**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

Hi, my name’s Claire and I’m being blackmailed into being a slut.

That’s very true but I guess that I should start at the beginning.

I’m 19 and come from what I suppose you could call a middle class family. When I left college a year ago I was lucky enough to get a job as an office junior at a smallish electronic surveillance company. When I say smallish I mean the boss (Tony) the techie (Sandra) and 4 field installation guys; all in their mid-twenties.

All went great for the first 3 months and I was fitting in quite well, getting along just great with everyone in the company. Then I made 2 really terrible mistakes.

Mistake number one was to miss-calculate an invoice to a company that Tony knows that I know the owner. He’s the father of one of my best friends.

Mistake number two was to use the company’s internet to access porn sites. I’d better explain that. You see I’m a average healthy 19 year-old girl, without a boyfriend, who has fantasies and sexual urges. The installation guys are out on the road just about all the time and both Tony and Sandra have to go to visit customers quite a lot.

It was a Monday, the weather was warm, I was on my own at work and I was bored so I started searching the internet for sites that gave me information on my fantasy (being submissive, being dominated and getting gang-banged). I found a few sites and forums and struck-up an online conversation with a man who asked all the right questions and got me weighed-up in minutes. Within 30 minutes I was describing what I wanted men to do to me.

I knew that I was safe because I signed-up under a false name (SubGirl). I knew that if I got scared all I had to do was logoff so I was quite open with the answers that I gave.

We’d had a long conversation and I felt really horny by the time Tony and Sandra came back and I had to logoff.

The next afternoon Tony and Sandra were out again so I logged on to the forum and with minutes the same man started chatting to me again. This time he started daring me to do things for him in front of the webcam. I knew that I was safe so I agreed.

The dares started quite tame, like take my shoes off and show my bare feet to the webcam. There was a couple of other tame dares then he sprang something a lot more personal. He dared me to take my knickers off and prove to him that I’d done it.

That didn’t sound that bad until he told me that I’d have to show him my bare pussy to prove it. My heart fluttered and I felt my pussy get warm and wet.

Okay I thought, I’m safe here so let’s do it. But first I told him that I’d have to go and lock the outside door.

A bit more about myself before I continue.

I’m 5 foot 3 inches tall, long blonde hair and a 34B 24 34 figure.

I stood in front of the webcam and slowly pulled my skirt up showing the man my black, see-through thong. Then I slowly pulled my thong down showing him my bald pussy. By then my pussy was soaking and craving some attention.

“Not good enough slut.” The man said, “Take them right off and hold them up for me to see.”

So I did, letting go of my skirt as I did so.

“Still not good enough; take the skirt right off.”

Even basic logic told me that it had gone too far but I was caught between my fantasy and reality. My fantasy won and I unfastened my skirt which fell straight to the floor.

I was an excited, nervous wreck that couldn’t stop. Before long the man had talked me into getting total naked and sitting on my chair masturbating while he watched it all. It didn’t take me long to cum. After that he told me to put 3 fingers in my pussy then lick them clean; and I did.

After that he told me that I’d done enough for one day and that I should sign-on to the forum again the next day.

I just sat there, naked as the day I was born for ages before the phone rang. It was weird talking about work whilst sitting there stark naked. It certainly brought me back to reality. After the conversation ended I quickly got dressed and unlocked the door. By the time that Tony and Sandra returned everything was back to normal. Or so I thought.

The next morning just after all the installation guys had left Tony called me into his office and my world crashed.

Tony accused me of theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour in the workplace. He told me that it was grounds for instant dismissal and prosecution by the police. He said that I was looking at a big fine, or even some time in jail.

At first I denied it but Tony had proof. When he produced the invoice I pleaded that it was a simple mistake.

I couldn’t do the same for the evidence of the rest of my ‘crime’. I should have realised that a company of that nature would have lots of surveillance cameras all around, and recordings from the lot; but I just hadn’t thought about it. There was even one that had close-up of my bald pussy. Where the hell was that camera? As well as that lot there was a recording of my online chat. Oh boy, was I embarrassed.

Tony clicked on 5 videos from different angles in the main office, all showing me naked and frigging away. One video showed every internet page that I’d looked at that day.

By that time I was crying my heart out. When Tony asked me what I thought that my parents would think I just about started going hysterical. It would kill my parents if they ever found out.

“I’m so sorry Tony; please don’t tell anyone about this.” I pleaded in between the streams of tears.

“It’s a very serious matter Claire, I can’t just forget about it. I should really go to the police; and tell your parents; it’s the right thing to do.” Tony said.

“Please Tony, please don’t tell anyone. I’ll do anything that you tell me; absolutely anything. I just can’t let my parents find out what I’ve done.”

There was a long pause where Tony just stared at me and I kept crying.

“Well Claire I can’t just let this go without you accepting some form of punishment.”

“Anything Tony; I’ll do anything and everything that you ask.”

“How do I know that you mean that Claire?”

“Just tell me Tony and I’ll do it.”

“Okay then I believe that all punishments should fit the crime.”

“Me too.” I interrupted.

“Right then; your punishment will come in many parts over a long period of time. You’ll hate parts of it and not want to do what I tell you; but at the first hint of you refusing to do what I say I will be on that phone to the police and your parents. Is that understood?”

“Yes Tony.”

“Okay then Claire, take your clothes off.”

“WHAT!”

“You heard me Claire, strip now or it’s the phone.”

I just stood there stunned. How could my boss order me to strip naked? This wasn’t right. But there again, what I had done wasn’t right. What choice did I have?

My hands slowly moved up to the button on my top. They were shaking like hell and I had awful trouble trying to get the buttons undone.

“I can’t do this Tony.”

Tony reached for the phone.

“Okay, okay; I’ll do it just so long as you promise not to tell my parents or the police.”

“I told you Claire; you do exactly as I say and there’s no need for me to involve your parent or the police.”

My still shaking hands started working on the buttons again. It took a while but I managed to get them undone and slowly took my top off. As my top hit the floor Tony said,

“Come on Claire, you can undress quicker than that.”

My skirt was next, leaving me stood there in my black lacy bra and another black see-through thong.

“I see that you like see-through thongs Claire, shame, you look good in it. Get it off, and the bra.”

I wondered what he meant by the word ‘shame’ as I finished stripping then held my hands over my breasts and pussy.

“Don’t be shy Claire, you were happy to show everything to that man yesterday so put those hands down.” Tony said.

Tony had me stand there for a couple of minutes, me feeling so ashamed. Then he said,

“Open your legs Claire, about 2 feet.”

My eyes went wide open then I realised that I’d have to do it. As my feet spread I could feel the air on my pussy. It felt cooling even though it was a warm day.

Tony let me stew for another couple of minutes before he told me to come over to his desk and bend over it.

I slowly moved forward and as I bent over I felt my hard nipples touch the desk and realised that I was excited. I sure as hell didn’t want to be, but I was. My thoughts went to my pussy and I realised that it was wet, very wet. What’s more I had ‘that’ feeling.

Tony was still sat there with my head right in front of his chest.

“Look up at me Claire.”

I raised my head.

“Claire, I am about to give you a spanking. This will be the first of many until I think that you have learnt your lesson. You will submit to these without question. There will be other punishments that you will also submit to without question. Do you understand?”

“Yes Tony.”

Tony stood up and the bulging front of his trousers was right in my face. I gasped a little as I saw that bulge. My thought were torn between,

“Oh no, please don’t fuck me,” and “please Tony, fuck me hard.”

I said nothing; nothing until Tony went behind me and slapped my butt so hard that I yelped and jumped up.

“Get back down and spread those feet wider.”

I blushed as I realised the view that Tony was getting. What’s more my pussy was very wet and hot.

Tony slapped my bare butt 9 more times. It hurt like hell and by about the fourth slap I was crying and pleading for him to stop.

When Tony finally stopped my butt was on fire.

“Stand up straight girl.” Tony said.

As I did, he continued,

“And put your hands by your sides.”

Tony went and sat at his desk then looked up at me. I was looking at the floor at my feet; my nipples were rock hard, my pussy ached for attention, my butt hurt like hell; and I was still crying.

“Right Claire,” Tony said, “a few new rules for you: -

1. From now on you will not wear any underwear while you are at work. Every day starting tomorrow, at 5 o'clock you will strip naked at your desk then go to the kitchen and lay on your back on the table with your arms and legs spread wide then wait for whoever’s turn it is to punish you. If anyone else comes into the room you will ignore them. But if no one else arrives within 30 minutes you may get dressed and go home.
2. You will do whatever any of us tell you without delay and without question.
3. If anything is delivered whilst you are naked you will stop whatever you are doing and go and answer the door without getting dressed.
4. You will shave your whole pubic region every morning.
5. You will not wear any make-up to work. Two reasons, firstly you don’t need it you have beautiful face; and secondly when you cry it makes a right mess on your face.
6. You will wear micro skirts and see-through tops to work every day.

Do you have any question?”

“Sorry Tony but I don’t have any micro skirts or see-through tops.”

“Okay, I should have guessed that. Go on to the internet and purchase some. Use the company credit card but don’t go crazy. I don’t expect any of the skirts to be more than 8 inches long and the see-through tops must show plenty of skin. Let me see the pictures of each one before you buy it; I want to approve it.

Do you have a tennis skirt or old school gym skirt?”

“Yes Tony.”

“Tonight you will shorten it to 8 inches long and wear it until the new ones arrive. As for a top, wear your smallest one tomorrow and we’ll modify it if I think that it isn’t revealing enough.

Any more questions Claire?”

“How long is this going to go on for?

“As long as I think it is necessary.”

“Are you going to stop my pay?”

“No.”

“I can’t go in and out of home dressed like you are telling me without my parents getting upset. Please can I arrive and leave work in my normal clothes?”

“Fair point Claire; yes you may, minus all underwear. When you arrive you will go straight to your desk and strip and go to the kitchen like I said earlier. You will do this immediately, regardless of who is in the office. I will be watching you and I never want to see you wearing underwear when you strip, understand slut?”

“Yes boss.”

“Tomorrow will be an exception to the rule. In the morning you will get changed into the skirt and top that you bring from home as soon as you arrive. I will be holding a meeting first thing to tell everyone about your crime and punishment and you will be there. After the meeting you will have your first punishment administered by one of the team. Do you understand?”

I nodded.

“Right, put your bra and thong in the rubbish bin and put your skirt and top on. Then go and wash that mess off your face.” Tony ordered.

I went and got cleaned up and for a minute or so I just stood looking at myself in the mirror. I asked myself a few questions: -

“What the hell have I got myself in to?”

“What am I going to do?”

“Can I survive this?”

“Why did I want Tony to fuck me?”

“Why am I so wet and horny?”

I didn’t have any answers so I straightened my top and skirt. As I did so I saw my nipples trying to poke through my top. I hoped that they weren’t going to be like that all day.

As I walked back to my desk Sandra said,

“Been a naughty girl Claire?”

“Yes,” was all I said.

My butt hurt as I sat down.

The rest of the day was reasonably quiet apart from when the postman arrived. I had to go and let him in. As I was signing for a package I could see that he was staring at my chest. I felt my nipples get even harder and start to throb.

I started looking for skirts and tops on the internet. It didn’t take me long to find some obscenely short ones. How any girl could wear a skirt that short I just didn’t know. Then I remembered why I was looking at them. I blushed a little as I imagined me wearing one of those skirts at work.

I bookmarked quite a few pages then went and told Tony what I had found and asked him to come and look at them. He came and stood next to me as I pulled up the pages. While I was doing that Tony said,

“Undo the top 2 buttons of your top Claire; I want to see your tits while we do this.”

Without even thinking I did as I was told. I felt my nipples get harder.

Tony wasn’t too happy with some of my selections and he took the mouse and searched through and found some even shorter skirts. He selected 2 that had built-in knickers and he told me that I had to cut them out as soon as they arrived. One of the other skirts that he selected wasn’t really a skirt; it was 2 rectangles of material that would leave my hips exposed. I shuddered at the thought of having to wear that at work.

He told me to search swimwear sites for see-through skirts and cover-ups. When I’d found some I went and told Tony, He came back to my desk and selected what he wanted me to order.

All in all I put over a thousand pounds on the company credit card. None of it was on clothes that any normal girls would wear at work (unless she was a hooker), but I was going to have to wear them. I suddenly realised that people were going to think that I was a hooker; or at the very best, a slut. Tony had already called me that. Maybe he was right.

When I got home that night I went straight to my room and cried and cried. Then I found myself masturbating and couldn’t understand why I was sexually excited.

After a couple of hours I got off my bed and looked for my old gym skirt. Then I got out a pair of scissors. When I put the shortened skirt on it looked indecent; I could feel my bare butt and pussy when I touched the hem. There was no way that I could bend over in that skirt.

I put on my briefest crop top and looked in the mirror. I really did look like a slut. I was right; there was no way that I could let my parent see me like that.

I took them off and got into bed naked. I cried myself to sleep but my hand was cupping my pussy from the second I got into bed.

My hand was still there when I woke up. What’s more my pussy was very wet. I wondered if I’d been masturbating in my sleep.

I got to work early and say that Tony was the only other person there. As instructed I went straight to my desk and got changed into my horrible revealing outfit. When I turned round I saw that Tony had been watching me.

When the last person arrived Tony called us all into his office. He went through the work for the day and discussed a couple of problems with the guys then he said,

“Gentlemen, Sandra; Claire is with us this morning because I have a very important issue to tell you all about. Yesterday I had to discipline Claire for theft, misuse of company equipment and lewd behaviour. The crimes were so bad that I could have called the police and had her arrested. If I’d done that Claire would have been in jail by now. As Claire had been doing so well up until yesterday I offered her an alternative to jail. That alternative is the reason for her change of appearance this morning and for the fact that she is happy to submit to being punished by all of us in a way that I doubt anyone of you would have expected.

Yesterday Claire stripped naked and I spanked her bare butt until it was bright red. Each evening at 5 o’clock, until I decide otherwise, you all will take it in turns to administer a spanking to Claire’s. You will have 30 minutes to complete that task. I will let you decide who does it on which days and how you decide to administer it.

Gentlemen, please get that table at the back of the store area out and put it in the kitchen area then find that sponge mat and put that on the table. That table is to be Claire’s punishment table and is to be used for nothing else. It may be needed for punishment at any time and I don’t want to have to clear it.

Today Claire will get punished twice; once right now and then again at 5 o’clock. Sandra, as you are the only other female here I would like you to be the first to administer a spanking.

Gentlemen off you go; Claire, take your clothes off and go to the kitchen and wait for everything to be ready.”

“Please Tony,” I pleaded, “please don’t make me do this, not in front of everyone.”

“Claire, you accepted the deal yesterday; either strip or pass me the phone.”

I slowly stripped and was then told to take my skirt and top to my desk. As I walked I saw that Sandra had an evil looking grin on her face.

In the kitchen I stood there trying to hide my tits and pussy as the guys brought the table in and covered it with the sponge mat.

We all waited a couple of minutes for Tony to come in. When he arrived he told me to get on the table any lay like he had told me. I climbed on and lay on my back with my legs closed and my arms by my side. I felt so embarrassed as everyone watched me.

“Claire, remember how I said you have to lay?”

I slowly opened my legs and spread my arms. I was spread-eagled, naked, in front of all my work colleagues. I was so ashamed that I just wanted to crawl into a corner and die.

Tony let everyone look at me for what seemed like hours before he turned to Sandra and said,

“Right Sandra, 10 spanks, how would you like Claire to be positioned?”

“Hmm, I’ve been thinking about that; how about we raise her legs and put them as far back as they will go?” Sandra said.

“Sounds good to me.” Tony said. “Claire lift your legs, keep them spread wide and put them as far back as you can. Gentlemen, when Claire is ready you grab her ankles and hold them to stop her moving.”

I just wanted to die. Tears were streaming down my face but I could feel that my pussy was getting wet.

“What shall I use to spank her?” Sandra asked.

“You can use whatever you like, but you must not break her skin.” Tony replied.

Sandra chose to use her hand and stepped forward and proceeded to quickly give me 10 slaps.

Needless to say that I was crying; I pleaded for her to stop but she just continued.

When it was over Tony said,

“Okay, that’s it for this morning; Claire will be here at 5 o’clock for her next punishment. Don’t forget to decide who will administer it gentlemen.”

With that Tony turned and walked out. The guys let go of my ankles then spent the next 5 minutes deciding who would be there at 5 o’clock.

I lowered my legs and just lay there crying.

The guys left and I slowly got off the table and walked back to my desk. As I slowly got dressed and stopped crying Sandra asked me if I was okay. The she said that she was sorry that she hurt me. I replied,

“That’s okay, I know that I deserved it so don’t feel bad.”

It was as I was putting my skirt on that I realised that my pussy was dripping. I wondered why because there was no way that I’d enjoyed the spanking.

I finished getting dressed then got on with my work, albeit standing up for the next couple of hours.

At lunch time I heard the beeping from the snack van that comes round. I’d forgotten about him, but I decided that I couldn’t face him and that I’d skip lunch.

Then I heard Tony shout for me. When I went to him he gave me some money and told me to go and get him a bacon butty.

My heart dropped as I realised that I’d have to go and face the snack van man.

As I walked outside the wind blew my skirt up and a fresh breeze licked round my pussy. I suddenly realised that I liked that but I still held my skirt down.

Rajeev, the snack van man complimented me on my outfit telling me that I looked great. I pretended not to hear him, but I did blush.

When I got back to our door I turned to look back and saw that Rajeev was watching me. I hoped that he couldn’t have seen my bare butt.

During the afternoon I started to get used to being dressed like that, and I managed to sit and get some work done.

Before I knew it Sandra was leaving so I knew that it was 5 o’clock. I looked round. We were the only 3 people there and I just hoped that one of the guys would get back in time.

Tony looked at me, then at the clock. I got the message and stood up and slowly stripped. Then I went to the kitchen. Tony had followed me and watched me as I got on the table and spread myself wide.

“Please Tony,” I said, “haven’t I been punished enough? Please let me go home.”

“No Claire, I will decide when you have had enough; and it won’t be for quite a long time so get used to this.”

I just lay there dreading what was going to happen. The strange thing was that my nipples were rock hard and they and my pussy was tinging. Surely I couldn’t be getting aroused by this horrible situation.

Before I could answer myself, Pete walked in,

“Sorry I’m late, traffic.”

“She’s all yours Pete. Make sure that her butts nice and red.” Tony said as he turned and left.

Pete stood at my feet staring at my pussy that was getting wetter by the second. After about 30 seconds he told me to get on my hands and knees. When I did my knees weren’t apart enough so he told me to spread them.

I felt my labia part as my knees parted. I could feel the embarrassment turning into tears even before Pete’s hand hit me.

I squealed as the tears became a flood.

By the time number 10 had landed my butt hurt like hell and my pussy was on fire too. I hoped that Pete couldn’t tell how aroused I was.

“Sorry Claire,” Pete said,” I hope that I didn’t hurt you too much; and don’t be embarrassed by getting turned-on by it, lots of women do. Some even cum when they’re spanked. It’s just the way women are built.”

I was confused. I just stayed there, still on my hands and knees for ages. I just couldn’t understand why I was feeling the way I was.

After a while Tony came in and told me to get dressed and go home.

It hurt when I got into my car.

At home mum asked me if I was okay, she said that I looked under the weather then she got one of my favourite meals ready. Afterwards I went to my room, stripped and looked at myself in the mirror.

Was I really getting turned-on by being spanked? I got my laptop out and did some research. What Pete said was right; apparently a lot of women do get turned-on by pain and spanking; and humiliation. Most of them admitted to being submissive as well. I realised that I could have been reading about myself.

I put my dressing gown on when mum called to say that tea was ready. After I’d eaten I went straight back to my room and took the gown off. I looked at myself in the mirror and asked myself what was wrong with me.

When I went to bed I again stayed naked and masturbated until I fell asleep with my hand on my pussy and a finger inside me.

I woke next morning feeling much better and less confused. Overnight my brain had accepted that I was submissive and that I did get turned-on by the embarrassment, humiliation, and being spanked. I still didn’t want to have to get naked and wear those horrible clothes.

At work I was watched by Aaron and Duncan (installation guys) as I stripped naked and put those horrible clothes on. Although I was embarrassed I didn’t feel so ashamed. I even stood facing them as I got changed.

The day went okay until the postman arrived. He had a little package that needed signing for. My face was bright red as I signed his little machine.

The package was the first of my new wardrobe. When I went and told Tony that it had arrived he told me to strip naked and try it on. When I told him that it was only a skirt he told me that it didn’t matter; I still had to get naked.

I did and then put the skirt on. It was a little bit shorter than my cut down school and it was see-through. The fact that it was see-through was irrelevant because it didn’t cover my butt completely, or my pussy. OMG; I felt horrible when Tony told me that I looked great and that I had to keep that skirt on for the rest of the day. I thought about the snack van man and suddenly realised that my pussy was getting wet. Was I really looking forward to going outside and letting Rajeev look at my pussy through that skirt?

Tony told me to put my top back on and get on with my work.

When I heard the snack van’s horn beeping my heart skipped beat. I suddenly decided that I was going to skip lunch. That decision was taken away from me when Tony came over and said,

“Come on Claire, get your purse. Quickly or he’ll be gone.”

What choice did I have? I picked up my purse and followed Tony. As soon as the door opened the front of the skirt blew up. Rajeev was waiting with a grin on his face. He watched every step that I made.

“Nice skirt Claire.” Rajeev said as I got closer.

I got a wet rush and my pussy tingled.

“Thank you Rajeev, I’m glad that you like it.” I said trying to sound as normal as possible. What I really wanted to say was,

“It’s horrible, and this man is making me wear it,” but I didn’t.

We got served and as I walked back I could feel Rajeev’s eyes burning my exposed butt cheeks.

The rest of the afternoon went reasonably well until 5 o’clock. I stood up and Sandra, Tony and Bob (installation guy) watched as I slowly stripped. I walked to the kitchen with my head down and climbed onto the table. As I spread my arms and legs my eyes and my pussy got wet; and my nipples started to ache and my pussy tingled.

“Claire,” Bob said, “I’m sorry about this but you have to learn what is right and what is wrong.”

“I know Bob. I’m really sorry for what I did. I know that you have to do this so how do you want me?”

“Don’t move Claire; I can get at your tits and pussy the way you are.”

I panicked a little as I realised the implications of what he had said. Then the first slap hit my right breast. I screamed.

Then it was my left breast. I screamed again.

I saw Tony appear at the door a second before Bob’s hand came down on my pussy. I screamed again then saw Tony’s grin.

“I didn’t think of doing that Bob; that’s a good idea.”

Bob went round my 3 sensitive parts again then looked at Tony. The tears were pouring down the sides of my face as Bob said,

“Where shall I land the last one Tony?”

“Pussy.” Tony said.

As soon as it landed and I’d screamed again Tony disappeared saying,

“Lock-up on your way out Claire. See you on Monday.”

“Sorry Claire.” Bob said again then he too left.

I lay there for a while then put my hand to my pussy. It was so tender and hot. I opened my lips and touched my clit. A bolt of pleasure shot through me and I started to cum.

My body writhed about that table for a couple of minutes before I started to calm down.

“What the hell was that?” I thought; even though I knew what it was.

“Why had that happened?” I correctly asked myself.

As I lay there I wondered what was happening to me.

Eventually I got up, walked to my desk and got dressed into my ‘home’ clothes. I locked up and drove home in a bit of a dream world.

“Still feeling a bit under the weather?” My mother asked. “You go and have a hot bath and I’ll put some soup on.”

I smiled a little as I walked up the stairs. Soup is my mother’s answer to all ailments.

In the bath I looked at my breasts. They were still a bit red and my nipples were sore and rock hard. Even after Bob’s abuse they still managed to get hard. I touched my clit and jerked a bit. I thought about playing with it but decided to leave it.

As the water started to cool down I heard my mother shout that the soup was ready. I got out and put a robe on then went downstairs and had my soup.

“Feel better?” Mother asked.

“Yes thank you mum.”

“Magic stuff my soup isn’t it?”

“Yes mum.”

I went to bed and tried to work out what was happening to me. My right hand involuntarily went to my clit and started rubbing.

When I woke up my pussy was dripping. Had I been masturbating in my sleep again? I just didn’t know much anymore.

I had the weekend to try to make some sense of my feelings but I couldn’t. Every chance that I got I put my hand on my bare pussy and played with it. I must have had 7 or 8 orgasms that weekend.

It didn’t help that I had to go and do some shopping. As I was driving into town I asked myself why I hadn’t put any underwear on that morning and gone out in only a thin summer dress. Tony wasn’t with me so how would he know. I asked myself if I wanted to be naked under my thin dress.

At a set of traffic lights I put my hand up my skirt and touched my pussy. It was so wet and when I touched my clit I nearly exploded.

Walking round town in a bit of a daze I started to think that maybe I liked dressing like that. On impulse I went into a clothes shop and bought a much shorter summer dress. The top was scooped low and showed lots of cleavage. The shop girl was happy to let me leave wearing my new dress and she even cut the tags off for me.

As I walked down the street I felt nervous and excited; and still confused.

As I got into my car to go home I looked down at my lap. The short dress had ridden up and I could see my bare pubes. Normally I would have straightened my skirt, but I didn’t; I drove home with my pubes on display.

When I got home my mother looked at me and said,

“A bit risque isn’t it?”

She obviously didn’t approve and just ‘tutted’ when I said,

“It’s the fashion these days mum; all the girls are wearing clothes like this.”

My dad smiled at me and when mother went out of the room and he told me that I looked beautiful.

I felt good too. When I went up to my room I stood in front of the mirror and experimented lifting the dress bit by bit until I could see my wet pussy. I stood with my legs apart and looked at my clit just showing between my lips. That was when I had to give myself one of the 7 or 8 orgasms.

I still didn’t understand why I was feeling like I was.

The full team was there when I got to work on the Monday morning. I had a little panic until I looked at the clock and saw that I wasn’t late. At my desk I opened the draw and looked up; everyone was looking at me. I, almost defiantly, stripped and stared back at them before putting the see-through skirt and the top on. A thought flashed through my brain,

“I hope that one of the see-through tops arrives this morning.”

Then I told myself to stop being stupid and I sat down and started my work.

Some more of my new clothes did arrive that morning and a see-through top was one of the items. When they arrived Tony had me strip and model each item for him. For some weird reason I wasn’t as reluctant to strip for Tony and I didn’t start crying.

Tony must have sensed that I was getting used to it because he pushed the limit a bit further by putting his hands on my breasts on top of one of the new tops. He used the pretence of wanting to feel the material but I’m sure that he just wanted to touch my tits.

When the snack van man arrived I just got up, grabbed my purse and walked out. Tony had had me discard my original top saying that it didn’t go with my new skirts. He was right, they didn’t go together but at least it wasn’t see-through. As I walked out of the door I realised that I didn’t feel anywhere as near bad as I had done the last week; in fact I felt a little wet rush and my nipples harden as I saw Rajeev looking expectantly for me.

Rajeev again complimented me on my outfit telling me that he liked the ‘new’ Claire and I again felt his eyes looking at me as I walked back to the door.

5 o’clock came and I got nervous again. It was obviously Duncan’s turn to punish me as he was stood at the kitchen door watching me get undressed. Neither of us said anything as I walked passed him and got onto the table. Spreading myself wide I waited as Duncan just stared at me.

It seemed like forever until Duncan said,

“On your hands and knees Claire.”

I turned over and got into the required positon, spreading my knees quite wide. I buried my face in the sponge mat knowing that Duncan would be staring at my open pussy.

Duncan slapped my butt hard; then again. I started to cry but still managed to hear both Tony and Sandra leaving and telling Duncan to lock-up on his way out.

Slap 3 and 4 were just as hard. As the rest of the 10 landed my butt was on fire and my pussy was hot and getting wetter by the second.

As the 10th landed I was relieved that it was over but my pussy was aching for attention. Duncan must have sensed this because he started fingering me. In and out went first one then two fingers. Within a couple of minutes I was cumming, screaming for Duncan to keep going. He did, and I had another orgasm.

Duncan removed is hand and I slid my knees back and just lay there on my stomach.

“Thank you for that Claire;” Duncan said, “I’ve been wanting to do that since the first day that you walked in in here.”

I didn’t say anything as Duncan left, reminding me to lock-up.

I pushed my right hand under me and cupped my pussy. I just needed something pressing on my clit.

After about 5 minutes I was recovered enough to get up and go and get dressed. As I walked out I looked at the kitchen table and smiled to myself. I didn’t feel bad.

I still had a smile on my face when I got home. My mother told me that I looked much better, that my cheeks had a rosy glow. I grinned thinking,

“And the other ones too.”

The Tuesday saw more clothes arrive and another smile on the postman’s face as I signed his machine. He cheekily said that he enjoyed delivering to us as he was staring at my see-through top; my nipples trying to cut their way out.

The snack van man was pleased to see me as well. So were 2 guys from the unit further down that hand come up to the van there rather than waiting for it to move down. I was blushing like hell as they tried to make conversation with me. I got away as soon as I could and hurried back to work.

Duncan must have spread the word of what he did to me because when Aaron came to spank me he too fingered me and brought me to another shattering orgasm. Again I was so embarrassed that I had cum and I just lay there for ages after he’d left. The other weird thing was that after he’d gone I touched my clit I had another mini orgasm. Why was that?

It was Sandra the next evening and she wanted to spank me the same way as she had done before. When she came into the kitchen Tony was with her. I was instructed to raise my legs and Tony held them while Sandra spanked me. Sandra must have a bit of an evil streak because her spanks hurt like hell, more than the ones from the guys. When I was crying I wanted ask her to be more gentle but I knew that Tony would use that to get her to spank me harder.

I was glad when the 10 were over and I was expecting Tony to release my ankles but he didn’t. The next thing that I knew something big was invading my pussy.

“What the fuck?” I said; then went back to crying.

“Well Claire, the guys tell me that they’ve been finger fucking you and that you’ve had some orgasms. Sandra wanted to be slightly different so she went and bought a big dildo. Perhaps this will humiliate you and make you regret what you have done.”

Sandra showed no mercy; the dildo went in and out, gradually getting faster and faster. I tried not to get aroused but it was hopeless. All too soon I started cumming, and cumming, and cumming. Sandra just wouldn’t stop.

After about the fifth orgasm she finally got tired and stopped. Tony let go of my legs and they dropped back to the table. They both watched me as I slowly got back to something like normal.

“Fuck Claire,” Sandra said, “you really are a slut; I’ve never seen anyone cum like that.”

Tony said,

“Claire, I’ve told the guys to get a little more adventurous with you. Perhaps we can find something that doesn’t turn you on so easily.”

I was amazed; they were talking as if me cumming was my fault. I wasn’t the one ramming things into my pussy.

I was left to lock-up again.

The next morning Tony watched me strip naked then called me into his office.

“Claire, I see that you now have so many new clothes that you are having trouble putting the all in your desk. Before you start your work clear the rubbish out of that cupboard and then use it as your wardrobe; but not for your ‘home’ clothes. Each morning you will strip at your desk then come over here and wait for me to select what you will wear for the day. Do you understand?”

“Yes Tony.”

“Right then, all that rubbish wants to go in the skip out the back.”

I just stood there.

“What is it Claire?”

“You said out the back; as in outside. But I have no clothes on.”

“I can see that. You’ve gone out to that snack van wearing next to nothing so going out the back with nothing on shouldn’t be a problem to you; anything else?”

“Err yes, it’s my period next week.”

“And?”

 “And I use panty-liners.”

“Not any more you don’t; get yourself some tampons. I guess that you’ll have to find another way to let the guys humiliate you.”

I spent the next hour walking backwards and forwards to the skip hoping that no one saw me. I know that I’ve been outside virtually naked before but actually being naked was different. It was more exciting. The wind blowing round my pussy and nipples felt good. I was in a reasonably good mood when my new wardrobe had all my new clothes in; even if they were clothes that I would never buy for myself, and never wear, anywhere, if I didn’t have to. The other thing was that there were clothes that I’d never seen before and never ordered. I assumed that Tony had ordered them for me.

Some of them were so skimpy that I may as well not have bothered.

The delivery man arrived before Tony told me what he wanted me to wear and Sandra told me to go and sign for whatever it was as I was. I stopped feeling good and started feeling very embarrassed again as I signed for the package.

It was more clothes; and some heels. I knew that I hadn’t ordered them so Tony or Sandra must have done it. I was just hanging them up when Tony came in and saw them.

“Good, they’ve arrived. Today you will wear that string vest and the black heels. I slipped the sting vest over my head and quickly realized that it was a man’s string vest. It covered my butt and pussy but it was armless and the arm holes were very low cut. I could see the sides of my tits when I lifted my arms. The other thing was that the holes were so big that my nipples poked through 2 of them; and there were so many holes that I may as well not have been wearing anything.

I dreaded going out to the snack van man; so much so that I decided to skip lunch. Unfortunately Tony wanted some lunch. By the time that I got outside the van had moved down the car park and there was no one getting served. If I was to get Tony’s lunch I would have to run after it.

All of a sudden 4 guys from the unit at the bottom came out get their lunch. They got to the van before I did and I had to wait to get served.

One of the guys turned round then said,

“Hey guys, you may want to turn round and look at this.”

By that time I was stood there trying to get my breath back and wishing that I was hundreds of miles away.

Getting served took forever. The guys were staring at me and talking about me. Their suggestive comments were embarrassing me something rottten. I should have expected it; after all, all I was wearing was a totally see-through vest. What’s more, it was ages before I realised that my right tit had escaped during the run down.

Rajeev was so happy to see me that I got Tony’s lunch for free.

When I gave Tony his lunch he told me that I looked good.

For the rest of that week and the start of the next week the evening routine was the same. The guys would spank me then finger fuck me to an orgasm. In a way I was getting used to it but it was still horribly humiliating.

When my period arrived I had the little string dangling as I lay on the table. It was Duncan’s turn to abuse me and after he’d administered the 10 swats he said,

“Well Claire, I see that your fuck hole is occupied. I guess that I’ll have to put something in another of your holes.”

My first reaction was that he was going to stick something up my butt, a thing that I really did not want. When he told me to turn round and lay across the table with my head hanging off the side I had this horrible feeling that he was going to stick his dick in my mouth.

That horrible feeling became a fact of life. When he got his dick out I pleaded with him not to do it but he pressed the end of his dick against my mouth and held my nose until I opened up. It was horrible and as he pressed further in he kept saying ‘swallow Claire’.

I did, hoping that I wouldn’t choke to death. After a couple of minutes of me thinking that I was about to die things suddenly got less choking.

Duncan kept ramming his dick in and out of my mouth until he suddenly stopped and pressed real hard. I suddenly felt something warm going down my throat.

“That’s right Claire, swallow it all.”

When Duncan pulled out he stood there and wiped the end of his dick on my face then put it back into his pants.

“Thank you Claire,” Duncan said, “don’t worry, you can have another load tomorrow;” and he left.

That was the first time that I’d done that for a man and part of me said that I never wanted to do it again. The other part of me couldn’t wait until tomorrow.

After the next 2 spanking I got face fucked and decided that it wasn’t really that bad.

The following morning whilst I was standing naked in Tony’s office waiting for him to arrive I decided that I was going to tell him that enough was enough; that I’d been humiliated more than enough. I practised what I was going to say in my head and when he walked in I started on my little speech.

I’d only got 2 sentences out when he stopped me and threatened me with the police and my parents again. He was having nothing of it. He even pulled up a few videos on his pc showing me having all those orgasms. I hadn’t seen any cameras in the kitchen but I didn’t know our products by sight, only numbers. They could have been anywhere.

I was well and truly shot down. I realised that I had to go on enduring those punishments.

A couple of months previous I had made the mistake of telling Sandra that my parent were going on holiday and that I’d be left at home alone. Tony suddenly reminded me of that fact and told me that because I’d dared to challenge his decision I would have to drive to and from work totally naked.

I gasped and said,

“What about getting to my car from here; and what about my neighbours?”

“I’m sure that you’ll work something out; and when you’re at home you will stay naked as well. Remember what we do here Claire, you never know when we will be watching you.”

Fuck, was there a camera somewhere at home? Were there lots of them? Had Tony seen me masturbating in my bedroom? Had he watched me shaving each morning? Oh fuck. What was I going to do?

The spanking followed by the finger fucking happened again that evening but it was followed by a mouth fucking as well. That started happening every evening apart from when it was Sandra’s turn. Those evenings my pussy was filled with the big dildo. Sandra did try to push it down my throat but I was gagging too much and she took pity on me and stopped.

The following Monday morning I got up early, got ready (apart from any clothes) and then kept looking out of the window until I was confident that none of the neighbours were looking (not that I could ever be sure of that). I chickened out a couple of times before dashing to my car. I sat there for a couple of minutes getting my breath back then set off.

It was weird driving whilst naked. I started getting paranoid that everyone was looking at me and I worked out where I could stop at traffic light to minimise the risk of someone looking and realising.

I eventually got to work and sat there for a minute before looking round to see if anyone was there.

Eventually I got the courage and I jumped out and ran for the door. I had to be the first there didn’t I? The damn door was locked and I had to fumble in my bag to get the keys. Boy was I happy to be in that building.

When I got to my desk my heart was pounding and my pussy was dripping. I just sat there with my hand cupping my soaking pussy until I heard someone else arrive then I went and stood in Tony’s office waiting for him.

I was a horny, nervous person going to and coming from work for the next few days. The nervous reduces a bit but every morning but I always just sat at my desk holding my pussy until someone else arrived. I wanted to masturbate but I was scared in case there was a camera watching me. When I got home each evening I did frig myself to a glorious orgasm just as soon as I got in the door.

One morning when I got to work there was a DHL delivery van outside our unit. I waited for a couple of minutes to see where the delivery man was. When I was satisfied that he was not anywhere close I made a run for it. Just as I was getting to the back of the van the man came round the corner and I nearly bumped into him. I stopped dead in my tracks not even thinking to try to cover my tits and pussy. The man just stared for a few seconds then smiled and said,

“Well hi there, I didn’t think that it was that warm; or are you taking part in a ‘nude at work’ day?”

I un-froze and mumbled something as I rushed to our door. I could feel his eyes burning my bare butt as I unlocked the door and went in.

That morning I went straight to the toilet and took care of my burning desire.

Another problem I had with a delivery man was a few days later. Tony had me dress in very skimpy clothes that were slightly see-through. When I opened the door to him he immediately grinned and walked in. Before I knew it he had an arm round me and was groping my tits. I told him to get off me but he didn’t so I screamed. Within seconds Tony was there and pushing the man off me.

“Leave her alone scum-bag.” Tony said.

“What’s the problem man? She’s a whore and she loves it.”

“She definitely isn’t a whore, she’s a respected employee and as such she WILL be treated with respect by everyone who comes here. In your language that means that you will not touch her or insult her in any way. Is that plain enough for you to understand?”

“Yes but she was begging for it.”

“No she wasn’t.”

“But look at her.”

“It doesn’t matter what any women does or does not wear; they must be treated with respect. Would you like me to tell you what that word means?”

“No.”

“Good; now get out.”

The man turned and left and I put my arms round Tony and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you Tony.”

“You’re welcome; and just scream if anything like that happens again.”

“I will.”

On evening that same week, I stripped and went to the kitchen to wait as usual. It was Bob’s turn and he was late. I lay there waiting and heard both Tony and Sandra leave. I was left on my own. Time passed and I got bored; but for some reason I started getting excited and horny. I couldn’t explain those feeling because I was waiting to get my pussy and tits spanked and my mouth fucked.

After about 20 minutes my right hand moved to my pussy and my finger started teasing my clit.

By half past five Bob still hadn’t arrived and my frigging was getting serious.

Five minutes later I was cumming; and cumming hard. It was only after I started coming down I thought about cameras. I looked round and couldn’t see any; but there again I didn’t know what I was looking. As I got up and got ready to go home I hoped that I hadn’t been caught on video.

The next morning while I was stood naked in the office waiting for Tony to arrive; Bob stuck his head round the door and apologised for not being able to get back in time.

I told him that I’d missed him and that I’d make it up to him next time that it was his turn. After he’d gone I realised what I’d said. ‘I’d missed him’ could easily be interpreted to mean that I was looking forward to him spanking my bare body and fucking my mouth. ‘I’d make it up to him next time’ could easily mean that he could do more to me next time. What more could he do to me? I felt horrible when I realised that the only other thing that he could do to me was actually fuck me properly. I shuddered at the thought, but felt myself get very wet.

My parent came home and I started dressing to go to work. I was actually a bit disappointed because I’d got to like the excitement of driving naked. I’d also got used to walking around the house naked and staying naked all weekend. I wasn’t looking forward to the next weekend and I hoped that I would remember to put some clothes on each time I came out of my room.

That Monday night was Bob’s turn to abuse me and when he came into the kitchen and saw me spread eagled waiting for him he reminded me that I’d said that I’d make it up to him for missing a session with me.

I immediately regretted what I’d said and said nothing to Bob. He did his usual tit and pussy spanking then told me to swivel round so that I was across the table. I lowered my head and waited for Bob to ram his cock down my throat but Bob stayed put. After a few seconds he said,

“Right Claire, I’ve been thinking about what you said and as there’s logically only one next step I have to assume that you want me to fuck you.”

I nearly started crying again as Bob went to the side of the table and looked down at my spread pussy. I knew what was coming next and I didn’t know if I wanted it or not. I was so confused.

I heard the zip on Bob’s trousers and tensed up.

I felt the tip of Bob’s cock touch my pussy and jerked back. Bob pushed then said,

“Shit Claire, you’re tight; relax slut.”

I relaxed and felt the cock go deep inside me. Boy did that feel good.

Bob started going in and out and before long we were both close to cumming.

All of a sudden Bob stopped and asked me if I was on the pill. I nodded and he started thrusting again; this time harder than before.

I felt my tits wobbling as I grunted in time with Bobs thrusts. Bob stopped and pressed into me real hard. Then I felt something warm inside me. After a few seconds Bob pulled out and came round to the other side of the table.

I opened my mouth and sucked Bob’s soft cock.

Two minutes later Bob pulled his still soft cock out of my mouth and put it back inside his trousers.

“Same again next time.” Bob said as he walked out, leaving me frustrated. Bob asking me if I was on the pill had spoilt the moment for me and I needed release.

Not caring if I was on any camera I put my hand to my pussy and gave it the release that it needed.

When Duncan came at 5 o’clock the next day he too fucked me. So did Aaron the next day. It was Sandra’s turn the next evening and she really rammed that dildo into me. Afterwards she said,

“Well Claire, I hear that the boys are fucking you and that you’re really enjoying it. Tony is quite impressed with the videos and is thinking of branching out into porno videos. Do you fancy being a porno star?”

“No, no, please don’t let him do that, I’ll do anything, but please don’t let him sell any videos of me.” I pleaded.

“Well, maybe if you were to lick my pussy I might try to persuade him not to.” Sandra said.

“Yes, yes, I’ll do anything.” I said.

I’d never eaten another girl’s pussy before so I wasn’t sure what I was letting myself in for. Okay, in the privacy of my bedroom I’d stuck 3 fingers in my pussy then licked them just to see what it was like; and it was good, but I didn’t know if every pussy tastes the same.

Sandra had me wait until all the others had gone home then took her skirt and knickers off. She climbed onto the table and spread her knees over my face. As she lowered her pussy to my face I was glad to see that she too shaved.

I started doing to her what I thought I would like someone to do to me. It seemed to work because she started to moan and get very wet. After a couple of minutes she bent forward and lowered her face to my pussy.

Sandra did to me what I was doing to her and before long I started cumming, shortly followed by her.

I thought that I was going to suffocate as Sandra collapsed onto me but I managed to turn my head a bit and start breathing again.

Sandra was satisfied and she told me to get dressed and we left for home.

The next morning while I was stood in Tony’s office waiting for him to arrive I was very nervous. I wanted to plead with him to get him to promise that he wouldn’t sell the videos but I didn’t know how to start.

The subject of the videos never came up as Tony said,

“I see that both Sandra and the guys have found new ways to punish you. I do hope that you are learning from them.”

“Yes Tony I certainly am.”

“I’ve told all the guys to be here at 5 o’clock tonight. Now put this on and go and get some work done.”

My eyes opened wide for a second. Had Tony just told me that I was going to get gangbanged? I felt a really big gush in my pussy and my nipples throbbed.

Tony gave me the 2 small rectangles of material and said,

I think that’s everything that you’ll wear today Claire. I looked at him and said,

“Sure thing boss.”

All that day I was tingling with anticipation and my pussy was dripping. I even gave the snack van man a hug and rubbed my tits in his face. Two of the guys from the unit down the car park told me that they were collecting photos for their company’s calendar and asked me to pose for them. They were over the moon when I said,

“Tell you what, if things go as well as I hope tonight I will pose for you.”

All 4 installation guys watched me strip naked at 5 o’clock that night. I was so close to cumming as I walked into the kitchen that when I got onto the table and opened my legs Bob said,

“Bloody hell, she’s gagging for it.”

And I was. It was amazing; my sexiest fantasy was about to come true.

“I’m going first.” Bob said.

“I’ll have her mouth.” Duncan said.

I was totally knackered as I got into my car to go home. When I walked through the door my mum looked at me and asked me if I’d won the lottery.

“Something like that mum.” I said as I went up to my room and stripped for a long hot bath.

When Tony arrived the next morning he said,

“I have to admit that your work has been exemplary since you started getting punished; and the guys are getting their work done quicker. I think that the business needs you to continue being punished the way that you were last night. If things keep improving I think that I may just have to give you a pay rise.”

“Does that mean that I have to keep wearing just those 2 rectangles Tony?”

“That’s the most that you can wear Claire.”