Guessing Game  
by Mary G.   
  
  
Ron took me on a business trip with him that was a very humiliating but oh so exciting experience for me. The meeting was to start on Thursday, but on Wednesday night there was to be a catered cocktail party so everyone would have a chance to meet each other.   
  
We arrived late Wednesday afternoon and after showering and getting settled into our room Ron took me up to the ballroom where the party would take place. It was a beehive of activity, people setting up tables and snack trays, bartenders setting up mini bars around the room. Everything was in place and the guest would be coming in soon.   
  
Ron took me to another room off the main ballroom where he told me what he had planned for me. Then he showed me how I was going to be displayed. He had a baggage trolley enclosed with curtains and on the inside was a X shaped cross. Next he had me strip then step up on the trolley. First he bound my hands, one hand to each side of the cross, then he did the same with my legs. The center of the X was just above my waist. He pushed the trolley over to a wall mirror to show me how I looked. The only part of my body not exposed were the parts against the cross. Next he took a sleep mask from his pocket and put it over my eyes. I couldn't see a thing. Then he put a set of headphones over my ears blocking out most of the sound till he turned on an Ipod or something filling my ears with music, I could hear only that. Then the music stopped and he removed the headphones and told me that he was closing the curtains and I would be moved to the main room shortly. Then he put the headphones back on me and before he started the music I heard the curtain close. I don't know how long it was before I felt the trolley moving.   
  
For the rest of the night I was displayed naked in a room full of people. Not only was I displayed, but people freely ran their hands over my body. Some fingered me, then gave me their finger to clean, some pinched and pulled or twisted my nipples. I was cumming freely and couldn't help myself. Then it all stopped and I felt the trolley moving again. When the headphones and the sleep mask were removed I was back in our room. When Ron showed up he told me I had done great.   
  
The next day at the meeting I felt every eye on me and wondered if the person I was talking to had been one of the ones who had played with my body. I was humiliated beyond belief. I spent half the day cleaning my juices up to keep them from running down my leg.