**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 06**

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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*

Tony thought that it would be a good idea for me to wear that collar with the rectangles skirt at work the next day. I’m sure that you can imagine the comments that came from the installation guys; and the delivery guys and the neighbouring workers when I went out to the snack van. I’m going to have to talk to Tony about going to that snack van; the weather is getting quite cold these days and my squashed nipples really hurt.

Those neighbouring workers saw my still red butt and there were a few comments about me being a slave that had been punished. As usual I didn’t respond to the comments but I did blush at some of them. If only they knew just how true most of the comments were.

Tony was kind enough to take the chains off the collar and my nipples for Badminton but it still hurt quite a bit when his mates mauled my tits. I’m not sure whether or not that my painful nipples contributed to the 5 orgasms that those guys gave me that night.

On the Saturday morning Tony took me to that new Leisure Centre. I had a little laugh when I saw that there were 3 changing room, Men’s, Women’s and Family / Mixed. Tony laughed too and said that it must be their crazy way of getting around this gender neutrality crap.

As we walked through the Family / Mixed door Tony said,

“What’s your bikini like Claire? Quite brief I hope.”

“What! I thought that you were bringing me something to wear.”

“Nope; I guess that you’ll have to swim naked.”

“I can’t, I’ll get thrown out and maybe they’ll call the police. And what if there are young kids here?”

“Maybe you could confess to your other crimes whilst you at the police station.”

“No; no, please tell me that you’re joking Tony.”

“Yes Claire, I am joking. I’ve brought 2 swimsuits for you. You’re getting used to relying on me aren’t you?”

“Can I have one of them please Tony?”

“Get in there and get naked then I’ll give you one. And leave the door open Claire.”

Tony was pointing to a big cubicle, presumably a family one. Knowing that Tony meant me to stand in the doorway while I got changed, I did just that. Well I took my top, skirt and shoes off and stood there as naked as the day I was born; and hoped that no kids would walk by.

“Can I have the swimsuit please Tony?”

“In a minute, I need to get changed first.”

I watched as he got naked then put some swimming shorts on. As I watched I looked at him and thought that he’s quite cute looking really, quite slim and muscly.

“Please; someone might see me.” I said.

“And that bothers you Claire?”

“There could be kids here.”

“There probably are. Does that mean that you want to be seen by adults?”

“No, I just meant that it’s worse been seen by kids.”

“I strongly suspect that nearly all kids just couldn’t care less that your naked Claire, it’s their over-protective parents that are trying to turn them into prudes by making them ashamed of their bodies.”

“That may well be true, but can I have something to wear please Tony?”

Tony put his hand into one of the pockets of his jeans and pulled out the blue one-piece swimsuit that he’d bought me when we went shopping in Manchester. It’s so thin that he’d squeezed in into his hand and I could only just see that he had it in his hand.

I quickly, but carefully stepped into it and pulled it up. It was so thin that it was like putting a pair of tights on. The cut of the sides revealed my bare hips but it covered a lot more of me than a bikini would.

I looked down at my front then said,

“I can’t go out there in this; I can see my nipples and areolas, and my slit.”

“Relax Claire, no one will notice. If they look at you they’ll just see a blue swimming costume.”

“But someone might look closely.”

“I suppose that they might. Let’s hope not.”

I smoothed my hands down my front and thought that it felt thin. Then I felt my butt.

“At least it covers my butt, but can you see my butt crack Tony?”

Tony put his hand at the bottom of my butt, slid his thumb under one side and his finger under the other side. Then he slid his hand up, causing me to get a wedgie.

“Now I can, come on, let’s go.”

The material of that swimsuit is so thin and soft that I couldn’t feel that my butt was exposed, but when I slid my hand down I felt by bare butt.

“At least I’ll be able to blame Tony if we get thrown out.” I thought as we put out clothes into a locker and walked out to the pool.

We passed a mirror on the way to the pool and I looked at myself. I blushed and felt embarrassed when I confirmed that everyone would be able to see my areolas, nipples and slit, but my slit was visible because the wedgie that Tony had given me caused the material to disappear between my lips.

I quickly walked out to the pool and jumped in.

I actually had a great time in the pool with Tony, swimming around and messing about, Tony can be quite a laugh when he wants to be, and I almost forgot about how much of me people could see; not that I saw anyone staring at me.

After a while we got out and Tony took me back to the lockers. He got out a little bag then told me to follow him into a changing cubicle.

“Get that suit off and put this bikini on Claire, I want to see what you look like in it.”

I had never seen the bikini before. The material is so thin and it clings to every curve of my skin even before it gets wet. It’s not see-through, thankfully; but it does expose a lot of my skin. It’s really high-cut at the back and half of my butt cheeks are exposed. The string that goes down my butt crack splits into 2 just over my butt hole and the 2 strings continue with no material between them, right up to near the front of my slit where they join to a cut-off front. The result is that when I’m just standing there it looks like a normal, high-cut string bikini. But when I open my legs even just a little bit, my uncovered pussy is on display for everyone to see.

The top is a bit more modest. That is if you can call 2 small triangles of very thin material modest. Tony tied it behind me so that I was worried that even the slightest bit of activity would cause one, or both of the triangles to slide off my tits.

I was worried when I realised what the bottoms were like and as I put them on I said,

“You’re no expecting me to go out there in this are you? It doesn’t even cover my pussy.”

“You’ll be alright Claire, if you’re that worried, don’t open your legs.”

“How can I walk about and swim without opening my legs?” I asked.

“Carefully.” Was all Tony said.

If I thought that walking out to the pool in the blue, see-through one-piece was embarrassing, walking out there with my pussy uncovered was a nightmare. I tried to squeeze my legs together when I walked but that just started to stimulate my pussy.

The bad, or good, thing was that my pussy was waking up and showing some interest in my exposure. Before I made it to the pool the squeezing had made me start to get wet.

When we were back in the pool Tony seemed to want to do anything that involved me spreading my legs wide and putting his arms around me to grope my tits. After a while I realised that he had moved the triangles that were supposed to cover my tits and both my nipples were exposed. As I started to pull them back to their correct place he told me to leave them as they were and that if anyone said anything I was to pretend to be unaware and embarrassed (which I would be), then to put them back over my tits.

I kept sneakily looking down at my tits and to be honest, I was enjoying the exposure; well my pussy was. It was also enjoying people looking at it especially as Tony got me to do a lot of swimming doing the back breaststroke.

I really did have mixed feeling each time that I looked up to see someone following me and staring at my pussy. Of course, Tony thought that it was funny but he did manage to fuck me by getting between my legs and pulling me on to him. I was soo scared that someone would see what we were doing but no one said anything.

The showers afterwards were embarrassing. There were cubicles but Tony told me not to shut the door and to get naked before showering. I kept my back to the door most of the time so I don’t know if anyone saw me.

Then in the cubicle getting dressed Tony told me to leave the door open and to put the collar, chains and nipple clamps on facing the open door. Two older teenage boys went past, then came back and stared at me just as I was finishing.

Tony then passed me my top to put on, then my skirt. It was only when I pulled my skirt up that the boys moved on.

The Saturday evening at the pub was painful as well as embarrassing. The collar was bad enough but the nipple clamps were visible through my top, whenever the guys put their hands up my top they used the clamps to torture my tits by pulling the clamps in all directions. It hurt like hell but that didn’t seem to bother the guys.

The Sunday was better. Tony told me that I could take the collar off for my visit to my parents and I put on my most conservative clothes (10 inch miniskirt), for the visit, out in the corridor; it felt a bit strange but comforting. I wasn’t happy with myself for thinking that it was strange. That meant that I was getting used to wearing next to nothing and that wasn’t what my brain wanted.

The lunch with mum and dad was good, I could really relax. Aria was there, she’d arrived that morning to settle in before college on the Monday. I had to be careful what I said as we talked because I don’t want any of them to know about my new life. Also, I really wanted to tell Aria about the cameras in her room but I didn’t, I didn’t want to upset Tony, and when Aria and I went up to my old room I managed to move the teddy bear to where Tony had told me to without Aria getting suspicious.

As I was doing that I really wanted to tell Aria to not get changed in that room but I knew that Tony would know if I did.

Anyway, I left home to go back to the apartment and remembered to strip before going into the apartment.

Tony was sat on the sofa when I got there and he was watching 3 video streams, one was of Aria, she moving a few things around in the room. After a while she sat on the bed looking around.

“She looks happy with the changes she’s made.” Tony said then continued, “I’m glad that she didn’t move the clock or the teddy bear.”

I wished that she had.

Tony left the feed on while I got him some tea then he got me sit on his hard cock while he watched some other video feed.

After a while I just couldn’t help myself, I started slowly going up and down, slowly fucking myself on his cock.

“Look.” Tony said.

I looked up to see Aria start to get undressed. Her top went up revealing a lack of a bra, not that she needed one; her tits are about the same small size as mine.

Then she unfastened her skirt and it dropped to the floor. No knickers.

“I told you that they’re going out of fashion.” Tony said as we both looked at her bald pussy.

For some strange reason, that made me want to fuck Tony faster and it wasn’t long before first he came inside me, then I orgasmed. Shortly after that Tony said,

“You’re settling in here quite well Claire, maybe we should consider some sort of contract between us.”

“What are you talking about Tony?”

“Well you obviously like being told what to do all the time so perhaps you should think about becoming my Submissive.”

“What, what are you talking about?”

“Me having full control of you, making every decision for you so that you can just relax and enjoy yourself.”

“But I have to do that already, and I hate it.”

“Claire, that’s not true, and you know that don’t you?”

“I do too.”

“Claire, be honest with yourself. Tell you what, get down over my knees and I’ll give you something to help you he honest with yourself.”

Tony was patting his knee so I did as commanded and he started spanking my butt. After the first swat Tony said,

“Count each swat Claire, and thank me for each one.”

I turned my head and looked up to the screen showing Aria in my old room. I was a little surprised to see that she was flat on her back on the bed, legs spread wide and her right hand was busy working on her pussy.

“Ouch. Two, thank you Sir.”

Three more swats then Tony rammed 3 of his fingers into my hole and pumped in and out for a few seconds. I was just getting close to cumming when he pulled out and told me to stand up.

“Right Claire, go to your room and think about what I’ve said.”

I climbed off him and went to my room. I sat on the bed and thought.

“Was he right?”

I had certainly enjoyed all the sex with him, even when he’d tied me to the bed and spanked me with that leather paddle, and that vibrator. Wow, I can’t wait to have that inside me again. He’s made me do things I’ve never done before and I’m loving it.

Gawd, listen to me, my brain was saying, this can’t be right, it’s all wrong. How can a woman possibly enjoy what he’s made me do, is still doing to me; look at me, I’m totally naked in his apartment and I have to do whatever he tells me.

But just then my pussy started talking,

“Don’t be so stupid Claire; you love everything that’s happening to you. It makes you feel soo good; all those orgasms. Okay, the pain is bad at times but it’s always followed by some awesome orgasms. And the embarrassment is so, well embarrassing, but it’s nice as well. People, strangers, seeing these tits and pussy always turns you on, makes you soo horny.

You like this man, you trust this man, and he’s got a nice cock and a successful business. You’d be an idiot to want out of all this.”

A very confused Claire lay back with her head on the pillow and tried to make some sense of it all.

I woke-up the next morning to the feeling of Tony pushing the egg vibrator up my hole. Just as I opened my eyes he switched it on and I gasped. Oh my gawd, I love that egg.

“Leave it there Claire.” Tony said, then got up and walked out.

The egg had made me cum twice before Tony switched it off then came into my room to tell me to get up and get showered. I did, and as I passed him he grabbed my arm and held me as he gave my butt 2 hard swats before telling me that it was for being late getting up and not getting his breakfast ready.

“Put the collar on before we go to work Claire.” Tony instructed.

The week went much the same as the previous weeks apart from Tony telling me to spend 30 minutes exercising each evening.

On the Tuesday, as I got onto the cycle, I glanced out of the window and saw a man in one of the apartments opposite. He too hadn’t closed his blinds and I could clearly see him. Then my brain realised that if I could see him, he could see me, the naked me.

“There’s a man watching me Tony.”

“And.”

“And I’m about to climb on the exercise cycle.”

“And.”

“And I’ll probably have an orgasm.”

“And.”

“And it will be embarrassing.”

“And.”

I gave up at that point and just got on with it.

I don’t know if it was because I was being watched or what, but I came quite quickly, and 2 more times before I finally stopped pedaling.

On the Saturday morning when I took Tony his breakfast in bed, he pulled me down and told me to take care if his morning woody. I pulled the quilt back and looked at his hard cock. My pussy instantly tingled and got wet and I climbed on and rode it as he grabbed my tits and teased my nipples.

After he’d shot his load deep inside me he told me to get off and get on my hands and knees. He left me like that while he ate his breakfast.

Then he got up and the next thing I knew my butt was hurting. I turned my head and saw Tony with the Flogger in his hand.

“Thank me Claire.”

“One; thank you Sir.” I replied.

After 5 swats, Tony ran the ends of the Flogger slowly all over my rear end. He was sensually teasing me and it was working. I actually orgasmed as he did just that.

Tony let me calm down for a while then told me that we needed to talk.

“What about?” I asked.

“Shower then sit down and we’ll talk.”

“I wondered what was on his mind as I showered then went looking for him.”

“Right Claire, have you thought about being my Submissive?”

“Yes I have Tony.”

“And?”

“And I want to know more about what’s involved, what I would have to do and what’s in it for me.”

“Fair enough, I can understand that.”

Tony opened his laptop and then a word document.

“This is a modified version of a contract that I found on some website somewhere. It was originally written for a husband and wife but I’ve changed it to suit our current circumstances, and where I would like them to move to. Please read through it and then tell me what you think and what you would like to change. This is going to be a compromise for both of us but I’m hoping that we can get an agreement. Firstly let me say that if we both sign the document I will release you from all fear of further penalties for your past crimes.

I’ll leave you to read through it and please highlight whatever you like. We’ll then discuss what you have highlighted.”

“Okay.”

Tony got up and went and did some exercise.

I started to read and my first reaction was that it had been drawn-up by a lawyer. Then it got, err, interesting and scary. My brain thought that it was scary and my pussy thought it was interesting.

Basically, that document, if I signed it, would give Tony the right to tell me to do whatever he wants and for him to do whatever he wants with my body. There were a number of things that I highlighted for discussion.

When I got to the end my brain was a bit dumb-struck but my pussy wasn’t, it liked the idea of Tony being able to do all those things to me and it let me know that by tingling a lot and getting very wet.

I looked over to Tony and smiled.

“Got to the end Claire? Before you answer me start at the beginning again, I’d hate for you to miss anything.”

“That was considerate of him.” I thought and scrolled back to the top.

I didn’t find anything else that I wanted to discuss so at the end I told Tony that I was ready to talk.

“Right Claire, start wherever you like and take your time, it’s important that we resolve all issues before you sign the document.”

“I still haven’t decided if I want to do this, it’s such a big step and I’ve got so much to lose.”

“True, but you’ve got so much to gain Claire.”

“What about my job? Apart from the being virtually naked all day and the gangbangs with the installation guys, I like my job. I’d hate to lose it.”

“Apart from the known indiscretions, you are a good employee Claire. I don’t want to put your job at risk. Our employer / employee relationship will remain as it is with one exception. I will have to terminate the ‘end of day sessions’ with the installation team. I will be taking on more staff quite soon and an increase in the numbers expecting to fuck you each day would be too much for you so the easiest solution is to just stop them.”

“What about my lack of clothes?”

“The workwear arrangements will continue as is. I see no reason to change that.”

“Okay, the first thing that I’m totally not happy about is the anal fisting. There’s no way that I’m going to agree to any of that, it horrifies me. You haven’t fucked me anally yet and I wouldn’t mind that but there’s no way that anything bigger than your penis is going up my butt.”

“I’m sure that it wouldn’t be as bad as you think, but okay, I’ll agree to the removal of that part.”

“Thank you. I like the idea of the traffic lights; green for go to tell you that I like what you are doing to me, amber to tell you to slow down; and red to tell you to stop immediately. That is a good safeguard I think.”

”You did read the part about 3 red cards and the whole contract is terminated and that you wouldn’t receive the end of contract amount of £100,000 didn’t you?”

“Yes; on that subject, what happens at the end of year – apart from me getting the 100k?”

“Whatever happens; the 100k goes straight into your bank account. Then we have a discussion similar to what we are having now. We agree, or not, another contract. If we cannot reach an agreement then you move out. You would, of course, keep your job. As I’ve said, our employer / employee relationship remains unchanged.

“Okay; that clause about orgasm denial worries me, I’ve never really tried to NOT orgasm before. I’ve always want to cum as quick and as often as I can. I don’t know if I’ll be able to hold back.”

“I’ll give you a reasonable amount of time to learn how to hold it. Once that period is over, cumming before I tell you to will result in a punishment.”

“On the subject of punishment, you don’t go into much detail in this document. I’m worried that the punishment could escalate and that I’d end up getting physically damaged.”

“You have nothing to fear there Claire; the last thing that I want is a submissive who is unable to perform due to physical injuries.”

I continued,

“I consider tattoos to be physical injuries Tony, I will not agree to you forcing me to get ‘Tony’s Cunt’, or something like that tattooed on my pubic area or anything else anywhere. In fact, any form of permanent changing of the colour of any of my skin is totally unacceptable.”

“Fair enough, I can understand that. That clause can be removed.”

“In a similar vein, the only piercings that are acceptable to me are my nipples and my clitoris hood.”

“Agreed.”

“Bestiality is totally unacceptable. There is no way that any animal is going to fuck me.”

“Fair enough, but what about pussy licking? I’m told that dogs like licking pussies and that girls enjoy the experience.”

“I am prepared to try it, but if I say that I don’t like it then it is off the table.”

“Fair enough; it’s good that you are prepared to try these things Claire.”

“What’s this ‘position’ that I would have to assume every time that you’d command me to assume?”

“You could have to get down on your knees, spread them as far apart as you can, sit back on your heels and put your hands on the floor behind you. Your head would be bent forwards and you’d stay like that until ordered to get up.”

“Sort of presenting my tits and pussy for inspection.”

“Precisely Claire.”

“The document says that I’d have one day off each week where I can do whatever I like. Which day would that be?

“That’s flexible. It will change to meet both our needs.”

“This document says that if you break the agreement you will give me the 100k and I can just walk away. That’s good, but what about my job? How would that be affected?”

“Nothing would change; everything at work would continue as if nothing had happened.”

“But I’d have to move out of here.”

“That would be up to you Claire. You’d have the 100k so you would be easily able to find somewhere else to live.”

“Okay Tony, that’s all my questions for now.”

“Does that mean that you will sign the contract?”

“No. Well not yet.”

“Okay, I didn’t really expect you to sign it just yet. Make a copy of it and amend the copy to incorporate everything that we’ve talked about then we’ll talk again.

“Do I have to do it right now?”

“No, but please get it done before Tuesday evening.”

“Okay.”

“I’m still not sure that I want to do this Tony, it means giving up so much.”

“Yes that’s true Claire; but think about what you will be gaining.”

“Go and relax on the exercise cycle for a while. That was a very mature discussion Claire, well done.”

I saved the document that I’d highlighted parts as another name, emailed it to me then took a deep breath before standing up. As I walked to the bike and got on, I thought about the situation. I liked everything that Tony was agreeing to do to look after me. It would certainly make life a lot easier for me. No financial problems, nothing at all to worry about.

It would get rid of Tony’s threat of reporting me to the police, and it does have a clause in it that would protect my parents from ever finding out what I’ve done and all about what I would commit to. Those 2 point alone were almost enough for me to want to sign it.

I also liked the bit about Tony taking full responsibility if I got arrested for doing something that he had told me to do, that he would tell the police that he had forced me to do whatever.

In some respects it was the ideal situation for a girl to be in, but what about the things that he’d make me do? He was sure to make me get naked where people would see me. That would be awful.

Just then my pussy made its presence known. Why did it like the thought of me being naked in public? There’s got to be something wrong with me. Maybe I should go and talk to a shrink before I sign the document.

I laughed at that thought and decided to put it all to the back of my mind for a while; let my subconscious mull it over for a while.

I started pedalling faster and looked out of the window.

Fuck, that man was there again, and he was watching me. Oh balls to him, let him watch me pedal, and watch me cum when I do so in a minute or two.

Jeez, did I really just think that? I’m getting too used to being naked.

“Oh no you’re not.” My pussy said as my arousal went up another level.

I did cum, twice, before I got off the bike. I looked over to the man and saw that he was still watching me so I waved to him.

“Are you taking me to the pub tonight Tony?” I asked.

“Oh no reason, I just wondered.”

The truth was, I was starting to look forward to the nights where his mates groped me and moved my clothes so that people could see what was under them.

I felt calmness as I had a long hot shower.