**My Obedient Streak**

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*My Obedient Streak: Stacey Starts at The Bottom*

**My Obedient Streak Pt. 02 - Stacey's Home Brew**

It wasn't like I hadn't known all week that I was acting up. Even as my husband Ed reacted stoically to my delays getting out of the house or dinners, taking forever to dress and make myself up, or making him wait while I shopped, or, worst of all, getting into little disagreements with him, I knew I was accumulating points with him that I'd have to work off on the weekend.

Now, Saturday, late afternoon, I heard the words I knew would come, and a flutter went through my belly.

"Stacey," he intoned almost matter of factly, "I do believe we need to stay in tonight and work on your attitude, don't we little lady?"

The flutter in my belly mixed with fear and remorse, and tears almost sprang to my eyes, as I mildly pleaded, "Oh no, Ed, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to make you mad, I..." my voice trailed off with a whimper as Ed stared at me sternly and responded, "Young lady, you know it's not a matter of me being mad. Oh no, I'm not at all mad at you. But I'm also not going to neglect your behavior and not meet out the discipline you've earned."

The blood rushed to my ears and I barely could make out the words I knew would come, making me tremble and thrill at the same time.

"Stacey, go upstairs and change into something appropriate for spending a nice, long evening being punished. I want you in my study in half an hour, and given that you'll be spending a Saturday night atoning for your behavior, I think something white and lacey and fancy is in order. Now, go, get yourself ready!"

My head spun as I slowly climbed the stairs toward our bedroom. I'd been expecting this, excited by it deep down, but now I was scared and nervous. Downstairs, I could hear Ed on the phone. He was laughing, contentedly. Maybe he isn't in such a bad mood, maybe I won't get punished a lot, I thought to myself.

Upstairs I opened my closet. He'd said half an hour. If he'd wanted me to downstairs as quickly as possible he would have said that, so I knew he expected me to doll myself up for him. I opened my lingerie drawer. Even since being with Ed, I've accumulated a huge collection of lingerie, most of which he buys for me. I have one drawer for black, for when he wants me dark and mysterious, and one for mostly white, for when Ed wants the virginal effect. Tonight would be a "white" night. In the back of my mind I wondered what erotic adventures Ed was planning for this evening.

I took off all my clothes and stood naked sorting through the clothes Ed would like me in.

I pulled out a small plastic bag with delicate stockings from my drawer and put it on the bed, then continued collecting items to wear. A pale pink lacy garter belt would complement the sheer white stockings which I pulled on, I smoothed them up my legs, and pulled them taught at my thigh. The tops of the very sheer white stockings had a large white satin bow in the back, and I made sure to center it perfectly over my rear thighs. I turned the wide lacy pink garter belt over, slid it around and fastened it at my flat lower belly. Then I rotate it so that the clasp was at the back and reached for one of the metal tabs and its soft tab. I held the garter belt stretched to my front thigh and slipped the soft rubber tab below the top of my stocking, then hooked it in. The other front was easy, but I always have a bit of a hard time fastening the starts of the garter to my rear thighs. But I managed, and they looked very straight to me.

I looked over my shoulder at myself in the mirror. I smiled, satisfied knowing Ed would like what he saw when I went downstairs. My long trim legs showed very nicely in the pale white, delicate stockings. At my thighs, the discreet bow topping each smooth thigh made me look like a present to be unwrapped. I slowly turned and looked over my shoulder at myself from the back.

I knew all to well what Ed liked, the parts of my body he singled out for "attention". He liked best the parts of me that were soft and full. I looked at my profile, my breasts bare and thrust forward. Ed liked the way my full breasts were turned up, so my large pink nipples pointed slightly upwards, and the full bottom curve of my breast, where my tits were plumpest.

My gaze dropped as I turned a bit more and looked at my round, smooth, white bottom, naked and defenseless between the pink garter belt and the white stockings below. Pale as my bottom was now, I knew that it wouldn't be for very much longer, and I shuddered at the sting I knew I would feel when my bottom got the spankings that Ed had hinted at. I recalled the many times his strong large hand had alternated languidly between kneading my naked bottom, squeezing each full cheek strongly press and shaking my ass, then leisurely raising his hand and bringing it down hard and sharp on one or the other bottom cheek, a loud SMACK followed by a gasp or whimper from me as the hot, stinging feeling coursed through my rear end.

I closed my eyes, sighed, then rummaged through my underwear drawer for a pair of panties. Perfect! White lace, low cut with thinner sides and in back just what Ed liked—not a thong, but a boyish short short cut which left the lower half of my bottom cheeks visible. In the front it was thin and low, just barely covering my shaved pussy, but in the rear it was cut very high on the bottom cheeks, and then low at the waist.

The top was a no-brainer, as Ed had just given me a lovely white lace bra, with delicate lace embroidery and very soft cloth cups which slipped over and totally conformed to the shape of my largish boobs.

I turned the flimsy white garment around and put it around my belly, fastened the clasp and flipped it up. I carefully pulled the cups over my breasts, and slid the gauzy, wide, white straps over my arms onto my shoulders. Watching my bust in the mirror, I carefully arranged each boob so that it was perfectly centered in its sustaining bra cup.

While getting ready, I was distracted by thoughts of my upcoming discipline session. Sometimes Ed was gentle and slow, building over an entire evening of teasing with soft smacks and caresses to the culmination when I might be over his knee, panties bunched at my ankles, and Ed's hand would be flying up and down as he finally gave my bare bottom a fast, hard, blistering spanking, causing my naked rear cheeks to flail wildly and bounce on his lap.

Other times he liked to start very rough, and then get gentle with me after I was trembling and sweaty. Last punishment night had been one of those. The moment I had gotten downstairs all done up in black lace and a black teddy, Ed has spun me around, pushed my head so that I was bowing, yanked my panties down unceremoniously, and had whipped me soundly with his doubled over, heavy leather belt. I had been crying after a mere couple of smacks of the belt, but Ed kept going until my entire bottom and upper thighs were red and marked.

I continue to dress. To finish the effect I slipped my feet into a pair of strappy white stiletto heels with little belts that fastened delicately around my ankles. I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled. Ed would be pleased, I looked great. I sauntered on my high heels into the bathroom and spent at leat 10 minutes applying eyeshadow and eyeliner, then lipstick and perfuming myself. I'd show Ed what a good pleaser I could be, and he wouldn't even punish me. I might just get away with having been a brat the whole week after all!

Funny, how one can fool oneself so badly sometimes!

When I finished, I applied deep rep lipstick to my full lips, and started down the hall to go downtairs. I called out "Ed, can I come down now?" Voices drifted up to me, other male voices, and I froze. Who was here? What was I to do dressed like this if there were other men here.

Before I could react or think to bolt back to my room, Ed appeared at the bottom of the stairs, "Come down Stacey! I have a couple of friends here who would like to meet you!"

"But," I whimpered, "I'm not dressed."

Ed looked me over from the bottom of the stairs, "Quite the contrary, Stacey, you're more dressed than you will be for most of this evening. Now come downstairs, immediately!"

Trembling, I carefully stepped down the stairs towards the living room, balancing precariously on the high white heels. Dressed only in my bra, panties garter belt and stockings. Could he really have someone over, and show me off this way, I wondered fearfully? It was one thing to dress in skimpy lingerie for my husband, who had possessed my body in every possible way and explored and penetrated all of my folds and openings, bending my submissive feminine body to his pleasure as he rode me roughly or pulsed liquidly into my mouth. But, my panicked mind reeled, he was going to make me parade like a sex-toy for someone else!

As soon as I nervously descended a couple more steps, the voices I'd heard became clearer. Two of Ed's good friends, Larry and Bob, sat on the sofa, looking at me descending the stair shyly into the living room, walking daintily, and I knew seductively my hips swaying as I went from step to step, into the room, dressed only in my underwear! The broad grins on their faces made it clear how much they enjoyed my humiliating situation, and the lack of any hesitation in the way they stared at my lingerie clad body made it obvious that Ed had made it clear to them that they were to enjoy my sexy state without reservations.

I often saw Larry and Bob when we went out, mostly to bars, with Ed, though I never really got to know them very well. Sure, whenever we were out with them they both flirted and complimented me, but they always were very proper and gentlemanlike, though I always caught them looking at my body when they though I wasn't watching. The grins when I entered, and the way they leaned forward expectantly and pouted their lips frightened me. I felt like a fluffy, helpless, rabbit trapped in front of two hungry dogs, and I knew they weren't even pretending to be polite. They were going to take advantage of my predicament to the utmost. I couldn't help it. I glanced quickly at their crotches. As I feared, they both had prominent bulges which I feared I'd have much closer contact with before my ordeal was over.

I hesitated at the bottom of the stair, but Ed commanded me sternly, "Stacey, come down right away and say hello politely to my friends. As you've been exemplarily bratty recently, Larry and Bob have been kind enough to agree to help me correct your behavior and your poor attitude."

I looked from one to the other grinning male. There was no doubt how much they enjoyed seeing me skimpily and submissively standing there.

A tiny whimper of fear escaped my lips.

"I've already explained, Stacey," said Ed, "to Larry and Bob how you've been inconsiderate and ill-disposed this last week, and that we need to help you correct that attitude.

"Larry, Bob, you've been downright neighborly in offering to help little Stacey learn the consequence of her brattiness. Girls who don't behave have to understand that their privileges are going to be taken away from them. We're going to have to drive home the lesson to this naughty girl, that when she behaves like a snotty little bitch, she's going to lose the right to walk around as she likes but will have to make up her behavior by showing her obedience in following orders, and that she loses the right to any say over who touches or uses her in whatever way they like.

"Stacey, to get you started in the right frame of mind, you will call us each "Sir," and you will do exactly as you're told. Do you understand? I want to hear you say "Yes, Sir, I understand."

The words came haltingly from me, "Yes, Sir, I understand."

"Now," continued Ed, "as Larry and Bob are sacrificing their evening towards your edification, I think it is only fitting that you go over and give them a thank you kiss, and then do twirl so that they can see the ripe little body which we'll be spending so much time working out your bad behavior on."

I walked carefully forward, one slim high-heeled step in front of the other, I slowly approached Larry who was sitting on the sofa. I looked down towards the floor. Larry looked at me coldly, and I realized he wasn't going to stand up. I crooked on knee and put it on the ground, then the other. Kneeling I was a little shorter than him and I put my hands on his thighs to steady myself as I leaned across my lips pouted to kiss him obediently. Larry leaned forward and pressed his prickly, moustached lip to my plump lipsticked ones. I felt his tabacco-tasting tongue separate my lips and enter my mouth. He kissed me deeply, forcefully rubbing his rough tongue over mine.

After as little time as possible without being insulting I pulled back and stood gingerly. Larry motioned in a circle with his hand, and I stood just between his knees and slowly turned a full circle. I could feel his gaze burn into my body, taking in my large firm boobs in their thin lacey cups. I knew my nipples were only visible in outline, my wide areolas just visible through the sheer white material, but the lace on the cup hid my actual nipples. Larry's eyes were glued to my tits as I turned slowly. A breast man, I thought. Just the thought of that made my nipples harden and tingle, and little did I know that they had every reason to tingle. Had they only know what was coming, and what Larry would later do to my poor sensitive nippies!

Next I slowly walked over to Bob. Now I was really nervous. Bob was a redneck type and he was also not at all taken in by my delicate femininity, but always treated me crassly and roughly. He was obviously the kind of man who likes a dainty girl but only so as to be able to dominate and embarrass her more effectively. He often made crude comments when we were together, referring to my body in inappropriate ways, even in front of Ed. Ed never seemed to mind or chastise him when he made comments about my legs or boobs.

Bar girl mammaries

I blushed as I recalled all too vividly last month when Ed and I had gone to a bar for a drink and Bob joined us. Ed had called him and told him to come enjoy the evening with us. Ed had insisted that I wear high white heels, white short hot pants with ridiculously inappropriate brief black panties under them. My long legs were bare, and my panties were obvious and darkly visible through the white short shorts, just as Ed intended. In keeping with the Southern Nights theme of the bar, Ed had made a big fuss insisting I wear a thin, loose cut T-shirt which left my arms bare and which he'd made me tie just under the bottom of my bra, which was also black and also evident through the shirt. I'd refused to leave the house like that, and was almost in tears, but Ed had calmly given me an ultimatum,

"Stacey, you're either going to stop your fussing now and come with me like a good girl, or I'm going to pull you over my knee, pull down your shorts to bare your naughty plump little ass, and I'm going to take my belt off and strap your soft little bottom until it looks like a tomato. I'm also going to smack you with my belt all over your upper thighs. Then, we're going to walk out and go to the same bar, where everyone will be able to see your freshly smacked thighs and butt. So it's up to you, do you want to walk into that bar with your ass well-spanked for everyone to see, or are you come along like an obedient girl?"

I had no choice. I knew Ed would be only too happy to start the evening giving me a thorough strapping and would enjoy the added stares and hoots I'd get at the bar. I nodded dumbly, mortified, and walked out to the car meekly without another word of argument.

So I'd ended up at the Southern Nights where the guys drank bourbon shots and forced me to drink a few as well, so I was unsteady on my feet. Getting up from the table, Bob, looked down at me, and announced, "Let's play some pinball Stacey, come on!" I was hesitant, shaking my head, but Ed said firmly, "Go!" So I tottered up and we walked over to the pinball machine which was in the center of the walk of the uncrowded bar. As I walked towards the machine, I realized that there were only men at this bar, all sleazy looking and all watching the spectacle I was making of myself as I walked to the machine. I felt their eyes roving over my soft ass, relishing the sight of my obviously visible panties. I could almost feel how their hands wanted to grab and explore my defenseless bottom and roughly pull my shorts down and my panties aside so their fingers could plunge into my cunt and asshole. I tried not to look at the guys at the bar, blushing furiously as I crossed the floor in front of them, but seeing out of the corner of my eyes their heads swivel to watch me as I passed.

I quickly walked to the pinball machine to steady myself against it, standing to one side, so that the men at the bar couldn't see the lower half of my body. Bob left me there alone, looking meekly down at the pinball machine so I wouldn't have to meet the gaze of the staring patrons, and walked over to the bartender. He spent a moment talking with the bartender and they both laughed at something and looked over at me, grinning.

Suspiciously, the bartender turned and reached into the till, then handed Bob a couple of rolls of coins. Bob beckoned to Ed with a head movement, and Ed amusedly walked up to the bar. The three men exchanged some conversation and the barman laid a shot glass and a bottle of bourbon in front of Ed and Bob.

They then walked over towards the pinball machine I was practically hiding behind, smiling. "Stacey," Bob said in a voice that was clearly as much for the benefit of the rest of the bar as for me, "This establishment has very graciously decided to sponsor you in learning the fine art of pinball! We're going to have a good long training session to prepare you to be the pinball mascot for the Southern Nights! Isn't that friendly of them?"

All the men in the bar turned and watched amused. I was scared, alone there with Bob and Ed who was clearly enjoying this and wasn't about to come to my rescue. I was already fuzzy from the two shots I'd had, and I knew I had to be friendly and obedient to stay out of trouble.

"Umm, yes, Bob, that's really kind of them, but, you know, I'm not at all good at pinball. I'm all thumbs!" I smiled what I'd hoped was an amused, conciliatory smile, but I knew that my nerves showed through and my smile looked forced.

"Precisely" said Bob, "why we need to apply a strict training regime to motivate you to improve. Now..." he laid the rolls of quarters down on the glass of the pinball machine as well as the shot glass, which he filled. "The rules are that every game you lose and don't make the minimum score, you either need to drink down a shot of bourbon, or pay a forfeit," "What forfeit?" my voice quavered, "I can't drink that much!"

Bob smiled disarmingly, "Oh, don't worry about that Stace, we have confidence that you'll be able to hold your own. All you need to make is 1 million points. It will be easy."

He fed some quarters into the machine until it showed five credits. He motioned for me to come around to stand facing the pinball machine. I concentrated on the machine and Bob and Ed stood to either side watching me.

The first two games, I made the minimum score easily. It wasn't too hard! Then, while I was playing the second ball on my third game, I distinctly heard two men at the bar, not even trying to speak softly so I wouldn't hear, say to each other "Damn, she's got one hell of a bouncy juicy ass!" Another voice responded, "Yeah, and those big jugs have even more swing to them." Finally, the same guy just shouted out towards me, "yeehaa, swing those melons around, babe!"

I froze, stopping the bouncing my body had been inadvertently doing, and, of course, the ball just slid unimpeded down between the immobile flippers. I knew the guys were just eating up the sight of my firm swelling bottom in the white brief shorts, and the prominent swell of my puffy pussy which I knew filled the middle of my shorts out visibly. Worst of all, when my ass lurched one way, I could feel my breasts swing jauntily in the other direction.

Bob launched the next ball, but my mind refused to stop imagining the view the guys at the bar had been getting of my twisting my bottom lewdly and my chest swaying from side to side as I operated the flippers and followed the back and forth bouncing of the little silver ball. Trying to keep my body still and concentrate on hitting the ball back into play was too much and the next two balls also went almost straight into the gutter. I'd lost!

Bob, laughed. "What're you getting all self-conscious for, Stacey? Don't mind the boys, I'm sure they're appreciative of your skills. Drink this down," he ordered. Nervously, I took the shot he was holding out and choked it down, coughing.

"Now, perhaps we need to help you relax a bit. I'll just stand behind you like this and put my hands on your waist like so... Your skin is a bit damp Stacey, maybe you're getting too warm. I'll just help you t get your groove back!"

The next game, Ed launched balls which I did my best to hit, but Bob's hands holding my waist at the bare skin above my shorts and below my shirt, slowly kneading my bare waist and belly, and nudging me around made it even harder for me to be coordinated.

Two games like that and two more shots, and I was getting really uncoordinated, and in the third game, even without Bob yanking my waist around, I lost miserably. My head was spinning and when he held out another shot, I mumbled, "I can't drink anymore..."

"No problem, Stacey, we'll just have you do a small forfeit!" said Bob. "It looks like you're getting a bit hot. Hand me your shirt, and let's get you cooled off a bit."

I stared agape at Bob, who help out his hand. He wanted me to take off my shirt! I looked around at the rest of the bar. All the men were leaning forward grinning, and I had no choice. Slowly, I untied the knot at my waist and undid the three buttons on the gauzy blouse, then slowly let the shirt fall open. Bob flexed his fingers, and I looked down in embarrassment as I slid the thin shirt off one arm and then the other and handed the shirt to him.

I shivered, and not only because of the breeze which I felt on my now naked back, but out of humiliation at the sight I must have presented the guys at the bar. There I stood at the pinball machine, wearing only a thin lacy black bra, my plentiful tits filling it out abundantly. I hunched my shoulders, trying to make myself smaller, but felt my tits swell out in front of me when I did that. I didn't know how to cover myself without angering Bob and Ed, and one of my legs involuntarily crept up as I hunched over, and my arms flew to cover my chest, my hands clasping my shoulders and my elbows crossed.

"Stacey!" Ed chided, "We'll have no false modesty, we're among friends here. We all, every man in this bar, only want to help you improve your pinball skills, and a forfeit is a forfeit. I want you to turn around slowly, and uncross your arms and place your hands behind you on the pinball machine. Now!"

My head felt blurry and I felt close to tears, but I couldn't disobey, as I knew that if I didn't do as I was told, it would be far worse for me! Slowly I turned around, and glanced up quickly, only to see that the men at the bar had left their stools and brought their drinks over to the table which was only about 5 feet away, and were sitting leaning forward and watching me intently, grinning with pleasure at my humiliation!

My arms were still crossed in front of me and I glanced sideways at Ed, who arched his eyebrows sternly at me. I had the hardest time forcing my arms to fall to my sides, they seemed to shoot back by themselves to try to cross in front of me again, but were stopped by Ed's stern warning, "Stacey!" I put my hands behind me on the edges of the pinball machine, which forced my chest up and outwards. I heard snickering and an intake of breath from some of the men watching as they got their first clear view of my black lace covered tits. I closed my eyes and felt my nipples harden and knew they could all see the my tensing buds through my gauzy bra.

Loud wolf-whistles broke the silence, and I even heard some delighted claps. I panted, and knew the rhythmic rise and fall of my full breasts which resulted was even more incitement to the crowd.

Bob's voice interrupted the loud crowd, "Folks, quiet down now. I know you're eager to show your support for our pinball princess who is willing to work hard at her game, even to the extent of shedding her clothing to improve her game, so her titties aren't as constrained, as you can see. But let's let out busty girl get on with her game, now, shall we?"

"Stacey, let's have another go now," Bob said, dropping some quarters into the machine. I hastily turned around, my naked back slashed only by the transparent back of my bra and the thin black straps over my shoulder facing the hungry eyes of my audience.

I heard the scrape of chairs as some of the men dragged their chairs over towards the sides of the pinball machine. I knew that they wanted to be able to see my lightly covered tits and bare belly, as I played. Ed launched a ball and I had to jerk my hands to the flippers as I almost lost the ball down the middle, but managed a save at the last moment. I almost forgot about how I was being watched as I tried to keep the balls in play. I knew I was swinging my lightly held breasts wildly, but I also was afraid of what would happen if I lost.

Which, of course, I did. I gasped and didn't move, petrified at what my "forfeit" would be. Bob, walked up behind me and instructed me, "Stand still, Stacey, I'm think you're still to constrained in your movements. Perhaps we need to loosen your clothing a bit more, hmmm.... What do you think, do you think your bra is still too tight? Do you think its preventing you from swinging your tits around freely enough to play?"

"No," I pleaded meekly. "Then," added Bob, "it must be that your shorts are too tight, I think, let's open them up so that you're not bound up!"

I felt Bob's hand on the front of my shorts, and felt him undo the button there, then pull zipper in front down all the way. I was frozen in place, immobile, as Bob pulled my shorts open and pushed the sides down to the crest of my hips where they clung precariously.

Ed once again fed quarters into the machine and launched a ball, and I attempted to keep it in play batting at it with the flippers, but as I did, I could feel my shorts slowly riding down my hips. A few more twists and the shorts felt like they were just barely clinging to me and suddenly I felt them slide halfway down my bottom. I tried to open my legs to make them stay up, but only succeeded in both losing the ball and catching them as they slid down to my thighs, baring my black pantied bottom. I knew that by keeping my legs open like this, the guys in the audience could stare between my legs, and I quickly closed my legs, only to feel my shorts slide down to my feet.

"Step out of the shorts, Stacey," ordered Bob. I slowly lifted each foot out of the puddled shorts at my feet. "Open your legs," he ordered, "wider." I obeyed, putting my feet a bit wider than shoulder width.

I concentrated on looking down at the pinball machine in front of me. I could almost feel the men's stares as they feasted on my exposed body. The backs of my naked thighs felt so exposed! I knew my lacy black panties were almost transparent and the prominent rounded cheeks of my ass were only lightly covered by the thin material.

Bob chuckled, "'Now then Stacey, I'm sure you'll be able to concentrate much more intensely now that you're not encumbered by those tight shorts. And the guys here will be only that much more glad to help you out. Who likes girls with nice round butts like Stacey's guys? Those trim thighs of yours could probably use some manhandling, couldn't they, Stace? How about that delicious little bottom of yours, peeking out soft and white under those panties?

"Is there anyone who'd like to help Stacey with some hands on instruction?" asked Bob. I could see out of the side of my vision a bunch of guys jumped up, but Bob picked just one and had him come over and stand on one side of me, while Bob stood on the other. Then Bob put his hand on the lower cheek of my bottom, just below my lacy black panty, and I felt his fingers give my plump rump cheek a pinch.

"Now, as Stacey plays out the points, when the balls come near the flipper on each side, we'll help her out by pinching her bottom to help pay attention to the ball."

The stranger's hand also cupped my ass. He gave my soft bottom cheek an experimental tweak as well. I felt the sharp pinch on the lower rounded part of my butt, and then felt the guy's large, rough textured fingers spread themselves over the lower curve of my bottom, his palm and fingers cupping the downward curve of that cheek, while his thumb fingers rested higher on my rump, over my panties. His thumb moved slowly back and forth, rubbing the lacey, delicate cloth over my barely covered ass cheek. He tested his firm handhold on my butt by squeezing my captive butt cheek between his strong fingers and giving my ass a little shake.

My ass has always gotten attention from guys. Ed, of course, loves to see it bared as I lay over his knees getting spanked, or have me lying face down on the bed with it pointed up while my face is mashed into a pillow, so he can smack it or give it a thorough feel. He loves to run his tongue over my reddened, smarting bottom cheeks, and suck and bite the supple skin there, usually while his fingers play wetly with my cunt, plunging in and rubbing my lips and clit while I writhe under him moving my ass on his mouth.

Other guys too, like the ones watching me now as I stand with my back towards them wearing only my black lace bra and panties, two mens' hands holding my bottom, watch me as I walk on the street, staring at my rear hungrily.

What gets them so interested is my athletic but feminine curves. My legs are long and slender, with full and womanly thighs, and my hips flare and broaden like a slender guitar to frame my twin peach-half, high rear, swelling full but firm. My butt cheeks have a gentle weight towards their lower curve sweeping outwards well above my thighs, leaving a gap between my thighs. If I'm wearing pants or shorts, the prominent swell of my vulva between my legs is distinctly noticeable. Even when I'm wearing a skirt though, guys are able to imagine from the spacing of the curves of my bottom how exposed and accessible my most intimate parts are.

The slim strip of panty lace covering the puffy parts between my legs would have peeked ripe from between my legs even if I'd had them modestly pressed closed, as I had until now. Having had to obey Bob's order to open my legs and standing there with them well apart, the twin, downward swelling halves of my pussy lips were displayed openly, covered only by the thin black panty gusset.

A part of me prayed I'd be able to at least keep the tiny pieces of lingerie giving me scant covering. Maybe Ed wouldn't allow Bob to make me stand totally naked in front of these strangers! I glanced over at my husband standing by the front of the pinball machine. My tipsy head reeled, as I saw his satisfied grin, and as he gave me a stern, amused look. It was totally obvious that he was enjoying my humiliation at Bob's hands and was going to let Bob do anything his perverted mind thought up to me without interfering. By the stern look he gave me when I looked up at him imploringly, I knew he wasn't going to let me off lightly.

My fear was confirmed immediately as he straightened up from where he leant against the pinball machine and walked over to me. He looked down at me, and one hand came up to pet my little mane of neck length blonde hair. He grabbed a handful of hair from the back my head and gently tipped my head up towards his face. Smiling cruelly into my scared, obedient green eyes, he said in a loud voice so everyone could hear,

"You've been a bad girl Stacey, and these nice men are being very kind to help you out. I'm sure those hands you feel on your lush little ass would much rather you not still be wearing your panties, so they could feel your naked bottom up properly. Is that what you want, eh? You want your panties pulled down so you can show your nude bottom to these nice men? Answer me!"

"No, sir...." I whimpered, my eyes widenening and my lips pouting in fear.

"Then you ought to thank them properly, rude girl!"

My voice quivered, as I said in a loud whisper, "Thank you... for... for... letting me keep my panties on..." Ed didn't seem satisfied yet, "...and for helping me learn pinball."

I felt both men strengthen their grips on my ass cheeks, excited by my fear.

"Now that's better, Stacey," said Ed, soothingly, "BUT... still, I think you ought to do something more for these kind gentlemen... hmmm... maybe as long as you're keeping those panties on so modestly, at least for now, we can reward them some other way."

Ed raised his free hand and brought it towards the middle of my back. As it came to rest on the clasp of my bra I shuddered, making a tiny movement to squirm it free of his hand. Ed commanded sternly, "Shh... quiet down you naughty filly. Your bra needs to come off so these fellows can see your big puppies!"

With a little twist, Ed expertly popped open the two eye hooks binding the twin transparent lace straps at the back of my bra, which popped open, the straps flying out and around. The cups of the bra pulled up on my breasts, not releasing them fully but letting the lower bulge of my breast flesh hang below the limp cups.

Like my ass, my breasts are also very full with their weight distributed below my big, upward pointing nipples. The base of each thick nipple bud is circled by a outward puffing, soft pink shallow cup of delicate areola, which blends into my milky breast skin. Below that, my breasts have a plump hang almost as if the tops of my breasts were smaller than the full lower curve, which is what hung bare beneath my limp bra, and which Ed's fingers came up and stroked.

His pitiless hand wretched my bra from its precarious hold on my tits, and my naked breasts bounced out free and un-obscured for everyone to see.

I hung my head in shame as Ed pulled the now useless, limp lacey tangle of my bra off my arms. He looked at the lingerie, warm and fragrant from my soft meaty breasts, and held it up for all the guys to see. He tossed it towards the gathered men, who lunged towards it as it arced slowly through the air, like dogs leaping for food. The tumbling bundle of lace fell into the lurching crowd of hands. A howl went up from the guy who caught it. Ed smiled and said ironically, "I guess you'll have to find something to trade for to get your underwear back before we go later!" A delighted laugh came from behind me, coming from the guy who'd managed to catch my beautiful delicate black bra, one of my favorite from my lingerie collection, and who was imagining what he was going to force me to do to get it back.

Now, with all these guys' attention on my bared, heavily hanging tits, Ed reached up and grabbed a fistful of my hair puling my head forward so I had to bend in and lean far over the pinball machine. I was forced to raise myself on tiptoe and hold my weight on my arms on the machine, and the two intruding hands on my ass took advantage of my stretched out position. One stroked my soft inner thighs between my legs, his palm gliding over my soft, delicate, sensitive skin, cupping the curve of my leg as he caressed up and down my inner thigh. The other hand groped my bottom fiercely. The stranger's bug rough hand easily cupped the entire ass cheek he was paying attention to, and I felt his strong grip grab the cheek and squeeze it, forcing the rounded half moon to stick out further and pulling my cheeks apart, which only made my pussy more evident and available.

While my legs and backside were being thoroughly felt up, Ed's hand came up to my chest and started his familiar ritual of groping my breasts. His hand cupped the plump lower curve of one bare tit and bounced the pendulous globe in his hand, then let the heavy boob slide backward out of his tilted palm until my fat nipple caught on the edge of his hand. His fingers closed firmly on the soft, delicate nub, and begin pinching and pulling my sensitive nipple bud. He liked to call "milking my puppies."

My nipples ached and became rock hard as they were squeezed and tormented roughly, then pulled hard, stretching out and then, suddenly released, snapping back puckered and firm, only to have Ed giving it the same rough treatment to the other breast.

He alternated boobs, back and forth, and explained to the rapt audience of voyeurs, "Gentlemen, you will observe, I'm sure, how our naughty young lady's plump tits respond to being give a good strong milking! See how her big boob gets flushed and pink and how tose darling pink nipples get hard and red, as they're pulled and pinched hard. You like that don't you Stacey? Shall we get someone to help with milking you, little filly? I think that you would like that; I can see by the way you're wiggling that naughty rump of yours, wagging your tail like a good doggy."

Of course, Ed was right, the rough treatment of my breasts and especially my sensitive nipples was making me squirm and I was shifting my weight back and forth, forcing my ass into the delighted hands of the two men holding it, pushing my bottom alternately back and forth into their palms.

"You!" Ed pointed to one of the men who was watching most intently as his hand worked over my tits, "Would you be so kind as to take over working out Stacey's tits for her?" I whimpered, as Ed ceded his place to a short stocky older guy with wide grin on his face who was breathing was quick and excited. Baldy, as I thought of him, immediately clamped his hands on both my breasts, pushing them into my chest. His hands were small, but strong and rough, and my breasts overflowed them slightly. As he squeezed my tits as if they were fruit he was trying to juice, I felt the sharp crescents of his nails dig into the soft sides of my swollen, aching boobies as he worked my pliant soft boobs. There was no tenderness in his touch, and the sharp pinching of his nails as he scraped my soft titties with the was accompanied by a dull ache from being mauled pitilessly.

Ed walked over behind me, and said, "Staceys tits seem to be in good hands, don't they? Bob, perhaps you can make Stacey's ass a bit more warm and welcoming for your hands?"

I froze, panting, as Baldy gripped both my nipples in his pincer-like fingers pulling my nipples towards himself. I tried to keep my bottom still, praying to keep the minimal covering of my lacey black panties, but fearing what was coming next.

I was right! The hands let go of my ass for a moment. I felt Bob grasp the sides of my panties, as he said, "Let's get these panties off your delicious ass Stacey, so I can warm you up good!" I felt my panties slide down the rounded curve of my bottom, exposing it totally, bare and helpless, as if I were a little girl! A moan went up from the collected mouths of the guys watching as they got their first totally unobstructed view of my defenseless, pale round naked bottom.

A moment passed, my panties bunched at my upper thighs, my legs open and my cunt on display, framed between my soft trim thighs. "Much better, Stacey, a girl's naked bottom looks especially delectable with her panties bunched up under it. Only one thing missing from your cute derriere, girl, and that's a bit of color." A very firm hand, big and rough, grabbed my naked left bottom cheek and petted it. I whimpered. The hand released my naked butt. Suddenly... SMACK!!! My ass cheek flattened and bounced, as Bob slapped it hard with his wide, open palm.

"Owww!" I yelped, as the stinging spank spread a hot, sharp sensation throughout half of my girlish rump. Bob applied exactly the same treatment to the other half of my ass, SMACK!!! The twin burning embers at the crest of my ass cheeks flared like stinging nettles. I cried out, "ooohhhh!" and bounced up and down, while Baldy nestled my full breasts in his palms, squeezing and releasing rhythmically, as I pushed my tits into his hands in my eagerness to escape the hand spanking me.

SMACK!!! SMACK!!! "Oohhh....owww!" Two quick spanks followed on either side of my bottom. Bob, chuckled, "Now that's a nice pink tushy, girlie! Such a nice soft bottom to leave handprints on, don't you think?" SMACK! "You like getting spanked, don't you sweetheart?" he taunted, SMACK!, "I can tell by the way your bottom wiggles that you need your spanking baaadlly!" His fingers traced the curve of my warm, punished ass, caressing my soft quivery ass cheeks. "That's right, honey, stick it out!" I didn't move, and two more spanks landed in quick succession on my hot ass, harder than ever. I whimpered, and Ed ordered, "Stick your ass out, now! Stacey, or I'm going to whallop that naughty little girl ass until you can't sit down." I had to obey, and meekly jutted my bottom out.

Now both men grabbed my spanked ass and played freely with the punished cheeks of my bottom. Grabbing the meaty halves of my bottom they shook them to watch my butt wiggle lewdly, then stretched me open so they could get a good look at my hairless pouting pussy from behind.

At the same time, Ed, standing beside me grabbed my tit roughly around the base, taking it from Baldy's hand, and tipped it up towards Baldy's face. The old guy took the hint. Grabbing my breast again and squashing it to make the front swell around the nipple, he brought his mouth down onto the swollen nub. His tongue came out and flicked over the soft firm poky nipple. Enveloping it in his mouth, he ran his wet tongue over the entire aureola and sucked hard. I felt hot wet sparks at the tip of my boob. Baldy gazed gleefully into my eyes and popped my nipple from his mouth. He bared his teeth, grinning, and began nipping my sensitive nipple. Each time his teeth closed on my teat, squishing it, I yelped. Baldy liked hearing my whimpers of pain, and bit down on the reddened bud over and over again, "ow! ooh ... ow!" came rhythmically from me between gasps.

Between bites, Baldy squeezed my boob, plumping it and shaking it in front of his mouth, giving it a quick gentle flick with his tongue, the shiny trail of spit glistening over angry red nipple, then nipped it again. "ooooohh!" I moaned and started struggling.

"Quiet filly!" Ed commanded, with an admonitory spank to my ass. Baldy watched intently as I shook back and forth and reached out for my swinging unlicked boob, which he grabbed and pulled up towards his nipping bite, then began subjecting that breast to the same mauling and biting the had left the other slick with saliva and reddened.

"Ok, fellas, let the girl breathe for moment!" interrupted Bob, waving the guys away. The men's hands came off me, but not before each got in another good squeeze of girl flesh.

I looked down, and felt tears dampening my cheeks. Bob ordered, "Stand up straight Stacey, and slowly, turn around." I straightened, bringing my legs together, and whimpers made my shoulders shake. I slowly turned around. Breasts bare, panties pulled to my thighs, I was forced to show all the men watching my swollen, ivory breasts, the crests and nipples flushed from Baldy's rough suckling and groping, and I felt the men's stares fix on the V between my legs. A thin, well-groomed, strip of short dark blonde fuzz posed stubbily in my groin, from the long flat curve of my belly above, to my bare, peach half pussy lips below, the nub of my clit clearly visible, defenseless at the cleft.

**My Obedient Streak Pt. 02**

I quickly glanced up at the assembled men, most of whom were grinning madly. Most were staring down at my exposed pussy, or taking in the curve of my flushed breasts, but a few of them were staring straight into my eyes. Their pleasure was seeing the humiliation and submissive pleading in my eyes. For those, the excitement of dominating me was l stronger than the sight of my bared body. Of course, Bob was among these, and I couldn't look away from his eyes as they bore into mine, his lazy grin showing how aware he was of how his looming threat over my defenseless nudity made my heart race and my breath catch in my throat. As my widened eyes were transfixed by his, I gripped the edge of the pinball machine behind me, and leaned backward trying uselessly to get further away, feeling the dull metal edge of the machine dig into my pantiless bottom.

Bob's smile grew wider and, still staring deeply into my frightened eyes, he taunted, "Stacey, are you just going to keep showing off those big naked tits to all these guys here? Aren't you ashamed to have them staring at your boobs, your nipples swollen and red like that? What do you say we give you back your bra, would you like that?"

I grasped at the possibility that I could recover some of my decency, which was kind of silly given I was standing in front of all these guys with my panties bunched at my thighs and my genitals on display. "Please... Bob, Ed...," I whined, "give me back my top..."

"Sure," Bob continued, his grin hardening, "Who has Stacey's bra, guys?"

One of the men held the crumpled garment up, chuckling softly. Bob continued, his stare never leaving my frightened green eyes, "Would you like to return Stacey's brassiere to her?" Without giving the guy a moment to respond, he continued, "Of course, there's no reason you should do so, if she was careless enough to lose her bra, well... finder's keepers wouldn't you say? Unless... Stacey had something else to offer? What do you say, my friend, would you like to keep Stacey's bra?"

The guy unfolded my bra and held it open between his hands, looking at me and snickering, "Well, you know I think I'd like to keep this hot lacey bra for myself. I can just imagine how it'll feel wrapped around my cock when I use it to jerk off remembering you, little lady, and your big jugs. I think I'll just save this as a souvenir, you know?"

"Looks like you're out of luck, Stacey, you'll be leaving here with your bare tits bouncing in the street. Unless, maybe you can trade something to get your underwear back! You, my friend, what would be fair, do you think?"

The guy holding my bra looked at me and was about to speak, but Bob continued, "Seems to me that a taste of the real girl is better than fantasizing with her lingerie. Maybe, Stacey, you could offer your friend here to give you back your bra if you let him play with your pussy and tits, that seems fair?"

I quickly looked at the smiling man holding my bra. He was lanky, and his arms, beneath the short sleeves of his discount store bowling shirt, were thick, sporting the prominent veins of a manual laborer. His callused hands strengthened the rough, animalistic impression I'd forlornly gathered. His cheek was stubbly with a day's unshaven growth and his teeth were uneven. He quickly moved toward me saying, "Now that seems real fair to me! I'll trade some of that fine little lady's body for her underwear any day!"

Bob indicated for him to stand next to me and said, "Make sure that all these other gentlemen, who've also been kind enough to help out with Stacey's lessons don't get shortchanged too badly. They want to see you explore her body!"

Slim came over and held out my bra to me. I grabbed it, and slipped my arms quickly through the straps and began to pull it down to my breasts, but he grabbed my hands and chastised me, "Now don't you be in a hurry, gal, you ain't earned that bra back yet. You can just keep it there hanging with your tits out of it until you have! Put your hands back on the machine behind you."

I did, leaning back and jutting my breasts out, the scrap of lace lying uselessly across my chest above my bare bosom. I expected Slim to make a beeline for my nipples as Baldy had done, but evidently he wasn't as much of a tit man, instead his hand reached out and his fingers descended on the triangular puff of hair at my crotch. His fingertips traced slowly through the short fuzz of my pubes, tracing circles over my gently prominent mons, the circles expanding slowly as he rubbed my smooth lower belly then descended closer and closer to my pussy lips.

My breathing was ragged and tears were filling my eyes as the stranger's fingertips brushed casually across the top of my cleft, pushing my pussy lips across, then returning to palm my naked, bare, smooth-shaven cleft.

Slim grinned as the rapt audience watched the stranger's hands come into contact with my tender, defenseless genitals. "Mmmm...." he murmured, stroking my cunny freely, "what a soft, smooth, pouty little cunt you have, Stacey. You like your naked pussy being felt up? Huh?" I closed my eyes in shame and turned my face away from him, as I felt a tear well in my eye and trickle down my cheek.

I felt his fingers slide around the front of my pussy cupping my cunt and trapping it between his fingers. He lifted his palm upward and my soft lips parted to let his fingers sink between the soft folds of my labia, which slid open around the intruding finger.

Bob narrated my shame for the benefit of the guys watching, "That's good Stacey, this kind gentleman is going to give your little hootchie a good thorough feeling up, you just get accustomed to having a hand up your cunt there and opening you up so the nice gentlemen can all see your cunt get good and wet! That's it, you just open up those plump cuntlips like a good girl and let our friends see how pretty and pink your little girl hole is!"

I writhed as Slim's hand started taking vigorous liberties with my cunt, splaying my delicate lips apart and flicking his rough thumb back and forth over my exposed clit, the hood of my clit drawing back and being worked one way and the other, his other hand pulling up on my pubic area to make my pussy open up and my clit stick out naked, small and defenseless. I writhed and moaned, whimpering "no, don't, ..." to no avail as his calloused fingers mauled my exposed clit flicking over it mercilessly. Each time his finger scraped over my delicate clitty, I couldn't help churning my hips and making my breasts swing back and forth.

Moving to stand on the other side of me, so I now had one man on each side of me as I pressed back into the pinball machine, Bob reached out and caught my breast as it swung about while the hand in my crotch continued its rough assault. Bob mashed my breast and started squeezing it roughly, his splayed fingers sinking into my soft full globe, pushing it back and forth in his strong grip. The soft, pendulous globes conformed to his strong, masculine grip, as he reached out his other hand. Bob took possession of both my naked boobs, his palms cupping my soft globes. As he held them, just cradling one breast in each palm, they still presented their natural, rounded contour. But, with a malevolent grin, Bob's hands closed in on my delicate tits. His grip became firmer and my breasts squeezed in his hands, became elongated, my wide aureolas and nipples thrust out from between his hands.

"Open your legs girlie!" ordered Slim, and I was forced to bend my knees to let his hand delve deeper between my legs, where his fingers slid down the length of my vaginal opening. One hand cupping my pussy in front, Slim's fingers pulsed against my soft pussy cleft. I felt his other hand gliding along my naked hip, and stroking along my hip, down the read of my lower back, and then take comfortable possession of one naked, defenseless, tender bottom cheek. The stranger's hand swept across my bottom, delving between my prominent cheeks, until the tip of his fingers lightly, almost as if by mistake, sought out and settled on my rear entry.

Slim taunted me, "Now little girl, that's a mighty tempting ass you've got, it wouldn't be neighborly if we wasn't to visit your little asshole here, would it." Slim's index finger pushed at my clenched anus experimentally. "Yup, girlie, I'm gonna slide my fingers deep into your tight little butt-hole and your nice plump butt is gonna ride my hand, keeping it nice and warm, isn't it? Isn't that right, darling?" Slim pushed experimentally on my tight entry, his finger slowly forcing it to open slightly and widen. He was taking his time! He was going to make me feel every inch of his violation of my body.

"Ughh" I groaned as one finger pushed past my tight anus slowly stretching me. I looked around desperately, as if someone there would come to my aid. All around me, the men stared at me lustfully, none were looking at my face. Some were staring intently between my legs, where my open pussy framed the sight of Slim's hand splayed across my ass, his finger burying itself in me.

He pushed hard into my asshole, and I reacted to the pressure by raising my hips, out, towards my eager audience. He repeated the motion rhythmically, the tightness in my asshole causing me to churn my hips upward, my thighs splaying with each thrust. One more hard thrust from behind, and I felt my asshole open and his finger penetrate me. His finger pushed deeper, skewering my bottom.

Slim's free hand reached out, and settled on the tuft of hair above my smooth pussy, tussling it familiarly.

"I know your little pussy wants some attention too, girlie, I can see that. Now don't you worry, I'm going to give your vagina a good workout. You want that, don't you, you want to show your friends here your vagina?" He said it relishing the word, while his hand caressed lower to my little v and down between my legs, his fingers softly tracing the puffy folds of my lower lips.

His fingertips traced the inside edge of my lips, pushing the soft morsels slowly aside as he caressed my naked pussy, his finger pushing rhythmically inside my bottom, each thrust making me rotate my hips upwards, towards the rapt audience of men watching my genitals being manhandled.

"What a hot little bottom you have, girlie, you're keeping my finger nice and warm nestled between those naughty round asscheeks! Yes, open wide, and show us your pussy!" His fingers on my crotch caught my cunt lips against the side of his fingers and spread open my pussy. I gasped and wriggled, impaled by his finger deep in my rectum, and looked down to see Slim expose my turgid clit and then the quickly widening, yawning slick, pink tunnel of my vagina.

Bob's head now dipped towards my breasts, imprisoned in his hands, and plumping the one nearest him to make my nipple stand out more, he brought his tongue down on it. He swiped my nub back and forth with his tongue, wetting it thoroughly and once my nipple glistened with moisture. Bob wrapped his lips around my nipple and sucked it hard.

"Nnnn....!" I exclaimed at the simultaneous assaults on my bottom, my tender breasts, and my cunt. Slim pressed into my bottom even harder.

"You know what I think?" taunted Slim, "I think you little vagina is jealous, cause your asshole is getting filled up and gets to squeeze nice and tight on my finger, but your poor little cunt is just empty and closed. I'm sure it would be happier with something inside it, don't you think, Stacey? You think a couple of fingers in your cunt opening you up would help your little puss? I think so!"

As Slim said he turned the hand which was caressing the front if my pudendum and crooked two fingers, then directed them into the slick folds protecting the entry to my sex. My cunt was moist and parted readily as he pressed his fingers into my cunt, yielding obediently as his fingers sank in, then enveloping their violators welcomingly.

I whimpered as he pushed into me roughly and his fingers started sawing back and forth firmly. My entire middle, bottom, hips, pussy was forced to rock back and forth between the fingers in my rear and those inside my cunt. Rocking back, I could feel my ass stretched by his marauding finger deep in my anus, then pushing forward his hand sank down into me until his palm cupped the tender lips between my legs, submissively splayed apart for their masculine manhandler.

Suddenly, Bob released my breasts, and, grabbing my shoulder, pulled me up and spun me around. Slim's finger pulled out of my bottom, and I could feel the sting and emptiness in my ass where it had been. With an audible wet sound, his fingers slid out of my moist cunt. Pushing my head downs onto the pinball machine, Bob ordered, "open your legs wide, Stacey, let us see your nice pussy framed by your bottom!"

Bob slipped a hand under my front, and cupped my naked pussy. His fingers separated my lips and he pulled upwards, holding me by my most intimate parts, and forcing my defenseless, twin naked butt cheeks to jut upwards invitingly.

Slim's hands gripped my out-thrust backside and pulled the cheeks apart, as my rear end jiggled in his firm grip.

SMACK!!! A hot sting on one side of my bottom accompanies the sound of Bob slapping my naked bottom cheek.

SMACK!! The other side was smacked even harder by Slim.

Then, as my tender ass bounced and jiggled and became redder and redder, Slim and Bob took turns spanking my naked backside to the delight of the entire crowd. My full-moon hemispheres spread softly as the men's rough palms smacked my soft flesh, then rippled and filled out again, as inviting the next smack which was not long in coming as Slim and Bob alternated spanking me. Their palms moved up and down the length of my backside, sometimes smacking upwards on the lower curve of my ass making the cheeks bounce upwards, or smacking the outside curve towards my hip, but mostly they both spanked the prominent center of each cheek, which I could feel get progressively hotter. Each fiercely stinging smack brought a whimper or moan from me, and, tossing my head back and forth, I caught sight of my bottom. I could see the crests of my nates glow raw and red, surrounded by the lighter but pinkened skin of the only slightly less abused outside circle of my bottom.

"Punish that little bitch!"

"That's what you get sweetie for swinging your ass in our faces!"

"Hit her right where her thighs meet her bottom, where she's still pale. That's it! Bad girl, now you're getting what you deserve!" the men jeered and hooted. Bob's hand on my cunt pulled up, making me stand higher and lean further over the pinball machine, and their smacks rained down on my full upper thighs and the lower sweep of my backside.

Comments from the surrounding men filled the air around me, as I heard the men enjoy my punishment and blushed and squirmed, mortified, knowing how with each spank on my spread-legged ass I was making my pussy dance for them.

Bob's hand cupped one of my burning bottom cheeks, cradling my stinging globe almost tenderly. His had caressed my soft, reddened skin, as he continued verbally humiliating me,

"See what comes from being naughty Stacey? All these guys agree you're getting what a bad girl like you deserves, a good old fashioned, bare bottomed spanking!" "Open you legs, Stacey, I'm sure your new friend wants to play with your cunt from behind. Stick that butt out, or I'll smack it so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week!" He made good on his words by giving the crests of my upturned nates two very strong spanks. I whimpered and immediately opened my legs.

His hand rose and feel repeatedly on my upturned bottom, the stinging spanks ringing out. I could feel the men watching, could feel them almost vibrate in time to the shaking of my naked backside.

"Shit... girl, your little bubble butt is just made for spanking!" exclaimed Slim. "I'd put you over my knee every evening and color those jouncy white cheeks. You're just made to have your panties pulled down and given a good strapping." As he talked, Slim's hands rose and fell, his palm beating a regular rhythm of smacks across my naked, spread bottom. The crests of my backside burned with the sting and his hands interrupted spanking me only to palm and squeeze my prominent buttcheeks between every few spanks. By now, I was whimpering and moaning to the delight of the crowd,

"SMACK...owww...SMACK... oohhh, SMACK-SMACK, no, oh no, it burns... SMACK!!... OW" My hips and bottom writhed and I could only imagine the view that the men had of my bouncing bottom cheeks, round, full, and white, with the very center of my tender cheeks glowing red as Slim's palm struck it.

"That's a good girl!" Now I felt Slim's fingers slide along the lips of my cunt, framed by my ass and thighs and push aside the soft lips, running back and forth up my slit, and forcing it to gape on each stroke, pulling my cunt open before it pulses closed as his fingers pass on.

Ed now chimed in authoritatively, "OK Guys, just a moment!" Bob and Slim stepped back and I drooped my upper torso over the supporting pinball machine. My bra hung from my shoulders uselessly and my unfettered breasts dangled heavily, quiet now after the shameless bouncing around they'd been doing during my spanking.

"Now Stacey, you know the rules about getting someone all riled up! Poor Bob, and this other fine young man have been nice enough to be paying attention to your naughty naked pussy and bottom and what have you done for them. That certainly won't do! I think you're going to have to show them your skills with the cock, isn't that right? Ask for it, Stacey!"

My head drooped as I heard these words and any of the men watching who wasn't focused on my well-spanked bottom or my puffy vaginal pouch glistening slickly between my splayed naked thighs would have noticed my rounded naked back shake as a sob escaped me. I'd hoped to be spared this. I hoped Ed would stop and take me home where I would submissively pleasure only my husband's familiar and lovely penis with my hands, mouth and womb, fucking him long and slowly just as he liked, then milking his familiar cum into my throat and swallowing obediently. But, no, I knew he enjoyed making me humiliate myself over a stranger's cock sometimes, and he was going to make me do it tonight. I knew I needed to put on a good show too, or not only would there be more punishment, but he'd likely pull in more of the audience and make me take on more men!

I turned slowly, standing taller and bringing my legs together demurely. Standing straight facing the audience again, I glanced up shyly at Slim and did what I knew I had to. I apologized to him haltingly, "I'm sorry sir, that I've caused you discomfort and gotten you riled up. I'll make it better..." I took a small step towards Slim and reached out one hand, palm upward. My hand gently came up between his legs, palming the straining material of his pants. Through the cloth I could feel the heavy roundness of his ballsack and my hand petted his crotch.

Slim smiled and walked closer to me. As my hand caressed his crotch I could feel the swelling shaft in his pants against my wrist and forearm. One hand reached down to cup my bare bottom and caressed it. My hand began wandering over his cock rubbing it and I felt it twitch and jerk in delight.

"Take his cock out like a good girl," commanded Ed. With my other hand I grabbed the tab of the zipper on Slim's fly and tugged it down. It was tight from the erection pressing against it. I undid the top button of his waistband. He wasn't wearing underwear and his naked cock, released from the tension of his pants sprang out, proud and pointing upward. He cock was not all that thick but it was very long with a pointed narrow glans. Not like Ed's which is thick and has a wide bulbous head which he likes to push deep in my throat to make me gag. Slim's cock was "slim" too, I thought to myself, easier to lodge in the rear of my throat without gagging, I thought, a part of me observing disembodiedly, as if I were another person in the audience instead of the girl who would shortly be stuffed with the hard male member I held in my hands.

"Don't be shy, girl," grinned Slim, "go ahead and get acquainted with your new friend." I blushed. Slim's hand on my bottom squeezed and pulled me towards him. My hand slowly touched the smooth swollen shaft. The skin felt velvety and soft, covering a hard muscular tenseness. My fingertips brushed the underside of Slim's cock, tracing the thick plush central channel there. The cock twitched in delight at my feminine touch, as my long nails softly traced over the man's penis shaft. My fingers reached around the shaft encircling it, and my fingers and thumb formed into an O around the cock. I squeezed slightly feeling the tense resistance against my palm, and began moving my hand slowly up and down a few inches along his cock as my hand performed the age-old service a woman is trained to, masturbating and pleasing a hard male penis.

As I jerked his cock with one hand and my other obediently cupped his naked balls and caressed them, Slim's hand kneaded and molded my soft, warm, yielding bottom cheeks. He pulled me even closer and leaning his other hand came up and grabbed one of my boobs, which he began squeezing roughly. My hand worked its motion up towards the tip of his penis and as his glans slid wetly into my palm and my fingertips caressed its lower surface he captured my big, stiffening nipple in his fingers and pinched and tweaked it roughly. I gasped, but the strong grip and stimulation on my nipple made me tighten my grip on Slim's cock, strengthening the stimulation. He imprisoned by tit tip between his thumb and the pad of his index finger and squeezed, then pulled. My breath came in short gasps as he mandhandled my sensitive nipple. Because my nipples are thick and stick out when they're handled, men always grab at them and pinch and pull them hard. They're very sensitive though, and like to be treated very gently, so Slim's rough breast play was making me squirm and whimper, which only encouraged Slim who then switched breasts giving my other, relaxed nipple the same treatment. The pad of his fingers plucked at my relaxed, spread nipple, which responded in the worst possible way—by tensing and stiffening, giving its tormentor a stubby, fat, nub onto which to latch his pincering fingers, and sending a shooting, tweaking pain down into my breast. Slim grinned at how he was forcing my body to respond to him against my will, and his other hand squeezed my soft yielding bottom possessively, kneading my spanking-warmed butt cheeks freely.

Pushing me back now against the pinball machine, Slim reached down and grabbed one of my thighs in his upturned palm. Pulling my leg up, he raised my leg and rested my bent knee in the crook of his elbow, leave me leaning against the pinball machine, tipped back and standing on one leg. In this position, the halves of my slickened pussy lips spread themselves, revealing my twin, moist fleshy inner lips, the pink soft skin between my outer and inner labia, and a hint of the deeper coral moistness of the inside of my cunt. Slim, and the attentive crowd watching, stared lewdly at my bared genitals. The crowd obviously was enjoying their unfettered view of what every girl is ashamed to show, the defenseless core of her vagina. What I craved to have touched and explored and examined only my master and husband in the privacy of our conjugal bed, preferably under soft candlelight while I suckled obediently on his silky penis, I was being forced to expose to a bunch of horny lowlife strangers in a public, smelly bar.

Slim pushed my legs open even further. "I'm going to get me some of that nice, warm, pussy, girl!" he grunted and stepped into the compass of my soft, white, splayed thighs. His penis swung heavily and he maneuvered it to the stretched out opening of my labia. I watched as if hypnotized, as the arrow-like tip of his penis slowly separated my slick labia and his cock entered me, pushing open my vagina. I could my pussy open and stretch accommodatingly around the hard, intruding organ. I was well-lubricated from all the handling of my genitals, but I could feel my cunt getting stuffed as the long penis sank into my accommodating channel, filled it and buried itself deeply.

I threw my head back and my hair whipped back and forth as Slim's cock began slowly moving in and out the entire length of his penis, making me feel every inch of the motion as he fucked me slowly at first, his body heavy against my thighs. I moaned as he humped me. At first, Slim moved deliberately slowly, inching into me the long length of his cock burying itself, then, at the bottom of his stroke, thrusting hard into me, bottoming out and bumping my cervix which ached dully, and causing my hips to shudder. His hands reached under my and grabbed the lower curves of my ass, using my full bottom as a handle to bang his cock into my wide open genitals. Slowly building up, the speed and force of Slim's thrusts increased until he was slamming his pubic bone against my bare puffy pussy lips which stretched wide over his member. His ass started thursting back an forth quiclky pounding me hard and fiercely. His cock pistoned in and out, his hands held my bottom hard and slammed me into him. My heavy breasts shook and bounced heavily, to his and the gathered men's delight, as they watched my soft naked globes cavort fluidly around my chest like a pair of unruly puppies, bouncing against one another then distending up and down, my nipples tensing and hardening and my big aureolas deepening in color and shrinking in diameter. The men catcalled,

"Yeah, Stacey baby! ... That's how bad girls get fucked silly.... Look at how wet her cunt hole is... Her pussy is all red and swollen ... That's the way to move those tits girl... Give it to that slut good, stuff her full of cock..."

Slim fucked me hard and fast for what seemed forever, the leg I was standing on was shaking, and I was whimpering and moaning in time to my violation. suddenly Slim drew his cock out of me and let my suspended leg down onto the floor. Grabbin my shoulder, he swung me around so the long expanse of my slim back was towards him. He pushed the back of my head forward until my torso lay flat on the pinball machine, my breasts mashed against the glass top and my bottom sticking out and up towards Slim. He grabbed his cock and brought it to the rear of my vagina, and, from this new angle, I felt him skewered me slowly, sinking into me and getting comfortable before resuming vigorously fucking me from behind, his hips slamming into my shaking, soft, rounded bottom. He stood to one side just a bit, giving the other men a view of his cock repeatedly violating my defenseless cunt, watching the skin of my labia and the opening of my vaginal tunnel cling humidly to the pistoning cock.

He fucked me long and hard and my ass bounced up and down obscenely as he rode me hard and my cries rang out. The tip of his cock kept pushing even deeper into me, banging my cervix painfully. I prayed he'd be content with fucking my cunt and not violate my asshole with that long cock!

After what seemed to me an eternity fucking me, Slim started to grunt more. Ed chimed in, "Stacey, are you ready for your drink? Show this gentleman what a fine cocksucker you are!"

Slim pulled out, and I turned. I sank to my knees in front of him. His cock twitched tall and angry and slick with both our juices, dangling in front of my face. "Open wide!" commanded Slim, and I obeyed, opening my mouth and letting my tongue round and fatten and stick out a bit. He grabbed my hair and brought his cock forward sinking it into my servile mouth, sliding the slick shaft over my tongue and deep into the back of my mouth. I tilted my head so that his cock would be mostly on one side of the back of my throat, which made the desire to gag not so bad, though Slim's cock was long and was going very deep into my throat.

The hard flesh in my mouth tasted salty, slick and wet. I sucked at the tip and felt his moisture bathing my lapping tongue. My tongue made small circles back and forth over his glans and I could feel it swell and pulse under my ministrations.

Slim pushed the waist of his jeans down, lowering his pants to his upper thighs. His pendulous scrotum hung right before me as his long penis twitched in my softly suckling mouth. I reached out and ran my palm up his broad, dark haired thigh and looked up at him obediently, as my hand cupped his swollen ballsack from below. It felt warm, slightly moist, and his big testicles were round and fat and firm with pent up fluids I knew would end up being ejaculated into my obedient mouth. My other hand came up and I circled the base of his shaft with my grip and ran it slowly up and down his hard cock.

Taking the tip of his penis out of my mouth, I swirled my tongue over the broadened, swollen, tip of his penis, feeling the smooth plumpness of the upper side of his glans, the helmet against the tip of my tongue, then swiping around to the ridgy bottom, swabbing the moisture from the hole at the tip as it beaded stickily. His pre-cum stuck to my tongue like honey. I bent my head and lay it against his thigh, as my tongue washed up and down one side then other of the thickened shaft.

Ed narrated, deepening my humiliation, as I continued licking Slim's penis. "As you can see gentlemen, Stacey can be persuaded to be a good little cocksucker, she just needs some firm direction and encouragement." Slim pulled back slightly as I licked his shaft, gripped his cock and pointed it into my mouth. I opened wide and his penis sank slowly deep into my mouth, stretching my jaws open and pushing against the rear of my throat. I gagged slightly, but Slim continued pushing remorselessly until my nose and lips were buried in his pubic hair. "Hold it there, deep in your throat, little Stacey," he ordered, his hands pushing the back of my head forward so I couldn't help but obey. Little periodic spasms of gagging wracked me and my saliva pooled by my stretched lower lip and trickled out on my chin.

One of Slim's hands grabbed a sheaf of my hair, and the other pressed the back of my head so I couldn't move it, and he pulled out of my mouth almost all the way, until his glans just came out of my mouth, my puckered lips kissing it as if it were a lover I was making out with. Then he pushed forward again, sinking in, forcing my mouth open. Back and forth his cock sawed in and out of my mouth, and my hand at the base of his shaft pumped his cock, copious amounts of his sticky clear fluid bathing my tongue and chin as he face fucked me. I felt the soft plum head swell and pulse and Slim's began grunting harder. I knew he was close to cumming! I blushed at the humiliation of being made to drink another man's sperm, but I knew that if I didn't perform to Ed's satisfaction, giving everyone the show Ed wanted me to, he might make me repeat my performance. I wanted this humiliation to end, I wanted to go home and bathe and wash and pat dry my abused body, and then get my reward for being a good girl and pleasing Ed. I imagined how our evening might go, as Ed finally got his pleasure from me. I imagined lying on my stoach with a pillow under my middle, my hands tied to the headboard of our marriage bed In one of Ed's favorite activities, a vibrator would be deep in my pussy as Ed's penis methodically and slowly rode my asshole, my bottom warming and gentling my husband's body and wave after wave of orgasms wracked through me making me whimper and coo in delight.

If I was going to my reward though, now I had to attend to giving the assembled men the explosive finale the looming, intent crowd was demanding.

I pulled my head back until my open mouth was just in front of the long twitching penis. My tongue darted out, flicking the sensitive underside of the pulsing glans. Flick, flick, with widened lips, then forming and O and plunging, sucking hard, down onto just the swollen tip. Again flicking, while my hand pumped the shaft quickly, my palm covering and stimulating Slim's sensitized cockhead. I concentrated, reading the urgency of the pusling and twitching of the male member before me to give him the stimulation he needed. Harder! My hand flew up and down the shaft, feeling the deep, volcanic, emanations building, sticky penis fluid covering my hand and lips and cheeks.

A violent spasm shot through the penis I held in my hands. I squeezed hard on the twitching cock, and pushed the circle of my fingers back along the shaft, building up the pressure behind Slim's ejaculation, trapping it for moment, before opening my mouth wide and submissively in front of his madly jerking member, and releasing my grip, then loosely making short, quick, masturbating motions at the base of his cock.

With an intense spasm, Slim's penis jetted out a heavy splat of creamy white sperm, bathing my waiting, outthrust tongue and lower lip. His hand came down and grabbed his cock and aimed it deep into my mouth, into which he fed another long spurt of hot white sperm.

Now I brought my tongue to his glans and swirled it, coaxing out another two smaller gobs which landed on my upper lip and by my nose.

My mouth was filled with the thick, slightly sour gruel of Slim's emission. Resisting the temptation to spit out this stranger's jism, I forced myself to swallow repeatedly. Slim rubbed his now quiescent penis against my face. "Clean my cock nicely, Stacey!" he ordered. Finishing swallowing, I reached out and too his cock again, and began swabbing it down with my tongue. I took the head into my mouth and washed it with my saliva, gently sucking off any residue of his sperm.

Ed now came forward and pulled me up from my knees. "Guys!" he intoned, "That's enough I think for Stacey for tonight; I have more domestic duties she's going to have to attend to when we get home." "But one last treat, as you've been so good an audience. Stacey's going to go into the bathroom and get dressed, but if you'll crowd around the bathroom entrance, she's going to have to get through you and you can cop a good feel on the way!

And so they did, and my rush to the bathroom, carrying the remnants of my clothes in my hands, turned into a gauntlet of pawing, groping, smacking hands as I struggled to get past the men. Not an inch of my body remained ungroped as fingers and palm stroked my captive breasts or dipped between my buttocks. After more than 5 minutes I finally made it into the bathroom and weeping softly began cleaning myself up as best I could and getting dressed.