Hannah’s Humiliation

Most men consider me very attractive. I have a lovely face with a

great and easy smile, shoulder length brown hair and hazel eyes. At

thirty-one, I am still 34B - 26 - 35, carrying 135 pounds on a five

four frame. But, women... all women... are afraid of losing their

looks, particularly single women like me who are fighting a war with a

lot of younger competitors for the available men out there. So, I

spend a lot on clothes and makeup. Really, I should spend more time

in the gym, but, who has time. As an attorney struggling to make

partner in a major firm, I barely have time to date.

The last guy I really dated was Warren Parker, an attorney who left my

firm to go into industry. Warren and I were a hot, hot item a year

ago. I did things with him I thought I would never do with a man.

Worse than that, I let him take some photos of me. Well, I did not

let him take the first ones. They were of me bound. After those,

which he took without my permission, I let him take the ones of us

together, using a delay timer on his Nikon.

I got them all back when we spilt up. I thought.

It had been a hell of a week. Many longs hours, many pointless

meetings, even a court date in which the judge ate me out big time.

By Friday at four, when I trudged back into my office to wrap up a bad

week, I was exhausted and ready for a hot bath and cold cocktail. I

found a large manila envelope in my chair. It was sealed with

"personal" written in red and underlined. Examination of the envelope

showed it was hand delivered and did not come through the company mail

route. Standing, I zipped it open with my letter opener.

There was a typed letter and another, smaller envelope inside. The

letter read:

"Hannah: Projected recipients of the enclosed envelope are (it listed

the five name partners of my firm, the men who would make, or break,

my future). Think about it."

I opened the smaller envelope, removing a single eight by ten black

and white glossy photograph. The instant I looked at it, I felt the

sweat break out on my face, the tingling in my limbs, the bile rising

in my stomach. I knew I was going to faint. I fell to my knees behind

my desk... gasping for air... struggling to breath... my chest tight,

like someone had a band around me. I reached for the waste basket and

puked my guts out.

The rancid, acid taste filled my mouth and nose as I puked again,

green bile dribbling down my chin into the waste basket. I put my

head between my knees to keep from fainting.

I wanted to scream.... NOOOOOOOO!!!.... WHO IS DOING THIS TO ME???

But, the only noise was the wheezing as my breath returned. Finally

able to sit up without fear of fainting, I reached for the picture.

The photograph was of me. I was naked and on my knees with my arms

pulled back severely, bound behind me at the wrist and elbows, arching

my back and thrusting my breasts out. A rope bound my ankles to my

thighs, keeping me kneeling on frog-style legs. The end of a black

dildo was visible sticking out of my pussy. A gag was in my mouth. I

was looking directly into the camera with a slutty, happy expression,

telling everyone I was enjoying this immensely.

I puked again.

It was a long, sleepless night. Not even five Scotches eased the

anxiety as I paced and wondered. I knew the pictures had to come from

those Warren took of me but, dammit, I trusted him. And, I still did.

I did not think he was the one responsible. Not Warren. He broke up

with me and we parted on very good terms. But, if not him, who? Who

in the hell was it?

Saturday, I was exhausted, sleepless and still in shock. Listlessly,

I puttered around the house, doing a cleaning job worse than I care to

admit. At eleven the mail came. There was another envelope. I

started to shake just from seeing it. I checked it thoroughly: no

return address; no indication of who sent it.

I looked at the photo first. It was me again, of course. I was on my

hands and knees with an unidentifiable man fucking me doggy style. I

remember when Warren made that one. He sat the camera so I facing

right into the lenses. I was in obvious ecstasy.

The letter read: "Hannah: My, my. You are a horny little slut, aren't

you? Like those big cocks in your sweet wetness, Hannah. What a

lovely picture you take, too. Stay home this afternoon and get ready

to go out. DO NOT call Warren. I am not kidding, slut!"

I could not even eat lunch and I could not stop sweating. I drank

gallons of water, afraid I would dehydrate. The phone rang at two

twelve.

"Hi, slut! Ready for your pictures to be distributed!"

"Who are you! What do you want from me!" I guess it was my legal

training. As anxious as I was, I was extremely intent, trying to get

every clue. It was a woman's voice. It was voice I had heard before.

"I will tell you that tonight! You are to do exactly as I tell you or

the pictures go in the mail. Listen! Go to the store and buy a

Wonderbra that maximizes what little tits you have. I want your

nipples to show! Buy thong knickers in hot pink and black thigh high

stockings. Wear them with that super short black skirt; you know,

the one you wore for the Christmas party in '96."

"It is too small. I have put on some weight."

"I know. I want your big ass to wiggle in that skirt like ten pounds

of mud in a five pound sack. Wear the white see through blouse, the

one Warren gave you for your birthday. Lastly, wear those black pumps

with the six inch heels. What did you call them: 'My fuck me pumps.'

Use red lipstick... bright red. I want your finger and toenails

painted the same bright color. Your hair should be loose on your

shoulders. Understand?"

"Please.... please... why are..."

"Shut up, slut! Be at Cody's in the Village at eight. Plan to stay

out all night. See ya!"

She disconnected.

From deep inside me, a sob floated up. I began to cry: a deep, gut

wrenching, soul emptying cry.

The crying jag ruined my time frame, and now, I was speeding through

traffic because I was afraid I was going to be late. It was eight o

two when I opened the doors to Cody's. Cody's is a hot pickup bar

for the "to twenty-five" age, swinging, modern, very liberal, set.

The women there are good looking young professionals. I was not the

oldest person I saw. But, I was the oldest woman. My fear of being

compared unfavorable in looks and age offset my fear of being exposed

by my blackmailer. I felt the bile rise again and struggled to keep

it down. Looking around for a familiar face, I saw one of the

younger attorneys and a paralegal we had just hired. I did not know

anyone else. Then, I felt a hand on my arm.

"Hi, Hannah. Remember me?"

"Sara Parker. Are you...?"

"Come on. Let's sit down. We have a table over here."

As I followed her across the room, the pieces fell in place. Sara was

Warren's younger sister. Only twenty-two, she was a professional

model, with a tall, lean body and a face that appeared in print and TV

ads all the time. I always felt inadequate next to her. And, what

women wouldn't. She was perfect.

But, why did she want.... Wait! Sara had seen me kissing another man

at a party one night. It happened while I was still dating Warren.

Sara worshiped her big brother and I remember the angry, hurt look on

her face when she saw me. Was this pay back for that perceived

infidelity?

Sara guided me to the large table in back where six women and five men

sat, all her friends out for a good time. They were all professional

models... beautiful, lean, young. She introduced me as her aunt...

Aunt Hannah... and, asked everyone to call me that. I felt like a

maiden aunt... an old, unattractive, maiden aunt... Aunt Hannah. Sara

was mean, a real bitch.

Men can not understand what I am mean by this. Women will know

immediately. To be the oldest, least attractive women in a group is

very humiliating. I looked at them: those lean, perfect bodies,

narrow but cute bottoms, high, firm breasts. How could I compete?

Sara might be mean but she was smart. She knew exactly how to

humiliate me the worst.

Sara took me aside. "Now, here are the rules. You will relax and have

fun, or, act like it anyway. You will dance with every man or woman

who asks you. Dance close! Rub against them! Act like the slut you

are! No drinking, but, I want you to order and eat three deserts

tonight, the most caloric ones they offer. Can't let those chubby

thighs get thin, can we? If anyone takes any sexual liberties with

you, you are to happily accept them and encourage further ones. I mean

any liberties, Aunt Hannah! Am I clear?"

"Sara, why...?"

"Answer me!"

"Yes, Sara. Very clear."

"That is a good, old, fat, slut!" she said patronizingly, giving my

cheek a pat with every word.

It was the most miserable evening of my life.

Sara and one of her friends, Lucinda, kept making catty little remarks

about my shape and age. Of course, by the end of the evening, everyone

in Cody's knew me as Aunt Hannah. Women can be such bitches! I had

cute, young things come ask me questions: girls I had never met,

asking advice as if my age gave me experience and wisdom. And, the way

they asked, implying I was so much older, did I remember when...

There were giggles all around as I ate the three deserts as ordered.

Since that was all I had eaten all day, by the end of the evening I

was bloated, making me appear even fatter.

I was asked to dance a lot but not as much as the other women at the

table, who seemed to take particular pleasure at refusing a dance

request but pointing me out as an alternative. I could see the

disappointment in the men's faces. But, they danced with me.

Sara had told me to accept liberties. I did. And, many liberties

were taken. If was not the men's fault, really. In these clubs, men

always as a girl to dance. They make a move on her, maybe just a hand

in the small of her back holding her tightly. If they do not receive a

discouraging sign... resistance or a comment... they make the next

move. Then, the next. That is the way it is done. The women's

responsibility is to send the stop signs. My blackmailer had told me

not to send stop signs. So, the men got progressively bolder with me.

The crowd had started to thin out. A man who had been after me all

evening asked me to dance. I had already endured his hands all over

me when we danced previously. He guided me to the darkest part of the

dance floor, whispering nasty things in my ear. Look, I am not a

prude. Under the right circumstances and with the right man, I would

have been enjoying this. But, he was horrible! I could not help it.

When I felt his hand under my skirt sliding between my legs, I froze.

I felt Sara's hand on my arm. I almost wet myself, afraid she had

seen my resistance. She had. "We need to go, Aunt Hannah. Offer

your friend a blow job in the parking lot on the way out."

The man heard Sara order me to perform oral sex on him. Most men

would have jumped at this opportunity and I knew it. I was waiting

for him to pull me outside. But, his eyes burned into me, then flitted

from Sara to me. He knew something was strange. He gave me a quick

kiss on the cheek and walked away, saving me another humiliation and a

mouth full of cum. I followed Sara to her condo.

There were only Sara and two other women and three guys there. Sara

ordered me to act as waitress, telling me to call everyone "ma'am" or

"sir". She gave me a small, white lace apron to wear over my skirt.

I was hustling drinks when Mark came into the kitchen with Sara. Mark

was twenty-one and an underwear model, meaning he had the hard body

that could take the camera's eye. He also was Sara's boyfriend and an

arrogant shit.

"Mark and I have a bet," she said. They could tell I was afraid. They

could smell my fear. She had a mean grin as she stared at me until I

had to look away.

"Mark bet you are getting off on this, Aunt Hannah. Are you? Are you

wet between your legs from being humiliated? Well?"

"Oh, god, please, no. I am begging, Sara. Don't... please, don't!"

"Pull up your skirt so we can check, Aunt Hannah. Now!"

"No....no.... I won't do it!"

"How many people do you want to see your pictures, Aunt Hannah?

Everyone you know? Should I post the pictures and your address on the

Internet? How about to the Bar Association? Do as you are told! NOW!"

I began to sob but I did it. My arms were like lead, my fingers stone,

as I slowly wiggled and tugged until the too tight mini skirt was

around my waist and my tiny pink thong was in clear sight.

"Which of us do you want to check, Aunt Hannah? You need to ask

politely. Whose finger do you want between your chubby legs?"

I could not speak. I could only shake.

"I will count to three. If you have not asked one of us, I will call

everyone in here and let them all check. One..."

"Mark."

"Ask him nicely."

"Mark, please check me," I sobbed.

"Stupid, slut! Say "Mark, please finger my slutty pussy to see if I am

wet fcrom being humiliated'."

I shook my head no.

"Two."

"Mark... oh, god... Mark, (sob) please finger my (sob) slutty pussy to

see... to see if I am (sob) wet from being humiliated (giant sob)."

What a shit eating grin he had as he slipped his finger between my

legs. He was not content to rub my labia through the thin sheen of

the knickers. He pushed the knickers aside and entered me, pushing his

finger all the way in to the palm. I could not look at them. My skin

was hot... prickly... beet red for my humiliation of standing in front

of this bitchy, blackmailing woman and having her boyfriend's finger

up me, buried to the hilt.

"Very wet," he said softly.

"My, my. The slut likes her humiliation. Look at me, Aunt Slut!" My

eyes leaped to her face. I felt my burn increase, my breathing become

shallow. Yes, dammit! I was getting off on the humiliation.

"Bring her to the edge, Mark, but, don't let her cum." Sara's voice

was like the hissing of a snake: evil and cold.

Mark slowly guided a second finger up my gooey slit. I felt his thumb

touch my clit, which was rigid and quivering.

"NOOOOOO!!"

It was an explosion... a volcano erupting without warning.

Instantaneously, my body went rigid and my back arched. My orgasm

smashed me, knocking me to the floor. Mark's hand never left me: his

thumb rotating my clit, his fingers sliding up and down, thrusting in

and out of my pussy.

I was writhing on the floor like a mad woman, smashed again and again

by orgasms. I could hear my screaming. So could every one else.

Quickly, they were all in the kitchen watching me... all seven of them

watching as I wiggled on the floor in an orgasmic fit, my legs

thrashing, my hands still clutching the hem of my skirt at my waist.

They watched as I screamed when my body when rigid... arching... only

my heels and my shoulders touching the floor. They were giggling and

smirking as I passed out from the greatest orgasm of my life.

When I awakened, the lights were off in the kitchen and I was alone,

still clutching the hem of my dress. Slowly, I struggled to stand. I

reeked of sex. I was sore and tired. I stumbled to the door, opened

it and went into the living room.

There was only a single, soft, light on. Lucinda, her boyfriend

Jeremy, Mark and Sara were all naked and on the floor. The others

were gone. Sara was sucking Mark's cock. Jeremy was between

Lucinda's legs, his cock buried in her. Sara looked up at me.

"Anybody want to use the old slut?"

"Send her away," Mark murmured. The others grunted negatively.

"Nobody wants you, Aunt Hannah. Go home. I will call you."

How humiliating! To be available for sex and nobody even wants you. I

had to admit to myself if no one else, I was still horny even after

the multiple orgasms I demonstrated for the crowd. I had never been

this horny. When I finally crawled into my own bed, I started

masturbating and could not stop. I awakened the next morning with my

hands between my legs and my vibrator still buried in my pussy. I

started my Sunday by masturbating again.

Sara called at two to give me instructions, ordering me to arrive at

the club at seven. I almost panicked as I opened the door. I had

never been in a gentlemen's club before. I knew they existed and

often the male attorneys in my firm entertained clients there. It was

dark and the rock and roll music blasted my ears as I looked for Mark

and Sara. I found them sitting with friends.

"Aunt Hannah!" Sara called out. "Glad to see you are on time. Come

on!"

I followed her through a curtain at the back. The room was full of

women... girls... teenagers! There must have been twenty of them in

various stages of undress. I was the oldest.

"Okay, ladies. Here are your costumes. Lockers are over there. Hurry!

We are starting now."

I took a wad of clothes from the woman who had given us instructions.

Following Sara, I began undressing, hanging my clothes in the locker.

"Sara, what is happening?" She had that cold, evil snake's expression

again. I knew I was beet red and shivering.

"Wet T-shirt contest, Aunt Hannah. The winner gets a thousand

dollars. Hurry up!"

"Please, Sara. Don't! I can't stand any more humiliation."

She laughed in my face. "We both know you get off on humiliation,

Aunt Hannah. So, just do as you are told. I will mail the pictures

if you don't obey me!"

Fighting back tears, I finished undressing and put on the costume they

gave me and my black pumps Sara had told me to bring. The costume was

a white thong bikini bottom and a tiny, cropped white T-shirt. My

nipples were erect and very noticeable. I should have told you. I have

big nipples and when I am aroused, they are huge.

The thong showed my full ass off to perfection. Everyone could see it

and my chubby thighs. Even worse, I had not trimmed my pubic hairs as

everyone else had. I tried to get all my hairy bush into the bikinis

but I could not. Some hair still stuck out around the bikinis edge as

Sara dragged me toward the stage.

Waiting in the shadows as other women preceded me on stage, I surveyed

the audience. It was full of hooting and happy men, some rooting on

their wives or girlfriends, others just enjoying the feminine flesh so

openly displayed. The women on stage strutted like sluts or stood

still like zombies depending on how they reacted. One thing they had

in common. They all squealed and jumped around when they were sprayed

with cold water, soaking their tiny costumes which were identical to

the one I wore. The obvious result was erect nipples and goose bumps

everywhere.

I was steeling myself to go on. I had no choice. I had watched the

ones before me. Once again I was to be the oldest, with the

chubbiest thighs and biggest butt in the contest. My breasts were

exceeded in size by many of them. Now, it was only one woman in front

of me.

Sara whispered in my ear.

"Did you notice Ray Winters from the office sitting with Mark? I knew

you would want him here!"

"NO!" I barked in horror. The bile rose again and I felt faint. Sara

slapped my face, seeing my loss of color and afraid I would faint. I

sobbed as I tried to regain my control.

Ray Winters was a new partner in my firm, thirty-two and very good

looking. He and I had been assigned to a case together where we

really got to know each other. Since then our relationship had

blossomed wonderfully, to the point of sex, which I was sure we would

consummate on our next date.

Now, any relationship with him would be gone forever. He would never

have a meaningful relationship with a woman who would participate in a

wet T-shirt contest. I was crushed. This was going to be the

greatest humiliation of all, prancing wet and almost naked before a

hundred men and the man I really liked... the man I would consider

marrying.

"Your turn, Aunt Hannah," Sara said softly and pushed me up the

stairs.

I stumbled into the spotlight. I froze, unable to move. "Show us

your fat ass!" Mark shouted. I felt a tear on my cheek. Then, the

ice water hit me.

I guess one never knows how one is going to react under extreme

stress.

I was shaking with humiliation and the ice water as I looked down at

myself. The T-shirt was plastered against me, every millimeter of

flesh exposed, my nipples, huge, hard rocks clearly visible, the

bikini bottoms soaked and my pubic hair both visible through the

material and sticking out around the edges, my pussy lips obvious

under the cloth, my chubby thighs covered with goose bumps.

It was so erotic I thought I would orgasm right then and there.

I moaned from deep down inside me and started to bump and grind to the

music... thrusting my hips back and forth... my hands all over my

body, stroking myself. I turned around and bent over, showed my naked

ass to everyone, wiggling in their faces. I felt my hand cup my pussy

when the music stopped and the lights went off. I was in a daze as a

woman guided me off stage.

I won the contest. It seems my hot, full body and wild gyrations got

me more votes than anyone. Sara was royally pissed off I won, her

anger very obvious to everyone. After I redressed and collected my

winnings, I walked towards them. Sara stopped me.

"Well, you old slut, Ray and I had a long talk. He bought all the

pictures and the negatives from me. You belong to him now. Have fun!"

She stalked away. It seemed to be the way I reacted a lot any more.

I stood like a zombie as Ray walked toward me, a little smile on his

face.

"Hannah, follow me home. We need to talk." He kissed me gently on

the cheek, took my hand and led me out of the club.

Ray shoved me down on the couch in his living room, handed me a

highball, and sat beside me. He had a funny little smile on his face

as he watched me. I realized I felt very secure and comfortable with

him... even though he had seen me parading like a slut and had dirty

pictures of me with another man.

"God, you were magnificent! I have never seen such a desirable woman.

A woman so sexy, sensual. You really turn me on!"

"Oh, Ray, please forgive me. That is not the real me. I am so sorry

you saw me like that. I..."

"I hope it is the real you. I loved seeing you like that, Hannah. It

enhances, not damages, what we have together. And, I know everything.

Little Sara folded like a balloon when we talked felony charges. I

have all the pictures and the negatives. I would love to see them but

I will not look at them if you don't want me to. What do you want,

Hannah?"

"I do not want to think beyond tonight. And, for tonight I want the

man I want to be in my life... you... to fuck me until I beg for

mercy."

He took me in his arms. Before the night was over, he fucked me until

neither of us could move. What started as the worst weekend of my

life, ended as the best. But, that is another story.