"So, won't they turn on you anyway?" Gretchen asked. "After all, our deal was I loan out Diane to you and you vote in favor of Sessian slavery laws. If you vote in favor of allowing naked young men and women being led down public streets by their slave collars, won't that infuriate the sexually-repressed old men in the Catholic party and turn them against you?"   
  
"Oh, they're going to throw a great bloody wobbler," said Lady Preston with a touch of amusement in her voice. "But when you've been in politics for as long as I have, you learn how to make enemies without sabotaging your career. I've already made plans for how I intend to survive after the Catholic party leadership starts screaming for my head on a platter."   
  
She looked so calm. I knew right then I could never go into politics. The idea of offending an entire political party and sending them into a blind rage would have had my knees knocking, but Lady Preston just smiled and behaved as if was no big deal.   
  
Then Lady Preston ambled over to me. Even in my bare feet I was still taller than her, however she radiated some sort of air of authority and self-confidence that made her seem intimidating even though she had to look up in order to make eye contact with me.   
  
"And you, are so gorgeous," Lady Preston said as she put on hand gently on the side of my face and the other on my shoulder. "You're more adorable in person than you are on television. I dare say, if there is anyone out there worthy of getting me to sell my vote, it's you."   
  
Then she leaned in and kissed me. Suddenly both of her hands were wrapped around me, gripping my naked body tightly. She squeezed me so tight it actually hurt. Reflexively I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her as close as I could. I felt my heartbeat speed up and Lady Preston could probably feel the beating of my heart as our chests were pressed so tightly together.   
  
She kissed me with a sexual hunger and I kissed her back, moaning into her mouth and feeling a strong desire for this woman to touch me with more than just her lips.   
  
By the time Lady Preston pulled away from the kiss, I was panting and my lungs were burning. Her hands dropped from my bare shoulders and she gave me this look of open-mouthed delight and infatuation. It made her look about ten years younger.   
  
Lady Preston patted my naked butt affectionately and pointed to a doorway that led out of the kitchen. "Head down that hall and the second door on the left is my bedroom. Head on down that way," she said to me.   
  
Then to Gretchen she said, "While Diane is entertaining me, you can pretty much have the run of the house. The kitchen, the dining room, the library, the sunroom...just don't leave the house or interrupt Diane and me whilst we're having sex."   
  
"Now, hold on," Gretchen protested, apparently in opposition to Lady Preston's instructions, "I should be in there too. You can't just order me out of the room while you have sex with Diane."   
  
Lady Preston made an adversarial noise in the back of her throat and said, "Really? I'm not certain how you do things in America, Miss Starke, however is Sessia, members of parliament aren't accustomed to having an audience when we take a lover to bed."   
  
"And I think you've forgotten that Diane isn't your lover. She's my property, and I have an obligation to make sure that you don't damage my property while I'm loaning it out to you!"   
  
At this, Lady Preston's eyes narrowed and her voice became somewhat deeper and more brittle, and she said, "No. Diane isn't my lover. Diane is my bribe. You're using her to bribe me to change my vote when slavery is on the legislative agenda again. And if you truly want me to vote in your favor, you'll allow me some privacy whilst I enjoy my bribe."   
  
Gretchen and Lady Preston stared at each other in stony silence for several seconds, neither one of them happy with the other. Neither one of them wanted to capitulate to the other, but in the end, Gretchen acquiesced and allowed Lady Preston to have her privacy while she had sex with me.   
  
As I walked down the hall, Lady Preston made certain that she walked the optimum distance behind me for observing the sway of my naked ass while I walked.   
  
"After you, Miss Schlank," Lady Preston said politely as I opened the door to her bedroom.   
  
Of course she gave my ass a hard swat just before I set foot inside her bedroom, but that was hardly surprising. When you're a slave-girl, you can expect for your ass to be swatted, paddled, spanked, cropped and whipped quite often.   
  
When we were both quite alone in her bedroom, Lady Preston ordered me to stand in the center of the room and keep my bare bottom facing towards her.   
  
"Your bottom is exquisite," she informed me softly. "It may very well be perfect...if perfection is actually something that we can actually achieve with the human anatomy."   
  
Then I felt her breath on the back on my neck and her hands on my buttocks. She squeezed my naked buttocks, fondled them, caressed them and pinched them. She quite obviously adored them, the way that she spent so much time tending to them. She probably saw them as my best feature.   
  
With one buttock held firmly in each hand, Lady Preston purred into my ear and asked, "At those punishment parks, they have a tradition of performing a body cavity search on the slaves, don't they?"   
  
I found the question both surprising and disconcerting, but I answered. Slaves never refuse to answer the queries of a clothed person.   
  
"Yes, Mistress. They're quite insistent about it."   
  
"Very well," Lady Preston said, still fondling my buttocks, "Tell me about these body cavity searches."   
  
"There's not that much to tell, Mistress. They order you to spread your legs and press your hands flat against a wall and arch your back. Then a part employee snaps on some latex gloves and fingers your pussy while they pretend to search for contraband."   
  
"And have you ever achieved climax while the park employees had their fingers shoved deep inside of you?"   
  
"Never," I responded. "They're horrible teases. They'll take you right up to the edge of an orgasm and then leave you whimpering."   
  
Lady Preston seemed to consider this for a few moments and then she released her hold on my naked buttocks and said, "Diane, go stand over there. Place your hands flat against that wall and spread your legs. Arch your back and stick your bottom out as if you were offering it to me."   
  
I took a deep breath and obeyed her commands. I've always found the search position to be awkward and humiliating. With my hands uselessly pressed against the wall and my legs spread obscenely far apart, I feel helpless, defenseless and exposed.   
  
Then I heard Lady Preston snap on a latex glove and within seconds she was nudging my swollen pubic lips apart with her fingers.   
  
"You are absolutely soaking wet," she commented, toying with my labia before she thrust her fingers inside of me.   
  
The throbbing in my sex intensified and Lady Preston thrust her fingers deep inside of me. I gasped and I felt my pelvic muscles contract. My legs trembled and my heart sped up. I panted erratically as Lady Preston's fingers forced my sex wide open and filled me completely.   
  
It seemed as if a wave of electricity shot through me, starting at my clit, but so powerful it spread through my whole vaginal opening, my anus, my thighs, my belly, my nipples and oh, deliciously everywhere!   
  
My back arched, my cunt tightened and relaxed again and again as Lady Preston impaled my cunt with her wonderful fingers. Waves of sheer energy crashed through me, energizing yet depleting me. This happened again and again until the orgasm totally exhausted me and my legs lost all of their strength.   
  
In the end the crushing orgasm left me limp and naked on the floor with my thighs soaking wet from a powerful orgasm. I knew that slave-girls who orgasmed without permission were supposed to be punished, however at that moment I didn't really care. I just lay there with my face resting on a naked arm, a smile on my lips, Lady Preston apparently watching my prone nudity in silence as the only sound I could hear was the sound on my own panting.   
  
After a long silence, Lady Preston finally asked, "Well, that wasn't exactly the way it was supposed to happen, was it?"   
  
"No, Mistress," I replied. "Slaves are never supposed to have an orgasm without permission. It's a very serious infraction of the rules."   
  
Lady Preston seemed to think about this for a few seconds and then asked, "So, with a serious transgression like this; and you've already admitted that this is a transgression; it's traditional that the slave should be punished?"   
  
The question caught me off guard. It was like asking if was traditional to call for an ambulance when someone you loved was having a heart attack. Of course it was traditional! What else could you do in a situation like that?   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, still lying naked on the floor and panting softly, "You should punish me now. Otherwise it's like I'm not really a slave."   
  
There was a longer silence this time. Lady Preston was quite obviously inexperienced and had to think about these things before doing them. She was really a novice when it came to handling slave-girls.   
  
"Am I understanding this correctly, Diane," Lady Preston said as she stood over my naked body, "You actually need pain in order to function properly?"   
  
Oh, wow. Nobody have ever phrased it to me exactly that way before. I suppose maybe Europeans think about these differently than we do in America.   
  
"Yes, Mistress."   
  
"Why?" she asked.   
  
I sighed and lifted my head up, not really making eye contact, but having a view of her knees and the hemline of her skirt.   
  
"Enjoying pain with your sex is something either you get or you don't. If you get it, then you don't really need it explained, because you know how good it feels, and if you don't get it, then no amount of my talking about it is going to convince you that it makes sense."   
  
"That sounds awfully judgmental," she said.   
  
"Um," I replied awkwardly.   
  
"I suppose at this point I could punish you for having an orgasm without permission, I could punish you for judging my analytical abilities or I could punish you because you have this aberrant desire to feel pain."   
  
"Well, Mistress, I suppose if you want me to choose-"   
  
But then she cut me off in mid-sentence and said, "Actually as a slave-girl I don't believe that you're the one who should make this decision. And at any rate, there's a more important reason I hadn't mentioned before."   
  
Then she knelt down next to me and added, "Your perfectly shaped ass is hypnotizing. I can't stop looking at it, and I am willing to use any excuse I can think of to touch it."   
  
And then to emphasize her point, she swatted my right buttock really hard, three times in rapid succession.   
  
"I even like the sound of my hand smacking your backside. That loud smacking sound is very agreeable."   
  
I looked over my shoulder and said, "Thank you, Mistress."   
  
"No looking at me now," she ordered. "Place your forehead on the ground and raise your ass up in the air. Higher than that, girl. And arch your back."   
  
When I had presented my naked buttocks in the manner she required, I heard her say, "Ah, that's much better. You look perfect now! Splendid!!"   
  
Then she smacked me hard on my left buttock.   
  
Lady Preston wasn't as strong as Lexi. She couldn't spank nearly as hard, however my bottom was already sore from all of the other spankings I'd had that week, so her swats still stung.   
  
"Doesn't this hurt?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied.   
  
"So, when do you start with sounds of distress? Aren't you supposed to cry out when you're in pain?"   
  
"Slaves are taught to keep their screams under control, Mistress," I responded. "Most masters and mistresses don't want a slave that screams out in pain every time their punished."   
  
"Well, you're making me feel inadequate with your silence. I want to hear you respond when I punish you, so don't suppress your screams when you're with me."   
  
Then Lady Preston's hand was suddenly everywhere. She spanked my left buttock, she spanked my right buttock, she spanked the backs of my thighs, and she spanked me across that delicious crease where the top of the thigh meets the bottom of the ass-cheek. The stinging blows came in a flurry and soon I was sobbing. I didn't make any attempt to hold back the sobs and I'm certain that my sounds of distress pleased Lady Preston.   
  
Then I reached the point where the pain became delicious and caused my pussy to throb and I began to pant in both pain and desire. My pussy was wet and throbbing again and when I bounced up and down on her lap, it was partially due to the smarting pain of her spanking my naked backside and partly due to my attempts to find something to rub my throbbing, aching pussy against.   
  
When the spanking finally stopped, Lady Preston gently stroked my burning ass with her hand and said, "Your ass is exquisite."   
  
I was still sobbing, but I replied, "Thank you, Mistress."   
  
"When that girl at that hotel spanks you every morning, I don't think she does it because you're a bad girl. I think she does it just so she has an excuse to place her hands on these charming globes. They are just so adorable. It's a shame you can't see them."   
  
Lady Preston went on for several minutes like that, praising the contours of my precious buttocks, and then she ordered me to kneel in front of her.   
  
Lady Preston stood up and I knelt at her feet. My nipples throbbed and my clit felt swollen. My fluids ran down my naked inner thighs.   
  
"I'm assuming your mistress taught you how to perform cunnilingus," Lady Preston said, "How to use your tongue to make a woman reach orgasm."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied. Technically I learned how to eat pussy before I ever met Gretchen. I was quite skilled at it before I ever became Gretchen's slave-girl. Still, I think Lady Preston was more interested in my skillset than she was in the history of how or when I acquired my skills.   
  
While I was kneeling there, Lady Preston removed her shoes, her skirt and her panties. When she was naked from the waist down, I leaned forward and kissed her pubic lips, but I was gently pushed back and; almost as an afterthought; Lady Preston continued to remove her clothes until she was stark naked.   
  
"Have you ever performed cunnilingus on a member of parliament?" asked Lady Preston, a slight hint of mirth in her voice.   
  
"No, Mistress," I replied.   
  
"Well, child, there's a first time for everything."   
  
Taking that as permission to get started, I kissed Lady Preston's wet pubic lips, dipping my tongue into the salty moisture that dripped from her sacred place. I could hear Lady Preston sighing and I thought with amusement, "My tongue is inside the vagina of a member of parliament! I'm bringing a member of parliament to the orgasm!"   
  
I put my hands on Lady Preston's bare buttocks and worked my tongue against her sex, plunging deep inside of her, almost like it was a competition to see how deep I could go.   
  
Lady Preston moaned as I worked her pussy with all my might, and then I found her swollen clitoris and gently licked the hood down, exposing her bare clitoris to my tongue, however she gasped and flinched, pushing my head away with her hands.   
  
"No, not there," Lady Preston protested. "I'm really sensitive there."   
  
"I understand," I said softly and worked her pussy with my tongue, avoiding her clitoris. Personally I love having my clitoris stroked, licked, rubbed and sucked, but some women just find it too intense to be touched there directly. I've gone down on women like that before and pretty much know how to deal with women like that. There are millions of nerve endings in a woman's pussy. If you can't play with her clit, you just find other parts of the pussy to play with.   
  
Still clutching Lady Preston's buttocks in my hands, I licked at her labia, starting at the outer edges and working my way into the interior, carefully paying attention to her breathing, twitching and other reactions. I ran my tongue over each fold of her pussy and watched my naked lover react. A couple of times, her breathing became much more rapid when I licked her in a certain place, and one time she passionately exclaimed, "Oh God," when my tongue licked a small section of her inner labia.   
  
Having an idea where Lady Preston's happy spots were on her vulva, I began to concentrate my attentions there.   
  
Apparently she liked what I was doing as my tongue was sending Lady Preston into a frenzy of moaning, panting and squirming. She exclaimed, "Oh God, Oh God," a few more times and grasped my head and petted my blond hair while I attended to her pussy. At some point she seemed to lose her ability to form actual words and just made inarticulate noises instead, but her actions made it abundantly clear that she was happy with what I was doing.   
  
I could feel Lady Preston's thighs and vulva becoming feverishly hot and her inarticulate sounds became louder and louder as she sprinted closer and closer to orgasm. I focused on what I had identified as her #1 happy spot and licked and sucked at it with great enthusiasm.   
  
With my mouth buried against her vulva, Lady Preston screamed and writhed and forcefully lifted her hips up off the bed, shoving her pudendum forcefully into my face. I got a mouth full of labia and very nearly bit into it, but sex slaves have excellent self-control, and I managed not to hurt Lady Preston in any way while she writhed and scream and spasmed her way to orgasm.   
  
After her boisterous orgasm, Lady Preston just lay there, naked and panting at first. However her breathing eventually slowed down and became more normalized as she recovered from the orgasm.   
  
"You're incredible," Lady Preston said when she was capable once again of human speech. "I've had cunnilingus before, but nothing like that. That was bloody amazing."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I responded, my face still near her naked sex.   
  
"Oh, I wish I could keep you. But, it would ruin my political career, also I'm certain that Ms. Starke would disapprove if I tried to take you away from her."   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I agreed.   
  
"Of course, I can't say as I blame her. You're a treasure. She'd be insane not to fight for you."   
  
When she could move, Lady Preston smacked me hard on my naked butt and told me to run her a hot bath. I had no idea where her bathroom was and she smacked my bare buttocks again before pointing me in the direction of her bathroom.   
  
Her bathroom was about the size of my entire hotel room and her marble bathtub was big enough for three or four people to bathe at the same time. I knew it would take a long time to fill the tub so I got down on my knees (thankfully there was a large bath rug covering the tile floor) and began to run the water.   
  
Lady Preston came in a few minutes later. She was still naked and when she stood behind me I could feel her shaved legs pressed against my naked back.   
  
"Spread your legs, Diane," she said from behind me. I want to see your pink, pubic lips exposed as much as possible."   
  
I obediently complied and she made an appreciative sound as she stood back and admired the view.   
  
You're ready to go again, aren't you," Lady Preston asked. "I fingered you to orgasm, but you're hot, wet and ready to go again already, aren't you?"

I was flustered, hot and embarrassed for Lady Preston to be talking about my pussy so openly. I always got like that when somebody looked at my naked body and talked about it so explicitly. However my pussy was wet and throbbing with need, so I honestly answered, "Yes, Mistress."   
  
Lady Preston knelt down behind me and reached between my thighs. Despite the fact that I was naked, I felt hot and feverish and when her fingers stroked against my pussy I moaned and rolled my head back in her general direction.   
  
Then she impaled my needy pussy with two of her fingers and exclaimed, "Bloody hell, girl! You're soaking wet!"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I gasped.   
  
"Well, no more orgasms for you until you finish with your chores," she proclaimed, and she as an afterthought she added, "naughty girl."   
  
She made me suck my pussy juices off of her fingers and made me remain on my knees until there was enough water in the tub for her to take a bath.   
  
It was a huge bathtub and it took a long time to fill it with water. Lady Preston decided to pass the time by asking me every few minutes if the tub was full. When I replied in the negative, she would spank my already sore ass with her hand.   
  
Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!   
  
I would cry out in pain and surprise as it really stung now that my naked ass was sore. "I told you to fill that tub, Naughty Girl," Lady Preston replied in response to my yelps of pain.   
  
"If that tub isn't ready for my bath next time I come in here, I'll be forced to punish you again, Naughty Girl."   
  
Despite the stinging of my sore buttocks, my pussy throbbed even more when Lady Preston talked to me like that. I raised my bottom up a little bit higher and spread my thighs slightly more apart, deliberately making myself look even more submissive and vulnerable than before. I was overwhelmingly into submitting to her and allowing her to dominate me.   
  
Since I was all alone in the bathroom, I could have fingered my own pussy and relieved the throbbing, sexual need between my legs, however that would just be disobedient, and I just couldn't see myself in the role of a disobedient slave-girl.   
  
Every five minutes or so, Lady Preston would come back into the bathroom and berate me for failing to have filled the tub enough for her to take a hot bath. She would spank my ass again, causing me to make more whimpering and yelping noises and then she would warn me to have the tub ready for her when she next returned.   
  
Quite obviously Lady Preston knew that I couldn't instantly fill up a bath tub that size instantly, so the spankings weren't really a punishment for failing to fill her tub sufficiently. She just loved any excuse she could think of to touch my naked ass. She loved spanking it, pinching it, fondling it, squeezing it and even looking at it.   
  
And when she came in the next time, she did all five, berating me for not having her bath ready, and then spanking my poor bottom with six hard, loud swats across my naked, defenseless buttocks.   
  
She then found the most reddened spot she could find, and pinched it hard, causing me to gasp in shock and surprise.   
  
You are absolutely adorable," Lady Preston informed me. "I love the little sounds you make. Please, do that again."   
  
I was about to tell her that I couldn't imitate the sound I had just made with any great precision and then she pinched my poor, pink bottom in that deliciously sensitive spot where the buttock meets the top of the thigh and I gasped again.   
  
Lady Preston was delighted with the sound I had just made and continued to find fun spots to pinch my reddened flesh. I continued to gaps, whimper, squirm and writhe until Lady Preston had had her fill of being entertained by my distress.   
  
"Alright my naughty blonde girl," Lady Preston said, when my bottom was a turmoil of stinging pain, "In the tub you get."   
  
I looked over my shoulder in confusion. I thought I had been running the bath water for her.   
  
"I'm not bathing alone, you Naughty Girl," she informed me. "You're getting in the tub with me."   
  
I had been surprised by that announcement. I had gotten so used to being washed by Lexi, while my wrists were bound above my head, with hundreds of leering strangers being entertained by my nudity, I had totally forgotten what it was like to bathe sitting down in relative comfort.   
  
When I was slow to enter the water, Lady Preston smacked my naked ass much harder, prompting me to enter the water before she abused my poor, naked ass even more.   
  
Once we were both in the large tub, it was rather like I wasn't even a slave anymore. Lady Preston leaned in close and covered my mouth with hers, kissing me passionately. I fell into the kiss with eager hands and mouth. She held me tight and I felt her tongue probing my mouth. I made eager enthusiastic sounds as her mouth made love to mine.   
  
As we sat in the tub, I forgot about how sore my ass was as Lady Preston rubbed her naked body up against mine, fondled me with her eager, adventurous hands and continued to kiss me on the mouth.   
  
Her lips, tongue and fingertips explored everywhere and caused me to make wordless, eager noises for her. The touch of her hands and mouth was filling my body with chills and tingles. My head was swimming and my nipples were swollen and throbbing. I allowed her to explore my body at her leisure and moaned into her mouth every time she kissed me.   
  
Then she placed her mouth over my left nipple, trapped it firmly between her teeth and began to lick it with her very talented tongue, causing me to moan and sigh and pant. Her tongue was amazing, stimulating my nipple and causing wonderful tingles to spread throughout my entire body.   
  
She was driving me insane with lust with her strong yet gentle hands and her amorous mouth. I was practically shaking with sexual need, when she gently pushed me away and told me to spread my thighs far apart.   
  
My hands were actually shaking at this point, due to the overwhelming sexual tension and throbbing in my pussy, but I obediently did as she said.   
  
Lady Preston looked very serious as she told me, "Now what I want you to do next, is keep your legs open and push forward towards me. I want you to grind your sex into mine and the two of us will keep rubbing our vulvas together until the friction causes us to orgasm. Can you do that for me, Diane?"   
  
Of course, I'd heard of tribbing before, however I'd never actually done it. Gretchen had never shown any interest in tribbing, and neither had any of the women she had loaned me out to...at least not until today.   
  
"Of course, Mistress," I replied.   
  
Lady Preston spread her legs as wide as the confines of the tub would allow and we each crept towards each other, with our butts scooting across the bottom of the tub. It was awkward at first. Getting our legs in the proper position so that our pussies would touch was difficult initially, but we managed.   
  
And then she rubbed her pubic lips against mine and it was incredible. The friction of her pussy against mine was amazing. I gasped and moaned as Lady Preston's pink pubic lips sought to bring me to orgasm by vigorously rubbing up against my swollen clit and labia.   
  
Then, looking intently at my face, Lady Preston ground her vulva into mine, and my clit become harder and more swollen the more she ground her sex against mine. Despite the fact that she had brought me to an orgasm just minutes earlier, I could feel an orgasm building in my tortured cunt. I pushed my hips into Lady Preston's hips. Both of us were breathing heavily at this point, practically panting.   
  
The feeling of her swollen pubic lips rubbing against my hard, swollen clit caused me to go into a frenzy as I rubbed myself against her. Nothing mattered but the sensations this friction was causing in my throbbing sex.   
  
I panted like a sprinter and wrapped my long legs around Lady Preston's hips, rubbing my swollen clit against her exposed, pink vulva. Lady Preston's breathing was almost identical to mine and she thrust her hips forward, her inner lips grinding, thrusting accumulating friction with each movement as she pushed into me. The friction on the silky folds of my pussy and the rubbing on my clit were overwhelming.   
  
As my breathing became more rapid and a powerful orgasm built up inside of me, I heard Lady Preston's strained, panting voice, say, "Diane, slave-girl...you have my permission to...cum."   
  
I drew a deep, excited breath and surrendered to euphoric wave of relief which was about to radiate from deep in my sex. I rolled my hips, my inner thighs and abs tightening with effort as I came in quick, panting gasps.   
  
Lady Preston's orgasm began about a second after mine. Hers was louder, punctuated by loud piercing cries, much like the cry of a red tailed hawk.   
  
We shuddered and convulsed as our naked bodies were thrilled with the erotic eruption of an overwhelming orgasm that rolled over us with wave after wave, cascading over us and taking us along for the ride. My thrusts up against Lady Preston's sex were no longer timed or controlled. I lost control of my body and just sort of went into spasms and made inarticulate wailing sounds as the orgasm swept over me like a tidal wave.   
  
  
  
**\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \***  
  
I regained consciousness a minute later, or maybe it was five minutes later, or possibly it was ten. Everything was sort of a blur at that point.   
  
"Are you alright," Lady Preston was asking me. "Can you open your eyes? Can you move?"   
  
"What happened," I asked, high on endorphins and just really happy to me and being held in this naked woman's arms.   
  
"You passed out," Lady Preston explained, her bright blue eyes filled with confusion. "What was that all about? Do you have some sort of medical issue I should know about? You went all limp and I had to grab onto you to keep you from falling into the water and drowning."   
  
I was slightly embarrassed at that, and grabbed onto the side of the tub to steady myself. "It was the sex," I explained.   
  
"If I have an orgasm that's intense enough, it overwhelms my nervous system and I pass out. But it's rare, it has to be a really, really powerful orgasm to knock me out. It doesn't happen very often."   
  
Lady Preston looked into my eyes for a long time, seemingly uncertain what to do with me and finally said, "Well, that's a compliment I suppose. After all, how many women can cause someone to cum so hard that they lose consciousness?"   
  
"Not many," I said, smiling.   
  
I was somewhat amused at the turn of events. I hadn't even wanted to come to Bridgeworth. I had thought that having sex with the minister of parliament was going to be an onerous task, and it turned out to be some of the greatest sex of my life!   
  
"Will next week be this good?"   
  
Lady Preston refused to answer that question, but I was already looking forward to coming back next week and having sex with her again. As far as I was concerned, they could delay the vote on Sessian slavery for years. Having sex with Lady Preston was amazing!   
  
Lady Preston helped me out of the tub. I was given a towel and ordered to dry her off and help her get dressed.   
  
As I was drying her off, I couldn't help but admire how firm her body was. She was about three inches shorter than me and probably ten years older, but she had a very firm, well-toned body. She apparently worked out a lot. I wondered if members of parliament had their own private gym at the parliament building.   
  
After she was dressed, Lady Preston took out a tube of lotion, squirted some into her hands and rubbed it into my buttocks and the backs of my thighs.   
  
"It will help soothe the skin," she said. "You've gotten quite red from all the spankings."   
  
I liked the feeling of her firm hands on my buttocks. I felt cheated when she finally took them away. I didn't want to get dressed or go back to the hotel. I wanted to stay with her for the rest of the entire weekend.   
  
Sadly, slaves rarely get what they want. I was led naked, and on wobbly legs to the library, where Gretchen was seated. She was at a reading desk, with a book in her hands. She looked up when Lady Preston and I entered the room.   
  
She saw the look of post-orgasmic bliss on my face and said, "Well what are you so happy about?"

**Return to Sessia Ch. 10**

We returned to the Hotel Castello without any of the reporters ever realizing that I had ever left. Gretchen's ruse had worked perfectly.   
  
I walked past several security guards on my way to my room. I even passed by one who had handcuffed me and made me helpless, but she didn't even give me a second glance. She didn't recognize me at all.   
  
I was feeling somewhat smug about that, but when we returned to our hotel room and we were behind closed doors, Gretchen turned to me and gave me a serious look and without any preamble, said, *"Strip!"*   
  
I had sort of been enjoying my time as a "normal" person, but when Gretchen gives me an order like that, in that tone of voice, my insides go all melty and my resolve just evaporates. She can get me to do anything when she uses that tone of voice.   
  
Olivia and Victoria were also in the hotel room, so they got to watch me as I stripped. Olivia was still naked, except for my slave collar and a leather bondage mask, but Victoria was fully dressed, and something about stripping in front of people who are fully clothed makes me feel helpless and vulnerable.   
  
Of course, feeling helpless and vulnerable is one of my biggest kinks. I love to feel helpless and vulnerable. Being helpless and dominated by another woman almost always makes me hot and wet between my legs, and this time was no exception.   
  
When I was nearly naked, and only wearing Olivia's thong panties, Olivia stared intently at my crotch and commented, "You've gotten my panties soaking wet."   
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I replied, submissively. "I'm kept in a constant state of sexual arousal every day. I'm always being fondled and stroked and pinched, and chronically worked into a sexual fever, but I'm almost never allowed any sexual relief. As a result, my pussy is soaking wet most of the time."   
  
I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of the tiny panties and pulled them down my legs, but when I tried to hand them to Olivia, she refused to accept them.   
  
"I can't go home wearing panties that are soaking in another woman's juices," Olivia replied in an annoyed tone that seemed to indicate I should have already known this fact. "Can somebody loan me a fresh pair?"   
  
Gretchen opened up a drawer and pulled out a cute thong panty with lace trim at the legs and presented it to Olivia. It was a low-rise panty that was very tight on Olivia's pelvis, but she looked adorable in it. Perhaps more importantly it did nothing to cover up her very shapely ass.   
  
"These will do," Olivia confirmed, and then she proceeded to don the rest of her clothes.   
  
A key was produced and Olivia was freed from my slave collar. Gretchen then proceeded to lock the slave collar once again around my neck.   
  
Soon, Olivia was fully dressed and I was once again the only naked one in a room full of women who were fully clothed. Gretchen pulled out her wallet and proceeded to count out a generous amount of Sessian money and handed it over to Olivia.   
  
I wasn't an expert on Sessian money, but it seemed to me that Olivia was expensive. That stack of colorful Sessian money in Olivia's hand looked as if it could buy a week in a very nice hotel and still have some money left over for room service.   
  
"She does good work," Victoria said. "Nobody in the European media suspected a thing. They totally believed she was Diane."   
  
"We made a DVD while you were gone," Olivia added. "Half of it is footage of your girl being spanked in the hotel lobby. The other half is me being spanked in the hotel lobby. I dare you to tell me which footage is which."   
  
Victoria handed the DVD over to Gretchen and Gretchen held it in her hand, looking dubious.   
  
"Won't the leather bondage mask give it away when Olivia it's footage of Olivia?"   
  
"We edited it, so that you never see either girl from the neck up. It's mostly legs, pubic lips and buttocks. Some of those cameramen in the European media are real pervs, but the point is nobody will ever know that Diane snuck out of the hotel and an imposter took her place."   
  
Gretchen set the DVD aside to watch later and before she left, Olivia had some words with Victoria and the two women produced a copy of Insider Magazine with my submissive, naked body and reddened ass on the cover.   
  
"I want you to sign this for me," Olivia said, handing me the magazine and a felt tip pen.   
  
I wrote simply, *For Olivia* and then I signed my name underneath that.   
  
Olivia stared at the cover after I signed it and then smiled. It was a real smile this time, not at all like the fake smile she was wearing when we first met.   
  
"If you ever need me to stand in for Diane again, just call me. And try not to let her gain any weight or bruises or anything of that sort. Right now we look enough alike that we can fool everybody, but if her appearance were to change..."   
  
Olivia never finished her sentence, but the implication was clear. Any sort of significant alteration in my appearance could render her skills as a body-double absolutely useless.   
  
Olivia donned her wig and her dark glasses and Victoria walked her out. When Gretchen and I were alone, Gretchen fixed me with a steely gaze.   
  
"Those panties I loaned Olivia cost thirteen dollars," she said, sternly.   
  
Suddenly I felt like a little girl who had just been caught attempting to steal cookies from the cookie jar. In many ways, it was Gretchen's fault that my pussy was wet all the time, but I still felt an irrational wave of guilt wash over me.   
  
"I'm sorry, Mistress," I said, carefully avoiding eye contact, while she looked at me accusingly.   
  
"Thirteen dollars means thirteen swats on your bare behind," Gretchen announced. "Get over my lap, you naughty girl."   
  
Gretchen then sat down on the bed and looked at me expectantly. My heart beat like mad and I obediently placed my naked hips and upper thighs across her lap. One of my hands grabbed the bed and I placed my other hand on the floor in an attempt to balance and stabilize myself.   
  
I could feel the soft skin of my naked thighs and vulva pressed against the harsh fabric of Gretchen's clothing and I felt a feverish anticipation as I waited for my punishment. I was just a naked, helpless girl repenting for my sins and Gretchen was a powerful authority figure. My pussy and nipples throbbed at the utter helplessness of my situation and I wallowed in it, my breathing becoming thick and heavy as I waited.   
  
Gretchen was in no hurry to get started. She made me wait, placing a firm hand on my naked buttocks and feeling the softness of my smooth naked skin stretched taut over my gluteal muscles.   
  
"So adorable," Gretchen remarked as she fondled and squeezed my buttocks. "You know, it's the very first thing I noticed about you when we first met. Your tight, perfectly formed little bottom, resting atop your shapely legs. I spent a good five minutes staring at that perfect little bottom before I even said Hello."   
  
I wasn't certain how to respond to this, so I said nothing. Slave-girls very rarely get into trouble by remaining silent.   
  
"We need to spend more time paying attention to your lovely bottom," Gretchen continued. "The public spankings are a good start; of course; but we could do so much more."   
  
Then I could feel Gretchen's fingers in the furrow between my buttocks, searching out my anus. "We could have more body cavity searches," she said. "In public. Perhaps allowing tourists or members of the European media to play with your tight little asshole. Imagine what a spectacle that would be...you tied with your legs far apart while strangers thrust and wriggle their fingers around deep inside of you."   
  
The throbbing in my pussy intensified as Gretchen found my poor little asshole and pressed a finger insistently at my tender, pink orifice and talked about allowing total strangers to finger my anus while I was bound helpless and could do nothing. I whimpered and trembled as she described her ideas for publically humiliating me.   
  
Then her left hand was withdrawn from the furrow between my buttocks and her right hand came down hard, smacking my ass with a loud *THWACK* sound.   
  
I yelped out at the unexpected assault on my naked skin and then began to make undignified noises as Gretchen's hand came down again and again, spanking my naked flesh without mercy.   
  
Gretchen had me totally off-balance, yelping, thrashing around and sobbing in pain as she punished me with red-hot, stinging swats.   
  
"This is how naughty girls should be punished," Gretchen said when she paused for a few seconds in between swats.   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, agreeing that I deserved this punishment. In the back of my mind there was a logical part of my brain that insisted that I couldn't possibly have kept my pussy from being wet, but that part of my brain was overpowered by the passionate part of my brain that felt a strong emotional need to submit and belong to someone, to be possessed as well as chastised.   
  
And then she was spanking me again, concentrating her blows on the tender underside of my buttocks, making me sob as she brought her hand down hard on the deliciously sensitive skin where the buttocks meet the thighs.   
  
When Gretchen finally stopped, my ass was stinging and sore and only became more so as she took my reddened buttocks and thighs in her strong hands and kneaded my sore flesh.   
  
"Your ass is a delight," Gretchen commented as I sobbed and shook. "And I'm going to fondle it, spank it and abuse it. But I'm also going to share it. An ass like this is just too perfect to keep all to myself."   
  
At these words, my sobbing became muffled and my already wet sex seemed to flow with a trickle of moisture. I felt utterly used and wanton and indecent to hear that my naked body would be shared with total strangers. I couldn't help the way my body reacted. A tingle of warmth spread from my loins and seemed to heat my thighs, breasts and my aching, swollen nipples.   
  
"I got some of this from your sister," Gretchen said while I lay naked across her lap, my juices soaking my inner thighs. "She made me promise to put it on your skin after you've been spanked or strapped. Now hold still while I rub it in."   
  
The cold lotion on her hands made me yelp when it first made contact with my feverishly-hot skin, but I obediently kept as immobile as humanly possible and allowed Gretchen's hands to roam all over my buttocks and the backs of my thighs and smooth the oily lotion into my sore, abused naked flesh.   
  
The stinging pain in my punished backside diminished, but the throbbing in my sex continued unabated. I had two powerful orgasms while at Lady Preston's home, however my pussy was still throbbing with need and I was feverish with lust. Did I ever have a sex drive like this when I was back in America? It was like the Sessians had managed to increase the intensity of my libido up to superhuman levels.   
  
Of course when you're a slave-girl, you don't complain about sexual frustration. You just bear it with stoic silence.   
  
The same rule doesn't apply to mistresses. After Gretchen was finished rubbing lotion into my buttocks and thighs, she tied my arms behind me in a painfully tight box-tie and told me to get down on my knees so that I could service her pussy.   
  
The box-tie forces my shoulders way back, which of course forces my breasts to protrude prominently forward. I think that's why Gretchen prefers the box-tie over something simple.   
  
Gretchen got completely undressed and I noticed that her panties were also soaking wet. Of course Gretchen's status was totally different than mine, so she wouldn't get punished for getting her female juices all over the crotch of her panties.   
  
With Gretchen's beautiful thighs and smooth vulva near my face, Gretchen sternly admonished me, "You used that mouth of yours to make *Lady Preston* happy. Now, you can use that mouth of yours to make *me* happy!"   
  
Cunnilingus is more difficult with your hands bound behind you, but I've done it before and I'm still quite good at it. I started by kissing Gretchen's firm, smooth thighs, not touching her sex, but getting my face close enough that I could smell the scent of her womanhood.   
  
Gretchen inhaled loudly and deeply though clenched teeth. "No time for foreplay," she said insistently, and then she grabbed me by the back of my skull and shoved my face into her wet, swollen pubic lips. Instinct kicked in and I immediately began licking at the folds of her pussy. Gretchen's breathing immediately became loud and ragged and her hips swayed this way and that as I tried to lick her to orgasm.   
  
She clutched tightly at my hair and stood with her legs apart and proceeded to grind her vulva into my face as I licked and licked. Luckily for me, I adored the taste of Gretchen's pussy, as she was very wet and I was getting a lot of her juices on my tongue.   
  
"*Ah, ahh, aaghhh, aaaghhhh,"* Gretchen made a lot of noises, but didn't seem capable of forming actual words anymore. Gretchen liked to talk and I knew from experience that this inability to be articulate, meant that she was close to orgasm.   
  
I lapped at her pussy and sucked at her clit and her grip on my scalp tightened and then she exploded into my mouth. She screamed at the top of her lungs and I feared that hotel security would bust the door down to see what such enthusiastic screaming was all about.   
  
Either the hotel had very thick walls that muffled the sounds of Gretchen's screams or nobody in the hotel cared much about the sounds of a woman screaming. There were probably a lot of orgasmic screams in a hotel like this. The staff probably had some skill at differentiating between screams of sexual delight and screams of actual distress.   
  
Gretchen let go of my scalp and I looked up to see her breasts rise and fall and she took in big lungfuls of air. It took her several minutes to get her breathing under control, so I just knelt there and waited, because that's what obedient slaves do.   
  
Also, she had very beautiful breasts. I liked watching them rise and fall as she attempted to calm her labored breathing.   
  
Her breathing never really returned to normal, but when it had slowed to a somewhat less interesting rate of speed, she looked down at me and smirked.   
  
"Your work isn't finished yet, Little Girl," she said, "Get back to servicing me. Break time is over."   
  
My pussy actually throbbed at those words. Somehow being ordered to sexually service Gretchen (or almost any woman) is a sexual turn on for me. And Gretchen is much more attractive than the average woman on the street, so that was a bonus.   
  
Her need wasn't as urgent this time, so Gretchen allowed me to engage in foreplay this time. I kissed her thighs and gently blew on her pubic lips before I began gently licking my tongue across the silky folds of her labia. I took my time and leisurely mapped out every centimeter of Gretchen's inner and outer pubic lips, making Gretchen moan and sigh and occasionally say things like, "It feels so good when you do that. Do that again."   
  
Her second orgasm was a lot less loud, but it lasted longer and I think in many ways was more satisfying than the first. There was a lot more sighing involved and it took longer for Gretchen's breathing to return to normal.   
  
"*Oh God,"* Gretchen exclaimed, "*That was so good."*   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I responded, looking up and seeing the look of contented bliss on her face and her round naked breasts still rising and falling.   
  
"Of course, you've been doing this for years," Gretchen continued. "You're an expert at eating pussy by now."   
  
"Thank you, Mistress," I replied again. "You're very kind to your slave."   
  
I saw Gretchen smirk and then I felt a throb of panic when she said, "You won't think so by the time this day is over. You hid from your public today when you got to go play with Lady Preston. I need to take you out so you can be reminded what it's like to be mobbed by your many fans. No, just stay there on your knees while I shower and get dressed."   
  
Gretchen disappeared into the bathroom and I heard the shower running. I was alone and unsupervised. I could have disobeyed her and she'd never know, but the way Gretchen, Lexi, Claudia and the people at the Punishment Park had conditioned me, obedience and submissiveness was just coming naturally to me. I knelt there on the floor with my knees far apart, feeling very naked and vulnerable and waited for Gretchen to come out of the shower and give me my next orders.   
  
Of course my nipples were throbbing and my aching pussy was soaking wet as I contemplated how exposed and vulnerable I must look. I was a naked slave-girl. I was owned, and something about that excited me intensely.   
  
When Gretchen came out of the bathroom, I was still in the exact same spot where she had left me. I hadn't moved and inch. Gretchen walked past me without saying a word and proceeded to get dressed. She was obviously intent on a certain image as she dressed in a black bra, black lambskin-leather jacket, skin-tight black yoga pants and a pair of exquisite black leather boots with four inch heels. Gretchen had never owned a pair of boots like that when we lived in America. She must have bought them while I was living as a slave here in Sessia.   
  
When she was fully dressed, Gretchen stood in front of me and snapped, "Stand up, little-girl. I need to get you ready to go out and meet your public."   
  
My legs had become stiff from kneeling so long. And of course with my arms tied behind me, I couldn't use my hands to help me get up off the floor. My legs were wobbly and my movements were awkward, but after several shaky attempts I finally managed to stand up and present myself for my mistress.   
  
"You look almost ready," Gretchen said as she leisurely looked me up and down and examined my naked body intently, "We just need one more thing."   
  
Without any further words, Gretchen opened up a drawer in the hotel dresser and with a minimum of searching produced a leash.   
  
"This is a dog leash," Gretchen informed me, as she held it up for me to see. It was made of black leather with a stainless steel snap-hook on one end for attaching to a dog's collar.   
  
"I'm going to attach this to your slave collar and lead you around the streets of Sessia like a pet Dalmatian. You'll walk when I tell you to walk and you'll stop when I tell you to stop. And if I tell somebody on the street that they can pet you, you stand there like a good dog and let them pet you. Understand?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I replied, feeling utterly meek, obedient and passive. I also felt a perverse excitement as I anticipated how humiliating it was going to be with Gretchen parading me naked down the streets of Sessia and allowing total strangers to ogle me. Gretchen clipped the leash onto my collar and led me out of the hotel room and down the hall to the elevator.   
  
Several hotel guests stopped to stare at my exposed nudity as Gretchen led me around by that damn leash. It was nothing new for the guests at the hotel Castello to stare openly at my naked body, but somehow with Gretchen leading me around with a leash made me feel even *more* naked, vulnerable and exposed. Also, the expression on people's faces now seemed different. It was as if they felt I was now even more servile and available than before. My status had changed somehow and they all sensed it just like I sensed it.   
  
Male and female employees of the hotel stopped what they were doing to stare at me as Gretchen walked me across the lobby and out of the hotel.   
  
Out on the street tourists, joggers, bicycle messengers and delivery people stopped what they were doing and took notice of the naked leashed her girl and her mistress. Walking out in the sunshine, naked, barefoot, bound and leashed I felt even more naked than when I was in the hotel lobby. Somehow being on a public street with the sounds of traffic to my right and pedestrians on the sidewalk in front of me made me feel even more naked than when Gretchen led me around the lobby of the hotel.

When I was a free woman and walked down the streets wearing jeans, running shoes, a t-shirt and money in my pocket people never dared to stare at my breasts. It was considered socially unacceptable to stare at a woman as if she were a sex object.   
  
However, now that I was naked, barefoot, bound with ropes, my bound arms forcing me to thrust my breasts forward and being led around on a leash, my status had changed and suddenly staring at my breasts and my pouty pubic lips was no longer taboo. It seemed as if the entire city was staring at my painfully erect nipples, my slick pubic lips and everything in between.   
  
Teenage college girls, middle-aged housewives, Japanese tourists, British tourists, American tourists, Italian tourists, businessmen in suits, innocent-looking old ladies, taxi-cab drivers, police in the act of ticketing parked vehicles...they all stopped to stare and take in my nudity and my helplessness. Nobody was shy about staring. They just took it all in leisurely, not wanting to miss a single inch of my naked, slave-girl body.   
  
With my arms tied behind me as they were, my shoulders were pinned back and my breasts were thrust forward, almost as if I were offering them up to anybody on the street. And the people on the street were most assuredly taking me up on that offer.   
  
A female jogger almost ran past me, but then she stopped dead in her tracks and intently ogled my breasts. She had two breasts of her own, but she stared at mine as if she were fascinated by them.   
  
"Stop," Gretchen commanded and yanked on my leash, causing me stop abruptly and make a sound of distress.   
  
The female jogger was wearing earbuds in her ears. When Gretchen and I stopped in our tracks, the jogger pulled the earbuds out of her ears and then gave Gretchen a look.   
  
Gretchen returned the look and then said, "Would you like to meet her?"   
  
The jogger took a few hesitant steps forward and looked at Gretchen and me warily. It was one thing to stare at us, but direct interaction might involve some risk. The jogger looked to be about nineteen or twenty and she had a timid look on her face as if she frightened easily.   
  
"I'm sorry," the jogger replied, stopping about ten feet away from us, "Meet who? What is it you're talking about?"   
  
Her accent sounded British and put me in mind of cloistered aristocratic young ladies who've spent most of their lives isolated in aristocratic girls-only boarding schools.   
  
"My slave-girl," Gretchen said taking a step forward and tugging on my leash, "I saw you staring and I thought you might like a closer look."   
  
The girl took a few seconds to respond. She removed her iPhone from a tiny pocket, on a tiny belt around her waist and turned off her music. Then her gaze drifted back to me and she exclaimed, "You're that girl from the cover of Insider Magazine!"   
  
I opened my mouth to answer, but Gretchen held up a hand, signaling that I should be quiet.   
  
"Yes, her name is Diane," Gretchen said, "She's somewhat famous now. She's even been on television."   
  
"She's very beautiful," the girl said. "Is she some sort of model?"   
  
"She's a slavegirl," Gretchen replied, "She has a contact on file with the O.S.I. and everything."   
  
The girl's eyebrows went up and then one of them went down as she stared intently at both Gretchen and myself.   
  
"Not a real slave, surely," the girl replied. "I mean, this is the twenty-first century. We've freed all the slaves. We're civilized now."   
  
Gretchen smirked at that and then tugged once again on my leash and said, "Diane, turn around. I want this girl to see your bottom."   
  
The girl in the running shorts and sports bra had the manners to look embarrassed, however she stood there and politely watched as I obediently turned around and showed my naked bottom to her.   
  
My bottom was still sore from the multiple spankings I'd heard earlier in the day. I could hear the girl behind me drawing her breath in sharply as she viewed the physical evidence of those spankings.   
  
"Her bottom is all red," the girl exclaimed. "Did you really spank her? That looks really, really painful!"   
  
"Oh, it was," Gretchen answered. "But Diane is a big girl. She can take it. And according to Sessian law, I'm entitled to punish my slave whenever I feel it's appropriate. As a slave, Diane has no say in the matter."   
  
The girl was now enthralled. She crouched down and studied my poor, abused bottom and the backs of my thighs, her face just inches from my reddened flesh. I could actually feel the caress of her breath on my bare sin.   
  
"This is really real," the girl said, fascinated, "you really did spank her."   
  
"As I said, she's a slave."   
  
"I didn't think you really did that," the girl said, still staring at my punished ass. She sounded hypnotized.   
  
"We really do that," Gretchen confirmed. "There are millions of people in Europe, America, and Canada and well...all over, that get a sexual thrill out of being dominated, exposed and punished. The Sessian government just decided it would be wise to make some money off of that thrill."   
  
Still sounding spellbound, the girl said, "Her pubic lips are all wet."   
  
Gretchen laughed slightly at that and replied, "As I said, there are people who get a sexual thrill out of being dominated, exposed and punished. Haven't you ever seen the punishment parks?"   
  
"I," the girl hesitated, "I've heard of them. I really have no idea what they are really."   
  
Gretchen laughed again. "The Punishment Parks are were girls like Diane go when they've been naughty and need to be punished in front of a large audience. If you're interested, I'd be happy to take you there sometime."   
  
"I can't today," the girl said. "I'm a university student. My parents will kill me if I miss any classes."   
  
"Some other time then?"   
  
The girl was hooked. She and Gretchen exchanged names and phone numbers (the girl's name turned out to be Jennifer) and then Jennifer took some photos of my naked bottom with her iPhone. You could tell by the sound of her voice that she was really looking forward to her first visit to the punishment park.   
  
"Your slave is really, really gorgeous," she said with a rapt smile on her face. "Will I get to see you punish her?"   
  
I groaned at that, but Gretchen assured Jennifer that she would definitely get to watch me helpless, naked and punished at the Punishment Park very soon.   
  
I watched the girl jog away with a spring in her step. It was nice that we'd made her happy. Although the next time we met, I'd probably be sobbing in pain and have whip marks on my naked skin.   
  
"Well, we're supposed to be spreading the popularity of Sessian slavery," Gretchen remarked. "I think we're succeeding. I also think that girl may have a crush on you."   
  
I was pretty certain that Gretchen was right. The girl was actually very cute and as she ran off I couldn't help but admire the shape of her retreating ass, however I was also pretty certain that it was only a matter of time before she was wielding a whip or paddle or a belt or something and punishing my poor, naked skin.   
  
"Well, let's go off and meet some more of your adoring public," Gretchen announced.   
  
Thoughts of Jennifer soon fled from my mind as Gretchen tugged on my leash and led me down the street, past dozens of ogling pedestrians and finally to a bus-stop.   
  
"I want you to make a good impression on these people, Slavegirl," Gretchen said to me as I was led naked and helpless to the bus-stop, "So be charming and obedient and do everything I tell you."   
  
My heart beat doubly fast and I was filled with trepidation as I took in my audience. There was a middle-aged woman with long, dark hair. She looked to be in her late-thirties or early forties and favored us with an enthusiastic grin as we approached.   
  
There were also two skinny boys of approximately nineteen years of age. They had that unfortunate look that teenage boys often had when they saw an attractive girl. Their look broadcast the fact that they were thrilled to see an attractive girl, but they were too awkward and immature to know how to impress her, or even flirt well. They probably couldn't even talk to an attractive girl without saying something stupid.   
  
There was also a woman who looked to be about my age. She was even skinnier than the boys, but she didn't look anywhere near as awkward as they did. The look on her face didn't hold any of the awkwardness of youth. She just stood there and watched me approach with a jaded, unimpressed look like she saw naked women in public every day.   
  
Actually, this is Sessia, so it was actually possible that she did see naked women in public every day. Hell, if she worked in the Punishment Parks, she might see a lot of naked women in public ever day!   
  
"So, what have we here?" asked the middle-aged woman with great cheerfulness. "I've been taking the Fleming Avenue bus for years now and we've never had a naked girl ride with us before!"   
  
"My name is Gretchen," my mistress said, "And this is my slave, Diane. I thought that it was high time that I took her out expose her to her public."   
  
Then Gretchen pulled on my leash and said, "Come on Diane and let the nice lady inspect you."   
  
I felt apprehensive about letting this woman inspect my naked body, but I walked over on shaky legs and tried to hold still for the middle-aged woman. She looked as if she might be old enough to be my own mother and something about that made me more nervous than being ogled by someone my own age.   
  
The middle-aged woman looked nonplussed. Apparently naked girls weren't thrown at her every day by cruel mistresses.   
  
"Well, that's awfully generous of you, Gretchen," the middle-aged woman said. "I see naked slaves around town sometimes...usually out near the Punishment Park, but nobody has ever offered to share their slave with me before."   
  
Gretchen smiled at this and replied, "Well, it's not like I'm letting you take her home or anything. I'm just letting you examine her, sort of like you were inspecting her on the auction block-that sort of thing."   
  
Just? Gretchen made it seem like an intimate examination of my naked flesh was a trivial thing! For a slave to submit her breasts, thighs, pubic lips and other parts of her naked anatomy to be examined by the demanding eyes and hands of a stranger was a traumatic ordeal for a slave-girl! My heat was already beating like a drum and felt flush with the heat of embarrassment as all four pedestrians at the bus-stop allowed their eyes to run all over my naked skin.   
  
The middle-aged woman was filled with friendly banter and good humor. It was clear that she appreciated Gretchen's generous offer. "My name's Laurell by the way, and it's quite neighborly the way you're sharing your slave with a total stranger...even if it is just to give her the once over. Your girl looks like a supermodel, and at my age, naked supermodels just aren't a part of my life. It just doesn't happen...so I see your offer as right generous."   
  
Then Laurell turned to me, her eyes all aglow and said, "Okay pretty girl, let's get a look at you!"   
  
Laurell; much to my surprise; began her examination of me by placing her hands on my throat and feeling for my pulse just underneath my jawline.   
  
"My, you're an excited little girl, aren't you?" she asked when she realized how my pulse was racing.   
  
Next she placed a hand on my chest, around about where the ribcage met my right breast and checked to see how fast my heart was beating. Her examination seemed almost medical at first, but then she held both of my breasts in her hands, lifting them at first as if gently attempting to weigh them. Of course she soon moved on to fondling them, feeling every inch of them before rolling my nipples between her thumbs and index fingers.   
  
The woman may have been old enough to be my mother, but she knew how to play with a girl's nipples in such a way to get an ideal reaction. I began to sigh as she stimulated all of the right nerve endings, and then the sighing evolved into soft moaning.   
  
It was around that point that I noticed a Channel-4 news van across the street. While Laurell fondled my breasts and played with my nipples, the news team from Channel-4 recorded the entire thing.   
  
"Oh, you're adorable, so you are," Laurell enthused as she played with my nipples, "It's a shame Gretchen won't let me take you home. But, I suppose I can still have some fun with you here at the bus-stop."   
  
"Hey, give me a turn. I wanna cop a feel," said one of the teenage boys. My heart beat even faster at the thought of being fondled by those two boys, but Laurell snapped, "Bugger off Jeremy! She's not for the likes of you!"   
  
"C'mon, Laurell," the obnoxious boy complained, "That girl is the best thing that's happened all month. Why you gotta hog her?"   
  
"Because she's a black-collar slave," Gretchen snapped. "That means she's for girls only."   
  
Laurell continued to play with my nipples and didn't even both to look at Jeremy, however she clarified, "White collars means hetero, black collars means gay or lesbian and grey collars means bisexual. And the law says that gay slaves have rights and can't be felt up by members of the opposite sex!"   
  
I breathed a sigh of relief after Laurell said that. Slaves didn't have many rights, so we treasure the few we did have. And; of course; I was glad that Gretchen and Laurell were enforcing them.   
  
Gretchen held on to my leash while Laurell fondled me. She ran her hands across my tight abs and my smooth thighs before finally asking if she could play with my pussy.   
  
Gretchen's response was to order me to spread my legs apart. "Spread them wide, Slave-girl. I want Laurell to be able to have easy access to your pink paradise."   
  
"Bloody hell," exclaimed Jeremy. I think he was feeling jealous and cheated that Laurell got this kind of access to my naked body and he couldn't lay a finger on me. All he could do was to watch and sulk.   
  
I inhaled through clenched teeth and panted as Laurell played with my already throbbing pussy. She slid a finger gently down one of my pink, swollen pubic lips, smiling at my noticeable reaction, then gripping my labia tightly and pulling on it, stretching it away from my body. I was already sexually overstimulated before Laurell encountered us and now she seemed to be intent on playing with my wet, pulsing pussy and getting me even more excited.   
  
I gasped and grunted as Laurell proceeded to pinch, caress, fondle, stroke and touch every inch of my swollen pubic lips. Then she slid two fingers inside of me, causing me to yelp in surprise and very nearly reach a humiliating orgasm right there on the street.   
  
"Bloody hell," exclaimed Jeremy again and then Laurell removed her fingers from my throbbing pussy and held them up to my face.   
  
She held her slick fingers up to my face, smiling at me, without saying a word. I was too dazed from the sexual tension and the powerful orgasm building inside of me to understand the significance of her actions. Was she mocking me? Was she making fun of how wet and libidinous I was?   
  
"Diane," Gretchen said, tugging slightly on my leash, "open your mouth and suck your juices off Laurell's fingers."   
  
Obediently, I did exactly as Gretchen ordered. I stood there at a public bus-stop, naked with my hands bound behind my back and sucked my pussy juices off of a stranger's fingers.   
  
Has anyone ever been more submissive and humiliated than me?   
  
"That's a good girl," Gretchen said, reassuringly.   
  
"She's adorable," Laurell beamed as she pushed her fingers deep into my mouth, so that I could suck off every last drop of my juices. "I'm so glad you shared her with me. It's a once in a lifetime opportunity for a person like me to get an exquisite girl like this to take her clothes off for me."   
  
"It doesn't really have to be," Gretchen said, and I got a feeling I knew where this was heading.   
  
"I intend to bring Diane out and exhibit her in public locations a lot more often. This bus-stop was just the first of many appearances for her. Give me your phone number and you can help me plan a list of other locations where I can show her off."   
  
Gretchen and Laurell exchanged information and Laurell was fast becoming close friends with Gretchen, but a bus pulled up to the bus-stop and Laurell regretfully admitted that she had to get on.   
  
"I'll miss you, Pretty-girl," Laurell exclaimed and then she took my face in her hands and kissed me deeply and passionately. She may have been old enough to be my mother, but she kissed with the passion and the urgency of a nineteen-year old.   
  
"Oh," I gasped when she finally allowed me to break from the kiss.   
  
"Good bye, Gretchen! Good-bye, naked-girl," Laurell exclaimed through an open window on the bus. "I can't wait to see you both again!"   
  
Jeremy and the other teenage boy also got on the bus. One of them pulled out his phone and used it to take my picture before the doors of the bus closed.   
  
The skinny girl with the jaded look remained at the bus-stop. She looked at Gretchen and me and folded her arms over her non-existent chest.   
  
"You're not going to get on the bus?" Gretchen asked.   
  
"I can grab the next one," the girl said. "I'm not in any big hurry to get home, and besides I was really interested in what you said about exposing your girl to the public. I mean...I'm part of the public."   
  
"You were so quiet back there," Gretchen said, "I didn't even think you were interested. Quite a lot of women aren't interested when I bring Diane out in public. Some of them even avert their eyes...straight women I suppose...for some of them, I think the sight of a nude woman makes them uncomfortable."   
  
"Not me," the slender girl said, "I like seeing her naked. What I don't like is all the privileges she gets. She's on the cover of Insider Magazine. She's got a free membership to Sharp Fitness. I hear she's even gets free meals over at Raffinato's."   
  
"You resent all of those privileges?" Gretchen asked.   
  
"Nobody ever gives me privileges like that," the girl angrily exclaimed. I'd prance around naked in public to get privileges, but nobody wants to see my body!"   
  
I looked the girl over. She actually had a very nice body. She had a flat, stomach, narrow waist and lean ropey muscle. She had a body like a ballet dancer or a figure skater. She wore a tight, white t-shirt and tight blue jeans that showed off her figure very nicely.   
  
She would actually be a top candidate for sex-slavery if it weren't for her A-cup breasts that made her look very nearly flat-chested.   
  
"So, you'd like to teach her a lesson?" Gretchen asked. "Make her learn some humility?"   
  
There were now at least two vans parked across the street watching us, with reporters and camera crews. Gretchen knew they were there and I was guessing that this whole conversation with slender girl was for the benefit of the media. Whatever Gretchen could provoke this girl into doing to my naked body would almost certainly end up on television.   
  
"Will you let me?" The skinny girl asked, almost as if she was challenging Gretchen. She had a chip on her shoulder for some reason and she was intent at holding a grudge against both Gretchen and I until she got what she wanted.   
  
In answer, Gretchen tugged on my leash and pulled me closer to the irate girl. An anticipatory smile flashed across the girl's young face as she surmised what was going to happen next.   
  
"Alright you spoiled brat," Gretchen said to me, "My new friend here is offended about how you've been flaunting your naked body, getting all the attention and being treated like you're something special. So. I'm going to let her punish you. So she can show you that you're no better than she is."   
  
Gretchen then handed her end of the leash over to the skinny girl and said, "Okay, my friend, what's your name?"

"Lynn," the skinny girl replied, taking her hand and gripping the leash, smiling all the while like a little kid on Christmas morning.   
  
"Okay, Lynn here are the rules," Gretchen said in a low, firm voice, "The most common form of punishing a bad little girl like this is to throw her over your knee and give her naked bottom a good spanking. Her bottom is very resilient, so you can spank her long and hard. You can also spank the backs of her thighs. She's more sensitive there, so you can get some really interesting sounds out of her when you spank her there."   
  
I trembled at the mention of Lynn spanking my already sore thighs and ass. Lynn looked utterly cold and unforgiving. I suspected I was in for an extremely unpleasant ordeal.   
  
"You can also spank her breasts," Gretchen suggested helpfully, "And of course you can pinch her nipples. Her nipples were basically made for pinching. They thrive under the attention of a cruel woman's fingers."   
  
"You're a bad little girl, aren't you?" Lynn asked. And before I even had a chance to consider the question, Gretchen smacked me hard on my naked bottom and sternly ordered, "Tell her you're a bad little girl, Diane!"   
  
"I'm a bad little girl, Mistress," I said obediently.   
  
Lynn smiled a wicked smile in response to that and said, "And bad little girls get punished, don't they?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I said without hesitation, feeling it was expected of me.   
  
"Well then," Lynn said, "I'll be a good authority figure and give this bad girl what she needs."   
  
Lynn held my leash with one hand and then painfully gripped one of my already aching nipples with the other. She pinched it and twisted it, causing me to grunt, pant and whimper as she inflicted sharp pain on a very sensitive part of my anatomy.   
  
"You're allowed to whimper and even scream in pain while Lynn punishes you," Gretchen said sternly, "But if I hear one word of complaint out of you, it will earn you a trip to the Punishment Park."   
  
I whimpered and nodded in agreement. When Gretchen got strict like this, it was no good to argue with her.   
  
Lynn spanked both of my breasts, causing me to yelp at the sudden and wicked pain the cruel girl had inflicted on my naked, defenseless breasts. Tears welled up in my eyes, but Lynn informed me that she had no intention of stopping there.   
  
"You're such a bad girl," Lynn bereted me, "Flashing you boobs everywhere and getting everyone to fall in love with you. Well, I'm going to see that you get punished for that."   
  
Lynn stared intently at my indecently exposed pubic lips as if she were thinking of punishing my poor, vulnerable, naked sex, but just as I was certain she'd be pinching my poor pubic lips, she gave Gretchen control of my leash and reached out and clasped both my nipples and squeezed them hard enough to make me cry out in alarm. I couldn't stop her. I was naked and bound. My nipples belonged to Lynn and she could do whatever she liked with them. I had no say in the matter.   
  
Lynn amused herself with my naked breasts for a long time, pointing out how my breasts had been used to get myself all sorts of special treatment, therefore my breasts must play a large role in my punishment. I bit my lip but did not complain as Lynn continued to pinch and twist my poor nipples. She knew how she was hurting from my gasps and the tension in my body every time she pinched my tender flesh.   
  
Lynn unbuckled her belt and pulled it from the belt loops of her jeans. She held it up so that Gretchen could see it and asked, "Is it alright if I use this on your bad little girl?"   
  
Much to my horror, Gretchen gave Lynn permission to use it on me.   
  
Gretchen of course would supervise and determine how many times she could whip me with the belt, how hard and on what parts of my naked anatomy.   
  
Lynn placed one hand on my right breast and squeezed it painfully hard, digging her fingernails into the soft, naked, tender flesh and making me whimper in pain, fear and trepidation.   
  
"I'll show you, you bad little girl. I'll show you how a bad girl's breasts get punished."   
  
Lynn yanked on my nipple, pulling it as far as it would go, and when I panted and whimpered at the painful abuse of my nipple, she abruptly let go and allowed my nipple to drop back into place.   
  
Then, suddenly Lynn was wielding the belt, punishing my breasts with the leather belt in a series of loud slaps of leather on tender, bare flesh.   
  
"Aauuiiigghhhhhh," I screamed uncontrollably as my innocent breasts were struck again and again with that thin strip of leather.   
  
I squirmed and twisted and writhed as Lynn cruelly punished my poor, defenseless breasts. As a naked girl with her hands bound behind her, there was little more I could do about my predicament. Gretchen had a tight grip on my leash, so I couldn't run away and I dared not complain or else there would be another trip to the Punishment Park.   
  
My breasts throbbed and ached with each stinging blow, but I was helpless to do anything other than writhe and cry out forlornly at the stinging pain of my punishment.   
  
"Ugh! Ahhh!! Agghhh!! Uuhhhuhh!! Aaaaaahh!! Ahhh!! Ohhhh!! Owwowwwhh!!" I screamed in agony and danced a humiliating dance as Lynn snapped her belt against my bare breasts, but also against my bare thighs and my bare buttocks, never giving me the slightest hint where the leather strap would hit me next.   
  
With great effort and self-control I gritted my teeth and refused to complain about my punishment. And yet Lynn continued to snap her leather strap against my naked skin and tortured my breasts, my thighs and other exposed sections of my naked skin   
  
I had tears running freely down my face and my breasts were both a reddish pink color when Gretchen told Lynn that I had finally had enough.   
  
"I think our bad little girl has learned her lesson now," Gretchen proudly proclaimed. "You understand that you're not in any way better than Lynn, don't you now, my slavegirl?"   
  
"Yes, Mistress," I sobbed immediately.   
  
Lynn reached between my legs and grasped my exposed, helpless sex. I trembled at her touch, but did not complain or attempt to shake loose from her hand.   
  
"That was fun," Lynn admitted as she casually palmed my sex, "But if you really want your slave to get maximum exposure to the public, a bus-stop really isn't the way to go."   
  
"It's a public place," Gretchen argued. "Lots of people come here."   
  
"Not more than four of five at a time," Lynn countered. "If you really want your slavegirl to be exposed to the public, I'd recommend taking her to a lesbian night-club. There won't be any men there, so there's no risk of her getting groped by men, and on a good night there can be two-hundred women. How's that for exposure to the public?"   
  
While I stood there sobbing and covered in reddish marks on my naked skin, Lynn and Gretchen worked out a plan. There was a lesbian club in Greenfield called Adoration. Gretchen would give them a call and try to set up a night where I would be the evening's entertainment. If everything went according to plan, I could be fondled, fingered, spanked and ogled by two-hundred lesbians and the European media could cover the whole thing.   
  
And of course, Lynn insisted on being there. She wouldn't miss it for the world.