**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05**

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*Author’s Notes: -*

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

*V*

The following week started just like any other these days, virtually naked all the time, the embarrassment when the delivery guys arrived, having to go out to the snack van and endure the lewd comments from the increasing number of men that appear from goodness knows where, and the Monday nights at badminton.

On the Friday morning before work, Tony told me to put a few things in a bag because he was taking me on a business trip to Manchester. I got a bit excited and got out some of my more modest clothes but Tony went through them and split them into 2 piles; take with me and leave at home.

When I saw what I was taking I just knew that I was going to be embarrassed and humiliated all of the time.

We went to work as usual and I had to put on that horrible rectangles skirt.

After a couple of hours, Tony told me to go out to his car and get some clothes to put on. I say clothes; it was only a micro skirt and a tank top. I quickly did as I was told then when I got back he told me to put them on, then we both left leaving Sandra on her own.

I had mixed feeling as Tony drove us to Manchester and to a big hotel. It was raining when we got out of the car and by the time we got into the hotel my skirt and top were drenched. My wet, semi see through top not hiding my hard nipples from anyone who cared to look and my skirt plastered to my body showing all my curves.

Of course, Tony had only booked one room for us and when we got there he told me that he was going straight out to a meeting. He quickly took a few things out of his case and put them on the table and next to the television then gave me some instructions as to what I had to do.

Five minutes later he was gone and I started thinking about what I had to do. I got quite embarrassed thinking about it and quite annoyed with myself for ending up in the situation that I am in. My pussy however, wasn’t at all upset; in fact it was looking forwards to the experience.

At 3 o’clock, a very nervous me phoned room service and ordered some sandwiches and coffee, then I got into the shower.

At 3:10 I got out of the shower when there was a knock on the room door. Putting the hotel’s robe on, I went and opened the door. Thankful, and not, the young man asked if I’d ordered some sandwiches.

Opening the door fully, I confirmed that I had and let him in. As he was putting then on the table I said,

“I was wondering if you could help me with something that I want to do?”

“Certainly madam.”

“You see, my boyfriend is stuck in a very boring conference and I want to send him some photos of me to cheer him up. Would you help me by taking some photos of me please? “

“Certainly madam.”

“They’ll be a bit revealing; will that be a problem for you?”

“No madam, not at all.”

I picked up my phone, opened the camera app, and passed it to him.

“Please take lots of photos then I’ll pick the ones that I’ll send to him. It will really help him get through his day.”

I was nervous, embarrassed, and excited as I unfastened the robe belt and let the sides fall open and held a few smiling poses as the camera app clicked away.

I continued the silly poses as I shrugged my shoulders to get the robe to fall off them and held my arms out to stop it falling to the floor. By then my tits and pussy were exposed.

More poses then I dropped my arms causing the robe to puddle on the floor.

“Could you take some of me sat on the edge of the bed please?”

“Certainly madam.”

I sat then slowly slid my hands over my tits and down to my pussy to the clicking of the camera.

By that time my pussy was taking over and the embarrassment had gone. Remembering that Tony had told me that I had to get some pussy shots, without and with my finger there; I spread my legs and moved my right hand to my pussy. I cupped it then touched my clit with the end of my index finger.

Just then my phone beeped telling me that I’d received a text message. The startled man nearly dropped my phone then passed it to me. I read it then said,

“My boyfriend says that he’s bored.”

“I don’t think that he will be when he gets some of these.” The young man said.

“Could you make a short video of me please? He just loves to watch me playing with myself.”

“Oh, err yes, certainly madam.”

As I started to rub my clit I was thinking,

“Why am I doing this? Tony didn’t tell me to do this. I must be crazy.”

But my pussy had taken control of me and it needed relief.

I looked to the man and saw that he was already recording my pleasure. My pussy tingled even more. After a few seconds I said,

“Zoom in please.”

I don’t know if he knew how the zoom function worked or not, but instead of pressing the zoom button he bent forwards and leaned over until his hands were about a foot from my pussy.

That was too much for me and I started cumming.

The camera and the man’s head were still real close to my pussy as the waves started to recede. I could still feel my pussy muscles convulsing.

When I thought that I could make coherent speech I said,

“Thank you, thank you so much; that certainly will stop him from being bored.”

“You’re so welcome madam. Is there anything else that I can do for you?”

I really was in two minds as to whether or not to tell him to get his trousers down and fuck me, but the sensible part of my brain managed to control me and I said,

“No, no, thank you, hang on a minute; I’ll get you a tip.”

“Oh no madam, that’s not at all necessary.”

I got off the bed and reached for my purse. Handing him a tenner I said,

“Thank you again, you really helped me out.”

“Anytime madam, you enjoy the rest of your day.”

With that he was gone leaving me standing there, still totally naked.

Then my phone rang.

“Well done Claire;” Tony said, “You did well. I didn’t tell you to make yourself cum or to get him to video it but I’ll forgive you.”

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself and I thought that if I get him to video it you might just let me off and let me go home. Hey, how did you know that I’d got a video made and that I’d cum?”

“No chance about the going home Claire, there’s still a lot more punishment to come. Can you remember how to send a video from your phone?”

“Yes.”

“Send it to me right now. I’ve got people here who want a copy. We didn’t record the feed when we were watching you.”

The line went dead and after a few seconds of registering that Tony and goodness knows who else had been watching it all, I shuddered and started to send the video to Tony.

That done I lay on the bed and an attack of self-pity hit me. I cried for a while then fell asleep.

I woke-up as Tony came into the room.

“Come on Claire, get in the shower, we’re going out for dinner. And give yourself another shave; I don’t want any stubble showing.”

“Where are we going?”

“Out for dinner, that’s all you need to know for now.”

“How did your meeting go?”

“Good, I think that I may need to take on another installation guy.”

“Oh shit;” I thought, “Another guy to fuck me at the end of each working day.”

I showered and shaved I did my hair and put on what little make-up that Tony allows me to wear while he showered.

Tony got out the dress that he wanted me to wear and I put it on. Looking at myself in the mirror I just hoped that there wouldn’t be any police anywhere near where we were going. The dress was bordering on obscene, the slightest move from standing up straight and my nipples and / or pussy and / or butt would be on display. Even stood up straight my nipples were tenting the material.

I felt like I was naked as Tony led me down and through reception and out to a taxi; the cold air making the tents in my dress even bigger. I couldn’t help noticing that some people going in to the hotel were staring at me. My brain wasn’t happy but my pussy was letting me know that it was happy.

The taxi driver was happy too, he had a big smile on his face as he turned and looked back to ask where we were going. As well as seeing my nipples bulging out he could see half of my tits as the top of the dress struggled to contain them, and he could see all of my bare legs right up to my stomach. Getting into the taxi had made my dress slide up to my waist.

Tony started exchanging small talk with the driver to delay telling him where we were going, and at the same time he put one hand on my bare knee and pulled them apart, giving the driver a view of my slit.

My face was bright red before Tony finally told the driver where we were going.

The place was a big hotel, posher that the one we were staying in. I was stood on the pavement before my dress final slid back into its proper place, just about covering my butt and tits.

Tony led me to the hotel restaurant where the Maître d' led us to a table where 2 middle-aged men were sitting. They both stood to greet us, both staring at me. As Tony introduced us, each one of them hugged me, each one putting a hand on my butt and feeling under the very short hem to my bare butt.

When we finally sat down I quickly received nice comments from them but it was obvious that they were more interested in my body, which pleased my pussy but not my brain which told my face to blush.

“You know Claire,” one of the men said, “the resolution on the cameras that Tony is offering us is excellent. I was watching a girl strip naked and masturbate for a hotel room service waiter this afternoon on two of his cameras and the quality was just as good as a video of the same girl that I saw a few minutes later.”

“Yes they are good.” I replied, blushing at the same time.

“You wouldn’t know who that girl was would you, I’d love to see more of her.”

“Okay, okay, it was me. But I don’t know about seeing any more of me. I think that you’ve seen more than enough already.”

“But the real thing is so much better than a video.” The other man said.

“Oh I think that I can arrange that for you gentlemen.” Tony said.

“Don’t you think that you’ve already seen enough of my flesh;” I replied, “this dress shows way way more of me that I usually show.”

“You can never get enough of a beautiful female body Claire.” The first man said. “And you obviously like showing your body, you’re practically naked.”

I blushed again and I cursed my pussy that must have been making a damp patch on the seat.

“So gentlemen, shall we order then we can talk about where we’re going later on.”

Tony called a waiter over and we ordered. While he was stood there I caught him looking down my top. Obviously not happy enough with being able to see the parts of my tits that were showing at the sides of the small triangles of material and the 2 very prominent tents in the material.

Over the meal the 3 men were talking business just about all of the time but both of the potential customers kept looking over to me and sometimes asking small talk question, probably so that they could stare at my chest. I don’t think that they looked at my face for more than 2 seconds all evening.

When we were all finished, Tony led us out, me behind Tony and the 2 men behind me. I’m sure that they just wanted to see just how much of my bare butt that they could see under that microskirt.

We went to some sort of nightclub and I was happy that it was dark, both on the way there, and inside the club.

One of the men asked me to dance with him almost as soon as we got a table and ordered some drinks, and almost as soon as we started dancing his hands were all over me. I felt his hands under the back of my dress squeezing and rubbing my butt cheeks. When he pulled me backwards into him his hands found their way inside the triangles of the top part of my dress.

At that moment my brain hated Tony for what he was making me do, but my pussy was loving it; it ached for some attention.

Man number 2 didn’t wait for too long before he wanted some of the action and some of my body, and they swapped places. I must have been on that dance floor for about an hour before they finally let me sit down and have a drink.

I say sit down, but it wasn’t on a chair. The one that I had originally sat on had disappeared and I had to sit on the men’s laps. As I sat on the first man’s lap I just knew what was going to happen, and within a couple of minutes my pussy was getting the attention that it wanted.

Both of those men fingered my pussy to orgasm. If it hadn’t have been for the wine at dinner and the vodka at the club I’m 100% sure that my brain would have been horrified at what was happening to me. Why, oh why does Tony make me do these things?

Things didn’t end at that club; Tony invited them back to our hotel room. When I heard him inviting them my brain still managed to object because it knew what was going to happen and I made a feeble effort to stop it by saying that I was sure that the men had wives that they had to get home to. My pussy however let me know that it wanted these 2 men.

I remember my dress being up around my waist and my tits being out in the taxi on the way to the hotel as I was sandwiched between the 2 men in the back. Their hands were all over me and I was sure that the driver was going to object; but he didn’t, he just kept looking in his mirror.

They had my dress off even before I got into the elevator to go up to our floor and I remember an elderly couple muttering something as we passed them on the way to our room.

Yes, I was right, as soon as we were inside the room Tony invited them to use me however they liked.

They put me on the bed on my hands and knees and took it in turns to fuck my pussy and mouth while Tony kept moving what I assumed to be his disguised cameras around the room.

I guessed that he was recording it all but I was beyond caring. My pussy had total control over my body and my brain had just about shutdown.

The men were good and considerate because they made me cum 3 times before they left and they left my stomach not wanting a midnight snack.

Tony told me to have a shower and he was asleep when I got into the bed. I snuggle up to him even though he was the cause of my degradation.

I put my hand between my legs to feel my sore pussy and instantly thought that I’d had an awesome time.

It was 10 o’clock when I woke the next morning. Tony was already getting dressed and he told me that he’s ordered a room service breakfast for the both of us. He told me to go and shower and fix my hair.

I was just about finished when Tony shouted for me to come and get my breakfast. What he didn’t say was that the room service waiter was still unloading it from his little trolley and a naked me walked out of the bathroom and straight into the guy.

Fortunately his hands were empty at the time and he grabbed me as I started to fall. Putting me back on my feet we just stared at each other for a couple of seconds before he apologised, then let go of my arms and stood back.

I watched his eyes go up and down my bare front as I apologised to him.

“No, no madam, it was my fault, I am so sorry.”

“Okay guys,” Tony said, “it was an accident, no harm done. Claire, open the door for him to leave.”

I went and held the door open whilst the waiter finished and turned to leave. I smiled at him as he walked out but I don’t think that he saw my smile, his eyes were lower down my body.

Over breakfast Tony told me that we were going to do some shopping before heading back home. He picked yet another obscenely short skirt and a thin, semi see through top for me to wear and a bit later we left.

Putting our bags into his car, Tony told the Valet that we’d be back later to collect it. I’m sure that he didn’t care; he was staring at my legs and short skirt, him wishing that a breeze would blow my skirt up and me hoping that it wouldn’t.

Tony took me into a few clothes shops, one of them being a branch of the big chain that had converted our local branch to gender neutral changing rooms. Tony was a bit upset when he discovered that that branch in Manchester hadn’t yet been converted.

Tony bought me another ultra-short skirt that I tried on without any embarrassing incident. He also bought me a one-piece swimsuit without even getting me to try it on. We could see the one on a mannequin and after he felt the material he just said we’d have one, a pale blue one. He told me that seeing it had given him an idea. I shuddered at the thought.

Next, he took me into an Adult Shop. Boy, was that an experience for me. Of course I’d heard of them but I’d never been in to one and I was amazed and embarrassed as we looked around the place.

“I think that it’s about time that we got you a remote controlled vibrator Claire. I want to see you squirm at your desk when I look over from my office.” Tony said when we were stood next to another young couple.

My face went all red and the couple looked at me and smiled.

As Tony paid for the 3 items that he’d bought he asked the old man behind the counter if the 2 doors in the corner were ‘Private Rooms’.

The man looked at Tony, then at me, then back to Tony and said,

“Fifty pounds. Do you want me to get someone in the other room?”

“Yes please.” Tony replied and handed over another £50.

I looked at Tony and the puzzled look on my face told him that I hadn’t a clue what they were on about.

As soon as the money was in the till the man was on the phone.

Tony led me to one of the doors in the corner and opening it I saw just a room, not very big, no furniture and quite clean.

“What happens in here Tony?” I asked.

“You’ll find out Claire, get those clothes off.”

With a puzzled look on my face I stripped naked.

“Suck this.” Tony said as he unzipped his trousers.

I got down on my knees and engulfed his semi-hard cock with my mouth. He got hard reasonably quickly but just when I thought that he was going to shoot his load he pulled out and told me to turn around.

I gasped when I turned and saw another cock sticking through a hole in the wall.

“It’s called a ‘Glory Hole’ Claire. Stand up then bend over and suck that cock.”

“But it’s not yours.”

“That never stopped you before.”

“But I can’t see who it belongs to.”

“You’re not supposed to Claire, that’s what makes it exciting.”

“But …..”

“Claire.”

Knowing that it was pointless trying to reason with him, I got up and did as I had been told. The cock jerked a bit as I wrapped my mouth around it.

If my mouth hadn’t been full, I would have gasped as Tony rammed his cock into my dripping pussy but his thrust pushed me head forwards and I banged my nose on that wall as the cock coming through it went further into my mouth then throat.

I was getting fucked at both ends and only knew one of the men.

It didn’t take long for 2 lots of sperm to be planted deep inside me but I wasn’t lucky enough to reach my climax.

Tony’s soft cock flopped out of me and he told me to get up and get dressed. I did and we left the shop. As we walked back to the hotel car park Tony told me that we were going straight home; that he wanted to give me the things that he’d bought for me.

I assumed that they were the things from the Adult Shop and I was a bit nervous all the way home.

My nervousness was justified. As soon we’d eaten the takeaway that we’d picked-up on the way home, Tony told me to go to his bedroom, remove the quilt and lay spread-eagled on my back.

I did, and lay there for ages, nervously wondering what he was going to do to me.

When he came in he had 4 lengths of cotton rope in his hand and he proceeded to tie my wrists and ankles to the 4 corners of the bed.

Next, he setup a couple of video cameras and took some still photographs that he got me to smile for.

Then he put a blindfold on me.

What happened next I can only describe as a mixture of torture and pleasure; my brain certainly described it as torture but my pussy had a different opinion.

First of all, Tony got between my legs and used his tongue to bring me soo close to cumming, but then he stopped. Then I could feel something or things, lightly brushing all over my body, going from one part of me to another. I’m not ticklish but the effect was very sensual. My nipples responded to the light touching by whatever it was, by going rock hard and aching for more positive attention.

Whenever whatever it was went over my pussy I couldn’t stop myself from moaning. Tony had got me close to cumming with his tongue and this was keeping me up there, not quite at the point of no return.

Then it all stopped and I felt something being put around my neck, something hard. I had the stupid idea that it was a collar, a dog collar with a chain leash because I could feel a metal chain on my chest; but surely Tony wouldn’t be putting a dog collar on me.

Straight after my head was lowered back onto the bed Tony started playing with my nipples; pulling and twisting and squeezing them. My arousal started to increase again but it soon stopped when I felt sharp pains in first my left nipple then my right one.

“What the fuck was that.” I thought as the initial pain subsided but didn’t go away.

I was left for a couple of minutes as I slowly got used to the constant pain in my nipples and wondered what the hell was causing it.

Then I felt something being pushed into my vagina. It was big but not long and I felt my pussy closing around it, swallowing it.

Tony left me for another minute or so then I screamed. Something inside me was moving. Initially I wondered if he had put something alive inside me and it had started moving around. Thankfully, that stupid idea disappeared and my brain decided that it must be some sort of vibrator and my pussy started to enjoy the feeling.

Then it stopped vibrating.

Then it started again.

Then it stopped again.

This, start / stop torture continued for a while as my arousal grew; but Tony stopped just as I was getting there.

There was silence for a while then I felt my right leg being lifted and bent down over my body, then I couldn’t move it again. I rightly guessed that Tony had tied my right ankle to the same place that my right wrist was tied to.

The same then happened to my left leg and I thought about how exposed my spread butt and pussy were. I was almost embarrassed until I remembered that it was nothing that Tony hadn’t seen hundreds of times before; and my arousal was overriding and embarrassment that I may have had.

There was another long pause and I heard a camera shutter clicking a few times before I felt a tremendous pain in my butt. Something was swatting my butt but it was more painful than Tony’s, or Mick’s hand had been.

Then again.

After about the fourth swat I was ready to cum and Tony must have sensed it. He did 2 things, firstly he switched the vibrator thing on, and secondly he hit me with whatever he was using, but this time he moved around and the whatever landed along my slit.

That was it; I had the most intense orgasm that I have ever had. It seemed to go on for hours. The vibrator thing in my pussy helped to keep it going, and so did another 2 swats from Tony.

When I finally started to come down from my high I was totally knackered. Tony removed the blindfold and I could see what he had been hitting my butt with. It was a leather strap, or paddle as Tony called it, it is thick and wide. No wonder my butt hurt.

And I could see why my nipples were still hurting. They had some sort of metal, spring clips on them. Each had a chain attached and I assumed that they went to the collar that was still around my neck.

The vibrator in my pussy was still switched on and it kept giving me little mini-orgasms for a few minutes. When I later saw the video I could see that the feelings from my pussy (apart from the vibrations) were my pussy muscles convulsing, like it was trying to suck something inside me.

After switching the video camera then the vibrator off, Tony released my ankles letting my legs drop to their natural position but he left my wrists tied to the top corners of the bed.

He sat beside be and looked down to my face.

“Are you alright Claire?”

“I think so. My nipples still hurt.”

“You’ll get used to that.”

“You mean that I have to keep these things on?”

“Not all the time, but when they are on I will take them off for 5 minutes every hour so that the blood can circulate.”

“Gee thanks.”

“Now, now Claire, you know that you enjoyed that.”

“No I didn’t, you hurt me, and you still are.”

“But you ENJOYED it didn’t you?”

“No.”

“Claire; do I need to finger test you?”

“No.”

“So?”

“Well I suppose that I did enjoy it a bit, a little bit.”

“Your orgasm went on for ages Claire, longer than I’ve ever seen before. You really enjoyed it, you must have.”

“No I didn’t.”

Tony reached over and touched my clit. My body jerked and I moaned.

“Okay, okay; I really enjoyed it. Are you happy now?”

“Are YOU happy Claire?”

A long silence.

“Claire, answer me.”

I quietly replied,

“Yes, yes I am.”

“That’s my girl; I told you that punishments can be pleasurable didn’t I?

“Yes, you did.”

“And that I know what you want more than you do.”

I thought for a minute and realised that maybe he was right. This man, my boss, knew me better than I did. He knows how to hit all the right buttons. I didn’t know whether to be ashamed, mortified or happy. Maybe this man was good for me.

“Yes, you do.” I finally replied.

“Maybe the punishment for your bad deeds should never stop.”

“What? No, no, I want to go home.”

“Are you sure Claire? Would you have had as much pleasure if you hadn’t started doing bad things?”

I just lay there in silence for ages. I was brought out of my deep thought by Tony turning the vibrator thing on and then off. I gasped and my body jerked.

“Can you take it out please Tony?”

“No Claire, you can squeeze it out.”

“What; no; how?”

“I’m sure that you’ll find a way. It will be good exercise for you. Here the control. Have some fun while you’re trying. Don’t drop it; you’ll only get annoyed with yourself.”

Tony put the control in my right hand. I turned my head and looked at it. There were 3 buttons on it and I could get my thumb to each of them.

“Can you release my nipples please, they really hurt?”

“Okay, they’ve been on for long enough for the first time.”

I gasped as each spring clip was released. Looking at my nipples I could see that they were swollen and blueish.

“Thank you Tony. Can you untie my wrists please?”

I turned my head to look at the knots that he had used then back to him but he was already walking towards the door.

I lay there for ages before deciding that Tony wasn’t coming back anytime soon. I started thinking about Tony saying ‘squeeze the vibrator it out’ and decided to try it.

It isn’t as easy as it sounds and after about 5 minutes I stopped for a rest. Whilst resting I decided to try switching the vibrator on for a while, hoping that it would stimulate my pussy to produce lubrication that would make my squeezing more productive.

It did make me more productive, more productive in having another orgasm.

“Wow, I like these vibrator things.” I thought as I came yet again and forgot about getting the vibrator out of me for a while.

After the waves of pleasure had disappeared I tried again to squeeze it out. I was just thinking of admitting defeat when out it popped.

“So that’s how you do it.” I thought, and made a mental note for the next time; and I was 100% sure that there would be a next time, even if I have to buy one myself.

Dropping the control onto the bed I looked at my restraints, tugged and waggled my wrists then admitted that I was stuck like that until Tony released me.

The waiting turned into sleep and the next thing I knew was Tony finger fucking me and daylight was coming through the window. I closed my eyes and let Tony do whatever he wanted to me.

That whatever was making me cum with his fingers. As my body jerked about I realised that my wrists were free, Tony must have untied them before putting his finger inside my hole.

“Hmm, that was nice.” I said when I was able.

“Do you remember reading about that new Leisure Centre that’s opened Claire?” Tony said, not acknowledging what he had just done to me.

“Oh yes, why?”

“I was wondering if the changing rooms are gender neutral?”

“I’ve no idea.” I replied realising that he was looking for somewhere else to expose me to strangers.

“Well we missed the evening at the pub last night and I was thinking about somewhere where you can show-off that amazing body of yours to make-up for missing the pub.”

“You don’t have to, I’m happy staying here for the day.”

“I don’t think so Claire, you need your daily dose of exhibitionism.”

“No I don’t, I’d be quite happy staying here all day.”

Tony cupped my pubes with his hand and pressed his middle finger just into my hole.

“This says that you want to show it to strangers.”

“No it doesn’t, that’s just natural female lubrication.”

“That’s produced when you’re thinking about sex.”

“No I wasn’t.”

“Go on Claire; seriously deny that you don’t get pleasure from exposing yourself.”

I lay there thinking. People seeing me naked was so embarrassing, so humiliating yet at the same time, yes, it does, it makes me feel good. How can I possibly feel good while I‘m being humiliated? Where’s the logic in that? I just don’t understand myself.

“I can’t.”

“No, you can’t; now get your lazy butt off that bed and into the shower.”

As I swung my legs to the side my butt moved and reminded me that it still hurt. The chains from the collar swung round reminding me that I still had that collar on.

“Can you take this thing that’s round my neck off please?”

“I’ll do it this time but you will need to do it yourself from now on Claire.”

I said nothing and as he unfastened it I wondered just how many times I’d have to wear it.

Tony put the collar on the dressing table and I looked at it and had a little shudder.

“I hope that I don’t have to go outside with that thing on.” I thought.

Then I looked at a large plastic egg that was there.

“Is this the vibrator?”

“Yes Claire, that’s going to become your BFF.”

I smiled and just knew that he was right – again.

Next to the leather paddle that Tony had turned my butt red with, was, what I assume was what Tony had been lightly brushing all over my body.

“What’s this called Tony?”

“A Flogger, as well what I did to you with it, it can be used to Flog or Whip you. I’m told that it doesn’t hurt as much as the Paddle.”

“I hope that you’re right, that damn paddle hurt.”

“But you liked it Claire.”

“I did not.”

“It made you cum so you must like it.”

I gave him a filthy look, said nothing and walked to the bathroom. The first thing that I did was to look at my butt in the mirror.

OMG, it was still red. No broken skin thankfully but those red marks looked like they’d still be visible when I went to work the next day. Shit, he’s talking about taking me to a Leisure Centre. I’ll have to wear something that will cover all that.

Thankfully, Tony didn’t take me to a Leisure Centre that day. Instead he had to do some work so he got me to give the apartment a good clean. The only thing that I could wear was the dog collar with the chains hanging down to the nipple clamps that he kept clamping to my nipples then taking them off about an hour later.

I suppose that I am reluctantly getting used to that pain.

I phoned my mum and dad later that day and got invited to Sunday lunch the next week and Tony agreed to let me go.