**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 09**

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*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.*

Twenty minutes later I slowly walked into the lounge and dropped onto the sofa.

“I’m knackered and sore.” I said.

“You’ll get used to it. Watch that video while you relax.”

As the video was starting I asked Tony if he really was going to put cameras in the changing rooms in Dan’s store.

“Sure, I’ve got them in 2 other stores changing rooms; you should see what some girls your age get up to in those changing rooms.”

“But isn’t it illegal?”

“Probably but shop security comes first.”

“Don’t people see the cameras?”

“No, they’re hidden in the bezels round the mirrors and with the bright LED lights shining at them they haven’t a clue.”

Just then the monitor that he’s told me to look at burst into life and I immediately saw myself on the screen. The opening scene was the dildo entering me for the first time.

I have to say that watching myself get fucked, and cumming, by that machine turned me on and it wasn’t long before my right hand found its way to my pussy, gently caressing it and slowly rubbing my clit.

I orgasmed again just as Tony filled my stomach – on the screen that is.

“Well, get turned on by watching yourself. Well done Claire, you’re getting there. Go to bed, you’ve got work tomorrow.”

As I slowly got up I wondered where I was getting to, but I didn’t ask.

A couple of days later there was a box waiting for Tony outside the apartment door when we got home from work. I stripped then carried the box and my clothes inside.

When Tony opened the box I saw a variety of balls, ranging in size from balls about the diameter of a penny, up to the size of a tennis ball. All were made of shiny steel. I immediately guessed what they were for and my pussy started to tingle.

“OMG.” I thought, “Am I really going to have to push that tennis ball sized lump of steel up my hole. I hope that he’s not going to expect me to walk around with that thing in me.”

After our evening meal Tony opened the box again and got out 2 of the smallest steel balls.

“Come here Claire.”

When I got to him I automatically stood with my feet well apart. I gasped as the first cold steel ball entered me. Then again when the second one entered me.

“Keep them in there Claire. I’ll tell you when you can take them out.”

“I’ll have to put my fingers in there to get them out.”

“Maybe; you’ll have to use your muscles to keep them in and if you can’t use your muscles to squeeze them out then yes, you will have to put your fingers in and fish around for them.”

I managed to get half way to the bathroom before one of the balls clunked as it hit the floor.

“You’re not using your muscles Claire. Put it back in and get over here.”

When I got to him he pulled me over his knee and spanked me with 10 swats.

As the 10 swats landed on my butt I heard him say,

“Ten swats for every time one or both drop out. If you don’t want a very red butt you’d better get those muscles working.”

I spent the rest of the evening doing my kegel exercises and managed to keep the balls in. In bed Tony said that it was weird fucking me with them in, but he did cum a lot quicker.

My pussy ached a bit next morning but Tony still told me to keep them in while I was at work. Unfortunately, one, or both, dropped out while I was at work.

The first time was when I’d been doing something that needed a lot of brain work and I got up forgetting to squeeze to hold them in. As I turned to walk over to the photocopier I heard a clink and instantly realised what had happened. I quickly picked the ball up and eased it back in while I was stood at the photocopier. Tony was in his office and Sandra was on the phone to someone.

The second time was again when I got up from my desk. I got a surprise when I saw Sandra behind me and I lost control of myself. Two balls slipped out and clunked onto the floor right in front of Sandra. She looked down and saw them rolling away.

“You’re going to have to work harder at keeping those in if you want a tight pussy.” She said.

I blushed and picked them up. Then put them back in when I got back to my desk.

The third time was even more embarrassing. The courier had come to pick up some parcels. He’s used to seeing me just about naked so it wasn’t that. There was a bit of a query about how many parcels there were and I started moving them to count them, in front of the courier. One of the boxes was a bit heavy and as I strained to lift it out popped both balls.

“Are those what Ben Wa balls?” he asked as they rolled towards the door.

I looked at them, realised where they had come from, blushed, quietly said that they were, then went after them. To add to my embarrassment I had to bend over to pick them up with my back to him. He must have had a great view of my bare butt and pussy.

Before that third time I’d had to go out to the snack van and I was pleased with myself for keeping them in when I went outside. I don’t know what I would have done if one had slipped out in front of all those workmen.

I was glad when it was time to go home and on the way Tony asked me how my day had gone with my balls inside me. I told him about my 3 accidents and all he did was laugh at me; then tell me that I’d have to wear them to work each day until I’d gone 2 consecutive days without them sliding out. Fortunately they didn’t slide out again.

When we got to Tony’s apartment he got me to move up one size then he pulled me over his lap and started spanking me.

“Ten swats for every time one or both fall out I believe I said.”

There was one thing that Tony hadn’t told me about having 2 steel balls inside me. He hadn’t told me that when I walk around with them inside me they knock together and make me feel good. Not enough to make me cum but they certainly start me thinking about it.

A couple of days later Tony told me that he was going out on a stag do without me and that I would be staying at home on my own. I was relieved because it meant that I wasn’t going to be the entertainment at the stag do.

Anyway, after he’d left I did all the jobs that I had to do then relaxed on the sofa. I watched some of the monitors for a while but soon got bored. Then I looked at the fucking machine and the exercise cycle and thought,

“Why not.”

The curtains were wide open, as usual, and I couldn’t see anyone looking over to the apartment so I got on the bike and started pedalling. Two orgasms later I was still feeling horny so I sat on the fucking machine bench and decided to use it.

I put the headrest back in place, inclined the head end of the bench and screwed the blue dildo onto the metal rod. I started to go and get my wrist and ankle cuffs then realised that I couldn’t restrain myself completely, so I abandoned that idea, plugged the plug in and moved the control to where I could use it when I was on the bench.

Then I made myself comfortable, shuffling down until the dildo touched my pussy.

I took a deep breath and slowly turned the knob to get the machine to push the dildo inside me.

“Arrgh, ohhh, oooh, that’s nice.” I said out loud, then I settled back to enjoy myself.

It wasn’t the same as being restrained and not be able to control what was happening to me; but it was still very nice.

I slowly increased the speed of the fucking until the knob wouldn’t turn any further. By that time my first orgasm was rapidly approaching.

I kept the machine fucking me at full speed as I went through my first and second orgasm; then I slowed it down so that I could get my breath back.

As soon as I was ready I turned the speed up and repeated my exercise. After my fourth orgasm I decided that I’d had enough; too much of a good thing is not good for me; besides, I was getting tired and I hadn’t had a good nights sleep for weeks.

I cleaned up, showered and went to bed.

I was woken sometime in the middle of the night by Tony’s cock ramming in to me. He was drunk and thankfully didn’t take long to cum, roll off me and go to sleep.

I got up and went and slept on the sofa.

The next day was a Saturday and Tony was still asleep on my bed when I got back from the supermarket. When he emerged and had showered and fed he asked me if I’d enjoyed myself on the fucking machine. He then went on to tell me that he’d watched me on his phone, and so had his mates.

“Oh my gawd, I’d been caught.” I thought.

“You’re such a slut Claire.”

“No I’m not, a slut is a woman who lets any man fuck her and I don’t do that. I only fuck you and anyone who you tell me to; and I have no choice in that.”

“Yes Claire, okay, but you like to enjoy yourself, a lot.”

“I’m a normal healthy girl, of course I have needs but it’s your fault that my needs are greater than a lot of girls. If you didn’t make me dress like this and torture my pussy so much I wouldn’t have a fraction of the needs that I have.”

“All I’ve done is bring out your secret desires Claire; you’re a natural over-sexed exhibitionist at heart.”

“WHAT! No I am not.”

“Claire!”

I sat there wondering if Tony was right; I like sex, I like cumming, and maybe, just maybe, I’m a bit of an exhibitionist. I like the looks men give me when they see me naked, it makes me feel wanted. But I’m the way I am because of Tony; he’s changed me from being a normal girl into what I am now. So it’s his fault.

Tony must have thought that he won the argument because he got up and went to the sofa and his laptop leaving me to clean up.

“Can I go in to town shopping please Tony? I need to get my pills prescription filled and get a birthday card for my mother.”

He silently looked at me for a few seconds then said,

“Okay; go and get the clothes that you’re thinking of wearing and I’ll see if I approve.”

I brought out 3 dresses to show him and he picked a button down dress that is obscenely short.

“Leave the top 2 and the bottom 1 button open when you put it on Claire.

I got my things and left, not putting the dress on until I was outside his apartment. As I walked out to my car I said to myself,

“Remember not to lean or bend forwards and to hold your bag in front of your pussy Claire.”

It didn’t help when I got in my car and looked down, I could easily see all my bare pubes.

“I hope that I don’t get stopped by the police.” I thought.

As I wandered around the shops I got a few comments from young men and a few dirty looks from middle-aged women. I sort of liked the comments, it meant that they liked what they saw – me; and I just ignored the women.

When I was choosing a birthday card for my mum there was a very tall man stood next to me. In my experience, men usually just grab almost any old card but this man was really taking his time and looking inside lots of cards. Then I noticed that he was looking my way and not at the card in his hands.

I followed the line of his eyes and realised that he was looking at my chest. I looked down and saw that another button had come undone and the way that the material was hanging I guessed that he could see most of my right tit, and the nipple.

My first reaction was to fasten the button but just as my hand started to move I stopped it and I got a tingle in my pussy.

“My gawd,” I thought, “I’m enjoying this man perving on me.”

I stood there for ages before picking up a card that I’d already looked at and turned to walk to the till.

I left the shop and decided that I wanted to go up a level of the shopping centre and I walked to the escalator. I waited until there was no one waiting to get on then stepped on thinking that there should be no one behind me to look up my skirt.

Imagine my surprise when I turned around half way up and saw the man from the card shop, and he was looking up. I blame Tony for what I did next; I stood there for a few seconds letting him look at my uncovered pussy; then I turned back and faced up the escalator, spread my feet a bit and bent forwards.

I felt the material of my dress ride up and expose the bottom half of my butt. I felt my pussy tingle then I stood back up straight.

“Bloody hell Claire,” I thought, “what’s got into you?”

Then I answered my own question – Tony.

I needed to find a seat and calm down, and to try to get Tony out of my mind. I’d passed a Starbucks just before I’d gone up so I went down and in to it.

I got a coffee and found a seat. I was just starting to get myself together when a girl and a boy that I went to college with, walked passed holding hands and they saw me. They stopped and sat at my table.

After the usual greetings. I said,

“So, are you 2 an item now?”

“Yes, we got together just after the last reunion.

“So how are you keeping Claire? Are you still with that Tony guy?” Jade asked.

“Sort of.”

“Is he here with you?” Dean asked. “We saw you sitting here on your own showing lots of skin and looking like you are flashing your lady parts to that guy over there, and we wondered if Tony was watching you from some hidden corner. Neither of us could remember what Tony looked like, our eyes were distracted that night. That’s why we sat on either side of you. We didn’t want to block that guy’s view or disturb your flashing.”

“No, no. I’m on my own, and I didn’t realise that I was flashing anyone. It’s just that …. oh never mind.”

The thing was, I hadn’t even thought about how I would sit when I sat down. If I had I would have kept my knees together. I guess that Tony making me sit with my knees apart has become a habit, and an automatic reaction. And why didn’t I close them when Dean told me what I was doing.

“Talking of reunions,” Jade interrupted my thoughts, “there’s another one coming up soon and no one knew how to get in touch with you. Now that we’ve found you will you come? You can bring Tony and we’ll have a function room to ourselves so if you want to put on another show for us it will be okay.”

Oh, I don’t know, and it’s so soon after the last one. I thought that these things were supposed to be an annual event.”

“Please say that you will come Claire, everyone, including you, had such a great time last time; that’s why there’s another one so soon.

“I didn’t really enjoy it.” I replied.

“You certainly looked like you were enjoying it,” Dean said, “even the spankings and the fucking, and you did cum; how many times was it? Ten, fifteen?”

“I don’t know.”

“Tell you what Claire, give me your number, or better still Tony’s, I’ll text you the details and you can talk it over with Tony. We, everyone would really like you to be there.”

We exchanged number, and, I have no idea why I did it, but I gave Jade Tony’s number as well.

“We’ll leave you to your flashing.” Claire said.

“Keep up the good work.” Dean said and they both got up and left.

I was stunned,

“Why hadn’t I told them that there was no chance that I’d humiliate myself like that again? I thought. “Why had I given Jade my number, and even worse, Tony’s? And just as bad, why was I still sat with my knees apart?”

I had just started to convince myself that things weren’t that bad then I go and make a fool of myself all over again. What is wrong with me?

I looked over to the man and our eyes met. I blushed and turned my head, but left my knees where they were. Had that man really been smiling at me?

I just sat there finishing my coffee and trying to calm down again.

My coffee mug was quite cold when I finally got up from the table and left; none the wiser as to what I could do about my miserable life.

“Get everything that you wanted?” Tony asked me as I walked into his apartment carrying my bags and my dress.

“Yes, thank you. I err, I met 2 of my old college mates. They asked me to go to the next class reunion.”

“Fuck,” I thought, “why did I say that?”

“Oh yes, when is it?”

“Jade is going to text me.”

“Good, I’ll look forward to that; you enjoyed the last one didn’t you?”

“Not really.”

“Oh come come on Claire, how many times did you cum?

I said nothing and turned to go to my room.

“You may want to get a little nap Claire, it’s round 2 of the stag night tonight and you’re coming with me this time. We’ve got a function room booked and there will be dozens of people there.”

“Oh fuck.” I thought, “I’ll get passed around them all.”

And I felt my pussy tingle and get wet.

“Why is the lucky man having 2 stag nights?” I asked.

“Last night’s was just for his close friends, tonight is the big one for everyone who knows him.”

“So there’ll be lots of men there?”

“Yes.”

“And I’ll be the only woman?”

“Probably.”

“And you’ll be ordering me to strip naked?”

“Probably.”

“And letting lots of those men fuck me?”

“Probably.”

“Don’t you think that this is stretching the contract just a little bit too far Tony?”

“Nope. If you remember the contract says that you agree to let me use your body as I see fit. And I see fit to let other men fuck you; and that’s men, the plural, so live with it Claire. And wear your collar tonight, you’ll look good in just that collar and heels. Oh, and have another shave, I felt a little stubble when I put my hand on your pussy before you went out.”

“OMG.” I thought, “I'm going to get gang-banged by 20 or 30 or maybe more men.”

I was scared, but my pussy was unbelievably wet.

I had to wear a simple micro dress, my collar and a pair of heels when we left the apartment. I was feeling very nervous, a bit scared and a lot excited. I worried that Tony would see a big wet patch on his car seat but fortunately he didn’t look.

We arrived at this big pub out of town and immediately went up to the function room. There must have been going on for 20 guys in there when we arrived. Tony took me to the bar and got me the large stiff drink that I asked for. It was a young man tending the bar and he gave me that knowing look and it made me feel embarrassed.

“What have you brought a girl for Tony, or is she the stripper?” a man who came to the bar asked.

“Better than that mate. Could you clear a table for her at the end of the room?”

“Sure, does that mean that she will be available later?”

“Certainly does.”

“Can’t wait.”

“Bloody hell, they’ve talking about me like a whore, a piece of meat; but hell, I guess that that’s what I am tonight. At least I shouldn’t catch anything.” I thought as I looked at the box of condoms that Tony had carried in and put on the bar.

My large stiff drink had gone down in one and Tony asked me if I wanted another.

“Yes please, it sounds like I’m going to need it.”

He got me it then he took me over to a table where he introduced the bridegroom.

“You’ve got the first fuck with her mate.” Tony told him, “but first she needs to go around the room and show everyone what she’s got to offer.”

Then he turned to me as said,

“Get that dress off Claire then go and walk around the room and introduce yourself. Let them touch you and promise that there will be more later.”

I glared at Tony and, receiving no sign of him changing his mind, I downed my drink and then took my dress off. As soon as my naked body came into view some of the guys nearby cheered and commented on my assets. I turned and smiled at them.

“Okay Claire, off you go.”

I turned and went to the next table and realised that my pussy was dripping. It was so humiliating yet it was such a turn-on.

“Hi guys, I’m Claire and you can touch me if you want.”

It was a stag night and the room was full of men. I doubt that there was one normal guy in there that wouldn’t take me up on my offer.

As I went around the room saying the same thing at each table I got groped, slapped, pinched, fingered (butt and ass), nipples pulled and twisted, clit flicked and called every name that you can think of for a situation like that.

I don’t suppose that it helped that my pussy was dripping, a thing that was pointed out to me numerous times. It was a weird, and I have to say nice, feeling being the only girl there, a naked girl at that, and letting all of them grope my body.

Having said all that, I also felt that it was okay for me to be naked, it felt ‘natural’.

When I got back to Tony and the bridegroom Tony told me to go over to the empty table and lay across it so that my butt and head hung over the 2 sides. He also told me to take the box of condoms with me.

As I walked I heard Tony shouting for quiet. Then he said,

“Right guys, you’ve all met Claire and she might have told you that you could get more than a grope from her later. Well you can. For the rest of the night she will be spread out on the table over there and she will be available for you to fuck in any hole that you can find. Oh, for those of you who have a cock so small that it will go into her piss hole, don’t do it.”

After the laughter stopped he continued,

“Just 2 conditions gents, firstly you have to let the bridegroom go first, and secondly, if you’re aiming for a body hole you must wear one of the condoms that are there. We don’t want any of you disease ridden louts passing on anything to anyone else here, nor her. Bridegroom, whenever you are ready mate.”

And that’s what happened. I didn’t bother to try to count the number of cocks that entered me because I knew that I’d lose count, that’s if I even saw some of them. When Tony finally came to rescue me I was knackered, I had a sore pussy, sore nipples, a sore mouth, a sore butt hole and I had nearly passed out due to a lack of breath 4 times, I’d had at least 5 orgasms and my hair was a matted mess.

I was really pleased that Tony brought 2 drinks for me when he came over to me. One a strong one and the other a large soft drink. I managed to prop myself up on one elbow and held the glasses with my free hand.

“Jeez Claire, you look terrible.”

“Are you surprised? It was your idea not mine, I didn’t even want to come here.”

The bridegroom wasn’t far behind Tony and after staring at me for a while he said,

“How old are you Claire?”

“19.”

“Your pussy looks a lot younger.”

“Thanks – I think.”

“Have you had anything done to it or has it always been like that?”

“Ask Tony, it was his idea to cut me.”

“I thought that that sort of thing was illegal.”

“Ask Tony.”

Tony was smiling and he explained what he’s had done to me.

“Well, illegal or not, I like it.”

“So do I.” I replied, then said,

“Can we go home now please?”

“You’ll have to say goodbye to everyone first Claire; and don’t forget to thank all of them.”

“Gee thanks.”

I sat up then shuffled to the edge of the table. As I was doing that I saw the box of condoms. About half of the 50 had gone and as I started to get off the table I saw the ones that had been used in a rubbish bin. I smiled as I thought about the cleaner who’d find them in the morning.

My legs wobbled a bit as I put my weight on them and the bridegroom stepped forward and put his arm around me. He’s big bloke and his arm went right around me and onto my tit. I didn’t care.

He let go of me when I was able to hold my own and then I slowly started walking round the room doing what Tony had told me. I again got all sorts of comments, this time including telling me that I looked a mess, and thanking me.

Tony handed me my dress which I put on, knowing that I’d have to send it to the cleaners when I next took it off.

I had to take my time slowly going down the stairs because my legs moving

aggravated the aches where my legs joined my torso.

Back at Tony’s apartment I walked straight in and to the bathroom before taking my dress off. When I was in the shower Tony came in and told me that I was going to get spanked for not taking my dress off before entering the apartment. At that time I just didn’t care.

After drying myself I collapsed on my bed and was asleep within seconds.

Thankfully, Tony didn’t get annoyed with me when I slept late. Maybe he did as well.

It was mid afternoon when things started to come to life. Tony’s brother Mick arrived to sort out something or other. It was the Sunday and not the Sunday when I go to my parents for lunch so I was there doing the washing up after lunch.

Mick said ‘Hi’ then told me to turn around and face him. When I did he said,

“Now that’s the look of a well fucked body. Did you enjoy yourself Claire?”

“No, not really. I’m still a bit sore.”

“I’ll bet you are, that must be some sort of record, just how many did fuck you?”

“I have no idea. I wasn’t counting.”

“She’s due a punishment for a dress code violation; do you fancy giving her it Mick?”

“Do you mind if we get what I came for sorted before I do it?”

“No, not at all. Claire, get bent over the sofa and wait.”

Waiting for 30 minutes knowing that you are going to get a good spanking is not a nice feeling. I was hoping that I might get a bit turned on but I didn’t; not even during the spanking and I ended up with a red and painful butt before Mick left and Tony told me that I could go to my room. But at least Mick didn’t fuck me – this time.

The next Saturday Tony went to the wedding of his mate. Thankfully, he didn’t take me, there was no way that I wanted to be at a wedding wearing an obscenely short dress and maybe being told to take it off.

So I was left at the apartment on my own for most of the day. I’d done all the jobs that I needed to do and was a little bored so I switched Tony’s monitors on to see if I could see anything interesting.

When I switched to the camera showing my old bedroom at my parent, there was Aria, my cousin. She was just wearing a thong and was dancing to some music that I could hear. Her little tits barely moved as she bounced about.

After a while she collapsed on the bed and her right hand went to her pussy. Before long I was watching her masturbate and then cumming.

That started me thinking about my pussy.

I switched to another camera and was shocked to see a teenage girl taking her clothes off. After my initial shock I realised that she was in a shop changing cubicle trying on some new clothes.

As I watched I wondered if it was in one of the shops that he’d mentioned when that Dan bloke was here or if he’s hacked into another stores cameras.

I wasn’t worried which it was.

I switched to another camera and there was another girl in another changing room. She was just taking a nice looking dress off that she’d put on without any underwear. When it was off she rubbed her pussy and tweaked her nipples for a few seconds before putting on another dress.

I saw why she tweaked her nipples, the material was very thin and her nipples poked out.

Not being that interested, I tried another camera, but that just showed an empty room.

I was bored and then had an idea. I decided that I was going to have a bit of fun in the sling. I knew that putting myself on display on the internet was wrong, and if it hadn’t have been for Tony corrupting me, and me feeling horny, there was no way that I would have even thought about it, but all those things had happened and I was thinking about it.

I went and got my wrist cuffs, which I put on, my Ohmibod, which I put where it belongs, my laptop, my magic wand and some duck tape.

I setup my laptop where I could see it, and the camera could see me when I climbed into the webbing sling. Then I opened the voteurs website and let people know that I was online and available.

I checked the webcam angle again then climbed into the sling taking the wand and the tape with me.

Then I taped the wand to the top of my left leg so that when I switched it on it would vibrate on my clit. I switched it on, gasped, smiled, then did a really stupid thing. I reached up and clipped my wrist cuffs to 2 of the Karabiners hanging down from the ceiling.

That was easy to do because of the way that they are designed. As I was clipping my second wrist I suddenly thought about how I could unclip them.

Because the wand was confusing my brain I wasn’t thinking clearly and I just could not work out how I could free myself.

Then my first token giver instructed my Ohmibod to start vibrating. My mind was instantly taken away from any thought of freeing myself and to my pussy that was vibrating.

It may have been the middle of the afternoon in England but I have no idea what time it was wherever in the world that the people who wanted to drive me crazy were. Well them and the magic wand that was vibrating right on my clit.

Within a couple of minutes I was cumming at the same time as my Ohmibod was trying to force my body to jerk all over the place.

I was in heaven; but after a while I thought,

“Oh my gawd, I’ve really done it to myself this time.” I thought in amongst the moaning, gasping, shouting ‘yes, yes’ and cumming. What the fuck am I going to do?”

I didn’t have an answer but my body did. I have no idea how long I had enjoyed / suffered at the hands of the 2 mechanical aids but my body suddenly decided to switch to hibernate mode and I passed out.

Over the next goodness knows how long, I drifted in and out of consciousness. When I came out the torture continued, I’d orgasm again then pass out again.

I was knackered, totally knackered and I could do nothing to improve things. Even if I could have pulled myself up and unhooked the Karabiners I wouldn’t have had the strength to get off the sling and shutdown the website.

I had a vision of the inquest in to my death with my parents there and the coroner telling everyone how I died.

Tony finally found me sometime late evening. The batteries in both my wand and my Ohmibod had finally gone flat but I was still unconscious. The next thing that I knew was me waking up on my bed, still totally naked.

Tony wasn’t too kind to me either,

“What the fuck were you thinking Claire? Those men watching don’t give a damn as to whether or not you fuck yourself to death but I do. It would be bad for business. Whenever you’re able, have a shower then go back to bed. I’ll see you in the morning and maybe I’ll repeat what you did to yourself, as a punishment this time.”

I was asleep within seconds.

I emerged in the middle of the Sunday morning and Tony immediately told me to bend over the back of the sofa. Fifteen minutes later I had lots of red lines across my butt.

“Go and get showered then decide what you’re going to wear to Sunday Lunch with your parents.”

“Oh shit, I forgot about that; sorry Tony.”

When I arrived at my parents I’d forgotten that I’d seen Aria there and I got a bit of a surprise, a nice one as I hadn’t actually seen her for a couple of years. We had a great family Sunday Lunch with lots of talking.

When Aria and I were washing up after the meal Aria asked me if I was alright.

“Yes, of course I am; maybe a little tired but that’s all. Why do you ask?”

“Well it’s just that you’ve got red marks at the top of the back of your legs. I wouldn’t have seen them if you had been wearing a longer dress and I don’t mean to pry.”

“Oh those, I’m fine, I was sitting on this weird chair that Tony has and it always leaves red marks on my legs; you should see my butt. I guess that that’s the penalty for wearing fashionable clothes these days.”

“I don’t know that I could wear a dress that short. I’d always be worrying that people could see something that they shouldn’t.”

“Who cares what people can see, the last time, or was it the time before, that I was here I accidentally bent over in front of my dad. All he said was that he wished that he was my age again.”

“Weren’t you embarrassed Claire?”

“No, it’s no big deal. He’s a man and I’m a woman; most men have seen it all before.”

“I suppose, our mothers do fill us with a whole load of modesty don’t they?”

“And always remember to put clean knickers on. My mother used to say, I wonder what she’s say if she knew that I’ve stopped wearing any.”

“I thought that you weren’t Claire, I caught a glimpse up your skirt earlier and I couldn’t see any but I didn’t want to say anything. Have you stopped wearing bras as well, it’s just that your nipples have been sticking out since you got here.”

“Yeah, it’s not just bra free weekends I’ve stopped wearing them altogether. I feel freer and these girls are learning to support themselves. I’m hoping to delay, or avoid the droop late in my life. You should try it, it’s not like you have a couple of water melons to support and the muscles in breasts that are always in a bra loose their strength and start drooping.”

“Maybe, hey, shall we give the oldies their coffee then go upstairs and talk some more, it’s great seeing you again.”

We did, I was a bit relieved that I now had an excuse to be in my old room, all I needed now was for Aria to leave me alone in there for a couple of minutes. I think that I accidentally flashed my dad again; Aria coughed when I was bending over to put my mums coffee on the little table next to her.

Aria and I took our coffees up to her room and talked.

“I think that you accidentally flashed your dad again Claire.” Aria said just as she shut the door.

“Oops; I’m still forgetting to bend my knees instead of keeping them straight, but dad’s okay, it isn’t as if he hasn’t seen it all before.”

We sat and talked about all sorts for ages. One of the things was college. I asked her about the teachers that I had, if they were still there. The usual things I guess. One thing that Aria did tell me was that there was a rumour going round about a leaver who had stripped naked at a reunion do. Apparently she had invited all her classmates to fuck her.

“Oh my gawd.” I said, “such a whore. Maybe she was drunk and trying to fulfil a fantasy; I mean we all have that fantasy don’t we?”

I think that I was blushing as I said that but Aria wasn’t looking at me.

“Yeah.” Aria replied.

We talked for ages and after a while I excused myself to go to the toilet saying that the coffee had gone straight through me. Ten minutes later Aria did the same. I had my opportunity and quickly swapped the batteries.

I felt guilty when she came back.

When I left Aria asked me to let her know when I was going for Sunday Lunch saying that she wouldn’t go home that weekend again.

Back at the apartment Tony asked me how lunch had gone, telling me that he’d heard Aria and me talking.

“You did a good job changing the batteries Claire, and fending off the questions about you being gang-banged. I just knew that you really wanted it. I’ll have to make your fantasy come true more often.”

I said nothing and went and started his tea.

The following week my kegels were with me wearing 2 table tennis sized steel balls all day. They were heavy and I did have a few accidents the first couple of days, and got the resultant spankings. Fortunately, it was only Tony and Sandra that saw me. Tony laughed but Sandra had a bit if sympathy for me, saying that there was no way that she’d put anything like that in her pussy.

The thing was, all their heavy clunking inside me as I walked about got me horny every day and on the way home each day I asked Tony to fuck me. Sometimes he did, sometimes he didn’t.

The following week I was ready for the biggest balls, 2 tennis ball sized steel balls. They’re heavy but I’m sure that they’re not solid steel, I reckon that if they were they would be way too much for my now tight pussy. Tony has praised me, telling me that it’s like fucking a 9 year old not a 19 year old. When I asked him when he’d fucked a 9 year old girl he said,

“Well it’s what I would imagine a 9 year old would be like.”

I think that is what he meant because I can never imaging him going after girls that young although in the pub one night quite a while back I heard him say,

“If they bleed they’re old enough.”

I think that it was just male bravado.

But there again I could never imaging him blackmailing me and making me do such horrible things.

I managed to keep the balls in all day for all 5 days and Tony was pleased, so was I. I like my tight pussy. When he fucks me I can squeeze his cock and it makes me feel good; like I’ve got some control over him.

He has told me that I have to keep up my kegel exercises, which I would have done anyway. He got me a candle, about 4 cm diameter 14 cm long, and he’s told me that I have to push it deep into my vagina and practice squeezing it half way out then suck it back in. That didn’t sound too difficult, until I tried it. I think that it’s difficult because it’s a candle that’s very slippery. But I’m still practising.

Another thing that he got me to do a similar thing with is a banana, and I can do that with the banana still in its skin. The problem came when he gave me a peeled banana. It was quite fresh and I managed it a couple of times, but when I tried it the third time only part of it came out. My pussy muscles had either broken it in two, or 3 or 4; or turned it into mush.

Tony put his fingers in me to try to get it out and didn’t succeed so he eased his whole fist inside me. As he was moving around inside me trying to find the banana I decided to squeeze my muscles just as he was giving up.

He couldn’t get his hand out of me, even when he lifted me right up off the sofa. I thought that it was funny but he didn’t. With me hanging there he started spanking my butt and that made me relax my muscles and I fell to the floor.

But that left me with most of a mushy banana still inside me. When I asked Tony how we were going to get it out of me he said,

“Well, if we were at my parent house I would have got the garden hose and pushed it up you and turned it on; but I don’t have a hose pipe here.

“So what can we do.”

“I’ve no idea. Maybe we should take you to the hospital?”

“I really don’t fancy that, what about the shower hose?” I asked. “Can’t you unscrew the head off and use that?

“Good idea, you do have some brains in that little head of yours. Come on, go and get in the bath.”

I did, and Tony took great delight in sticking the end of the hose up my vagina and turning the water on.

The water was cold at first and I shrieked at the shock, but the water soon warmed up and I got used to it.

It soon got painful as the litres of water squirted into me. When I told Tony that I couldn’t take anymore he turned the water off and then told me to hold it in. Even after he pulled the hose out he told me to hold it in. I was really grateful that I’d done, and still was doing my Kegels. My insides hurt but I could hold that water.

When he finally told me that I could let it out it came out like I was a fire hose.

“Bloody hell Claire, I didn’t realise that so much had gone in to you. Did you see those bits of banana?”

“Yes.”

“Better do it again just to make sure that we got it all.”

Tony flushed me out 4 times before we stopped seeing bits of banana coming out. Each time that he pulled the hose out he told me to hold it in and each time I easily did it. In spite of the pain I was pleased that I’d been able to hold the water in.

On the Wednesday of the following week I got a text message from Jade to tell me where the college reunion was, and asking me to confirm that I would be there. I seriously considered just deleting the text and not telling Tony but on the way home I told Tony.

“Oh good, now how shall I play it? Shall I just take you in, strip you, put you on a table and tell everyone to take you whenever and however they want, or shall we turn it into some sort of game again. I’m going to have to think about it.”

“Please Tony, can I just keep my clothes on and just socialize? I had some good friends in college and I’d like to just talk to them.”

“They were good friends when they spanked and fucked you last time.”

“That was your fault, you took control and made them do those horrible things.”

“Is that how you remember it Claire?”

“Yes, you were horrible to me. You embarrassed and humiliated me.”

“And you came how many times Claire? You can’t possibly tell me that you didn’t enjoy it.”

I just sat there silently and thinking back to that night. Damn it, Tony was right, I had enjoyed it, well most of it.

When the Saturday evening came round I was nervous. It didn’t help that Tony picked up the tawse, the paddle and my handcuffs as we left the apartment. He’s also told me to wear my dog collar.

On the way there I asked Tony what he was going to force me to do.

“Nothing, you’re going to go from one table to another talking to people.”

“That didn’t sound too bad.” I thought, then said,

“So why the weapons?”

“They’re for you to carry around with you just in case anyone wants to use them on you.”

“Why would they want to do that?”

“Because you are going to ask them.”

“Just to be clear,” I said, “you want me to go from table to table, talk to the people there and ask them if the want to spank me.”

“Or fuck you. You’ll be naked and have your wrists cuffed in front of you and I forgot to mention that you’ll be carrying a box of condoms as well.”

My heart dropped; he’d built up my hopes of a semi reasonable evening then he’d pulled the rug from under me. I resigned myself to another gang-bang, but this time with all my ex college friends taking part and watching. I wanted to die.

I was still unhappy as we climbed the stairs to the function room.

“Cheer up Claire, you’ll have a great time.”

“You think?”

“I know so.”

“When I stop talking Claire is going to take her dress off then I’m going to put these handcuffs on her. She will then slowly move around the room going from one table to another. When she is at your table you may ask her any questions that you like and take as many photographs as you like; have a good chat with her, catch up on everything. You may also tell her that you are going to spank her of fuck her. She will let you do that right there and then but please use one of the condoms that she will be carrying.

When you have finished with her please send her to the next table. If you wish to buy her a drink please do so, I’m sure that she will appreciate it. Claire is not here under any duress, and she will now tell you so.”

“Oh no,” I thought, “you told me that I’d enjoy this reunion; now it’s going to be as bad as the last time.” then I said,

“I fully accept that I am here voluntarily and agree 100% to take part in whatever happens to me this evening.”

As soon as my mouth shut I slowly unfastened my dress, pushed off the straps on my shoulders and felt it fall to the floor. I was now naked apart from my shoes and my dog collar and I could feel my nipples hardening and my pussy start to tingle.

Stepping out of the dress I looked at Tony. He smiled as he gave me the paddle, the tawse and the box of condoms then said,

“Off you go Claire, enjoy yourself.”

“Yeah, right.” I sarcastically thought as I slowly started walking to the nearest table.

Sat at it were 2 girls and 1 boy that I knew, and 1 boy that I had never seen before.

“Hi Claire,” the 3 that I knew said.

“Hey.” I replied as I stood between the 2 chairs that had the boys sitting on them.

“So what’s the story girl, is that man making you do these things Claire?”

“No, I,” I started to say, then I had a brainwave that I hoped would make all those people more understanding. I continued,

“I’ve become a nudist, a naturist, call it what you like, but I’ve decided that I no longer want to wear clothes unless I really have to.”

“Wow,” Zara said, “I never would have thought that of you Claire, but whatever.

“So are you naked all the time?” Tom asked.

“No, our stupid, strange society doesn’t accept people being naked on the streets yet.”

“What about work” Annabella asked. “Didn’t I hear that you got a job at some electronics company?”

“Yes I did, it’s Tony’s company and he encourages me to be naked at work. There’s only him, another girl and me at the office so me being naked doesn’t really matter.”

“What about the other girl?”

“She keeps her clothes on.”

“So what’s this about spanking, with those things presumably?” Annabella asked.

“That was Tony’s idea to keep me inline.”

“So he spanks you?”

“Yes.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“Yes it does.”

“But does it stop you making mistakes?”

“Well I’ve never made the same mistake twice.”

“But that Tony guy said that we could spank you.”

“And fuck you.” The unknown boy said.

“Yes you can if you want, I made a big mistake signing a document for him when I shouldn’t have and this is how he punishes me.”

“I hope that he’s paying you well.”

“If I survive for the next year I’ll get a huge bonus.”

“So I can spank this cute little butt can I?” Tom said as I felt his hand slide up the back of my leg to my butt.

“Yes you can.”

“TOM!” Zara shouted. “Leave her alone; and you 2 go downstairs and get us some more drinks; and get one for Claire. I would need a few if I was doing what she’s doing.”

Tom and the unknown guy got up and left and I sat down.

“So what’s happening with you guys?” I asked.

Over the next 10 minutes we talked about their lives and what they had been up to since they left college. In a way it felt strange talking to them about that sort of thing whilst I was naked; but at the same time I wasn’t at all embarrassed. The 2 guys came back and one of them found another chair.

As I stood up to move to the second table I thought,

“This being naked in public isn’t at all bad, in fact it’s quite nice. If the rest of the evening is like this I’ll be okay.”

The second table was okay as well; Jade and Dean were there with another couple of girls that had been okay at college. After similar questions, and answers, and catching up, all whilst Dean was staring at my tits with their rock hard nipples, I moved on to the third table.

When I saw that it was 5 boys at the table I started to worry a little, and get excited a little. All 5 had been total prats at college, being rude and crude and generally unpleasant to most of the girls.

“Hi guys, how are you all?” I said as I got close and then stood between 2 of them.

Four of them said hello back but the fifth said,

“So we can use those on you and fuck you can we?”

“I believe that that was what Tony said; but you have to use one of these.” I said as I put the box of condoms and the punishment implements on the table.

“He didn’t say which holes we could use and I’m sure as fuck not using a condom in your throat. Bend over this chair bitch, I’m gonna fuck your mouth and then your cunt later.”

That was when the fucking started and I quickly had a cock in my mouth and another one in my pussy. Just after it started I heard Jade say,

“Those pigs, I never did like any of them.” then she shouted,

“LEAVE HER ALONE.”

“Fuck off bitch.” One of the nasty guys replied.

I wondered if Dean was going to have a go at the nasty guy but he didn’t. I guessed that 5 to 1 wasn’t good odds, or maybe he didn’t want to start a fight that would inevitably end the night.

Anyway, one or two at a time, all 5 of them had their way with me, one way or another, and all 3 of my holes got well used. Unfortunately, none of them were good enough to make me cum.

After they had finished with me I lay there for a while then sat up. The 5 guys were sat there drinking as if nothing had happened. I though about asking them for a drink but I decided that they would probably just tell me to fuck off.

Then one of them stood up and got his phone out. Then he told me to lie down again and to spread my legs.

“I need evidence for my mates. A few photos should be enough to convince them.”

The others the got their phones out and something like 50 photos of me were taken, mainly of my pussy.

As soon as all the cameras were back in pockets I got up and went to the next table.

It wasn’t far, but it was long enough for me to decide that I might me okay at this table, and to realise that I was walking around the room naked, and I wasn’t at all embarrassed.

It was a couple of reasonable girls and 4 guys, one of which was Henry, he’d always been nice to me at college but he had fucked me hard at the last reunion.

The 6 of them seemed quite friendly as they asked me questions and I gave them the same spiel that I had at the first table. They didn’t say so but I got the impression that they felt a bit sorry for me, and that was reinforced when Henry said that he was going to get a drink for me, telling everyone that I looked like I needed one. Which I did.

There had been low music playing ever since we’d arrived, and just as I was about to move to another table the volume got turned up. A few people got up to dance and I had to speak loudly to be heard as I told the group that they were free to do whatever they wanted to me.

I was hoping that the presence of the girls would tame the guys but when one of the guys told me to bend over the back of one of the chairs the others smiled, one of the girls picking up the paddle.

I got paddled and tawsed for a good 10 minutes by all of them, some harder than the others. Two of the guys caressed my butt and finger fucked me after they’d spanked me.

The next table was only guys and they’d seen what the other table of all guys had done to me and they wanted their share of me as well. And they took it; but thankfully there wasn’t as many of them.

The last table just had 3 girls on it. I thought that I’d seen more when I glanced over earlier so I guessed that the others were dancing. They didn’t return when I arrived.

I gave them the same spiel and the asked me lots of questions. Some of my answers were lies as I wasn’t going to admit that I was Tony’s slave. I was quite happy when one of the girls said,

“Don’t worry me duck, we’re not going to take advantage of you.”

I breathed a sigh of relief because that was the last table. I looked around and couldn’t see Tony and when the girls got up to dance I got up with them.

Like most girls, probably, I’d danced naked in the safety of my own bedroom when I was younger but this was in public and I knew just about everyone there. I surprised myself when I quickly relaxed and danced as if I were fully clothed, although it felt a little strange having my wrists cuffed in front on me.

I had a great time, probably the best since this whole sorry situation had started, but after about 20 minutes Tony appeared and told me that we were leaving and to get his belongings.

I was half way down the stairs when I realised that I was still naked. I stopped and asked Tony for my dress. He laughed and gave it to me and I quickly put it on, fastening only enough buttons to keep me decent.

“You got off quite lightly Claire, after the last time I was expecting you to be spanked or fucked just about non-stop.” Tony said as we drove back to his apartment.

I said nothing.

“Nothing to say Claire? Okay then, to make up for the lack of action at the reunion I’m going to tie you to the 4 corners of your bed and let you entertain your fans all night.”

My heart dropped, the only way it ended last time was by the batteries going flat. On the one hand I wanted the batteries to go flat quite quickly so that I could get some sleep; but on the other hand I liked the idea and hoped that the batteries would last all night – unless I passed out.

After my wrists and ankles were securely fastened to the 4 corners, Tony went and got my Ohmibod, ball gag, wand and his laptop. This time he wanted me to see the messages coming from my voyeurs.

“Good job I charged the batteries today.” Tony said as he taped the magic wand across the top of my thigh so that it was touching my clit.