### Exposing my slavetoy

My slave Maddie is a modest little thing, a 5' 5" blonde who always used to wear jeans and who would still not wear revealing clothes, given the choice, which she isn't. Consequently, subjecting her to various kinds of public exposure is a source of much amusement. Naturally she mustn't be put in danger, nor seriously risk arrest, and I am gracious enough not to require her to expose herself where she might be seen by work colleagues or family.

Her slave rules (which she originally ageed to of course) make it clear that she dresses entirely according to my instructions. I forbid her knickers and bras at any time, except by special permission, nor is she allowed long skirts, jeans or shorts, except, again, by special permission. Even for work her skirts must be four inches above the knee and at other times must be no longer than mid-thigh. This is normal clothing as befits a slave. We've never deliberately done the shoe-shop thing as it's too obvious and too hackneyed, though when she needs to buy shoes she will, of course, be in a miniskirt without knickers and it's up to her to keep herself covered. This is just part of regular life. She also has to keep her cunt shaved.

For deliberate games the key has been to find ways of exposing her in situations that seem natural to onlookers. One of the most regular and successful has been for me to have her walk through the streets in games kit: t-shirt, pleated skirt, trainers and white socks and carrying a kit bag, so she looks as if she is on her way to or from some training session. The skirt, of course, is extremely short, only just covering her ass and cunt, so she has to walk as carefully as she can and pray that the skirt is not lifted in a breeze. Her t-shirts are the thinnest material we can buy, so the colour of her nipples shows through, even if they don't stand out, which they certainly do on a cold day.

We park in the town main carpark and I give her a route she has to follow, which usually includes flights of steps. I follow a distance behind to check that she is safe but also to ensure she follows instructions. Two fundamental instructions are that she may not turn and look behind her (which means she does not know if anyone is following her up steps, looking up her skirt and seeing her bare ass) and secondly that she may not touch the hem at any time. She may not check it, may not hold it as she goes up steps, and may not grab her skirt if it blows up, no matter that her ass and cunt may be on view.

Now the temptation will always be there for her to grab the skirt in a reflex action, but she has learnt not to do that. The reason - one punishment stroke of the cane for each and every offence. When I say "punishment" I mean it, this is not play, not fun caning, but real and something she desperately wants to avoid. A punishment stroke is delivered full force, and across her breasts. The first time I set her walking in this outfit she made nine involuntary grabs of her hem. There was no question of my letting her off any part of her punishment and she was still sobbing with pain hours later and tender for several days. After that, she has always followed instructions.

This is just one way to show her off. I have others, but I shall leave them for another post perhaps.

Hi my name is Katy McMillen. I’m 18 year old first year college student. I’m 5 foot 1, and 103 pounds. I have short chestnut colored hair, which is the same color as my eyes. What I lack in height, I more than make up for every where else. I have a cute little nose, and nice pouty lips. That along with my eyes gives me alittle girl look, that guys just love. My breast all thou are not big, 34c, they look big one my small frame. I have a small waist, just 20 inches. My hips flare out quite nicely to 32 inches. My legs are nice and shapely. I used to study dance, but since my breasts grew, my mom made me quit. And I have tiny little feet, size 4.

When I walk in a room I get my share of stares. Because I’m what you would call a shameless exhibitionist. I like to wear short skirts, with at least 4 inch high heels. And I wear blouses that show off lots of cleavage. I never miss a chance to flash some unsuspecting person. I especially like it when girls stare.

I have a partner in crime, her name is Tina. I guess I’d better start at the beginning.

Flashers Meet

Part 1

I met Tina at a high school dance. I was 16, and she was 15. I was dressed in my usual way, short skirt, heels and low cut blouse. When I got to the dance there must of been 30 guys asking me to dance.

I picked a cutest guy and pulling him onto the dance floor. The first song was a fast one, that’s the kind I like. I get to dance around shaking my hips. My breasts bounce up and down, and when I spin, I get to flash everyone my knickers.

I was really getting into all the stares. The boy I picked to dance with was just standing still watching me. I spun around a little too quickly and stumbled forward. He reach out and tried to catch me. But he grabbed my blouse and pulled it open. My nice firm bare breasts spilled out for everyone to see. I new what had happened, but I pretended not to notice. I kiss him on the cheek and started dancing around giving everyone a great view of my breasts.

The song finally end after about 20 guys had cut in, so they could get a better look at my breasts. The song stop and the stood there, with my breasts hunging out and sweating running down between them. I look around at everyone, then looked where they were staring. I put on my best shocked look.

“Oh my God”! I pulled my bloused closed and ran to the girls bathroom. I almost came as my knickers rubbed up against my soaking wet pussy. I closed the door behind me and buried 3 fingers into my pussy and started rubbing for all I was worth. I came in no time, and slumped to my knees, trying to catch my breath.

“Great Show”!

I quickly looked up and saw Tina standing in the door way. I pulled my skirt back down. “What do you mean”?

“You have the same look in your eye that I do, when I flash”. She smiled.

I sat on the bathroom floor still to weak to get up. And looked up at her.

Tina’s 5 foot 10, and 130 pounds. She as long blond hair, pretty blue eyes. Her body would wake the dead, 36-24-37, and she had legs that go on for ever. She was dressed in what she called her tease and please outfit. A half shirt that just came down to the bottoms of her breasts. A pairs of white tennis shoes, and a pair of short shorts. That left most of her firm ass hanging out.

“I just love being stared at”. Tina said as she stretched toward the ceiling. Which made her breasts fall out the bottoms of her top. I found myself staring at them, and getting all wet again.

“Why don’t we give everyone something to remember”? Tina said.

“Like what”?

She told me what she had in mind. When she was done I’d cum again. I was sitting in a puddle of cum which soaked the back of my skirt.

When we got back to the dance Tina put her arms around my neck, and started moving her hips. I had to fight the feeling to grab her breasts which were now hang out below her top. She innocently pushed my blouse off my shoulders. It slid down to my waist leaving me completely naked from the waist up. I could feel every eye in the place on us. Tina turned her back to me and rubbed her ass into my crotch. I almost came again as I heard half the guys at the dance groan.

Tina then danced behind me, and put her arms around and grabbed my breasts. She started playing with my nipples. I had to lean back against her so I won’t fall down as I came. I could believe I was letting her do this. Tina’s hands slid lower and started to pull my skirt up.

“What are you girls doing”?!!! The voice was Princpal Bailey. Snapped us back to reality. He was starting in front of us with a big bulge in the front of his pants.

“We just got carried away”. I said as I pull my skirt back down. And pulling my top back up. Tina just smiled and said nothing.

Part 2

When I got home my dad was waiting for me.

“Well young lady what do you have to say for yourself”?

“Nothing Dad, we were just having a little fun”. I tried my best to cry, so that I look sorry but I couldn’t. I new what was coming and I could hardly way.

“It looks like you didn’t learn anything, the last time. So I guess we’ll have to use my belt this time. Come over here and and bend over the chair, and don’t move”.

I bent over the chair, with my hands in the seat and waited. I hoped he didn’t see how wet my knickers were as her pulled my skirt up, baring my ass.

“Now don’t move young lady”. He said as he toke off his belt, and wrapped it around his hand. I toke a deep breath and waited. SMACK, I new it was coming but I jumped. My dad waited for my to stop moving then, SMACK. God why did spanking turn me on so much, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. With each blow my dad was slowly drive me toward one nice big orgasm.

I usually took about 25 good hard smacks. But tonight I was so turned on after the dance, that I came hard after just 10. My dad had to see the cum running down my legs, SMACK, SMACK. But he just kept spanking me. I had my first multiple orgasm, and it was with my dad, and him giving me a spanking.

He finally stopped after I’d cum at least 10 times. I’d stopped counting at 10. I was having trouble breathing and my legs almost gave out on me twice. But I stayed bent over the chair until my dad was done.

“I hope this teaches you a lesson”. He turned and left me bending over the chair. I just turned and sat down groaning as my sore as hit the chair. Yeah I’ll learned a lesson alright. I now new that a spanking could make me cum.

Finding Mr Right

Part 1

I quickly became friends with Tina. You couldn’t see one of us without the other. I had not had sex with anyone. But Tina had sex at least 3 times a week. She is what you would have to say is a boarder line nymphomanic. She likes having sex anytime anywhere. Tina once got fired for having sex on the counter at Burger King.

Tina would always tell me about how great sex felt, and that I didn’t know what I was missing. She would tell me in graphic detail. When she was done I’d be so hot I could die.

“Come on Katy, you know you want to. Just grab the next cute boy you see and just fuck him”!

“I just can’t. Besides doesn’t it hurt”?

“Just for a little while. And only the first time. Then it just feels so good you’ll never want to stop. Just do it”.

“I don’t know Tina. I told my Mom and Dad, that I’d wait until I got married. Besides, I want to wait for, well, you know MR RIGHT”.

“If you wait for Mr Right you’ll never have sex”. I had to laughed as she told me that.

Part 2

My parents were going to be gone for a whole weekend. My dad told me in know uncertain terms, NO PARTYS. Mom told me to have fun and don’t have to many friends over. I told her that I’d just have Tina over and that’s about it.

The next day at school we started making plans to have a monster party on Saturday night. That would give us all day Sunday to clean up afterwards. Tina talked one of the older guys she knew into buying us plenty of booze. Tina also told me if she found a guy to fuck that she be back on Sunday to help me clean up.

“How about you are you going to have sex. There’s going to be lots of great looking guys. So just pick one and do it.”

“No I’m going to wait for my Prince Charming. And thats, that. So quit pestering me about it”.

The party was going great. I don’t know why but I dressed in and outfit that hid my shape. I guess in the back of my mind. I didn’t want to have to fight off a bunch of horny guys. But Tina was dressed to thrill. She was wearing a skin tight spandex one piece dress, short and low cut. And a pair of matching 4 inch heels. She was fighting them off all night. And having a great time doing it.

The later the party got the more people paired off and left, for a night of fun. I was having a nice time anyway. But watching everyone dancing and necking, was making my hot, hot, hot. I must have had a dozen guys hit on me. I knew all they wanted was sex. But some how I turned them all down. Tina hung around as long as she could. But then she decided it was time to leave.

“I’ve got to go, I’m sooooo horny. And did you see how cute Paul is”. We both looked over at Paul. He was standing at the door waiting for Tina. He was good looking, he looked alot like a young Tom Cruise.

“Don’t wait up, I’ll be back tomorrow to help you clean up”. Tina kissed me on the cheek, and left with Paul in tow.

The rest of the party broke up about 1:30AM. I looked around at the living room. It was a mess, and I knew the rest of the house was going to be as bad. “Tina better be back early. It going to take all day to clean this mess up”. I went to bed and played with my pussy until I came. Thinking to myself, “Why don’t I just have sex. No I did the right thing I’m going to wait for Mr Right”.

Part 3

I dreamt all night about guys. They were doing all sorts of dirty things to me. I woke up even more horny than I was when I went to bed. My nipples were rock hard, and my clit ached. My nipples are very sensitize. I can just roll them between my fingers and I can cum. It’s like their tied right to my clit. And my clit is huge. It’s and inch long and as big around as the end of your thumb. It can be quite embarrassing, if I get turned on in like my swimsuit. Because my clit sticks out like a little cock.

I got up and didn’t get dress. I figured if I got dressed my clothes would rub against me, and keep me horny all day. And I didn’t need that I had a whole days worth of cleaning to do.

I opened my bedroom door and looked into the hall. There was peanut shells spread all over the floor. God what a mess. I grabbed the vacuum and started vaccuming up the hall. The vacuum hose rubbed up against my thigh. The vibration of the hose started to make my pussy drip. I pulled it away, shook my head, NO NOT NOW, and kept vaccuming. I looked up at I light in the hall. There were peanut shells all over the inside cover, HOW DID THEY DO THAT. To reach the light I had to stand on my tiptoes and stretch high. The hose fell right between my legs. I turned the vaccum back on. The hose vibrated against my clit. I came so hard I fell down on the floor.

I sat trying to catch my breath, and shaking. I looked over at the vacuum, and got a truly dirty idea. I got up and went into my bedroom with the vacuum.

I sat on the edge of the bed and turned the vacuum back on. I brought the nozzle up to my nipple. The feeling of the air pulling at my nipple, was Heaven. I put the nozzle right on my nipple sucking it up in the hose. It hurt like hell but I came again this time even harder. When I pulled the hose away and my nipple popped out of the end, which caused me to cum again. I put the nozzle on my other nipple, and came as I pulled it away. I did this until my nipples were so sore that I couldn’t stand it anymore.

I didn’t notice Tina was standing in the doorway watching me. I grabbed the hose in both hands and held it just so it would suck on my clit. I would move it closer and pull more of my clit up into the nozzle, then move it away. My clit would fall back into place. And I’d cum each time.

The closer I brought the hose the harder I’d cum. My hands were shaking as I quickly pressed the nozzle against my pussy and pulled it away. My legs cramped, and my nipple tingled. I was have troubled breathing, as I had the most powerful orgasm that I’d very had. I gone dizzy, and slid off the bed. The last thing I remember was my ass hitting the floor as I blackout.

I came to a couple of minutes later. Tina was standing over me with a big smile on her face. The inside of my thigh really hurt. I looked down to see the vacuum hose sucking away at the inside of my thigh. I pull it away and there was a big ugly ring where the hose had been. Even today if you look really hard you can see a small ring. I tell everybody that it a birth mark.

“Well it looks like you found your Mr Right”. Tina just kept smiling.

I was really embarrassed. I looked down at my body. There were little black and blue circles all over my body. My nipples were swollen to twice their normal size. And my clit was so sore I could put my legs together.

“I was vacuuming and I just....”

“You just decide to jack-off with the vacuum. I guess I have to call you Ms Hoover after your little friend there.”

That made me mad and embarrassed. “Just shut up and help me clean up”.

Tina laugh at my all day. I could hardy walk and if anything touched my nipples it made my cry. But all Tina would do is call me Little Ms Hoover. To this day if Tina wants to make me mad she”ll call me Little Ms Hoover.

When Mom and Dad got home. I had on my robe pulled up tight around my neck. So they wouldn’t see all the little rings all over me.

My Mom looked at me, then put her hand on my forehead. “You don’t look well are you sick honey”?

I coughed and put on my best sick face. “I’ve been sick since you’ve been gone”. I coughed weakly again.

“You poor baby. Go up to bed and I’ll be up and bring you some ice cream in a little while”.

I acted sick all week. My nipples stopped aching first. But they took another week for the swelling to go down. My clit was another story. It stayed sore for over a month. I had to go to school in dresses. And I couldn’t wear knickers. I couldn’t stand anything touching my pussy. After my pussy returned to normal, I decided I liked the feeling of being naked under my clothes. So I never wore any underwear again.