**Life of Angela**

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**Life of Angela Ch. 01**

I am now a 40 year old wife and mother with 2 wonderful children and a successful job in a law firm. However the journey I took to get here is, well, very unusual, and sometimes I feel I have lived a double life. When I look back now I cannot believe the multitude of ways I choose to totally and utterly humiliate myself. But if I could live my life over again would I change it? Probably not.  
  
I cannot blame my sexual predilections on my early upbringing, as I was raised in a relatively sane household in our rural lakeside home. Being the only daughter with three brothers (one of whom was my twin), it was no surprise I was very much the tomboy, preferring jeans and tee shirts rather than dresses. I constantly played contact sport with my brothers as a teenager, and we would think nothing of stripping down to go swimming when we were hot and sweaty. I was late into puberty, so at the age of eighteen my breasts were barely noticeable, and training bras were not for me.   
  
I was an awkward teenager; tall, gangly and skinny. Well at least as an eighteen year old this is how I saw myself. When I look back now I suspect my two older brothers, Dave and William, who were aged nineteen and twenty one years respectively saw me in a slightly different light. I am not sure if my twin brother, Steve, was the same or if he was just stirred along by his older brothers.   
  
Our family owned a small 50 hectare dairy farm which contained 200 milking cows. The back of the property bordered onto a large lake. On the weekends we would all have to help my parents with the milking and do other chores about the farm. When we were finally finished the chores, which was generally around mid-day, we would grab some food from the refrigerator then jump on the two trail bikes we owned and race off down to the lake, with Dave and William driving and Steve and myself riding as pillion passengers, hanging on for dear life as we bumped over the undulating track.  
  
Once we reached the lake we would all strip off naked and leap into the lake. Even though a number of other properties and a public park also bordered onto the lake we just assumed no one was potentially close enough to see us. Even at eighteen I had no qualms about being totally naked around my brothers. I really did just see myself as one of the 'boys'. When we were in the water we would often play fight, trying to push each other under the water, or playing tag. During these playful encounters my brothers would often grapple me around my small budding breasts, or even grab me around my hips, when their hands always seemed to accidentally touch my vaginal region which had only recently started sprouting a mat of fine pubic hair.  
  
At the time I thought nothing of this 'accidental' fondling, and was actually flattered by the extra attention I seemed to be getting from my brothers. On occasions when we were playing in the water I would brush against one of their penises and notice it would be erect, but never dared say anything and naively thought it was just due to their physical exertion. Once we had tired of being in the water we would sit on the side of lake and demolish the food we had brought with us. We never brought towels along with us so needed to sunbath until we were dry enough to put our clothes back on. When you are naked and sitting on the ground it is very hard to be modest, and it never occurred to me to try very hard. I would sit cross-legged on the side of the lake as the four of us would chat away while eating our lunch. I was aware that sitting like that gave my brothers a clear view of my vagina, but I wasn't concerned, even when I noticed them staring at me down there.   
  
Looking back, I am sure I knew I shouldn't be sitting like that, but to be honest I quite liked the increased attention I was getting from my brothers, and it made me feel good. I had a low self esteem and didn't see myself as having an attractive body; therefore it was a nice feeling to know they wanted to look at me. This is possibly the time in my life when my exhibitionist streak started to nurture itself.  
  
There was a walking track that circled the lake, and on occasions we would spot a group of trampers making their way along the track. We would always run back into the lake and swim around until they had passed. However on this one day we were so busily engaged in an animated conversation that we failed to spot the two male trampers descending down the hill towards us. By the time we noticed them they were already right beside us, and standing between us and the lake so that we couldn't really rush into the water. The two men were in their fifties and looked down at the four of us disapprovingly.  
  
"Don't you kids know anything about public decency," one of them scowled at us, while staring down at our naked bodies.  
  
I noticed both of them were especially staring at me, and as I looked down I blushed in shame as I realised I was sitting cross-legged and totally exposed to the two strangers. Hastily I closed my legs and modestly brought one hand over my pubic hair.  
  
"Sorry sir," my oldest brother, Dave, apologised, "we didn't see you coming."  
  
With that he hastily got to his feet and slipped on his shorts. My two brother quickly followed suit. I jumped to my feet and frantically looked around but couldn't see my pile of clothing. For the first time in my life I felt really exposed, and I could feel a bead of sweat forming on my forehead. Finally I spotted my pile of clothing, but to my despair it was right behind the two strangers. I was rooted to the spot, uncertain as to what to do. Time suddenly seemed to be on a go-slow. I stood there, feeling as if all eyes were focused on my young, naked body. I was embarrassed beyond belief, but I just stood there, my arms by my side. I didn't even make an attempt to cover myself with my hands.  
  
Finally one of the men reached down to pick up my clothing, but instead of handing them to me he just gripped them tightly in front of himself. I could feel the beads of perspiration beginning to run down my forehead.  
  
"Please, sir, can I have my clothing back?" I begged.  
  
"Oh, so you do own clothing do you, you little tramp?"  
  
"Yes, sir," I felt humiliated.  
  
"Young ladies like yourself should know a lot better than run around butt naked, behaving like a slut by exposing her genitals to everybody who wants to have a look. I have a good mind to complain to your parents."  
  
Even after this scolding my arms still hung limply at my side as I made no attempt to cover myself.  
  
"I am so sorry, sir," I limply apologised.  
  
The man then began to rifle thorough my pile of clothing he was holding until he found my knickers. He held them up in distain before handing them over to me. With intense relief I quickly pulled them on.   
  
"No bra?" he asked sarcastically, after searching through my remaining clothing.  
  
"No, sir," I blushed.  
  
"Why am I not bloody surprised."  
  
With that he finally handed over my faded tee shirt and denim shorts, which with fumbling fingers I readily accepted and put on. Both of the men then gave us another brief lecture about the immorality of public nudity before grumpily continuing their journey.   
  
I was initially mortified by the experience, but my brothers were exactly the opposite. They jumped around excitedly and were even high-fiving each other. They felt the whole experience was rather funny and their high spirits eventually caused me to smile, forgetting my embarrassment.  
  
"That was so cool," William laughed, "and I can't believe, Angela, that you actually had the courage to stand in front of him like that without even covering yourself. You showed him you weren't scared to show off your naked body."  
  
All the boys joined in with encouraging comments, for some warped reason thinking I had been brazenly brave in the face of adversity. I was not about to disillusion them by telling them that in truth I had been so shame faced I couldn't seem to move.  
  
The encounter with the two trampers seemed to be a catalyst for change. My brothers' eyes had been opened up to what they saw as an exciting experience that fired up their raging male hormones and they wanted to expand on it. A couple of weeks later we were again sitting on the side of the lake, naked as usually, when the boys all stood up and said they were just going into the bushes to have a pee. I thought it was a bit strange that my three brothers all needed to pee at the same time, but thought nothing more of it and returned to reading the book I was absorbed in.  
  
A couple of minutes later I was aware of movement beside me but did not look up as I just assumed it was my brothers return from their group pee. But when no one sat down beside me I glanced up to see what they were doing. It was then to my horror I realised the movement I had seen out of the corner of my eye was not my brothers, but a group of two elderly couples dressed up in their tramping kit. They had come to a stop about ten yards away from me, and were starring at me with disbelief. I quickly jumped to my feet and reached over behind the log where I had left my clothing. To my absolute horror it was not there. Frantically I looked over the next log, thinking that I must have been mistaken as to where I had left my clothing. There was nothing there and it was then that the realisation hit me; I had been set up by my brothers, who were nowhere to be seen. They had obviously seen the trampers coming down the track on the side of the hill and had grabbed their clothing, along with mine, and were no doubt staring through the bushes in great delight as to my predicament.  
  
I stood up and faced the two elderly couples, my arms hanging at my sides. Again I had that weird familiar sensation of time slowing down. With vivid clarity I could feel the eyes of everyone taking in my nakedness. I stood facing them for what seemed an eternity. Beads of perspiration were again forming on my forehead  
  
"Oh dear," I finally mumbled, "I seem to have misplaced my clothing."  
  
With that I bolted to the lake and dived in, swimming out and too embarrassed to look back to see what the two elderly couples were doing. When I returned the walkers were gone and my brothers, now dressed, were standing there with broad grins on their faces.  
  
"Gee, really sorry sis," Dave apologised insincerely, "We must have grabbed your clothing by mistake."  
  
"I bet," I growled, trying to sound angrier than I surprisingly felt.   
  
In truth I had been humiliated, but I also felt an excitement in my predicament that my young, immature body could not rationalise. And when my brothers began to recount for me how exciting it was for them watching someone walk up on me and see my naked body, I forgot about being angry and joined in the laughter as we recalled the reactions on the faces of the two elderly couples.  
  
Over the next few weeks I was relieved that when we went swimming on the weekends there were no hikers coming along the track beside the lake. But about four weeks later we were all swimming in the lake when Steve, my twin brother, excitedly pointed out to his older brothers that their were four figures at the top of the hiking track and were making their way down towards us. Dave, my eldest brother, swam over to me, and dared me to get out of the water and sit beside the lake until the four trampers had passed.   
  
"No!" I responded emphatically.  
  
"Please," Dave egged me, supported by my brothers, "and make sure you sit cross-legged."  
  
I looked at him, mortified by his request. But then I gazed around at the excited look on my brothers' faces, and before I could even rationalise the outrageousness of my decision I found myself swimming back to the shore. Crouching down I edged myself out of the lake and knelt down. My heart was beating so hard I felt it was going to burst out of my chest. For the first time I can recall I noticed my nipples were as hard as pencils from the excitement. They sometimes went a bit hard if the water was cold, but nothing like they were now. I then remembered that Dave had told me to sit cross-legged, and I followed his request, even though I knew it would expose parts of my female anatomy that should never be shown off in this public manner.  
  
I then hastily grabbed the book I had brought with me and began to read. In truth I read the same line over and over again but my brain could not absorb its content. I was so overcome by a mixture of nervousness and excitement that I just couldn't focus. Minute after agonising minute the four hikers descended the hill until the silence was broken by a loud wolf-whistle from one of the trampers. Panic suddenly crept into me and I anxiously looked over at the four visitors that were no more than fifty yards away and closing in on me rapidly. To my horror I noticed that all four of them were young males, probably in their mid twenties, and the look on their faces suggested they were very pleasantly surprised to stumble across a naked young female, even if she was somewhat under developed.   
  
I quickly put my book down and furtively glanced out at my brothers, and clearly I was on the verge of making a dash for the water. But I didn't, and I still find it hard to rationalise why. The young men were still far enough away that I could easily have raced the few yards to the water and they would only have got a fleeting glance of my nudity. However I didn't move. I sat like a statue, staring out at the bobbing heads of my three brothers. I was still sitting cross legged and only too aware of my exposure. I wanted to bring my arms up from my side and at least attempt to preserve my modesty. But I just couldn't will my arms to move. Time slowed down and beads of perspiration were already running down my cheeks.   
  
Not surprisingly the four young men came to a stop directly in front of me.  
  
"Well, hello there my darling. Aren't you the pretty young one," uttered one of the men.  
  
The intensity of their stares rendered me speechless. I blushed bright red.  
  
"And how old are you darling?" enquired another of the curious gazers.  
  
"Eighteen," I managed to respond shyly.  
  
"Eighteen! You look just like a bloody kid." He sounded disappointed. "Hasn't your Mummy told you that girls are asking for trouble if they don't wear any clothes?"  
  
"Yes," I responded, trying not to sound offended. "I was just swimming with my brothers and got out to dry off. I didn't see you coming."  
  
The four men all gazed out at the lake and saw the heads of my brothers bobbing up and down in the water, then turned back to stare again at my nakedness. "You were swimming nude with your brothers? Aren't you the naughty little girl?"  
  
"You need a damn good spank I reckon," another of them sniggered and winked at the others. "Especially if you show off that pretty little pussy of yours like that. Could get a girl in a heap of trouble."  
  
Suddenly I could not take the humiliation any more and I bolted past the men and swam furiously out into the lake, the laughter of the four hikers ringing in my ears.  
  
When the four hikers had moved on my brothers and I emerged from the water. I was initially mortified by what I had done, but as my brothers excitedly questioned me about what they had said, my shame quickly dissipated. All of a sudden the shy tomboy was the centre of attention and I liked it. They made me repeat word for word, several times, what had been said, especially the reference to me having a 'pretty little pussy'. It made me blush, but I told them everything.   
  
"You do have a pretty pussy you know," Dave, my eldest brother suddenly blurted out, and William and Steve quickly agreed with him.  
  
I was taken aback by the boldness of my brother's comment. It was the first time I could recall him making an overt sexual comment to me. My only response was to smile shyly.  
  
"Will you show us more of your pussy?" Dave boldly continued.  
  
My mouth dropped open in shock. "Dave!" I admonished him.  
  
"Please," he pleaded.  
  
"I'll....I'll think about." I relented.  
  
My three brothers couldn't help but smile.

**Life of Angela Ch. 02**

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I am not really sure, I never did have to make the decision as an eighteen year as to whether I would show my brothers more of my pussy. Shortly after my parents were involved in a motor vehicle accident, which fortunately they survived but my Mum was going to be in hospital for a period of months as she had sustained a number of nasty bone fractures. As a result myself and my twin brother, Steve, were sent off to separate boarding schools which seemed like a million miles away from home. My two elder brothers, Dave and William, remained on the farm to assist our Dad.  
  
For the first year at the girls-only boarding school I was terribly lonely, only had a few friends, and with no diversions I found myself totally focused on my school work. I was still tall, gangly and skinny, and much less developed than most of the females who constantly preened themselves and chatted about their latest boyfriend. In comparison I saw myself as an awkward tomboy, who had neither the enthusiasm nor confidence to go chasing the males from the neighbouring boarding school. To make matters worse for my image I was excelling at my school work and to the annoyance of my classmates I received top grades in most of my classes, as well as being the best at athletics. This gave me a reputation of being a boring 'egghead' who few wanted to be seen associating with.  
  
I shared accommodation with Bridget in one of the dormitories, where each of the units consisting of two bedrooms, a shower and a small room for studying. Initially I found Bridget bossy and moody, but gradually we developed a friendship which made life more bearable for me. As long as I let her be in control and not argue back then we generally got along okay and she didn't poke fun at me like a number of the girls did. She really became a bit of a big sister to me and I valued that. She was one of the few girls who were taller than me, and her body was well developed. Being attractive and confident, she had the boys from the neighbouring school falling all over her.  
  
At the beginning of the third semester Bridget had a new boyfriend, Darren, who was a eighteen year old from the boy's boarding school. He was good looking, well built and oozed confidence. I did not really like him much, but that was probably because I felt awkward and inadequate when he was around. I found it hard to chat to him without stumbling over my words, which annoyed the hell out of me. The boys were not really supposed to come into the girl's dorm but they could quite easily slip in through the back entrance during the day and providing none of the girls complained there was no problem. Darren would regularly slip into our unit two or three times a week and he and Bridget would disappear into her room and close the door.   
  
On this particular afternoon I returned from athletics and the unit was empty, which was not surprising as I knew Bridget had a class to attend. I was hot and sweating so I dived into the shower, dried myself in the bathroom afterwards, peeked out the door to ensure no one was home and then proceeded to walk naked the short few yards from our bathroom to my room. As I strolled pass Bridget's room I suddenly froze. Bridget and Darren were sitting on her bed, starring straight at me. I didn't have my towel with me and therefore had nothing to cover myself with. To make matters worse my arms hung limply at my side. I just stood there, seemingly unable to move and totally exposed. I began to feel flushed and the beads of sweat were forming on my forehead. I had not experienced this sensation since the times I had found myself exposed to strangers at the lake back home with my brothers.  
  
For me time seemed frozen. The eyes of Darren and Bridget seemed locked on my body, and despite my total humiliation I couldn't seem to will my body to move. Bridget's face suddenly flashed with anger as she stood up and moved towards the door of her room. Just as quickly I came to my senses and fled to the safety of my room, slamming the door shut behind me. I was mortified and did not come out of my room for the rest of the afternoon or evening, not even for dinner. I just couldn't understand why I had acted in the manner I had (or perhaps I didn't want to understand). Why hadn't I just kept moving? It was unthinkable to me that I might be so perverted I wanted to be humiliated.  
  
Following a restless night I knew I had to come out of my room to have breakfast and prepare for my classes. I could hear Bridget in her room and I tentatively knocked on her door. I was determined to do the decent thing and apologise to her. After a brief moment she answered the door, dressed only in the bra and cotton white panties that were prescribed wearing by the school. Although they were not what one would call glamorous underwear, Bridget somehow made them seem downright sexy. I couldn't help but feel a pang of jealously.  
  
"I am so sorry, Bridget," I mumbled, "Can you ever forgive me?"  
  
She stared at me with a curious frown. "I don't understand why? Why would you stand there like that? It looked like you wanted to show off your body."  
  
"Good heavens, no," I reacted in mortification, denying I had any sort of exhibitionist streak. "I was just so shocked I couldn't move. I thought you had a class."  
  
"Well I did, but it was cancelled," she responded curtly.  
  
"Sorry," I mumbled.  
  
"It's alright. I am not angry anymore and it's not as if you could ever take my boyfriend off me. I think you are just a tad underdone in the female stakes to be attractive to him."  
  
It was an unnecessarily bitchy response from Bridget but I was just so grateful she had forgiven me that I didn't worry about it. In fact, I agreed with her. I was no match for her well developed, feminine beauty.  
  
Whenever Darren slipped into our unit over the next couple of weeks I quickly made myself scarce. The couple of times I came face to face with him I blushed with embarrassment.   
  
On this day I was sitting in my room, still dressed in my school uniform, and studying when I answered a knock on my door. To my surprise and embarrassment it was Darren. I hastily mumbled that Bridget was in class, but rather than leave, Darren stepped past me into our unit. I stood beside the open door, dumbfounded.  
  
"Do you need to pick something up?" I enquired, my voice sounding frustratingly meek.  
  
"Close the door."  
  
"Darren, I don't think it is a good idea if we are in here alone. I don't think Bridget will like it," I protested.  
  
Darren turned back towards the door and I breathed a silent sigh of relief, however instead of leaving he took hold of the door handle and closed the door.  
  
He turned to me and smiled. I immediately felt weak and uneasy.  
  
"It is you I have come to see."  
  
"Me?" I responded, aghast. "Why?"  
  
"Why. Why indeed," he raised his bushy eyebrows. "Believe it or, I actually want to see more of that naked body of yours. You might be bony and under-developed, but you are kinda cute in a funny sort of way."  
  
My jaw just dropped and I couldn't speak. There were so many words of protest I wanted to scream out, but the words wouldn't form. I just ended up staring at him blankly.  
  
"Lift up you skirt," Darren spoke nonchalantly as if he was requesting a glass of water.  
  
"No," I protested, "I could never do that. You need to go Darren before Bridget comes back."  
  
"The sooner you lift up your skirt, the sooner you get rid of me," Darren responded.  
  
I sighed in despair, and quickly lifted the front of my skirt and lowered it straight down again.  
  
"Lift it up, and hold it up," Darren demanded.  
  
I went to argue the point, but decided it would be better if I just got it over with and got rid of Darren. I lifted my skirt up above my waist revealing the regulation white knickers we had to wear as part of the uniform.   
  
"Now take down your panties."   
  
"No, Darren, please!" I begged. "Don't make me do this."  
  
"Angela, you know I am not making you do anything. You want to do this for me. Now let's get it over with. I want you to lower your panties to your knees and hold your skirt up nice and high."  
  
I stared back at Darren defiantly. But inwardly my resistance was melting away. A part of me wanted to do it, wanted to suffer the humiliation of displaying myself in this degrading manner in front of my roommate's boyfriend. I was flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and desire.  
  
I lifted my skirt up even higher, and then with my free hand I took hold of the waistband of my knickers and slowly began to work them downwards. As I did so I forced myself to keep staring into Darren's eyes. I wanted to see him staring at the intimate female portions of my anatomy. I actually wanted to experience the degradation.  
  
Slowly my pussy came into view and I knew he would be able to see my untrimmed mat of fine pubic hair that did little to cover the lips of my labia. As directed I pushed my panties to my knees then stood up straight, ensuring my skirt was held up above my waist.  
  
For what seemed an eternity, but was probably no more than five minutes, I stood motionless before him, allowing Darren to stare at me as he wished. Then almost as quickly as he had arrived, he turned to the door and disappeared. Quickly I pulled up my knickers and returned to my desk. I tried to focus on my study but my head was reeling. The whole incident seemed so surreal.  
  
When Bridget finally returned about an hour later I felt so nervous and struggled to act normal.  
  
"Have you seen Darren today?" I asked nonchalantly, staring down at my books to hide my nerves.  
  
"No, I think he has football practice this afternoon," Bridget shrugged.  
  
When she made no other comment I managed to relax a little.  
  
Two days later I had just returned to our bedroom unit and was about to close the door behind me when I looked back and saw Darren about ten yards away down the corridor and coming towards me. I wanted to quickly step inside and shut the door, but I just couldn't will my body to react.  
  
Before I knew it Darren was beside me, and then followed me into the room and closed the door. I said nothing but turned to stare at him.  
  
"You know what I want," he smiled.  
  
I shook my head from side to side, but Darren just stood there, unmoved. He knew better. And he was right. My hand reached down to the hem of my skirt and raised it up.  
  
"Take your skirt off."  
  
Darren, please," I protested.  
  
However he just held out his hand, and I found myself unclipping my skirt, lowering it so I could step out of it, then handing it to him. I stood up straight and faced him, dressed only in my school top, knickers, shoes and socks. I was flushed with embarrassment.  
  
"Now hand me your panties."  
  
I groaned with despair, and briefly closed my eyes. When I opened them my eyes met Darren's excited gaze. I found it hard to believe he desired to see my body. I reached down and took hold of the waistband of my knickers, and then slowly lowered them to the floor before stepping out and handing them to Darren. I was now naked from the waist down. My arms hung limply at my side and I made no attempt to cover myself. I could feel the perspiration on my forehead.  
  
After several minutes he directed me to turn around, and I obeyed, turning away from him to reveal my bare buttocks.  
  
"Wow, you have a nice arse," he complimented in genuine surprise at how firm and full my butt cheeks were.   
  
I had not realised that he had not seen my buttocks before and actually found myself blushing at the compliment. Although I am tall and on the skinny side with small boobs, I do have strong buttocks and relatively muscular legs because of all the athletics I do.  
  
I squealed in surprise when he pinched my left buttock, but as I turned around he was already slipping out the door, my skirt and knickers lying on the floor where he had dropped them. I quickly scooped them up and beat a hasty retreat to my bedroom, fearful that Bridget would return.  
  
Over the next few weeks Darren only came to our unit in the company of Bridget and they would quickly disappear into her room, but Darren would always manage to briefly catch my eye if I was about and give me knowing wink. I knew it was only going to be a matter of time before he caught up with me alone again, and I knew that deep down I could not trust myself to resist whatever he requested of me.  
  
However it did not happen as I had expected. I was lying on my bed studying when my mobile phone beeped with a text message, which in itself was surprising as I rarely received texts except in the evenings from my brothers. I did not recognise the number and when I opened up the text and read it I sat up in shock. Slowly I read it again, as if hoping I had somehow misunderstood its content.  
  
'I will b there in 5 min. I want u totally naked when I knock on door. D'  
  
I found it hard to breathe and had to take in several gulps of air to settle my nerves. I couldn't do it, I told myself. He had gone too far this time. I will just ignore the text and not answer the door. Pretend I am not here. I stared down at my phone and watched the clock click over each minute. But after three minutes I inexplicably found myself rising to my feet. My mind was in a schizophrenic turmoil, but the voice of reason and morality lost out. I quickly undressed and was very soon naked, shaking despite the warmth of the day. Silently I walked the few steps out of my room and to the front door of the bedroom unit and waited.  
  
I did not have to wait long for the knock on the door. With a deep breath I turned the lock and opened it slightly, ensuring I was well hidden behind the door as fellow female students would be walking up and down the corridor. Darren stepped inside, closed the door and locked it. He then turned and stared at me, a look of lust and amazement registering on his face.  
  
"I don't believe it," he shook his head, "You actually did it? I did not think you would really go through with it. Miss top-of-the-class, goody-two-shoes really is a little slut who gets off on exposing herself."  
  
I blushed in shame, and hung my head. What hurt most was that I knew he was right. I had no idea what drove me to act in such a lurid, irrational manner. It was like someone flicked a switch in my brain and I became this different person, with warped needs that I did not have the willpower to resist.  
  
"Let me have good look at you. Put your hands on your head and slowly turn around."  
  
I did as was asked and placed my hands on my head. I could feel his eyes soaking up ever inch of my nudity. I was suddenly very aware of my small breasts and found myself pushing out my chest cavity in a vain attempt to make them appear bigger than they really were. I was fully expecting him to make a disparaging remark about how tiny they were compared to Bridget's, but surprisingly he made no comment.   
  
I slowly did a 360 degree turn, displaying my body to him at every angle, then stopped and faced him.  
  
"Keep turning until I tell you to stop," Darren quietly commanded, and I obeyed.  
  
I must have slowly turned eight or nine times before I was told to stop. I was facing away from him and looking at the wall that was about eighteen inches away.  
  
"Put your arms in the air and lean your hands against the wall."  
  
I did as was requested, feeling nervous but also incredibly excited. It was an intense, sexual excitement that I had not experienced before this day. I could feel Darren move forward until he was standing close behind me. He leaned forward so his mouth was close to my ear. I could hear his breathing.  
  
"Open your legs," he whispered into my ear.  
  
I slid my legs two feet apart, and immediately felt an exquisite tinge of sexual vulnerability surge through my veins. I was naked and exposed to my roommate's boyfriend. I gasped as his hand rested on my buttock, and then proceeded to squeeze. He then repeated the process on the other buttock. His hand then slowly glided down to touch my inner thighs. I knew I should be screaming out for him to go no further but I was too overwhelmed by the intense excitement building within my young, immature body.  
  
It was inevitable that his fingers then brushed across my labia, and the sensation it sent through my body made my knees feel weak. Although I had touched myself down there, and even masturbated myself, without great success, I had never been touched by anyone else. The feeling was totally different.  
  
His finger ran up the line of my slit.  
  
"You are wet," he whispered in my ear.  
  
"I'm sorry," I apologised.  
  
Darren laughed. "Don't be sorry, stupid. It is neat that you are wet. It shows you are as turned on as I am."  
  
"Oh," was all I could bring myself to say. I knew full well I was sexually naive and was venturing into territory I had never been before.   
  
"Do you want to see how turned on I am?" Darren again whispered, but his voice was now sounding huskier.  
  
I was afraid of where this was leading, but seemed powerless to stop myself. I know that sounds pathetic and I can't even begin to justify my actions.  
  
"I guess so," I responded hesitantly.  
  
With that Darren took hold of one of my arms that was resting against the wall and lowered it down until it was behind my back. He then placed my hand on his crotch and I could feel his rigid penis underneath his trousers. He had lowered the zip of his fly and he guided my hand inside. I lowered the front of his underwear and his penis was suddenly resting in my hand. For the first time I felt the soft, velvet texture of a penis.  
  
As I held his penis in my hand, Darren reached under me again and effortlessly inserted two fingers in my vagina. I gasped at the intense pleasure.  
  
"Are you a virgin?" he whispered into my ear.  
  
I didn't want to admit I was.  
  
"Are you a virgin?" he persisted.  
  
His fingers were sliding in and out of my very wet vulva, and my breathing was becoming very heavy.  
  
"Yes," I gasped.  
  
"Oh my god, I didn't know seventeen year old virgins existed."  
  
"Eighteen," I corrected him.   
  
"Oh well," he laughed quietly, "That makes a world of difference."  
  
Almost without realising it my hand had wrapped itself around his penis and was slowly stroking him up and down. It was almost like a natural synergy to his fingers pumping in and out of my vagina. Both of us were breathing heavily, and as the intensity increased we began groaning with pleasure.  
  
As his fingers thrust deeper into my soaking vagina I gripped his penis firmly and stroked him vigorously. I really had no idea how to best handle a male's penis, but from the reaction of Darren I seemed to be doing okay.  
  
Suddenly I had a surge of intense pleasure like I had never encountered before, and then my young body erupted in an explosive orgasm far more pleasurable than I had ever achieved through my own clumsy attempts at masturbating. At the same time I became aware of something warm and wet splashing against my lower back and buttocks. Darren had ejaculated, and this only served to increase my pleasure. I was proud I had made him cum. For a few brief minutes we stood there, unmoving, gathering our breath. Darren then glanced at his watch.  
  
"I had better go. Bridget will be back shortly."  
  
I nodded in agreement, and like a phantom lover in an erotic dream he was gone as quickly as he had arrived.

**Life of Angela Ch. 03**

It had all seemed like a dream and I couldn't really believe the encounter with Darren had really happened. It was all very overwhelming for a young, naive female. When Bridget was around I was incredibly nervous and I was so sure she suspected something. In fact on one occasion she asked what was wrong as I did not seem my normal self. I attempted to dodge her questions by telling her I was stressed out by my upcoming exams. She made a pointed response about the fact I was top of my class and it was pathetic for me to get stressed, but after that she left the matter alone, much to my relief.  
  
The following week I received the exact same text from Darren.  
  
'I will b there in 5 min. I want u totally naked when I knock on door. D'  
  
My heart immediately began pounding. I had tried so hard to block the incident out of my mind and focus on my school work. But inevitably my mind would stray to the events of that afternoon. It had been so embarrassing, but also so exciting. For the first time I had experienced real sexual pleasure and it left me desiring much more. I wanted to take it further.   
  
Nervously I quickly undressed in my bedroom, and remained in there while I listened for the knock on the door. I was fearful that Bridget may return unexpectedly so remained in the relative safety of my own bedroom. After a full fifteen minutes there had still not been a knock on the door, and I felt myself becoming despondent even though I knew the arrival of Darren would result in humiliation to me. I convinced myself he was not coming, but just as I began to pull my panties back on I heard a knock on the door.  
  
Without another thought I hastily kicked my panties back off and rushed to the door, not for a moment stopping to think that it may not be Darren. Fortunately it was him, and he quickly stepped into the room while checking over his shoulder that he had not been spotted by Bridget or any of her many friends who also resided on our floor.   
  
I had been standing hidden behind the door and when he closed it my body came into view. Darren stood back and gazed at my nakedness, seemingly liking what he was seeing. I immediately felt myself becoming flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and intense desire. Without even being asked, I placed my hands on my head, thrust forward my small breasts with their pencil hard nipples, and slowly began to rotate so he could get a full view of everything my young, immature body had to offer.  
  
After letting me rotate several times, Darren stepped closer to me and we were face to face, our eyes locked together. He reached out with his hands and gripped both of my nipples, squeezing them firmly. I moaned with pleasure. His hands then slid slowly down my body to rest on my hips. I opened my legs as a clear invitation that I wanted him to go further. Darren obliged by sliding one of his hands down over my pubes, while the other reached around me and squeezed my buttock. I arched my hips forward, and felt his fingers slip down to my labia. I knew I was incredibly wet. I opened my knees wider and felt at least one of his fingers probing the inner warmth of my vagina. I had never been so overcome with desire and lust, and knew that I was losing control of all rational thought.  
  
I reached down and unzipped the front of his trousers then hastily reached in and lowered his underwear. His erect penis sprung out and I gazed down at it in wonderment. I had not seen his penis during our previous encounter as I had been facing the wall and he had been standing behind me. Now, looking down at it, I knew there was only one place I wanted it to be. I pulled away from his grip, turned and faced the wall, placed my hands against it then arched my back and stuck my buttocks high in the air.   
  
I looked back over my shoulder. "Please fuck me," I panted desperately.  
  
"Are you sure this is what you want?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"This is how you want to lose your virginity?"  
  
"Yes, yes!" I groaned. There was no way I was in any condition to rationally think through the virtue of my actions.  
  
In an instant I felt Darren close up behind me. The head of his penis briefly pressed against my labia before effortlessly sliding in. There was some pain as my vagina was penetrated for the first time and I tensed up. Fortunately Darren sensed my discomfort and let his penis rest deep inside of me until I relaxed and the pain subsided. I pushed back against him as a sign that I was ready to be taken. Darren slowly thrust himself in and out and then began to pick up the momentum. I could not believe how good it felt to have him inside me. I loved the fullness of having a penis deep inside my vulva, plus the wonderful sensation of it stimulating my clitoris as it thrust in and out.  
  
My climax came quickly and powerfully, and I felt my legs beginning to buckle. As I screamed in ecstasy, Darren withdrew from me and I felt his sperm ejaculating onto my buttocks and lower back. In that instance I was thankful that he had the maturity, and good sense that I lacked, to act in a manner that meant an unwanted pregnancy would not result from our illicit actions.   
  
Darren rested his body against mine for a few moments longer before kissing me gently on the cheek and leaving. With unsteady legs I made my way to the shower. I knew what I had done was wrong. Darren was Bridget's boyfriend and as a friend I needed to respect that. I felt guilty, but I also knew that powerful emotions were controlling my actions.  
  
The error of my actions became apparent a fortnight later when Bridget returned home late in the evening from a date with Darren. I was awoken from my sleep by the noise of our front door being slammed shut. I immediately tensed up and sensed all was not well. My bedroom door swung open and a very angry Bridget stood glaring at me.  
  
"Did you fuck my boyfriend?" she screamed.  
  
Tears rolled down my face as I stared back at my flatmate, unable to speak. I was mortified by what I had done and knew there was nothing I could say that would make one iota of difference. To my surprise Bridget stormed out of my room, slamming the door shut and leaving me in silence.  
  
I hardly slept all night and sneaked out of our dorm early in the morning before Bridget was awake. I felt gutted and couldn't believe how I had betrayed my roommate and friend.  
  
After school I nervously made my way back to my dorm. I didn't want to go inside as I felt too ashamed to face Bridget, but I also knew I had to have the courage to face up to what I had done. At first I thought Bridget was not home, but when I peeked into her room she was sitting at her desk, studying. She did not acknowledge me, even though she must have heard me enter.  
  
"I am so, so, so sorry," I mumbled, and I meant it with all sincerity. "You know that Darren loves you and I could never come between you, no matter what crazy thing may have happened. I accept total responsibility and I will do anything I possibly can to make amends to you. Please say you don't hate me?"  
  
Tears rolled down my cheeks. I was truly devastated.  
  
Eventually Bridget turned to face. "Darren and I have broken up, my sweet little roommate," she responded sarcastically.   
  
"Oh, God," was all I could say.  
  
"But don't flatter yourself. We didn't break up over you. It was after I told him it was all over that he decided to fire a broadside at me and gleefully recounted your little lover's tryst."  
  
I felt slightly relieved they hadn't broken up because of me, and tried hard to smile at Bridget in an inane attempt to break the tension.  
  
"Don't smile at me, you little tart. You are far from being out of trouble," Bridget snapped. "Get undressed!"  
  
I looked at Bridget, dumbfounded. "Undressed?"  
  
"Did you not say you would do anything to make amends?"  
  
"Yes, but..."  
  
"Well as a starter to making amends I want you to get undressed. Without further fuss."  
  
I was confused but didn't want to further upset Bridget. Reticently I began to remove my college uniform. I removed my white blouse and unzipped my tartan skirt, so that I was nervously standing before her in my regulation white bra and full panties, as well as the white knee length socks and black shoes.  
  
"Bra and knickers as well. But you can leave your shoes and socks on. They look so ridiculous."  
  
I pouted my bottom lip, and my eyes tried to beg Bridget to save me the humiliation of having to stand before her naked, but it was clear from her steely gaze that she was not in the mood for forgiveness.  
  
"Please don't make me strip naked." I decided to have one last plea.  
  
"You won't be naked. You will have your shoes and socks on." Bridget actually had the gall to smile. "Anyway, you little tart, we all know you like to be naked and show off that body of yours. Tiny tits and all."  
  
I blushed in utter humiliation at her comment, and couldn't look her in the eye.  
  
"Am I not right?" she persisted.  
  
"Noooo!" I whined.  
  
"Don't lie to me Angela. You are a total exhibitionist who gets her rocks off by being seen naked and acting like a slut. You may not like it, but you need it. Am I not right?"  
  
"No. No," I denied. "You don't understand."  
  
"Oh, I think I do understand. Look at me, Angela!"  
  
Slowly I lifted my gaze to look her in the eye.  
  
"I do not want any more of your pathetic protesting, as you will only make matters worse for yourself. Now, take off your bra and knickers and put your hands on your head, just like you did for that betraying rat ex-boyfriend of mine."  
  
Her biting comments made me even more shame faced, but my resistance was broken. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra, allowing it to slide down my arms and drop to the floor. Quickly I placed my hands in the waistband of my knickers and lowered them to my knees, then wriggling them to the floor so I could step out of them. I was totally overcome with emotion as I stood up straight and saw Bridget staring at my nakedness. Without hesitation I placed my hands on my head. I was totally humiliated to be exposing myself in such a manner to a female, especially one my own age and extremely attractive.  
  
For a prolonged period of time she just stared at me, saying nothing but seemingly thinking through what she might do next. To make my predicament worse I could feel my nipples hardening, and I prayed Bridget had not noticed. I should have known better.  
  
"Cold, are we Angela?"  
  
I gazed down at the floor. "No."  
  
"Then why are your nipples so hard and swollen?"  
  
I prayed the floor would open up and swallow me.  
  
"Well?" she persisted.  
  
"They go like that when I am nervous and embarrassed," I offered up hopefully.  
  
"Oh, really. But not when you are turned on?"  
  
I fidgeted and continue to look down at the carpet in Bridget's bedroom.  
  
"Well?"  
  
"Sometimes," I mumbled.  
  
"But not today?"  
  
"No," I whispered.  
  
"Angela. Look up at me," Bridget demanded strongly.  
  
To me her voice had authority and I quickly looked up at the blond beauty that was my roommate.  
  
"It is my intention to punish you for what you have done, because you have been a very naughty girl and behaved in a manner that is unforgivable. You have behaved like a little slut, and you are going to be punished like a slut. Do you understand?"  
  
I didn't understand. I had know idea what she meant by 'punishment'. It frightened me, but I knew I had behaved really badly with Darren I felt I probably deserved whatever Bridget had in store for me. Slowly I nodded my head, feeling every bit the young lass being scolded by her Mother.  
  
"Right, Angela. Until I decide your punishment is over there are going to be rules in our accommodation that you have to obey without question. Do you understand?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"When you return here from college each day you are to strip off your clothing as soon as you get in the door, leaving on only your socks and shoes."  
  
My mouth dropped open. "Every day?" Yes, everyday unless I say otherwise. Understood?"  
  
Again I nodded, but I was devastated at the embarrassment this would cause me. Bad enough for today, but not everyday.  
  
"When you get home you are to do your homework straight away. In the nude of course." Bridget smiled at her last comment, and I could tell she was getting pleasure from watching me squirm nervously. "When you have finished your homework you are to check your email. There will be message from me. It will be the instructions on how you are going to be punished that night."  
  
"Punished," I responded in horror. "But being nude is more than enough punishment."  
  
"Oh, don't you wish. You are very naive if you think I am going to let you get off so lightly. Are you naïve, Angela?"  
  
"No," I responded curtly.  
  
"Well stop behaving like you are," she scolded. "Now listen carefully to the commands you are going to have to obey without question. They will humiliate you, but that, dearest Angela, is what they are designed to do."  
  
I was genuinely frightened by what was happening, but I also knew my nipples were even harder than they had been, and incredibly I could feel a growing warmth in my lower abdomen. The conflicting emotions were incredibly confusing.  
  
"Now, are you paying attention?"  
  
"Yes," I managed to mumble.  
  
"When I say 'attention' you are to stand in front of me, legs open and with you hands placed behind you squeezing your buttocks tightly. Now let's try it to be sure you have got it right."  
  
Slowly I opened my legs slightly, and brought my hands down to my buttocks. I gripped each of them lightly. Bridget got up from her chair and began circling behind me.   
  
"Open those legs wider, and I want those buttocks to be gripped so tightly that your fingernails are digging in to your flesh."  
  
I hastily obeyed. Opening my legs wider, and squeezing my buttocks as hard as I could. It felt very demeaning.  
  
"That's better," Bridget complimented. "Now what is it called?"  
  
"Attention," I responded quietly.  
  
"Very good. I can see why you are at the top of your class. Such a fast learner. Now we are going to learn 'doggie'. "Doggie?" I frowned. I did not like the sound of it.  
  
"When I command you to be 'doggie' you are to position yourself at my feet, on your hands and knees. Just like my little doggie. Now down you go."  
  
I felt incredible humiliated but did as requested, kneeling at my beautiful roommate's feet.  
  
"Now arch your back and stick your bottom out, like you are inviting somebody to rub it for you, or perhaps inviting someone to spank it for you," Bridget smiled slyly.  
  
I arched my back and pushed my buttocks in the air. I knew it exposed my anus in a very perverse manner.  
  
"Now, what is this called again?"  
  
"Doggie," I responded.  
  
"Now, the last position, which I am afraid is the worse of all, I am going to call 'diaper'."  
  
I couldn't help but groan out loud in anguish.  
  
"You know what a diaper is, don't you?"  
  
"Yes," I mumbled, mortified at where this was heading.   
  
"Now, how does a baby lie when her Mummy is changing her diaper."  
  
"She lies on her back and..."  
  
Why don't you show me?" Bridget interrupted.  
  
"Please don't make me," I pleaded.  
  
Without warning Bridget's hand spanked my left buttock hard.  
  
It hurt like heck and I whelped out in both pain and surprise. I quickly sat up so my buttocks were on the floor.  
  
"Back in doggie position," Bridget growled. "Don't you ever move away again. You are going to receive a dozen spanks for not doing as I ask. Every time you disobey or question me you can expect to be receiving extra punishment. Is that clear?"  
  
"Yes," I mumbled quietly.  
  
"Pardon. I cannot hear you."  
  
"Yes," I responded clearly.  
  
"Now get back in the doggie position."  
  
I quickly obeyed, despite my reluctance to get any more spanks.  
  
True to her word she delivered another eleven hard spanks to my poor tender buttocks, alternating between each cheek.  
  
"Now, you were going to show me how a baby lies when she is waiting for her Mummy to put on her diaper."  
  
Gingerly I lay down flat on the carpet, and rolled over onto my back. My buttocks were tender against the roughness of the carpet fibres. I bent my knees upwards but kept them together and with my feet on the floor.  
  
"Are you wanting another spank?" Bridget towered over me.  
  
"No," I whimpered.  
  
"Well I don't see how a Mother is going to put a diaper on a baby if she is lying like that."  
  
With that Bridget grabbed my knees and levered them wide open, before pulling them up towards my chest. I have never felt so exposed in my life. I was mortified with embarrassment. I knew that Bridget could clearly see my pussy, and to make matters worse I could feel my labia gradually peeling open, exposing my clitoris and the pink inner lining of my vagina.  
  
Of course Bridget also noticed and smiled at me triumphantly. "Just a little turned on are we? Of course, it's just the nerves and embarrassment I suppose."  
  
I couldn't bring myself to respond.  
  
"Now I want you to stay like that for another 10 minutes and then you can go to your room and finish your homework."  
  
I lay there like the proverbial baby, totally exposed, while Bridget began changing out of her school uniform. I was fixated on her as she disrobed taking off her clothing slowly and elegantly until she was only wearing her regulation white bra and panties. I couldn't help thinking that her body was one of the most perfect things I had ever seen, and I found myself silently begging her to remove her undergarments. I could feel my labia becoming even more swollen. I was almost in a dream when I heard the sound of her voice.  
  
"Ten minutes is up," she smiled, and I suspect she knew only too well the effect she was having on me.  
  
Incredibly I felt a touch of reluctance as I lowered my splayed legs to the floor, stood up, and then silently exited.   
  
However just as I left her room, I heard Bridget speak to me. "Attention," was all she said.  
  
Hesitantly I turned, walked back into her room, and quickly tried to recall what it was she expected of me. I was very motivated to do as she required, mainly out of fear of punishment, but I hated to admit it was also partly out of desire to be exposed and humiliated. I opened my legs, ensuring they were as wide as she instructed me to do, and then reached behind me and squeezed my buttocks tightly in my hands.  
  
"Are you squeezing your bum as tightly as you can?" Bridget enquired.  
  
I squeezed even harder, then nodded.  
  
"Good girl. Now I have thought of two rules that are a part of your punishment. Firstly, when you want to use the shower or toilet you must leave the door open, and before you can you must get my approval first. Is that understood?"  
  
I knew only too well it would add to my humiliation, but I nodded my head in acceptance.   
  
"Secondly, you are not to touch yourself down there without getting my permission first." Bridget was pointing down to my pussy, just to ensure I was not mistaken about which part of my anatomy she was referring to.  
  
I blushed in shame.   
  
"Do you understand?"  
  
I quickly nodded, not wanting to prolong my agony.  
  
Bridget then let me finally return to my room. I sat on my bed. My head was swimming with all the confusion and emotion of what had happened in the past hour. I was afraid, humiliated, but also excited even though I could not comprehend why.  
  
I slept that night in the nude, as I felt Bridget's rules would preclude me from wearing my pyjamas in bed, and I certainly didn't want embarrass myself by checking with her. I also wanted to pee before I went to bed, but again was too embarrassed to ask so rationalised I could last the night. However that turned out to be a mistake as I woke early busting to use the toilet, but knew my roommate would still be asleep. I contemplated whether to sneak into the bathroom without wakening her, but then I knew I couldn't flush the toilet so she was sure to notice I had been.

I desperately waited for another twenty agonising minutes until I heard her stirring. Quickly I knocked on her door, my legs crossed to ensure I didn't accidentally wet myself.  
  
When I heard no response, I desperately yelled though the closed door, "Bridget, please can I pee. I need to go real bad."  
  
"Are you naked?" was her response. "Yes," I responded in desperation, thankful that I had elected not to wear my pyjamas.  
  
"Well, yes you can pee," was her response and it was music to my ears as I dashed to the toilet, promising myself never to go asleep again with a full bladder.  
  
After using the toilet, remembering to leave the door open, I was going to jump in the shower but thought I had better ask for permission again. So hesitantly I knocked on her door again. This time Bridget opened her door, attired in a long tee shirt that she wore for sleeping. It teasingly came to just below her pubic region, and I couldn't help but briefly fantasise as to whether she was wearing knickers or not. I was almost oblivious to the fact I was totally naked.  
  
Bridget obviously noticed me staring. "Can I help you or have you come for a look?"  
  
I felt like an idiot. "Can I shower, please," I requested bashfully, still very much ill at ease having to ask permission to do every day tasks.   
  
Bridget gave her blessing, accompanied by a grin. She was very much enjoying her new found control over me, and even though I was not getting the same satisfaction, I was at least thankful it seemed to be taking her mind off Darren.  
  
During the day in classes I found it hard to keep focused, my mind wandering back over the previous night. I couldn't help but wonder what might be in store for me this evening. When classes finished I went to the library and tried to finish an assignment but gave up after a fruitless hour as I couldn't concentrate. When I got back to our bedroom and bathroom unit at the boarding house I found Bridget was not home yet. After closing the door to our unit I quickly began to undress. Already my heart was pounding ruthlessly in my chest, as I felt the intoxicating mix of dread and excitement rushing through my veins. Soon I was naked apart from my knee high socks and shoes.  
  
Sitting down at my small desk, I switched on my laptop and waited for my emails to download. There was a message from my twin brother Steve, but the one that made me gulp was from Bridget. I desperately wanted to read it, but her specific instructions were not to do so until I had finished my study for the evening. Forcing myself to ignore her email, I quickly read the message from Steve and responded. He was going on a sporting trip with his college team in 3 weeks time and was going to be playing in our city, and therefore wanted to catch up with me. I made a commitment to catch up, and said I would definitely come and watch him playing.  
  
Forty minutes later I had managed to struggle through the school work I needed to complete for the next day. Nervously I opened Bridget's email:  
  
'Hi Angela I trust you had a fruitful day and worked so hard to keep top of the class!! Since you are now reading this email I know you are naked and have finished your studies. I will be home a little after 5.30pm. When I get home you are going to get twenty spanks before dinner. I want you to find something suitable for me to spank you with. Something that is going to hurt more than my hand. When you have found something I want you to be waiting at the door, in the doggie position, holding the spanking implement in your mouth. C u darlin'  
  
I shuddered as I read the email through a second time. Bridget had underlined key words to reinforce her message, which only served to reinforce my dread. I looked at the clock and realised it was already 5.25pm. I panicked as I realised Bridget could be home any minute. I tried to think rationally about what I could find as a suitable spanking implement. Again I shuddered at the thought of the spanking I was going to receive.  
  
Quickly I searched through my wardrobe and found a wooden coat hanger, but it seemed far too fearsome. I settled for a wide leather belt, which still looked as if it would hurt like hell but I had no more time to keep searching. Hastily I made my way to the front door of our dual bedroom unit and crouched down on all fours, and arched my back as instructed, pushing my buttocks upwards. I placed the belt in my mouth and closed my teeth to hold it in place.   
  
It was already 5.30pm and the minutes continued to slowly click by. My back began to ache because of the way I had arched it, plus my saliva was beginning to dribble out the corner of my mouth. I desperately wanted to sit up and take a break from my doggie position, but found I was totally fixated on doing exactly as Bridget had requested. I would have been mortified if she had opened the door and caught me sitting up and not doing as she requested.  
  
Finally I heard the key in door and I suddenly forgot my pain, arching my back even further like an obedient puppy. When Bridget entered she quickly closed the door, before giving me a smile that made my heart melt. She reached down and rubbed her hands through my hair, and it felt wonderful. She took a tissue out of her pocket and wiped the saliva away from the sides of the mouth, before removing the belt from between my teeth. She doubled the belt over and then did a practice swing onto the palm of her other hand, and seemed content it would do the job.  
  
"Shall we get it over with now?" Bridget smiled.  
  
There was no way I wanted to be spanked, but a guessed if I have to endure it I might as well get it over with now rather than waiting in dread.  
  
I nodded my head.  
  
"Good, follow me into my bedroom."  
  
I went to stand up.  
  
"You are a doggie. Follow me on all fours."  
  
Obediently I crawled behind Bridget into her room.  
  
"Get up on my bed and assume the doggie position again," she directed. "That way I can get a better swing at you." Reluctantly I did as requested, thrusting my buttocks out. The pain from my belt was worse than the hand spank I had received yesterday. Twenty well aimed blows landed on my poor buttocks. I wanted to scream out loud but was conscious of being heard by the other girls that lived on our floor. I gritted my teeth and tried to repress the groans of pain as they rushed from my throat as each new blow landed on my backside.  
  
By the time I had received the twenty spanks tears were rolling down my cheeks and my nose was running. Bridget placed the belt down and taking a tissue from the box beside her bed she wiped my nose and the tears. She then gently kissed me on my cheek.  
  
"Good girl," she whispered gently, "You have taken your punishment well. Now go and get dressed for dinner."  
  
Her positive comments made me glow despite my buttocks being on fire. Gingerly I climbed down from her bed and went to my bedroom to dress for dinner, which was on the ground floor in the dining room where all the girls went to eat.  
  
When we got down to the dining room I went and sat with the small group girls of girls who I was friendly with. I never sat with Bridget or her friends, as they were considered glamorous and above us mere mortals. Especially as I was considered somewhat of a misfit, which was made worse because I was successful academically and also excelled at athletics. As I sat down with my fellow misfits I could not help but wince as my tender buttocks got squashed on the hard wooden chair.   
  
Emma, who was probably my closest friend, even though I knew little about her, enquired if I was okay and I made a weak excuse about period pains and they all nodded in sympathy. If they only knew the real truth.  
  
After the meal was finished I returned to our rooms to find Bridget already there, lying on her bed with her laptop. I quickly undressed again, and as I passed the mirror I sneaked a quick glance at my buttocks. Even though they were still pink they did not look as bad as I had expected. I did not feel like sitting so I lay on my bed and started reading the novel I was part way through. Even the simple act of reading, something I love to do, was proving difficult as my mind kept wandering to the spankings and humiliation I had endured. Just the thought of it was playing havoc with my hormones and I could feel a warmth radiating through me. Lying on my bed stark naked was not helping.  
  
As if sensing my turmoil, Bridget called out to me from her room next door. I stood awkwardly at her doorway.   
  
"I want you to lie on my bed in your diaper position while I use the bathroom and get ready for bed."  
  
Without further prompting I climbed onto her bed, lay on back, opened my knees wide and then pulled them up close to my chest. I felt so degraded and exposed, but being like that in front of Bridget somehow made it seem not quite so bad.  
  
I lay in the diaper position for almost fifteen minutes before Bridget returned from the bathroom, and for the whole time my nipples remained rock hard and the warmth continued. She sat down and briefly checked her laptop, acting as if having a naked girl exposing herself on her bed was the most natural thing in the world.  
  
Finally she stood up and slowly began to remove her school uniform in that seductive manner that females can do when they are confident about their beauty. My gaze was locked on her, as she removed her clothing until she was only wearing her panties and knickers.   
  
As she stood beside me in her underwear, combing her long blond hair, I was conscious that my labia were swelling and peeling open, forced apart by my wide open knees. Almost unconsciously I forced my knees even wider apart, as if I was trying to reinforce to Bridget my subservience and the pleasure it was giving me at that moment.   
  
Incredibly Bridget reached behind her and removed her bra, allowing her breasts to fall free. Even though they were not as big as I had fantasized, they were certainly bigger than mine and to me seemed perfect, not that I was any expert on women's breasts. Clad only in her knickers she sat down on the bed beside me, so close I could feel the warmth of her body.  
  
She smiled. "Would you like to touch yourself while I sit beside you on the bed?"  
  
My first reaction was one of total shock. Yes, I was undeniable sexually excited. One look at my nipples and pussy revealed that amply. But touching myself! Yes, I have masturbated many times in the privacy of my bed, but could never contemplate doing it in front of someone else. But then, Bridget was not someone else, and the current predicament I was in was so far removed from anything I had ever experienced before.  
  
Despite incredible initial reservations I found myself nodding slowly to Bridget, whose smile seemed to give me courage.  
  
"Have you got something you want to ask my permission for?" she asked mischievously.  
  
I swallowed. "Please Bridget, can I have your permission to play with myself." The request made me go beet red.  
  
"Of course you can, sweety. Would you like me to play with those rock hard nipples of yours while you play with yourself down below?"   
  
"Oh, yes please," I swooned, flushed with incredible excitement about the thought that Bridget would even want to consider touching my nipples.  
  
"Do you think you can bring yourself to orgasm for me? I have never seen another girl bring herself off."  
  
"I will try," I stuttered. In truth I was not good at bringing myself to orgasm when I masturbated, but then I had never been in a situation like this before.  
  
Being sure to keep my legs wide apart, I placed my hand between my legs and was instantly amazed at how wet and swollen I was. I had never known myself to be so lubricated. Not even when Darren fucked me. Initially I was shy and hesitant about stroking my pussy, but then I felt Bridget's fingers gently squeeze my nipples and this gave me the courage to slowly run my finger up my labia.  
  
After stroking my labia several times my fingers ventured in and I found my swollen clitoris. It was like a lightning bolt of pleasure, and I was aroused beyond belief. With Bridget squeezing and pulling my nipples, and my fingers flicking my clitoris back and forth I was in seventh heaven. In no time at all I could feel spasms of pleasure rippling through my lower body and at that point I knew I had nothing to worry about reaching the orgasm Bridget wanted to see. While I continued to tease my clit I drove the fingers of my other hand deep into my very wet vagina. The orgasm hit me like a double decker bus and I went rigid with ecstasy.   
  
When I finally managed to open my eyes Bridget was still sitting beside me, gently stroking my hair.  
  
"That was just beautiful, my little darling," she whispered. "Now off to bed you go as we have to be up early in the morning for the college trip to the prehistoric caves."  
  
I didn't want it to end so quickly but knew she was right. With some effort I stood up and went leave the room, before stopping and turning back to Bridget.  
  
"Thank you for being so wonderful to me. And I know I deserve to be punished and I will try not to complain too much. But it does hurt ever so much."  
  
"It is meant to hurt, you know. Otherwise it wouldn't be a proper punishment would it?"  
  
"No, I guess not," I pouted. "Oh, and can I please have your permission to use the bathroom. I need to pee and I think I might need a shower," I blushed.  
  
"Certainly pet."

**Life of Angela Ch. 04**

I slept incredibly well and the next morning Bridget and I were up early for the bus trip to the prehistoric caves that were an hour away. We dressed, had breakfast in the dining hall downstairs, then returned to own rooms to clean our teeth and collect our bags. Just as I was about to exit Bridget called me to a halt. When I turned she was holding her hand out, and I gave her a puzzled look.  
  
"Take off your knickers and give them to me," she demanded with a hint of a smile.  
  
I was flabbergasted. "You are not serious. Please tell me you are not serious?" I pleaded.  
  
"Give me your panties. I have decided it will be a good punishment for you to go the whole day without your knickers."  
  
"Please!" I again pleaded.  
  
"Angela, I warned you that if you did not obey me you will be spanked, so that is an extra twenty spanks on top of the twenty I was already planning for you tonight. Do you want to go for double again or am I going to see those knickers in my hand within the next ten seconds."  
  
There was no way I wanted more spanks, so quickly I dropped my bag, reached up under my skirt and quickly lowered my knickers, stepped out of them and rushed to hand them to Bridget.  
  
"Why, thank you my little roommate. I know what I can use if I need a handkerchief today."  
  
With that Bridget rubbed my knickers underneath her nose, pretending she was wiping a sniffle.  
  
"Oh, and they smell sooo nice."   
  
I cringed with embarrassment, but did not have time to dwell on it as we heard our teacher calling us to hurry along. I found myself holding the sides of my skirt for fear it might get caught in a gust of wind.  
  
On the long bus trip to the caves I was sitting beside my friend Emma, and Bridget of course was down the back sitting with her glam buddies. A couple of times she walked down the aisle, and when she was opposite where I was seated she would stop and pull my panties out of her pocket and make a play of wiping her nose. Each time she did it I slouched in my seat and blushed with shame. Almost as a reflex action I squeezed my knees tightly closed and ensured my skirt was pulled down as low as it could go. Emma seemed to sense my discomfort, and gave me a strange stare but made no comment.  
  
Emma was by no means a close friend, but we had formed a special bond and I had a lot of respect for her. Which was in itself a bit strange. We were as different as chalk and cheese. I was athletic, a diligent studier and dressed conservatively. Emma turned her nose up at any form of exercise, only did enough school work to keep herself out of trouble, and dressed in black gothic clothing and black straight hair accompanied by coloured streaking, as well as several piercings in her ears and nose. I lot of the students called her an "Emo" although she denied this when we spoke about it.  
  
However what Emma and I did have in common was we tended to be outsiders from the main grouping of girls so I guess this drew us together. Plus we enjoyed each other's company and privately liked to mock other female students her were obsessed with their appearance and always trying to look glamorous.  
  
Once we were at the caves we were taken through by a guide. I was thankful it was pitch black inside the caves apart from lighting placed to highlight prehistoric etchings on the walls and bones of creatures long extinct. Suddenly I froze as I felt a hand take hold of the hem of my skirt and slowly inch it up. I tried to brush away the hand without drawing attention to myself but was not successful.  
  
"Don't move," Bridget whispered in my ear.  
  
Slowly she inched up the back of my skirt until I knew my buttocks were exposed. I wanted to cry out but did not want to draw attention. I quickly looked around but everyone seemed to be watching the guide talking about the history of the caves, and my plight seemed to be unnoticed in the darkness.   
  
"Squeeze your buttocks," Bridget whispered.  
  
I whimpered and the girl standing beside us turned to stare for a moment, but seemingly noticed nothing and turned her attention back to the guide.  
  
Slowly I moved my hands behind myself, gripped both buttocks and squeezed. I was mortified someone would notice as we were standing on the periphery of a group of over thirty girls.  
  
"Squeeze hard," Bridget urged, and I obeyed by gripping them as hard as I could.  
  
After what seemed like an eternity to me she whispered to me to release them and thankfully let go of my skirt. When we eventually finished the tour thirty minutes later I was still blushing with shame. Before we boarded the bus Bridget caught my eye and beckoned me over.  
  
"When you sit on the bus I want you to lift your skirt so your bare ass is on the seat. Do you understand?"  
  
All I could do is give a shocked nod. It was bad enough wearing no knickers, but now she wanted me to make myself even more shame faced by sitting my naked buttocks on the bus seat. To make matters worse I was one of the last persons on the bus, however I was relieved that at least the seat beside Emma was free.  
  
I tried to hide my embarrassment as I sat down beside her. As I was almost seated I nonchalantly tried to flick the back of my skirt out from under me. I was only partially successful and what followed was several minutes of embarrassing squirming on my seat as I surreptitiously manoeuvre my dress from underneath me. Finally my bare buttocks were resting on the vinyl seating of the bus. I prayed nobody had noticed what I was doing. However as I glanced down at my lap I was mortified to notice that the act of pulling my skirt from underneath me had the effect of pulling the hem in front of me almost right up to my crutch. Desperately I took hold of it tried to lower it, but by doing so it pulled my dress up on the sides and threatened to expose my bare thighs and buttocks.  
  
I began to sweat with anxiety. I pulled up the front of my hem until the side of the skirt lowered down sufficiently to cover me. Again my skirt was well up my thighs and only just covering my pubic region. I glanced up at Emma, who was looking at me with a bewildered frown. She pointedly looked down at my exposed thighs as if to silently give me an indication that my skirt had ridden up my legs, and I had to embarrassingly look away and ignore her.   
  
But my respite was short lived as I sensed someone walking down the aisle from the rear of the bus, and I just knew it had to be Bridget. Sure enough, she stopped beside.  
  
"Hello, my little roommate," she greeted with an exaggerated smile. "Enjoy the tour through the caves did we?"  
  
"Yes, I managed to mumble, afraid to glance up at her.   
  
She stood beside me for what seemed an eternity. Slowly she pulled my knickers out of her skirt pocket, delicately wiping her nose before finally moving on, but as she did she looked back at me and winked, and silently mouthed 'good girl'.   
  
I could only blush.   
  
"What was all that about," Emma questioned. "That fancy-faced, rich-bitch roommate of yours normally doesn't even acknowledge you exist."  
  
"Oh, she has been taking more interest in me lately," I responded defensively. "She definitely is devoting more time to me."  
  
"What?" Emma responded incredulously. "You are kidding, right? What is she expecting you to do for her?"  
  
If only she knew, I couldn't help thinking. Fortunately Emma dropped the subject and left me to anxiously fidget with my skirt for the rest of the bus trip back to college.  
  
When the bus arrived I could not wait to exit and quickly made my way to our room, but being careful to ensure I held my dress down. Once inside our empty bedroom unit I quickly closed the door and stood there in the half-darkness. My head was throbbing from the tension, but I also felt an inexplicable exhilaration racing through me that I could not explain. I knew Bridget would be back shortly, and I quickly undressed until I was naked, expect for my shoes and socks. I sat at my desk trying to prepare for tomorrow's classes but could not focus. My buttocks tingled and I squirmed as I thought of the spanking Bridget had assured me I would receive this evening. And she said I was going to get a double dose for arguing with her about removing my panties. I nervously chewed on my fingernails.  
  
Finally Bridget entered the unit and went straight into her room. She was talking on her mobile the whole time and ignored me. After finishing her phone call she walked straight past my room to the bathroom, brushed her hair, went to the toilet to pee, and then left without saying a word. To be honest I was gutted at the way she ignored me, but fought back a tear of disappointment and tried to study for the forty five minutes I had before needing to dress for dinner in the dining hall.   
  
Despite Emma's best efforts, I was edgy and moody at dinner and didn't really feel like chatting. I was frustrated at how Bridget was taking over my life, and even though it was in my power to do something about it, I couldn't seem to break away from her spell.  
  
After the meal I returned to the bedroom unit and sat on my bed. A part of me wanted to stop this nonsense. Just leave my clothes on and tell Bridget to take a hike when she started threatening me with punishment. But the emotional part of my being wanted to go along for the ride. It wanted to experience it all, curious as to how far I could give up my pride and dignity, and allow myself to be subjugated.  
  
In the end it was no contest. I found myself undressing and neatly folding my uniform on the end of the bed. Wearing only my shoes and knee high white socks I sat down at my desk and forced myself to study. Every few minutes I checked my email but there was no message from Bridget containing my instructions for my punishment. I should have been relieved, but inexplicably I felt deflated.  
  
Finally I heard the click of a key in our front door as Bridget entered, but then I froze as I heard the sound of voices. Bridget was chatting to someone else, and they were in the small corridor right outside my bedroom door. I didn't dare move or make a sound. Surely Bridget would not allow anyone else to see me naked. I would die with shame. But I was not going to be so lucky. Suddenly my door swung open and in stepped my roommate, unable to suppress a broad grin.   
  
Whoever was behind her was momentarily obscured, and I quickly rose from my chair with the intention of bolting to my wardrobe to grab some form of clothing to hide myself. But before I could move from my chair Bridget stepped to the side to reveal the person accompanying her. My mouth dropped open in horror and shame. Starring back at me with a similar look of shock was my best friend, Emma.  
  
For a long moment we starred at each stunned before I realised I was standing and therefore revealing not only my breasts but also my pussy to my friend. Quickly I sat down, where at least I was partially hidden by my desk. I looked up at Bridget, puzzled and hurt that she had brought Emma into our bedroom unit.  
  
"My dear roommate," Bridget grinned, "Did you forget you told Emma to come over one evening this week to work on your geography project?"  
  
"But not tonight," I snapped.  
  
"I'll go," Emma volunteered. "Tonight is definitely not a good night."  
  
"Rubbish," Bridget interjected. "Tonight is a very good night. Isn't it Angela?"  
  
I gave Bridget the stare of death.  
  
"Isn't it Angela?" Bridget persisted, speaking in a tone that made me realise the consequences of disobeying her would not be good for me. I was already facing a double dose of punishment from the morning when I was reluctant to remove my panties.  
  
"Yes," I pouted sullenly.  
  
With that Bridget returned to her room leaving Emma standing beside me, still stunned and confused by what she was witnessing. Cautiously she sat down on the spare chair.  
  
"Are you sure you want me to stay?" she enquired sympathetically.  
  
I nodded and reached over for my project folder. I was trying to act normal despite my humiliation. Emma pulled her chair over to be close beside me so we could share the desk. Having her close beside me, fully clothed, only served to make me more conscious of my nudity. She was dressed in her typical gothic attire, clothed totally in black with several piercings hanging from her ears and a small silver ring in her nose.  
  
Trying to keep up a charade of normality, I opened my folder and read the outline of what we were required to cover for our geography project. But Emma could contain herself no longer.  
  
"Why are you nude?" she asked bluntly.  
  
I cringed as I realised I was going to need to give an explanation.  
  
"I am being punished,"   
  
"Punished? What do you mean? Punished by whom? I don't understand?"  
  
"I have...misbehaved and this is my punishment. Now, I really don't want to discuss it anymore," I added tersely.  
  
Emma tilted her head to the side and stared at me curiously, but had the good sense not to continue pushing me for an explanation. For the next hour we worked away on the geography project, but my nakedness was the elephant in the room. As much as we both tried to ignore it, my boobs with their erect nipples were not surprisingly a constant distraction. I had hoped Emma may not notice my nipples, and tried to cover them with my arms where I could, but it was futile and finally I gave up and suffered the embarrassment.  
  
My laptop beeped to say I had received an email and suddenly I felt a lump in my throat. Nonchalantly shielding my screen from Emma I opened my Outlook. As I feared it was from Bridget.   
  
'I want you in my room at 9.00pm sharp, standing at attention, ready for your punishment. Bring something suitable for me to spank you with. And bring Emma as well!!!!'  
  
I was mortified. Emma could see the look of horror on my face and quietly enquired if I was okay. All I could do was nod dumbly. I looked at the clock on my laptop. It was 8.15pm so I had another 45 minutes to endure. Nervously I tried to focus back on our project, but I was hopelessly distracted and for once it was Emma actually doing the work. To make matters worse I realised that I was badly needing to pee.   
  
For another 15 minutes I tried to ignore my bladder but the need was too great. I squirmed in my seat and tried crossing my legs but it was to no avail. My condition was not helped by my nervousness over my upcoming punishment which could well be witnessed by my best school friend.  
  
Finally I could hold on no longer as there was a very real chance I could end up peeing myself. Reluctantly I got up and went to the doorway of Bridget's adjacent bedroom.  
  
"Please may I have permission to pee?" I whispered to Bridget, hoping upon hope that Emma would not overhear me actually having to ask my roommate if I could use the toilet.  
  
Bridget swung around in her seat to eyeball me. "Pardon?"  
  
"Please may I have permission to pee?" I repeated in the same whisper.  
  
"I am not hearing you, Angela"  
  
For the third time I repeated my request, this time speaking in a voice which I just knew Emma could not help overhearing. I felt totally humiliated, yet again!  
  
"Certainly my little darling, since you ask so nicely."  
  
Quickly I dashed to the toilet, flicked up the seat and sat down. As I looked up, Emma was staring straight at me from my room, total amazement etched all over her face. My bedroom was right opposite the toilet so I had no way of hiding myself unless I shut the door, which Bridget had forbidden me to do. Despite being mortified by my exposure on the toilet there was no holding back and my urine just gushed out. It was almost worse when I had finished as I had to wipe myself clean with toilet paper while a bewildered Emma stared in disbelief. You do not realise how personal a simple act like going to the toilet is until you endure someone watching you go through the routine.  
  
Without daring to look Emma in the eye I hastily returned to my seat beside her and attempted to focus on our geography assignment. In the periphery of my vision I could see Emma shaking her head in amazement, and I couldn't help but wonder what she was thinking of me. When she had knocked on our door earlier in the evening she would never in her wildest dreams have thought she would witness what she has. To make matters far worse for me I feared she had seen nothing yet compared to what was still going to unfold.   
  
I hoped Emma may have been revolted by what she had seen, especially witnessing me sitting on the toilet with the door wide open. But regrettably it seemed she was very curious to where this was all leading. As I looked up at my wall clock I felt like I was going to faint, my heart was beating so fast. It was almost nine o'clock and I remembered Bridget had instructed me to bring an implement suitable for punishing me. Hastily I went to my wardrobe and nervously began to forage around for something suitable. Emma enquired as to what I was looking for, but I was too embarrassed to respond. I searched in my sports bag and found my old ping pong paddle. I hesitated to pull it out as even the thought of it impacting my backside sent shivers up my spine.   
  
However I was out of time and I dared not be late as I knew it would give Bridget an excuse to increase my punishment even further. I removed the ping pong paddle from my sports bag, took hold of Emma's hand and literally dragged her out of her seat and across the floor towards Bridget's bedroom. I had no idea how I could even begin to explain to Emma what she was about to witness, so figured it was just easier to drag her behind me into the lion's den.  
  
Despite the noise we made entering her bedroom in a rush, Bridget did not even look up from her book she was reading at her desk. Now that I was standing there I suddenly felt very awkward and nervous. I knew I had to stand in the 'attention' position that Bridget had taught me, but I had the ping pong paddle in my hand. I couldn't think of anything else other than to hold it in my mouth. I then reached behind myself and gripped hold of my buttocks, squeezing them tightly, while at the same time opening my legs to shoulder width apart.  
  
Emma had been left standing behind me, just inside the doorway. Tentatively she stepped forward so that she was to the side of me, but far enough forward so that she could stare into my eyes. Briefly I exchanged glances with her and saw the look of total astonishment registering on her face. This was hardly surprising given I was standing in my roommate's bedroom, totally naked, gripping my buttocks, legs apart, and with a ping pong bat hanging out of my mouth. You do not exactly see that everyday, and I was not sure I could ever explain it.  
  
Suddenly Bridget finally stood up and turned to face me.  
  
"Are you gripping your buttocks tightly?"   
  
"Yes, Bridget," I blushed with humiliation.  
  
She turned to Emma. "Don't you think your friend looks very pretty?"  
  
For once Emma was lost for words and simply shrugged her shoulders.  
  
"Well I think she looks very sweet and submissive." With that Bridget stepped forward and removed the paddle from my mouth. "A ping pong paddle. How very appropriate. I bet you purchased this in the hope that someone would use it on your pert little derriere?"  
  
I shook my head in denial. "I have played ping pong since I was little," I pleaded in defence.  
  
"So you say, so you say," she responded whimsically. "Now get down in the doggy position and get ready for your punishment.  
  
Despite my total humiliation I did not hesitate to respond, getting down on all fours before arching my back and pointing my buttocks as high in the air as I could manage.   
  
"Turn around so your bottom is pointing towards Emma. I want her to get a good view of your punishment."  
  
I groaned in dismay but shuffled around until my rear was pointing towards my friend, then arched my back again and thrust my buttocks outwards and upwards. I knew that Emma would get a full view of my anus as well as a portion of my labia squeezed out between my thighs, which only served to make my situation even more humiliating.

I braced myself for the inevitability of feeling my own ping pong paddle landing on the tender flesh of my buttocks. I knew it would sting, but nothing can prepare you for the explosion of pain as the first spanking lands firmly on my left cheek. I grunt in agony and steel myself for the next. I am absolutely determined to be courageous in front of my good friend as I don't want her to see me start to cry like a baby.  
  
However as the stinging blows continue to rain down I start to feel my resolve melting away. After twenty spanks I am blubbering to my roommate to please forgive me for my behaviour and I promise to be good. I realise I am only half way through the forty spanks she has promised me as my double dose of punishment, and I am certain there is no way I can endure another twenty.   
  
I am so distraught it takes me several moments to realise that Bridget has not continued with my spanking. With tear-filled eyes and a running nose I turn my head to look back pleadingly at my punisher.  
  
"No more, please," I plead, "I promise I will always do as you ask."  
  
Bridget turns to gaze at a shell-shocked Emma. "Well Emma, what do you think? Shall we spare her the remaining twenty spanks even though she deserves them?"  
  
Emma looks dazed and for a moment seems incapable of speech. As my best friend I would have expected her to instantly jump to my defence, and after what seemed an age she eventually does, but not as decisively as I would have hoped.  
  
"I think she has probably been punished enough," Emma manages to murmur.  
  
"You think so, do you?" Bridget pondered. "Why don't you put your hand on her fiery little buns and tell me if you still think they have been punished enough."  
  
I groaned in misery, but did not move. Emma hesitated, as if considering her options, and then tentatively placed one of her hands on my right buttock. Although I was frightfully embarrassed her cold hand felt nice on my warm bottom. To my surprise Emma held her hand there, and then moved to my left buttock and touched me with the palm of her hand.  
  
"She is really hot," Emma responded. "I do think she has been punished enough."  
  
"Oh well," Bridget sighed dramatically, "Never let it be said that I am not able to forgive." She turned her direction to myself, still kneeling in the doggie position on the bedroom floor. "Stand up to attention."  
  
Quickly I stood up, keeping my legs slightly apart, and reached behind and gripped my buttocks firmly. They were so tender that I could not help but grimace, but I held them tightly as there was no way I wanted to endure a further twenty spanks from my own ping pong paddle.   
  
"Do you promise to behave and do exactly as I say, or do I need to punish you further?"  
  
"Yes Miss, no Miss!" I confusingly spluttered out.  
  
"Yes, I need to punish you?" Bridget smiled provocatively.  
  
"No Miss," I quickly interjected, "I will do exactly as you ask and you will not need to punish me any more."  
  
"Oh, I see. And by the way I like it very much when you call me 'Miss'.  
  
"Yes, Miss." I responded, embarrassed. To tell the truth I didn't know why I had called her 'Miss'. For some weird reason it just seemed the right thing to say to appease Bridget and lessen the chance of being punished further.  
  
"I can see Emma is very confused as to why you are walking around naked and having to be punished in this matter, aren't you Emma?"  
  
"It is the weirdest thing I have seen in my whole life, and believe me I have seen some pretty weird things."  
  
One only had to look at my gothic friend to get the feeling this was probably very true. What amazed me was that she had actually chosen to stay and witness everything, when she could easily have just walked out the door. I wondered whether she had stayed to give me moral support. Surely there was no way she could be enjoying seeing me punished.  
  
"Why don't you tell her why you are being punished, Angela?"  
  
I sucked in a deep breath. "Because I had sex with your boyfriend."  
  
"You fucked my boyfriend. Well, my ex-boyfriend now but he sure wasn't when you fucked him, was he?"  
  
"No, Miss," I was starring at Emma and saw the look of total surprise register on her face, causing me to actually hang my head in shame of what I had done.  
  
"Lie on my bed in the diaper position," Bridget directed.  
  
"Bit, Miss...." I began to protest but bit my lip.   
  
Quickly I took the few steps to Bridget's bed and laid down on my back. The look on Emma's face was clearly saying 'what on earth is happening now?' To my shame she was about to find out. Slowly I bent my knees and lifted my legs so that my knees were hovering above my breasts. To my utter embarrassment my nipples were pencil hard. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and gradually opened my knees wide, totally exposing myself in the most indecent manner possible to a young lady, or any lady for that matter.  
  
The room was deathly silent, and with my eyes closed all I was aware of was the pounding of my heart and the short raspy breaths I was taking. As I slowly opened my eyes I focused on Bridget and Emma both staring at me intently; Bridget with a small smile of triumph, and Emma with a mixture of what seemed to be shock and amazement.  
  
"Open those legs as wide as you can," was Bridget's almost predictable command. She knew well that these little directives just served to reinforce her dominance and my own submission.  
  
Without hesitation I obeyed, using my hands to lever my knees even wider.  
  
"Don't you think your friend has a delightful little snatch?" Bridget winked playfully at Emma.  
  
Emma opened her mouth as if to utter a response but nothing came out.  
  
"See how puffy her pink little lips are? You know what that means don't you?"  
  
Emma didn't respond, but continued to gaze at my vagina.   
  
"It means your little friend is excited by the way I treat her. She might complain about the spanking, but underneath her sobs is a little slut who is finding it all very erotic."  
  
I was totally humiliated, not only because of the manner in which I was exposing myself, but also because Bridget was right and I was getting turned on by having to degrade myself in this way.   
  
Emma shook her head in denial. "I don't believe she is finding being naked and punished exciting at all," Emma finally found her voice and jumped to my defence like a true friend.  
  
But Bridget was on a roll and there was no backing off. "You don't think so. Well shall we see who is correct?"  
  
With that Bridget stepped forward and cupped her hand over my labia, all the time staring intently into my eyes. Deftly she opened my vaginal lips with her middle finger which then effortless slid into my moist canal. I could not suppress a low groan of ecstasy, which brought a broad smile to Bridget's face.   
  
Slowly she withdrew her finger and held it up for all to see. It was soaked with my juices.  
  
"Who is right?" Bridget grinned triumphantly at Emma.  
  
"Incredible," was Emma's response.  
  
"Would you like to see her play with herself?  
  
Emma was silent, her mind seemingly in a turmoil.   
  
"No," she finally managed to utter.  
  
Grinning, Bridget gazed from Emma to myself, then back at Emma.  
  
"Are you sure? Wouldn't you like to see her playing with her swollen clit? It will take your breath away."  
  
"No," was Emma's slightly hesitant response.  
  
"Shall we leave that pleasure for a future time?" With that Bridget suddenly declare it was bedtime and sent a stunned Emma on her way, and I carted my nude body to my bed, hot and frustrated that I was not going to get the release I longed for.

**Life of Angela Ch. 05**

Despite my frustration at not getting the release from an orgasm that I so badly desired I somehow managed to drift off to a restless sleep that was interspersed with dreams of me walking through college and suddenly realising I was naked and everyone was staring at me. When I awoke I groaned at the memory of what had happened the night before when I was exposed and naked in front of my best friend, Emma. I was sure she would never want to be friends with me anymore.  
  
I quickly got up and had a pee and showered, with the bathroom door open as required by my roommate Bridget, thankful that I managed to get finished before she appeared. I slipped quietly back into my room and began to get dressed in my school uniform. However when I pulled the drawer open that contained my knickers and bras I was aghast to find it totally empty. Disbelieving what I was seeing, I closed the drawer and opened it again, as if by doing so my underwear would magically be there. Alas this was not to be. I checked in my laundry basket but it only contained the white cotton blouse I had been wearing yesterday.   
  
I now began to strongly suspect that my roommate had been up to no good, and my stomach tied up in a knot of anxiety. Hearing a noise behind me I turned to find my glamorous roommate standing in my doorway, dressed only in her school regulation knickers and bra. Even though they where only plain white cotton underwear, Bridget could make the unflattering look very flattering. It only served to make me more aware of my own nakedness and how inferior I felt my own body was compared to her. I knew I shouldn't feel this way, but I had never been confident about my naked body. I saw myself as being skinny and with boobs that were far too small for an 18 year old. My pubic hair was also sparse and this only served to make me feel younger than I really was. Granted, I had firm compact buttocks and tight, muscular legs from all my athletics, but I felt this didn't really compensate for what I perceived as the other inadequacies of my female body.  
  
My eyes locked on Bridget standing in the doorway and for a long moment I couldn't help but stare at her in envy. I noticed she was suppressing a smile.  
  
"Have you lost something?"  
  
"I can't seem to find my underwear," I muttered stupidly.  
  
"Oh," Bridget responded, before finally adding, "That is probably because I removed them."  
  
"Removed them?" The knot of anxiety in my stomach grew even tighter. "Why would you do that?"  
  
"Because from now on you will only be allowed to wear knickers or bras if I say so. I have decided this will be a part of your punishment." My first instinct was to complain bitterly but I managed to bite my tongue. I did not want to give Bridget a good reason to increase my punishment.   
  
"Can I please have a pair of knickers and a bra so I can get dressed for school?" I quietly pleaded, trying not to sound anxious.  
  
"Actually, no you cannot."  
  
"No!" I squeaked. My attempt to keep the anxiety out of my voice failed miserably. "Please, I must have them. You cannot seriously think I can go to classes not wearing any panties or a bra?"  
  
"Well done, Angela. You have just managed to earn yourself extra punishment for tonight." Bridget turned and left me standing, naked and dumbfounded, in the middle of my room.  
  
I petulantly stomped my foot on the floor, but did not dare to utter another word of protest. For a long while I just stood in the middle of my room, naked, hoping upon hope that Bridget would come back into my room and inform me that it was all a joke, or that she had changed her mind. But of course she never did. I looked at my clock and realised I was running out of time to have breakfast in the food hall downstairs then off to my first class that commenced in less than 30 minutes.  
  
Hastily I put on my white school blouse, my tartan skirt, and my white socks and shoes. Even though I was clothed I still felt naked. I was so aware that my skirt was only lower than my pubes and buttocks by about four or five inches. Plus my nipples were pressing against my blouse and were clearly visible to me. Even though I have small breasts and my nipples are not all that big, they do jut out a long way when erect. And for some horrible reason they were choosing to be erect now. I loosened my blouse out of my skirt and tried to fluff it out so that my nipples were not visible. When this failed I desperately tried to flatten my nipples by pushing on them with my thumbs, but if anything they just sprang back more erect than ever.   
  
I glanced nervously at the clock and realised I was rapidly running out of time. Bridget did not have an early class so she had plenty of time to get to breakfast, and she was no doubt preening herself in her room, knowing only too well how I would be squirming in my room next door.   
  
With a big sigh I mustered up all my courage, grabbed my school notes, and made a dash for our front door.   
  
As I walked down the corridor I felt as if ever set of eyes were upon me, when in reality nobody was paying me any attention, as per normal.  
  
I kept my head down and tried to be as inconspicuous as I could at classes. I could hardly contain my intense embarrassment when I bumped into my friend, Emma. However to my total surprise she mentioned nothing of what she had witnessed and treated me as if almost nothing had happened.   
  
All morning I walked around awkwardly holding my books up to my chest to hide my nipples that continued to thrust against my blouse, while using my free hand to hold the front of my skirt down. In class I kept my hand raised nonchalantly in front of my chest, my knees firmly closed, and desperately tried to focus on what the teacher was saying.  
  
Somehow I managed to get through the morning sessions without any major embarrassment. At lunch I quickly sat down at an empty table and tried my best to be inconspicuous. To my surprise Emma sat down opposite me, and for a long while she eyed me curiously while she ate her meal but said nothing. I was so embarrassed by what she had witnessed the night before that I couldn't even look her in the eye.   
  
Eventually Emma put her sandwich done on her plate, leaned over and whispered to me, "You are going to have to explain yourself, you know. You totally freaked me out, and that is really saying something."  
  
"I know," I blushed, "But not now, please. I am struggling to even explain it to myself."  
  
Emma muttered, "I am not bloody surprised," but to her credit she let the subject drop.  
  
Frankly I was staggered she was even still talking to me. I was thankful that I managed to keep my braless state hidden from her.  
  
By the time I had my second class of the afternoon, which was biology, I was beginning to relax just a little. Our teacher, Mrs Hipkins, had a reputation as a firm disciplinarian, but I had never had any issues with her as I was always one of the top students in our class. Given my lack of underwear, it was perhaps more than a little ironical that the topic she was covering was human anatomy.   
  
"Where on the body can one expect to find the sternocleidomastoid muscle?" Mrs Hipkins enquired of the class.   
  
When no one responded, Mrs Hipkins turned to me, "Angela? You are generally such a whiz on anatomy. Surely you know where it is?"  
  
The eyes of the class turned to me and the sudden and unwelcome attention made me instantly blush.   
  
"The neck, Ma'am," I managed to mutter.  
  
"Come up to the front and point it out to the less industrious members of this class. You can also show them where the pectoralis major is located."  
  
I was mortified. There was no way I could stand up in front of the class. Frantically I tried to think of an excuse, but before I could open my mouth Mrs Hipkins was standing beside my desk and urging me to stand.  
  
"Now come on, Angela. I know you don't like to flaunt your scholastic excellence in front of the class, but hopefully they can see the fine example you set for them.  
  
It was not my scholastic excellence I was worried about flaunting! I could feel the sweat running down my back. It was my worse nightmare. Awkwardly I stood and walked to the front of the class. I felt for sure that everyone new my dirty little secret.  
  
Keeping my front facing the anatomy chart and with my back to my classmates I pointed to the pictorial to illustrate where the sternocleidomastoid muscle was located.   
  
"We cannot see with you standing in front of the chart, Angela," Mrs Hipkins was sounding a little impatient. "Is it too much to ask you to turn around and demonstrate on your own body?"  
  
Reticently I turned to face Mrs Hipkins and my classmates, trying to keep my right arm nonchalantly in front of my breasts. Not trusting myself to speak, I used my free hand to point to my neck.  
  
"Yes indeed," Mrs Hipkins responded, "And the pectoralis major?"  
  
I was so eager to get away from the limelight that without thinking I took my right arm away from my breast and pointed to my pectoralis major muscle, which is one of the major muscles on the chest. Without even thinking I drew everybody's attention to my braless small breasts with their rigid nipples. There were several gasps, and as I quickly gazed down I realised how much I was on display to them. I felt like I was going to faint, but incredibly my arms would not seem to move to cover myself.   
  
Above the thumping of my heart I became aware of Mrs Hipkins quietly addressing me. Sweat was trickling down my forehead as I turned to face her.  
  
"Pardon, Ma'am," I managed to stammer.  
  
"Am I correct in assuming you are not wearing a bra to class?"  
  
Most of the class were sniggering at my predicament, enjoying my utter humiliation.  
  
"No, Mrs Hipkins," I whispered.  
  
"You know full well that is against school policy. Go and wait for me in my office and I will deal with you after class."  
  
The sniggering of my classmates echoed in my ears as I skulked out of the classroom and walked the short distance down the corridor to Mrs Hipkin's office, where I nervously waited for the next thirty minutes until the bell rang to finish class. I could not believe how totally stupid I was to allow myself to be drawn into this predicament. I was mortified that I had even possibly placed myself in the position whereby I could be expelled from school.  
  
Suddenly the office door swung open and Mrs Hipkins stood framed in the doorway. She was a well endowed, immaculately manicured woman in her early thirties who always dressed with a touch of class, unlike most of the other teachers who seemed devoid of any real fashion sense. I knew that a lot of the male students thought she was rather pleasant to the eye, but I rather cynically think that teenage males fancy anything in a skirt and big tits. Or perhaps I was just reacting jealously.   
  
Without saying a word or even looking at me Mrs Hipkins sat down at her desk and began to check her messages. After what seemed an eternity she finally looked up at me and after gazing up and down she stared directly at my breasts. I was incredibly embarrassed and felt a need to cover myself up but I forced myself to keep my arms by my side.  
  
"Explain yourself, Angela? You are a model student, who has never given a moments trouble up until now. What is going on, girl?"  
  
I could feel the sweat running down my back. How could I explain to my teacher what was going on? I could not even begin to explain it to myself.  
  
"It was just a dare, Mrs Hipkins," I managed to respond feebly, even though it was far from the truth.  
  
"And just what was the dare, Angela?"  
  
" I don't wear a bra to class, Mrs Hipkins," I mumbled.  
  
Mrs Hipkins' gaze was locked onto my breasts.  
  
"Indeed, indeed. It must have been some dare for you to be so bold, or perhaps I should say stupid enough, to not wear a bra to class. What were you thinking of girl?"  
  
"I am so sorry," was all I could manage to mumble.  
  
"And may I ask what else it is that you are not wearing?" Mrs Hipkins enquired of me, with a hint of a smile on her face.  
  
"Pardon?" I stared at her, mortified.  
  
"If you are not wearing a bra, what else are you not wearing?"  
  
I could only stare at my teacher.  
  
"Are you wearing panties?"  
  
I blushed bright red. I glanced down at the floor, no longer able to look my teacher in the eye.  
  
"Well?"  
  
I looked up at Mrs Hipkins with pleading eyes.  
  
"Angela, look at me. Are you wearing panties?" Slowly, and very reluctantly, I raised my eyes to again look at my teacher. "No, Ma'am," my voice sounded strangled as I forced the words out of my mouth.  
  
"Lift up your skirt."  
  
"Please, Mrs Hipkins," I begged. "Don't make me do it. Someone could come in," I added pathetically.  
  
"Very well. Fortunately for you I have a class to teach."  
  
"Oh, thank you, Mrs Hipkins." I breathed a huge sigh of relief, and could not believe my luck.  
  
"Not so fast young lady. You are far from being off the hook. You know where I live in the flat on the campus?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"After dinner you are to come to my flat, and bring your homework."  
  
"Yes Ma'am."  
  
"And you are not to change your clothing. If it good enough for you to come to my class dressed like a little slut, then you can come to your punishment time at my flat dressed the same way."  
  
I opened my mouth in shock and was about to protest when I decided it was perhaps best not to make a scene. I was, after all, already in enough trouble.  
  
With the school day thankfully over I returned to my empty dorm accommodation I shared with Bridget, thinking the day could hardly get worse. Bridget had told me I was going to be receiving extra punishment for being disobedient about not wearing knickers and a bra, and now Mrs Hipkins was going to be giving me punishment time for not wearing my underwear. My submissive behaviour was getting me into all sorts of trouble. However there was worse to come. I went to the toilet and groaned in total dismay when I realised I was beginning my menstruation. I didn't want to even contemplate the humiliation I would feel if I had to reveal my private parts while displaying the telltale signs that I was having my period.  
  
This was my first period since I had been submitting to Bridget, and I was totally freaked out about what to do. I knew that Bridget would be home from school shortly and would be expecting me to be naked. But surely she would make an exception when she knew I was menstruating? Hastily I decided on a compromise that I hoped would keep Bridget satisfied that I was not being disobedient. After inserting a tampon I put on my gym shorts, but stripped off all my other clothing so that I was naked apart from the shorts.   
  
I was seated at my desk working on my art project when Bridget arrived home a few minutes later. She breezed happily into my bedroom, seemingly without a worry in the world. "I have had such a great day," she blurted out. "I have been asked out on a date by Pete Simkins."  
  
I knew vaguely of him. One of the jocks and it was not surprising that my beautiful room mate had managed to snare him.  
  
"How how was your day?" she raised an enquiring eyebrow. "I bet it was great with no underwear. I am sure those little radar nipples of yours were beaming all day."  
  
Barely able to keep back the tears, I blurted out how horrible a day it had been, and how humiliated I had been in class when Mrs Hipkins found me out. Finally I told her that I also now had my period.  
  
To my surprise Bridget actually looked sympathetic. "My poor little darling. You do realise that Mrs Hipkins is one of only two Head Teachers that is authorised to punish female students?"  
  
I did not know, and it gave me a sinking feeling. "Punish them how?"  
  
"With either the strap or the cane, depending on the seriousness of the offence."  
  
I couldn't help have this horrible feeling that not wearing either a bra or panties in class was going to be regarded as somewhat more serious.  
  
"Given that there is a possibility you may receive some form of punishment from Mrs Hipkins, I think the least I can do is let you off the punishment I had planned for you tonight."  
  
I actually managed to mumble a thank you.  
  
"But just because you have your period it is no excuse for wearing shorts. Remove them now or I will punish you."  
  
"Please," I begged. "At least give me a pair of my knickers to wear?"  
  
She did not even bother to respond, instead just choosing to hold out her hand. I knew that continuing to plea was going to be fruitless so reluctantly stood up, quickly stepped out of my gym shorts so I was totally naked, and sat down again.  
  
"I am going to have a shower. When I am finished you are to come into my room and stand at attention." Before I could object Bridget departed for the bathroom.  
  
Fruitlessly I tried to focus on my art project but was terribly distracted by what lay ahead of me with both Bridget and Mrs Hipkins.  
  
Finally Bridget came out of the bathroom. Wearing only a towel wrapped around her body and one for her hair she leaned in my doorway and beckoned for me to follow her. Like a lamb I dutifully followed her into her bedroom. After entering her room I put my hands behind me and gripped my buttocks firmly, then opened my legs as I was required to do. I always felt so humiliated by having to present myself like this to my room mate, but even more so today knowing that the string of my tampon would be clearly visible. Even though menstruating is just a perfectly natural thing that happens to females every month, it is something that one likes to keep very personal and not put on display for others to see.  
  
Bridget eyed me up and down as she dried her hair with the second towel. I blushed with shame as she focused on my pubes and the evidence of my inserted tampon.  
  
"Are you gripping your buttocks tightly like you are supposed to?"  
  
"Yes," I quickly responded.  
  
"Turn around and let me see."  
  
I turned away from her, ensuring I kept my hands firmly gripped to my buttocks. If anything the view I presented to her from the rear was even more perverse. By having to squeeze my buttocks tight I knew my little pink anus would be fully on display, as would my vulva, with the telltale string hanging from it.  
  
"Good girl," Bridget praised me, and I actually felt a warmth surge through my body. "Now lie on my bed in the diaper position."  
  
I groaned as I did not want to have to put myself on display like this, but despite my reluctance I made my way over to her bed and lay down on her beautifully soft duvet. It smelled of the sweet scent of the various perfumes and creams she used and I found it intoxicating. As Bridget gazed at me I bent my legs and pulled them up to my chest, then opened my legs widely so that I was fully on display to her.  
  
Stepping over to the bed, she sat herself down at the end so that she had a full view of me. She reached up her hand and gently stroked it over my labia. Despite my intense embarrassment it still felt very good. As she reached forward to touch me the towel she had around her body fell open, revealing her delightfully full breasts. She made no attempt to cover herself.  
  
"Do you get horny when you are menstruating?" Bridget enquired, "Cause I certainly do."  
  
"I don't think so," I blushed at the intimate question.  
  
"Then why is that cheeky little clit of yours trying to poke itself out?" Bridget grinned.  
  
I could only moan in dismay as my body betrayed me. There was no doubt the gentle brushing of my room mate's fingers across my labia was having a pleasurable impact on me.   
  
I sucked in my breath as I felt Bridget take hold of the string of my tampon between her fingers and gently play with it, rotating it around in a circular motion so that it rubbed against her labia.  
  
"Please don't," I pleaded.  
  
"Don't what?" Bridget smiled mischievously.  
  
"Don't play with my tampon, please." I whispered. "It makes me feel so degraded."  
  
"Oh, and I would have thought lying on my bed with your legs wide open was already degrading?"

"It is!" I whined. "You know how ashamed I am at having to expose myself to you. I don't like having to do it."  
  
"Oh you poor girl," Bridget continued to smile. "And you don't enjoy it one little bit, I suppose?"  
  
I just winced.  
  
"So why are these pretty little lips of yours all swollen?" Bridget goaded.  
  
With that Bridget gave a small tug on the tampon, causing me to react by placing my hands over my vagina. Bridget responded by giving me a sharp spank on my exposed buttocks, and I quickly remove my hands. Bridget continued to toy with my emotions by playing with the string, although thankfully not making any attempt to dislodge my tampon. As I began to relax I realised how sensual the sensation was, and I could feel my body reacting. Without even realising I began to emit a low groan of pleasure.  
  
"You are such a slut, you realise that?"  
  
I blushed with shame.  
  
Bridget then gave me another firm swat on my bare buttocks as she stood up.   
  
"Fortunately for you it is dinner time shortly and I have to get ready. However you can stay in the diaper position until I tell you to get up."  
  
As Bridget stood and walked across her bedroom to the wardrobe her towel fell away completely, exposing her naked body to me. I was fixated on her extreme beauty, and desperately wanted to masturbate myself as I soaked up the sight of her naked body. I placed my hand over my vagina and could not believe how wet I was, but before I could stimulate myself to the orgasm that I badly desired Bridget turned to me and shook her finger.  
  
"Don't you even think about playing with yourself, you naughty little lass,' she reprimanded.  
  
I pouted in frustration, but immediately moved my hand away. I was left lying there in my advanced state of arousal as Bridget slowly dressed herself, ensuring she flaunted her body to me in the process.   
  
Once she was fully clothed she made me go to my room and fetch my school blouse, skirt, socks and shoes, and quickly dress myself. Of course I was not allowed to put on any underwear. I begged her to let me go to the bathroom to wipe away the seepage from my vagina as there were trickles of my juices running down my inner thighs but was not allowed to. We were running late for dinner so Bridget grabbed my hand and we rushed off.  
  
Once I had fetched my meal at the college cafeteria I sat down beside my friend, Emma, who was as usual seated alone.   
  
For a long moment she just stared at me, before shaking her head and commenting, "My mysterious friend, Angela. What on earth are you up to?"  
  
Embarrassed, I just stared down at the meal on my plate.  
  
"Do you realise your nipples are as hard as rocks, which is so damn obvious given you are wearing no bra."  
  
I glanced down to my chest and was mortified at how visible they were.  
  
"Are you going to tell me what is happening or not?" Emma persisted. "I am your friend and I promise I won't judge you."  
  
I knew Emma was genuine and I desperately wanted to tell her everything, but my mind was in turmoil and I was aware I was due at Mrs Hipkins very shortly. I promised to tell her everything, but not tonight.

**Life of Angela Ch. 06**

Nervously I knocked on the door of Mrs Hipkins' flat that she occupied on campus. I had been summonsed there for what my teacher called 'punishment time' after she caught me in her class not wearing knickers or a bra. I knew my behaviour had been shameful and I should not have allowed my roommate, Bridget, to dictate my life in this manner. I wished I wasn't so submissive to her.   
  
As per Mrs Hipkins' directive I was still not wearing underwear, and making matters even worse was the fact that I had just got my period. At that moment I wished the earth might open up and swallow me.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door. To my shock it was a male in his forties who stood there. My mouth hung open in surprise.  
  
"Yes?" the male enquired.  
  
"Umm. I am Angela Brumm. I am here to see Mrs Hipkins," I managed to mumble, while carefully keeping my arm over my breasts so that my lack of a bra would not be evident.  
  
"Oh yes, she mentioned you would be arriving. I am her husband, John. Come inside," he smiled warmly, stepping to the side to let me in. "She is currently on the phone so please take a seat in the lounge."  
  
I had not realised Mrs Hipkins was married so had been taken by surprise. I had never seen Mr Hipkins about at the college so he obviously worked elsewhere. As I nervously took a seat on the sofa I heard the voice of another male calling out from the kitchen. It was obvious from the conversation it was their son. I began to squirm uncomfortably, so aware that I was not wearing panties or a bra. I found myself trying to pull my skirt lower down my legs.  
  
A few minutes later Mr Hipkins emerged from the kitchen with his son. My eyes widened in horror as I recognised their son as Tony, a very good friend of Darren, Bridget's former boyfriend. Memories of my shameful conduct with Darren came flooding back at me. On several occasions I had paraded myself naked in front of him, had masturbated him, and eventually willingly given him my virginity.  
  
"Angela," Tony grinned, "what a very pleasant surprise."  
  
"You know each other?" Mr Hipkins was surprised, although not half as surprised, or shocked, as I was.  
  
I was terrorised by the thought that Darren may have boasted of his conquests to his good friend.  
  
"More by reputation than anything else," Tony smirked, and in that instance I knew my worse fears were realised.  
  
His father looked at both of us puzzled, but made no comment.   
  
"Why are you here?" Tony was clearly curious.  
  
"I have, a, ummm, homework session with her," I mumbled, ensuring I kept my arm strategically placed over the front of my blouse so that my braless breasts were hidden.  
  
Tony nodded knowingly, sensing that I was probably there as some form of punishment. He then disappeared upstairs and I could hear him talking to his mother. I dreaded the thought of what their conversation could be about. Mr Hipkins disappeared into his study and I was left alone with my thoughts and embarrassment.  
  
After ten agonising minutes I heard footsteps coming down the stairs, and Mrs Hipkins entered the room. For a long moment she just stared at me, seemingly deep in thought. I couldn't help but blush.  
  
"What are we dealing with here, Angela?" Mrs Hipkins finally commented. "Who is this young lady I have in front of me?"  
  
I could only stare at her, wide eyed and innocent.  
  
"Stand up."  
  
I obeyed, keeping my arm over my chest.  
  
"Put your arms to your side."  
  
Reluctantly I obeyed. At that point Mr Hipkins emerged from his study to make himself a coffee. His eyes popped open when he saw my erect nipples poking through my blouse and it was obvious I was not wearing a bra. His eyes stayed on me as he exited into the kitchen.  
  
"I am baffled," Mrs Hipkins continued. You have been an A grade student and top athlete who has been a model student. But now I am finding out this young lady in front of me has a darker side to her personality which sees her flaunting herself in a manner that is unbecoming of a young lady."  
  
I couldn't even begin to explain myself so I didn't respond.  
  
"I thought not wearing undies and a bra to class was bad enough, but now my son has told me of how you flaunted yourself in front of Darren."  
  
I just about died with shame.  
  
"Is this true?"  
  
Too humiliated to do anything else, I just nodded. I knew it would be fruitless to try and deny it.  
  
For a long moment my teacher just stared at me.  
  
"What am I going to do with you?" she finally commented. "Clearly you take great pleasure in exposing your body to everybody willing to look."  
  
"No ma'am,' I cringed. "I don't like it when people see my body. It is really embarrassing," I spoke truthfully.  
  
"It might be embarrassing, but you seem to take some sort of perverse pleasure from allowing people to view your womanly assets that should be kept well hidden from prying eyes."  
  
She was right, but I couldn't admit it to myself, let alone my teacher.  
  
"Take off your top and hand it to me."   
  
My eyes opened wide in shock. "Mrs Hipkins," I pleaded. "I can't do that."  
  
I was especially horrified as I knew Mr Hipkins and Tony were likely to come into the room at any moment.  
  
Mrs Hipkins didn't respond. She just stood confidently before me, holding out her hand. Even though she was casually dressed in slacks and a woollen jersey she was still immaculately manicured and wearing makeup. Her very ample breasts strained against the fabric of her jersey. It made me even more conscious of my own boobs.  
  
Mrs Hipkins seemed to have no doubt that I would respond to her directive. For a long moment I stared back at her, trying to be defiant. But then I felt my shoulders slump as my resolve crumbled. I knew I would do as she requested.   
  
Nervously I fumbled at the buttons of my school blouse before letting it drop over my shoulders. I shuddered as my breasts came into view, knowing that my nipples were rock hard. Slowly I removed the blouse from my arms and handed it to my teacher. I desperately wanted to raise my arms to cover myself, but instead they dropped to my sides. The old familiar sensations rushed back to me. Visions of being exposed to strangers at the lake with my brothers briefly filled my head. I couldn't bring myself to cover my body then, despite my intense humiliation, and now I was driven by the same sensations.   
  
I stood naked from the waist up, with my teacher eyeing me warily, seemingly trying to analyse my behaviour while contemplating her next move. Mr Hipkins suddenly emerged from the kitchen, coffee in hand. His mouth dropped open when he saw my semi naked condition. I blushed with intense embarrassment but still made no attempt to cover myself.  
  
"Oh, my, oh my," he uttered, seemingly in approval of the eye candy presented to him in his living room. "This is a rather unusual form of punishment," he directed his comment to his wife.  
  
"This is a very unusual situation requiring a drastic response," Mrs Hipkins responded.  
  
Mr Hipkins just shook his head, and continued on to his study, but not before sneaking a further look at my small breasts with the very erect nipples.  
  
"Now your skirt, Angela."  
  
"No, no ,nooo," I pleaded desperately, "Please don't ask me to undress any further. I am incredibly sorry for my behaviour."  
  
"Really! Somehow I doubt it, especially looking at how rigid those nipples of yours are."  
  
"It is just because I am utterly humiliated," I pleaded forlornly.   
  
"Oh, really! Skirt, please." Mrs Hipkins was not swayed by my desperate pleading.  
  
I could not believe what she was requesting me to do. It was bad enough being topless, but being totally naked would be mortifying, especially given that the rest of her family were in the house.  
  
I tried a desperate last plea. "Please Mrs Hipkins. I have just got my period. Please don't ask me to expose myself any further."  
  
"Skirt, please!" she demanded impatiently, not persuaded by my pleas.  
  
Closing my eyes I took a deep breath and then unfastened the zipper of my skirt. As I edged the waistband over my hips it fell away to the floor, leaving me naked except for my shoes and knee high school regulation socks. I could feel my blood pumping in my ears like a drum. I let my arms drop to my sides, despite my intense embarrassment.  
  
As I slowly opened my eyes I could see that Mrs Hipkins was staring at me intensely, with a hint of what seemed a smile of triumph on her face. I was then aware of movement to the side and when I turned my head I saw that Mr Hipkins was standing at the doorway of his study, clearly admiring the view I was presenting to him. I made no attempt to cover myself.  
  
I then heard another noise behind me and as I glanced back I saw Tony had crept down the stairs and was also enjoying the rear view of my naked body. He slowly circled around me until he was standing in front of me, beside his mother. All three of the Hipkins family now soaked up the sight of my nudity.  
  
"I am still waiting for you to hand me your skirt," Mrs Hipkins requested.  
  
I lifted my feet away from my fallen skirt and then slowly bent down to pick it up, before stepping forward to hand it to her. I then stepped back and again let my hands fall to my side. I was intensely embarrassed by having the family viewing me naked, but I also knew that I found it intensely erotic to be forced to display myself in this manner. My body tingled with a flush of arousal.  
  
"I told you she would do anything," Tony grinned as he commented to his mother.  
  
"Very curious," Mrs Hipkins shook her head, "Very curious indeed." She seemed uncertain how to handle this very unusual situation.  
  
Then without being asked I placed my hands on my head and slowly opened my legs until they were almost two feet apart. I just wanted my humiliation to be as complete as possible.  
  
"Good heavens," Mr Hipkins sighed, "What an incredible young lady."  
  
"What an incredible pussy!" Tony chimed in. "Even if she is having her period."  
  
I blushed with shame. His mother frowned disapprovingly but made no comment. For what seemed an eternity the Hipkins family just soaked up the sight of my nakedness.  
  
"I think you had better come with me," Mrs Hipkins finally spoke, "Keep your hands on your head and follow me upstairs to my office."  
  
I did as requested, following my teacher up her stairs. I could feel the eyes of Mr Hipkins and Tony focusing on my buttocks as I ascended the stairway. Once we were in the office Mrs Hipkins closed the door then turned to peer at me.  
  
"What's going on, Angela?"  
  
I just hung my head without responding. To be honest I wanted to blurt out everything, but I was confused and afraid of the repercussions.  
  
"Very well. I think you need to talk to me, but I cannot force you to do so. You realise you are going to be punished, so we might as well get it over with."  
  
"Yes ma'am. I realise I have done wrong." I feared being punished, but at least she wasn't talking about the possibility of being expelled from college.  
  
With that Mrs Hipkins reached under her desk and pulled out a cane. I felt like I was going to faint, and I could feel myself shaking. She walked behind me. I was still standing with my hands on my head. Instinctively I clenched my buttocks and waited with dread.  
  
I knew it was going to hurt, but when the first blow landed I was still totally unprepared for the searing pain. I cried out as my hands shot down to my buttocks and tried to rub away the burning sensation.  
  
Mrs Hipkins waited patiently for me to stop rubbing before she requested I place my hands on my head. The process was repeated four times, and by this stage crocodile tears were streaming down my cheeks and I was doing a jig as I tried to deal with the pain.  
  
"You deserve more punishment for your conduct, Angela, but I believe you are good girl at heart and a good student, even if your sexual motivations are somewhat bizarre to say the least."  
  
"Thank you, ma'am," I sniffed, genuinely grateful that I was being spared any further punishment.  
  
"Are you sure you don't want to talk to me? I really am concerned that if you don't talk to me you are going to end up in more trouble and you may not get off so lightly."   
  
I could see that Mrs Hipkins concern was genuine, and I made the instant decision to tell all. I told her about Darren, even though she had probably heard much of it from her son, and I told her about Bridget and how I had become so submissive to her. I didn't try to rationalise or justify my behaviour, as not even I truly understood why I behaved as I did. Plus I did not blame anyone except myself. I could always make the decision to walk away. My teacher listened in astonishment as I told her about having to strip off my clothes and be naked in the dorm accommodation I shared with Bridget, how I wasn't allowed to close the bathroom door. I even told her about having to stand at attention, and that Bridget spanked me with various implements. I didn't tell her about the doggie and diaper positions, as that was just too embarrassing to talk about.  
  
When I had finished Mrs Hipkins hugged me into her ample breasts and I felt warm and comforted.  
  
"You are a unique young lady, Angela Brumm, and I am not sure how I should be dealing with you. But for your own welfare at college I need to ensure you are protected. Now go down stairs and get dressed. I will see you tomorrow after class."  
  
I was not sure what Mrs Hipkins planned for me but I was relieved to have unburdened myself as I feared I was not capable of controlling my own desires and for a girl at college this was not good.  
  
Sheepishly I descended the stairs, trying to wipe away the remaining tears from my blotchy red face. As I walked into the lounge Tony was seated, reading a book. I had the distinct feeling he was just waiting for me to return. As I entered he looked up and his eyes lazily wandered over my body, taking in my small boobs and my pubes.   
  
"Turn around and show me your bum," he grinned.  
  
I could have chosen to totally ignore him, but instead I found myself turning around to show him my buttocks. I had not looked at them myself, but I could imagine I had five very distinctive welts crisscrossing my cheeks.  
  
"Bloody hell," Tony exclaimed, "That must have hurt. Can I touch the welts?"  
  
I didn't want to have him touching me. He had never been nice to me and didn't hesitate to tell his Mum what I had done with Darren. He was an immature jerk as far as I was concerned.  
  
"I guess. Just a little." I couldn't believe I actually said that.   
  
I heard Tony get up and I felt him standing very close behind me. His fingers began tracing the marks left on my buttocks by his mother's cane. They were sensitive and tender when touched, but I didn't pull away. Each time his fingers worked their way down my bottom they were getting closer and closer to my nether region, but still I didn't pull away. I felt the fingers of both of his hands work their way into the crack of my buttocks. I wanted to clench my buttocks but I forced myself to stay relaxed.  
  
His fingers gripped each of my buttocks and prised them apart. I knew that he would be staring at my anus, but still I did not move.   
  
"You really are a little slut," he whispered into my ear, and I shuddered at the truth of his words.  
  
After a long while holding my buttocks apart he slowly began to run his fingers down between my legs. Without being asked I opened my legs so that he had easy access.  
  
His fingers slipped between my legs and he ran them over my vulva, brushing the string of my tampon in the process.  
  
"Bloody hell, you are wet," he snared.  
  
I knew he was right. Even though I had my period I was highly aroused. The pain from my caning had died down and now I was just left with a sensual warmth that radiated through my body. Even when his fingers prised open my labia I didn't pull away. I could feel my breathing becoming more laboured and I opened my knees to give him better access to me.  
  
The noise of Mrs Hipkins exiting her upstairs office suddenly shocked me back to reality. Tony quickly stepped back from me.  
  
"Are you not dressed yet, Angela?" Mrs Hipkins glared down from the top of the staircase. "Are you waiting for me to give you the rest of your punishment?"  
  
Shamefaced I quickly grabbed my clothing off the chair. "No ma'am. I am sorry ma'am," I stammered. "I was just talking to Tony."  
  
"Good heavens, girl. You are impossible. Get some clothes on and get back to your dorm."  
  
As I began to dress I looked over and saw Mr Hipkins standing at the doorway to his study. From the knowing smile on his face I just knew he had been standing there ever since I had come down the stairs.

**Life of Angela Ch. 07**

The day following my punishment and full confession to Mrs Hipkins she informed me that Bridget had been forbidden to have further contact with me, and I was being relocated so that I shared a two bedroom dorm accommodation with my friend Emma. I couldn't help feeling pangs of regret and guilt regarding my relationship with Bridget, but deep down I knew it was for the best.  
  
I hoped Emma and I would get on okay. She had certainly been a loyal friend to me, undemanding and non-critical of my conduct, even though she had witnessed me submitting my body to Bridget.  
  
Emma was certainly a different person to me with a totally different outlook on life. She had dyed black hair that was streaked in red, had piercings in her ears and a stud in her nose. She told me she use to have a lip piercing but had to take it out as it was against college regulations. Her clothing wardrobe consisted of almost entirely black clothing from head to toe. Emma's overall appearance was very gothic like. She only did the minimum amount of work to gain a pass mark in her classes.  
  
In contrast, I was very much the motivated student and budding athlete with a totally clean cut appearance who worked hard and dressed conservatively. At least if you ignore the fact that I attended class without a bra or knickers.  
  
However Emma and I had developed a close bond, united by the fact we were, in our own way, both outcasts from the in-group of girls at the college. I had decided to be open and honest with Emma, as she deserved the truth. Sitting together on my bed, I told her everything about my willingness to submit to both Darren and Bridget. The least I was hoping for was that she would not condemn me for my shameful behaviour. I dared not tell her about what had really happened when I went to Mrs Hipkin's flat. I also didn't mention anything about my adventures with my brothers back on the farm.  
  
Emma listened attentively and did not interrupt, although she often shook her head in amazement. After I had finished she simply patted me on my knee and thanked me for being honest and open. Frankly I was shocked she seemed so unfazed. I was expecting her to be at least critical of my lurid and unseemly conduct. Instead she left me sitting on my bed and went to her own bedroom. I decided to shower and it was great being able to close the door, and not ask permission to have to pee.  
  
After finishing the shower I had to walk past Emma's door, which was slightly ajar. I was surprised to hear her groaning and panting, and one needed little imagination to know she was masturbating. I was embarrassed I had overheard her doing something so intimate, and hurried past her door into my bedroom. As I quickly hopped into bed I found myself fantasizing about Emma, and wondering just what she looked like under all that gothic clothing she always wore. I masturbated myself to sleep with those thoughts drifting through my mind.  
  
The next month passed with very little incident. I was initially incredibly embarrassed when I had to go into Mrs Hipkins' class, but she acted as if nothing had happened. My classmates made jibes about my titties and asking whether I was wearing a bra, but these soon died down. I often bumped into Bridget who would give me a sad sort of smile and politely say hello but nothing else. I would always look away in embarrassment. A part of me wanted to reach out to her but I knew for my sake there was no going back. Emma and I hit it off so well, despite our differences. We gave each other space to do our own thing.  
  
But a part of me was unfulfilled. Although I tried to block them out, I often had fantasies at night of me submitting to people, reliving the humiliation I had endured with Darren, Angela and the Hipkins family. I found myself acting out elaborate scenarios so that I could bring myself to orgasm. I tried desperately to be the wholesome good girl I knew I should be. However I would find myself restless, twisting and turning when trying to get to sleep. I would invariably reach under my blanket and strip off the panties and tee shirt I generally wore to bed. When I was naked I would then slowly kick off the covers, all the while imagining that another person was removing it, intent on exposing my naked body.   
  
I would then imagine that the person orders me into the diaper position, and I silently protest, but the imaginary person is very insistent. I feel humiliated, but slowly pull my knees up until they are almost touching my breasts. The person then orders me to open my knees wide. I obey. Then I am ordered to pull my cheeks apart so that they can see my bum hole. I feel demeaned, but I do it without question. I am then ordered to rub my fingers over my pussy until they are well lubricated. I must then pick up the carrot that I have placed on my bedside cabinet and rub it with my own juices. I then suck my own juices off the carrot. I have to repeat the process several times until my watcher is satisfied that I am well lubricated. By this stage I am panting and fighting off the desire to come.  
  
'Stick the carrot in your bum, you naughty little slut,' the voice in my head orders.  
  
Silently I protest, begging not to be defiled in this way.  
  
'Just do it. You know you want to perform for me. Show me how a little slut likes to cum hard while I am watching.'  
  
I can resist no longer. I want to do it. Awkwardly I reach down between my legs and try to insert the carrot into my anus. I am so aroused that I try to rush it, but I can't find the opening with the tip of carrot.  
  
The voice in the head taunts me for not being able to follow a simple order, then adds, 'your little virgin hole is obviously too tight. Loosen it with your finger first.'  
  
I don't want to do this, but I know it would be pointless to resist. Fighting off my desire to cum, I insert my middle finger deep into my vagina and ensure it gets well lubricated. Slowly I then work it into my anus. I try to relax so I don't pucker up, and my finger slides in to my second knuckle.  
  
'All the way in,' my imaginery watcher ordered. 'Do the job properly.'  
  
Grunting, I force my finger all the way in, then slowly withdraw it. Grabbing hold of the carrot I ensure I guide it into position properly this time otherwise I know I will have to insert another finger into my little pink tunnel again. This time the carrot slides in easily. I force it in about four inches, leaving enough so I can hold on to it firmly. I feel so full.  
  
My orgasm rushes up at me and I know there is no holding back. I ball my free hand into a fist and insert it in my mouth to stifle my moans as the orgasm rushes over me. The orgasm is not as powerful as when I am being humiliated by a real person, but at least it gives me temporary release.  
  
Once a week I had to report to Mrs Hipkins to give her feedback on how I was progressing and she checked that my school work was back to my former high standards. These meetings were conducted in her school office and were formal, with Mrs Hipkins seemingly genuinely concerned for my welfare. The only time anything out of the ordinary happened was in the second week when we had finished our discussion and I stood up to leave her office.  
  
"Lift up your skirt," she requested.  
  
For a moment I was stunned. Then to my utter embarrassment I realised she was checking to ensure I was wearing knickers. It was obvious I was wearing a bra, as the outline of it could be seen through my school blouse. I reached down to the hem of my skirt and lifted it up above my waist, fully revealing my white cotton panties.  
  
"Okay, go," she waved her hand to dismiss me.   
  
I was glad to be out of her office, but that night I masturbated to the fantasy that Mrs Hipkins made me strip totally naked in her office with the door open, and several people walked past.  
  
Today I was meant to meet Mrs Hipkins before the lunch break but I had to go to athletics training which did not finish until late. When I got to her office she was not there. I was uncertain as to what I should do. I toyed with the idea of going to her flat straight after meal time, but was wary of what had happened last time. Or was I really secretly hoping that something would happen, but was too afraid to admit it to myself.  
  
I made up my mind to go to Mrs Hipkins' flat on the college campus straight after dinner, even though the decision made me anxious. As Emma and I ate our meals, alone as usual, I casually informed her I would be late after dinner as I was going around to Mrs Hipkins as I had missed our midday appointment.  
  
"I will go with you," Emma responded.  
  
"No, that would not be a good idea. But I appreciate the offer," I added quickly.  
  
"Angela, I am the only one with an umbrella. And case you had not realised it is bucketing with rain outside, so unless you want to get drenched you had better take my offer."  
  
"Can't you lend me your umbrella?" I added hopefully.  
  
"And how am I going to get back to our dorm from here?" Emma persisted. "Come on, Mrs Hipkins' flat is almost on our way. We will stop off there on our walk back. I will stay outside on the veranda and wait for you if you are embarrassed about having me inside."  
  
"No, I am not embarrassed." I felt awful about the way I was treating my best friend. How could I explain that for the benefit of both of us it would be best if she was not there?   
  
"Then come on."  
  
My gothic friend grabbed hold of me and before I could protest any more she dragged me out of the college cafeteria and out into the rain. She was right; it was absolutely bucketing down with rain. We both cowered under the umbrella but the wind was blowing so strong it afforded us very little protection. Half way to Mrs Hipkin's flat we were already soaking wet so we made the instant decision to sprint the remainder of the distance. In retrospect it was a plain dumb decision. We arrived on Mrs Hipkin's veranda totally drenched. We were only wearing our school uniforms, and our white blouses clung to our bodies, making our bras almost transparent through the fabric.  
  
Like a couple of drowned rats we stood at the doorway, unsure what to do. It now seemed like an idiotic decision to visit Mrs Hipkins in this weather, but now that we were at her flat it seemed to make sense that I at least knocked on her door, quickly apologise for missing our appointment, and then Emma and I could be on our way.  
  
When I initially knocked there was no response. I should have taken it as an omen and left, but instead I knocked again louder. To my dismay it was Mr Hipkins who finally answered the door. He looked at both of us, amazed. I was so cold and wet my teeth were beginning to chatter.  
  
"Is Mrs Hipkins here? I need to apologise to her for missing my appointment today," I was stepping from foot to foot I was so wet.  
  
"Sorry, she isn't. She has a meeting but should be home shortly. For heavens sake come inside out of that rain and wait for her, otherwise you will catch a death of a cold." He seemed genuinely concerned for our wellbeing.  
  
"No, we must be going. Please just pass on my apologies."  
  
"Don't be daft. Come in until at least the rain dies down. You can't continue in this weather."  
  
Both Emma and I glanced over our shoulders out into the rain. As we did a fork of lightning lit up the sky. We realised he was right, so reticently I nodded and we followed him into the warmth of their flat where a fire was blazing. We both headed to stand by it, but realised we were dripping water on the carpet. Mr Hipkins briefly disappeared before reappearing with a pair of towels.  
  
"Here, whip into the bathroom, change out of your clothes and wrap yourselves in these towels. I will throw your clothes in front of the fire and they will dry in no time.  
  
Emma looked at me like she was not at all sure this would be a wise move, and given my past history her reluctance was understandable. However it seemed to me we had little choice as we needed to get dry and we couldn't stand there on the carpet leaving puddles of water. With a shrug I headed off to the bathroom, and after a moments hesitation Emma followed.  
  
In the bathroom we stripped off our shoes, socks, skirt, blouse and bra, but left our knickers on. We wrapped the towels around our bodies, but they were barely big enough to cover from our chests to our hips. No matter how we fiddled with them the crotch of our knickers was visible beneath the towels.  
  
"I can't go out like this," Emma protested.  
  
"Come on, you look fine. No one will notice anything," I lied, but I was desperate to get back to the warmth of the fire.  
  
Again Emma followed reluctantly behind me. I groaned when I noticed that Mrs Hipkins' obnoxious son, Tony, had come down the stairs and was now standing at the entrance to the lounge watching us scamper to the fire dressed only in our underwear and a towel. Emma squeezed my arm in panic, and I felt bad that I had got my friend into this situation. I just prayed it was not going to get any worse. How stupid of me to think that it wasn't.  
  
Emma and I crouched over the fire, desperately trying to get the warmth back into our bodies. Both males watched us silently and I was aware the rear of our knickers would be visibly poking out from the bottom of our towels. But it was unavoidable, and I hoped that the titillating view of our knickers would be enough to satisfy the voyeuristic Mr Hipkins and his perverted son, Tony. I am sure Emma was totally unaware of the view she was presenting.  
  
The hairs on the back of my neck stood up as I sensed Tony moving to stand behind me. I tensed as I felt his fingers reach down and take hold of the elastic on the bottom of my panties. I desperately wanted to brush his hands away but my arms felt like they were made of marble and would not move. Slowly he began pulling up the elastic and I could feel my knickers tighten against my pussy. Emma did not seem to notice what was happening, or if she did she certainly did not react.  
  
Tony kept pulling up the elastic until my buttocks were exposed and the fabric of my panties disappeared into the crack of my arse. Despite my best efforts to remain silent a gasp escaped my lips. As Emma turned to stare at me quizzically Tony stepped back. "You okay," Emma enquired.  
  
"Fine, just cold," I lied.  
  
"Perhaps your knickers are wet, Angela," Tony smirked.  
  
I ignored him, but I knew it would be fruitless. A part of me wanted to grab Emma by the hand and rush out the door, regardless of the weather outside. But another part of me, the part I couldn't understand, wanted to stay to face the thrilling uncertainty of what may lay ahead. As much as I hated to admit it I wanted to experience the rush of suffering embarrassment and the sexual degradation I had missed since being separated from my roommate, Bridget. It will come as no surprise that I remained rooted to the spot in front of the Hipkins' fireplace.  
  
"Either wet from the rain or wet from your cunt juices," Tony twisted the knife.  
  
I blushed bright red. Emma reacted with shock.  
  
"Don't let him talk to you like that, Angela." Emma offered me support.  
  
"Oh, is your little gothic dyke friend shocked," Tony sneered.  
  
"Don't talk to Emma like that," I spoke as forcefully as I could, but to me my voice sounded timid and girlish. I turned to Mr Hipkins who was now seated on the sofa, and appealed to him for support.  
  
He responded with a condescending shrug as if to say boys will be boys. "He is only playing with you, Angela. Don't take him too seriously."  
  
Both Emma and I looked at him agog. Mr Hipkins certainly had a warped sense of what was appropriate when it came to boys playing with girls.  
  
"Why don't you take your knickers off so that we can check they are not wet? We would hate that pretty little pussy of yours to catch a cold, wouldn't we?" Tony continued to up the ante.   
  
I closed my eyes in despair. The cold I had been feeling from the weather had disappeared in an instant and had been replaced with a warm fuzzy feeling that was beginning to radiate through my body. When I opened my eyes a short time later I could feel the intense stare of Emma. I turned to meet her gaze, and I knew in that instance she could see the look of resignation in my eyes.  
  
"Good god, Angela," please don't tell me you are going to do it?" Emma despaired of me.  
  
"Take you knickers off and hand them to me," Tony continued, unable to control the excitement in his voice. Never in his wildest wet dreams had he imagined he would have this power over a female.  
  
My shoulders slumped in defeat. I wanted to do it, despite the total degradation I would feel, especially with my best friend standing right beside me to witness my absolute submission.  
  
I decided not to prolong the agony any longer. With a heavy sigh I reached down, extracted my panties from between my cheeks, and then lowered them all the way to the carpeted floor before stepping out of them and awkwardly bending to pick them up. The act of then handing something as personal as my underwear to Tony was absolutely ego crushing.  
  
He held them up in front of him, and stretched them out.  
  
"They are wet," he exclaimed in mock surprise.  
  
There was a big wet spot in the crotch clearly visible to everyone in the room. I was mortified with shame.  
  
"The big question is whether it is the rain or perhaps, shock, horror, it is your cunty juices. What do you think, Angela? Rain or your sweet juices?  
  
"I don't know," I mumbled  
  
Tony cupped his hands around my panties and then brought them up to his nose to sniff them like a rose. "Definitely the odour of pussy juices. You are such a naughty little girl, you realise that, Angela?"  
  
I blushed even more. Not only had he revealed to everyone my arousal, but he was talking to me like a young girl, even though I was the same age as him.  
  
"Yes." I could not believe I agreed with him.  
  
"Yes, what?" Tony persisted.  
  
"Yes, I am a naughty girl," I admitted shamefully.  
  
I turned my head to the silent Emma standing beside me in a vain attempt to apologise for the way I was behaving. I had expected to see a look of disgust, but instead she had this flushed, glazed-over look on her face. It surprised me as it was not what I had expected. I quietly muttered I was sorry, but her only response was a slight shrug of her shoulders.  
  
"I think our naughty girl should now remove her towel and use it to dry the puddle in the carpet you have left from the rain dripping off you."  
  
"No, please!" I pleaded. "It will leave me naked."  
  
I turned again to plead with my eyes to Mr Hipkins. Surely as a father he felt his son was now going too far. This was going way beyond just playing with me.  
  
"I guess Tony does have a point, Angela. Vera is not going to be very happy if she comes home and finds wet spots on the carpet. It was only recently replaced." Mr Hipkins jumped in to support his son, so clearly I was not going to get any assistance from him.  
  
I could feel three sets of eyes focused firmly on me, waiting for what seemed inevitable. I did not disappoint them. I reached up and unclasped the towel wrapped around my body. I could have held on to it to afford me at least some privacy from prying eyes, but instead I let it fall to floor. I wanted my exposure and humiliation to be total.   
  
Emma gasped at my nakedness. Tony smirked at my capitulation to his brazen demands. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the look of amazement on Mr Hipkins' face. I don't think he actually believed I would willingly degrade myself in such a manner. My heart was pounding so hard in my chest that I began to feel lightheaded. As such it was almost a relief to knee down on the carpet and try to soak up the rain water with my towel.   
  
Kneeling on the floor, naked, while three fully clothed people gazed at me felt like such a submissive act, and only increased my arousal. I knew my buttocks were fully exposed, and my breasts were protruding underneath me as I moved. I was careful to keep my knees together, but even so I knew my swollen labia must be at least partially exposed.

After silently mopping up as much water as I could from the wet spot I had left on the carpet I lent over to wipe the puddle underneath Emma that she had deposited on the carpet.  
  
"No!" Tony spoke.  
  
I looked up at Tony, confused. "I was only going to wipe up the other puddle."  
  
"Your gothic dyke friend can clean up her own mess," he again smirked.  
  
Emma was startled out of her trance-like state. "Me," she managed to mumble.  
  
Tony arched his eyebrow. "Yes, you," he replied cynically.  
  
I was surprised when Emma started to crouch down.  
  
"Take off your knickers first," Tony could not hide his grin of satisfaction. He was loving every minute of being in control, and could not believe his Dad was just sitting back content to enjoy the show.  
  
Emma just stared, a confused look on her face. I had expected her to go ballistic at Tony's brazen behaviour.  
  
"Take them off. Now!" Tony raised his voice.  
  
"Don't," I whispered to Emma. "Please don't let him control you just because I have." Emma looked down at me and shook her head. "You don't understand, do you?"  
  
It was my turn to look bewildered.  
  
"Did you never stop to think how I felt? All those nights I laid in bed in the room next to you while you masturbated yourself to orgasm."  
  
My jaw just about dropped to the floor. I could not believe she said that in front of Tony and Mr Hipkins. I blushed bright red once again.  
  
"Well, well." Mr Hipkins spoke. "What wouldn't I give to be a fly on the wall in the girls sleeping quarters?"  
  
Tony could not believe his luck. "Isn't this a turn up for the books. I think it is time you dropped your knickers, Emma?"  
  
Bewildered, I continued to look up at Emma from my crouched position. I could not believe it when she reached under her towel, took hold of the waistband of her panties and lowered them to her ankles before stepping out of them. Tony held out his hand and my room mate bent down to pick up her panties and hand them to him.  
  
Tony repeated the performance he had put on with my panties, stretching Emma's out and holding them up for all to see. The telltale wet spot was visible.  
  
"That is definitely not wetness from the rain. That is definitely your pussy juices, isn't it Emma?"  
  
Emma hung her head and blushed. I was aghast. This couldn't be so.  
  
"Now the towel, my little gothic wannabe."  
  
With her head still hung, Emma unfastened her towel and let it fall to the floor. Her nakedness revealed a body of remarkable cuteness that even blew me away. Because she was usually clothed in layers of black clothing her body contours were generally hidden. She was not as trim as myself, but the layer of puppy fat she had gave her a curvy, soft appearance that was very eye catching. Her trimmed pubic hair was totally blond, in stark contrast to her dyed black and red gothic hair style. Her breasts were bigger than mine, being at least a B cup. Even more striking was the fact she had a ring pierced through her left nipple.  
  
"On your knees," Tony continued, "and let's see you clean up your mess."  
  
Emma sunk to her knees. She was trembling slightly, which I was not sure if she was nervous, aroused, or probably both. She began to wipe up the water with her towel, and because I felt awkward, I resumed doing the same to the wet spot I had left. Tony sat down beside his father and both of them watched the show, unbelieving at how two 18 year women could behave so submissively.  
  
After almost ten minutes Tony decided it was time to up the ante on the both of us, pushing to see how far we would possibly go. "Put down the towels and crawl over here to the sofa," he commanded.   
  
Reluctantly Emma and I let go of our towels and like a couple of puppies we crawled over to where Tony and his father were seated.  
  
"Turn around," he continued.  
  
Awkwardly we both rotated around so that our buttocks were faced towards them.  
  
"Arch your backs and stick your bums in the air."  
  
I obeyed immediately. Emma groaned and looked over at me hesitantly, before giving me a small grin. She then obeyed Tony's command and arched her back. Her full breasts dropped down in front of her provocatively. And all this time I had been worried my dear friend though I was a total slut.  
  
My body jerked in surprise as I felt hands begin to rove over my buttocks. I could see the same was happening to Emma. I quickly glanced back and saw that the hands roving over my body belonged to Mr Hipkins. The twinkle in his eyes suggested he was in seventh heaven.  
  
The roving hands were soon not content with just fondling my buttocks, and began to move down towards my vagina.  
  
"Open your legs, girls." Mr Hipkins' voice was unusually husky.  
  
Both Emma and I obeyed without hesitation, sliding our knees wide apart. I could only imagine the incredibly erotic sight we must have been presenting to father and son. I was incredibly aroused, and from the laboured breathing of Emma's I suspected she was in the same state.  
  
Fingers began stroking my labia and I groaned in satisfaction. I could not believe how great I felt to be demeaned like this.  
  
"Bloody hell, she is so fucking wet, I don't believe it," Tony exclaimed, clearly impressed with how wet Emma was.  
  
"Angela's the same. It's unbelievable." Mr Hipkins was equally impressed. "I think they are going to have another puddle to clean up."  
  
Both laughed heartily at their joke.  
  
Soon fingers were probing my vulva and I arched my back further and pushed up to give him better access.  
  
"Fucking hell! This is unreal," Mr Hipkins exclaimed. "I can't believe how much they enjoy this stuff. Your Mother would never let me do anything like this to her."  
  
"Fuck Mum," Tony laughed.  
  
"Is that right!" The female voice from across the room cut through everyone like hot steel on ice.  
  
Four heads jerked up in the direction of the voice. Mrs Hipkins stood in the doorway, hands on her hips. I swear there was smoke coming out of her ears.  
  
Needless to say I never got my orgasm. In fact Emma and I were out of that house in a flash. We didn't even stop to pick up the towels, and I swear we didn't feel the rain as we sprinted naked to or dorm.  
  
It will also be no surprise that I had outworn my welcome at that college.

**Life of Angela Ch. 08**

**PROLOGUE**Despite everything, Angela finally did complete college, and even studied law at university. To her surprise by the time she completed her education her body no longer looked like that of a skinny teenager with tiny breasts. She stopped doing athletics at 19 and once she did her boobs and the rest of her body decided it was time to blossom. Angela missed her athletics, but having a 24B cup more than compensated for it.   
  
After working for a period as a law clerk in her hometown of Auckland, New Zealand, she decided it was time to venture out and see the world. England was her destination  
  
**Chapter 8**  
**HELLO ANGELA**  
Angela loved being a New Zealander living in London. She had a two year working Visa, had been able to secure herself a law clerical job in the heart of London, and had her own room in a flat in Putney. At 22 years of age, she has a lot going for her. One could say that life was good, except that life in her flat was far from normal. Given her past history it was obvious to see Angela’s destiny was clearly to live a life that was far from ordinary.  
  
Angela shared her living accommodation with two other couples. Tom and Tracy were an Australian couple in their mid-20s, while Jeff and Michelle were both English and came from Cornwall. Jeff was in his early 20s and it was his parents who owned the house they all lived in. It was purchased for him by his parents, who were seemingly wealthy, owning two hotels in St Austell. Michelle was an attractive blonde who was only in her late teens.  
  
The two couples had been living together for over 18 months when Angela shifted into the spare room. For the first few months everything had been very ordinary, but now the living arrangement was far from normal. Because you see Angela was virtually their little submissive slut.  
  
The majority of the evenings they all spent together were very normal. They would generally arrive home from work around six o'clock and take turns at cooking the evening meal while sharing a bottle of wine. The conversation was always vibrant and funny. They all got on so well together. After the meal they would generally all squeeze into the small lounge and either read or watch television.  
  
But at least once a week it would all change and Angela just never knew when these occasions would occur. They were not planned. But the randomness of these occasions only just added to the excitement for Angela. Yes she dreaded them. They were humiliating beyond belief. She just could not believe how she submitted herself totally to her four flatmates who were all around her own age. Michelle was only 19, for heaven's sake.  
  
Often Angela would have her nose in a book when she would sense that one of her flatmates was looking at her. She would feel the hairs rise up on the back of her neck. On this occasion it is Michelle who was staring at her with a mischievous smile.  
  
"Hello Angela," Michelle whispers quietly to her flatmate who is already becoming flushed in her face.  
  
The three remaining flatmates suddenly stop what they are doing and turned towards Angela, further enhancing the embarrassment. Tom reaches for the remote control of the TV and turns the sound off. The room is silent and all eyes are firmly fixated on Angela. They all know that ‘Hello Angela’ is the quirky little code they have that indicates the evening is about to get very, very exciting.  
  
Neither of the two couples could have ever imagined just how much fun it could be having a submissive living under their roof. Not that they knew Angela was a submissive when they selected her to share their flat with them almost 6 months ago. When they interviewed her for the spare room in the flat they all instantly liked the friendly, bubbly lass from New Zealand. Sure Tom and Jeff both thought she was attractive in a tomboyish sort of way. Her brunette hair was cropped very short for a female, but it really suited her. She was only slightly built with an amazingly narrow waist and a firm stomach, however had surprisingly well developed breasts for one so small. She was at least a B cup.  
  
But despite the fact Angela was pretty, the boys certainly had nothing sexual on their mind when they voted for her to be selected for the spare room. Both Tom and Jeff were very happy in their relationships. Tom and Tracy had been together for over four years and were engaged to be married. Their plans were to return to Australia next year, get married and settled in Sydney where Tom planned to join his father's law firm.  
  
Jeff and Michelle had both attended the same college in St Austell, although Jeff was several years ahead of Michelle. Jeff had dated Michelle's older sister, Elisabeth, for almost a year before breaking up. However Jeff had eyes for his ex-girlfriend’s younger sister and caused quite a stir in their family’s household when he rang Michelle up out of the blue and asked her out on a date. Elisabeth was never able to forgive her younger sister for what she saw as this rather irrational act of betrayal. It was for this reason Jeff and Michelle decided to relocate to London where Jeff was able to get a job working for the London stock exchange. Their decision to relocate was certainly made a lot easier when Jeff’s Dad offered to purchase the house in Putney.  
  
Angela could feel the butterflies in her stomach as her five flatmates turned their attention to her. Already you could sense the tension in the room. No one really knew what was likely to happen next. But since Michelle had initiated things, everyone was happy for her to be in charge, at least initially.  
  
Angela always seem to find it the most embarrassing when Michelle was in charge. She always found it hard when one of the two girls were leading proceedings, because being directed to humiliate yourself by a female was somehow more perverse. Making matters worse, Michelle had this outlandish streak that pushed Angela to her most extreme limits.  
  
It is hard to understand how Angela would let anyone humiliate her in this manner, be they male or female. Why would a pretty, intelligent and financially secure young lady submit herself to this type of treatment? Angela had asked herself this very same question many, many times throughout her life.   
  
“Go and get some rope," Michelle quietly directed, her eyes sparkling in anticipation of what lay ahead.  
  
Angela bit her lower lip apprehensively before sliding off her chair and nervously taking the short walk to her bedroom where the rope was stored in her bottom drawer for when it was requested by one of her flatmates. It had been over a month since Angela had been requested to get the rope. She knew that tonight she was going to be thoroughly degraded. Never a week went by that Angela was not subject to at least one "Hello Angela" evening of submission. But they never followed a set pattern. These are what made them so incredibly exciting, as much as she hated to admit it. The infrequent sessions with the rope were always amongst the most intense times.  
  
After fetching the rope Angela re-entered the small lounge where her four flatmates were seated, anticipation etched all over their faces. Standing in front of Michelle, she handed over the rope and then placed her hands on her head. This was the way she always had to stand while she was waiting for instructions. It was very demeaning for a grown woman of 22 to have to stand in front of her flatmates with her hands on her head, however she also knew it was very mild compared to what was almost certainly going to follow.  
  
"Would Angela like to remove her clothes?" Michelle enquired of the hapless woman standing before her.  
  
Angela knew it was a question for which she could only give one answer, for even if she replied ‘no’ she was going to end up naked anyway. The only purpose of the question was to humiliate Angela.  
  
"Yes, please," Angela managed to mumble.  
  
"You mean you want to be naked in front of all your flatmates?" Michelle grinned.  
  
"Yes," Angela again mumbled, her eyes downcast, too embarrassed to look any of her flatmates in the eye.  
  
"Even though there are boys present in the room?" Michelle persisted, loving the power that was in her hands.  
  
"Yes." Angela responded, already feeling totally degraded. But she could also feel a beautiful warmth beginning to radiate through her body, and she knew there would be a telltale wet spot on her panties.  
  
“You must be a real slut, wanting to show off your body like that? Are you a slut?”  
  
"Yes, I guess I am a slut," Angela reluctantly admitted.  
  
"A total slut who wants to take off her clothes and show us her beautiful pert body?"  
  
Angela blushed even more. She could not bear to look at her flatmates.  
  
"Take off your T-shirt and hand it to me," Michelle requested, holding out her hand.  
  
Taking a deep breath, Angela took hold of the bottom of her T-shirt and slowly levered it over her head, exposing her blue lacy bra to her five flatmates. Handing her T-shirt over to Michelle was an act of delicious submission.  
  
"Now the jeans," Michelle again held out her hand.  
  
With her heart pounding with excitement, Angela fumbled at the buttons on the fly of her jeans. Slowly, with excruciating humiliation, Angela lowered her jeans to her ankles and stepped out of them. She reached down, picked them up, and handed them to her young flatmate.  
  
"Hands on your head."  
  
Facing her five flatmates, Angela raised her hands and placed them on her head. She was dressed in only her underwear.  
  
"Well those panties are not very flattering," Tom quipped.  
  
He was right. Angela was wearing a pair of well worn, faded panties with a tear around the elastic waistband. But when she had dressed herself in the morning she was not thinking she was going to have to display her underwear to spectators.  
  
“Sorry,” was all Angela could mutter, feeling every bit like a naughty little girl who had not been able to dress herself properly.  
  
"If she is going to dress herself so unflatteringly I think perhaps she needs her bottom spanked," Jeff commented, barely able to suppress his smile.  
  
Angela knew this was all part of the game of humiliation. Invariably her flatmates would always find some excuse to want to punish her. Angela knew it would do her no good to try to protest. In fact it would only increase the chance she would be punished more.  
  
“Whose turn is it to punish her?" Tracy enquired.  
  
"Well I think the pleasure might be mine," Tom grinned, anticipation written all over his face. Bringing his knees together, he patted his thigh and beckoned for Angela to assume the position she was all too familiar with.  
  
Slowly she shuffled over to stand beside Tom, feeling light headed from a mixture of humiliation and desire. She knelt down and lowered her body over his knee, her buttocks presenting themselves delightfully to her male flatmate. Even though she kept her legs closed she knew only too well that the big wet spot on the crutch of her panties would be visible to everyone. She knew they probably could also smell her arousal as well as see it. The thought of this only served to increase her utter humiliation.  
  
Tom hooked his finger in the waistband of Angela’s panties.  
  
“Please can I keep my knickers on?” Angela pleaded, even though she knew it would fall on deaf ears. But it was her first instinct to at least make an attempt to preserve her modesty.  
  
Tom allowed himself a small laugh. “I think not, my pretty little flatmate. In fact they are such a shabby pair of knickers you are wearing I feel like I need to tear them off you and throw them in the bin.”  
  
All the others, except Angela, agreed this was a fine idea. With that, Tom suddenly took hold of the rear of her panties and tugged up with considerable strength. Angela yelped in a mixture of surprise, humiliation and mild pain as the crutch of her panties bit deep into her vagina before the material tore. Once removed, Tom curled them into a ball and launched them into the fireplace where the shredded remains of the panties soon sizzled into flames, much to everyone’s enjoyment.  
  
The now knickerless Angela hung helplessly over her flatmate’s lap, her posterior totally exposed. She also knew the swollen lips of her labia would also be partially on view. Desperately she tried to keep her legs as closed as possible, waiting for the inevitable spanking she knew she was about to receive. Angela did not have long to wait. Like a naughty girl over her father’s knee, Tom took little mercy on her, spanking each cheek repeatedly until they were bright red. Despite Angela’s best efforts, tears began to roll down her cheek, as much as from the mortification of being spanked as from the pain. She was also bucking around on Tom’s lap, presenting an undignified spectacle to her flatmates.  
  
Thankfully for Angela the spanking stopped, and she hung lifelessly over Tom’s lap, sobbing quietly, with her red buttock cheeks on display.  
  
“Stand up,” Michelle quietly commanded, after giving Angela several minutes to compose herself a little.  
  
Slowly Angela unfolded herself from her undignified position over Tom’s knee, using the palms of both hands to wipe away the last of her tears. Once standing, she placed her hands on her head, facing her four flatmates. Now clothed in only her bra she felt totally exposed, especially as her pussy was fully on display. Making her embarrassment even worse was the fact that she had not been able to trim her pubic hair for almost a month, therefore her triangular thatch was thick and dark. It was not that Angela was lazy about her personal appearance; in fact she was exactly the opposite.  
  
The reason her pubic hair had not been trimmed was because her flatmates had forbid her to perform this task herself. One of several rules they had invented just for Angela was that her pubic hair could only be trimmed once a month, and when that time came it was a real ritual that was designed to totally humiliate her.  
  
“Wow, look at that bushy little muff you have.” Tracey couldn’t help emphasising the obvious to her hapless flatmate. “Must be almost time for a shave, isn’t it?”  
  
Angela could only blush.  
  
“Oh, I think those curls look pretty. Let’s wait for another week or so,” Jeff smiled, his eyes firmly focused on his attractive flatmate’s pubic triangle. Even though he had seen her naked many times he still found it highly arousing. The bulge in his track suit trousers was testimony to this fact.   
  
“Take your bra off,” Michelle took control again.  
  
Angela lowered her hands from above her head, reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She then let her last remaining item of clothing slide down her arms and fall onto the carpet at her feet before placing her hands back on her head again.  
  
Michelle stood up, holding the rope in her hands and walked behind Angela. “Put your arms behind your back.”  
  
Angela obeyed, bringing her hands together behind her. She felt Michelle firstly tying her hands, before using the remainder of the rope to also secure her elbows together. To achieve this Angela had to arch her shoulders back, which only served to thrust her breasts out provocatively. Jeff squirmed in his seat as his penis went rock hard in his track pants. Michelle glanced down and grinned at her partner’s obvious discomfort. Fortunately she was not the jealous type, and really couldn’t blame him for getting turned on by the sight of the naked and bound female before him. What male wouldn’t be?  
  
In fact, even though she had never admitted as much to Jeff, she herself also found the scene highly arousing. She did not consider herself bisexual, but there was something about her submissive flatmate that was a turn-on. It was a real rush to be in control of someone with a sexually submissive personality who would literally do almost anything you commanded. It tended to bring out a side of your personality you never even knew existed. Michelle realised she tended to be a ‘Queen Bitch’ when she took control of Angela, but it was such a rush of adrenalin and pleasure that she couldn’t help herself.  
  
Michelle sat down to admire her handiwork. Angela stood awkwardly before them, totally naked, arms tied tightly behind her, breasts thrusting provocatively forward, and her untrimmed pubic triangle pointing invitingly towards her just visible labia. Her buttocks were a nice shade of red from her recent spanking. Her face and chest were flush from a mixture of humiliation and arousal.   
  
They left her standing before them for several minutes. The four flatmates, Tom, Tracey, Jeff and Michelle, each enjoying the sight of the naked and bound Angela. Tom, like Jeff, felt hornier than a rhinoceros. The truth be known he found his submissive flatmate an entirely shaggable prospect, and would love nothing better than to have her bend her bound body forward at the waist so that he could fuck her hard from behind. But alas, he was also smart enough to know it would be the end of his relationship with Tracey, and he valued that far greater than the short term pleasure he would derive.   
  
In reality, Tom was just thankful that Tracey was agreeable to them both participating in the rituals of humiliating Angela. Tracey had initially been reluctant, but to Tom’s great surprise she gradually became a very enthusiastic participant. Tracey herself still could not believe she had allowed herself and Tom to become involved. She was always outspoken about female exploitation and have never as much as watched an adult movie. But there was something magnetic, almost hypnotising, about observing another human being, especially a female, allowing herself to be degraded in such a manner, yet at the same time clearly becoming totally aroused by the situations she found herself placed in.  
  
Still seated, Michelle opened her legs slightly and tapped her hand on one of her knees. She beckoned for Angela to sit down on her, astride of her knee. Angela inched forward until she was standing over Michelle’s knee, and then slowly lowered herself, being careful not to lose her balance. She was facing Michelle, and embarrassingly her nipples were only an inch or two from her face. She could not lean backwards otherwise she risked overbalancing. But even worse was that by having to sit astride of Michelle her swollen labia was open and pressed hard against the jean clothed leg of her flatmate. She could feel her sensitive buttocks pressing against the denim. Already she was so aroused she would loved to have gyrated her pubic bone against the leg in an attempt to gain stimulation, but dared not degrade herself in such a manner, at least not yet!  
  
“How is my little flatmate feeling?” Michelle purred. “Are you wet already?”  
  
Angela blushed and nodded. She knew from experience that she did not want to try and deny she was sexually aroused. Michelle blew warm air through her lips, directed at the nipples that were now less than an inch from her face. Angela’s nipples were already as hard as erasers on the end of pencils, and the hot breathe blowing over them felt achingly pleasant. She had to suppress a groan of ecstasy.  
  
“I hope I am not going to find your wet juices all over my nice clean jeans, am I?” Michelle again purred, loving every second of every moment she had in control of a woman who was four years older than herself.  
  
Angela could not bring herself to respond. This was not the first time she had to endure sitting astride of Michelle’s knee, and she knew full well her juices would leave a very noticeable stain, a very clear sign to all of the extent of her arousal. An unspoken sexual tension hung in the air like static electricity.  
  
A knock on the front door cut through the tension in the room. Angela was told to stand up so Michelle could answer the door. Gingerly she stood up, and was mortified to see that the stain she had left on Michelle’s knee was far greater than she had expected. It was far from a little wet spot.

Michelle shook her head in mock reprimand. “You randy little slut,” she chided.  
  
Obviously Angela’s natural instinct was to run and hide herself away from whoever had knocked on the door. But again, past experience had taught her this was not a smart thing to do and would only lead to further punishment. And even though she hated to admit it, even to herself, she was drawn like a magnet to any situation that served to increase her humiliation, especially when she was as totally aroused as she was now.  
  
This was certainly not the first time visitors had arrived at the door during one of the “Hello Angela” evenings. In fact it was a fairly regular occurrence. Friends of her flatmates, and even friends of Angela herself, knew well of Angela’s submissive behaviour as they had been invited over previously. Whilst they were all initially shocked and disbelieving at what they witnessed, when they realised Angela was a very willing and enthusiastic participant they all became drawn to the scenario that played out before them. Like Tom, Tracey, Jeff and Michelle they were drawn to the naked and submissive behaviour of Angela like moths to a light bulb.  
  
Earlier in the evening Michele had phoned three of her female friends and invited them over. They needed no second invitation and hurriedly rearranged their plans. This was the best show in town and they did not want to miss the opportunity to be present. Michelle took their coats and hung them in the hall before they walked into the small lounge where Jeff, Tom and Tracey were seated. They exchanged greetings, but all eyes were on the female figure standing beside the wall. The beautifully naked Angela stood self-consciously, blushing with embarrassment. Her breasts, so proud and firm, protruded almost unnaturally in front of her due to her arms being bound together at the wrists and elbows. Her pubic hair was thick and untrimmed.   
  
All three visiting females stood disbelievingly. Even though they had seen the naked Angela before it was still seemed so unreal. They could not comprehend how a female, particularly one as beautiful as the 22 year old Angela, could gain sexual pleasure from being humiliated in this manner. Each of them felt that if this ever happened to them they would just keel over and die in utter shame, or at the very least never be able to show their faces in public again.  
  
Angela had cringed when she heard the voices of Michelle’s three friends in the hallway. All three females were of a similar age to Michelle, which meant they were several years younger than herself. It was bad enough having eighteen year old Michelle ordering her around, but now it was going to be even worse having the three additional younger woman present. But Angela knew this was why Michelle had invited them around for the entertainment. The purpose was to heap on further humiliation.  
  
After several minutes of ogling the bound female as if she was a statue from antiquity, Tom indicated for everyone to sit down, anxious to move things along.  
  
“Have a little accident did we?” The taller of the three visitors, Jenny, innocently indicated when she noticed the visible stain on the leg of Michelle’s jeans.  
  
Michelle smiled. “It was no accident, actually.”  
  
Jenny was genuinely confused. “Uh?”  
  
Michelle mischievously looked back up at Angela. “Perhaps you should explain, Angela?”  
  
Angela’s blushing increased, as she hopped awkwardly from one foot to the other. “I..um..was sitting on Michelle’s knee,” she managed to utter quietly.  
  
“And?” Michelle prompted.  
  
“And…” Angela took in a deep breath, “My pussy leaked onto her leg.”  
  
Jenny’s jaw dropped open in total disbelief. “You are kidding me?”  
  
“Not at all” Michelle sounded proud. “Let me prove it to you. Slide forward in your seat and open your legs.”  
  
Jenny looked very uncertain. She had been invited around to the flat twice before when Angela was naked, but had always just been a spectator. This was taking matters well beyond her comfort zone.  
  
“Come on,” Michelle egged her on, “It is definitely an experience not to be missed.”  
  
Hesitantly Jenny slid forward in her seat and opened her legs about a foot wide. She was dressed casually in a black tee shirt and black tights under a short mini dress. She had long slim legs and liked to show them off. She felt they were her best asset. At eighteen, her breasts were still underdeveloped, and she always felt a pang of envy whenever she saw Angela’s well developed B cup breasts which she felt were almost perfect. Like a lot of eighteen year olds she was very self conscious of her appearance, even though she had no reason to be. The truth was she was very pretty.  
  
Michelle beckoned with her finger for Angela to step forward and straddle Jenny’s knee. Angela shuffled forward and with a heavy sigh lowered herself onto the young woman’s right thigh, trying to keep at least a modest distance from her but Michelle was having none of that. She wanted the humiliation to be as complete as possible.  
  
“Move forward, you naughty girl,” she scolded.  
  
Reluctantly Angela manoeuvred herself forward, awkwardly sliding herself up Jenny’s leg, aware that her protruding breasts were inching closer to the face of the younger woman.  
  
“Closer,” Michelle chided, revelling in the opportunity to demonstrate to her friends the total power she had over her flatmate.  
  
Angela briefly hesitated before sliding even further up Jenny’s knee. Her nipples were now less than three inches from Jenny’s face.  
  
“Closer, closer, closer,” Michelle sang like a child’s nursery rhyme.  
  
With another heavy sigh Angela inched even further up Jenny’s leg. Her nipples were less than an inch from the woman’s face. If Jenny stuck out her tongue she would be able to lick either nipple without any trouble.  
  
“I think that is close enough,” Jenny muttered, somewhat embarrassed by the closeness of the naked Angela. She was also becoming flushed with the embarrassment of the situation. She was unsure if she really wanted to become this involved in the action. The sight of two rigid nipples on the end of firm breasts thrusting into her face was, well, intense.  
  
Jenny tried to look away, but it seemed she was unable to avoid the nipples.  
  
“Give her nipples a little flick with your tongue,” Michelle urged, although she doubted whether her timid friend would have the courage to do so.  
  
“No,” Angela could not help pleading, even though she knew she would have no say in proceeding.  
  
Jenny had been friends with Michelle since their high school days in Cornwall and knew only too well what she was like. She always wanted to provoke situations she knew Jenny was too timid to get involved with. Well this time she was going to show her otherwise. To everyone’s total surprise, even her own, she stuck out her tongue and licked the right nipple of Angela, and then quickly the left nipple. To her surprise, Angela let out a deep moan that seemed to be mix of humiliation and pleasure.  
  
Jenny had only intended to quickly lick each nipple, just to prove to herself and Michelle she was capable of doing it. However when Angela moaned it gave her the courage to repeat the performance, again licking both nipples, although this time her tongue lingered longer. She actually felt the texture of the rigid nipple and surrounding areola. To her surprise it was not a distasteful experience. In fact there was something surprisingly pleasant about it.  
  
As Angela again moaned in pleasure, Jenny found her mouth drawn to the nipples a further time. She allowed her lips to rest on the firm tips before she gently sucked them into her mouth. Jenny realised she was way beyond her comfort zone, and in danger of making an exhibition of herself. But for some inexplicable reason she was beyond caring. She now began to comprehend why Michelle and her flatmates found Angela’s willingness to submit so intoxicating.  
  
As Jenny continued to suck the nipples, she felt Angela emit a continuous low groan, and at the same time she felt her begin to slowly, almost imperceptively, start to grind her pelvic bone into her leg by rolling her hips back and forward. Although shocked, there was something alluringly comforting about the warm, damp sensation Jenny was feeling on her leg. As Jenny sucked harder on each nipple, Angela’s gyrations increased in their intensity, and her breathing became laboured.  
  
Michelle was flabbergasted at how her friend, Jenny, had reacted. Not at all what she had expected. She rose from her seat, no longer content to be the spectator. She walked behind Angela, grasped her bound hands, and levered them upwards. This arched Angela forward, crushing her breasts firmly in the face of Jenny. Although startled, Jenny continued to suck harder on Angela’s nipples.   
  
Still holding her arms up, Michelle lent down to Angela’s ear and quietly whispered, “Fuck her leg hard cause we want to see you cum. Show us all what a real little slut you can be.”  
  
As if to reinforce her point, Michelle lifted the bound arms even higher. With that Angela lost any last ability she had to restrain herself. Her rotating hips began sliding up and down Jenny’s leg, while at the same time she pressed her vagina firmly downward, crushing her labia and stimulating her clitoris. Her breathing was coming in short, deep grunts.  
  
“Fuck her!” Michelle repeated excitedly, loving the control she was exerting.  
  
Everybody watched spell bound at the intensely erotic scene unfolding before them. Angela’s breasts were so crushed against Jenny’s face it was almost a wonder she could still breathe. Despite this, Jenny had Angela’s engorged left nipple in her mouth and she was sucking like a baby who had not been fed in a long while. She was noticeably flushed with excitement.  
  
Angela was now riding Jenny’s leg as vigorously as any jockey in the Kentucky Derby. Her juices were liberally staining the younger girls black tights, giving them the appearance of having shiny patches of lycra sewn into them. Angela’s hips vigorously rotated back and forth at an almost unbelievable pace, and her deep rapid moans became louder and louder.  
  
Everyone watched in awe as Angela’s body erupted in an orgasm so intense it seemed likely her body was in danger of succumbing to heart failure. Her howls of pleasure filled the room as she ground her labia hard against the leg. After what seemed an eternity of intense pleasure her body stopped its spasms, and she slumped lifelessly against Jenny.  
  
For a long moment everyone just stared, fixated, almost disbelieving.   
  
Michelle was still standing behind Angela, holding her bound hands. “Stand up.”  
  
Gingerly, and with a great deal of effort, the naked woman managed to summon the strength to stand up. Angela knew she should be mortified by her exhibitionistic behaviour, and although she eventual would have some feelings of guilt, at the moment she was too overcome with the intensity of her orgasm to feel anything other than a deep warmth.  
  
She could feel her pussy juices running down her legs but could do nothing with her hands bound behind her back. She glanced down at Jenny’s leg and could not believe that she had managed to stain her tights virtually from the knee to her crutch.   
  
Jenny looked more stunned than anyone in the room. Her face flushed, she stared transfixed at the copious amount of secretion that had seeped into her tights. She shook her head as she tried to comprehend the key role she had just played. What had come over her, she pondered.  
  
Michelle gathered some tissues in her hand. She had one final humiliation planned for Angela before the night was over.   
  
“Do you need to pee before I clean you up?” Michelle smiled, keen to demonstrate to her friends her continuing control of her older flatmate.  
  
Reluctantly Angela nodded, knowing she was going to have to perform the task with her arms bound behind her back. She made her way down the short hallway to the bathroom. She had no way of closing the door with her arms tied, so quickly squatted on the loo and peed. Once finished she tried to shake off any last drops of urine before returning to the lounge. As she re-entered she once again felt the crushing humiliation of so many people staring at her naked body.  
  
Without being asked she went and stood beside Michelle and opened her legs.  
  
“Wider my little dear,” Michelle requested, even though Angela’s legs were already plenty wide enough to allow her to be wiped clean.  
  
Angela knew better than to put up any form of protest. Her blushes intensified once again as she splayed her legs wide open in front of the spectators. All eyes were naturally on her untrimmed pubic hair and her labia and clit which she knew were still swollen and would be clearly protruding beneath her pubic hair.  
  
Michelle knelt down beside her submissive flatmate and began to wipe away the juices that were already beginning to dry. The scent of Angela’s juices was strong and pleasant. From her knelt position she had a wonderful view of her vagina and she could not help admiring its beauty. Not for the first time she pondered her own sexuality.   
  
After wiping Angela’s legs, Michelle began wiping the tissues over her labia that were still swollen and sensitive. Angela emitted a low moan. Michelle lingered for a lot longer than she needed, even using her fingers to spread the swollen lips so that she could wipe the juices gathered at her entrance. Michelle would have loved to have thrust her fingers deep into the inviting canal, but managed to fight back the urge. To do so would have been to succumb to sexual urges she was not ready to accept.   
  
With a final playful smack on her bum, Michelle indicated she was finished. Angela breathed a deep sigh of relief as the stimulation to her nether region was in danger of setting her off again. Plus it was intensely humiliating to stand in front of people with your legs splayed while someone cleaned up your own pussy juices.  
  
Angela was made to stand in the middle of the room on full display for a further thirty minutes. Her arms remained tied behind her back, her breast protruding obscenely forward, her nipples still hardened. Her untrimmed thatch of pubic hair, matted with the dried remains of her pussy juices, stood proudly on display.   
  
Finally her arms were untied by Michelle and she was allowed to retire to the security and privacy of her own bedroom. Only then did any of the spectators move from their positions in the lounge.

**Life of Angela Ch. 09**

**Chapter 9**  
**THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**  
Despite my intense embarrassment at being made to orgasm while rubbing myself on Jenny's knee while my flatmates and their friends looked on aghast, nothing was mentioned of the incident in the following days. It was almost as if nothing had happened. This is always like it is. We live together like 5 normal flatmates residing in London, then on a random evening I will be treated like the submissive little Miss that gets everyone so excited. Then the next day it is back to normality, and nothing is ever mentioned of what happened the night before. Although I am sure my flatmates discuss it amongst themselves as a number of times I have walked into our lounge and they abruptly change the subject. They think I don't notice, but I can tell by the way they furtively glance at me that I was the subject of their discussion. I can't help but blush knowing they are discussing and probably laughing at my shameful behaviour.  
  
The next Friday I was having breakfast before heading off to work when my 18 year old flatmate, Michelle, sat down beside me at the table.  
  
"Would you like to come to Jenny's birthday party tomorrow night?" she nonchalantly enquired of me.  
  
I looked up at her, immediately suspicious of whether there was an underlying reason for her request. She had never invited me out with her friends before, all of whom were 3 or 4 years younger than me so we moved in different circles when it came to socialising. Frankly I found a lot of her friends immature.  
  
"You do remember Jenny, don't you?" Michelle's eyes twinkled wickedly as she spoke. "You should, given you were rather intimate with her while sitting on her knee last weekend."  
  
I immediately flushed with embarrassment and looked down at my muesli in an attempt to hide my shame from my flatmate.  
  
"Of course I remember her," I responded curtly, wanting to stifle any further discussion on my behaviour that night. "Thanks for the invite but I think I am busy Saturday night."  
  
"Liar. You have nothing on. Come on Angela, it will be fun. It is going to be at Jenny's parent's house and they have a great big pool which is even heated. It is going to be a pool party with swimming and a barbeque. Jeff is coming along to.  
  
It did sound like fun. Since arriving in London I had missed being able to swim regularly. However I could not face the thought of meeting Jenny and the other girls who had been at our flat last weekend and witnessed me demeaning myself. I silently shook my head while trying to focus on eating my breakfast.  
  
"Oh, come on," Michelle persisted. "Remember Tracy's parents from Australia are staying this weekend so it will be good to get out of the house and let them have some privacy."  
  
I had forgotten about Tracy's parents.  
  
"Oh please," Michelle pleaded. "I promise I will look after you."  
  
I glanced up at Michelle and she seemed sincere.  
  
"Okay then," I relented, against my better judgement.  
  
"Great." Michelle jumped up and gave me hug, before picking up her purse and yelling out to Jeff that they needed to get going to catch the bus for work.  
  
Just as she reached the front door she turned back towards me.  
  
"Make sure you are home tonight."  
  
"Why?" I enquired. "The party is not until tomorrow night."  
  
"I know that." Michelle rolled her eyes as if in despair. "But if you are going to go swimming then we had better get those pubes of yours trimmed. I think all those hairs poking out from under your bikini would look gross."  
  
Yet again I flushed with humiliation. One of the rules my flatmates had invented to humiliate me was that I was not permitted to trim my own pubic hair. Only they could decide when it was time to have it trimmed, and when it was time it was a ritual designed to be as degrading to me as possible. It was now six weeks since I had last been trimmed and my landing strip had bloomed into a thick triangle of dark curls. I dreaded the though of going through the embarrassment again, but unfortunately there was no denying that I badly needed a trim.  
  
I know I could easily sneak into the bathroom and trim it myself. I had tried that once many months ago and the next time I had to strip naked in front of my flatmates they had immediately noticed. My poor bottom was soundly smacked by all five of my flatmates. I have never been tempted to try it again.  
  
I know I am a 22 year old and should simply refuse to participate in these little rituals they have invented for me. After all, they are not forcing me to participate. But deep down I know that despite the intense humiliation I am drawn to these situations like a moth to a bright light bulb.   
  
All day at work I found it hard to concentrate, knowing what lay ahead of me when I got home. It was very rare that I had any advance notice of being humiliated by my flatmates. Mostly it was a spontaneous thing, or if my flatmates had planned it I was unaware of it. Knowing in advance seemed to make it worse as the hours agonisingly edged by until 5.00pm when I had to catch the underground back to Putney.   
  
It was my turn to cook dinner which I was thankful of as it gave me an excuse to be separated from the knowing gazes of my flatmates. At dinner we sat on the cramped sofas and watched TV while we ate. I was so nervous I could hardly eat. Every now and then I would catch one of my flatmates staring at me with a half smile and I couldn't help but blush.  
  
When the meal was over I picked up everyone's plates and returned them to the kitchen. When I came back into the lounge the coffee table in the middle of the room had been dragged to the side. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.  
  
"You know what to do," Tom spoke. It was a statement, not a question.  
  
Taking a deep breath to steady my nerves I walked to the bathroom and took my scissors, shaving cream and razor out of the cabinet, before picking up my towel and flannel. When I came back into the lounge all 4 flatmates were breathlessly quiet in anticipation. My hands were shaking as I laid my towel down in the middle of the lounge carpet, and then set everything else down neatly beside the towel.  
  
I then stood up and faced my flatmates; Jeff, Michelle and the Australian couple, Tom and Tracy. Tom and Tracy were both in their mid twenties therefore they were a few years older than my 22 years. Jeff was in his early twenties, was from Cornwall and it was his parents who owned the flat we were living in. Jeff's partner, Michelle, was also from Cornwall and was only 18 years of age. However despite her tender years she was outlandishly precocious and more naturally sexually dominant than the others. She often led the way but the others willingly followed. Over time the other flatmates had become more confident in dealing with my submissive desires.  
  
Awkwardly I stood before my flatmates. I knew what I had to do, but that didn't make it any easier. With nervous fingers I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor, then unbuttoning my cotton top and shrugging it over my shoulders before letting it drop beside my skirt. I removed my sneakers then stood up to face the intense gazes of my flatmates. Each of their faces seemed to be etched with anticipation. Tom squirmed in his seat and I could tell he was trying in vain to hide his growing erection from Tracy.  
  
Tracy gave him a knowing smile. The girls knew that their partners couldn't help but be turned on by my willingness to totally submit in this manner. Knowing this only made me blush more.  
  
I was now dressed in only my bra and knickers. I desperately didn't want to get any further undressed but knew I was only torturing myself by delaying the inevitable. I always had to be totally naked when I had my pubes shaved by my flatmates. Reaching behind my back I unfastened my bra and let it fall away from my boobs. Jeff couldn't suppress a groan of pleasure and got an elbow in the ribs from Michelle.   
  
At least this time I had ensured I had a nice new pair of knickers on, unlike last week when I had been caught out. Reaching my fingers under the waist band I slowly lowered them to the floor and stepped out of them. When I stood I placed my hands on my head as I was required to do. I knew my face and chest was flushed with embarrassment as all four flatmates eyed my naked body.  
  
Eventually Tracy stood up and then knelt down beside my towel. "Let's get on with it, shall we," she grinned as she patted my towel with her hand.  
  
Of all my flatmates, Tracy was the one who took most convincing by the others to participate in my submissive behaviour. But for whatever reason she was the one who always shaved my pubes. A part of it was that they couldn't trust the boys to do the job properly, and I think they wouldn't be too happy with the boys being so intimate with their fingers around my vagina. Tracy was also a lot older than Michelle so probably felt she had more experience than her.   
  
Not that Tracy exhibited any reluctance to shave my most intimate region. She took to the task with surprising gusto. She always fussed over doing the task properly which meant prolonged embarrassment for me. I was never allowed to get up until she was satisfied the landing strip shave was just right and all the hairs had been removed from around my vulva and anus.  
  
Reticently I stepped over to my towel and lay down on my back, sprawled out with my legs straight in front of me. The remaining three flatmates all leaned forward to get a better view. Kneeling beside me, Tracy picked up the scissors and began trimming the curls of my pubic bush.  
  
"I think we should shave it all off this time," Michelle piped up. "She is such a naughty girl that I don't think she deserves to have any pubic hair. That way we can see better when she is being naughty and is all wet and swollen."  
  
"No," I groaned. "I don't want it all shaved off. I like having a landing strip."  
  
"I think you should shave it all off," Tom responded, surprisingly excited by the prospect.  
  
"Me to," Jeff quickly reinforced.  
  
Tracy looked back down at me. "Looks like you are out-voted. A Brazilian shave it is, my girl."  
  
I pouted but didn't complain any further as I knew it would be pointless. I had never shaved off all my pubic hair since I had entered puberty. Tracy resumed her task with the scissors, trimming my pubic hair short before picking up the shaving cream and lathering up the remaining stubble. I watched aghast as she methodically shaved every last hair off my protruding pubic mound.  
  
However I didn't have time to dwell on my bald pussy as Tracy gently slapped my inner thigh. I knew I was now going to suffer more indignities. With a sigh I raised my knees and splayed my legs open wide. Of course all three of my flatmates were positioned so they were staring straight up at my obscenely exposed pussy. I knew that no 22 year old woman should ever allow herself to be exposed in this manner. But I also knew I was no ordinary female. Somehow my sexual desires were wired different to other females. Proof of this was the fact that despite my intense humiliation at being exposed like this, I also knew my labia was wet and swollen with arousal. Knowing my arousal was obvious to everyone only increased my humiliation, which in turn only made me more excited.  
  
Tracy looked down between my legs, holding the razor inches from my labia. She smiled at me like a kindly mother. "You are so damn wet down there my girl that I hardly need any shaving cream."  
  
I screwed my face up in disgrace. The smell of my intense arousal was beginning to permeate the room.  
  
"Fucking unbelievable," Tom shook his head. "She is one heck of a submissive lass like I have never seen before."  
  
"I should hope not," Tracy playfully scolded her fiancée before returning to her task.  
  
She took hold of my knee closest to her and pulled it towards her, opening my legs even wider and giving her better access. Deftly she began to shave the few hairs that had grown around my labia. When she gripped my labia so she could get all the hairs I gasped with pleasure and had to bite down on my lip. I was so sensitive that it was like a bolt of electricity surging through me.  
  
"Legs up higher," Tracy urged. "Let's get the hairs from around that tight little butt hole of yours."  
  
To achieve this I had to grip tightly around my knees and pull them up level with my head. I was so shamefully exposed I felt mortified. Not satisfied, Tracy smacked me on my bum and told me to get it up higher. I pulled harder on my knees so that I was almost bent in half with my knees wide open.  
  
"Good girl. Now hold it there while I get ride of these pesky hairs."  
  
Opening my butt cheeks wide with her fingers, Tracy used the shaver to remove the last of my hair. Finally she smacked my butt again and told me I could lower my legs. Thankfully I allowed my feet to drop to the floor, but I allowed my knees to remain splayed open. I was breathing deeply, partly from the exertion of holding my legs up, but mostly from arousal.  
  
Tracy ran her hand over my pubic bone then pushed my labia to the side so that she could inspect her handiwork and make sure she had not missed any hairs.  
  
"You look so different with no hair down there, my girl," Tracy commented. "Very weird, but decidedly attractive. There is certainly no hiding your arousal"  
  
I smiled in embarrassment.   
  
"Do you need to cum?" she asked me almost matter of factly.  
  
For a long moment the room was intensely quiet. Sexual tension permeated the room.  
  
"Yes, please," I shamefully admitted.  
  
"Okay. You know what to do," Tracy smiled with genuine warmth. "Get into it girl. But remember to keep those legs wide open."  
  
"Yes," I responded bashfully.  
  
Slowly I lifted my feet off the carpet again, bent my knees and then opened my knees as wide as I could. When I reached my left hand down between my knees I was amazed at how much lubrication I had secreted. I could feel that my labia were swollen and gaping wide open, no doubt revealing the beginnings of my pink vulva canal to my flatmates. The thought of being so exposed like this, and knowing I was going to masturbate myself in front of my flatmates was a feeling of just exquisite pleasure.  
  
I desperately wanted to just thrust my fingers deep into my vulva and bring on the orgasm that was on the verge of erupting through my body. However I wanted to force my exposure to be as long as I could endure so I slowly encircled my fingers around my labia. My breathing was coming in short rasps. I knew all eyes were focused on me.  
  
When I flicked my clit with my middle finger it sent shivers down my spine and I moaned in pleasure. As I felt my orgasm build I moved my fingers from my clit and stroked the sides of my labia. When I again returned to my clit I could control myself no longer. Using the fingers of my other hand I thrust them deep into my very moist vulva while I used my other hand to pinch my clit and pull it tight. My orgasm hit me like a freight train and I screamed out loud as the waves of pleasure cascaded through my body. I was aware that my hips were bucking violently in the air as I fought to keep my legs spread wide open.  
  
It was several minutes before I managed to open my eyes again. My flatmates were still staring at me intensely, stunned by the strength of my orgasm. As I eventually got to my feet both of the couples hastily excused themselves and disappeared into their respective bedrooms. Clearly my performance had also been erotically pleasurable to them. I didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or thrilled by that realisation.  
  
Gingerly I made my way to my own bedroom, still naked with my clothes and towel wrapped under my arm. When I got to the mirror on my wardrobe door I stood amazed as I saw my bald pussy for the first time. Somehow I felt even more naked. Much more of my vagina was exposed. My clit and labia could be seen with nothing inhibiting the view.   
  
Gone was the mature female with the curly black pubes. Somehow it made me feel young and insecure. I stared at myself for a long while, entranced by the difference in my appearance. I was not sure I liked it, but it did not stop me staring at myself. The glistening juices excreted from my vulva were still evident, and I could smell my own distinctive musk. Finally I forced myself away from the mirror and as I lay on my bed I fell into a deep and satisfied slumber.  
  
As always, the next day dawned as if nothing had happened the previous night. It was late morning before I rose to a gloriously fine day. The thought of the pool party at Jenny's birthday was suddenly very appealing. When I showered I could not help but run my hand over my bald pussy. I was amazed at how smooth I felt, in stark contrast to the six weeks growth I had had there before getting shaved by Tracy.  
  
At 4.00pm Michelle, Jeff and I climbed into Jeff's Subaru and drove the 45 minutes to Jenny's parent's house. The opulence of the mansion suggested they were somewhat wealthy. As we drove in the iron gates our name was checked off by a security guard and we were directed to a parking area. A maid then greeted us and we followed her around the side of the house where a group of around 50 were playing noisily around the pool. The majority of them were females, no doubt Jenny's friends, who looked to be 18 or 19 years of age. Amongst the group there was a smattering of males of a similar age.   
  
As we got to the pool gate we were approached by Jenny and an older couple who were clearly her parents. It was easy to see where Jenny got her looks. Her mother had the same tall, slim build. She was also small breasted and had obviously passed this physical characteristic on to her daughter.   
  
Jenny was clothed in pretty yellow bikini that highlighted her slim beauty to perfection. It also served to accentuate just how small her breasts were, but somehow to me it just seemed to suit her totally.   
  
As we were introduced to Mr and Mrs Taylor, Jenny and I locked eyes and we both blushed with embarrassment before looking away. It was an uncomfortable moment, but soon forgotten when we entered the fenced pool area, stripped off our outer clothing to reveal our swimming attire underneath, and dived into the pool. It had been so long since I had been swimming that I floundered around for almost two hours on my own, just occasionally saying hello to strangers. Michelle and Jeff were constantly surrounded by friends, including Jenny and the other two girls who had been at our flat last weekend. I gave them a wide berth and stayed on the other side of the pool.  
  
Eventually everyone began to exit the pool as nibbles of delectable food and a variety of drinks were being handed out by maids with shiny silver trays. Reluctantly I climbed out of the pool, grabbed my clothing and made my way to the crowded female changing room beside the pool where I removed my bikini and dried myself off before putting on my underwear, jean cut-offs and the short tee shirt that only came down to my naval. As I furtively glanced around the changing room it seemed to be filled with giggling, excited, immature girls. I felt old and wished there was some way I could slip away early now the swimming was all over.  
  
I desperately also needed to pee but the one toilet outside had a queue of girls waiting so I elected to hang on and search for the bathroom inside. As I made my way past a group of girls and guys standing on the veranda to the house I heard Michelle call out to me. I wanted to ignore her so I could search out the bathroom but felt that would be rude so I walked over to her and Jeff who were in the middle of a group of around ten, including Jenny.  
  
Michelle pointedly introduced me as her 'older' flatmate, Angela.

"She doesn't look very old," one of the few males in the group queried.  
  
Michelle turned to stare at me and the sly smile on her face sent a small shiver up my spine. I had seen that look before at our flat and it nearly always meant bad news for me.  
  
"How old are you, Angela?" Michelle enquired with false sincerity.   
  
She knew only too well how old I was.  
  
"Twenty-two," I mumbled between gritted teeth, not happy at her attempt to make me the centre of attention.  
  
"Pardon," Michelle responded, acting as if she hadn't heard me.  
  
"Twenty-two," I repeated, forcing myself to say it louder.  
  
"Oh," Michelle nodded, "not so old after all."  
  
Several of her female friends giggled, and I almost rolled my eyes at their immaturity.  
  
"Nice to meet you all. I've got to go," I half heartedly waved at the group and went to make my exit in search of the bathroom.  
  
"Where are you off to so abruptly?" enquired Michelle loudly.  
  
Irritated I turned back to her. "I've got to pee, alright. Do I need your permission?" I blurted out and instantly regretted it as everyone in the group turned to stare at me.  
  
"No, you don't need my permission," Michelle responded as cool as a cucumber. "You are a big girl now. You are allowed to go on your own."  
  
There was a chorus of giggles and I couldn't help but blush. Why had I opened my big mouth.  
  
"I just thought you might like your very good friend, Jenny, to show you where the bathroom is?" Michelle continued.   
  
Michelle accentuated the word 'good' in a clear attempt to embarrass both Jenny and myself.  
  
"Of course," Jenny hurriedly responded, not daring to look either of us in the eye.  
  
Silently we made our way through a side door and down a long hallway.  
  
"Here, you can use this one. It is my own personal bathroom." Jenny beckoned to the doorway.  
  
I could tell from the look on her face she was really embarrassed about the previous week, as I was also. For a moment we both stared at each other.  
  
"I am sooo sorry about last week," I apologised. "I just don't know what came over me. My behaviour was disgraceful."  
  
"But I let you do it." Jenny hung her head bashfully. "I am as much to blame. I could have stopped you but I didn't. It was...."  
  
Mid sentence Jenny stopped herself, turned on her heels and quickly retreated. It was only then that I realised how desperately I needed to go to the bathroom. Quickly I dived into the bathroom and emptied my bursting bladder.  
  
Feeling much relieved I exited the bathroom and began to walk back down the long opulent hallway. I noticed a bedroom that I assumed was Jenny's and couldn't resist having a peep in. I was awestruck as it was almost visual overload. The room was a rainbow of colours with several mobiles hanging from the roof and there must have been more than fifty cuddly toys and dolls lying on the bed, on the chairs, and on the dresser. The only area not covered by the fluffy stuffed animals and dolls was her desk which had a Mac computer and several books on it.  
  
As I stared in amazement I was startled by a noise behind me and quickly stepped back out of the room and just about knocked over Jenny's mother.  
  
"What are you doing, girl?" she scolded.  
  
"I am sorry, Mrs Taylor. Jenny let me use her bathroom. I was just amazed by her pretty room," I blabbered, mortified that I had been caught standing in her room.  
  
"Angela, isn't it?" Mrs Taylor enquired of my name.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am."  
  
"Did your mother not teach you that you don't go into people's rooms uninvited?"  
  
"Yes, Mrs Taylor." I looked at the floor, ashamed.  
  
Thankfully Mrs Taylor didn't persist with her admonishment, instead continuing on her way down the hall. As quick as I could I scampered back outside to the huge front veranda where Michelle and Jeff were still chatting with the group of friends. Jenny was a few yards away discussing something with her mother. I cringed at the thought that Mrs Taylor was possibly telling her daughter that she had found me in her room.   
  
In an attempt to avoid Mrs Taylor and Jenny spotting me I quickly immersed myself in the middle of Michelle and Jeff's group of friends and acted like I was interested in what they were discussing. One of the girls was doing a grizzle about her useless boyfriend who seemed obsessed about sex. I felt like telling her all males were obsessed about sex, so get over it, but instead I just feigned I was interested in her problems.  
  
Michelle had not seen me return but when she looked over her shoulder she noticed I was standing right behind her.  
  
"So I hope you found your way to the bathroom in time?" Michelle enquired, loud enough so that two or three other girls standing close by heard her and turned to look at me.  
  
I was irked by her question. To me her tone sounded demeaning and embarrassed me.  
  
"I did, thank you," I responded politely but the frown on my face made sure she got the message that I was not happy with her question.  
  
"Did you wipe yourself properly?"   
  
My jaw dropped open in absolute disbelieve that she could ask me that in front of her friends.  
  
"Michelle!" I admonished her, but in a laughing manner that tried to treat the question as if it was a joke.   
  
I sincerely hoped it was a bad joke on the part of Michelle, but a sinking feeling in my stomach was telling me something else.  
  
Michelle turned around so she was facing directly at me and fixed her gaze firmly on me. I tried to stare straight back at her but found myself looking away. Michelle lent her head forward so her mouth was only inches from my ear. Several more people in the group were now staring at us.  
  
"I want you to go back into that bathroom and drop your knickers to your ankles and wait for me to come and check they are dry."  
  
I was so shocked I just about felt my knees wobble. Even though Michelle had lowered her voice, she was still speaking loud enough that I had no doubt the girls standing beside me could easily have overheard.  
  
"Michelle. Stop this," I responded, my teeth gritted together to show my displeasure.  
  
"If you want to make a scene then fine, but I think you might find it a tad embarrassing. So pack your submissive little tush back to that bathroom and wait for me. If those panties are not around your ankles when I arrive you will be put over my knee and get a damn good spanking."  
  
One of girls beside me sniggered, while another had her hand cupped over her mouth in disbelief. I just simply wanted to die with embarrassment. Briefly I opened my mouth to protest at Michelle's demeaning attitude, but the words stuck in my throat. The last thing I needed was an argument with Michelle in front of her friends as I knew who would be the loser. Quickly I rationalised my best option was to retreat to the bathroom, and when Michelle came I would tell her in no uncertain terms that this time she had gone too far. She had no right to humiliate me in front of her friends.  
  
It was hard to look defiant as I retreated back into the Taylor's house through the side door and down the long hallway.  
  
"Angela?" A female voice boomed out from behind me.  
  
I swung around and came face to face with Mrs Taylor again. She looked decidedly suspicious that I was in the house again.  
  
"Can I help you?" she frowned.  
  
I fought back the fleeting panic as I tried to think of a suitable excuse. I found myself mumbling "I need to go to the toilet again, Ma'am."  
  
"Again? Are you ill? I hope you are not going to vomit in my bathroom?"  
  
"No, Ma'am," I tried to smile reassuringly. "I just need to use the toilet again."  
  
Thankfully she turned her back and left, but not before she muttered, "Well stay out of the bedrooms."  
  
I cringed in the knowledge that she clearly thought I was not trustworthy. I shook my head in despair as I continued down the hall to the bathroom. I knew I should have followed my gut instinct and not agreed to come to the party. I didn't even dare to glance into Jenny's bedroom as I passed her doorway.  
  
It was almost a relief to reach the bathroom and lock the door behind me. I couldn't help but let out an audible groan of frustration. I knew I had to be decisive when Michelle arrived. I had to show her I was not always going to be submissive whenever she wanted. I was stronger than that. I could control myself. Couldn't I?  
  
But even as I valiantly tried to take check of my emotions I could feel the seeds of doubt being sown in my mind. I found myself beginning to dwell on Michelle's request to lower my shorts and panties to my ankles and wait until she arrived so she could inspect I was dry. Totally outrageous! How could I allow myself to be debased in such a manner?  
  
But as much as I tried to consciously be outraged I could feel that familiar churning in the pit of my stomach at the thought of the possible humiliation, plus there was a telltale warm flush begin to radiate through me that I knew was my early sign of arousal. I began to panic as I realised that if I was becoming aroused then there would definitely be a wet spot in my panties when Michelle inspected them.  
  
Frantically I tried to block out the unwanted sensations, but the more I tried the worse it became. I found myself rationalising that I could lower my knickers, but still voice my outrage to Michelle when she entered the bathroom. Plain dumb I know, but I found myself unzipping my jean cut-offs and lowering them to around my ankles. With a deep breath I hooked my fingers in the waistband of my panties and lowered them to my knees. Reticently I stretched the crotch of my knickers open so as to check if they were wet from my arousal.   
  
'Oh, no!' I groaned. What is wrong with me?  
  
A sudden knock on the bathroom door caused me to freeze. A few moments later someone tried the door handle.  
  
"Open up, Ange. It's Michelle."  
  
I could feel my heart beating frantically in my chest. Quickly I pushed my panties down to my ankles and stood behind the door so that I could not be seen in this totally embarrassing predicament by anyone else who was passing by. I reached out and unlocked the door.  
  
Michelle opened it slightly and glanced around the door to catch sight of me hiding nervously behind it. A broad smile spread across her face as she eyed my panties around my ankles. All I was dressed in was my bra and skimpy tee shirt that didn't even come down to my navel. Michelle pushed the door wider and stepped into the bathroom. Hastily I tried to push the door closed behind her but was mortified when it met resistance. To my horror I realised there was someone else following Michelle into the bathroom.

**Life of Angela Ch. 10**

**THE BIRTHDAY PARTY (cont)**  
Michelle opened the bathroom door slightly and glanced around the corner to catch sight of me hiding nervously behind it. A broad smile spread across her face as she eyed my panties around my ankles. All I was dressed in was my bra and skimpy tee shirt that didn't even come down to my navel. Michelle pushed the door wider and stepped into the bathroom. Hastily I tried to push the door closed behind her but was mortified when it met resistance. To my horror I realised there was someone else following Michelle into the bathroom.  
  
I grimaced as the birthday girl, Jenny, followed Michelle into what was her own bathroom. Mortified, I closed my eyes. When I opened them a few seconds later I was even more horrified to realise that a 3rd person had also been invited into the bathroom by Michelle before the door was closed and locked. The 3rd person was a male friend of Michelle and Jenny who I had not met before, although I had noticed him in the group talking to Michelle on the balcony. He looked to be similar age to both girls, so was probably 18 or 19, making him several years younger than my 22 years.  
  
When Jenny and the male friend first entered the bathroom they couldn't see me clearly as I was mostly hidden by the door. When Michelle closed the door the two of them realised for the first time that I was naked from the waist down. Clearly they had not expected this and their eyes widened in disbelief. The male's eyes rapidly dropped to my pussy and I quickly gripped my hands in front of me.  
  
"This is my friend, Tony," Michelle smiled as she introduced him, acting as if there was nothing amiss. "Tony, this is my flatmate, Angela."  
  
"Hi," Tony grinned sheepishly at me, his eyes still roving over my naked bottom half.  
  
My mouth just hung open in shock.  
  
"Well, be polite Ange," Michelle admonished me, "and say hello."  
  
"What are they doing here?" I managed to croak.  
  
"I invited them. They are my friends. Now be a good girl and say hello."  
  
"Why are you being so horrible to me?" My voice didn't seem to portray the anger I felt.  
  
"Ange, honey, I am not being horrible to you," Michelle responded sincerely. "I am giving you what you want. I am giving you what you crave?"  
  
"What I want? What I crave?" I responded incredulously. "You just so don't know me properly. You may think you do but you don't. I may have done some dumb things in the past like stripping off my clothes and masturbating, but I don't crave these things."  
  
Tony's mouth dropped open in shock, and I immediately felt myself blushing. I didn't mean to say those things in front of Tony and Jenny, but Michelle had got me so worked up.  
  
"Oh really?" Michelle queried. "Shall we see who is right?"  
  
I felt a chill go up my back as I saw Michelle's icy determination to prove me wrong. For several long seconds our eyes were locked in a battle of wills, before I found myself looking away.  
  
Another 30 seconds passed before Michelle finally broke the silence. "Are your panties wet?"  
  
The blush of humiliation spread across my body.  
  
"Well?" she inquired when I failed to respond.  
  
I knew it would be senseless to deny it as I would only have to go through the demeaning act of showing my panties to her to prove it.  
  
"Yes," I shamefully admitted.  
  
"Are they wet because you peed yourself, or are they wet because you are aroused?"  
  
I cringed and couldn't bring myself to respond.  
  
"Take your panties off and pass them to me," Michelle held out her hand.  
  
"No," I pleaded. "Please don't ask me to do that?"  
  
"Would you much rather I give that naked arse of yours a good spanking in front of Jenny and Tony?"  
  
"No," I pouted, hanging my head in embarrassment. My defiance had all but ebbed out of me.  
  
Reluctantly I kicked off my jean cut-offs that were around my ankles. I then used one hand to awkwardly lever my knickers down from my knees, ensuring I kept my other hand in front of my freshly shaven pussy. The thought that they might see my naked pussy devoid of any pubic hair made me feel even more mortified.  
  
After several long awkward moments in which I was intensely aware of the three sets of eyes devouring my every move, I managed to get my panties off my ankles and remove them. Reluctantly I handed them over to my flatmate. I was so embarrassed I could not look them in the eye and found myself staring down at the marble tiled floor.  
  
Michelle held my panties in both hands before stretching them open so the crutch was exposed. I didn't need to look up to know that a wet spot would be clearly visible to the three teenagers.  
  
"Well I think we can confirm they are definitely wet. I guess the question is what has made them wet? What do you think, Tony?"  
  
I was aghast when Michelle passed my panties over to Tony. She knew full well what had caused the distinct round wet spot, but she knew that by passing my panties to Tony she was heaping the humiliation on to me.  
  
Tony looked at the panties awkwardly. He had obviously never encountered unfathomable behaviour such as this before. But the huge bulge that was pushing out the front of his surfing trunks indicated that he was definitely enjoying being a part of what was unfolding. I knew he couldn't believe his luck that a woman several years older than him was standing semi-nude in front of him.  
  
"I am not sure," Tony eventually responded.  
  
"Well put them up to your nose, silly. I am sure you know the difference between the smell of pee and pussy juices?"  
  
"Of course I do," Tony responded confidently, as if he had vast experience in this matter.  
  
He brought my panties up to his nose and inhaled deeply several times.  
  
"My God. It is definitely pussy juices." He sounded surprised.  
  
"Let's get a second opinion shall we." Michelle removed my panties from Tony who seemed reluctant to let them go, and then passed them over to Jenny.  
  
Jenny initially seemed reluctant to take them and glanced over to me. I think she was feeling sorry for me. However her curiosity, or perhaps her excitement, overruled her concerns and she took the panties and raised them to her nose.  
  
"I can trust your judgement, Jenny," Michelle grinned, "since you have some experience in this matter. Since my sexy little flatmate managed to soak her juices all over your jeans."  
  
"What?" Tony responded, not believing what he has hearing from the two girls who had been his friends for several years.  
  
Jenny blushed awkwardly. "Michelle!" she admonished her friend. "Enough!"  
  
But it was never enough for Michelle.  
  
"What?" Michelle threw her hands up in mock surprise. "You haven't told Tony. It was so lovely!"  
  
"It was embarrassing!" Jenny responded.  
  
"Well for the onlookers it was lovely. Damn sexy."  
  
"Sexy?" Tony's ears perked up even more. "You have to tell me."  
  
"Well if you insist. A totally naked Angela sat on Jenny's lap and masturbated herself to orgasm while Jenny sucked her nipples. It was unbelievable."  
  
"I was fully clothed," Jenny responded weakly, hoping it somehow made the situation more acceptable.  
  
I had no such excuse I could possibly offer in my defence so I continued to stare shamefaced at the floor.  
  
"Jenny did that? I don't believe it." Tony was in sensory overload. "Quiet, demure Jenny did that?"  
  
"Sure did," Michelle winked in an exaggerated manner. "Tell our boy it is true, Jenny."  
  
Jenny couldn't bring herself to speak, so she just nodded it was true. She knew it was no good denying it as there were witnesses.  
  
"Holy smoke!"  
  
"Enough tales of the past," Michelle directed her attention back to me. "Time to deal with the present."  
  
I continued to avert my eyes downward, both hands clasped in front of me in a valiant attempt to preserve my modesty. I knew it was a submissive posture but I felt far too embarrassed to look them in the eye.  
  
"Put your arms by your side and show our guests what happened to your pussy yesterday."  
  
I wanted badly to disobey Michelle's request, but deep in my inner emotional core there was a powerful urge to allow myself to be humiliated. God forbid. Was Michelle right? Is this what I craved? Am I an exhibitionist? Or worse, just a total slut who gets her sexual fulfilment from being humiliated.  
  
Despite my conflicted emotions I found myself unclasping my hands and then slowly letting them fall to my side. There were audible gasps as my bald pussy came into sight.  
  
"You have shaved all your hair off since I last saw you?" Jenny blurted out, then blushed at admitting she had noticed.  
  
"Well, to be more correct, her flatmates shaved all her pubes off for her," Michelle clarified.  
  
"Her flatmates!' Tony exclaimed. "Now you have to be kidding me."  
  
"Would I lie to you. She lay down on a towel in the lounge, raised her legs and got her pussy shaved. Then masturbated herself to a delicious orgasm while we all watched."  
  
Tony let out a low groan. "I think I am going to cum in my pants. I didn't know woman could behave like this. It is so damn sexy. Please say I can come and be your flatmate. I will be in seventh heaven."  
  
Michelle laughed. "Down tiger. If you are especially nice to me I will invite you around for one of our little sessions with Angela. And as a special memento you can take her panties home with you to sniff whenever you like."  
  
Tony snatched them from Michelle, grinning from ear to ear at getting the trophy and a promise of an invite.  
  
"Now you better get to the party before we are all missed and they come looking for us. If anyone is looking for us just tell them we are helping out Angela with a little personal problem."  
  
Tony nodded and went to unlock the door before pausing and turning back to look at us.  
  
"Any chance a horny male can make a last request?"  
  
"And what might that be?" Michelle asked, raising one eyebrow.  
  
"Can I see her tits?"  
  
I grimanced and Jenny shook her head indicating no. But Michelle laughed as if it was funny.  
  
"Why not!" Michelle turned to me. "Give the boy a look at those delicious boobs of yours. Let him see how hot you are. Take off your tee shirt and bra."   
  
"Can't I just lift up the front of my shirt?" I pleaded.  
  
"No, all off. If you are going to give him a perv, then let's make it a good one. Plus I am sure you are going to find it deliciously humiliating standing there totally naked, hiding nothing and revealing all."  
  
The worse thing was that Michelle was totally correct. I was so aroused I could feel the moisture from my pussy wetting the inside of my thighs. I took a couple of deep breaths to steady my nerves, then quickly levered my tee shirt over my head. Once I had unclipped my bra I let the straps slide down my arms until my breasts came into full view. My nipples were fully erect, as I knew they would be. I let the bra fall to the floor, and I dropped my arms to my sides so that Tony could get a full view of my nakedness.   
  
I was so aroused I was feeling light headed. Tony stared at me with lust in his eyes. He was shaking his head as if he couldn't believe his luck.  
  
"Turn around, Ange," Michelle directed.  
  
I turned so my back was to the three of them.  
  
"Now bend over and grab your ankles."  
  
Again I groaned in humiliation, before bending at the waist and grabbing my ankles. I was only too aware how exposed I was.   
  
"Open your legs so we can get a really good view."  
  
I slid my legs open. I knew my labia were totally on view.  
  
"Oh my God," Tony exclaimed, "look how wet she is?"  
  
"Yes, indeed," Michelle responded. "Very wet. Exposing yourself to us has made you aroused, hasn't it Ange?"  
  
"Yes," I managed to respond.  
  
"I bet you are so aroused you would like to stroke that swollen clit of yours?"  
  
"Yes," I admitted honestly. I knew if Michelle asked me too I would masturbate myself in front of the three of them.  
  
"I could always slide my cock up that wet pussy and save her the trouble," Tony responded hopefully.  
  
"I bet you could, tiger. And I am sure you are hung like a horse. But for now you will have to settle for her panties. Show's over so you had better get to the party."  
  
"Not even a blowjob?"  
  
"Not even a blowjob," Michelle laughed.  
  
Reluctantly, Tony took one last lustful gawk before letting himself out of the bathroom.   
  
Jenny quickly relocked the door before anxiously turned to Michelle. "We had better get going before my Mum comes looking for us. She is awfully suspicious."  
  
I could certainly attest to that. I had found out how suspicious her mother was.  
  
"Please can I stand up now?" I whimpered.  
  
"You stay where you are," Michelle responded. "Jenny, have you got any really short skirts?"  
  
Jenny was clearly uncertain as to the reason for Michelle's request, and pondered for a short while before responding, "Well, I do have a couple of short skirts that I wore when I was sixteen but Mummy won't let me wear them now as I am a lot taller and she thinks they are unbecoming of a young lady. But why do you ask?"  
  
"I think our little nymph here would look far prettier in a skirt than those scanty jean cut-offs."  
  
"I don't think so. The skirts are really short."  
  
"Sounds perfect. Bring both of them along and we can see if they fit."  
  
I whimpered forlornly at what Michelle had planned for me. I felt so vulnerable being bent over and on display. I held my breath in fear as Jenny opened the bathroom door to go to her bedroom to look for the skirts. I closely watched Michelle to ensure she relocked the door.  
  
I gasped when I felt Michelle place her hand on my buttock, then slowly slid it down to my very exposed vagina. Her fingers rested against my swollen labia. I had never been touched intimately by any of my flatmates, except when they shaved my pubic hair, so I was really uncertain about what was happening. I found it hard to breathe.  
  
"Your pussy is very wet. Would you like to cum?"   
  
"Umm," I procrastinated, not sure where this question was leading, especially as Jenny would be back shortly.  
  
I gasped in pain as Michelle's other hand landed a sharp spank on my left buttock.  
  
"Yes or no?" she asked impatiently.  
  
"Yes!" I responded honestly.  
  
What happened next took me by total surprise and shock. Michelle rammed two fingers deep into my very wet vulva. I was so shocked I immediate stood bolt upright, forcing the intruding fingers to pop out. I had never been touched by any person in this invasive way. It was not that it felt bad, it was just such a sudden attack of intimacy that I was not prepared for.  
  
"Get back down," Michelle growled.  
  
"But Michelle, I don't think this is right!" I blurted out.  
  
"Bend over and touch your ankles" Michelle voice was firm but not threatening.  
  
Very reluctantly I bend forward at my waist and grabbed my ankles again. I could feel my buttocks clenching with the tension of what was happening.  
  
I had no sooner taken hold of my ankles when Michelle again thrust her fingers into my vulva. My wetness caused an embarrassing slurping noise as the fingers penetrated.  
  
"Urghhh!" I groaned, but managed to stay in position.  
  
Methodically Michelle withdrew her fingers before thrusting them again into the inner depths of my pussy. By the time she had done it half a dozen times I could feel the heat rising as my body began to react.  
  
Before I knew it my buttocks were beginning to squirm and push back towards the invading fingers. I let out a whimper of ecstasy.  
  
"Now, doesn't that feel good?" Michelle murmured.  
  
"Yes! Yes!" I brazenly responded. "Fuck me harder."  
  
Michelle responded by inserting a third finger into my vagina and increasing the tempo.  
  
I was so aroused I could already feel my orgasm beginning to build.  
  
"Do it! Do it!" I repeated over and over as the orgasm began to ripple through me.  
  
Suddenly my ecstasy was interrupted by a knock on the door. Immediately I clasped my hand over my mouth to throttle the noise I was making. Much to my dismay Michelle immediately withdrew her fingers, leaving me hanging on the precipice of my orgasm.  
  
"Who is it?" Michelle asked, sounding surprisingly composed.  
  
When she found out it was Jenny she opened the door.  
  
"Jesus, what were you two up to? I could hear the noise all the way down the hallway. It was just as well my mother didn't come along."  
  
Michelle gave a half-hearted apology but offered no explanation. One was probably not needed as I was breathing deeply and I am sure my labia were spread wide in a clear indication that my vagina had been invaded. Although no doubt Jenny assumed I was again masturbating myself.  
  
"We really must hurry," Jenny spoke anxiously. "I think my mother is beginning to look for us."  
  
Michelle ordered me to stand up and face them. Embarrassed, I straightened up and turned to face them. I was fighting to get my breath under control, and I was conscious of my breasts rising and falling as I gulped in air. I could also feel my pussy juices running down my legs. Michelle took the first of the skirts and ordered me to put it on. Fortunately I have a slim waist so I managed to fasten it, but when I glanced in the mirror I realised how outrageously short it was.  
  
"Not bad," Michelle admired. "Try the other one on."  
  
I had to breathe in to get the second one fastened around my waist. It felt like it was even shorter than the first one, and a quick glance at the mirror confirmed it was so. If the first skirt was outrageously short, then this second one was positively obscene. It was so short that it only just came to the bottom of my butt cheeks, which meant both my pussy and buttocks were just covered and no more. If I bent over in any direction I would be exposing at least some part of my private anatomy.  
  
"There is absolutely no way I am wearing this!" I objected hysterically, and began unfastening the clasp around the waist.  
  
My hysterics were suddenly silenced by the sound of Mrs Taylor's booming voice from the hallway. "Jenny, are you in there? Come out immediately."  
  
"Coming Mummy," Jenny quickly responded with a terrified look in her eyes. "Do something!" she mouthed to Michelle.  
  
Michelle quickly scooped up the excess clothing and threw my tee shirt over to me. Quickly I dragged it over my head. It was an older tee shirt worn thin through too many washes, and I knew my erect nipples were protruding out.  
  
"My bra!" I whispered anxiously. "I need my bra."  
  
But it was already too late as Jenny was opening the bathroom door. Her mother loomed large in the doorway, her hands on her hips. It was truly a fearsome sight. She looked around suspiciously, I think expecting to find males in the bathroom with us. Thank heavens Tony had already left.  
  
"What is going on in here?" Mrs Taylor enquired angrily. "It is your birthday, Jenny, and you need to be out entertaining your guests, not locked in a bathroom doing...doing...just what are you doing?  
  
"Sorry Mummy," Jenny grimanced, "we were just..."  
  
"Angela had a wee accident, Mrs Taylor," Michelle quickly piped in to rescue the situation. "We were just helping her out to avoid her being embarrassed. We are very helpful like that."  
  
The opposite was in fact true, but I dared not utter a word. I was so conscious of a lack of appropriate clothing the last thing I wanted to do was draw Mrs Taylor's attention to me. I had my arms folded over my chest so as to hide the fact I was not wearing a bra. Unfortunately there was nothing I could do about my ridiculously short skirt. It was clasped tight around my waist and there was no way I could pull it down.  
  
But inevitably Mrs Taylor's attention turned to me. "How old are you, girl?"  
  
"Twenty two, Ma'am." My voice was barely above a whisper.  
  
"Well you act like a twelve year old," she quickly retorted. "Wandering through people's houses and looking in their bedrooms, and it seems you are not even capable of toileting yourself properly. What is it with you, girl?"  
  
I blushed with shame. It was then that Mrs Taylor spotted my skirt for the first time.

"Is that your skirt, Jenny, that this little tart is wearing?"  
  
"Yes, Mummy. She couldn't wear her shorts any more so I found her a skirt. I didn't want to give her one of my good skirts so I found an older one." Jenny lied.  
  
"Well she looks like a tramp. But I shouldn't be surprised. Just as well you didn't give her one of your good skirts as I doubt if you would ever get it back again."  
  
I just wanted to shrivel up and die. Fortunately Mrs Taylor decided she had berated me enough and ordered us to get outside pronto and re-join the party. We all quickly scampered out the door and beat a hasty retreat down the hallway. I made sure I stood bolt upright as I walked and held my skirt at the back. The last thing I would want to happen is flash my bare buttocks at Mrs Taylor. It would likely give her a heart attack.  
  
"Next time you need to use the toilet, Angela, please use the one outside by the pool," Mrs Taylor's voice boomed down the hallway as we scurried away.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am," was my shamed response.  
  
The relief of getting out of the house and away from Mrs Taylor was tempered when I exited onto the huge patio where the party goers were now gathered. The three of us scampering out through the door in a rush drew the attention of many of the party goers. I was immediately conscious of a number of the guests giving me a closer scrutiny when they realised what I was wearing. Or to be more accurate, what I wasn't wearing. Self-consciously I tugged down hard on the hem of my skirt but it was so tight around my waist I couldn't force it any lower. I found myself looking down at the ground in embarrassment.  
  
In an attempted to avoid the stares of the guests I headed down the patio stairs towards the pool where there were no people gathered as Mr and Mrs Taylor had directed everyone up onto the patio. I headed around the pool towards the far end where the changing rooms and toilet were. I was hoping to cloister myself away out of sight, and out of trouble, until Michelle and Jeff were ready to go home. But as I got towards the end of the pool a group of 5 boys came out of the changing sheds. I was mortified when I noticed that one of them was Tony who had just witnessed my humiliation in the bathroom.  
  
"There she is," I heard Tony whisper to his mates.  
  
I couldn't help blushing.  
  
"Come to give me my blowjob?"  
  
They all broke out into laughter.   
  
Despite the humiliation I managed to retort, "You would be so lucky, you little jerk."  
  
I pushed past the group and rushed into the changing sheds. I couldn't believe it when the boys followed me.  
  
"Get out of the women's change room," I ranted. "If you guys want to jerk off go and do it in your own changing shed. If Mrs Taylor notices I can promise you guys are in a heap of trouble."  
  
"Just one little problem with that," Tony grinned. "This is the men's changing room."  
  
Mortified, I quickly glanced around and realised it was not the right changing room. This was turning out to be not one of my greatest days for decision making. Now I had the problem that all 5 boys were gathered at the entrance blocking my only way out.   
  
"Will you please move!" I hissed, waving my arms in the air in frustration.  
  
Unfortunately by doing so my skirt lifted up slightly higher.  
  
"Hell, she is not wearing any pants," one of the other boys yelled excitedly.  
  
I quickly dropped my arms down and grasped the hem of my ridiculously short skirt, trying to pull it down.   
  
"I am to," I retorted.  
  
To my relief Jenny appeared at the doorway.   
  
"What the hell is going on in here. Mummy will kill you if she finds you boys down here by the pool.  
  
She then pushed her way through the boys into the changing room, and it was then that she noticed I was also in there.  
  
"Oh my god," Jenny exclaimed, "What are you doing in the boy's change room? Are you crazy?"  
  
"She was about to show us she isn't wearing any panties," Tony quickly responded before I got a chance to speak.  
  
"I am wearing panties!"   
  
"Prove it?" Tony challenged.  
  
"I don't have to," I responded petulantly, but not with the authority that it deserved.  
  
In truth the humiliation of the situation was beginning to stir family feelings in me which I desperately wanted to ignore.  
  
Jenny stared at me and then turned to the boys. "Alright, Angela is not wearing panties, but it is not really her fault."  
  
Tony raised an eyebrow. "Oh really. How could she forget to wear her panties?"  
  
The boys all laughed and I could only look on shame-faced.  
  
"It is a long story and doesn't matter," Jenny continued. She turned back to look at me. "If we don't get out of here soon Mummy is sure to find us and I hate to think what the consequences would be. Quickly lift up the front of your skirt so that they can peek at your pussy, then let's get out of here."  
  
"What?" I responded indignantly.  
  
"Please Angela," she pleaded. "It is not as if you haven't exposed yourself previously to males. Just do it."  
  
The truthfulness of her comment stung a little, especially as it was true. I was reluctant, but rationalised that if I gave them a quick flash we could then all get out of there before Mrs Taylor showed up. I really didn't want to expose my bald pussy, but forced myself to grip the front of the skirt and lever it up a couple of inches to at least partially expose my pussy. There were gasps from the males in the room.  
  
"Higher," Tony demanded. "We want to see all of your pussy."  
  
"No!" I snapped, lowering my skirt. "You have had your peek."  
  
"We want to see your skirt up above your waist, otherwise we are not leaving."  
  
"No way," I retorted.  
  
"Please," Jenny pleaded. "Just do it so we can get out of here."  
  
"Easy for you to say" I pouted. "You are not the one being asked to expose herself."  
  
"Perhaps we should get her to strip naked?" one of the other boys piped up.  
  
"Alright," I interjected before things went from bad to worse. "I will lift up my skirt."  
  
"All the way above the waist otherwise it won't count," Tony reminded me.  
  
With a sigh I took hold of the bottom of my skirt again and worked it up over my hips. It was quite a struggle as the skirt was so tight. It would probably have been easier, and quicker, to have taken it off completely. Finally the skirt was over my hips and I gripped it high above my waist so that the boys got a clear few of my naked lower half. I desperately wanted to cover my naked pussy but forced myself to keep my hands up holding my skirt. There were leers and gasps from the 5 boys. Even Jenny was staring at me intently.   
  
"Turn around," one of the boys requested.  
  
I complied, exposing my bare buttocks to the onlookers. The boys hooted their pleasure.  
  
Suddenly there was another noise which I couldn't hear properly, followed by a deadly silence.  
  
"What's going on in here?" the familiar voice of Mrs Taylor boomed. "What are you boys doing in here?"  
  
I spun around in horror to see Mrs Taylor pushing her way through the boys. She had not spotted me yet as I was slightly out of her view.  
  
She saw Jenny first. "What on earth are you doing in the men's change room you disgusting..."  
  
She never finished her sentence as she spotted me at the back of the room. I was desperately trying to get my skirt back down but it was only half way over my hips. My pussy was fully exposed. From the look on Mrs Taylor's face I thought she was going to have a heart attack.  
  
In a flash the 5 boys beat a hasty retreat, gallantly leaving Jenny and I alone to face her mother. For an eternity she stared back and forth between the two of us, dumbfounded for words.   
  
She finally turned to her daughter. "Take this slut with you up to your bedroom and wait for your father and I. This party is over and I am sending everyone home."  
  
Jenny opened her mouth to protest but seeing the look on her mother's face she thought better of it.  
  
"Yes, Mummy," was her whispered response.   
  
With that Mrs Taylor grabbed both of us by the ear and dragged us out of changing room like naughty children. I scrambled to pull down my skirt that was still stuck half way up my hips. By now we were in full view of the party goers. I was utterly humiliated with Mrs Taylor yanking my ear and me struggling to get the skirt lowered. Finally I got it down but not before everyone present got at least a glimpse of both my pussy and buttocks.  
  
"Party's over," Mrs Taylor roared in such a manner that gave no room for negotiation.  
  
Mrs Taylor didn't let our ears go until she had marched us across the patio in front of everyone. I desperately tried to keep my skirt pulled down but I knew my lower buttocks were flashing into view. Jenny and I quickly rushed through the doorway into the house, down the long hallway and into Jenny's bedroom with all its visual overload and multitude of stuffed toys lying everywhere.  
  
Once in the bedroom we shut the door and Jenny cleared away enough of the stuffed toys so that we had room to sit on her bed side by side. We sat there in stunned silence.  
  
"This is not good," Jenny whispered nervously. "This is so definitely not good."  
  
"I am so sorry," I pleaded. "This is my fault."  
  
"No it's not. I should have just kicked the boys out," she chided herself. "And I shouldn't have let Michelle force you to undress in the bathroom."  
  
"She didn't exactly force me," I reluctantly admitted. "What is going to happen now? I suppose your mother is going to give us a right good telling off. I will tell her it was totally my fault."  
  
Jenny looked at me forlornly. "For me I suspect it will be lot worse."  
  
"What do you mean?" I enquired anxiously.  
  
Jenny hesitated. "My parents still spank me when they think I have been grossly disobedient. I am certain I am in for a spanking tonight."  
  
"Spanked," I was aghast. "Your parents still spank you as an nineteen year old?"  
  
"Yes, I am still spanked," Jenny added forlornly. "I am not spanked very often, but when I am it is so humiliating and hurts ever so much."  
  
"How...how are you spanked?" I whispered.  
  
"Both of my parents are present. I have to apologize for my behaviour, then I have to strip naked and bend over the back of the chair. I am then spanked by Dad with a special thick belt he keeps for such purposes."  
  
My mouth opened in total shock.

**Life of Angela Ch. 11**

**THE BIRTHDAY PARTY (cont)**  
My mouth was hanging open in shock. I was spanked hard by my flatmates so I was not a stranger to being punished, but being spanked naked by your parents as an 18 year old, now just 19, was something totally extreme even by my standards. Visions of the beautifully tall and slender Jenny naked and being spanked flashed into my mind. I quickly eradicated such thoughts by focusing on the seriousness of the predicament we were in.  
  
"Do you think I will be spanked?" I asked nervously.  
  
"I really don't know," Jenny replied uncertainly. "My parents have never spanked any of my other friends. But then I don't think I have seen Mummy so angry before."  
  
That was not very reassuring.  
  
"I had better get changed into my pyjamas as Mummy always expects me to be dressed in my PJs when she comes to get me."  
  
With that Jenny went to her drawers and pulled out two pairs of pyjamas. They were both cotton baby doll PJs with short sleeved tops and shorts. They looked expensive and much more fancy than anything else I had ever worn to bed.   
  
"Put these on," Jenny said, throwing a pair on my lap.  
  
I frowned. "Why would I want to put a pair of your PJs on?"  
  
"Angela. Look at yourself. I don't mean to be disparaging but you do look like a slut. I think it might make a better impression on my parents if you are wearing PJs."  
  
I glanced down at myself and realised she was absolutely right about me looking like a slut. My nipples were clearly protruding through the front of my worn tee shirt. But what was even worse was that by sitting down on the bed my skirt had ridden up my hips so that my lower buttocks were visible and my labia was poking through between my legs. The lack of pubic hair made them clearly visible. Embarrassed, I tried to pull the skirt down but it was just too short.   
  
Realising that Jenny was correct I quickly unbuttoned the skirt and slid it down my legs. I then picked up the baby doll shorts and pulled them on. Next the tee shirt disappeared over my head and I pulled on the top. I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror. Jenny was watching my every move. The baby doll PJs were juvenile looking and made me look a lot younger than my 22 years. But they looked kind of nice and I did a twirl in front of Jenny to show them off. We couldn't help but giggle, despite our dire predicament.   
  
"You are so pretty," Jenny commented shyly.  
  
Her comment made me blush. It felt strange being admired by another female.  
  
I sat back down on the bed. "Your turn now."  
  
Jenny nibbled the end of her finger nail. "Would you mind turning your back to me while I get changed. I really am painfully shy, particularly when it come to my own body."  
  
I was about to turn my back when the thought hit me that it was more than a little unfair that Jenny had seen me naked several times, and a lot worse, but she did not want me to observe her getting undressed. Plus I have to be honest, the thought of seeing the beautifully tall, thin Jenny getting naked was appealing. Especially as it was always me who was getting undressed in front of people.  
  
"No I won't," I responded. "You have seen me naked and now it is your turn."  
  
"Please," Jenny pouted. "Don't watch me."  
  
I just sat there starring at her, making it clear I had no intention of looking away. It made me realise how my flatmates felt when I stood before them and had to undress. It was a powerful aphrodisiac to watch someone reluctantly discarding their clothing while you watched. I could well relate to the humiliation Jenny was probably feeling as she reluctantly began pulling her chiffon top over her head revealing her plain cotton bra. It was clearly only an A cup and emphasised just how small breasted Jenny was.  
  
Jenny picked up her baby doll PJ top. "I am leaving my bra on," she informed me.  
  
I shook my head. "No you are not."  
  
Jenny looked at me defiantly and I honestly expected her to continue putting her PJ top on. I was therefore surprised when she put it back down and reached behind herself to unclasp the bra. When it fell forward she quickly pulled it off and covered her breasts with her left arm. She was flushed with embarrassment.   
  
"You have seen my breasts. In fact you have sucked them," I reminded her. "It is only fair that I see your breasts."  
  
"But I am so tiny," Jenny pleaded. "You have such beautiful breasts."  
  
"Jenny, you are so beautiful. How big or small your boobs are is not going to change that. When I was a teenager I had small breasts, as do so many girls."  
  
Reluctantly she lowered her arm slightly.  
  
"Put your arm down by your side." For probably the first time in my whole life I was getting the chance to be dominant and it felt weird and unnatural. But for all that I was enjoying it.  
  
Jenny hesitated, then slowly lowered her arm down to her side, fully revealing her breasts to me. Her breasts were certainly smaller than mine had been at 18 years of age. They only swelled slightly from her chest, and her areola were small and lightly coloured. Her nipples were also smaller than normal, but to my surprise they were rigid and protruding straight out. I truly felt her breasts were beautiful and when I complimented her she blushed profusely.  
  
"You really think so. They are just so tiny," she sounded almost apologetic.  
  
"They are beautiful," I reinforced. "Now stand up and get those jeans and knickers off."  
  
"But what if Mummy comes in," she pleaded.  
  
"Well you had better get on with it."  
  
The reminder from Jenny that her mother would be coming to get us made me bite my lower lip in apprehension. It also spurred Jenny on as she promptly stood up, unzipped her jeans and began lowering them. As she went to step out of them she turned herself away from me.  
  
"Please face me? I want to see you," I admitted honestly.  
  
Jenny sighed in embarrassment but turned to face me as she kicked the jeans off her feet along with the sandals she had been wearing. She was now only wearing a pair of modest cotton knickers that matched her bra. I had expected her to plead to leave her knickers on, but instead she took a big breath and lowered them all the way down her long slender legs. Leaving them bunched around her ankles she stood up, revealing to me her pubic bush. Her pubic hair was a perfect little triangle of sparse blond curls that were trimmed to a moderate length.  
  
"You are gorgeous."  
  
Jenny blushed profusely. "I want to trim my pubic hair into a thin landing strip like most of my friends have but Mummy won't let me. She tells me I would look like a tramp."  
  
I visibly blanched at what Mrs. Taylor's reaction would be to me having had my pubic hair totally shaved off. I wondered whether she had noticed when she had stormed into the changing room. I managed to focus back on the beauty of her tall slender daughter standing naked before me. She looked so erotic and I was surprised at how aroused I had become. I knew my labia were becoming swollen with arousal.   
  
"I had better get dressed," Jenny smiled shyly. "Mummy could be here any moment and this would not look good."  
  
She was right and I reluctantly nodded in agreement. Jenny hastily pulled on her PJs before sitting down beside me on her bed. We sat there in nervous silence as if we were awaiting the executioner. Despite my nervousness I knew I was still aroused. I couldn't help but worry about what would happen when Mrs. Taylor did eventually show up. Surely she wouldn't spank me, a total stranger. I would be mortified if I was spanked by someone else's parents. I am a 22 year old for heaven's sake. It just does not happen.  
  
We both held our breath as we heard the noise of footsteps approaching down the long hallway. I think we both sat up straight like nervous school children as the door to the bedroom swung open there stood Mrs. Taylor. I had half expected her to start berating us straight away but she looked remarkably calm. Her eyes focused on me as she noted I was wearing a pair of her daughter's baby doll pyjamas.  
  
"Why is this girl wearing your pyjamas?" The question was directed at Jenny but Mrs. Taylor continued to focus on me.  
  
I wanted to remind her I was not a girl. I am 22 years old. However I thought it best to keep quiet on that one. Instead I tried to explain why I was in her daughter's PJs.  
  
"Jenny thought it would be better..."  
  
"Did I ask you?" Mrs. Taylor snapped. "Given the trouble you have caused tonight and almost single handedly undermined my daughter's birthday, I would suggest you keep quiet unless you are spoken to. Do you understand?"  
  
I looked down at my hands on my lap. "Yes Ma'am," I murmured.  
  
"Pardon?"  
  
I looked up at Mrs. Taylor. "Yes Ma'am. I understand." My ears burned and I felt like a scolded child.   
  
"Jenny?" Mrs. Taylor turned her attention back to her daughter.  
  
Jenny responded nervously, " I thought she would be dressed more appropriately if she was wearing pyjamas."  
  
"You mean less like a slut?"  
  
"Yes Mummy," Jenny reluctantly agreed. She glanced briefly at me as if in apology.  
  
"Or do you mean she is dressed appropriately for a spanking?"  
  
"Yes, Mummy. I mean, no Mummy!" Jenny responded, flabbergasted by the question.  
  
Mrs. Taylor turned her attention back to me. I could see a smirk on her face. She might have been angry, but it was also clear she was enjoying making myself and her daughter squirm.   
  
"My daughter has behaved very unbecoming of a lady and will be punished. Has she told you how she is punished?" Mrs. Taylor enquired of me.  
  
I looked down at my lap again, embarrassed. "She is spanked," I whispered and looked briefly over at Jenny who looked nervously straight ahead.  
  
"And how is she spanked?"  
  
"Over the chair," I again whispered, "with a belt."  
  
"What is she wearing?" Mrs. Taylor persisted.  
  
"Nothing," I gulped. "She is in the nude."  
  
"Exactly," Mrs. Taylor responded, seemingly satisfied she had extracted the awful reality from my lips.  
  
A long silence followed, with Mrs. Taylor looking down on the two of us dressed only in her daughter's PJs.  
  
"Do you think you need to be spanked also, Angela? Your name is Angela if I remember correctly?"  
  
"Yes, Ma'am," I quietly responded.  
  
"Yes, you deserve to be spanked along with my daughter?"  
  
I cringed. "No Ma'am. I meant that you are correct that my name is Angela. Not that I deserve to be spanked."  
  
"Look at me girl!" Mrs. Taylor demanded and I quickly looked up at her. "My daughter is going to be spanked as she has behaved disgracefully at her own birthday. You are not my own child and I don't believe my husband and I have the right to punish you."  
  
I inwardly breathed a sigh of relief.  
  
"However," she continued, " you have behaved disgracefully at my daughter's birthday party and I believe you should do the decent thing and give us your permission to punish you in the same manner Jenny is going to be punished."  
  
I couldn't bring myself to respond and looked down at my feet.  
  
"Do we have your permission, Angela?"  
  
I clenched my hands in my lap and looked over at Jenny. I felt so bad that this beautiful creature was now in this position largely because of me. If only I had been strong enough to say no to Michelle in the bathroom and Tony and the other boys in the changing rooms. I looked up at Mrs. Taylor.  
  
"You have my permission," I nervously conceded.  
  
"To spank you?"  
  
"Yes, Ma'am," I gulped.  
  
"With the belt?"  
  
"Yes...yes Ma'am," I reluctantly agreed.  
  
Mrs. Taylor stared down at me before finally adding, "In the nude?"  
  
I could tell she was getting a sense of satisfaction extracting every last embarrassing detail from me.  
  
"Yes Ma'am. In the nude."  
  
"Right. We will be ready shortly. I just need to talk to Mr. Taylor first. I will summons both of you when we are ready."  
  
With that Mrs. Taylor closed the door and left us in stunned silence.  
  
"You didn't have to agree," Jenny whispered to me.  
  
"Yes I did," I whispered back, trying to sound more decisive than I felt. "I could not abandon you to be punished on your own."  
  
To my total surprise Jenny leaned over and kissed me on my cheek. "Thank you."  
  
I looked back at her and my feelings were confused. A part of me wanted to kiss her on the lips. But I dared not. Instead I took hold of her hand and we sat there in mutual support for what seemed an eternity, but was probably no more than 10 minutes. The footsteps could be heard approaching before the door swung open. Mrs. Taylor said nothing, but simply beckoned us with her finger.  
  
Nervously we followed her down the hallway into a room that was obviously a formal lounge full of quality furnishings. Mr. Taylor was sitting in a sofa chair looking at an I Pad on his lap. He looked up at us as we entered the room. He looked uncomfortable with what was unfolding. I suspected that Mrs. Taylor was very much the driver of these punishment sessions and her husband reluctantly followed along.   
  
"You know what to do, Jenny. Get the chair please," Mrs. Taylor directed.  
  
Jenny walked across the lounge and picked up a big heavy wooden chair that was sitting in one corner. With effort she carried it over to the middle of the room and placed it down.  
  
"Have you got the belt, Dan?" Mrs. Taylor requested of her husband.   
  
Without a great deal of enthusiasm Mr. Taylor reached down on the sofa chair beside him and lifted up a fearsome looking thick belt.  
  
"Well, bring it over here," she ordered her husband.  
  
Mr. Taylor pulled himself out of chair and began walking over to his wife. "Are you sure this is right? Spanking our daughter is one thing, but spanking a stranger just does not seem right."  
  
"Dan, we have been over this," Mrs. Taylor responded impatiently. "She has asked to be spanked as she agrees she deserves it. Isn't that right, Angela?"  
  
I had not exactly asked to be spanked, but I had agreed to it. "Yes, Ma'am," I reluctantly agreed, not wanting to buy a fight with her.  
  
Mr. Taylor studied me for a moment. "How old are you Angela?"  
  
"Twenty two," I responded, somewhat ashamed admitting how old I was.  
  
Mr. Taylor raised his eyebrow, obviously surprised I was several years older than his daughter.  
  
"Twenty two?" he repeated.  
  
I nodded.  
  
"You know how Mrs. Taylor insists that the punishment is delivered?" His tone reinforced that he was perhaps not totally onboard with the manner in which his daughter was punished.  
  
"Yes, sir. The spanking is with the belt while bent over the chair. And...and in the nude," I reluctantly added.  
  
"And you agree to this?"  
  
"Yes, Mr. Taylor," I nervously agreed.  
  
Mr. Taylor pondered the situation for a short while.  
  
"Very well," he responded with what seemed to be more enthusiasm. "You are obviously well old enough to make this decision, and if you agree to the spanking then so be it."  
  
He turned to his daughter. "I think it only appropriate that you go first."  
  
"Yes, Daddy," Jenny responded nervously as she went and stood beside the big wooden chair. She turned and stared earnestly at her parents. She stood silently while seeming to gather her thoughts.   
  
"Mummy and Daddy, I apologize for behaving so badly when you went to so much trouble to arrange my birthday party. I should never have gone into the boys changing room when there were boys in there. And it was I who told Angela to lift up her dress."  
  
Her father's eyes opened wide in shock. I don't think he was fully aware of what had happened in the changing room. Jenny noticeably blushed at her confession.  
  
"And you agree you deserve a spanking?" her father continued.  
  
Jenny hesitated and glanced nervously at me. Finally she responded quietly, "Yes Daddy, I do."  
  
"Very well. Undress," he ordered.  
  
Again Jenny looked nervously in my direction. She was obviously reluctant to strip naked and be spanked with an observer in the room. With a deep breath she took hold of her baby doll bottoms and pulled them down to her ankles. Bending demurely at the knees she reached down and picked them up and placed them on the chair seat. It appeared she had had it drummed in to her that tidiness is important, even when you are preparing to receive a spanking. Jenny stood up and her PJ top was covering her to her hips. Just the bottom of butt cheeks was visible.   
  
Jenny turned to her father. "Please can I leave my top on this once," she pleaded. "My bottom is bare so the spanking is still going to really hurt."  
  
"You know the rules, Jenny," her mother quickly butted in. "You should have thought of these consequences before misbehaving."  
  
Jenny hung her head in defeat. She unbuttoned her pyjama top and slid it over her shoulders, folded it neatly and placed it on the chair. When she stood up totally naked she was standing side on to me, facing the back of the chair. Seeing her in profile like that took my breath away. Her beautiful little A-cup breasts swelled gorgeously from her chest, although her nipples were no longer erect. For the first time I was able to view her tight firm buttocks. As would be expected, her bottom was small but her cheeks were perfectly round and firm and a wonderful testament to her athletic build.  
  
Without being asked, Jenny leant forward over the back of chair. She had to raise her heels off the ground to enable her to reach down and take hold of the sides of the seat with her hands. For a long moment the room was eerily quiet except the ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner of the room.   
  
Mr. Taylor stepped forward, the belt in his hand, doubled over so that he was holding both ends in his hand. As he raised it above his head I could see Jenny tense as she clenched her buttocks in anticipation of the impact. I was aware that I was holding my breath, which I expelled in a gasp of shock when Mr. Taylor landed the first spank of the belt on Jenny's buttocks. The noise resonated around the room, followed by a shriek from Jenny. She danced from one foot to the other, but bravely held her position.   
  
Mr. Taylor gave her a few moments to recover before raising the belt and the process was repeated two more times. Again Jenny shrieked and danced but held her position. However on the fourth spank Jenny howled out and stood up, grasping her poor buttocks with both hands. There were tears running down her cheeks. She danced around oblivious to the display of nudity she was giving to everyone in the room. Her triangle of curly pubic hair was clearly visible to me and despite the circumstances I couldn't help but admire her beauty. I had to fight back the desire to rush over to her and comfort her in my arms.  
  
"No more, Daddy," she pleaded between sobs, "Please, no more."  
  
I hoped that was the end of Jenny's spanking, but bit my fingernail nervously when her father pointed to the chair.  
  
"You know the punishment with the belt is six, so get yourself back in position and get this over with."  
  
Reticently Jenny moved back behind the chair and took up her position again. The last two spanks produced more tears and dancing from Jenny. Eventually she regained her composure and turned to her parents.  
  
"Thank you Mummy and Daddy. I apologise again for my behaviour and realise I deserved to be punished."   
  
Jenny seemed sincere in her apology although I doubted that she really felt she should be punished on her nineteenth birthday. She picked up her pyjamas and walked back to stand beside me. She made no attempt to get dressed.  
  
My heart was just about thumping a hole in my chest as My Taylor beckoned me over to the chair. Nervously I shuffled over and stood facing the chair, just as Jenny had done.  
  
Mr. Taylor looked at me uncertainly before muttering, "Clothes please."   
  
It felt so embarrassing to have to undress in front of Jenny's parents, particularly her father. But I knew it was fruitless to delay the inevitable. I unbuttoned my PJ top and shrugged it off my shoulders, embarrassed that my boobs were now in full view of the Taylors and Jenny. Having noticed that Jenny had folded her PJs and placed them on the chair I thought it was wise that I do the same thing. As I bent down to place the PJ top on the chair I couldn't help but notice my nipples were erect. There was no way I could cover them up without drawing attention to myself so I prayed they would not notice, or if they did they would think it was because I was nervous or possibly cold.

I reached my fingers under my waistband and lowered my PJ bottoms to the floor. As I bent over at the waist to pick them up I realised I was presenting a full view of my vagina to Mr. Taylor who was standing behind me holding the fearsome belt. I quickly bent my knees as I attempted to step out of the PJs but all I succeeded in doing was falling back awkwardly onto my naked bottom. I must have looked a sight sitting naked on the floor with my PJs around my ankles. I quickly kicked them off while still sitting, then realised that in doing so I had given Mrs. Taylor a clear view of my shaved pussy. I was mortified as I realised that I could feel the swollen warmth of my labia squashed underneath me as I sat on the hard polished floorboards. I could not believe that I could even begin to find this situation in some way arousing. I felt myself blushing even more at the shame of my realisation.  
  
Quickly I sprung to my feet and turned to stand beside the back of the chair. As I glanced down I could see a small distinctive wet spot on the floorboard where I had been sitting. Hastily I bent down to pick up the baby doll bottoms and as I did I swept them over the wet spot, wiping up the telltale evidence.  
  
"Do you have to bend over like that in front of my husband?" Mrs. Taylor spoke with contempt.  
  
I realised that in my haste to wipe up the wet spot I had again bent at the waist, fully exposing myself to Mr. Taylor for a second time. Blushing profusely I quickly mumbled an apology before placing the remain item of clothing on the chair. I then stood directly behind the back of it and with a nervous gulp I bent forward. But the chair back was too high and I could only just touch the seat with my fingertips. Jenny is several inches taller than me and she only just managed to grip the seat.   
  
"Aren't you going to apologise to us for your behaviour?" Mrs. Taylor abruptly reprimanded me.  
  
Oops. In my haste and embarrassment I had totally overlooked the need to apologise. Awkwardly I stood up again and looked at Mrs. Taylor.   
  
"Please accept my apology for my totally unacceptable behaviour," I stated with sincere contrition. "I shouldn't have gone into your daughter's bedroom, I shouldn't have needed to wear your daughter's skirt and...and I shouldn't have been exposing myself to the boys in the changing room."  
  
The last admission was particularly humiliating.  
  
"Exposed!" Mrs. Taylor scowled. "You had your skirt up around your waist and you were not wearing knickers. You were behaving like a wanton tramp."  
  
As I looked at Mrs. Taylor I could see she was sneering at me and clearly enjoying making me squirm.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am," I responded, hanging my head. I could hardly argue with her assessment of me.  
  
Mr. Taylor lightly touched the belt on my exposed buttocks, ensuring I hadn't forgotten I was about to get a severe spanking. "Get up on your toes, girl. I want that bum of yours up high and your hands gripping that chair firmly."  
  
I couldn't believe the indignity of what he was asking me to do. Especially as he was standing right behind me and getting a full and prolonged view of the hidden jewels of a 22 year female he had only first met a short while previously. Adding even more to the intense humiliation was the fact that I knew I was aroused. I prayed he would not notice, but suspected the wetness around my pussy lips would be a dead giveaway.  
  
I stretched up onto the tips of my toes and got my bottom as high up as I possibly could. I stretched down and managed to grip the seat but the chair back was digging into my tummy. I could hardly move or breathe. I could only imagine the view I presented to Mr. Taylor.  
  
I was almost a relief when the first blow of the belt cracked across my buttocks. I grunted out in pain but held my position. As the next three spanks rained down I managed to just hold my position but I cried out with the agony of the belt biting across my tender buttocks. I was aware of tears beginning to trickle down my cheeks.  
  
Mr. Taylor obviously decided he wasn't spanking me hard enough because the fifth blow of the belt felt excruciating. I immediately jumped up and gripped my blazing buttocks.  
  
"Oh God!" I exclaimed, furiously rubbing my buttocks. This would have to be the most painful spanking I had ever received. Any thought of being sexually aroused had been well shunted out of my brain. Like Jenny, I danced from foot to foot.  
  
Finally I turned back to face the chair and lent forward.  
  
"Up higher," Mr. Taylor reminded me.   
  
I raised up as high on my toes as I could, and clenched my buttocks in anticipation of the final spank. Mr. Taylor showed no mercy, with the last spank as hard as the previous. Again I shrieked out as I stood up and rubbed my tender buttocks. I was sure they were blazing bright red.   
  
Gathering my composure, I picked up the pyjamas I had been wearing, then stood naked in front of Mr. Taylor as I thanked him for punishing me and reassured him I had deserved it. I then turned to Mrs. Taylor and repeated the apology.  
  
Both of Jenny's parents stared at me for what seemed an eternity. I was very aware of my nudity and desperately wanted to bring my hands up to cover my pussy and boobs but I forced myself to keep my arms by my side. I quickly glanced over at Mr. Taylor and was mortified that he was staring intently at my shaved pubes. The expression on his face strongly suggested he was enjoying the opportunity to take in the sights of my 22 year old naked body.  
  
Embarrassed, I looked back at Mrs. Taylor only to find she was unabashedly also eyeing up my pubic region. I cringed, knowing how she objected to Jenny shaving her pubic hair.   
  
It was therefore little surprise when she muttered, "You really are a little slut, aren't you?"  
  
I hung my head in shame.   
  
"But at least I can say you know how to take your punishment when you behave so disgustingly."  
  
I wasn't sure if that was a compliment or not and I just continued to look at floor, hands by my side gripping on to my discarded PJs.  
  
"I suggest the two of you have a shower then both off to bed," Mrs. Taylor continued.  
  
I looked up at her confused. I was meant to be driven home by my flatmates, Jeff and Michelle.  
  
"I have sent your friends home as I did not want them waiting around while you were being punished. I have told them to come and collect you in the morning," Mrs. Taylor clarified. "Now in the shower the two of you. Angela will sleep in the guest room."  
  
Quickly the two of us, still as naked as the day we were born, exited the lounge and silently made our way down the hallway to the same bathroom where I had been made to strip naked by Michelle in front of Jenny and her friend, Tony. Michelle's fingers had also invaded me.  
  
When we got into the bathroom we both turned our backs to the mirror and viewed our fiery red backsides. Mine were a deepened red all over and tender when I ran my fingers gently over them. Jenny's beautiful little firm buttocks had signs of bruising whereas mine appeared not to. I guessed that was probably due to the fact I had been spanked regularly by my flatmates.  
  
Jenny beckoned for me to go first into the shower. The water cascading over me felt great, although when it was directed onto my buttocks I couldn't help but cringe. I looked out through the glass of the shower and noticed Jenny was just staring wistfully at me, biting her bottom lip. I needed this tall, slim angel to be close to me. I opened the shower door and beckoned her to join me. Jenny's initial response was one of shock, and she shook her head nervously. I continued to hold the door open. Her face softened to a childish, shy grin. Her eyes furtively glanced over at the bathroom door to double check we had locked it so that prying mothers could not burst in on us.   
  
Nervously she took the two steps to the shower cubicle and stepped in to join me. For a moment our eyes met and we were both unsure of what to do next. Even though I had been the one to invite Jenny in to join me, I really had not thought through what I was going to do. I just felt an aching need to have her close to me. I certainly didn't see myself as being a lesbian, although I strongly suspected I had bisexual tendencies. I certainly seemed capable of submitting myself to a range of sexual situations, with 'submitting' being the key word in much of my sexual experience. Strangely I had little experience in one-on-one sexual encounters, and almost none as the leader in the sexual encounter.  
  
Tentatively I reached my arms around Jenny's shoulders and pulled her towards me. She rested her head on my shoulder and stood in the embrace for several blissful minutes. It was so wonderful to have her naked body touching against my own. I could feel the nipples of her tiny breasts pushing against my own. She was lightly humming in my ear which made her sound like she was purring. It was just lovely.  
  
Realising we couldn't stay embraced like that all night we eventually pulled apart. Picking up the soap, I beckoned for her to turn around. I then began soaping her back and worked my way down to her freshly spanked buttocks. Knowing how tender they would be I just lightly rubbed the soap over them. Her buttocks were so small and almost rock hard. People have often told me that I have a delightfully firm bottom, but my cheeks are certainly bigger and softer than Jenny's. She winced slightly as I gently rubbed her buttocks but did not move.   
  
I whispered in her ear to turn around and face me. She hesitated, but eventually turned around. She had her arms folded in front of her chest. Gently I took hold of her wrists and began to unfold her arms.  
  
"Please, I want to keep my boobies covered," she whispered, obviously embarrassed.  
  
"They are just beautiful, and I want to see them," I tried to reassure her.  
  
"I have tiny tits," she pouted, "And yours are so beautiful."  
  
"Listen to me. I absolutely think your titties are gorgeous, and if you don't take your arms away I will tickle you until you can't stand it anymore," I responded playfully.  
  
When she didn't immediately move her arms away I brought my hands up as if to tickle her ribs. Immediately she dropped her arms to her side, exposing her A-cup breasts. I couldn't help admiring their perfection before allowing my eyes to drift down to her triangle of curly pubic hair.  
  
Picking up the soap I began lathering her shoulders and making my way down to her breasts. I felt her body stiffen but she didn't resist. Her nipples were as hard as erasers and I could feel them pressing against the palm of my hand as I lathered them with soap. Gradually I made my down over her stomach, lathering her as I went. When my fingers touched the top of her pubes I could again feel her tense as her tummy muscles tightened. But again she didn't resist.  
  
I began washing the soft down that was her blonde pubic hair. I kept doing it for a few minutes until I felt her relax. She tilted her head to the side and smiled contentedly.  
  
"Do you want me to continue," I spoke softly.  
  
Jenny gazed at me for a long moment. I could tell that she was in a turmoil. Her inhibitions were being stretched well beyond her normal comfort zone. Finely she uttered just one word, "Please."  
  
I put more soap on my hand and slid it down over her pubic bone until I felt the soft swollen lips of her labia. I gently stroked her up and down her lips and could feel her clit swelling as it protruded from its hood. I strongly suspected she was a virgin and I couldn't help wondering if she had ever been touched by anyone else down there. Selfishly I hoped I was the first.  
  
Jenny purred contently, then asked me, "Can I touch you down there also?"  
  
"Please," was my instant response. I was as horny as hell and the thought of her touching me down there made me light headed.  
  
Jenny placed her hand on my naked pussy. "It feels funny," she giggled. "But so sexy," she quickly added.  
  
I opened my legs to give her access. I blushed as opening my legs seemed to be a naturally submissive reaction for me. Jenny's fingers quickly found my very swollen labia. I was very wet and it was more than the water. Let's say I was well lubricated.  
  
"Can I put my fingers inside you?" she requested shyly.  
  
My only response was to drive two of my own fingers deep into Jenny's vagina. She felt tight but very warm and wet. She gasped in shock, but as I pulled my fingers out then thrust them in again a look of pure ecstasy shone from her eyes. As I pulled my fingers out and were about to enter that sweet canal again Jenny pushed what felt like almost her whole hand into my very wet vagina. The sensation almost made my legs buckle. It felt so damn good.  
  
With our eyes locked on each other we then began to finger fuck each other like there was going to be no tomorrow. We were both groaning out loud and I think if Mrs. Taylor was knocking on that bathroom door we probably wouldn't hear her, and if we did hear her I think we were too close to orgasm to be able to stop.   
  
Jenny came first and I felt her body twitch and jerk before arching her back as her orgasm rolled through her. Leaning back caused her to thrust her hand even harder into my pussy which sent me over the edge in one glorious orgasm that seemed to go on endlessly.   
  
It was one wild ride for both of us and it took several minutes before I gathered my senses enough to open my eyes. Jenny's shoulder was resting on mine and she was smiling contentedly. The water from the shower was cascading over both of us.  
  
It had been one hell of a day, but somehow this was now all forgotten in this moment of bliss.