**Foolishness & Humiliation**

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**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 01**

This all began because I was an idiot. I was a person who couldn’t let a dare go by without at least attempting to do it. I wasn’t wild or anything, just slightly crazy, and willing to step outside the norms of society. The more off center and daring, the more I wanted to do the dare.  
  
At times in the past I had let my friends convince me to do things, that on reflection, if I had thought at all, I would have never done. Once, driving down the highway to a concert, they convinced me to remove my clothes and flash my boobs and butt to passing truckers. I could have just pulled up my top and tugged my jeans down to do it, but they dared me to go naked. I’ve already told you I was an idiot at times. Well, when I did this, I proved that I was.   
  
My friends were pretty bad to me, since when I removed something, they made sure it got handed to one of the girls in the front seat. Since I was in the back, I ended up without my clothes until they were ready to give them back to me. I really didn’t think about it, I got dared and just did it. I didn’t realize how much of me would show when I backed my ass up to the car window. After they had watched me do this several times, one of my friends had me get on my hands and knees and used a cosmetic mirror to show me what the truckers could see. I turned bright red when I saw that not only did my ass show, but my pussy lips too.   
  
This was when they started calling me slut when we were together. After I got over my embarrassment, I realized that I was sort of excited to do that, show my ass and pussy out the window. I was the only one who did this. Because I did, I was the one who received the dares in the future. I wonder why? The feeling of being naked in that car and letting strangers see my body was exciting and embarrassing both. The feeling of being naked and my friends having all my clothes was exhilarating and exciting. Knowing that I wasn’t going to be able to dress until they let me was scary and exciting. And, it wasn’t bad in my mind because no one who saw me knew who I was. It was just a pair of tits and an ass.   
  
I was excited enough that when they dared me to continue, I did. I must have done it five more times before I begged them to give me back my clothes. They teased me until I almost started to think they weren’t going to let me get dressed and I almost started to cry. Finally they gave them back to me, one piece at a time, my shoes and socks first.   
  
Another time, while we were all in swimming class in the evening, they dared me to remove my swimsuit and stay in the pool until everyone had left. Then I was to get out of the pool, make my way to the locker room, dress and leave. This time they pulled a rather bad joke on me.   
  
I was in the pool, excited and scared. One of my friends stayed with me until everyone had left. Then I struggled out of my suit, handed it to her and watched her slip out of the pool and into the locker room. I was buck naked and all alone. I was very nervous even though I was excited. I watched her leave with my suit, thinking that I would be able to get a towel to cover up when I got out. I had forgotten about the janitors.   
  
Just as I was about to get out of the pool, my mind racing with fears of being caught naked; the two janitors came in. I slipped back down, hiding by the edge of the pool. They turned the lights off over the pool, plunging at least that part of the cavernous room into darkness, but left the other lights on as they went about their duties. I found out later that their duties were mostly to pick up towels and any other mess. I was shaking in the water, no way to cover myself as I listened to them clump around and talking.   
  
Yes, I was scared to death about being found. I was in the deep end of the pool, hanging onto the gutter lip, shaking. Every sound those two janitors made almost made me jump or splash. I was so afraid that I was going to make a noise that they would investigate and find me naked. There was two times that I had to go under water when they came to the shallow end of the pool to pick up towels. The worst part of the entire time was that the pool had lights shining up from the bottom that didn’t turn off when the lights over the pool did. I could look down and easily see that I was naked. The first time one of the janitors went to the shallow end I almost peed; I was so scared he would see me.  
  
Finally they left, without seeing me and I hung at the side of the pool for a while, waiting to make sure they weren’t coming back. I got my nerve up and pulled myself up and out of the pool. I stood, naked, for a few moments, listening and looking about until I felt sure I was alone. Even in a dark, silent room, you can hear and see things that aren’t there. My heart was beating so fast it was unbelievable. I was starting to get cold before I could make myself move towards the door to the locker rooms.   
  
I cautiously opened the door a crack, making sure it was dark and quiet. I stood there for what seemed an eternity, listening. Then I slowly crept into the locker room and hunted until I found a towel that I could dry myself with. I went to my locker and found the joke my friends had played on me. My clothes were gone! The little shits had taken all my clothes with them, including my shoes. I went back and found the towels and wrapped one around myself, after I had gotten over the shock. It wasn’t a very big towel, none of them were. Now I had to get out of the building with nothing to wear but that towel and hope that they were waiting for me with my clothes.  
  
I opened the exit door and peeked out. No one was about and as fast as I could I headed to the outside door. I opened it quietly and slipped out, closing it as quietly as I could. Then I darted through the puddle of light that was at the entrance. When I had reached the shadows, I crouched down and looked and sure enough, they were waiting for me in the parking lot. I hurried over to the car and tried to open the door, but they had locked it. I stood there, cursing them under my breath as I watched them laughing at me. I had to look a sight, wet hair, wearing a tiny towel. They let me stand outside the car for a while. Then one opened a window.  
  
“Drop the towel and we’ll let you in the car.”  
  
Cursing them again, I let the towel fall to the ground and stood naked. They let me stand there for a few seconds, which seemed like years to me and then the door opened and I jumped in.  
  
“Give me my clothes.”  
  
“In a few minutes.”  
  
“Give me my clothes now!”  
  
“Can’t, they’re in the trunk.”  
  
I started to cry and they laughed at me as they drove me through town, still naked, in the back seat. When they got close to my apartment, they parked in a dark spot and then one got out and unlocked the trunk for me. They made me get out and get my clothes. As I was starting to go back to the car to get dressed, the girl who had opened the trunk for me, dashed back, got in the car and they drove off, leaving me holding my clothes in my arms, still buck naked, on a city street. I hurried off to the side and pulled on my top and pants, slipped my shoes on and ran to my apartment. I was pretty pissed off, but after a few days it started to become funny in reflection. My attitude towards being naked helped me to get over my anger and to keep doing things I probably shouldn’t have done.  
  
There were other dares but those two are very vivid in my mind still today. Which brings me up to the situation that I am currently stuck with.  
  
One night two of my school friends, ones who had been with me on several of the idiotic dares I had done, were over. They talked with me about work and stuff and asked a lot of questions about my office. I was open and told them how it was laid out and my boss Marianne’s office.  
  
I really wasn’t thinking about anything, we were just talking. Then they started talking about old times and the dares I had done. We laughed about them, even me, because time heals all wounds. Then they asked me if I had done anything lately and of course I told them no. It was true by the way. With a smirk, one of them asked me if I missed doing dares. I told them no, but the expression on my face gave me away. For some reason, I had, but only now that it had been brought up to me. We talked a bit more and one of them asked me if I would do another dare. I told them it depended on what it was. They thought about for a while and finally came up with something.  
  
I was dared to go back to work, get naked and take pictures of me naked in the office. This could be after hours, but I had to take pictures that showed where I was. One of them had a digital camera and tripod that I could use.   
  
I was older and wasn’t sure that I wanted to do this once more. That little devil that I have inside my head however, was telling me that this dare wouldn’t be too bad at all. Finally I agreed to do it. The pictures would be the proof that I had done it. Little did I know what would happen when I did this dare.  
  
We picked a night and they brought me the camera and tripod. I had some ideas and had already been planning what to do. I do think from time to time, just not about the most important things.  
  
I set off about 8PM with the camera and tripod. When I got to work and parked, I took a picture of my car in the parking ramp. Then a picture of the entrance door to the building. I took one of the doors to the entire office, showing the logo of the company. Then I took one of my desk and then one of me sitting at my desk. Next I took one of me sitting with my underpants lying on top of my desk in front of me. Then I took one of the door to my bosses office with her nameplate showing. Then I opened the door and took one of her desk with it still showing the nameplate with her name. I was getting more and more excited as I went along. I was thinking that this was easy. I stripped off my top and bra and took another of me sitting at my desk with my boobs showing. I was really having fun with this dare.  
  
Finally I went into Marianne’s office, set up the tripod and camera, and peeling off my skirt and underpants. Wanting to be as daring as possible. I walked back out to my desk naked and folded my clothes up and put them on top of my desk. I wanted to look sexy so I was now wearing only thigh high stockings and a pair of heels. I took several of me sitting at Marianne’s desk. One was sideways, looking at her computer as though I was working; another was facing the camera with my boobs showing. You could tell I was naked from the waist up. I could tell this was turning me on, since I could feel how moist my pussy was becoming.  
  
I sat for a while thinking of how I could show that I was completely naked. Finally I took several of me leaning back on the front of Marianne’s desk, naked but for my stockings and heels. I wanted to get a few of my ass, so I decided to take some of me leaning on the conference table she had with my ass facing the camera. I had just turned the camera and tripod to face the conference table and was bending over, looking through the viewfinder when….  
  
CRACK!  
  
Someone had just smacked me on my bare ass and I shrieked and must have jumped a foot in the air. When I came down I crouched over and covered my boobs and pussy with my hands and arms and peered back. I gasped. My boss, Marianne was standing behind me looking very stern.  
  
“What the hell do you think you are doing?”  
  
I couldn’t even get a squeak out. I just huddled over and turned sideways to her so she couldn’t see my entire ass. My face was on fire, bright red. I was sucking in air, both from shock and fright and didn’t know what to do.  
  
“What the hell are you doing?”  
  
Finally I could get some words out.  
  
“It’s a dare. I’m doing a dare.”  
  
“Really? Naked in my office and you are doing a dare. I suppose there is some guy around here waiting to screw you.”  
  
“N-n-n-no, god no. I was just dared to come here, get naked and take some pictures to prove I was naked. There isn’t any man here. It’s just me. Oh god, Marianne, I am so sorry. I am so sorry.”  
  
I was babbling and started edging towards the door.  
  
“Where do you think you are going?”  
  
“To get my clothes and leave.”  
  
“I don’t think so.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“The dare was naked, wasn’t it?”  
  
“Y-y-yes.”  
  
“Then you haven’t completed it. Get the rest off.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“You heard me. Get the rest off.”  
  
I stared at Marianne blankly.  
  
“Do it or I will.”  
  
With a little gasping sob I hobbled, still bent over and covering as much of me as I could, to the conference table and sat on one of the chairs facing away from her.  
  
“Turn around and face me.”  
  
I whimpered but did as I was told. I toed off my heels and tried to take off my stockings without showing too much, but it was impossible. All the while Marianne took pictures with that damn camera. When I tugged the last stocking off my foot and let it fall to the floor Marianne looked at me, smirking.  
  
“Let’s see what we can do with you.”  
  
She ordered me to sit on the edge of the conference table and to pull my feet up and place them outside my hips. I shook my head no. Marianne looked at me and said nothing. She slipped the camera into a pocket of her coat and walked to my desk, picked up my clothes and came back in. She then opened a drawer in her desk, put my clothes in it and locked the desk. She looked at me again.  
  
“If you want them back, do as I say.”  
  
I began to cry and with sobs shaking my body I backed up to the conference table, boosted myself up and sat with my legs together.  
  
“I don’t want to do this, please.”  
  
“Shut up. Do as you are told or you will be outside just like you are right now.”  
  
I sniffled and lifted one foot and then the other to the table top. I looked down and could plainly see my pussy. I was so embarrassed. Marianne looked at me and smirked again.  
  
“Hands out to your sides and lean back a little.”  
  
I did as I was told. Marianne smirked again. Then she took several pictures of me naked and spread open.  
  
“OK, now I want you on your hands and knees with your ass facing me, looking over your shoulder so I can see your face.”  
  
I whimpered again but did as she told me. I kept my knees together in rebellion.  
  
“Knees shoulder width apart.”  
  
I hung my head and moved my knees apart slightly.  
  
“Look, do as you are told or I am going to keep your clothes.”  
  
I spread my knees further apart, hanging my head down in humiliation.  
  
“Look at the birdie.”  
  
A choked sob escaped my throat. I lifted my head and peered back over my right shoulder. Marianne took several more pictures. She then led me to my desk, had me sit in my chair and hook my legs over the chair arms. More pictures were taken. She had me kneel on my chair, rest my chest on the back, reach back and pull my ass cheeks open and then look over my shoulder again. She took more pictures. I was totally humiliated.  
  
“What else do you think would be good for proof?”  
  
“I want to go home.”  
  
“It’s a little late for that now, isn’t it?”  
  
Marianne had me sit on my chair again, with my legs draped over the arms. Then she told me to open my pussy for her and she took several shots of me like that. I was sniffling and red-faced. She made me sit like that and went into her office. When she came back she handed me a marker for a white board. I looked at her nervously.  
  
“Put it in.”  
  
I shook my head no.  
  
“Put it in you little slut.”  
  
With tears running down my face I lowered the marker to my pussy and slowly inserted it inside me. Marianne smirked at me as she took several shots of me with the marker penetrating my pussy. She made me push it in and out of my pussy a few times and I was humiliated at how easily it went in and out. I was pretty aroused even with being so embarrassed and humiliated.  
  
“Come with me.”  
  
I was past arguing and resisting. I stood quietly and followed Marianne to the front door of the office.  
  
“Please no, Marianne, don’t make me.”  
  
She just smirked at me, opened the door and motioned me outside. She had me stand by the corporate nameplate and took a few pictures of me standing next to it naked as the day I was born. Then it was off to the elevators and she took several of me in front of the elevator doors, some standing and some bent over, showing my ass and pussy. Then she led me back inside and had me sit at her conference table.  
  
“You’ll enjoy the next part.”  
  
I just shivered and kept my eyes on the floor. Before long I heard noises in the office and tried to huddle into a ball. I was scared and excited both. I was all right until her door opened and one of the night janitors came in. He stopped dead and stared at me. He was middle aged, dumpy with a potbelly. He was Hispanic, with a thin mustache and dark skin. His eyes were all over me; all over my naked exposed body.  
  
“Ass at the edge of the chair and legs over the arms.”  
  
“N-n-noooooooooooo.”  
  
“Do it now!”  
  
With tears streaming down my cheeks I slid forward and lifted my legs. Then I spread them and let them hang over the chair arms. Marianne smirked as she watched me open myself up for this man. She told him to get the others and he grinned and left hurriedly.  
  
“Marianne, please let me stop this and get dressed.”  
  
“Not yet, slut.”  
  
I sat ashamed and humiliated. The entire janitor crew came through the door and gawked at me. They were all Hispanic and their babbling voices in Spanish echoed through my awareness. Some were younger than I was, some older. Each one stared at me with hungry eyes. I was showing them my tits and pussy, crying and humiliated.   
  
She had each one stand beside me, lift up a tit for the camera and took a picture of each one with me. I felt so ashamed. They didn’t just lift my tit, but took the opportunity to squeeze and tease my nipple, mauling me for their pleasure. I doubt that they could have made it any harder than it was, but they tried. Finally she had all but the first man leave. He was still staring at me hungrily. Marianne whispered to him, making him smile. I felt as though I was in a dream, but soon it was reality. He moved back next to me and I heard his zipper as it went down. I closed my eyes but I knew what he was doing.  
  
“Open your eyes.”  
  
I did, reluctantly. I could see him beside me, his thing dangling out of his pants, his eyes glittering.  
  
“Take it in your hand.”  
  
“Marianne, I don’t..”  
  
“I don’t care what you want. Take it in your hand.”  
  
I shivered and reached out. It felt soft and rubbery at first but my touch made it swell and lengthen. Marianne was taking pictures of me holding his thing. Pictures that saw it grow in size next to my naked body. He got stiff and hard, throbbing in my small hand.  
  
“Masturbate him.”  
  
I whimpered but knew that she had me exactly where she wanted. My hand began to stroke his thing. I could feel him twitch and he moaned softly. She kept taking pictures of me and this man that I did not know, performing obscenely for her and the camera. I wasn’t an innocent. I had seen men before. I had seen them soft and hard. But, I didn’t want to be here doing this to him. Each time I tried to stop stroking him, Marianne told me to keep doing it and I did. I felt how hot he was, felt the twitching in my hand, heard the groans of pleasure as I masturbated him.   
  
When we both realized he was close Marianne spoke to me again.  
  
“Point it at your face and keep going.”  
  
I did as I was told, stroking him, his thing pointed directly at my face. I watched my hand and his thing until he tensed and then I closed my eyes. In a few seconds he grunted and I felt him spurt. Then warm liquid splashed on my cheek, my nose, my lips, and my chin. He gasped and another few spurts of his come landed on my face and down lower on my boobs. I was disgusted and humiliated.   
  
“Wipe him off.”  
  
I used my other hand to wipe up the few droplets of his come, my eyes still closed. I could feel the liquid on my face tricking down then dripping off my chin. He moved away and I opened my eyes. I watched him put his thing away and leave. All the while Marianne took pictures of me and my soiled face. Tears trickled out of my eyes to mix with the come. Marianne smirked at me.

“Lick your lips.”  
  
I was lost. I was in deep trouble. I licked my lips, disgusted at what I was doing. I tasted his come. Marianne smirked at me. I was totally humiliated and ashamed of what I had just done. Marianne then took my hand and led me to the lunchroom for our office.  
  
“Find some towels and clean up slut.”  
  
Humiliated at how I looked, come dripping off my chin and smeared on my cheeks and breasts, I searched for cloth towels but there were none. I used some of the paper towels to wipe off the mess on my face and chest. I was still buck-naked.  
  
Marianne then led me back to her office and opened her closet. She brought out a coat and handed it to me.  
  
“What’s this for?”  
  
“It’s what you get to wear, slut.”  
  
Upset but surprisingly grateful for any covering, I put it on. I started to button it, but Marianne shook her head no. I stopped, leaving it open, but put my hands in the pockets, pulling it closed in front of me. She kicked my shoes to me and took my stockings, my new stockings, and threw them in the garbage. She picked up my purse at my desk and motioned me to follow her. I scurried behind her.  
  
“Marianne, Marianne, you promised me my clothes, you promised.”  
  
I was almost crying I was so upset.  
  
“I promised you nothing. Now come along or I’ll take back my coat and leave you here.”  
  
In shock, I followed her down the hall to the elevators. When one arrived she entered, me scurrying behind her. I went to a back corner as if I could hide there. Marianne just laughed at me.  
  
We got to the main floor, not going through the lower halls to where I knew she parked her car. She led me outside.  
  
“Stand in front of the doors.”  
  
I did as I was told. I watched her focusing the camera. I was trembling and afraid. My head was moving, allowing me to look all around.  
  
“Drop the coat.”  
  
I moaned deep in my throat and clutched the coat tighter to me.  
  
“Drop it or I take it back.”  
  
I looked around and heard her laugh at me. I slowly let the coat slid off my shoulders and dropped it on the sidewalk. My eyes were dazzled as she took 2 or 3 more pictures of me standing naked in front of our building. Then she turned and walked off. I bent, picking up the coat and hurriedly slipping into it. I trotted behind her as quickly as I could. She still had my purse and car keys.  
  
Marianne led me into the parking ramp. Once we were away from the front entrance, she held out her hand. I knew what she wanted. Sniffling and shivering, I took the coat off and handed it to her.   
  
“My car is on the top level. Walk to it.”  
  
I walked, naked but for shoes up four levels, continually expecting someone to come upon us. No one did, but my fear of being caught did not go away. I finally reached her car. She made me pose by it, snapping pictures. Then I had to sit on the hood, legs spread wide for some more pictures. Then she unlocked the door and told me to get in. I did and so did she. She tossed my coat in the back seat and drove off. I was feeling sick to my stomach, but there was nothing I could do about it.   
  
Marianne drove me home. After I got out of the car naked, she took several shot of me in the parking lot, still naked. Then she gave me the coat which I hurriedly put on. As she opened the car door, I spoke.  
  
“Um, the camera?”  
  
“I think I will keep it for a few days.”  
  
She closed the door and drove off. I stared after her. Then I went to my apartment. My friends opened the door giggling. Then they stared at me. I began to cry.  
  
Should there be more?

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 02**

I stood outside my apartment door, dressed only in a coat and heels. I was trembling and sniffling. I was humiliated, ashamed and scared. The door to my apartment opened and my two friends were looking at me. They had to notice that I was wearing a coat, which I had not had when I left to do my dare.  
  
Hands grabbed me and hustled me inside. I slumped against the wall as the door closed.  
  
"What happened to you?"  
  
I ignored them, still trembling, replaying the evening in my mind.  
  
"Damn it, what happened?"  
  
On shaky legs I walked to my living room and sat on my coach. I buried my face in my hands and began to sob. It took my friends at least fifteen minutes to calm me and to begin to drag the story out of me. I told them everything. I told them of the excitement that I initially had felt and then the fear and humiliation of being caught by Marianne. I told them what she had made me do, including masturbating the Hispanic cleaning man. I even told them that he had come on my face and breasts. They were goggle-eyed, not sure to believe me. They made me open the coat so they could see that it was all I had on. The only thing that really convinced them was how upset I was.   
  
"Where is the camera?"  
  
"Oh god, oh my god."  
  
"What, tell us!"  
  
"Oh god, Marianne has the camera, oh god."   
  
I broke down, sobbing uncontrollably. This time I was unable to stop. My friends finally decided to leave, telling me to go to bed. I couldn't. I sat on the couch all night, alternately seeing myself humiliated, then dozing for a few minutes, then jerking awake. I shed many tears that night.  
  
I watched the sun come up but it didn't cheer me. All I could think of was Marianne having that camera with all those pictures on it. I was glad it was Saturday. Two whole days to decide if I was going back to work at that place or if I would just stay home and not show up. Staying home was an infinitely better choice as far as I could see.  
  
It was about 10AM when my phone rang. I was going to let it ring until hell froze over but then answered it. Marianne was on the line.  
  
"Good morning slut. I just wanted to call and remind you that I have your camera and the pictures from last night. If you were thinking about not coming to work, I want you to think of what your parents would think of them. The one where your hand is on a cock with sperm on your face would be fairly interesting to them."  
  
I started to bawl. My life had turned into a nightmare.  
  
"Shut up and listen. You will be at work Monday. You will wear nice heels, stockings and my coat. You will come to my office immediately. If you do not, expect to hear from your parents."  
  
"Marianne, please"  
  
"Do as you are told. I will not listen to any begging or arguments. Do you understand?"  
  
"Y-y-yes Marianne."  
  
"Good. I will see you Monday morning."  
  
I heard the phone hang up and then a dial tone. I began to cry all over again. I suffered through the weekend. I ignored the phone ringing all weekend after that. I spent most of the time wondering what she was going to do to me now. The hours dragged. I slept fitfully Saturday night and hardly at all Sunday night. I was a wreck when I had to get up to get ready for work.  
  
As I got ready for work, I replayed her call in my mind. Wear heels, stockings and her coat I remembered. She really couldn't have meant that I convinced myself. After I had showered, fixed my hair and face I went to my closet to pick out my clothes. I took out my best suit, a skirt with a jacket and a nice blouse. I laid them on my bed and got out a very womanly bra, full underpants and a new pair of pantyhose. I dressed myself carefully and then checked myself in the mirror. I looked like a very professional businesswoman. I made sure that I brought her coat.  
  
I left my apartment and drove to work carefully, slowly, but with increasing nervousness the closer I got to work. Parking, I slowly walked into the building like a prisoner going to be executed. I really didn't want to see Marianne. My steps got slower and slower the closer I got to the office.   
  
But, finally I was there. I took a deep breath and entered. I went to my desk and put my purse in a desk drawer. I was early. I entered Marianne's office and hung the coat in her closet. Returning to my desk, I sat and rehearsed in my mind what I was going to say to Marianne to get the camera and pictures back. I did no work at all. At 9 o'clock Marianne and two men walked in. They greeted me, Marianne gazing at me with hard eyes, the two men who were from our regional office smiling. I was able to speak to them and not stammer although I felt like I was going to sick up. They went into Marianne's office and closed the door.  
  
After 15 minutes or so the intercom buzzed. Marianne asked me in a cold voice to get some coffee and bring it in to them. I did. They were sitting at her conference table. I walked to it and set the coffee down.  
  
"Will there be anything else, Marianne?"  
  
"Yes, close the door and come back here."  
  
My stomach lurched but I was proud of myself that I was able to walk steadily and did as I was told. When I had returned to the conference table I stood silently.  
  
"What did I tell you to wear?"  
  
I almost choked.  
  
"Answer me!"  
  
I looked at the two men, both of whom had seen me several times before. I turned bright red. I began to tremble.  
  
"Um, ah, the ah, coat, stockings and heels."  
  
I was blushing harder as the two men looked at me grinning. I looked at them quickly and then at Marianne, but couldn't hold her gaze. It was hard and steely.  
  
"Why did you disobey me?"  
  
"Um, ah, Marianne, you couldn't have been serious."  
  
As soon as the words came out of my mouth, I wished I had been unable to talk.  
  
She stared at me. I began to sniffle and shake.  
  
"I expect to have my wishes followed exactly. You may dress now, here, as I told you."  
  
"But I can't", I wailed.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
As stupid as it sounded I told her that I didn't have any stockings. She smirked at me and went to her desk. Getting a 20-dollar bill from her purse, she came back and handed it to me.  
  
"Go downstairs and buy a pair of nice stockings and come back here immediately."  
  
I didn't know what to say to that, so I only took the money and haltingly left her office. In a daze I went downstairs to the convenience store and picked out a pair of thigh highs. I slowly returned and knocked on her door. When she said come in, I entered and went to the closet to get the coat. The two regional office officers were grinning broadly at me. I was blushing a deep scarlet red. With the coat over my arm I started to leave.  
  
"Where do you think you are going?"  
  
"T-t-to get dressed as you told me."  
  
"I think I would prefer to be sure. You can do it here."  
  
"Marianne, no, please no."  
  
"Would you prefer I send an email to your parents? With a picture or two attached?"  
  
My stomach flipped and I buried my face in my hands.  
  
"Please don't make me do this, Marianne, please."  
  
"Get dressed as I told you. When you are ready, let me know."  
  
She turned and began to talk to the regional officers as though I wasn't there. I tried to think of how I could get out of this nightmare without my parents seeing their little girl naked, holding a cock and with sperm on her face. I could come up with nothing.  
  
I slowly unbuttoned my jacket and removed it, laying it on one of the side chairs to her desk. I couldn't think of what to remove next. My blouse would show my bra, my skirt, pantyhose and underpants. Neither was appealing to me.  
  
"Hurry up. I haven't got all day."  
  
My head jerked up and twisted to them. All three were staring at me, Marianne smirking and the two men grinning. I turned even redder. I reached behind my back and undid my skirt and pulled the zip down. My skirt slithered down my legs to the floor. I wanted to fall through the floor. I didn't. I bent and picked it up, folding it and laying it with my jacket. I closed my eyes and tried to pretend I was at home. I unbuttoned my blouse and removed it, laying it with my suit. I stood in my underwear in front of my boss and two company officers.  
  
"Marianne, please."  
  
"Do as you were told."  
  
With a choking gasp, I toed off my heels and began to pull down my pantyhose. As I did, my underpants slipped down also, baring my abdomen and a patch of my pubic hair. I gasped again and pulled them up, stupidly, not thinking that soon they wouldn't be on me either. It took me a while to get them off. I laid them with the rest of my clothes  
  
I didn't know what to do now. My bra off would expose my breasts, but my underpants my pussy. I turned my back to them and unclasped my bra, hearing a snicker behind me. I sobbed. I laid my bra on the chair and as quickly as possible, pulled my underpants down and off. Still facing away from them my hands covered my bottom and I stood sniffling.   
  
"Bring the stockings and your shoes here, girl."  
  
I began to cry and picked up the package with stockings, one hand still clamped over my bottom. I squatted and tried to pick up my shoes with the same hand, but I couldn't. Sobbing in shame and frustration, I picked up my shoes with my other hand and covered bare bottom with the one holding the stockings. I looked over my shoulder to see two grinning men and one smirking woman.  
  
"Turn around and come here."  
  
I lowered my eyes to the carpet, turned, covering myself with both hands, and shakily walked towards them. Marianne pushed a conference table chair towards me.  
  
"Sit and put on your clothes."  
  
I sat down, grateful that my bare bottom could not be seen and that my pussy was hidden between clenched thighs. I was completely in the open where they all could see me. My mind was racing, trying to think how I was going to get the stockings on without showing something, but I couldn't.  
  
"Hurry up, I haven't got all day."  
  
Whimpering, my arms covering my breasts, hands under my chin, I tore open the package of stockings. My hands under my chin still I removed the stockings and bent over. Bent my breasts were mostly hidden. Carefully I put my left foot in a stocking and pulled it up my leg, hearing snickers. I blushed even harder. I had to slide forward on the chair to work the stocking up my thigh. I managed. Still bent over, I picked up the second stocking and put it on my right foot. I squirmed and wriggled, pulling it up. Still blushing, still bent over, I reached my shoes and slipped them on.  
  
"Sit up straight."  
  
I did as I was told, my arms hiding me, hands under my chin.  
  
"Stand up."  
  
A choking sob escaped my throat. I stood, one arm across my naked breasts and the other across my belly, its hand clamped between my thighs.  
  
"Look at me."  
  
My head lifted, my eyes blurry with tears.  
  
"Feet apart, hands on your head."  
  
I heard chuckling and with a choked sob, I moved my feet apart. My hands lifted to my head and stood, naked but for shoes and stockings in front of Marianne and two officers. My face was burning, my eyes dripping tears and I was trembling. Unfortunately my nipples were as hard as stones, sticking out like doorknobs. I felt a trickle of moisture in my pussy. I was unable to believe that this was exciting me. I was so humiliated!  
  
"Turn around in a circle, slowly."  
  
I did as I was told, showing them everything. They saw my breasts with erect nipples, my pubic hair, a little bit of my crease, and my bare ass. I was burning up from shame and humiliation. My eyes were staring at the carpet, as if not seeing them would make them not here.  
  
"She has a nice ass, doesn't she?"  
  
I choked back another sob.  
  
"Can we see her better?"  
  
My stomach clenched and I felt as if I was going to sick up.  
  
"Certainly. Come here, girl."  
  
I stumbled forward, hating her. When I was near the two men, I watched them reach up and each cup a breast. Thumbs rubbed over my hard nipples. I choked back a gasp. But, I didn't resist their touching me. Hands went behind me, stroking my bare ass. I jerked as they touched me so familiarly, but didn't jump away. They didn't paw at me, but stroked and fondled. Neither tried to touch my pussy, yet.  
  
"Girl, ass up on the table."  
  
This time my sob was audible, snickers washing over me. I walked further to the table and backed up to it. I knew what she was going to make me do. My hands and arms lifted me. My bare bottom slid over the wood until I could sit. My thighs were clamped together and my arms were tightly crossed over my breasts. My head was down, my eyes were closed.  
  
"Open your legs."  
  
Wanting to shriek NOOOOO, I let my thighs relax. I lifted my head and let my eyes take in each of the men. I saw their looks of anticipation. They were wondering if I would. They looked hungry. I had no choice. My thighs separated. I spread them wide, letting them see what they wanted.   
  
"Lean back on your hands."  
  
Even knowing how much more this would display me; I did as Marianne ordered. I leaned back, resting on my hands. This caused my hips to roll up, exposing all of my pussy and even my anus. My clitoris was erect, my nipples hard, my pussy wet. My inner lips were engorged and peeking through the outer lips of my pussy. Two hands slid up my thighs and two thumbs pulled my lips apart. I sobbed softly. My eyes closed again. A finger probed at me, making me jerk and then slid up. I gasped and tears slid down my cheeks. I was ashamed at how easily the finger slid up me. Another finger brushed my clitoris making me jump and moan.  
  
The finger in me moved in and out and the one on my clitoris rubbed over it. I gritted my teeth, but the stroking, both inside me and out made me so hot. In short order my hips were lifting slightly off the table, pressing my clitoris to the finger and forcing more of the other inside me. I began to pant even though I was crying. I was ready.  
  
"Let her be."  
  
The fingers left me, left me hanging. My hips jerked up convulsively. I moaned, both in relief and frustration. I forced my eyes to open, seeing them smirking at me. Their eyes made fun of me. My blush became hotter.  
  
"Get down. You can take notes."  
  
Shakily I slid off the conference table and stumbled to Marianne's desk. I got a legal pad and pen and returned to the table.  
  
"Get something to put on the chair. I don't want any stains on it."  
  
I whimpered softly, ashamed, but I got my skirt and laid it on the chair before sitting. Naked with three clothed people sitting around me, I took notes of the meeting.  
  
It is amazing how much you can convince yourself eventually that nothing is wrong. For the first 20 minutes or so of note taking I struggled with tears. After that the tears dried up. At least they couldn’t see my pussy with me sitting down. My breasts were another story. They were in the open, nipples hard and poking out. In order to take notes, I couldn’t cover them so they were in the two men’s sight all the time. They let me be for long time. Eventually though, they couldn’t resist and hands slid over my skin, up to my breasts and cupped and squeezed them. I closed my eyes and tried to make believe the hands were from a boyfriend even though they felt different from each other.  
  
I whimpered. Thumbs flicked over my nipples. I felt heat from my nipples all the way down to my pussy. My breasts were lifted up; nipples strummed and then let go to fall and bounce on my chest. My breasts and nipples tingled. They lifted my breasts again and let them fall against my chest, chuckling at how they bounced. I was humiliated all over again.  
  
They finally let me be and went back to work and I continued to take notes. All through out the morning the red blush never left my face. Shortly after noon, one of them stretched.  
  
“I’m hungry. Let’s break for lunch.”  
  
“Good idea.”  
  
“Should we bring her along in case we come with any ideas over lunch?”  
  
“Sure, why not.”  
  
I was relieved, thinking that finally I was going to get some clothes on. I got up, covering my pubic hair and breasts with my arms and walked to the chair with my clothes. I turned my back to them and picked up my underpants. At this point I didn’t care that my bare ass was visible. I was just so happy to be getting dressed.  
  
“What do you think you are doing?”  
  
“Excuse me?”  
  
“I asked you what you think you are doing?”  
  
“I’m getting dressed.”  
  
“Just get the coat and come along.”  
  
“Oh god, Marianne, please let me get dressed, please.”  
  
I was begging. My head was turned so I could see her. My eyes were filling with tears again. She couldn’t be serious.  
  
“I think the coat will be fine. Go get it and put it on.”  
  
I laid my underpants back on the pitiful pile of my clothes and walked shakily to the closet. I took the coat and slipped it on and began to button it.  
  
“Just on, leave the buttons.”  
  
I sobbed and stopped. I thrust my hands into my pockets and pulled the cost closed in front of me. I looked almost normal. They waited for me and followed me out of Marianne’s office. We walked through the remainder of the office with people saying hello and stopping the officers to talk. I got some curious looks, but no one made mention of how I was dressed.  
  
Finally we got out of the office and into the elevator. As the door closed I felt very alone and vulnerable.  
  
“Open the coat.”  
  
I sobbed again. My hands and arms were shaking as I removed them from the pockets. I clutched the coat and pulled it open. My entire front was on display. I closed my eyes and listened to the dings of the elevator as it passed each floor. I felt dirty, sluttish. I felt humiliated all over again.  
  
We reached the parking level for Marianne’s car and walked to it. She made me stop at one side, had the men stand on either side of me. She stepped back and took that damn camera out of her purse. The two men grabbed the coat and pulled it open so I was bare all down my front between the two of them. Marianne clicked a picture, then another. She frowned.  
  
“Take the coat off. It detracts from the picture.”  
  
They slid the coat down my arms, letting it fall around my feet. Naked again, I watched as Marianne lifted the camera and took several pictures of the men and me. Next she directed them to cup and lift my breasts and she took several pictures of that also. They took the opportunity to squeeze me and thumb my nipples once more. My breath was ragged before she let me pick up the coat and put it back on. I still was not allowed to button it.  
  
We drove to a nice restaurant. I was nervous entering it. I didn’t think they would do anything here, but I wasn’t sure either. My face was still red. I was not able to stop blushing.  
  
The waiter came and we ordered. I was sure he was wondering why I kept my coat on, but he said nothing. Talk went on around me but I was in a daze. My eyes had to look terrified. The food came and we ate, they heartily, me sparingly. Most of the lunch conversation was beyond me. I heard little and understood less because my mind wasn’t there. Finally it was time to go. The men would pay for lunch, but it was decided everyone would leave a tip. I didn’t have my purse. I had forgotten it in my daze in her office.  
  
Marianne called the waiter over.  
  
“We’re all going to tip you. Are you broadminded?”  
  
He looked at her curiously.  
  
“I guess so. Why do you ask?”  
  
I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. Marianne looked at me and smirked.  
  
“Show him your tits for your part of the tip.”  
  
She used tits instead of breasts to humiliate me even more. I turned a deep red. I knew there was no point in begging her. I looked at the young man who was staring at me. I took a breath and clutched the coat, then opened it. My naked breasts were exposed to him. He could tell I had nothing on above the waist.   
  
“Jesus.”  
  
I closed my eyes and the coat. The others got up. I had been put in the back of a circular booth. Marianne smirked at me again.  
  
“Hands out of the pockets and get out.”

My head jerked to face her. I moaned, but did as I was told. As I slid to the side and down it, the coat slipped beneath me and opened slightly. When I reached the edge of the booth it was clear that I was naked underneath it. The waiter grinned at me as I tried to get up and maintain my modesty. It was impossible. My pubic hair was showing and strip of bare skin from my neck to my legs.  
  
On the way back to the office the man in the back seat with me made me take the coat off completely and ride naked. He took the opportunity to thrust his finger up me and then watch my face as he thrust it in and out of me. Before we reached the ramp at the office my body had betrayed me again. My nipples were hard again and my hips were lifting, pushing against his hand. I was panting and crying at the same time, humiliated and aroused. Again he stopped just short of making me orgasm, leaving me panting and humping air. I got the coat back on and we went back to her office.   
  
Without asking, I just went to the closet and hung up the coat. I returned to the conference table, this time not bothering to shield my breasts or pussy. They had seen it all. There was no need to hide it from them. And strangely, I felt empowered. They both wanted me. I knew that. Showing them what they wanted gave me a little bit of control, a little bit of power.  
  
I spent the afternoon naked once more, taking notes, being fondled and aroused briefly. They smirked at me, chuckled when my hips lifted in response to a finger up me or on my clitoris. They tweaked and pinched my nipples until they almost hurt.  
  
At the end of the day Marianne asked them if they were frustrated. I felt faint when I heard that. They looked at her curiously. She smirked at me.  
  
“You can each have 15 minutes alone with her but no penetration.”  
  
I did almost faint hearing that. They chuckled. I hung my head. They flipped a coin to see who was first. I sat in my chair as Marianne and one left. The one remaining came up in front of me. He unzipped his trousers and took out his thing. It was hardening fast. He reached out and squeezed my right breast and masturbated while looking me up and down. When he came it spurted into my face and on my breasts. There was a string of come across one of my eyes, some dangling off my nose. More was on my lips and dangling from my chin. He wiped the end of thing in my hair, chuckled and left me sitting soiled.   
  
The second came in and laughed out loud. He unzipped and took his out. He was already hard  
  
“Lick your lips off.”  
  
Disgusted, I licked the sperm off my lips. I hated the taste.  
  
“Wipe off your nose and lick your fingers off.”  
  
I did as I was told. I had a small mouthful of sperm now.  
  
“Kiss it.”  
  
I whimpered but I kissed the end of his thing. I felt it jerk and throb. He grasped part of my hair as I straightened up and began to masturbate. He held my head up so I could not look away. I closed my eyes.  
  
“Open your eyes.”  
  
I did as I was told. I watched him masturbate, knowing full well he was going to come in my face. I watched it get redder, almost angry looking. I heard him grunting and then a spurt caught me between my eyes and across my nose. Another hit me full on the lips. A third on the lips again and then more on my breasts. When he finished he smirked at me.  
  
“Lick your lips again.”  
  
After I had and had more sperm in my mouth he chuckled.  
  
“Swallow.”  
  
I did and gagged almost sicking up. I choked the sperm down, feeling sick to stomach. He patted me on the head and put himself away. Then he left me.  
  
Marianne came back in and took several more pictures of me with sperm on my face and breasts. Then she told me to get dressed without letting me clean up first. My blouse stuck to my chest. I didn’t put on my pantyhose but used them to wipe my face. I left, hearing Marianne chuckling behind me.

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 03**

I sat on my couch in my small apartment woodenly, still wearing the clothes I had worn to work. My chest stuck to my blouse and bra from the sperm that had been shot on it. I could not make myself care. It had all been too much. The disdain with which Marianne had told me I was dressed improperly. Marianne making me undress in front of men who knew me and who I knew. The humiliation of being naked in front of them for the entire day. Their hands touching me and my lack of resistance.  
  
Then there was the fact that their touches aroused me even with all the shame and humiliation I felt. I remembered how hard my nipples had gotten and that I was shamelessly wet. I remembered how easily fingers had gone up my pussy. I remembered my hips lifting, pressing against fingers both on my clitoris and up me. I could have died in embarrassment.  
  
Covering my face I cried quietly, leaning back against my couch. I tried to think of how I could get out of this nightmare that my life had become, all because I couldn’t refuse a simple dare. No ideas came to me, at least none that were workable. I sat in a daze, not wanting to eat or move.  
  
I don’t know how long it was but there was a knock at my door. Woodenly I rose and went to it. I peered through the peephole to see Marianne. I immediately felt sick to my stomach. Knowing better than to refuse her, I opened the door. She breezed inside like a queen, smirking at me and carrying a large shopping bag.  
  
“Hello girl. You did well today. I think my review of operations will be my best yet.”  
  
She smirked as she looked me up and down. I blushed, knowing why her review would be good. It was because I had been naked and available for the day. Marianne breezed into my small living room. Sitting on the couch she looked at me.  
  
“Take off your clothes.”  
  
I sighed but began to unbutton my jacket. As I removed the jacket and skirt I folded them neatly and laid them on a chair. I was beyond humiliation at this point. My blouse, bra and underpants I just dropped on the floor. They needed to be washed anyway.  
  
“The stockings and heels?” I asked.  
  
“Take them off for now. I think you need a shower anyway.”  
  
That made me blush, thinking of the dried sperm on my chest. I toed off my heels and sat to remove the stockings. Marianne smirked at me, at how easily I obeyed her. She motioned for me to stand and turn around for her. I did.  
  
“You really have a good body. You should be proud of it. Now go and clean off their stuff and come back. Be quick.”  
  
I scurried into my bathroom and showered after piling my hair on my head to keep it dry. This evening was just a continuation of a bad dream, which unfortunately was not a dream. I scrubbed at the dried sperm on my chest until my skin was red. I washed my face to get what I had not been able to clean with a simple wiping at the office. Then I dried off and walked back to my living room naked.  
  
Marianne was still there, her legs crossed, her right foot bouncing. She actually smiled at me this time.   
  
“I brought some things for you.”  
  
She bent and rooted around in the shopping bag. She pulled out several pairs of thigh high stockings and dropped them on the floor. Then she removed a dress and held it out to me. I took it without thinking.  
  
“I think we can do without stockings for now. Try it on.”  
  
I looked at it searching for a clasp and zip, but there was none. There were buttons all down the front of it. I undid a few at the top and slipped it over my head, then redid them. The dress was really quite conservative, not quite high-necked. It would show a little of the tops of my breasts. It was also below the knee. It was rather thin, however. My traitorous nipples showed as two hard bumps through the material.  
  
She looked me up and down. Then she reached into the bag and took out another dress. Handing it to me, I took it. I laid it down on a chair and removed the one I had on; knowing that she meant me to try this one too. I was very similar. It had front buttons, no clasp or zip either. It was a little lower cut at the bodice and a little shorter. My nipples showed through this one also. The first was blue, this one a taupe.  
  
Marianne dipped her hands into the bag once more. She pulled out a spaghetti strapped top and a long skirt with a slit up the side. She held them out. This time I removed the dress before taking what she extended to me.  
  
I slipped into the skirt first, wanting my pussy to be covered, then the top. They were a light green, almost like a matched set. She motioned me to walk back and forth in front of her. My leg on the side of the slit appeared and disappeared and I was shocked at how much showed when I took a step. Then she had me stop and stand in front of her, facing directly at her.  
  
“Slip a strap down your arm.”  
  
I did as I was told and looked down. Most of the top of my breast on that side was bare. I blushed.   
  
“Slip the other strap off your shoulder.”  
  
I did and the only thing that held the top up was my erect nipples. The top caught on them, hanging by a thread, so to speak.   
  
“Shake a little.”  
  
I did and the top dropped, exposing my nipples. I blushed harder. Marianne smiled at me, mostly at my bared breasts. She bent to the bag again and removed another outfit, similar to the top and dress in green. This one was in a shade of violet. I stripped again and put it on. Marianne had me walk once more, then slip the straps down also. This time my nipples didn’t hold it up. The top slid down until they were bare again.  
  
“Very nice.”  
  
“Marianne, this is all very nice, but I don’t understand.”  
  
Her smiles at me in the outfits disappeared, replaced by a steely glare. I gulped. She bent and pulled a dress with spaghetti straps in black and held it out to me. I hurriedly stripped again and put that one on. It was low-cut and short. My breasts showed much more than the others and almost all of my legs. It clung at my hips, outlining my bottom. She nodded and pulled one more out, exactly like the black one, but in blue. I pulled the black off and I hurriedly scrambled into the blue one.  
  
“Slip a strap.”  
  
I did my breast on that side bared to below the nipple.   
  
“Wonderful, just wonderful. Now girl, this is what you will be wearing to work from here on out, these outfits and the stockings. I bought them for you. I hope that you have heels to match them. If not you will buy some to match and give me the receipts. I will pay for them. Now show me your underwear.”  
  
In the blue dress with the strap still down and my breast exposed, I led her to my bedroom. I opened the drawer with my underwear and Marianne stood beside me. She lifted each piece out, shaking her head at the full underpants. Those she dropped in the shopping bag. All of my bras followed. What she left me was three pairs of skimpy, bikini cut panties.  
  
“You can wear panties when you have the curse, but only then. Otherwise you will wear heels, stockings and one of these outfits or dresses. For tomorrow I would like you to wear the blue. There are matching stockings for the dress.”  
  
“But Marianne, I don’t understand. I mean, they are very beautiful but why?”  
  
“I want you to be a very short way from being exposed, girl. What I brought for you will do nicely. Now I will see you tomorrow. We still have more a review to go through and I want you to look your best.”  
  
With that she lifted the bag with most of my underwear in it and left me standing, probably with my mouth hanging open. I looked down at my bare breast and the tight blue dress. Tears trickled out of my eyes as I looked at my very empty underwear drawer. I took off the blue dress and hung it up. Then I went to get the rest of the clothes, hanging them up also. I stood in front of my closet naked, wracking sobs making my chest heave, hands pressed to my eyes. My nightmare just seemed to be beginning.  
  
Finally I was able to stop bawling and pulled on a robe. Then I went I made myself a cup of tea and a bowl of soup. I didn’t think I could keep anything else down. After I had eaten and cleaned up, I went to bed, but sleep came slowly. When it finally did, it seemed like hardly any time had passed until my alarm rang. Sighing, I got up, showered, made my face and hair and found the stockings to match the blue dress. I sat on my bed and put on the stockings, then the blue dress. I found heels that would do and put them on. Feeling extremely underdressed; I picked up my purse and left for my car.  
  
When I sat in my car I looked down to see how bad it was. I tugged the dress down to try and cover at least the stocking tops. I managed but it wasn’t easy. I drove to work and hesitantly walked in, feeling the same as I did yesterday. I wasn’t early today, and the looks I received made me blush. The blue dress certainly wasn’t my style and it was very short.  
  
I reached my desk, put my purse in my drawer and heard voices from Marianne’s office. Stomach clenching, I walked to her door and knocked softly. I heard her call come in and I opened the door and walked in to see Marianne and the two company officers that had seen me yesterday. The two men whistled at seeing me. Perversely I felt good from the whistles, but also a little nervous. I stood nervously, waiting for Marianne to tell me what to do.  
  
“Get us some coffee, then come back with your pad and pencils.”  
  
With a sinking feeling in my stomach, expecting more of yesterday’s humiliation, I did as I was asked. I came back with coffee, opened the door and walked in. I set the coffee in front of them and stood with the tray and my pad clutched to my chest.  
  
“Bill and John gave some thought to you last night and brought you a couple of gifts I would like you to try.”  
  
I looked about the room but could see no packages and looked at Marianne and then the men both curiously and nervously. Marianne stood and pulled back a wooden chair. I didn’t understand until I looked at it. Stuck to the seat was a grotesquely large fake penis. It fastened to the seat of the chair with a sort of suction cup. It glistened in the light. I knew my mouth hung open.  
  
“Have a seat, girl.”  
  
“Marianne, for god’s sake, I can’t, please.”  
  
“Have a seat, now!”  
  
I timidly moved to the chair. I looked down and choked back a sob. I wasn’t a virgin, but the fake penis was larger than any man I had ever seen. And for them to expect me to sit on it in front of them was gut wrenching. I looked at one man. He had an expectant look on his face. The other was smirking. Marianne was looking as If she would shove me down on it herself.  
  
“Marianne, please, don’t make me do this.”  
  
“Think of your parents and family, girl.”  
  
I knew that those horrible pictures would almost kill my mother. I set the tray on the conference table. Placing my feet on either side of the chair I lifted the blue dress. Both men stood to see me bare my pussy. I reached down between my legs and held the fake penis. I lowered myself until it touched me, then adjusted myself so it was at my opening. Blushing I fiddled myself more open and then lowered a little more.  
  
The thing poked up and I gasped as it slid in and stopped. I was going to have to push down hard to make it go in me. I looked at the three of them. Each one was smirking. I pushed down and groaned as more of it went in. It was still hardly in me. I lifted up and looked at Marianne mournfully.  
  
“It won’t fit, it’s too big.”  
  
“It can and it will. Now get on with it.”  
  
The two men were grinning at me like wolves. I sobbed and shamelessly rubbed the tip along my crease. I knew if I didn’t do it myself, Marianne would probably have me helped to do it.   
  
I lowered myself again and centered the tip. Then I pushed down hard, grunting as it went inside. The bulbous head slipped past my lips. I gasped. Oh god it was big. I pushed down a little more, gasping as each little bit of it slid up me. I looked down to see my lips splayed around it. Half of it was up me. I pushed down again and the tip stretched me open as it went further up my pussy. It felt like a baseball bat was shoved in me.  
  
I leaned forward and grasped the edge of the conference table. I was panting now. It didn’t hurt as much as made me feel impossibly full. I lifted up and down a few times, then pushed again. By this time my traitorous pussy had started to lubricate along with what someone had put on the fake penis. I slid further down it, groaning as I filled. I mentally told myself this was the last and pushed once more down. I whimpered as I felt the entire thing wedge into me. My bare ass was on the wooden seat.  
  
Oh Jesus, I was full. I looked down again as everyone else was doing to see my pussy impossibly filled with that hateful thing. I looked as though I was split open. My face was beet red and burning.  
  
“I told you it would fit.”  
  
Snickers echoed around the room. I began to sniffle. My pussy twitched and I groaned out loud. The snickers got louder and I began to cry. Marianne held out a handkerchief and I sobbed into it, hiding my face. I took deep shuddering breaths until I was under control. I wiped my eyes and laid the kerchief on the table in front of me.  
  
“What do you think about the dress, girl.”  
  
I was humiliated but also angry.  
  
“I suppose you want it off.”  
  
Marianne just lifted an eyebrow with a grin.  
  
I stared at her, then glanced at the two men. I reached down and lifted the dress over my head and laid it carefully on the chair next to me.  
  
“Satisfied?”  
  
“Oh very. Very satisfied and a very nice girl.”  
  
I leaned forward for my pad and pencils, wincing as I moved on the fake thing stuffed in me. I was ashamed, humiliated and angry. And I was becoming aroused. My belly was twitching. My breasts were in view with hard nipples and I had a penis up me and here I was ready to take notes of a meeting. Marianne smiled at me and they went back to their discussion. I took notes.  
  
After a while I began to squirm. It wasn’t pain, but a fullness, one that I had never felt before.  
  
“I think she needs some exercise.”  
  
I lifted my eyes to the man who had said that. Then I turned to Marianne. She looked at me. Ruefully she smiled.  
  
“Lift up and down a few times.”  
  
I knew exactly what she meant. I lifted up feeling the fullness leave me as the penis came out, then sat back, feeling it return. They watched me as I lifted and lowered on it. I turned bright red again and couldn’t look them in the eye. I could hear slurping as it emptied me and filled me and blushed even more. When the red in my face started down my neck and to my chest, Marianne told me to stop. I sat back down gingerly, stuffed completely again. They went back to discussing the office and the review. I continued to take notes, as best I could with that thing up my pussy and my breasts showing. I was trembling and shivering, stuffed full, aroused and ashamed.  
  
It seemed forever for the morning to go by, but finally it was lunchtime. It hadn’t been easy for me. Several times during the morning they had told me to bounce up and down on that hateful thing. The men would stand and watch as I did, watching it go in and out of me. The worst was that I was aroused by this and they made me stop before it did me any good. I was almost continually twitching inside because of the stimulation. I found it hard to concentrate on what I was supposed to be doing. The fact that I was naked again wasn’t as bad as yesterday. The fact that I was stuffed full of penis was.  
  
At the break for lunch, one of the men looked at me.  
  
“Think she’d suck?”  
  
Marianne looked at me. My lower lip started to quiver. I was ready to bawl all over again. She looked at each man.  
  
“One at a time.”  
  
I started to sniffle. They went through the same ritual, flipping a coin to see who went first.  
  
“Marianne, please, I don’t want to.”  
  
“It won’t hurt you girl.”  
  
The winner exclaimed yes and the other two left the office closing the door behind them. He came around to my side of the table and turned the chair to face him. With a grin he unzipped and pulled out his thing. He came closer and cupped one of my breasts, thumbing the nipple even harder. He rubbed his thing on my lips. I was disgusted.  
  
“Open that mouth as wide as your cunt, girl and get sucking.”  
  
They used dirty language to shame me. I looked at him and opened. His thing went in my mouth and I felt him thrust in and out.   
  
“Come on and suck you little cocksucker.”  
  
I closed my lips around him, closed my eyes and began to suck. I knew he was going to do it in my mouth. He thrust gently using the motion with my sucking to get it over with quickly. He seemed to get harder in my mouth. I heard him start to groan and knew he was close. He grabbed both sides of my head and held me still, thrusting harder. I gagged several times until he gasped and I felt him tense. Then he pushed deeper, making me gag again and came in my mouth. I was struggling to pull back and hitting at his arms, but he held me so I couldn’t get away.  
  
I felt each one of the spurts in my mouth, gagging and choking. Sperm filled my mouth and dribbled out of a corner of it. He held onto me until he felt me swallow. Then he pulled back and wiped his thing on my shoulder and cheek. I was gasping for air and coughing as he tucked himself back in and left me. The other one was soon in front of me.  
  
“Open and suck, bitch.”  
  
I was past resistance. I opened my mouth and let him in. As soon as he was I began to suck, hoping to get him off as soon as the first. He lasted longer but not by much. He didn’t thrust, making me do all the work, but it was nicer. I controlled the depth and wasn’t gagging every second. At the end he was no nicer than the first. He grabbed my head too and it seemed as though he was trying to shove his thing down my throat. I choked and gagged as he shot off in my mouth. My eyes were watering and my nose was dripping snot. I felt him spurt into my mouth and he also held my head so I had to swallow.  
  
I felt like I was going to sick up.   
  
“Suck it clean. Be a good little cocksucker.”  
  
I sucked on him as he went limp in my mouth. As soon as he was out and walking away I got up. It felt as though my insides were being pulled out when that fat penis left me. I felt empty but I needed something. When Marianne came in I was kneeling in front of her wastebasket emptying my stomach into it.  
  
Marianne came and knelt by my, holding my hair up until I was through upchucking. Then she wiped my face. Hers showed concern somewhat, but I knew it wouldn’t last.  
  
“It won’t be as bad again. You’ll get used to it.”  
  
I just glared at her.  
  
“Get your dress on and let’s go.”  
  
I wanted to tell her no, but that would have been stupid. I wasn’t going to get away with much with her having those damn pictures.  
  
The ride to lunch was much the same as the ride back yesterday, except I kept my clothes mostly on. The one in the back seat with me slipped my shoulder straps down almost before the car was moving and teased my nipples with one hand while the other was busy between my legs. Before long I was shamelessly humping up against his fingers, my head back and my eyes closed. I was making believe it was a lover not some man molesting me. He stopped before I could orgasm and chuckled as I quivered and panted beside him.  
  
Lunch was me sitting wondering what humiliations they would think of now and them discussing work and pretty much ignoring me. My nipples would not go down, still hard points visible through my dress. I watched the waiter stare at them as he served us. I am sure he was wondering if I had a bra on. Most likely he would soon find out.  
  
When it was time to leave, Marianne had him stand at the end where I was to come out of the booth and watch me. With a dress as short as this he couldn’t help but see my pussy and pubic hair. I was red faced with shame by the time I was able to stand up and tug my dress down. The waiter was smiling happily. I was thoroughly ashamed.

The other got in the back seat for the ride back to the office. He molested me as much as the first, but miscalculated on my arousal. For the first time I orgasmed, my face in my hands, ashamed and humiliated. I shook and quivered, my legs jerking as I came. Marianne actually giggled went I orgasmed. I was in a daze when she parked and got out of the car without concern for what I showed. My breasts were out and the dress was up to my waist. You could smell sex, woman sex. She smirked and handed me a handkerchief to wipe myself. Humiliated I did, right next to her car.  
  
We went back to the office. They only had another hour before they had to leave for the airport and their flight. I wasn’t done with them yet. As soon as the door closed to Marianne’s office my dress was off. I was told to bend over the conference table and was afraid they were going to take me. I began to tremble and sniffle until I felt a hand on my bottom, pulling it open. Then a pressure on my anus and my head jerked up.  
  
“NOOOOOOOOOOOO.”  
  
It made no difference. Something hard, cold and alien poked through my anal muscle and slid up me. It felt bigger and bigger until it popped in and then all I felt was pressure. I was bawling again. I had no idea what it was until Marianne had me sit and showed me with her compact mirror. It was some kind of plastic or rubber plug shoved in my rectum. It took me a while to calm down. It didn’t actually hurt much, just so much pressure. I trembled and shook throughout the rest of the time until they left, tweaking my nipples and squeezing my pussy before they did.  
  
I was a wreck. Marianne left with them, telling me to wait in her office. I was also told to leave that thing alone. I sat on my chair gingerly feeling the pressure and fullness in my rectum. I thought long and hard. I couldn’t keep doing what I done the last two days. I finally figured something out and decided what I could do.  
  
When Marianne returned she had me stand up and bend over. She actually was gentle when she removed it from my bottom. I felt so much better with it out of me.  
  
“Marianne we need to talk.”  
  
“Talk about what?”  
  
“I don’t want what happened the last two days to happen again. I have a proposal for you.”  
  
“And that is?”  
  
Marianne, if you don’t let the things that those two did to me happen anymore, I will let you show me off to whomever you choose, whenever you choose. I just don’t want to be made to suck and have men coming on me. I think that is only fair. You have the pictures. I’ll be obedient, but no more sex stuff.”  
  
“So, you would let whomever I wanted see you naked?”  
  
“If you will promise to not let the other things happen, yes.”  
  
“And you are sure about this? Some of the people I might choose may be at least as humiliating as anything else.”  
  
“I just don’t want the other stuff going on. It made me sick. You saw that earlier.  
  
All right, but with one proviso. If I want you to sit on that cock, you will, but it will be only you and I. If I want to put that plug in your ass, you will, but it will be only you and I. That’s what I will accept. Will you?”  
  
I thought for a few moments.  
  
“As long as it isn’t every day Marianne. Promise me it won’t be everyday.”  
  
Marianne smiled at me.  
  
“I promise. I will tell you that it won’t be often. But it will probably be when you least expect it. And I do expect you to be obedient. You will do that won’t you?”  
  
I smiled at her, feeling that I had gained something for myself.  
  
“Thank you Marianne.”  
  
“Get your dress on, go and clean up as best you can and then come back here.”  
  
I gratefully slipped into the dress and went to the ladies room. I hurriedly washed myself before anyone else could come in and dried with paper towels. Then I hurried back to Marianne’s office. I didn’t want her to be alone without me to change her mind.   
  
When I came in after knocking she was walking back and forth. She smiled at me.  
  
“Come with me.”  
  
I followed her to the mailroom. All of a sudden I didn’t feel so good. I had a feeling that I knew what was going to happen. She led me inside and closed the door, leaning up against it. She looked at the two young men who worked there. They both looked at her nervously, wondering why we were there. Marianne never went to the mailroom.  
  
“The girl has something to show you. Just shut up, be quiet and watch.”  
  
Then she turned to me.  
  
“Everything, and I mean everything.”  
  
I softly moaned, but I had made my own bed. I slipped off my shoes and blushing, reached under the dress to remove first one, then the other stocking. The two young men were staring at me unbelieving. I took a deep breath and gripped the hem of the dress. Closing my eyes, I pulled it up and over my head. Then I laid it on the mailroom counter. It was a struggle, but I stood with my hands at my sides, completely bare assed naked. Marianne smiled at me.  
  
“Good girl, now turn around.”  
  
I turned in circle, slowly, so they could see all of me. So they could see my breasts with nipples hard, my pubic hair and my pussy and my bare naked ass. My bare ass naked everything. My face was bright red. Marianne smiled at me. Then she turned to the two staring mail boys.  
  
“I hope you enjoyed this. Don’t expect it again and if I hear that either of you has said anything about this you lives will be a living hell. Do you understand me?”  
  
I smiled gratefully at Marianne and nodded at my dress. She smiled back and nodded yes. I picked it up and put it on. I slipped into my shoes and balled up the stockings and we left.  
  
“Now that wasn’t so bad was it?”  
  
I just nodded, realizing that everyday that I saw those two, they would remember seeing me naked. Remember seeing me strip of my own free will in front of them. I blushed deeply.  
  
“It’s been a long two days, girl. Let’s go home.”  
  
Marianne and I left the office together but we each went to our own cars and drove to our own homes.   
  
My life had changed again, hopefully for the better, but only time would tell.

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 04**

When I got to my car that second night and sat down I had to tug on that damn dress pretty hard to get it to cover me to my stocking tops. It was pretty embarrassing to think of anyone seeing me with a dress that short when I was sitting. I managed to get visions of truck drivers and anyone else looking down at me as I drove home.  
  
I thought quite a bit about what I may have let myself in for with Marianne. She obviously didn't care if I was partially or fully naked in front of anyone. In fact, she seemed delighted to have me remove my clothes in front of people. People always think that men have dirty minds but in actual fact some women are worse than most men are. She also liked humiliating and shaming me. The harder that I blushed, the better she liked it.  
  
I finally realized that whatever was going to happen I probably would be embarrassed totally and probably humiliated. I didn't think that Marianne would let me off the hook and I had promised to obey her. Even with the thoughts of how she could humiliate me I was not a girl to go back on her word. As long as she kept from making me perform sex acts, I felt that I could live with this.  
  
The more I thought, the more I remembered that I got aroused, excited by being naked in front of someone. Perhaps there would be something out of this for me. At least this night, even knowing that I would be seeing her tomorrow and not knowing what she might make me do, I was able to sleep well for the first time in four days.  
  
I should probably describe myself to those who are reading this. I am not a beautiful woman. I am not a plain woman. I look good enough but I wouldn't get too many second glances. I am 5'6" tall. My weight varies between 120 and perhaps 130 pounds. I have shoulder length brownish blonde hair. I do not have large breasts as so many women in stories do. My breasts are 34b, maybe a little larger. They are round shaped, angle out to the sides a little and sag just a little. I have very dark aureoles and my nipples are large. They seem erect even when they are not and are very prominent when they are erect. My hips are not wide, nor is my bottom large. It is shapely, perhaps because I ran track in high school and still run regularly now. My legs are muscular, especially my calves from running. Yes, I have pubic hair. It is light colored, but dark enough to show a shadow of hair.   
  
I'm not a beauty, but I have taken care of myself and probably look good naked. I am like most women, however. No matter what, there is always something wrong with our bodies. I find fat on me where there probably really isn't, its just being a woman. The reality is that I am not perfect. Far from it. Well, enough of that.  
  
I spent a quiet night at home and got a good nights sleep. I woke to my alarm and had my shower, fixed my face and hair and then went to look at what I could wear. I got shoes first, heels and then tried to match them to the outfits Marianne had purchased for me.   
  
I finally ended up with the short blue dress with spaghetti straps. I wished I could have worn underpants, but I had been told no underpants by her unless I was having my period.   
  
I drove to work and came in, putting my purse in my desk drawer as always. Marianne's door was open and she was in her office. She called me in. I walked and stood in front of her desk with my back to the door. I had left it open so about a third of the office could see in if they looked. She looked at me and smiled that smile I was beginning to understand meant something. Something bad was going to happen to me.  
  
"Lift up your dress. I need to see if you are minding the no panty rule."  
  
I started to turn to close the door but she shook her head no.  
  
"Marianne, Jesus, let me close the door."  
  
"You said anyplace and any time. I choose this for the place and time and just to have you lift your dress."  
  
She had me, she had received my word and I would have to honor it. I blushed as always, and lifted my dress in front, trying to keep the back down. If anyone had been watching the entire time they would have seen me lifting my dress for Marianne. I am not sure if any of my bottom showed but she could clearly see my pussy and pubic hair. Marianne smiled at me and then told me to go to work.  
  
"Oh, by the way, we will check you after lunch too."  
  
I walked out of her office unbelieving what she had expected and that I had done it. I am not an exhibitionist. I do not enjoy being naked like one and I blush terribly when I am seen.  
  
I worked through the morning and went to lunch, feeling very conspicuous and uncomfortable without panties. I expected her to check for panties right after lunch, but she waited until 2 o'clock to call me in and have me lift my dress for the afternoon inspection. Everyone was back from lunch and I felt sure that someone would notice me lifting my dress, since she had me leave her door open again. The week went on normally with just her inspections of me twice a day on Thursday. Then Friday came.  
  
Fridays were the days that she met with others in the office and did her monthly reviews. Not all reviews were done on the same day for everyone. I was working on some things when my intercom buzzed.  
  
"Come in my office. I want you to serve coffee the same way you did Monday and Tuesday."  
  
I couldn't speak, and hung up when she had. I knew exactly what she wanted. With halting steps I walked to her door and knocked. Marianne told me to come in. She was facing away from the door and the man she was talking with was facing it. Marianne nodded to the tray, coffeepot and cups sitting on her credenza behind her desk. I woodenly walked to it and turned to face her. She smiled that smile and nodded.   
  
With an effort to keep myself from screaming and running out I gripped the hem of my dress and closed my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I lifted it up, over my head and off. I laid it on her chair and picked up the tray. Shakily I walked to the conference table and set the tray down.  
  
"You can pour."  
  
The man had been speaking, but when she said that he looked at me and his mouth fell open. I was standing next to him wearing only stockings and heels. I was bright red, but even so my nipples had stiffened to hard little bumps. He looked me up and down and couldn't help but see the top of my crease. I didn't say a word, but bent over to pour the coffee. My breasts lifted off my chest as I bent and swayed slightly as they hung down. I was so embarrassed it hurt.  
  
Marianne then had me sit down at the conference table with the two of them and take notes. My promise would not allow me to cover myself and I had to sit there as though being naked with the two of them dressed was normal. I kept my thighs together so all he could see was the top of my crease. His eyes seemed to make my nipples and crease burn with heat. I know my face was burning. I did not stop blushing until after that meeting was done and he had left.   
  
All throughout the meeting I felt his eyes on me and my naked body. I was aroused. I could feel it in my nipples and the twinges in my abdomen. I felt like all the colors about me were stronger. The blue pinstriped suit he wore. The understated green business suit Marianne had on. I felt more alive and my senses were heightened. I knew that if Marianne would have given him any encouragement, he would have pulled me up, bent me over the table and screwed me right in front of her. This from a man who I had known for two years of working for this company. A man who had flirted with me and me with him, but neither one of us ever knew that I would be naked in front of him. He would have screwed me with no compunctions.   
  
Marianne grinned at me.  
  
"You did well. I didn't expect you to do as well as you did."  
  
"Thank you Marianne. I did promise and I keep my promises."  
  
The worst part was that she did not tell him to keep quiet, so I am sure the entire office had heard that I was serving coffee naked in her office. And that I had sat next to him for his entire meeting, taking notes naked. I was sure everyone knew. Whether they knew or not, I was sure they had heard. Every look I received from then on, I just knew they knew. And I blushed each time someone came to my desk or passed by on the way to hers. It was killing me and I knew she had done it because she knew it would.  
  
No one said a word to me, which was probably worse. I was thinking that this was a bad way to end the week, but I was wrong.  
  
Marianne came to my desk shortly before five o'clock and informed me that we were spending the weekend together out of town. She asked me if I had any plans that needed to be canceled and I could only stammer no back to her. She smiled at me like a cat with a mouse in front of her. At a little after five, when I was getting my purse, Marianne came out of her office and locked it. She looked at me.  
  
"Come along and I will follow you to your apartment."  
  
I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing. I woodenly walked with her to my car. She told me to wait for her, left for her car and drove back to mine. Then and only then did I start mine and drive off. Marianne followed me to my apartment and we both parked and went inside to it.  
  
Once we were inside I was nervous but expectant. I wasn't disappointed.  
  
"Strip."  
  
I slowly removed my clothes in front of her until I was totally naked. I hung up the blue dress with Marianne close behind me smiling at me. The stockings went into the wash and my heels in the closet.   
  
"Get a suitcase, a small one."  
  
I tugged a suitcase out of my closet and opened it on my bed. Marianne had brought in another shopping bag. In it were some sheer bras and panties. Completely sheer bras and panties, which would leave nothing to anyone's imagination if they saw me in them. Those were folded and dropped in the suitcase except for one of each.   
  
"Show me your casual clothes."  
  
I had mostly jeans and some shorts with tank tops and pullover tops. She pulled a couple of blouses out of the bag and folded one for the suitcase; the other was laid on the bra and panties. A pair of jeans was laid on the blouse. She found a nice pair of slacks and a fancier dress with a zip in the back. Those were folded for the suitcase. She searched through my shoes, taking a pair of heels, walking shoes and sandals. The walking shoes and heels went in the suitcase. Then she had me show her my makeup. Some things she took and others she left. They went into my suitcase also. She told me to shower and leaned against the bathroom counter watching me.  
  
When I was done and dried she helped me with my hair, but I was not allowed make up. Then she had me close the suitcase and bring it to the front door. In the front closet she found a longer coat and draped that over my suitcase. She looked at me.  
  
"Get dressed and come back here."  
  
"The underwear too, Marianne?"  
  
"Yes, the underwear too."  
  
I hurried back, eager to be clothed again, even if she was a woman also. I dressed, first in the bra and panties and looked at myself in the mirror. You could clearly see my nipples and bush. I turned and looked over my shoulder. The crease of my ass was plainly visible. I hurried into the blouse and jeans and put on the sandals. I hurried back to her, not wanting to anger her by making her wait.  
  
"We are going to have so much fun this weekend."  
  
She smiled at me. My stomach flipped, wondering who was going to be having the fun. I didn't think it was going to be me.  
  
She led me out and to her car. My suitcase went in the trunk with hers and she put me in the passenger seat as if she wanted to be sure I didn't run away. As she drove away from the security of my apartment I felt the first twinges of arousal deep inside me. Even with the fear of what she might do to me, I felt excited inside. The bra felt tighter, some from the fact that I had not worn one for a week but also because my breasts felt more full and my jeans felt tighter at my crotch as though my pussy had swollen. I almost felt more alive than I had ever been. This all with my stomach clenching and butterflies flying around in it.  
  
She parked her car in a ramp downtown and we walked to the Amtrak station. She led me into a normal car and looked up and down the seats for what she only knew. As soon as she saw what she wanted she led me to a pair of seats facing another pair. Two businessmen sat across from us. Marianne had me put my case above and get in the window seat. She followed me, enclosing me between her and the window. I was definitely not having a good feeling about this.  
  
Marianne introduced herself and me to the two men. I was her trainee. I spoke when spoken to but otherwise was silent and nervous. I had no idea if she intended to embarrass me. They chatted while we waited for the train to start moving. One of the men got up after asking us and returned with four drinks. We sat, sipping and finally the train began to move out of the station. Marianne continued to talk with them, bringing me in as she could. My silence and reticence was clearly making her slightly angry but I couldn't bring myself to talk. I dreaded being with her.   
  
After about a half-hour on the way, Marianne leaned forward to the men.  
  
"Isn't she a attractive young woman?"  
  
"Oh yes, and so are you!"  
  
"You're just saying that to make me feel better. But this girl is very pretty and shapely, isn't she?"  
  
My stomach was beginning to tie itself in knots and I knew I had to be pale. I was imagining all sorts of things that could happen to me and none of them were nice.  
  
The two men agreed that I was very pretty but they said they couldn't tell how shapely I was with the coat I had on. I blushed at that.  
  
"Well, would you like to see how shapely she is?"  
  
I sobbed. I sobbed out loud. I knew what was coming.  
  
The two men looked at me curiously. They saw my eyes fill with tears and looked from me to Marianne. They were curious but interested.  
  
Marianne leaned forward. She whispered to them.  
  
"I am sure she would show you how shapely she really is if you would like."  
  
All of a sudden, the lights went on in their brains. They both leaned back and looked at Marianne, then at me. I felt like a cornered animal with predators stalking in front of me.  
  
"She'll show you, but just to look. You both understand that, don't you."  
  
They both nodded and looked back at me. I was trembling.  
  
Marianne turned to me. She smiled at me.  
  
"Just take your arms out of your coat and leave it over your shoulders."  
  
I did as I was told. The coat draped over me and I clutched it to my body. I couldn't look at them.  
  
"Now be a good, obedient girl, like you promised you would be and show them how shapely you are."  
  
I choked back a sob. A tear trickled down one cheek and I sniffed to clear my nose. I looked at her, my eyes begging her.  
  
"Marianne, please, I don't want to."  
  
Her eyes hardened. She leaned towards me.  
  
"That's once. Remember your promise girl. Anyplace and anytime. Well, I want this to be the place and time. Everything girl, everything.  
  
I buried my face in my hands and used the heels of my hands to wipe my eyes. My vision was still blurry as I began to unbutton my blouse. I heard breath suck in right in front of me as the two men began to actually realize what I was going to do. My fingers fumbled with each button until they were all done. My blouse had opened a little. I worked one arm out, then the other. Marianne took it from behind me, folded it and tucked it into a large bag. She motioned at me to continue.  
  
I sucked in a breath this time myself. I bent and undid and removed my sandals. When I bent over I took a furtive look at the two men across from me. They were looking dumbfounded but smiling at the same time. They watched my hands go to my jeans button and undo it, then slip down the zip. I had to squirm to get them past my hips, which caused the coat to open, exposing my transparent bra. I blushed deeply.  
  
I took a shuddering breath and pushed my jeans down my legs. Then I bent and tugged one leg off, then the other. Marianne's hand appeared and I meekly gave them to her. They followed my blouse into the bag. I finally looked at the two men. I felt embarrassed and humiliated, but I also felt excitement and power. Excitement because I was being turned on and power because I had something they wanted to see. Something they wanted to see very badly, judging by the looks of their pants.  
  
"She isn't really going to, is she?"  
  
"Wait and see."  
  
"Marianne, please."  
  
"That's twice, girl. Get on with it."  
  
It was dark outside, and Marianne reached up to turn off the reading lights, all but the one that focused on me. The two men were shapes in the somewhat lighted darkness, but I could feel their eyes on me. There was no darkness on me. I shuddered.  
  
I reached behind my back for the clasp to my bra and the coat over my shoulders opened slightly. I felt hot eyes on me and closed mine, trembling. Even with the tinges of arousal I felt shame. The clasp came undone and I slipped the bra off my arms, handing it to Marianne. I took a choking breath and my thumbs slipped into the waistband of my underpants. The sheer underpants slid down and I had to lift my ass to slid them underneath it. I pushed them down my thighs, each inch making my humiliation greater. They reached my knees and then slowly fell to my ankles. I lifted one foot out of them and lifted the other to grasp them, pull them off completely and hand them to her also. All my clothes were in that bag.  
  
I clutched the coat around me, sniffling, and my eyes full of tears.  
  
"The coat, girl, open it for them."  
  
I leaned back against the seat and shuddered once more. My hands, shaking, gripped the edges of the coat and I pulled them open, baring my body to two strangers. Men I had never met before this night. It should have been easier, but it wasn't. It never was easy for me to show myself to anyone. I listened to their sucking breaths and watched as they leaned forward to see me better. My nipples were hard and I felt a trickle of moisture leak out of me. I hated how my body reacted.  
  
"The foot by the window on the seat and open your legs, girl.  
  
"Marianne, please, don't make me do that."  
  
"That's three times, girl. Three times you have chosen to forget your promise."  
  
I shivered, afraid of her tone and suddenly very willing. My foot came up, the coat opened wider, and my other leg fell open. My pussy and hair exposed to them. I put my left hand over my eyes so I did not have to watch them staring at me and let them look. I let them look at me naked. And I was naked, no shoes, no clothes, nothing but me under that coat.  
  
Marianne reached over and teased my left nipple, making it harder and more prominent. I gasped. It was the first time she had ever touched me sexually. Her touch made my nipple tingle with electricity. I turned to look at her, smiling at me. Her hand slithered down my body, over my rib cage, stomach and abdomen, until it reached my pubic hair. She fluffed it. I shuddered at her touch. She reached lower until I felt her fingers at my crease. And then she stroked me, softly, gently; finding my clitoris and making me lift up to her.  
  
I whimpered softly and she chuckled. She could feel my hips lifting to create more pressure on my clitoris. She stroked for a few moments and her hand left me, left me panting quietly, my hips lifting slightly, wanting her touch.  
  
I looked back at the two men, then around the car. It was mostly empty but others were in it with us. But no one knew how shameless I was being. No one but the four of us. The darkness of the car sheltered me, but I was still the one exposed. Marianne made me sit with one foot up and my legs open for a long time. You can get used to almost anything. You can. After a while of blushing and sniffling, I stopped. I looked out the window at the passing countryside. I could almost forget what I was doing. Until I looked down at myself. Until I saw naked skin. Then I would blush again and look out the window once more until the feeling of humiliation lessened. But it never went completely away.

Marianne made me sit that way for over an hour, exposed to their eyes. She rolled both my nipples in her hand; tugging them out and lightly pinching them, making me gasp. When they were hard and sticking out as much as possible, she reached down. Down between my open legs to caress me there. I covered my eyes in shame. She stroked me, teased my clitoris with a fingernail until my hips lifted. Then she pressed down so I could feel it all over. My hips lifted to press harder. Then she chuckled again and removed her hand. I whimpered in frustration and covered my face. I was so ashamed that they could see how aroused I was.  
  
Marianne closed my coat over me and kissed my cheek.   
  
"Go to sleep if you can, girl."  
  
I closed my legs and curled up into a ball as much as possible. My face to the windows, my hands hiding me from their eyes. I didn't think I could sleep, but the long day and the exhaustion from being exposed and aroused overtook me. I did fall asleep. Much later I awoke to Marianne's touch on my bare ass. She had lifted the coat to show them my ass and she was stroking it. I shivered but did not protest. We were just arriving into a train station. I tugged the coat back over my ass and blushed as my eyes took in my companions.  
  
"Button your coat.  
  
I did and thankfully. Even if I was naked under it, it gave some security to me. The train stopped at the station. We retrieved out suitcases and the two men came along with us. Obviously they thought if they stayed with us they would get to screw me if not the both of us. Marianne had other ideas. She called a cab for us and smiled at the two men who watched us get in and drive off.  
  
The cab took us to a nice hotel, where Marianne checked us into a suite. She had a bellman carry our bags to the suite. He unlocked the door and led us inside. After he put the bags in the bedroom he came back out. I was nervous again with reason.  
  
As he waited for his tip, Marianne smiled at me.  
  
"Why don't you let him hang up your coat?"  
  
I sighed. I blushed. I took off my coat and handed it to him, feeling those tingles all over again. He stared and dropped the coat on the floor. I jumped as Marianne came up behind me and cupped both my breasts in her hands. Her thumbs pushed my already erect nipples from side to side. Her knee pushed between my legs from behind, forcing them to part so my crease was on display. I was embarrassed as always, but oh so aroused. If she had told me to I would have let him screw me.  
  
She watched him staring at me for a few moments, then let go of me. She handed him five dollars and took my coat from him. Then she ushered him to the door and out, closing it firmly behind him. She turned to me.   
  
"Get your sandals off and into bed."  
  
I was still blushing, but did as I was told. I slid my body between cool sheets and watched her. She turned off the lights. I could see her shape, but nothing else as she undressed. Of course she would let me see nothing of her. I watched her move to the bed and slide in beside me.  
  
Now I was extremely nervous. I had no idea what she wanted or was going to do. I was no innocent, but I was unsure. Marianne slid over to me. She had slipped on a nightgown. But she felt so warm as she cuddled next to me. Her hands were on my nipples, teasing them, arousing me. She teased them until they were so hard, almost throbbing and painful.   
  
"Hands over your head."  
  
I obeyed her. Her hand stroked down my belly and my legs opened for her. I wanted to come so bad. The entire day had been one of arousal, then cooling off, over and over again. She stroked my pussy until I was lifting my hips again, wanting more.  
  
"Do you want to come, girl?"  
  
I couldn't speak. I nodded. She either saw or knew what my response would be.  
  
"Take care of me first."  
  
I was shocked but I reached down with a hand.  
  
"No."  
  
I was puzzled until her hand pushed down on my shoulder. My face had to turn bright red. I had never done that before to anyone! She pushed me harder and I began to slide down her body. It was like I was in a dream.  
  
Marianne pressed on my shoulder and I slid further down until my face was brushing her pubic hair. She slowly rolled to her back and took me with her. Her legs opened and I could smell woman. I shivered and kissed her belly, making her shiver. All of a sudden I felt in control. I kissed her again. She pushed me further down. This time when I kissed her I felt moisture and realized where my lips had touched. My face heated even more.  
  
She held my head in both hands guiding me and I could smell her even more, a sharper scent. I kissed again. She moaned softly. One of her hands reached between us and the scent of her became even stronger. She had opened herself to me and her other hand pushed the back of my head until my mouth was pressed to her lips. I wanted to get away and I wanted to stay where I was. Tentatively I licked, tasting her. She moaned again and I licked again. She was oh so wet! I licked again and again and she moaned, clutching my face to her pussy.  
  
I felt her legs come up, rolling her hips back and she pushed my head down again. This time I resisted harder. I was squirming to get away. I knew what was further down, but she held me and guided me once more. My lips touched her skin, her sweaty skin. I turned my face a little and kissed, knowing it was her ass. She pulled me back and I moaned in shame, but I did as she wanted. I licked her, licked her right between her ass cheeks.  
  
Marianne's back arched and she pushed up forcing my face right between her cheeks. I was finding it hard to breathe, but I licked her again and again, suddenly wanting this to be over. My tongue licked her anus and swirled up to the bottom of her pussy. She held me there, urging me on and I licked and licked, wanting to please her. I was drooling on her and licking it up. After what seemed an eternity of my face buried in her ass, she pulled me up enough so that my mouth was over her clitoris. She arched her back again. I licked and sucked at her lips and clitoris, hearing her whimper and moan.  
  
"OH GOD YES!"  
  
All of a sudden her legs clamped onto my head and she shook and spasmed. I continued to lick her pussy until her legs fell away. I could feel her stomach twitching beneath my face. My face was wet. I tasted woman. Marianne laid for a few moments and then sat up. She pulled me up to my knees and kissed my wet face, making me blush even more.  
  
She wiped my face with edge of the sheet, of course the edge on my side of the bed. Then she got up and turned on the light. I knelt, naked and aroused. I could feel liquid leaking from me. She pulled a wooden chair over to her side of the bed. She busied herself in her suitcase and returned fiddling with the chair. Then she slipped into the bed on her side facing the chair. The chair with that disgusting penis thrusting upright from the seat.  
  
"I want to watch you fuck yourself, girl. I want to see you get fucked."  
  
I whimpered. It was so big. I was disgusted. I crawled to the side of the bed and looked at it and then her. Marianne only nodded. I was so aroused I couldn't help myself. I straddled the chair, holding the shaft in one hand. The other opened me. I gingerly lowered myself, but instead of the pain of entry as the last time, the head popped inside me. I grunted still, it was huge. Marianne's eyes focused on my face, my grimacing face as more and more of that fake cock disappeared inside me.  
  
She watched until I gasped, then she looked down. The entire thing was buried inside me. My lips were splayed apart as if someone had pulled me open. I panted. She looked back at me.  
  
"Look at me, then at your pussy."  
  
I looked to see a smile teasing across her face. Then I looked down. I was amazed that it all was in me.  
  
"Lift up and down."  
  
With a whimper I began to fuck myself on that huge penis. The sounds, the slurping sounds made me color even more than I thought I ever could. Marianne toyed with one of her nipples through her nightie, grinning at me. I closed my eyes so I did not have to see her watching me shame myself in front of her. But I didn't stop. I rose and fell on that thing until I exploded, shuddering and shaking. A high whine escaped my mouth and my head fell back. My hands clutched my breasts, pulling at my nipples. I sat down hard, burying that thing as deep as I could. I orgasmed, the strongest one I had ever had, fucking myself for someone to watch.  
  
When I finally stopped shaking Marianne motioned me to the bed. I lifted myself off that hateful thing and crawled in, facing away from her. She snuggled to my back and cupped my left breast in her hand, teasing the nipple. She kissed my neck.  
  
"Beautiful, girl, just beautiful."  
  
I quietly sobbed at how disgusting I had been and soon after, fell asleep.  
  
I woke up the next morning and was alone in bed. Marianne came out of the bathroom in a robe, drying her hair. I got up and scurried into the bathroom, eager to wash the smell of sex off me. As soon as I was done, Marianne was in the bathroom with me.   
  
"We have to do something with your hair."  
  
I looked in mirror. My hair looked fine to me although it was wet. Marianne chuckled.   
  
"Not that hair."  
  
I turned red. I was proud of my bush. It looked womanly. Marianne was not to be denied however.  
  
I must describe the room at this point. There was a sitting room in an L shape, with a dining style table at the end of the L. Directly across from the table was the door to the bathroom. The bedroom was on the other side. It was a very nice suite.  
  
Anyway, Marianne made me get up on the bathroom counter and open my legs for her. She took a pair of scissors out of her makeup bag and began to clip my bush down. I was tearing up at what she was doing to me. When she had me clipped down close, she took out a can of woman's shave cream and after squirting it onto a hand, smeared it on the sides of my bush and my pussy lips. I was mortified at thinking someone would shave her pussy.   
  
She took out a razor and began to shave me. She used long strokes on the hair above my crease, leaving a small strip of hair in the middle. Then she started on my lips, carefully removing the hair on them and in the hollow between them and my thighs. I heard a knock and Marianne set the razor down.  
  
"Sit still and don't move."  
  
I trembled. She left me sitting there, half covered with shave cream, my legs spread open. I heard the door open and close. Marianne appeared in the bathroom door, but made sure that I would be visible.  
  
"You can set it on the table."  
  
A young man appeared in my sight, rolling a room service cart. He started to set dishes on the table when he heard me moan. He looked up to see me naked and partially shaved, sitting on the bathroom counter. Marianne ignored him, picked up the razor and standing to the side of me so he could have an unobstructed view, resumed shaving my pussy. She ignored him but how could I?  
  
He stood and watched her finish shaving me. She even made me roll my hips so my anus was exposed to him. I had buried my face in my hands. I was quietly sobbing at the humiliation. When she had removed all the hair she wanted, she wiped me and then took my hand. She dragged me out of the bathroom naked and made me stand in front of him.  
  
"Doesn't she look very nice?"  
  
"Jesus, yes. She looks fantastic."  
  
My traitorous nipples had hardened again and without looking I knew my lips were glistening with moisture. Marianne studied the slip for room service while I stood, eyes lowered, naked in front of him. Then she added a tip and signed the slip. She handed him the slip.   
  
"You can go now."  
  
"Ah, oh, yes."  
  
His eyes had never left me and I had never been so humiliated in my life. He walked out, still glancing over his shoulder until he couldn't see me anymore. I slumped into a chair and began to bawl.  
  
Marianne patted my shoulder.  
  
"We are going to have so much fun this weekend!"

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 05**

I stood trembling, naked as usual, while Marianne uncovered the food. She motioned me to sit down and sat herself.  
  
“Marianne, I don’t know if I can do this anymore. It’s too much.”  
  
“Girl, you promised me and I am only doing what you said I could do. You do remember your promise to me, don’t you?”  
  
I sucked in a breath.  
  
“I do Marianne, but I didn’t know it would be this bad. I mean, the two mailroom clerks and the bellman and now this morning, shaving me in front of a man. I didn’t realize what you would do. It isn’t fair, Marianne, it isn’t fair.”  
  
“So, you think it would be more fair if I sent some of your lovely pictures to your parents? Do you think they would understand what you had been doing? Perhaps that would be for the best. Then we both would be relieved of the temptation.”  
  
She knew how to push my buttons. I couldn’t let her send anything to my mother and father. My mother would almost die and my father would never speak to me again.  
  
“No Marianne, please. I will be good, I promise. I just find this so hard. I am not used to being naked in front of people. I get scared and ashamed and humiliated. I just find it so hard.”  
  
“Well, remember, you have promised twice. I don’t want to have to remind you over and over again.”  
  
“You won’t Marianne. I will be good.”  
  
“Well then, let’s eat breakfast and go out. I want to get you a new dress.”  
  
I tightened up inside. I could just imagine the dress. But I picked up my fork and began to eat even though the food tasted like sawdust to me. I had to eat. Marianne ate and chattered to me about the friends she had in this city. How they would be so pleased to meet me. I felt nervous about that, but there was nothing I could do to change what she would do to me.  
  
We finished eating and she allowed me a pair of underpants, sheer of course, a pair of slacks and a top. I did not get a bra. She led me off and we went to a clothing store. Marianne walked about the woman’s department until she had found several dresses, none of which were revealing. She led me to the fitting rooms and handed me one. I entered and removed my top and slacks. As soon as they were off, Marianne opened the door, almost making me shriek in terror. I was standing in a pair of sheer underpants, nothing else. Two women looked at me and smirked. I hurriedly put on the first dress. It didn’t meet Marianne’s standards for me, whatever they were. She held out her hand, waiting for me to remove it. I vowed to not let her get to me. I took it off outside the fitting room my clothes were in and waited for her to hand the second to me.  
  
Another woman sniffed at me as if I was some sort of slut or prostitute. I was beyond caring at this point. Did I blush? Of course I did. Did I resist what she demanded of me? No.  
  
I put on the second dress. This one was better. When I took it off she hung it by the door. The third was handed to me. By now four or five woman were looking at the two of us. I tried on several more before Marianne made a decision. It was a deep blue, my favorite color and one that looked good with my complexion. I was slightly low cut so the tops of my breasts showed and full on the bottom. If I twirled around, it lifted. I thought it was very pretty. Marianne looked me up and down.  
  
“There is just one thing wrong. You can see a panty line. I think we should do something about that.”  
  
I closed my eyes, but I knew what she wanted. In front of any woman who could see in that fitting room, I lifted the dress up, hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my underpants and pulled them down. What was left of my bush was in sight for a few seconds and then I had them off and handed them to her. Marianne smiled at me.  
  
“Good girl.”  
  
When we left, several women glared at me. I definitely was a slut in their eyes. Marianne paid for the dress and had the tags clipped off at the sales counter. Then we left. I didn’t have a clue why she chose this style until we were on the sidewalk and a gust of wind blew down the street. My new dress floated up until my ass was bared to anyone behind us. I flattened it down and wanted to hold it there. Marianne smiled sweetly and shook her head no. My hands let go of that damned dress.  
  
We walked along and it was a few minutes before another gust of wind blew the damn thing up again, this time front and back both. I could have died. I wanted the sidewalk to open up and swallow me. Marianne allowed me to tug the dress back down after each time it blew up but I could not hold it down against the wind. Each time a gust came up I had to let it lift as high as the wind would take it. Only after that could I pull it back down. I have no idea how many people saw my bare ass or pussy that day. I couldn’t meet anyone’s eyes. I was so red-faced it was unbelievable.  
  
She took me to lunch and that was nice, being able to sit down out of the wind. But she had other neat little ideas for me. First she had pinch and roll my nipples until they were hard as pebbles and showing quite plainly through the dress. At least I was allowed to do it when the waiter was not at the table. But every time they started to go down, she made me pinch them back up again.  
  
The lunch was good, even though my appetite wasn’t. I was mortified at what I was doing in public.   
  
When we had finished eating and after lunch drink, she had the waiter come over. She paid the bill and motioned me out of our booth. I knew what was expected. I slid out not holding the dress and without looking I knew I rode up quite high. I was not sure if my pussy was exposed and I didn’t look to see but I was blushing deeply when I stood. The waiter was grinning. I suppose he saw my pussy.  
  
We went back to the hotel, the gusting winds baring me and then me pulling the dress back down over and over. I was blushing continuously, Marianne didn’t really care. I think she thought it was cute. I was just mortified. And I was aroused. I could feel in my belly and in my nipples. I could feel twinges and tingling. It was good and so shaming that this would excite me so much.  
  
As soon as we were in the room I knew what to expect.  
  
“Strip.”  
  
I took off my dress and my shoes. I was to be naked whenever and wherever she wanted and she always wanted me naked.  
  
We spent the rest of the afternoon watching television and chatting. At least Marianne was chatting. My words were one or two at a time at best. She spoke about a party we were going to that night and that so many people she knew would be there. And she spoke about how much they would enjoy meeting me. I was nervous and suspicious. Nervous thinking what she would do yet today and suspicious of the party and her friends.  
  
Finally she decided to get ready, leaving me alone with my thoughts and nakedness. I kept trying to think of a way to get out of this nightmare, but nothing came to my mind. At long last Marianne was through in the bathroom and went to take my shower. At least she didn’t watch me. When I got out and dried myself, Marianne was in the other room. I dried my hair and looked at myself. A naked woman with hardly any pubic hair. My lips were totally devoid of hair and an inch wide strip led up my belly above my crease. I was ashamed of how naked I was without hair.  
  
Marianne came in and smiled at me. She began to work on my hair with a curling iron. She made ringlets all throughout my hair, which even I had to admit, was attractive on me. I heard a knock on our door and my stomach clenched. Marianne smiled and left me for the door.  
  
“Just put them on the table.”  
  
I closed my eyes. When I heard clatter from outside the door, I opened them. There was another room service waiter standing, dumbfounded, and staring at me. I was bright red, but I did my best to ignore him. It was hard. I had absolutely nothing on.  
  
Marianne signed the bill and came into the bathroom. He was rooted to the floor where he stood. I was almost ready to start bawling. Marianne came behind me and turned me to face him, looking at my hair, not him. Then as if she had forgotten he was there, she tsked. I had not forgotten. I felt his eyes burning over my bare skin, drinking in every bit of it.  
  
“You may go now.”  
  
He shook his head and took another long look up and down my front, taking in my breasts and pussy. I was so humiliated. When he finally left I wanted to hit her, but I didn’t. It was my promise and I always tried to honor them. This was getting ridiculous. Before we left every man in the hotel was going to see me naked.  
  
Marianne ignored my simmering temper and fussed with my hair a little more. Then she made up my face. She was very good. I looked pretty. My hair was different than I had ever had it before and she was good with color for my complexion. She shooed me into the bedroom to dress.  
  
I looked at the bed. I was almost dumbfounded. There was a blouse, silk and not sheer, a skirt, knee length, a bra, not sheer, panties, not sheer and a garter belt and stockings. I couldn’t believe that I was to be allowed underwear. I was suspicious of the garter belt however. I got into the panties and bra first, then I had to figure out the garter belt. I did without much trouble. Then the stockings were on and attached and I slipped into the blouse and skirt. I walked out and Marianne handed me a matching set of heels. I still don’t know how she does it and the money she has spent on things for me! I slipped the shoes on and she had me twirl to show her. She smiled.  
  
“You are lovely. You’ll be a hit tonight.”  
  
I felt a sinking in my stomach, but tried to smile back. The room service waiter had delivered some drinks and she handed one to me. We sat and sipped in companionable silence. Marianne was content to let me think.  
  
Finally she got up and got the coat I had worn in yesterday. She had a large purse. I had nothing; I had forgotten my purse at home. I had no money, no identification, nothing. Fitting for a slave, I thought. I was totally dependent on her.  
  
She led me down where I received several admiring glances, which made me feel good. We caught a cab and were taken to a building on the north side of downtown. We got out and Marianne paid of course. Then she led me inside.   
  
It was old money. The paneling was dark, chandeliers hung from the ceiling and the staff or waiters were old and in tuxedos. I felt out of place. Marianne did not; she greeted several people and then introduced me to them as her apprentice. This caused some looks but I was too taken up with my surroundings to notice. I felt elegant and began to feel comfortable. Everyone was very nice. I was pretty stupid.  
  
We went into a large dining room, where we were served a many course dinner, some of the courses I had no idea what they were. They all were delicious. I was enjoying dinner when a man arose and went to a stage with a lectern and microphone. He tapped on it to make sure it worked.  
  
“Welcome to our charity auction. This year we have several unique items along with a finale that will be the hit of the evening.”  
  
I looked about at men and woman murmuring. We all were wondering about the finale. I watched everyone or tried to as he had items brought out and proceeded to auction them off. Several of them were things that I would have loved to have. Finally the last item was sold and he said we would take a break and then have the finale. I was totally amazed at how much some of the items were sold for, but it was charity and I guess I shouldn’t have been surprised.  
  
He returned to the stage and all eyes were on him.  
  
“Tonight we have a special treat. One of our out of town guests has brought a special treat for us. For the next and final part of the auction, we will be bidding on some clothes which will be modeled by Marianne’s friend.”  
  
My head jerked up and I stared at him, then my eyes flashed to Marianne. She was smiling at me.  
  
“Marianne, if you would take the young lady and the items around the room while I describe them. Let’s see, a silk blouse worn only once, a skirt, and the same, serviceable white bra and panties, and a garter belt and stockings.”  
  
I was in shock. I looked about. There had to be almost 150 people in the dining room, not counting the waiters who I noticed against the back wall. Marianne took my hand, made me get up and walked me around the room, stopping when someone asked to get a better look at the clothes. My clothes. My clothes that were soon going to be sold!  
  
I was in a daze as I walked with her and didn’t realize where I was until the MC reached for my hand and helped me up on stage.  
  
“Now let’s see. I would guess that the blouse would be the most logical starting point. My I have an opening bid of fifty dollars?”  
  
I heard fifty bid and then sixty and then seventy and my mind blanked out the rest. Finally the bidding was done.  
  
“Sold to John and Mary for one hundred forty dollars! John, come up and get your purchase!”  
  
I watched as a stranger came trotting up, vaulted onto the stage, looked me in the eyes and then began to unbutton the blouse. He stood to the side, so my face was visible and I began to shiver and blush. He took his time. When the buttons on the front were all undone and the blouse had been pulled out of my skirt, he undid the cuffs and then slipped it off me, leaving me in skirt and bra. I felt hundreds of eyes on me. I was dying of shame. I couldn’t move and couldn’t stop shaking.  
  
“The skirt should be next. There is more material, so the starting bid will be one hundred dollars.”  
  
I didn’t hear any bids, my mind shut down. I stood embarrassed, but waiting like a cornered rabbit. But finally I did hear something.  
  
“Robert, come and claim your purchase!”  
  
I stood, watching, as another man came forward. He walked up purposefully and stepped behind me. He undid and unzipped my skirt, taking the opportunity to slide a hand down the back of my underpants. I went up on tiptoe, sucking in air, which caused the crowd to roar with laughter. The skirt puddled around my ankles and I didn’t object when he lifted one foot, then the other to get it off. Then he left me, twirling the skirt over his head.  
  
I was bright red, but my shaking had mostly stopped. I stood quietly; trying to pretend I was in a bikini, but the stockings, garter belt and heels made that a lie. I was so embarrassed.  
  
“Marianne, take her around again, now that we can see what else we are bidding on.”  
  
Marianne came up and took my hand, leading me around the tables. At several she was stopped and the bra and underpants were felt to see what quality they were. At least that was the excuse. It was an excuse to feel me, not the bra or underpants. I was breathing hard when I reached the stage once more and staggered, climbing up. That caused a smattering of laughter, which made me blush hotter.  
  
“All right, the next item. I have to check.”  
  
He came up behind me and tugged the underpants out to show they were under the garter belt. An excuse to see the crack of my ass.  
  
“Marianne has told me the heels are for sale also. May I have a bid of seventy five dollars for them.”  
  
Silence greeted him.  
  
“Oh come now. A perfectly good pair of heels? Oh well, fine. One heel and one stocking for seventy-five dollars. Thank you. And eighty five?”  
  
The bidding was furious and finally a woman had the winning bid. She came forward and bent in front of me. Unfastening the stockings from the garter she allowed her hand to push against my pussy. I gasped. She looked up at me and smirked.  
  
I trembled as she rolled the stocking down my leg and off with the heel. She took my chin, looked me in the eyes and kissed my cheek. Then she left and the bidding resumed with the other heel and stocking on offer.  
  
This was won by a man who took the opportunity in removing the stocking to fondle my ass. I blushed warmer and warmer. I was down to three items. The garter went up for bids. Another man won the bidding and as he unfastened it, he slid a hand down my underpants, cupping my ass and squeezing it.   
  
The bra and panties were left and I was dying. The bidding was furious. I couldn’t believe the amount of money. Finally that was over and another man came sprinting up. He stepped behind me and unclasped the bra and then reached around to cup it against my breasts. He squeezed and I whimpered. He slid it off and my breasts and nipples were bare in front of a crowd of people. I was so humiliated.  
  
The MC let me stand, watching my hands lift part way to my breasts and stop and lower and then lift again, part way and stop. I wanted so badly to cover myself but knew Marianne would not like it. I managed to keep my hands down and let everyone look at my breasts. My nipples were as stiff as they had ever been. I was so embarrassed.  
  
“The grand finale! A rather immodest pair of lady’s panties or should I say a rather immodest lady’s panties? May the bidding start at one hundred dollars.”  
  
I was so humiliated at his words, no matter how true they were. No lady would stand like I had and allow herself to be stripped naked in front of over one hundred people.  
  
I stood; half-listening as the bidding rose higher and higher. Once it was over a woman came up, eyes glistening as she reached me. She stood to my side and one hand slid in the back and the other the front of the panties. She cupped my ass and pussy in each hand and squeezed, making me gasp aloud. Then she bent her knees and her hands pushed them down, baring me more and more until the panties fell around my ankles. Woodenly I lifted one foot out of them and then the other so she could claim her prize.  
  
She lifted the panties in one hand and took one of my hands in the other. She twirled me about so every part of me was shown. My breasts and nipples, pussy and my bare ass were shown to everyone. The MC stepped down and a spotlight was shown on me, standing naked in a club dining room, watched by so many people. I silently began to cry.  
  
After about fifteen minutes, Marianne came up and wiped my eyes. She took my hand and led me through the tables so everyone could get a close up look at me. They took the opportunity to have me stopped and then to examine me. Hands, the hands of men and even women touched me. My breasts were felt and my nipples. Fingers traced the small strip of hair on my belly. If they slid lower they bumped on my clitoris and made me whimper and shiver. Several times I was made to turn away and show my ass. I was even bent over so my cheeks opened and my anus was showing. Once or twice my anus was touched. I almost jerked up, but Marianne held me bent over. Tears were running down my face.   
  
After each table had seen me, seen all of me, then she led me to line of waiters who had watched it all. Men, some older, some young who had seen me stripped naked. They all wanted a peek at my ass and wanted me bent over so my pussy lips and anus were on show. Fingers traced along the crack of my ass and I heard giggles as I tightened up when they found my anus. She didn’t allow penetration thankfully. I would have died. I was so wet it had to be noticeable.  
  
Then she brought me to our table. She took out a pair of heels for me to put on and held the coat out to me.  
  
I grabbed the coat like a life preserver and slipped into it, buttoning it immediately. Then I put on the shoes. Marianne led me out to a waiting cab and we returned to our hotel. She didn’t make me show myself to the cab driver thankfully. We returned to our suite.  
  
“Strip.”  
  
I did. Marianne went into the bedroom and shortly came out in a nightie. She took my hand; I had still been standing by the closet as if frozen stiff. She led me into the bedroom where she got me into bed. She climbed in with me and my shoulder felt a push.  
  
I knew what she wanted from last night. I moved down and began to lick her pussy as if I had been doing it for years. She moaned softly and I licked her harder. Her hips lifted and I pressed down against her lips, licking and kissing her pussy. When her hand pressed me lower I didn’t resist, but licked her anus like I knew she wanted. I kept my face buried in her ass and pussy until she grabbed my head with her hands and pulled me into her. She shivered and jerked against me, coming strongly. I licked her still until her shivering stopped. Then I moved up, kissing her bare skin. This time I pushed her nightie with me, stripping it up her body.

Marianne stiffened slightly and then relaxed, letting me strip off the nightie. I wiped my face on my side of the sheet and then let her take me in her arms. We held each other breast to breast, bare skin to bare skin until we fell asleep.  
  
I awoke alone. Marianne had left me in bed again. I heard the shower running and I got up to wander through the suite. I didn’t bother to dress. It probably wouldn’t be allowed anyway. I stood at the windows of the sitting room, naked, not caring if anyone could see me. It didn’t matter anymore. If she wanted me to be seen, I would be.  
  
Marianne came out of the bathroom, dressed in a long robe. With all she had done to me and what I had done to her the last two nights, I had never seen her naked. From touch I knew she had a nice body. I just had not been allowed to see it as she had seen mine.  
  
“Good morning. You didn’t come last night did you?”  
  
I looked at her and didn’t answer. I was remembering the first night and what she made me do. I was suddenly ashamed of myself. Marianne walked into the bedroom, not asking me to follow her. She came back with that hateful thing and a bottle of lubricant. She moved a chair from the dining table to the front of the window. Then she stuck it on the seat of the chair and drizzled some of the lubricant onto it.  
  
“Go ahead.”  
  
Woodenly I approached the chair and looked at it. It was so thick. I looked out the window of our suite at the building across from ours. Windows faced me, some dark, some with lights. I moaned softly but did as she wanted. I straddled that chair and held the hateful thing up. I lowered myself until I felt it at my lips. With a sob, I pressed down, feeling it slip inside me. Involuntarily I had moistened as soon as I saw it, even before it touched me. My nipples hardened. I pushed and more of it slid up me until my bare ass was on the chair seat. I looked at her. She nodded.  
  
With a whimper of shame, frustration and humiliation, I began to rise and fall on that thing, fucking myself in front of Marianne and looking out. I watched the windows across from me both ashamed and excited to think of someone seeing me doing such an intimate thing in plain sight.  
  
I watched each window as best I could as I fucked myself in front of ours. I didn’t know if I wanted someone to see me, to watch me. All I know is that what I was doing made me wetter. As I rose and fell, I clutched at my breasts and moaned. It didn’t take long. Before I knew what was happening, my stomach spasmed and my pussy clenched down on that fake penis, no cock, inside me. I squeezed my breasts, no my tits, and pinched my nipples as an orgasm rushed through me.  
  
When the spasms stopped I slumped back, still squeezing my tits with that cock buried deep in my pussy. I was panting and not really aware of surroundings until Marianne spoke.  
  
“Good girl.”  
  
Then I turned bright red although I was probably blushing before that. I stood hearing a sucking noise as that hateful cock left me. That made me blush harder if that was possible. Moisture tickled down my thighs. Marianne moved the chair back the dining table, but left the cock sticking up. She disappeared into the bedroom and returned with the thing for my ass. I began to tremble.  
  
“Bend over the table.”  
  
Shakily I walked to the table and bent over. She pushed on my back, making it arch which caused my cheeks to open. Marianne chuckled at how easy they opened, which caused me to whimper. I tried to remember if it hurt. I couldn’t remember but I was tense. Lubricant was dripped between my cheeks and I began to cry.   
  
“Shhhhh.”  
  
I managed to stop the sobs, the noise, but not the shuddering breaths. Marianne slowly traced the tip of the thing over my anus and after teasing my for a while, she pressed it forward. I clenched and she let up, waiting until I relaxed. You cannot clench your butt forever. As soon as she noticed me relaxing, she pushed again and the tip was inside me. I clenched again.  
  
“Relax.”  
  
I couldn’t relax, but I couldn’t stay clenched forever and as soon as my muscles let up she pushed until the whole damn thing was up me. Up me past the flange that flared out at the base. Up me until the flange was inside my ass and I closed around the smaller part right at the base. I was panting, sucking air and blushing so very hard at the ease that it went in. It hurt a little but mostly it was the feeling of fullness that was so alien to me. So full back there and as I got used to it almost nice. Marianne tipped up my chin so she could look in my eyes.  
  
“Sit.”  
  
I looked at her dubiously, then at the cock that had just a few minutes ago been up me. It surely wouldn’t fit inside me with this thing up my ass, would it? She led me to the chair and made me straddle it. She held the cock up and looked at me. I lowered slowly, at first looking at her, but I was too ashamed to hold her eyes. I closed them and lifted my head until I would have been staring over her.   
  
Marianne spread my lips and waited until the tip of that hateful cock was just inside them. Then she stood and put her hands on my shoulders.  
  
“Open your eyes.”  
  
I did, blushing, knowing what she had seen and what she wanted me to do. She pushed down and it went in a bit. I gasped. It felt bigger. She pushed down harder and I felt more of it go up. It felt so much bigger. She pushed and I hate to admit that I did also. Pushed down until that thing was up me too. Both of my openings, my holes, my pussy and ass were filled. Marianne watched me as I slid down it, watched my expressions which I am sure were pretty funny to her. It wasn’t funny to me, it was embarrassing.  
  
She smirked at me and I panted back. I was so full. It was both a bad and a good feeling. She walked to the phone and called room service.  
  
“Oh god, no Marianne. Oh god no, please.”  
  
“Don’t be so stupid, girl.”  
  
She went into the bathroom and returned with a towel, which she wrapped around me. She tucked it in behind me and it covered my breasts, no my tits. It still left my legs and thighs bare and I was sure you could see my skin all the way up to my ass. She helped me scoot the chair up to the table, making me wince as I moved. Then we waited.  
  
It wasn’t long before there was a knock on the door. I colored again. My face heated and turned bright red. She expected me to sit quietly with a cock up me and a thing up my ass while someone brought breakfast to me. I looked down as she walked to the door. The towel barely covered my pussy. My nipples stiffened again as she opened the door and my eyes went to my lap.  
  
I sat, humiliated, while a young woman put dishes on the table in front of me. I glanced once but the curious look on her face made me lower my eyes again. She had to know something strange was going on and I felt as if she knew what. That made me blush even more. Marianne chuckled at the expressions on my face. The woman had to see that I was naked under the towel. The whole scenario made me ooze around that cock. I could smell woman, smell me and I was sure the waitress could also.  
  
Marianne signed the check and as the woman turned to leave, she tweaked the towel so it fell, baring my tits. I am not sure if she saw them as Marianne escorted her to the door. Marianne returned and removed the towel, looking me up and down, making my face hotter. I felt the heat down my neck and to the tops of my tits. I was so embarrassed and humiliated.  
  
“Eat, then we will do some sightseeing. Then we will go home.”  
  
I busied myself eating to ignore her and what was in me, wondering what else she would think of to do to me. Nothing seemed farfetched anymore. Nothing.

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 06**

Marianne made me sit on that hateful cock, stuffed, while we ate. The thing in my bottom made the cock seem so much larger than it ever had before. I was truly stuffed, both front and back. And of course I was naked. Naked as I always was for Marianne, it seemed. Clothes for me were an afterthought for Marianne.  
  
It was hard to sit and eat as though there was nothing wrong with those two things up me. I did as well as I could. If I moved, it felt as though an electric current was shot into my abdomen. I was getting aroused again. No woman could sit with those things up her and not become aroused. I peeked down and saw that my nipples were hard and really sticking out. I was oozing around that fake cock. My bottom felt so full.  
  
It was a relief to finally be done and have Marianne get up and tell me to get up also. I rose as carefully as I could but I blushed with the sucking wet sound I made as my body left the cock that was inside me. My inner thighs up high were wet with my arousal. I still had that thing in my ass.  
  
She had me bend over the table and she spread my cheeks open. I sucked in air knowing what was coming. I felt her fingers at the base of the thing up my bottom and she pulled gently. I felt my anus widening and I gasped as it widened far enough to let the flange through. Suddenly I felt relief as it slid out of me, becoming narrower as each bit slid back. It didn’t pop as it left although I felt that it should have. I felt as though my anus was gaping. It probably was.   
  
Marianne handed it to me and pulled the fake cock off the chair.  
  
“Clean them and put them in my suitcase.”  
  
I held each with distaste and walked into the bathroom to wash them off. I did as I was told and in short order they were in her suitcase. Then I showered. I felt my anus and it was gaping open. That thing was large for that part of me. I felt violated and ashamed. Violated because she hadn’t asked me if I wanted that thing up my butt. Ashamed because of how easily she had inserted it inside me. I was ashamed and humiliated again. I wanted to throw that thing out the window, but they didn’t open so I couldn’t.   
  
I walked back out into the sitting room naked. Marianne looked at me. She smiled. She had seen me naked so often it didn’t bother me as much anymore. I still hadn’t seen her naked, not even a hint of nipple or pussy hair.   
  
“Do you like being naked for me?”  
  
“I don’t think I really have a choice, do I? If I came out dressed what would you say to me?”  
  
She smiled broadly.  
  
“Strip.”  
  
“Exactly. So I would have to undress again just after getting dressed. So I figure, what’s the point. It isn’t like you have never seen my body.”  
  
“Yes, you are right.”  
  
“So, what are we going to do? When do we leave?”  
  
“Well, the tickets back are for 8 o’clock so we could go sight seeing. Or we could just stay here and maybe I could arrange something for you. Or maybe we could play a game of dare. What do you think?”  
  
“I think I would prefer the sight seeing.”  
  
“That’s what I thought. We’ll do that, but first I think we’ll play a game of dare for you.”  
  
“Marianne, that isn’t fair. I think we should both play the same game for once. Let you see how it feels. Maybe then you wouldn’t be so eager to show me off.”  
  
“You think so? What kind of game do you think we could play together?”  
  
“What were you going to do to me?”  
  
“I thought about taking you to the stairway and having you undress there and walk back to the room.”  
  
“Umhmm. Well, how about this. We both go to the stairwell. I’ll take off my clothes and lay them down. I’ll stand naked while you take yours off too. No dropping them on the stairs. They have to be folded nicely. When we are both naked, we dress in each other’s clothes and come back to the room.”  
  
“That sounds interesting, girl. Let’s make it more interesting. We go to the stairwell and walk down three flights. You strip naked and fold your clothes nicely. I’ll strip naked and dress in your clothes. I put mine in my bag and we walk back up. You stay naked. You stay naked until we are back in the room.”  
  
“It isn’t fair, Marianne.”  
  
“I know, but I have those lovely pictures, don’t I?”  
  
“I know. Whatever you want to do.”  
  
“If it was whatever I want to do, you’d be naked in the stairwell and back up to the room. But I will be a good sport. I’ll take some risk too, just to show you I am not a frump. That’s as good as you will get.”  
  
I nodded, realizing that I was finally going to see her naked. It excited me even with the nerves that I felt thinking how far I was going to be naked. And how much of it was going to be in a reasonably public place. Marianne was going to be naked in front of me!  
  
I hurried into the bedroom to pick out clothes for each of us. I picked out blouses, bras, panties, and skirts, stockings and garter belts. I had Marianne watch me as I dressed. I put the stockings and garter belt on first, then the panties.  
  
“This is how you will wear this, Marianne.”  
  
“I see. So I have to take off my underpants before the garter belt can come off. Very cute, girl, very cute.”  
  
I didn’t think she would figure it out so fast. I wanted her to have to take off her underpants before she could get the garter belt off, making her bare her pussy for a longer time. It was a good idea and she didn’t seem to mind.  
  
She made me leave before she dressed, so I wouldn’t see her naked before the stairwell. I was wondering if she would strip or if she would just let me strip and refuse to herself. It wouldn’t take long to find out. She came out and smirked at me and walked to the door. I followed, nervously. I was going to be naked for much longer than she is, if she actually followed through and did it.  
  
We walked to the door to the stairs and Marianne showed me that she was pretty smart. She partially blocked the door on our floor open, since we really didn’t know if we could open it from inside once we got there. I certainly didn’t think of it. Marianne smiled at me. We walked down two flights of stairs. She stopped and so did I.  
  
“Well?”  
  
I began to undress. The blouse and skirt off, then the bra. I blushed as I pulled down the panties. Nudity still got to me. I bent and unhooked the garter belt and took it off. Then I toed off the heels and rolled down each stocking and removed them. As I took off each item, I folded it carefully and laid it on the landing. Marianne watched me with a tiny smile on her face. I wondered what she was thinking. When I was totally bare assed naked, she leaned over and kissed my cheek, making me blush even more.   
  
“I know that you think I am a bitch and that I don’t have the guts you do, girl. Come with me and see my guts.”  
  
She took my hand and led me down two more flights of stairs. Our room was on the ninth floor. We were now on the fifth floor landing. Marianne looked at me and set her bag on the landing. She unbuttoned her blouse. I was probably open-mouthed. I didn’t think she would do this. I really thought that when I was naked she would say April Fool or something like that.  
  
I watched her hands as she undid the blouse, pulled it out of her skirt and removed it. She folded it and put it in her bag. Then she undid and unzipped her skirt. It slid down her legs and she stepped out of it. She bent, picked it up, folded it and stowed it in the bag. The bra was next. She unclasped it and removed it without comment. It went in the bag, neatly folded. Her breasts, no tits, were bigger than mine were with large aureoles and nipples. Her nipples were as erect as mine were. Marianne was excited also.  
  
I just stood and stared at her. She smiled back at me. Her thumbs went to the waistband of her underpants and they were pushed down. I watched as her luxuriant bush came into view. It was a bush, but the hair was trimmed short, just not shaved like mine was. I knew she was hairy from having licked her the last two nights, but seeing it was a thrill. The hair was dark, almost black. I could see her lips peeking out. It was hot. I hardly realized that I was bare ass naked, I was watching her so hard.  
  
The panties went in the bag. She unhooked the garter belt and removed it. It went in the bag too. Her heels came off and she rolled down each stocking, removing them and placing them in the bag. Then she slipped on her heels just as I had two flights up.  
  
Marianne smiled at me. She was lovely. She was naked. I was naked. We were both naked in a hotel stairwell. My clothes were two flights up. Her clothes were in a bag at our feet. Marianne picked up the bag. She looked at it, then at me, at my naked body.  
  
“We really don’t need this do we?”  
  
I must have goggled at her. I know my mouth fell open as I watched her toss the bag down the stairs towards the fourth floor. To me, the sound of her bag bouncing sounded like a cannon. She stepped up beside me and took my hand. Then we both started climbing the stairs, climbing the stairs naked.   
  
Marianne held my hand and we walked up, heels clicking on each stair, naked together. I kept glancing at her. Watching her tits bounce as she climbed the stairs. I wanted to be behind her too, so I could see her ass and what it looked like as she climbed. I was almost dizzy. My pussy was oozing and my nipples so hard they almost hurt. Our legs brushed together as we climbed the stairs and I felt tingling as we touched. This was so much more bearable than me being the only one naked.  
  
When we reached my clothes, Marianne bent and picked up the key card for our room that she had laid on top of my folded stockings. She straightened up and looked at me.  
  
“Do you still think I have no courage, girl?”  
  
I couldn’t say much of anything, since she had stripped naked just as I had. And Marianne was still naked, just as I was.  
  
“Do you think we need these?”  
  
Her foot was touching my clothes. This time I gasped. I never would have believed she would even think of doing what I thought she was indicating. Marianne bent down and picked up the pair of stockings I had just removed.  
  
“I don’t think we need these, do you?”  
  
Her hand held them over the gap in the railing on the staircase. Her fingers opened and I watched them flutter slowly down, away from us. The garter belt followed them. She bent and picked up my underpants. She grinned at me, moved her hand over the opening. I didn’t think she would, but she did. Her fingers opened and my panties fluttered away.  
  
Marianne picked up my bra. It went over the railing. It fluttered down, out of sight. She could still wear my blouse and skirt, even if they didn’t fit her well. She picked up the skirt and unfolded it. Looking at with distaste, she held it over the opening.  
  
“Not my style.”  
  
The skirt, my skirt, disappeared from sight. The last was my blouse. Marianne put it on and buttoned it. I was disappointed. Surprisingly it fit fairly well. Perhaps we were more of a size than I realized. Marianne looked down at the blouse. It covered her to below her pussy and ass. She would look funny but still be covered. She looked at me and smiled.  
  
“No courage, girl? This blouse is not me at all. Don’t you agree?”  
  
I couldn’t speak as I watched her unbutton it and slip it off, baring her body to me all over again. I watched as her hand, holding it, went over the railing.   
  
“No guts, huh?”  
  
The blouse fluttered out of sight. God knows how far each item of my clothing fell, but we were naked. Gloriously naked in a hotel stairway.  
  
Marianne took my hand and we walked up the two flights of stairs to the door at our floor. Without looking, she opened the door and ushered me through it. I stiffened because she hadn’t even looked. But she was right behind me. We had at least one hundred feet to walk to our room. One hundred feet where we could be caught naked. Marianne took my hand again and we walked down the hall as if we were fully dressed. No one was in the hall but the two of us.  
  
Twenty-five feet from our room, the elevator bell rung and I almost stopped. Marianne pulled me along. She made me walk next to her. If we were not inside our room before people came out we could be seen. Marianne didn’t bend over or cover up; she walked as though she was dressed.  
  
I wanted to run. I was screaming inside to hurry, hurry, hurry. I didn’t want to be seen naked again, even with her naked beside me. Marianne walked as if she was completely dressed. Each step brought us nearer to the elevator and being caught. I gasped softly as I heard the door opening. A man and a woman stepped out and turned away from us, talking and not even looking our way. I took a deep breath and glanced at Marianne. Her mouth moved as if she was going to call to the couple. I moaned and she chuckled quietly.  
  
We reached to door to our suite and Marianne looked me up and down, gazing at my naked body. I looked at hers and blushed deeply. She kissed my cheek and slowly used the key card to open the door. Then she walked inside and turned to me. I was still in the hall, naked but for heels. Marianne smiled and then took my hand and led me inside. She led me to the window, that tall floor to ceiling window. She moved a chair in front of it and sat. I was turned so my ass was facing the window. Her legs opened and she pulled down on my hand. I went to my knees facing her. I looked at her. She nodded.  
  
My face went down and between her legs. I kissed her pussy. Marianne’s fingers brushed through my hair, caressing me. Bent over and on my knees, my ass was up in the air and I could feel cool air on my pussy and anus. I was embarrassed at what I must look like from behind. But I ignored my feelings and licked her. I licked her pussy and then without her hands pushing me, I licked lower to her anus, her asshole.  
  
When my tongue touched her there, she gave a deep shuddering sigh and clutched my head tighter. I knew she was loving it and knowing that I wanted her to love it more. So I licked her asshole for her. Licked and kissed it. Pressed my lips to it. Made it wet. I tried to stick my tongue up her asshole, but couldn’t. But I could stick my tongue up her pussy and I moved up and did that for her.  
  
She was softly moaning and clutching at my head. I moved up to her clitoris and licked and sucked on it, feeling her grip get tighter. I knew she was close and I kissed and licked her there until she tensed and then spasmed. I continued to lick her clitoris and pussy until the shudders and spasms weakened. Then I lifted my head to smile at her. Marianne’s eyes were closed and she was panting.  
  
I didn’t care that my ass was in the air in front of window. I didn’t care that hundreds of people could be watching me eat her and seeing my ass and pussy. I just wanted her to feel good. Doing that for her made me feel good as strange as it sounds.  
  
“No sightseeing, girl. I haven’t the strength for it now. Go wash up and I will pick out clothes for you to wear home.”  
  
I showered quickly, thinking happily about having clothes again. I dried my hair and put on makeup to look my best. When I came out of the bathroom, Marianne was sitting in front of the window in a robe. She smiled at me and pointed to the bedroom. Then she rose and walked into the bathroom. I hurried to the bedroom and gaped at the clothes. There was a bra and panties. Underneath them was a blouse and slacks. I hurriedly dressed, so happy to have something on and even underwear!  
  
Marianne came in and motioned me out. I wanted to stay and see her naked again, but she wasn’t going to allow that. I went out and sat in the chair and looked out the window at the building across the street. I could see movement and blushed. My mind pictured me kneeling naked with my ass facing those windows. I wondered. Had someone watched me licking her? Had someone seen my bare naked ass? It made me shiver. My mind pictured people watching me lick Marianne, their eyes seeing both of us naked and me performing oral sex on her. It was a humiliating rush to see that in my mind’s eye.  
  
Marianne came out dressed.   
  
“The bags are packed. Call for a bellman and we’ll go downstairs for a drink or two before we leave.”  
  
I was happy that I was going to stay clothed. I called and we waited until the bellman arrived and followed him out of the suite to the elevator. Marianne checked our bags and we went into the bar. She led me to a corner table and ordered for both of us. I was her child and not old enough to know what I wanted. We sat in companionable silence and drank, people watching. I imagined that some of the people in the bar had been across the street, looking at us earlier. I just knew that they had seen both of us naked and that made me blush.  
  
“Why the blushes, girl?”  
  
“I am daydreaming.”  
  
“What about?”  
  
“I am daydreaming that those two men over there were across the street earlier and that they watched you and I. They watched while I licked you.”  
  
I said that very quietly. Marianne smiled at me.  
  
“You have a vivid imagination.”  
  
“It could be true, Marianne. They could have been watching.”  
  
“Isn’t it more exciting to actually know that someone has seen you rather than imagining it?”  
  
“Either way is humiliating. It’s almost worse to not know. They could be talking about me, about how dirty I was.”  
  
“Personally, I think it’s better for you to know for sure, girl. Although it seems that the fear of being caught does something to you too. It’s rather cute.”  
  
“I can’t help the blushing. It’s the way I am.”  
  
“Yes, I know and it is rather cute. I enjoy that very much. Did you enjoy last night?”  
  
“Which part? Having my clothes sold off my back or when we got back?”  
  
“Oh, I think having your clothes sold for charity was more exciting for you. Especially the walk about the tables after you had given your all for charity. I know the waiters loved you.”  
  
I turned a deep scarlet red. I could see they eyes of the waiters as Marianne walked me up to them naked. I could feel the heat of their eyes on me all over again. And then, when she turned me so my bare ass faced them and made me bend over for them, god I felt as though it was happening all over again. She smirked at me, watching my face heat and color. She knew me too well.  
  
Silence enveloped us as she smirked and I couldn’t think of anything to say. We sat quietly again. No words were shared but I could almost hear what she was thinking. I knew what I was thinking. I was seeing me naked, bare ass naked, in front of those men, some even younger than me. And then Marianne turning me and telling me to bend over. And the humiliating feeling as my cheeks opened, showing my anus and pussy to them. How could she do this to me and not be somewhat ashamed too?  
  
I sat and thought about how many people had seen me naked at her instigation over the last two weeks. There were the janitors, the mail clerks, the corporate officers, oh god, the salesman who I had known for two years. Then the men on the train, the bellmen and the room service waiters. And the charity people, who knew Marianne, well over one hundred of them, probably closer to one hundred fifty and then the waiters who served dinner last night.  
  
Jesus, it was getting close to two hundred people who had seen me without a stitch on, in just two short weeks! I couldn’t believe, didn’t want to believe that I had done that in such a short time. I continued to daydream about what had happened and what could happen to me in the future and the familiar tingling low down in my belly began again. My nipples hardened, the treacherous shits!  
  
It didn’t take much to arouse me anymore. I blushed again. I was sure that Marianne knew.   
  
All to soon we had to leave. We caught a cab after we had retrieved our bags. At the station we boarded the train and Marianne wandered the cars until she found one that was empty. Amtrak did not have much business. We took seats facing each other after we stowed our bags. Before long the train was moving, taking us back to our home.

Marianne stood and brought her camera to her eyes, taking a picture of me reading a magazine in a train car. I glanced up and saw that damn camera. The one that had gotten me into this mess.  
  
My stomach tightened up and my mouth went dry. She wouldn’t! Oh, but she would, she already had just two nights ago.  
  
I tried to ignore her. She took several pictures of me, taking care to show that I was in a train car. Then Marianne sat down across from me, smiling at me. Her smile made me more nervous.  
  
Before long the conductor came through and punched our tickets. I got more nervous. He came back through, smiling at the two of us. When he passed through to the next car Marianne leaned forward. I shivered involuntarily.  
  
“Take your clothes off, girl.”  
  
“Can’t you call me by my name?”  
  
“All right, take off your clothes, Sabine, now.”  
  
I moaned softly, but my hands went to my coat and removed it. As much as I hated doing this, it turned me on. I didn’t want to do it and I did want to do it. My hands went to my blouse and I unbuttoned it, tugged it out of my slacks and off. Marianne took it away from me and folded it neatly, laying it beside her. I sobbed and undid my slacks, squirming to get them over my hips. Once they had passed my hips they slid down effortlessly. Soon they were folded and were on top of my blouse. My bra came off next, slowly because I would be showing my tits. I held onto it over my tits, not wanting to bare them. Marianne reached over and gently pulled the bra away from me.   
  
I held an arm over them, covering myself. Marianne chuckled and shook her head no. The arm lowered exposing my erect nipples, my traitorous nipples. I hooked my thumbs in my underpants and pushed them down, letting them fall after they had reached below my knees. This time I bent over and lifted each foot out of them. Then, blushing hotly, I handed them to her. Naked, I watched her look at me. Her eyes made me blush darker and hotter. My body shivered. I was excited all over again. Marianne looked me up and down, seeing every inch of my skin. It was so hot and so embarrassing.  
  
She smiled.  
  
“Get up, Sabine.”  
  
I stood shakily. I watched her lift the camera.  
  
“Walk down to the door.”  
  
Trembling, I walked down the aisle, naked, hearing the camera click and whir. Marianne took pictures of my naked ass as I walked down the aisle of a train. When I reached the door, I turned and walked back, fighting to keep my hands at my sides. Marianne took more pictures of me walking back, now showing my tits and pussy to the camera.  
  
“Very good, Sabine, very good. I am glad to see you obeying.”  
  
I just sobbed softly. My sobbing was involuntary. It just happened. She made me sit there naked, having me open my legs for her to see my pussy. She smiled at the look on my face. It was like I had to fight to do what she wanted. She clicked a few more pictures of me in the gynecological pose, legs open and pussy showing. I hated it when she did that. It made me feel dirty.  
  
I kept hearing noises and jumped at each one, thinking some one was entering the car that we were in. Marianne giggled at me each time. I was so red my face was burning. You would think that I would be used to this by now, but I don’t think I ever will get used to it. I hated being naked and I loved it, but I wasn’t going to tell Marianne that. Some things need to be a secret.  
  
As the train rolled along it started to get darker and I felt better sitting naked as the sun went down. The car seemed dimmer and I felt as though I wasn’t as visible. It still isn’t nice sitting bare ass naked in a public place, even if only one person is seeing you.  
  
Marianne had all my clothes and I had laid my coat on the seat next to me. I felt dirty and excited at the same time. My pussy was tingling and very damp. My nipples were hard and sticking out and Marianne knew that I was turned on. I knew she knew.  
  
Every now and then she would reach over and tweak a nipple, giggling as I sucked in a breath. She loved to feel my nipples, especially the first time since they were always hard, even before she touched me. She loved to watch my expressions. I would grimace, bite my lip to keep quiet and squirm as she touched me.  
  
After about twenty minutes Marianne spoke.  
  
“Slide your ass to the edge of the seat and put your feet up on it, legs open.”  
  
I whimpered softly but did as she told me.  
  
My knees kind of hid my tits so I felt a little better, but my pussy was right out in the open.  
  
“Look into my eyes.”  
  
I was almost hypnotized and did. Marianne leaned forward and I felt her hand at my lips. I gasped out loud. She giggled. Then she slid a finger up and down my lips, seeing how wet I was. She chuckled.  
  
“I don’t think you are that embarrassed, Sabine. I think you are loving this.”  
  
As soon as she said that, she slid a finger up me, making me give a little squeak. I sucked in a breath as I felt her palm rest on my lips with her finger inside me. It felt so nice and so naughty. I kept looking at her eyes, seeing them smile at me. Then she began to push in and out of me, making me gasp softly. She did this for a while until my hips lifted involuntarily. She chuckled again and her finger slid out of me. She held it up so we both could see the wetness from me on it. Then she extended her arm so her finger was in front of my face.  
  
“Suck.”  
  
I moaned.   
  
“Marianne, please, I don’t want to.”  
  
“Suck.”  
  
She frowned at me and my mouth opened and I sucked her finger inside, tasting myself. She made me nervous. I never knew what else she do to me so I minded.  
  
She let me suck all the wetness off her finger, giving me a good taste of my pussy. Then she pulled her arm back and her finger left my mouth. It was a funny taste, not unlike her. I was ashamed of myself for doing it. She let me sit for a while, shivering with frustration and excitement. Then she leaned forward again.  
  
Her hand was soon on my pussy and a finger was up me again. Marianne squeezed me, making me whimper again. Then she began to thrust her finger in and out of me. She kept it up as long as I was still. I was blushing terribly. As soon as my body took over and my hips lifted to her hand, she pulled back, leaving me empty. I silently cursed her. I wanted to touch myself now and reached down.  
  
“Stop it! Keep your hands away. As a matter of fact, sit on them.”  
  
She watched me carefully as I lifted one side of my ass then the other so I could sit on my hands. She made sure that I couldn’t touch myself, and then she sat back, smirking at me. I was so hot it wasn’t funny. She waited about ten minutes and then leaned forward again. I closed my eyes this time as she stuck her finger up me. I bit my lip trying to hold still. She thrust in and out and I tried to lock my muscles so she would take me over the edge, but it was impossible. My hips lifted again and her finger slid out of me, leaving me panting and aroused. Marianne giggled at me. My face was beet red and I was panting. My hips humped empty air for a few seconds.  
  
Marianne waited until I calmed down, then she offered me her finger again. I began to cry tears and shakily opened my mouth so she could put it in. As soon as her finger touched my tongue, my lips closed around it and I began to suck. This time as I sucked the wetness off her other hand cupped and fondled my tits and nipples. My cheeks were wet from tears and little droplets dripped off my chin.   
  
Marianne continued to tease and torment me for over an hour. Playing with me until I couldn’t help moving, then leaving me empty. Watching me until my breathing became steady, then having me suck my wetness off her finger. Shaming me by making me respond so wantonly and then making me suck. I would have kissed her pussy and ass if she would have asked me to. I would have licked her ass, but she didn’t ask. She just smiled and smirked at me, at how I responded to her. I had a knot in my lower belly from being so close to orgasm and then cut off so many times. It actually hurt.  
  
Finally she tired of making me make a spectacle of myself for her enjoyment and she leaned back in her seat.  
  
“You can put your coat on, but leave it unbuttoned and open so I can see you if I want to.”  
  
I hurriedly put it on, but left it open as she wanted. I put my feet down to keep from cramping, which she allowed, but I had to keep my legs open for her. Just so she could see my pussy and how swollen and red the lips were. I didn’t know how bad I was until I looked down. I was puffy and pretty red and now I was embarrassed totally. She had aroused me to the point of orgasm and left me hanging several times and it showed. My pussy was actually throbbing.  
  
I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, trying to get myself to think of something other than sex. Being aroused so many times made me tired and I dozed off. Marianne let me. I am sure she watched and looked at me all the time I was asleep.   
  
She woke me up as we just entered the outskirts of our hometown. For a moment I didn’t know where I was, but as I looked down I remembered. I saw my naked body and blushed. My knees came together and Marianne didn’t say a word.   
  
“Marianne, may I please have my clothes?”  
  
“I think you have enough to wear, Sabine. You can even button your coat now.”  
  
I was still embarrassed, but I bit back a smart remark and buttoned the coat up. I sat miserably, still hurting inside from being taken to the edge of orgasm so many times and then left hanging. My lips felt swollen still and my nipples almost felt as though they were raw. I sat quietly and stared out the window. Marianne was sitting quietly too and I wondered what she was thinking, but I was afraid to ask. The silence was welcome to me.  
  
We finally got to the station and got our bags down. Marianne made me open mine and put my clothes in it. Then I had to close it. I was still naked under the coat except for my shoes. We left the train and walked to the ramp where she had parked. I expected her to make me remove the coat, but she didn’t. She didn’t even make me open it on the drive home. It wasn’t at all like her and it made me nervous.  
  
She dropped me off and watched me walk inside my apartment building. I know because I turned to look as I reached the door. Marianne was still there. I was really nervous wondering what she was thinking and what she might make me do now.   
  
I went inside and unpacked, made a bowl of soup and ate, and then I went to bed. It was late but I didn’t sleep well at all.  
  
I got up the next morning, Monday morning and got ready for work. I drove in slowly, getting more and more nervous as I got closer to work. I finally was there and had to make myself get out of my car and walk inside. Marianne was there ahead of me, but her door was closed. I sat down and busied myself with some work.   
  
After about fifteen minutes another woman from the office came out of Marianne’s office, looked at me and walked away. In a few minutes another woman from work came and knocked at Marianne’s door. She entered, was there for a few minutes and left, looking at me just like the first one had. My stomach was in a knot imagining all sorts of things. Several woman followed, spent a few minutes each with Marianne and left, each one looking at me as they came out of her office. By now I was in a state of panic. I had trouble breathing normally. My mind was imagining all sorts of things that she was going to do to me.  
  
Marianne came out and handed me a list of names.  
  
“Call them and have them come here in ten minutes.”  
  
Then she turned and went back into her office. I did as I was told and soon six women were there in front of my desk. They were all smiling at me, which made my stomach lurch. Marianne came out and invited them into her office. Then she crooked her finger at me. Nervously I stood and followed her into her office. Marianne shut the door behind me with ominous click.  
  
“Go over to the conference table and stand at the side.”  
  
I did as I was told and looked down. Lying on the table was a thick yardstick, two strange looking clips with a chain attaching them and oh my god, the thing she stuck up my ass! I turned beet red and turned around.  
  
“Turn back around and be still and not a word.”  
  
I turned and stood trembling. I could hear voices but they were low enough that I couldn’t make out words. I was so afraid.  
  
Marianne came up beside me.  
  
“Are you dressed properly?”  
  
“Y-y-y-yes”  
  
“Bend over and rest your hands on the table.”  
  
I did as she told me, shivering and trembling and starting to cry.  
  
The six women came up to the table and clustered around it, looking at me. I couldn’t look at them and let my head hang down.  
  
“Sabine, you made a promise to me, one that you said you would keep. But this weekend there were three times that you broke your promise. Remember me saying that’s once, and that’s twice and that’s three? You should remember and if you don’t, I promise you that shortly you will.”  
  
With that she gripped the hem of my dress and lifted it over my ass, letting it fall on the small of my back. I started to get up; I was so embarrassed that these other women were here. Marianne smacked my bare ass and I shrieked, but the smack made me stay mostly bent over. She told one of the women to get it off me. The woman stepped up, gripped the hem and pulled it up and over my head. I was hyperventilating, trying to suck in air. I was naked but for shoes and stockings. The woman got the dress down my arms and lifted one hand to pull it off that arm, then the other. My dress was gone. Marianne moved in front of me and lifted my head with her hand. She looked stern, almost angry. I trembled and sobbed, tears running out of my eyes.  
  
Marianne picked up the strange looking clips and chain. She reached under me and found a nipple. As usual, it was hard, but she fondled it, pinched it, twisted it and pulled it out. I was looking at her, but I couldn’t see her through my tears. I was so ashamed at being naked and having women I worked with seeing her play with my nipple it was almost enough to make me run out of the office naked. As my nipple grew harder and more erect, Marianne pulled it out, stretching it. Then with a quick movement, she put one of the clips on it. When it closed, my eyes widened and I shrieked again. Oh god it hurt!  
  
Marianne stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth to keep my noise down. I was sucking air through my nose, bawling. I went to pull the clip off my nipple, but two of the women grabbed my arms and held them. My eyes went to Marianne and I felt her hand on my other nipple, pinching, twisting and pulling it out. Before the second clip was even attached I tried to get up. Another woman pushed down on my back and the three of them held me as I struggled to get up, gasping and gagging on the dry cloth in my mouth. She got it on me and it felt as though someone had held a lighter under my nipple. It burned, it hurt, and oh god it hurt.  
  
I shrieked again, tried to get up and couldn’t and bawled. Snot was dripping out of my nose and down my upper lip. The other three women smirked at me and walked out of my sight. I felt my cheeks pulled open and started babbling no, but no one could hear me through the handkerchief.  
  
I felt something drizzle on my anus and then pressure. I clenched my cheeks as hard as I could, but with two of them holding me open I couldn’t close them. But my anal muscle was clamped tight.   
  
“Relax or this is going to hurt more than I want, Sabine.”  
  
No matter what I heard or what she said, I wasn’t going to unclench. Someone reached under me and tweaked my clitoris and I gasped and let up just a little. The tip of that damn thing went up me. I clenched down again as the woman pushed harder and shrieked as she forced it deeper up my rectum. More stuff was drizzled on my anus and the thing, she pulled back a little, I relaxed a little and then it was up deep, just the flange outside. She twisted it, I shrieked again and it was in. I was bawling, panting and shuddering. They were holding me down naked. They had clipped my nipples and shoved a thing up my ass.  
  
I had forgotten about the pain in my nipples, but now the chain was gripped and tugged. I shrieked again. It was a good thing they had my arms or I would have ripped the clips off and probably hurt myself even worse. Marianne stroked my hair until my sobbing slowed and breathing was close to normal as it was going to get.  
  
“Sabine, you promised me and I intend to see that you will keep your promises. Three times and for those three times you chose to ignore your word, you will get ten on your ass. That will be thirty. These women are here because they are witnesses and will keep their mouths shut. I sincerely hope this will make you think twice about keeping your word.”  
  
I heard but I didn’t really understand what she was saying until a few seconds after she stopped talking. That was when the yardstick hit my ass. My head jerked up, eyes wide open in shock and a shriek came out of my lungs, muffled by the handkerchief in my mouth. The women held me down until I relaxed a little, then the second blow came and I jerked up again, howling in pain. But this time it was different. One of the woman had held the chain between the clips down on the table. When I jerked up I hit the end of the chain and it felt like my nipples had been cut off. The other two held my arms so I couldn’t get my hands to my tits and nipples. My mouth was wide open screaming. My nipples were on fire. She hit me again, this time catching the base of that hateful thing in my ass, driving it deeper. I shrieked again and jerked up howling as I hit the end of the chain.  
  
My mind finally understood what was happening and my hands scrabbled for the edge of the table. I gripped it hard, so hard my knuckles turned white. I wasn’t going to let myself jerk up again. I could feel the hand under my chest holding the chain and groaned in agony. My nipples hurt so badly. I was bending my knees, lifting and circling my ass to cool it. It was burning also.  
  
Marianne hit me again, waited a few seconds and then again. My ass was bobbing and weaving about in a futile attempt to cool it. She gave me a few moments to really feel the burning, then gave me five more, one right after another. I was bawling, howling, weaving my ass all over. After ten blows she smoothed my hair away from my face. Snot was running out of my nose and along with the tears was dripping off my face.  
  
I gripped the table edge like it was a life preserver and I was drowning. Marianne disappeared from the side of me and I took a deep breath. I knew what was coming.  
  
The first made the fire in my ass hotter and each one thereafter made it burn hotter and hotter. After another five she gave me a short break to get my breathing slowed, then she gave me the next five, hitting the base of that thing three times. The third time I couldn’t help myself and jerked up again. I hit the end of that damn chain and felt as though my nipples were ripped off. I howled and yowled, muffled by the handkerchief, bobbing my ass up and down, alternately bending my knees. My ass was weaving back and forth and up and down. Marianne let me calm down as much as I could.  
  
I could hear the women snickering at me, at the sight I was making, at the sight of my naked body. They commented on how the thing went up me and how I reacted when it was hit. They talked about how my tits stretched out when I hit the end of the chain, snickering. They laughed at my muffled howls and how my nose was running, what my face looked like with tears and snot all over it. I was so excruciatingly humiliated.  
  
Marianne moved to the front of me.  
  
“Are you going to forget your promise to me again, Sabine?”  
  
I shook my head no, no, no. I was begging her with my eyes to stop, to let me up.  
  
“I am sure you will remember, especially after we are done.”

My eyes were begging, calling Marianne, please, please let me up; I will be good, I promise. But she only stared at me and moved behind me again. I tensed up, not a good idea.  
  
The yardstick came down and struck me low on my ass, just above my thighs. I went up on tiptoes howling again. She hit me again and again and again and again. My ass was weaving again, one knee pressed to the back of the other. I was bending my knees so my ass went up and down. I heard giggles from behind me. I hated those women, I hated them. I hated Marianne.  
  
Silence, then a whooshing sound, then a band of fire across my ass, just like all the others. I howled. I waited. A whoosh. A crack. A band of burning fire overlaying the others. I howled. I cried. Snot bubbled out of my nose and down my chin. My ass bobbing in the air, side to side and up and down. Marianne waited. My ass slowed.  
  
Then she hit me low again, just above my thighs. I jerked up again and shrieked as my nipples caught fire. They were as hot or hotter than my poor ass. I shuddered and shook. I gasped. My ass slowed as the pain in my nipples overrode the burning in my ass.  
  
Then I was caught down low again. Burning, hot, fire, oh my god I was going die.   
  
“The last one Sabine. You will remember won’t you?”  
  
The whoosh of the yardstick, hitting me low again, right over the same spot as the last two. The burning heat, the fire at the bottom of my ass was never going to go out. I was too exhausted to shriek or howl or yowl. I just knew that this was over, at least the beating.  
  
Marianne laid the yardstick down next to me and pulled me upright by an arm. My free hand went to my right breast and nipple, cradling it, panting. She turned me to look at her. She wiped my eyes so I could see her, see them. I didn’t care at that moment that I was naked.   
  
“Nothing gets said. Nothing.”  
  
As she said that she fixed each of the women with a look. They might not say anything, but I would know each time they saw me. I would know that they watched me take a beating for a reason they really didn’t know. Watched me naked with a thing up my ass and my nipples pinched beyond reality. Watched me be humiliated, really humiliated. Being naked was nothing compared to this.  
  
I looked out of the corner of my eye, fixing each one in my memory. I would never forget their faces; their voices that they had seen me humiliated beyond anything I had ever imagined.  
  
Marianne lifted my chin, handing me the cloth she used to wipe my eyes.  
  
“Clean the table.”  
  
I turned to get them out of my sight to see the puddle of tears and snot that I had left there. The puddle coaxed out of me by my beating. I heard them stand and the door open, listened as they walked out. I didn’t care that the door was open and that I was naked, I just wanted them gone. I wanted them gone. I wiped up my mess, sniffling a little. Marianne closed the door.  
  
I stood facing away from her, silently crying again. She turned me to face her.  
  
“Be a good girl Sabine and this will never happen again. Be a bad girl and you may think that this was a love game. Do you understand?”  
  
I couldn’t speak, but I nodded yes.  
  
“Get dressed and back to work.”  
  
I scurried for my dress and put it on, wincing as it touched my ass. I didn’t even care that I still had the clips on my nipples and the thing up my ass. I wanted to be away from her now, I was afraid of her.  
  
I scurried out, shutting the door behind me and was fine until I saw the six of them watching me. Until I sat down and felt that hateful thing push deeper. Until the burning of my ass touched the seat of my chair. I sucked in air and gasped out, clutching the arms of my chair, lifting a little. I was going to be a good girl, a very good girl. I settled back down, my ass, my burning ass, touching the seat, wincing and sucking in a breath. A very good girl.

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 07**

I sat on my chair, softly moaning to myself. My ass felt as though someone had poured gasoline on it and lit it on fire. It burned, god it burned!  
  
Besides the pain in my ass I had that thing up my rectum, my asshole, and the pressure was not helping one little bit. And in addition to that my nipples still had the clips on them. I wanted to take out the thing but I didn’t dare. Marianne had not told me that I could. She had made me afraid of her; afraid of what she might do to me if I did something she didn’t like. That fear kept me from removing the clips from my nipples too. The pain there wasn’t really pain anymore, just a dull ache and numbness.  
  
I struggled to concentrate on some of my work, afraid if I just sat and did nothing that would result in another punishment. Unfortunately I was unable to concentrate and I kept getting more nervous. I managed to get a few things done before Marianne came out of her office. She motioned me to come inside. I pulled myself up and stumbled into her office behind her. Marianne closed the door.  
  
“Bend over the table.”  
  
I walked to it shakily and bent over. Marianne flipped up my dress.  
  
“Spread your cheeks for me.”  
  
I moaned but reached back and pulled myself open, whimpering as my hands touched my burning ass. She grasped the base of the thing inside me and gently pulled back. I tried to relax my anus so it would come out easily but it was hard with my ass burning. She finally got it out and laid it on the table.  
  
“Stand up, turn to face me and drop the top of your dress.”  
  
I rose, turned and slipped my shoulder straps down. I pulled on the neck of the dress so my tits and nipples were bare. Marianne gently removed one and then the other clip. I gasped in relief and then clutched my tits as feeling came back into my nipples. My mouth opened and I gasped loudly as the blood rushed back into them. Oh Jesus it hurt! Marianne watched me, then gently pulled down my hands.  
  
“Leave them, they will feel better in a while although you might not believe me. Now look at me.”  
  
I looked up. I had been staring at my nipples as they burned. My eyes were blurry from unshed tears.  
  
“I didn’t want to do any of this to you, but you broke your promise to me and I needed you to understand the consequences of broken promises. You’ll be sore, you’ll hurt, and you’ll probably hate me for this, but you need to understand that I will not let you go back on a promise. In a few days the hurt will be gone, but the memory should stay much longer. What did you promise me, Sabine?  
  
“I-I-I p-p-promised that I would show whoever you wished my body whenever you wished and wherever you wished.”  
  
“That’s correct. Do you think we will have any more problems with you?”  
  
“N-n-no Marianne.”  
  
“That’s good, because now we are going to take a walk through the office.”  
  
Marianne motioned me to leave and she followed me out. She directed me to the wall of offices for the salesmen. When we reached the first she stopped me.  
  
“You will go in with me and ask him if he wants to see one, two or three. One is your tits. Two is your ass. Three is your pussy. Perhaps we need a different name for that. Which do you prefer, cunt or twat?”  
  
I began to sob softly.  
  
“Well?”  
  
“T-t-twat Marianne.”  
  
“Fine, three is your twat. When he chooses, you will say something like you want to see my twat? And then you will show him what he has chosen. Do you understand?”  
  
“Y-y-yes Marianne.”  
  
“Go ahead then.”  
  
I stepped into the first office with Marianne behind me. I was blushing terribly. The man looked at the two of us curiously and greeted Marianne. I looked at her and saw the expression on her face.  
  
“Please choose one, two or three.”  
  
He looked at me and then at her.  
  
“Please for god’s sake choose.”  
  
“Two.”  
  
“You want to see my ass?”  
  
I turned so my ass was facing him and lifted my dress, baring it. I stood, humiliated and embarrassed, letting him look at my ass, my red, beaten ass. I was so ashamed that I had to be the one to ask and then show. It was like it was my idea rather than hers. I did as I was told however. I knew she no qualms about making sure I obeyed. She let me stand there, ass bared, and then finally motioned me outside.  
  
“Not a word to anyone.”  
  
Marianne caught up with me. I was so grateful hearing those words come out of her mouth I could have hugged her. At least, if he listened to her, no one would ever hear of what I had done.  
  
“The next one.”  
  
I moaned softly and walked to the next office. She followed me inside. The woman looked at me and then at Marianne.  
  
“Please choose one, two or three.”  
  
She looked at me curiously.  
  
“Three.”  
  
“You want to see my twat?”  
  
I lifted my dress in front, baring my almost clean-shaven pussy. The woman at first looked shocked, but then broke out laughing which made tears leak from my eyes. I felt like a slut. I was so ashamed. Marianne made me stand with my dress lifted for what seemed like an hour, then told me to leave.  
  
“Not a word to anyone.”  
  
As she caught up to me I walked to the next office. It was the one of the man most people didn’t really like, but because he was good he was kept around. I didn’t want to go inside. Marianne lifted an eyebrow. I scurried inside.  
  
“Please choose one, two or three.”  
  
He looked at me and then at Marianne.  
  
“One.”  
  
“You want to see my tits?”  
  
I lifted my hands up and slipped the straps down, then pulled down the top of my dress, baring my tits to him. I felt dirty and slutty. He smiled at me lazily and gazed at my tits and nipples. I blushed hard and felt ashamed. Marianne made me stand there for a long time before motioning me outside.  
  
“Not a word to anyone.”  
  
I stood woodenly in the hall, waiting for her. Marianne joined me. There were sixteen more offices, just like the first three and I didn’t know how I was going to make it. I was so embarrassed.  
  
“Do you like this?”  
  
“N-n-no.”  
  
“Do you want it to end?”  
  
“Y-y-yes.”  
  
“Then I want you to choose three people who haven’t seen any of you before, invite them to my office and then tell each one which number to choose. They each must choose a different number. Then you will ask them the same questions and then you will remove your dress, heels and stockings. You will then stand facing them, holding your tits up for them with your legs spread. When I tell you to turn around, you will, bend over and grab your ankles and stay down until I tell you can get up. I will expect you and three staff or sales persons in my office in fifteen minutes.”  
  
Then Marianne turned and walked back towards her office, leaving me standing in shock. I stood for a few seconds and then hurried to find three people who I could stand stripping for. I choose a young salesman who I felt was nice and two secretaries that I knew slightly. I hurried back to Marianne’s office and waited for them to arrive. I felt slightly nauseated. They arrived and I knocked at Marianne’s door, then opened it and ushered them inside. I stood, unbearably ashamed, until Marianne nodded at me.  
  
“P-p-please, will you choose one, you two and you three?”  
  
They looked at me quizzically.  
  
“Oh god, please choose.”  
  
I was rewarded by hearing one, two and three from them and my stomach tightened.  
  
“You want to see my tits, ass and twat?”  
  
Then with a sob, I slipped my shoulder straps down and pushed my dress to my ankles. I heard a gasp, two gasps. I ignored that and stepped out of my dress, toed off my heels and began rolling down a stocking.   
  
“What the hell is going on?”  
  
“Just watch and enjoy her.”  
  
I hid my face by being bent over and removed the first stocking, then rolled the other down and off. Then blushed scarlet, I cupped my tits and lifted them and spread my feet apart. I was so humiliated! Marianne made me stand there, holding my tits up like I was offering them to the three people who were staring at me in disbelief. When she finally had me turn around it was a relief for me to not have to see them staring at me. I turned and bent over, then grasped my ankles. My feet were apart for balance and I knew that they could see my twat and asshole. They could see the crack of my ass and everything it hid. I sobbed softly and held my position.  
  
I felt as though I stood bent over for them for a long, long time. I thought that it would never end. I was scarlet red and shivering. My reddened ass was pointed right at them. They could tell that I had had something done to me. I wasn’t at all aroused like I had been before. This was total humiliation for me. Finally Marianne told me I could straighten up. I did and stood facing away from them with my hands under my chin, trembling. I heard snickers from behind me and sobbed softly.  
  
“Not a word to anyone.”  
  
I stood shaking until I heard them open the door and close it. Marianne came up and put her arms around me. She hugged me and just broke down, bawling out loud.  
  
“Shhh, it’s all over now. You’re all right and nothing has been hurt.”  
  
“B-b-but they s-s-saw me n-n-naked.”  
  
“They weren’t the first and you are not hurt, Sabine. Maybe a little embarrassed but you are not hurt.”  
  
“Marianne, my butt is burning and my nipples ache. How could you?”  
  
“It was your fault, Sabine. I wasn’t the one who made the promise and I definitely wasn’t the one who tried to back out on it. You may not think that the punishment fits the crime, but you will think twice before breaking a promise to me.”  
  
“It wasn’t fair and you could have said something to me. You humiliated me and hurt me.”  
  
“Yes, to make sure that you will remember. There are consequences for your actions or inaction. You had to learn that.”  
  
“Yes, but not like that, not here.”  
  
“You won’t forget though, will you?”  
  
I clamped my teeth together and said nothing.  
  
“When you feel better, I have some different ideas for you and perhaps me. Maybe that will make you feel better.”  
  
“What ideas?”  
  
“Not now. Now get dressed and go back to your desk. After work I will go home with you for a while and try to make you feel better.”  
  
I dressed; still feeling humiliated, and walked out. It was a bad day. The burning in my butt wouldn’t go away, although it lessened over time. My nipples ached all day long.   
  
When it was the end of the day, Marianne followed me to my apartment and once we had entered she told me to undress and lay down on my bed. I laid on my side since I was hurting back and front, but she had me roll onto my back. Breath hissed out of my mouth as my ass took my weight. I looked up at her through blurry eyes again.  
  
She took a tube of some kind of lotion and squirted some on my nipples. The she gently rubbed it in. It wasn’t sexual, but my nipples got hard anyway, embarrassing me all over again. When she had finished they felt somewhat better. Then she had my roll over to my front.   
  
“You are going to bruise from being corrected. This will help and I will come every night until the pain goes away. And, there will be no games or stripping for you until then.”  
  
I almost cried in relief. I didn’t want anyone to see my bruised ass.  
  
She squirted some of the lotion on my ass and gently rubbed it in. I didn’t feel better right away, but over time the pain lessened. I was still sore, stiff and didn’t want to sit or lay on my ass. Marianne knew and she went into my kitchen, leaving me laying on my stomach.  
  
In a little while she came back with a bowl of soup and a soda for me. To my embarrassment, she fed me. It was nice but I didn’t feel that helpless. But, Marianne was trying to be good for me so I let her. After she had fed me and cleaned up, she came back, kissed my cheek and left.  
  
The next two days I was so stiff I called in sick. Marianne said nothing, let me stay home but each night she came to my apartment and rubbed the lotion into my nipples and ass and then cooked and fed me. I was beginning to enjoy being waited upon.  
  
The third, fourth and fifth days I went to work, blushing when I saw those who I had stripped for or shown off parts of my body. It was hard to sit and see then smirk at me. To the best of my knowledge, not a word was said. This even with twelve more people having seen me naked or partially naked. Each night Marianne came home with me and put lotion on my tits and ass. The last two nights she had me get up and eat with her. Those nights she made nice dinners for us. I was not amazed, but surprised at how good she cooked. I could even have a robe on. I wasn’t required to be naked.  
  
My ass had turned bluish, then yellow and a sickly green from the bruising, but whatever was in that lotion sure worked. The pain was almost all gone. And by Saturday the bruising was mostly gone also.  
  
The next day was Sunday and Marianne came over. I was not at all apprehensive anymore and her kindness with me over the last five days had made me feel comfortable with her again.   
  
“We’re going to play a game today. Does that sound like fun?”  
  
“Sure, I get to play, you get to watch me.”  
  
“Sabine, I said we. I will play with you. I rather enjoyed that excursion in the hotel last weekend.”  
  
I almost fell over. SHE was going to play? I didn’t believe it and wouldn’t until she actually did it.  
  
“What kind of game?”  
  
“We’ll do something stupid and daring. How about that?”  
  
“I suppose.”  
  
“You don’t sound very enthused.”  
  
“I’m not, probably because I am going to lose the game.”  
  
“We’ll see. Sabine, we’ll see.”  
  
We got in her car and started off down the interstate. Marianne thought and I just sat there waiting to see how I was going to be humiliated today. As we came close to a rest stop, Marianne smiled at me.   
  
“We’ll guess odd or even on the number of trucks in the rest stop. Whoever has the right number is free. The other has to walk away from the car, strip and walk back naked. I’ll let you choose first.”  
  
I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I got to choose first, so if I lost, it was my mistake, not something forced on me. And Marianne was going to put herself on the line, just like me. I still didn’t believe it would actually happen.  
  
“I choose even.”  
  
“Then I have odd.”  
  
We pulled in and I immediately began counting trucks. I got a big grin on my face when I counted an even number. Marianne counted with me and she smiled at me when we both agreed that it was even. We had parked a little bit away from the rest rooms. Marianne sat in the car taking deep breaths. I was smirking this time.  
  
“All right. We’ll walk back on the paths until we are alone. I have a bag for clothes. The loser will strip naked, not even shoes. I guess that’s me. Then the other, you, will take the clothes back to the car, drive to where a path comes out away from the rest rooms and wait for me. Fair enough?”  
  
I nodded, smirking. We got out of the car and walked towards the entrance to the freeway, looking for a path to come out to the parking area. We found one about one hundred fifty feet away from where we had parked. It was probably two hundred feet from the building. Then we searched the paths to find where we could probably start and how to get to the exit path and the car. There was no guarantee that someone would see you, but there was a chance.  
  
Marianne led me back to the car and got the bag for me. I was getting excited, thinking about her being naked with no clothes nearby at all, until she got to the car and me. Marianne was flushed as we locked the car doors and gave me the keys.  
  
We walked down the path that we had picked out and reached our starting point. Marianne was even more flushed and her breathing was faster. I set the bag on the top of the picnic table and crossed my arms, smiling at her.  
  
“You can put your clothes in the bag, but you have to fold them nicely before. No just stuffing them in it.”  
  
Marianne smiled at me, at my assertiveness.   
  
I watched as she removed her blouse, folding it neatly and putting it in the bag. We could hear cars and people’s voices. It made this all seem riskier. I looked at her and thought about her job and almost told her to stop. But then I said no to myself.  
  
She removed her shorts, folded them and put them in the bag. Then, in just her bra and panties, she sat on the picnic bench and removed her shoes and socks. Her breathing was coming faster as each garment came off. She stuffed her socks in her shoes and they went into the bag too. I was finding this hard to believe and exciting both. I was breathing faster too.  
  
Marianne removed her panties next, still sitting. She folded them and put them in the bag. Then with a deep breath and a look all around, she unclasped and removed her bra, leaving her totally bare ass naked. The bra went in the bag. She looked at me and picked it up, then extended it to me. I took it and looked at her, at her naked body. Her nipples were totally erect. Then I stepped back.  
  
“See you at the car.”  
  
“Just be sure you are where you are supposed to be, Sabine.”  
  
I walked a short way up the path and stopped to look back. Marianne, naked Marianne, was walking slowly and quietly on the path leading to the spot we had chosen. I stood and watched her creep away, watching her tits jiggle and for a few moments how her bare ass moved. Then I hurried up the path to her car. I unlocked it and tossed the bag in the back seat. Then I drove to the spot we had chosen and waited.  
  
It seemed much longer, but probably not more than five minutes or so when Marianne appeared, at least her head, peeking over a bush. She peeked, looking to see if anyone other than me was around and when she was satisfied she ducked around the bush and then ran to the car. I watched her tits bouncing as she ran and giggled at the sight she was making. It was funny and hot at the same time.  
  
When she got to the car I sat quietly, sort of ignoring her as she pulled on the door handle. I had locked the doors and Marianne was stuck outside, naked, until I unlocked them. I gazed straight ahead as though I couldn’t see her until she smacked the window. Then I slowly looked at her and smiled. She had this look of sheer terror on her face as she realized that I could keep her outside, naked, until I decided to let her in. Or I could drive away and leave her bare assed naked at the rest stop, with no identification, no nothing. I smiled at her and she looked at me sternly which was difficult with no clothes on. Then I relented and unlocked the car doors. She yanked the door open and jumped inside.  
  
“Drive you bitch, get away from here.”  
  
I looked at her, surprised.  
  
“What’s wrong?”  
  
“Just start the damn car and drive!”  
  
I started it and put it in gear and drove off with her sitting naked beside me.  
  
“Did something happen, Marianne?”  
  
“Yes, god damnit. I got caught naked.”  
  
I broke up laughing at what she said. I had a rough time keeping the car straight I was laughing so hard.  
  
“Tell me!”  
  
“Jesus. I had just walked away from you and couldn’t see you when I heard voices coming from in front of me down the path to where you were to be waiting. I got scared and I looked for a place to hide. I found a couple of bushes and trotted behind them. As I was crouching there, wondering who it was and where they were, a couple came around a bend. I was ducking down and trying to watch them at the same time. They came closer and the woman started laughing. She saw part of me. She pointed right at me for her husband or boyfriend to look and I just lost it. They were past me and I just jumped up and ran. I could hear them laughing at me, seeing my naked ass running away from them. I have never been so embarrassed in all my life!”  
  
“Gee, Marianne, now you know how it feels.”  
  
“Oh shut up. And what was the idea with locking the car? You know that you will pay for that Sabine!”  
  
“I couldn’t resist Marianne and you should have seen the look on your face. It was priceless!”  
  
“Where are my clothes?”  
  
“In the back seat where you’ll have fun trying to get them.”

I giggled as she knelt up on the seat and leaned over it to reach for the bag. Looking at traffic to be sure it was safe, I leaned over and kissed her ass cheek. She jumped a little.  
  
“Bitch!”  
  
I giggled. Then I leaned over and kissed her ass again. Then I put my right hand on it and stroked it, tracing the cleft of her cheeks. Marianne moaned softly and reluctantly pulled the bag into the front seat. She opened it and pulled out her blouse and shorts.  
  
“Do you have to get dressed so fast?”  
  
“YES!”  
  
She slipped her blouse on and buttoned it. Then she slipped into her shorts, leaving her bra and underpants in the bag. She was still flushed, either from excitement or from being caught, I didn’t know which and she probably didn’t either. It was so neat to know that she had been caught doing this. I first never thought that she would go through with it, then when she did it was exciting to know that she was naked. Then hearing that she was caught naked was the icing on the cake. And now, knowing that all she had on was a blouse and shorts was hot too.  
  
“It’s time for you to do something, Sabine. And I have the perfect idea.”  
  
All of a sudden I was not so happy. I should have known that I was going to end up naked again.   
  
“Pull off at the next spot or town.”  
  
I drove for a bit and then took the next exit. She had me pull over and we exchanged places.  
  
“I thought we were going to play games and the loser was the one that had to do something.”  
  
“That was until you locked me out of the car, Sabine. For that you get to pay right now.”  
  
Marianne drove off, back on the interstate, paying attention to what was coming up. She saw what she wanted and took the exit. She pulled to a stop at one end of an overpass. Then she looked at me.  
  
“Everything off, Sabine, everything.”  
  
I looked at her, not knowing what was going to happen to me, but I didn’t moan too loud. I removed my clothes, my blouse and shorts, my shoes and socks. I sat naked and nervous, already blushing with my stomach in knots. I looked at her expectantly and nervously.  
  
“Get out of the car.”  
  
This time my moan was audible. Shivering with fear and excitement I opened the door and slowly stepped out on the shoulder of the road. I had one arm over my tits and the other hand between my legs.  
  
“I’ll wait for you on the other side. Shut the door.”  
  
I moaned again, not sure I understood her. But I shut the car door and watched her mournfully as she drove off, leaving me naked on the side of the road. I didn’t even move until she pulled over and stopped on the other side of the overpass. Then I started walking as fast as I could. I wanted to get there in a hurry. I would have run, but the dirt was lumpy and painful on my feet. So as fast as I could, I walked towards the car and my clothes. I reached the overpass and the concrete walkway along the side of it. It made me be up higher and I scurried along for a few feet until I heard a horn honk. I started and looked about. No one was behind me and only Marianne in front of me. I gulped and looked at the interstate. There was a whole string of cars and trucks coming, and if they looked up they would see me. I tried to hurry faster, but I heard another horn, then an air horn from one of the trucks. I couldn’t stand it anymore, and dropped my hands and started running. That made my tits bounce, just like Marianne’s and unfortunately uncovered me to anyone who looked. I ignored the horns and ran.  
  
When I reached the car I was so happy to find the door unlocked and I yanked it open and jumped inside. Marianne smirked at me. She had heard the horns and knew that people had seen me.  
  
“Have fun?”  
  
“Oh yes, certainly.”  
  
“You looked cute running.”  
  
“Oh really? You know, so did you Marianne.”  
  
We both blushed, picturing ourselves running naked and our tits bouncing around, so close to watching each other running naked. I still sat naked in the car.  
  
“Why aren’t you getting dressed?”  
  
“You didn’t tell me I could.”  
  
“Oh, Sabine, you sweetie.”  
  
She reached over and toyed with my left nipple, making me melt inside. I scooted across the seat to be closer to her, making it easier for her to touch me. Tentatively I reached over and undid one button on her blouse. When she didn’t say anything, I undid another, then the next and the next until her blouse was completely unbuttoned. We looked at each other. I opened her blouse, baring her gorgeous tits. I reached over and cupped one of her tits, squeezing, caressing and cupping it. I flicked my thumb over her nipple, just as she was doing to me. I was blushing at my forwardness and my nakedness, but I wanted to enjoy her, as she was me. We fondled each other for a time. My face was red and she was flushed. Finally I stopped.  
  
“Can we do something together?”  
  
Marianne smiled at me and looked as if she was thinking. I sat back naked and watched her face as she thought. My hand crept back and cupped her right tit. She sucked in a breath. I smiled softly to myself. My thumb rubbed her nipple. She looked at me and smiled. I wondered if was she just enjoying my touch or if she had an idea for us. I guessed that I would soon find out.  
  
“After the rest stop, I don’t think I will be playing with you anymore, Sabine. I think we’ll just have you play like before. And I have just the thing.”  
  
I felt a sinking in my stomach, realizing that she still had the pictures and even more than before. She drove, occasionally smirking at me until we came to a small town.  
  
”Marianne, may I please get dressed?”  
  
“No.”  
  
She drove through the town slowly, her eyes searching until she found what she wanted. Marianne drove all the way through, but her smile had become, become evil to me. She made a u turn and then drove back into town.  
  
“Thirsty?”  
  
“N-n-no.”  
  
I felt like a mouse cornered by a cat.   
  
“I am.”  
  
She drove into the drive up of a fast food restaurant. I began to shudder. She drove up and ordered two drinks, one medium, one large. Then she looked and smirked at me, at me sitting naked with my clothes at my feet. Marianne drove up to the window and slowly searched through her purse for money to pay for the drinks. The girl at first gasped at seeing me naked then giggled as she watched the expressions on my face. Finally I couldn’t stand it any longer and covered my face with my hands. Marianne didn’t make me drop my hands, just slowly found the money and then paid, all the while smirking. I was really humiliated, but I still felt the tingling in my nipples and pussy. She handed the me the large drink.  
  
“Drink it, drink it all.”  
  
As we drove off she took a few sips of her soda and then set it down. She watched me drink all of mine, then she handed hers to me.  
  
“Drink it.”  
  
I didn’t want to but I did. Finally they were both gone. By this time Marianne had gotten us back to the interstate. We drove along for a while. Finally I couldn’t stand it any longer.  
  
“Marianne, I need a rest stop. I need one really bad.”  
  
She smirked and drove on, passing by one. I almost started bawling. She watched me squirm on the seat. It seemed an eternity until the next one appeared. Marianne pulled into it and parked a good distance from the bathrooms.  
  
“You can go now.”  
  
I just couldn’t get out naked and walk to the restrooms. I sat whimpering and feeling more and more uncomfortable.  
  
“May I please get dressed?”  
  
“No.”  
  
I began to sniffle.  
  
“Get out and pee. I don’t want any accidents or messes in my car. Right in front of me so I can see you.”  
  
I was going to tell her no, but the pressure in my bladder was too much. I had to do it. I had to. I stumbled out of the car, naked and holding one hand between my legs got in front of the car. At first I couldn’t look, but I had to. I turned to look at the bathrooms and watched people go in and out. I was red faced and hot, and I had to squat. As soon as I squatted I couldn’t let go and had to press down with my muscles inside to make it come. I squatted with my knees open and feet apart and eyes closed. Then I heard it, the hissing and splattering as I peed in the grass in front of the car. PEED! I was peeing naked in public and I wanted to close my eyes but I couldn’t. Until I saw a woman looking at me, looking at me naked and peeing in the grass at the rest stop. I wanted to stop, but couldn’t. Once I started I was going to pee until I was empty. I watched as the woman hurried to her car and reached inside. I watched as she grabbed something and turned to face me. I watched, peeing like crazy, as she took several pictures of me, naked and peeing. I began to cry.  
  
I finally finished peeing and without anything to wipe with I shook my butt, shaking off pee onto my legs. Then with one last look at the woman who walking closer to me I scurried into the car and Marianne backed up and we were off. Out of the rest stop and back on the interstate. Back to the safety of anonymity.   
  
Marianne smirked at me. I sniffled. I was so humiliated!

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 08**

This time Marianne drove off looking for something that only she knew. I sat naked for a few seconds. Then I thought better of that.  
  
"May I get dressed Marianne?"  
  
She glanced at me, seeing me still naked and smiled.  
  
"No you can't Sabine."  
  
Marianne drove until she found a quiet stretch of two-lane blacktop. As we were riding down the road she looked at me.  
  
"Look for a stretch with hills. I think we can find some fun in a place like that."  
  
I started to cry, babbling and shivering.  
  
"I don't want to do anything more now. I was so embarrassed at the rest stop with that woman seeing me. I can't, I just can't!"  
  
Marianne looked at me and then sighed.   
  
"Fine, just fine. I'll take you home today, but this doesn't change things, Sabine. It doesn't change a bit of what I expect of you. Making you pee there may have been a bit much, but understand that nothing has changed."  
  
I forced myself to stop crying and sat and sniffled for a long time. Marianne had a set look on her face as she drove us back. I knew that she was angry with me, but I couldn't help it. Having her make me pee in public was something I never would have expected and it really got to me. I was still naked.  
  
"Marianne, may I please get dressed?"  
  
She looked at me and with a disgusted look, nodded yes. I hurriedly pulled on my top and then my shorts. I felt so much better. I still had a knot in the pit of my stomach from the rest stop and felt so ashamed and humiliated. But dressed was much better, much better.   
  
We drove in silence until we reached my apartment building. It was about 6 o'clock and quiet. Marianne got out with me and followed me into the building. I began to get nervous all over again. We walked up the stairs to my floor, my steps getting slower and slower. When we reached my door, she held out her hand. I looked at her and then handed her my keys. She unlocked the door, opened it and turned to face me. She was in the doorway; I was in the hall.  
  
"Strip now and hand your clothes to me."  
  
I moaned and looked both directions nervously. Her look made me scared and I pulled my top off and handed it to her. Then with a small whimper I undid and unzipped my shorts, removing them and handing them to her also. She looked at my feet and I slipped my shoes off. She bent and picked them up. She looked me up and down, at my naked body and backed into my apartment. Then she shut the door in my face. I looked both ways again and began to cry. I squatted down and covered as much of myself as I could and cried softly to myself. How could she do this to me?  
  
After what seemed like hours but was probably only minutes, the door opened and she motioned me inside. I hurried inside only to have her grab my arm as she closed the door. She dragged me into my living room. In front of the sliding glass doors to my balcony was a chair. She sat on it and pulled me down over her knee. I gasped as my stomach hit her legs.   
  
Then she swatted my ass hard with one hand. I tried to cover my ass, but she grabbed my arm and twisted it up, holding me down. I was going to scream but thought better of it as she smacked my ass again. It was no where near as bad as the yardstick she had used on me Monday, but it still hurt. And the worst part was that we were in front of my glass doors. I hung my head so my hair covered my face as much as possible. Marianne's hand rose and fell, smacking my ass over and over. I still had bruises from Monday, even though they were mostly gone and her hand hurt. I could feel my ass heating up, turning red as she smacked me over and over. Finally she gave me one tremendously hard smack and pushed me off her knees. I hit the floor and immediately my hands went to my ass, rubbing to try and ease the heat.  
  
I humped my ass up and down, as I rubbed, not caring that I was in plain view of the building across from my building. All I could think of was the heat and burning in my ass. Marianne sat and watched me squirm and rub, smiling to herself. Smiling at the spectacle I made, bare assed naked in front of my glass doors. The heat and burning began to lessen and I stopped bobbing my ass up and down. I had tears on my cheeks and a nose full of snot. I sniffed and whimpered to myself.  
  
"From now on when I want to play, you will play, Sabine, or you will be spanked or paddled. Understand?"  
  
"Y-y-yes M-m-marianne."  
  
"Your clothes are on the balcony. Go get them."  
  
I looked at her and got to my knees, then my feet. I looked outside and tried to see if anyone was across the way. I couldn't see anyone and I cautiously opened the door. I peeked out and saw some people four or five balconies down from me. I moaned and stepped out, crouching over. I looked for my clothes. Marianne had tied them in knots around the railing at the front of my balcony. I scurried over to them and struggled with the knots, peeking nervously at the people down the way.  
  
I finally got my shorts undone and dropped them to work on my top. I had worried the knot almost loose.  
  
"Jesus, there's a naked woman down there!"  
  
Oh god, oh god. I tore the knot open and yanked the top loose, grabbed my shorts and ran inside. My eyes had filled with tears and my face was burning red. I hoped they hadn't seen my face. Oh god if they had, oh god.  
  
Marianne was standing, watching me.   
  
"I'll see you tomorrow."  
  
Then she turned and left me naked, holding my clothes in one hand, my sliding door open behind me. I fell to knees and began to bawl, clutching my clothes to my chest. I finally managed to stop crying and crawled to my door closing it. I stood and scurried into my bedroom, dropping my shorts and top. I pulled on my robe and ran out to close the drapes. As my apartment was closed to sight I finally calmed down. I wasn't hungry. I made a cup of tea and gingerly sat to drink it. After a long time I went to bed. I didn't want to but I made sure the alarm was set so I would get up in the morning. I was dreading work on Monday.  
  
I wore one of the button down the front dresses to work. It was one that I had worn only once and that after the beating. So at least it held no bad memories since I hadn't taken it off at work. I was pretty nervous, thinking of the spanking that I had received on Sunday and my ass was a little sore and my legs felt stiff high up. I got to work and busied myself as much as I could. I was beginning to feel better as Marianne hadn't shown up. Finally she did.  
  
She walked by.  
  
"Good morning, Sabine."  
  
"Good morning, Marianne."  
  
She went into her office and closed the door. I watched my phone, seeing her line light up and stay on for a few minutes. I did this all the time since she whacked me with the yardstick and my mind raced through all kinds of things. I imagined her calling people to come and witness a humiliation for me. I couldn't help it. She had done it to me so often by now. It was almost all that I could think about when she was around.  
  
Her door opened, making me jump a little.  
  
"Come in, Sabine."  
  
I stood and slowly walked in, looking around surreptitiously to see if anyone was there. We were alone and I breathed a sigh of relief.  
  
"Lift up your dress in front."  
  
I blushed as always, but did as I was told. She looked at my pussy and wrinkled her face.  
  
"You haven't kept up the neatness from when I shaved you, have you?"  
  
I shook my head, even more embarrassed.   
  
"We'll have to do something about that. I expect you to look neat at all times."  
  
She motioned me back to my desk and I let my dress fall, humiliated that she thought I was not groomed properly. I sat at my desk and busied myself with no brain tasks, watching her phone line. In a few minutes it lit up again and my stomach lurched. My imagination is not any good for me. I can think of so many humiliating things. Most of which don't happen to me, but even that fact doesn't help, because some of them do. I watched that phone line out of the corner of my eye until it went dark.  
  
I managed to get some work done. Then I jumped as a voice spoke to me. It was the salesman that no one really liked, but who was so good he was kept on for his production.  
  
"Marianne called for me."  
  
I looked at him nervously and buzzed Marianne. She opened her door and invited him in. I sat imagining all sorts of things, my stomach sinking lower and lower. I was in a state.  
  
The door opened and he came out, smirking at me. His eyes seemed to bore into me and I felt so scared. He walked by me.  
  
"See you in a few minutes."  
  
He left, a chuckle trailing behind him, after my face turned bright red. Marianne still ignored me and I struggled with my job. I was trying so hard to be good and work, but I was having problems.  
  
The salesman, Joe, came back, carrying a small plastic bag and walked to Marianne's door. He looked at me and smirked again. My stomach felt like I was going to vomit. He knocked on the door and disappeared inside. I just stared at the door, frozen in place, imagining all sorts of things.  
  
Marianne opened her door and crooked her finger at me. Woodenly, I stood up and haltingly walked into her office. I stood with my hands clasped in front of me as I took in Joe, sitting in front of her conference table with the plastic bag on the floor to one side of him.  
  
"Go stand in front of him with your back to the table."  
  
I moaned softly, knowing that something I wasn't going to like was going to happen to me. Even so, I did as I was told, trembling slightly. I clutched my hands together in front for some protection and couldn't look at him as he smirked at me.  
  
"Sit up on the edge of the table and lean back on your hands."  
  
I sobbed softly but did as I was told.  
  
"Don't move."  
  
My legs I held pressed together, protecting me. Joe stood up and as he stared into my eyes, I felt his hands at the lowest button of my dress. I moaned out loud. He undid the first button. I began to tremble as he undid the second. He chuckled, watching me shaking. I felt so vulnerable as he undid the third. My dress fell away from my legs, baring them. The next button was right at my crotch and I sobbed as he undid that one. My dress fell open more, baring the strip of hair above my pussy. I felt faint.  
  
He didn't stop unbuttoning the dress. He continued until all the buttons were undone. Then he pushed the shoulders of it back and watched as it slid down my arms to the table. I still had it on, kind of. It was trapping my hands, which were on the table, holding me upright, but the entire front of me was bare. Bare to his eyes, which now took in all of me.  
  
I glanced over to Marianne. She was leaning on her desk impassively watching him strip me.  
  
I was blushing but unresisting. I had let him strip me, bare me completely.  
  
He stepped back a little and then each one of his hands grasped one of my knees. I resisted this a little, glanced at Marianne, and with a whimper gave in. His hands pushed my knees apart and my crease came into view. He kept pushing my knees further apart until I was spread wide. While he did this, I had let my face fall, but now he made me lift it until I had to look at his face. I was blushing bright red. He was smirking at me. This was the first time he had seen my naked body completely.  
  
I sat shivering, unable to take my eyes off of him. He sat in the chair and pulled it up so he was between my knees, so I couldn't close them. Then he reached for the plastic bag. He took out a can of shave cream and shook it in front of me. I moaned. The top was popped off. I closed my eyes and heard the hissing sound of shaving cream. I began to sniffle and tears leaked out of my eyes.  
  
His hands began to smear shaving cream on my abdomen and then down to my lips. I was trembling and moaned as he touched me. He snickered. I felt the cream cover me. Then I felt the pull of a razor on my skin. He shaved my abdomen first; long strokes and I could feel my skin ripple as he touched me. I was so humiliated.  
  
When he had finished with my belly, I looked down to see it clean, no stubble, and just a thin strip of hair pointing directly at my clitoris and crease. I was so embarrassed.  
  
I watched as he reached out with a finger and then gasped as it slid into me. Blushing even harder than before at the ease with which it went into me, I had to watch. He used the finger to splay my lips open and began to shave them. A man that I didn't even like had his finger up my pussy and was shaving it. I began to cry openly, my body shuddering as I sobbed.  
  
"Stop the bawling, Sabine."  
  
I twitched a little and my eyes flew to Marianne.  
  
"The sooner you stop the bawling, the sooner this will be over."  
  
Sucking in breaths, I managed to stop the shudders, but not the tears that fell from my eyes.  
  
Joe started shaving me once more and I couldn't look away. I had to watch as he scraped away the stubble that I had let grow back. I had to watch him with one finger up me. I had to. Every now and again he would wiggle the finger inside me. I didn't think I could get any redder, but my face got hotter and hotter.  
  
Even with the humiliation and shame that I felt, my nipples had hardened into erect peaks on my little tits. They stuck out and throbbed and I knew that my pussy was wet.  
  
Joe was very careful as he shaved me. I was trying to convince myself that this wasn't so bad when another finger pushed the hood of my clitoris back and flicked the tip. It was as though a bolt of electricity shoot through my stomach and pussy. I jerked and whimpered softly, hearing the two of the chuckle. I had to close my eyes as he pushed my clitoris one way, then the other while he shaved me there.  
  
Finally he finished. He wiped the excess cream off with my dress, leaving a wet spot. I was numb and oh so excited. My face was bright red and tears were rolling down my cheeks, ashamed but excited.  
  
"Get up, turn and face the table, and bend over."  
  
I sobbed audibly, but did as she told me. Joe's feet pushed mine further apart until I felt my cheeks open sobbing as my anus peeked out. The hissing of the shave cream came again. I rested on my elbows, burying my face in my hands. I was so ashamed. Then he smeared shave cream between my cheeks. I almost jerked up, but managed to stay down. Then he began to shave me between my cheeks. My tears were flowing faster. Marianne hadn't shaved me there.  
  
Joe's finger went up my pussy again, making me gasp once again. He used it to push my skin from side to side as he shaved down close to my pussy. Then it slid out and rose. I knew what he was going to do.  
  
"Nooooooooooooooo."  
  
My soft shriek of resistance disappeared as his finger, wet with my pussy moisture, poked and then slid up my anus. He pulled to one side and shaved in my crack opposite the way the he pulled, then pulled the other way, shaving the opposite side. I was naked, my dress beneath me. It had come off completely when I got up. Joe traced my skin with fingers, making sure that all the hair between my cheeks was gone, still with his finger up my ass.  
  
My legs were spread wide. I was showing everything to him and he had a finger up my ass. His finger popped out and he used my dress to wipe me off again. I just stood there, bent over and exposed, sniffling.  
  
"May I?"  
  
I listened, wondering what he meant. Marianne stepped over and in front of me. She gripped my arms, holding me down. I heard a zipper and realization burst through me.  
  
"No, Marianne, no, for god's sake no!"  
  
She just held me down and I felt his thing between my legs. It was hot, it was hard. It was prodding at me. I was bawling. It found what it was looking for. It poked at the opening of my pussy, then right up. I gasped as he filled me. I could feel his suit pants and the zipper on my bare ass. Then he began to thrust in and out.  
  
I felt dirty. Naked and screwed by a man I didn't like, held down by my boss.  
  
"Aw, shit!"  
  
I heard his words of disgust, wondering why he said that.  
  
"Not in her."  
  
His cock pulled back and he held it right between my cheeks. I soon understood. He came right between my ass cheeks after about three thrusts in my pussy. He came a lot. I could feel it hitting me and then dribbling down. It was high up in my crack, over my anus and dribbling down to my pussy. When he had finished coming, he wiped his cock on my cheek and then put himself away and zipped up.  
  
"Thank you, Marianne."  
  
Joe left us. I was humiliated.  
  
"How could you?"  
  
"Take it as a punishment for not being groomed properly Sabine. He wasn't in you that long anyway."  
  
"But you let him, you held me, it's not fair, you promised no sex, Marianne."  
  
"I said no sex in the games, Sabine. This was a punishment. That's different."  
  
"You never said, you didn't tell me. I don't like him and now he has, oh god, he, oh god."  
  
"You weren't hurt and obviously you were ready. He sure went inside you easily enough."  
  
I just hung my head and cried. He had fucked me, even if it was for just an instant. Marianne let go of my arms and left me bent over with come trickling down my legs.  
  
"Get dressed and get back to work."  
  
"I want to clean up."  
  
"No. That's part of the punishment too. Let it dry on you. It will help you remember to stay groomed."  
  
I looked at her in disgust and picked up my dress. I slipped it on and buttoned it. I could feel his stuff make the dress stick to me. I sniffled. I walked out of her office with as much dignity as I could manage. At my desk, I didn't want to sit down. Marianne stood in her doorway, smiling at me. Smiling at my disgust.  
  
"Don't you have work to do?"  
  
My head jerked to stare at her and then I sobbed and sat, feeling the come squish and stick the dress even more to my ass and legs. I turned to my computer and away from her. My hands came up and wiped my tears away. Bitch, I thought. I was going to have a wet spot on my dress until it dried and I was going to smell like sex all day long.  
  
She left me alone for the rest of the day. I managed to work, doing what I was supposed to be doing. I felt uncomfortable as the come dried on me and my dress. I wasn't going to get up for anything.  
  
I skipped lunch and worked through it, catching up, glad that Marianne left me alone. I was ashamed and humiliated. Every time someone came by, I was sure they could smell me and knew what had been done to me.  
  
At five o'clock Marianne came out.   
  
"Make sure you take care of yourself better. If you don't, we'll do the same thing again until you learn. Oh, and this weekend I am having a dinner party for some friends. I want you there as the maid. I'll have the clothes you need. You can just wear the coat over, Sabine."  
  
I looked at her, goggle eyed. A dinner party? Me as her maid? She would have clothes for me? Oh god! Oh my god!  
  
My stomach clenched and I felt tears start again.   
  
Oh my god!

**Foolishness & Humiliation Ch. 09**

That night I was feeling sorry for myself. Marianne had humiliated me again by having Joe shave me and then she allowed him to do it to me. She even held my arms as he stuck his thing inside me. She watched him, watched him as he screwed me, even though it didn't take long for him to come. He obviously didn't care that she had watched. She obviously didn't care that he had screwed me.  
  
I was feeling down. I sat and thought. There wasn't much that she hadn't already done to me. So many people had seen me naked. I had things shoved up me in front of others. One person had seen me peeing. A man I didn't like had screwed me. All for what? Only to keep my parents from seeing pictures of me naked with sperm splattered over me.  
  
Were all those humiliations worth it? I wasn't sure any more. I thought about how I felt during each. Yes, I was humiliated, but each time I was excited. At first it was the humiliation, but as each new experience came, I had found that each one was sexually exciting me. My nipples always hardened. My pussy always got wet.  
  
Perhaps I was enjoying this more than I thought. Marianne seemed to like shaming me, humiliating me. Perhaps if I began to accept what she did to me she would find it less attractive and eventually would leave me alone. That is the way my mind worked that night. I resolved to do my best to not let her get to me.  
  
The next few days at work were pretty normal, other than having to show her my pussy so she could be sure I was following the no panty rule. And to keep any further humiliation to a minimum, I was religiously shaving myself each day. I didn't want her to have an excuse to have some one do it for me.  
  
Then came Friday. The day of her dinner party.   
  
Marianne reminded me of it early in the day, just to keep my mind aware of it and to make me nervous. Even with my newfound resolution to not let her get to me it was hard. I kept imagining all sorts of things that she could do that night, all of which would make me blush, stammer, stutter and feel humiliated. At about 4 o'clock she came to my desk.  
  
"You can go home and get ready for tonight, Sabine."  
  
She did not say anything else, just looked at me, smiled and left me. I took a deep breath and got up, closed my desk and computer and left for home. All the way I thought about what she had already told me. Just wear the coat, I will have clothes for you to wear. I could just imagine what the clothes would be like.  
  
Even so I went home, showered and shaved, blushing as I did. I fixed my hair as nicely as I could and put on very understated make up. I wanted to look fresh and as innocent as I could. It wasn't until I put on heels and walked to the closet naked but for them that I felt nervous. I shivered as I took the coat and slipped into it. I buttoned it and took my purse. I walked to my car and drove to her house, following the directions she had given me.  
  
Marianne met me at her door. I stepped inside and with a deep shuddering breath, removed my coat and handed it to her. She smirked at me, looked up and down my naked body and then hung my coat in her front closet. I stood there naked in heels and waited for her to tell me what to do.  
  
"Come on Sabine, I need you to do some things in the kitchen."  
  
I meekly followed her, afraid to ask about the clothes she had mentioned. We walked into the kitchen and she had me start washing lettuce and vegetables. I stood naked as she walked out to get ready. I kept washing the stuff, still wondering about my clothes.   
  
After about twenty minutes, the doorbell rang and I just froze. Suddenly I was really afraid. I scurried to the bottom of the stairs.  
  
"Marianne, Marianne, the doorbell rang!"  
  
"Go ahead and answer it."  
  
I gasped and looked down at myself. I didn't know if I was ready for this but I was here and still not wanting my family to find out about me. With slow, halting steps I walked to the front door.   
  
"Y-y-yes?"  
  
"It's the caterers. Where do you want us?"  
  
My stomach clenching I scurried back to the stairs.  
  
"Marianne, it's the caterers."  
  
"Around the side to the kitchen door. Let them in to get set up."  
  
I returned to the front door and directed them to pull to the side by the kitchen door. Still nervous I walked slowly to the kitchen door, not wanting to be there. I did not want to be there at all. When they knocked at the door, I whimpered softly and pulled it open, hiding behind it. Anything to delay being seen. I watched a man and two women carry in things and set them on the counters. Still hiding, they smiled at me and hurried out to get the rest of the food they had prepared. I held the door open for them, weakly smiling back. They hurried back inside with the rest of the food. I still held the door open, only my head peering around it. They looked at me curiously, but got to work, setting things out and opening packages. Everything was fine until Marianne appeared in the kitchen doorway.  
  
"Jesus, shut the door, Sabine!"  
  
I gulped and slowly closed the door. I stood, bare assed naked but for heels. I was ignored for a few seconds as the caterers busied themselves with the things they had brought. My obscurity was soon no more.  
  
"Jesus!"  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
"Oh my god!"  
  
I stood, blushing as first one saw me, blurted out a word and the other two turned. I was so fucking embarrassed! All three of them stood staring at me, at all of me. I wanted the floor to swallow me up. I wanted to die. I wanted to kill Marianne. Three pairs of eyes traveled over my entire body, making me blush even harder.  
  
"Don't just stand there like a boob, give them a hand!"  
  
I haltingly walked up, surprised that I could still talk above a squeak.  
  
"May I help you?"  
  
One of the women burst out laughing, which didn't help me much at all. The guy just looked at me, stunned. The other woman smacked my ass, making me squeal and then burst out laughing too. I was so humiliated! In a few moments though, they had me opening packages for them as they bustled around the kitchen, each woman taking any chance to brush against my tits or ass. I was so embarrassed. Even with my embarrassment, my nipples were like little stones once more, hard and erect. Of course everyone noticed.  
  
"Does she like being naked?"  
  
"Not really, but she chose to be."  
  
"She did? I'd like to hear about that someday."  
  
This was followed by more laughing, none of which helped my attitude or embarrassment.  
  
Before long the food was set up and heating. The caterers were pretty much done. As they eyed me one more time before leaving, Marianne spoke.  
  
"I know that you, (the guy) want to see if she's real. Go ahead and then I have one last thing for you to do for me."  
  
I definitely didn't like the sound of that. But, I stood still as the guy looked me up and down again. Then he stepped closer to me and one of his hands cupped one of my tits. He strummed my nipple with a thumb as he gently squeezed my titty. I just closed my eyes and stood like a cow as he felt me. I felt his hand move to my other titty and he did the same to it. I was so fucking turned on by now it was unbelievable to me.   
  
I stood, shuddering as he felt me up. Then his hand moved down and cupped my almost totally shaved pussy. I squeaked again, which caused more laughter, which caused me to blush harder. A finger wormed its way up inside me and I went up on my tiptoes. I was breathing hard. His thumb was teasing through the little hair I had and his finger was slowly going in and out of me. I opened my eyes to see him staring down at my pussy and his hand, the two women peering over his shoulders to watch.  
  
It wasn't long before one of the women reached out and touched a titty. When I stood still, she squeezed and fondled me, grinning. I tried to stare past them but they were right in front of me. The second woman moved behind me and cupped my ass cheeks, tracing a finger in the crack of my ass. I vowed not to cry and closed my eyes again. Hands were all over me, feeling, squeezing and penetrating me.  
  
"All right, that's enough, except for the favor I need from you."  
  
My eyes opened to see Marianne extending a bottle of lubricant and a very realistic normal sized dildo. I shuddered. The caterers smirked. Marianne patted a counter stool and crooked her finger at me. I haltingly walked and with a whimper, climbed up on it, kneeling. Marianne patted another stool, about two feet over and with a moan, I moved one knee to that one.   
  
"Rest your hands on the counter."  
  
I bent forward so that my hands were on the counter, which made my ass lift up and spread. I whimpered, knowing what the caterers were now seeing. They were now rewarded to the sight of my bare naked ass, my anus and my wet pussy, wet, because of the fingering the man had given me.  
  
"If one of you would lubricate it, the other open it, and the last put it in, that would be wonderful."  
  
I shuddered, knowing what she meant, but the caterers didn't. They stood, looking at Marianne with puzzled expressions.  
  
"Sabine, tell them what to do."  
  
This time I moaned out loud.  
  
"Don't make me tell them, please."  
  
"Sabine, don't be a prude. They won't be the first or the last."  
  
I moaned again and peered around a shoulder. They were all looking me, my face for a change. I sobbed softly.  
  
"One of you drip plenty of lubricant on my anus, the next make sure it is in good and the third put the dildo in my anus."  
  
When I had choked the last words out my body was shaking from silent sobs.  
  
"Holy shit!"  
  
One of the women grabbed the lubricant bottle and drizzled enough on my anus until it was running down over my pussy and dripping on the floor. Then the man (I could tell by the size of the fingers) rubbed the lube on my anus and then shoved a finger up my ass. My head jerked up. I sucked in a breath. I still didn't like this at all. He fingered my ass, working the finger around and in and out until I felt like I was gaping. The finger popped out of me and I tensed. I knew what was next.  
  
The last woman pulled my ass cheeks open with one hand and I felt the head of the dildo at my anus. There was pressure and I forced myself to relax until the head began to go in. I tensed again.  
  
"Just a second, please."  
  
Sucking in air I relaxed again and she began to push once more. I felt the dildo press up inside my ass and groaned. It was in now. She tugged back and then pushed again and I felt my guts give up until her fingers were touching me in my ass crack.  
  
"What do you say Sabine?"  
  
"Th-th-thank you."  
  
"Thank you what?"  
  
"Th-thank you for putting the dildo in my ass, ma'am."  
  
"Good girl."  
  
I knelt there gasping for breath as the caterers snickered at the sight of me. At the sight of me naked with a dildo sticking out of my anus. I was totally humiliated.  
  
The caterers left, snickering about me. I knelt with my hands on the counter until Marianne told me I could get down. I stood with my face on the floor, totally humiliated.  
  
"Don't let it fall out. Stand here and I will be back in a minute."  
  
I stood, taking deep shuddering breaths with my anus feeling impossibly full. I clenched down on the dildo, afraid of what would happen if it did slip out of me. Marianne returned with my clothes for the evening. She had a garter belt, sheer black stockings, black full back panties, and a french maid's short black dress and apron.  
  
I put on each item as she handed them to me, first the garter belt, then the stockings, not without a bit of trouble. I was clenching my anus to keep the dildo in and it was hard to get the stockings up. Then I put on the panties, which made it easier to keep the dildo in me. Finally I was given the dress and apron. Marianne had to zip the dress up for me. Now all I had to do was wait for her guests and worry about what was going to happen to me.  
  
The guests finally arrived. There were three couples, all attractive. I served them wine from a silver tray. The flutes were beautiful. As I moved around I could feel all eyes on me. You could see a hint of my underpants below the maid's dress I was wearing. I know they all were wondering what I had on. Marianne followed me into the kitchen after they were all seated at the dining room table. She showed me what to serve first.  
  
"Before you serve remove the panties."  
  
I stared at her as she walked back to the dining room. I stood for a moment, then reached under the dress and pulled down my panties. I stepped out of them and left them lying on the kitchen floor. I took two plates and entered the dining room, serving two of her guests. I just knew my ass was showing as I bent over to put the plates on the table. I was blushing. I continued to serve until all had their meals.  
  
"You can stand by the wall in case we need anything."  
  
I stood with my back to wall in plain sight of everyone. I just knew they knew. I couldn't stop blushing.  
  
I had to clear the table when they were done and I imagined that my dress was riding up, showing my ass to everyone. It was extremely humiliating, but also exciting. I never stopped blushing. Marianne followed me into the kitchen with the last of the plates. I was nervous. She smiled at me and patted my cheek. She showed me the desserts.  
  
"Leave the dress here. You can wear the apron."  
  
I now knew that she was going to slowly strip me naked in front of her guests and the humiliation and excitement was getting to me. I removed the apron and laid it on the counter. I managed to unzip the dress and let it fall to the floor. I stepped out of it and put the apron back on, tying it behind me but the cool air I felt on my ass made sure I knew it was uncovered.  
  
As I came through the dining room door I heard a gasp as they saw me. My titties were jiggling around as I walked and when I placed two desserts on the table, I knew my ass was seen. I took a deep breath and turned my back to the table. They all could see my ass now! I heard chuckles and giggling behind me. I blushed even more but felt kind of proud that I hadn't started crying.  
  
I served each dessert, Marianne last. As I bent over to serve her she reached out and fondled my ass. I jerked a little and whimpered, but stood, still bent as she stroked my bare cheeks. Then she patted each one. I straightened up. My face was scarlet. I looked at each one of them and saw eyes glittering at me.  
  
"You can stand facing the wall now, Sabine."  
  
I gulped but walked to my place, facing the wall so my ass was showing to everyone. I stood there trembling.  
  
They finished dessert and I cleared the table. Some of them took the opportunity to feel my ass, some didn't. No one mentioned anything about the dildo. I was surprised that no one did. Marianne must have told them, which made me flush even more. She followed me into the kitchen. I looked at her and removed the apron. She smiled and patted my cheek. She got out brandy snifters and poured one for each. Then she smiled at me and left. I stood there for a few seconds, breathing deep. Then I took two snifters and walked naked but for garter and stockings back into the dining room. This time they all felt me as I bent over the table to set the snifters down. When they were all served I turned to my section of wall to see an armchair there.  
  
"You may sit, legs over the arms, ass at the edge."  
  
I didn't say a word, but my stomach clenched. I walked to the chair and carefully, because of the dildo, sat. I looked up, scanned each face, leaned back and lifted my legs, draping them over the arms of the chair. I wanted to close my eyes, but forced myself to keep them open.  
  
"Is that?"  
  
"Yes, it's in her ass."  
  
I felt very humiliated. In a few minutes Marianne rose.   
  
"We'll go to the living room now. Sabine, lead us there and put a cushion on the coffee table."  
  
I had a bad feeling about what was coming but did as I was told. Marianne led me to the coffee table and sat me down, then pushed me back. She held one arm back and over my head. Then she cuffed it to a leg of the table. She did the same with the other. Then she bent my legs open and back and cuffed them to the table. I was on my back, spread open and unable to defend myself. I was humiliated and unable to move.  
  
Marianne stood in front of me and slowly unzipped her slacks. I looked curiously at her. Curiously until she reached through the zipper and fished out a large dildo that was obviously fastened to her. Smirking, she knelt in front of me. I could only see her face but I felt her fingers on my pussy.  
  
"What is this Sabine?"  
  
I forgot for a moment, then I remembered.  
  
"It's my twat, Mistress."  
  
"And what does your little twat want Sabine?"  
  
"My little twat wants Mistress to fuck it."  
  
Marianne smiled at me. Then I felt the head of the dildo pressed to my pussy and Marianne pressed her hips forward. I groaned as the dildo penetrated me. It felt so big because my ass was full also. Marianne fucked me in front of her guests until she made me come twice, whimpering and pulling on my bonds. They were allowed to feel my titties and by the time I came the second time, my titties and nipples were sore and red.  
  
She pulled out of me and pulled the dildo out of my ass. Then she told them to go and see how open I was. I flushed again. She knelt over my head and I willing sucked my juices off the dildo while everyone watched. Shortly after that, the guests left. I still had no idea who they were. Marianne unfastened me and helped me up.  
  
"Let's go to your room Sabine."  
  
Shocked, I followed her to a small bedroom. Marianne showed me the closet with my clothes, the attached bath with all my toiletries. Somehow she had gotten everything I owned moved to her home that night without me knowing.  
  
"You don't need your apartment anymore, Sabine. The lease was canceled today. Do you like your room?"  
  
"Yes, Mistress, I do."  
  
I knelt in front of her. I undid her slacks and removed them, then the strap on dildo and her panties. My hands held her ass. I looked up at her and smiled. Then I buried my mouth on her pussy and licked her until she came. I have lived there ever since and I never have been so happy. I still get humiliated, but I can endure it as long as I am with Marianne.