**My Odyssey**

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**My Odyssey Ch. 01**

My name is Melanie and this is a story of how I embarked on my sexual odyssey seven years ago.  
  
It was like any other normal day when Angela called and said, "Come to my office?" and hung up.  
  
"Damn you bitch!" I thought as I trudged up to her office.  
  
I was a young thirty-eight-year-old IT executive. Angela outranked me and hated my guts and was always looking for an excuse to undermine me.  
  
So, I knocked and entered Angela's room. Along with Angela was VP Finance, Frank. Frank was in his early forties and exceedingly handsome and polished. I had sent him many a subtle and not-so-subtle signal but he had seemed impervious to my advances.  
  
I sat down in front of them and Angela said, "Remember, your Phoenix project IT infrastructure proposal?"  
  
"Of course," I said.  
  
How could I not remember? We had landed a major project with a Japanese Company beating some pretty stiff competition.  
  
"You costed the IT infrastructure at 5 Million per year?" asked Angela.  
  
"Yes, I remember," I said.  
  
"But your team says they estimated 50 Million and there's no way we can do it in 5 Million a year?" asked Angela.  
  
"Oh no! Maybe I left out a zero!" I said looking pretty worried now.  
  
"Are you insane? That's a mistake that an intern would make, not an experienced executive!" exclaimed Angela incredulously. Frank also looked surprised.  
  
"Well we were working such late nights and trying our best to get our numbers down," I said feebly.  
  
"This is criminal negligence!" fumed Angela. "I guess it is," I said with my head bowed.  
  
"Maybe we should find some efficient ways to deliver the project?" I inquired.  
  
"There's absolutely no way. The margins were paper thin given the competition for this prestigious project!" said Angela and Frank nodded sadly.  
  
"We could fire you but it still leaves us in an awful bind!" said Angela.  
  
"What can I do to help?" I asked meekly.  
  
I hated having to cower in front of this bitch and in front of my crush but believe it or not, things were going exactly according to plan. Yes, I had a secret plan but I was not ready to reveal it.  
  
"Well you can confess your error and plead with Matsuda to renegotiate the contract," said Angela.  
  
"If we get them to agree to 10 Million a year more, we can still break even. The figure will still be lower than that of our competitors," said Frank in his measured way.  
  
"Not sure how I can convince him, but I will try," I said.  
  
"I don't think you understand the situation. Matsuda has a way of dealing with erring contractors. He understands that it is in his interest that the contractors make some money on the project or else the quality will suffer in a way that is hard to detect until much later. So, he will give us a fair hearing. But as part of the process, he will humiliate you in ways that you cannot believe. I have heard stories," she said ominously.  
  
"Though in your case, I would love to see you utterly humiliated," she continued.  
  
"What kind of stories?" I asked.  
  
"He is very much into BDSM and public humiliation. So you can be expected to be stripped and whipped in front of an audience. Multiple times," she said. This was definitely not according to my plan and I contemplated my options.  
  
Yet I saw an angle that could help me solve a part of the puzzle that I still hadn't figured out. Moreover, the prospect of forced public nudity and humiliation while terrifying seemed inexplicably interesting.  
  
"If I do that and am successful in ensuring that you do not incur a loss on account of my mistake, I have some conditions," I said to Angela and Frank's astonishment.  
  
"Really? And what might they be?" asked Angela incredulously.  
  
"First, there will be no recordings/pictures of me during any of Matsuda's sessions. Don't want anything going on the Internet," I continued calmly.  
  
"Sure thing. Matsuda enjoys his games but appreciates the need for privacy otherwise his lair will be empty of new prey. He will make recordings but they will be for private viewing only and he will put that in writing," said Angela.  
  
"Second, BDSM if any, will be mild and will not leave any marks on me. And no piercings or anything bizarre like that," I continued.  
  
"I am sure we can get Matsuda to agree to that. His games are designed to humiliate but not hurt," said Angela in an assuring tone.  
  
I nodded understandingly and continued, "Third, there will be no sexual penetration of any kind. That applies to all my orifices."  
  
"Come on! Not even blow jobs?" asked Angela, clearly visualizing the humiliation of me on my knees sucking off members of my client's company, pun intended.  
  
"No deal," I said.  
  
Angela thought about it silently and I continued, "Remember you can fire me but it won't help you with this mess."  
  
"And if we fire you, you will not be able to land a job anywhere in IT," countered Angela.  
  
"That's a risk I am willing to take. But I will not prostitute myself," I said.  
  
"Ok agreed. Anything else?" asked Angela sarcastically.  
  
"If I leave the company, then I will not be held by the non-compete clause. That includes the freedom to approach past as well as existing customers," I said. Angela stared at me with an outraged expression and shouted, "Launching on our own, are we? You think after the careless mistake you made, any of our customers would want to do business with you? Fine, if you are that freaking deluded, we will exempt you. And what other conditions might you have princess?"  
  
Frank looked at me with undisguised admiration. Clearly, my chutzpah had impressed him.  
  
"Lastly, if I leave the company, I am free to hire anyone from this company. I will be exempt from the no-poaching clause," I added.  
  
Angela again stared at me incredulously. My gall had irked her to no end, much to my satisfaction.  
  
"Again, who would want to join you after this. But it will be fun to watch you try so yes, I agree," said Angela contemptuously.  
  
"Ok sounds like we have a deal. Have the lawyers draw it up I will show it to my lawyers and if everything is in order, I will set up a meeting with Matsuda," I said with a confidence that belied my situation.  
  
"Not so fast. I have a few conditions of my own too," said Angela.  
  
"Yes?" I asked.  
  
"It's not just Matsuda who will be punishing you. I will be too. Anytime, anywhere between now and until you deliver us the changed contract," said Angela.  
  
I sat in stunned silence for a while as Angela looked on with smug satisfaction. I had not expected this. And yet as I said earlier, I needed the company to give me the exemptions I needed. Being humiliated by Matsuda and his staff, I could live with. But Angela with the history of animosity between us? And Frank? And potentially all our colleagues? That would be too much.  
  
I decided to call her bluff.  
  
"No deal. I agreed to the Matsuda part with great reluctance because there seemed to be no way out. But this is not necessary. No way," I said coolly.  
  
"Well then I have no option but to fire you and send you out in disgrace," she said pushing a letter in front of me. The letter spelled out my termination on account of my careless negligence.  
  
"But like you said, it won't help you rein in the project. The company can't afford this loss," I said calmly still playing poker.  
  
"Ahh but you forget that I am attractive too. As is my secretary. We will throw ourselves at Matsuda's mercy, if you won't," answered Angel calmly.  
  
She had clearly thought this through and I was check-mated. Of course, I could agree to be fired. But like I said, I needed the no-compete exemptions for reasons that I was not ready to divulge. I had other options but I had set my heart on launching out on my own after the contract was renegotiated. I wondered with trepidation what it would feel like to be stripped and humiliated by my adversary.  
  
That too in front of Frank who was now looking distinctly nervous. But maybe I was wrong about him being such a gentleman because if he was, he would have tried to come to my defense or at the very least excused himself.  
  
But despite my re-assessment of his character, my interest in him continued unabated.  
  
"Maybe if he sees me naked, he will be more interested in me," I thought incongruously.  
  
But then I countered Angela's penetrating stare and said to myself, "Focus, girl, focus! This is no time to be thinking of Frank!"  
  
I looked at Angela and thought how demeaning it would be to be at her mercy. How she would enjoy bossing me around and making me grovel in front of everyone. All my colleagues, superiors and maybe the whole company would witness my humiliation. Yet I found myself getting aroused at the prospect. Uncontrollably so.  
  
"Ok but the same provisions about pictures, recordings and sexual penetrations apply," I found myself saying.  
  
"Agreed," said Angela.  
  
"Ok have the lawyers draw it up and I will set up the appointment with Matsuda," I said getting ready to leave.  
  
"Not so fast. You need to understand a few things. The first thing you will be giving up is control. You don't have to set up an appointment with Matsuda. I do and I have already done so. It's for next Wednesday. So we have a week of fun, starting now. Secondly, don't presume you have the right to get up and excuse yourself. You are totally under my control. Kapish?" asked Angela now drunk with her power. "Yes, Ma'am," I said meekly. Having made my decision to go through with her demands, I had no options. "Stand up and strip," said Angela. "That starts after the legal documents have been signed," I protested, now regretting my decision and wondering what I had let myself in for.  
  
"Nope. That was not part of the deal. In any case, I am done negotiating with you. You know I have alternatives. So, once again, stand up and strip," she said ruthlessly.  
  
I thought of standing my ground but again noticed an inexplicable tinge of arousal at being ordered to strip in this summary manner.  
  
Much as I tried to protest, no words would come out of my mouth and I stood up and started unzipping my skirt.  
  
Frank and Angela looked very interested as my shapely legs came into view.  
  
Angela waved her hand beckoning me to continue.  
  
I unbuttoned my blouse and peeled it off my shoulders and stood in front of them in my bra and panties blushing profusely. This was my first exposure to public nudity, pun intended.  
  
I instinctively waited for Angela to gesture me to continue and after staring at me for a minute, she did.  
  
"Oh God. Here it starts!" I thought at the prospect of baring my breasts to them.  
  
I unhooked my bra and slowly peeled it off my breasts and blushed helplessly. But despite that, I was gratified by Frank's, dare I say, naked admiration.  
  
Angela left me standing like that for another minute before pointing at my panties.  
  
I peeled my panties off slowly which only served to heighten my embarrassment.  
  
I was thankful that I was sporting a full bush. Trimmed but yet full enough to cover my pussy. It felt so incongruous to be standing naked in my adversary's office like this but was again gratified to note Frank's admiring gaze. He seemed mesmerized by my naked charms. Exactly, the effect I had hoped to have on him.  
  
"Kneel," commanded Angela and I bristled helplessly and knelt.  
  
"Spread your legs and clasp your hands behind your head," she commanded.  
  
Any satisfaction at my bush covering my pussy lips vanished as I spread my legs and clasped my hands behind my head demurely.  
  
"Now beg to be allowed to make amends for your mistake," said Angela.  
  
"Please allow me to make amends for my mistake," I said meekly.  
  
"Well not so high and mighty are we now?" asked Angela.  
  
No, Ma'am," I said meekly, bristling with rage and yet strangely turned on by my subjugation before my nemesis.  
  
She moved her chair to the side of the desk and said, "Crawl on all fours over to me and beg properly like a dog."  
  
I sniffed holding back a tear and commenced my humiliating crawl over to her and said, "Angela, please allow me to make amends for my careless mistake."  
  
"You will call me mistress," she said.  
  
"Mistress, please allow this worthless slut to make amends for her careless mistake," I found myself saying even as I wondered where the words came from.  
  
Angela clapped her hands in glee because she knew she had broken me.  
  
She patted my head and said "Good doggie. Now go ask Frank."  
  
I crawled over to Frank and said, "Kind Sir, please permit me to atone for my criminal negligence."  
  
Angela again clapped, happy with my improvisation. Frank looked at me admiringly and said, "My pleasure." "I remember seeing this somewhere and found it extremely alluring. A girl in Melanie's position was made to do naked squats while apologizing for her mistake," said Frank to my consternation.  
  
"Naked squats? He is clearly not the gentleman I presumed him to be," I mused.  
  
"Excellent idea! Do it," said Angela.  
  
I rose, blushed looking at my tormentors and commenced my apology squats.  
  
"I am terribly sorry for my careless mistake," I said as I completed the first squat.  
  
"Spread your legs as you squat," commanded Angela.  
  
"Oh God!" I thought as I spread my legs shamelessly and wondered how obscene it looked. Yet I was uncontrollably turned on and something in me was relishing this humiliation.  
  
After about ten squats, Angela asked me to stand. She came over and caressed my breasts and pinched my nipple to show me who was in control.  
  
She stuck her finger in my pussy and to my chagrin, announced, "The slut is soaking wet. Humiliation agrees with her."  
  
I wanted the floor to open and swallow me up and the thought of Frank now knowing that I was turned on by such humiliation.  
  
But to top off a scarcely credible afternoon, Frank came over to me and said, "This may seem like an odd time, but will you have dinner with me tonight?"  
  
Angela looked incredulously and said, "Un...ing believable. You are asking the slut out?"  
  
"I am and she is not a slut. She has carried herself remarkably well and I am in awe," said Frank.  
  
"I I will be glad to," I said nervously.  
  
"Great. I will pick you up at seven. Can you text me your address?" he asked.  
  
I nodded as he stood in front of me, taking in my naked form unabashedly.  
  
"See you at seven then," he said as he gallantly kissed my forehead before leaving.  
  
Until now, I merely had a crush on him. Now I had fallen headlong in love. The fact that I was standing helplessly naked in front of him and he chose to ask me out properly and then kiss my forehead gently bowled me over. I didn't care about the humiliations I had suffered that afternoon. All I could think about was my dinner date with Frank.  
  
"May I be excused, mistress?" I asked.  
  
"I would like to play with you some more but don't have the time. Will get the legal paperwork taken care of tomorrow so have your lawyer ready," she said.  
  
I nodded and proceeded to dress and leave her office. I went home that evening, had a nice shower and dressed up in an elegant black dinner dress, lit some incense and meditated while I waited for Frank.  
  
Frank came in a couple of minutes after seven and appreciated how I had set up the house.  
  
"Very elegant. Very zen like," he commented and I beamed, happy that he could recognize it as such.  
  
I showed him my meditation room and again he was impressed by the beautiful environment I had created.  
  
I am sure the peace and quiet in my house was in stark contrast to the chaotic events that had unfolded earlier but he kept his thoughts to himself and no mention of earlier events were made.  
  
We went to a fancy Italian restaurant and talked about a variety of different topics.  
  
During the dessert course, the inevitable topic came up.  
  
"I am sorry I have to ask. You are way too smart. I know you have some angle worked out over infrastructure deployment thing," he said.  
  
I smiled mysteriously.  
  
"I knew it!" he exclaimed.  
  
"And I am glad. Although totally nonplussed as to why you would subject yourself to such a humiliating ordeal. You are smart, you are beautiful. So, what gives?" he asked.  
  
"You will find out next week," I said, not willing to trust him totally at this point.  
  
"Oh come on. I will die of suspense. Plus, if you tell me, I will help you. I want to. I am on your side," he said.  
  
"Promise?" I asked.  
  
"God Promise," he said and crossed his heart.  
  
"Ok. My estimate is right. I can make it work. Moreover, my estimate is what helped us lower our price and beat the competition. Any other company would have promoted me to a VP level. But here, I was threatened with dismissal!" I said, now getting hot under the collar.  
  
Frank was listening with rapt attention.  
  
"I am good technically. Very good. Head and shoulders above anyone else in the organization. But they won't take a girl seriously. If I had a penis, maybe," I fumed.  
  
Frank smiled. I smiled too and shrugged.  
  
"Moreover, this is such a stodgy, risk-averse organization. I realized that they would never go for my plan," I continued.  
  
"I can help, Melanie! I hate it that someone as talented and articulate as you has difficulty selling her ideas. I cannot make up for gender bias all on my own but I can try and support you," he said earnestly.  
  
"Well, I did consider fighting it. But it rankled too much. Like I said, we would not have won the contract if it wasn't for my work. But the credit went to others. Even if I showed them how to make it work, I would still not get any credit. I have had it with this company. I have had it with all companies. I am tired of working for morons and for people of far lesser capabilities. So I want to go out on my own," I explained.  
  
A light slowly dawned on Frank's handsome face and I was captivated by how he lit up like a 1,000 volt bulb.  
  
"So, that's why you want the non-compete waived," he said.  
  
I smiled contentedly. I was gratified that he was smart.  
  
"So rather than fight the organization, you want to launch on your own and contract directly with Matsuda.  
  
"Yes!" I exclaimed, again happy that Frank had brains to go with his looks.  
  
"I had an inkling but wasn't entirely sure," he said. A doubt suddenly entered my mind and I chose to clear it immediately.  
  
"I hope your taking me out to dinner wasn't a ploy to pump me for information?" I asked.  
  
"Good God, No!" exclaimed Frank, looking horrified that I would think that.  
  
"Though you can pump me any time you like," I thought mischievously as he continued.  
  
"But I can see why you might think that. No trust me. I am on your side on this one. I know how hard you worked during the proposal process and all the obstacles and bureaucracy you had to overcome," he said, clearly, proud of my work.  
  
"Thanks, Frank! Wish the rest of the senior leadership team thought as much," I said ruefully.  
  
"You know, I can still try and do that for you. I can make a case for your promotion to VP," said Frank earnestly.  
  
"No, Frank. I have set my sights on launching on my own. It's now or never. I am obsessed with it and as you can see willing to go to great lengths to make it happen," I explained.  
  
"But I thank you for your offer though. I truly appreciate it," I said, resisting the urge to add that I might have taken him up on it if it had come a month earlier.  
  
"Come with me. Join me," I said suddenly taking us both by surprise. I did rely quite a bit on my intuition and I had no regrets about that.  
  
"Not sure what I bring to the table. You are the technical genius and you seem to have everything worked out," said Frank.  
  
I was encouraged by the fact that he did not outright reject it and decided to press hard.  
  
"But that's the point. I am not bad with the financial and administrative aspects of running a company but it is better for me to focus on the technical aspect. You are ideally suited to be my partner," I said and coughed and added with embarrassment, "Business partner. With all your financial and managerial experience, you can take care of everything else leaving me free to do what I do best."

Frank mused for a few seconds and then said, "You know I was kind of hoping that our relationship would evolve to something more than a friendship. Won't being in business together make it more difficult?"  
  
"it could. But we are both smart, intelligent and mature people. We can make it work," thrilled that he wanted a deeper relationship than a casual fling.  
  
"I guess we could. Tell me the complete story then," he said.  
  
"What would you like to know?" I asked.  
  
"Ok for starters, Japanese companies are pretty risk averse. So whatever cutting-edge plan you have, how do you know they will go for it?" he asked.  
  
I smiled again at his perceptive question.  
  
"Remember the Q&A sessions during the proposal phase? I asked them some leading questions and I was pleasantly surprised by how receptive they were. Morons on my team had no clue what I was asking and nor did they have the intellectual curiosity to ask me about it," I said.  
  
"Ok fair enough. But proposal is one thing and contract execution is another. How do you know they will go for it?" he asked.  
  
I smiled again as to how perceptive he was. I had picked a winner for a business partner and hopefully for a life partner.  
  
"You tell me," I challenged him.  
  
He stared at me in a penetrating fashion and I stayed silent with a look of smug satisfaction.  
  
"You have already talked with Matsuda!" he exclaimed.  
  
I smiled and nodded.  
  
"He is in on it!" he added.  
  
I smiled again.  
  
"The only thing left was the non-compete clause!" he said.  
  
I smiled and said, "See why I want you on board?" We would be so good together We don't have to spell it out to each other. A-B-C-D-E-F that would be so boring. We could go "A-C-F," I said beaming happily.  
  
"But sweetie, the price you are paying for the non-compete exclusion! That's crazy!" he said.  
  
I smiled inwardly at his term of endearment and said, "Yeah that was a touch choice. I had not gotten that part worked out until Angela gave me that opening," I said.  
  
"But all that public degradation! Are you sure?" asked Frank looking very worried.  
  
"I honestly don't know, Frank. I am impulsive and on the spur of the moment, it seemed to be a quick way to get what I wanted," I said.  
  
Frank did not look convinced.  
  
"Moreover," I added and paused. "It seemed like it would be a novel experience. Something I had never encountered before," I added. "I know it does not make any sense!" I confessed sheepishly.  
  
Frank smiled and said, "On the contrary. It makes a lot of sense and I commend you on your courage to follow your instincts!"  
  
"You won't think any less of me for this?" I asked, looking concerned.  
  
"Less of you? As far as I am concerned, you are an invincible Goddess!" exclaimed Frank.  
  
"Moreover, I am pretty kinky myself and will enjoy all your travails immensely. So be forewarned," he smiled and added.  
  
"I admire your honesty. You certainly live up to your name," I said.  
  
And he smiled.  
  
"So, are you on board?" I asked.  
  
"Not sure yet. How confident are you that Matsuda will come through," he asked.  
  
"Honestly, I don't know. I think I am 90% sure but you never know with these high-flying businessmen," I said.  
  
Frank nodded appreciatively.  
  
"Fair enough. If he comes through, then I am in," said Frank.  
  
I was relieved and beamed happily.  
  
"Let me take you home then," said Frank and on the way home, I explained some financial aspects of what I had in mind.  
  
"Good God! I had no idea you were so financially savvy," he said with open admiration.  
  
"I can be but it doesn't interest me as much as Engineering," I said and he shook his head in disbelief.  
  
"Would you like to come up for a drink?" I asked as he pulled into my driveway.  
  
"Well I want us to take it slow and easy. But I would like to come up for a little. There's something I would like to do before I leave," he said.  
  
I looked at him quizzically but I had practically propositioned him so whatever he wanted to do was fine with me.  
  
We went in happily and once we were in the living room, Frank said, "I want you to face me and strip."  
  
I was taken by surprise and pretty insulted at his summary command. But who was I kidding? The events of the day had clearly unearthed a hitherto hidden submissive side in me. Clearly, if my relationship with Frank materialized, it would be a D/S one.  
  
I shot daggers at him while I undressed and he would later on tell me that my feisty looks made me that much more alluring.  
  
I stripped slowly retaining eye contact at all times and was gratified to note that Frank was looking increasingly besotted.  
  
I peeled down my panties, mobbing sinuously and held them up in my hands defiantly before dropping them and stood gloriously naked before Frank. He had seen me naked earlier that day but here it was in the privacy of my home and I had stripped on his command for his pleasure.  
  
I continued to look at him defiantly as if to silently say, "there."  
  
Frank came closer, raised my face to his, put his left hand around my waist and his right hand around my head and kissed me passionately for a few minutes until I saw stars.  
  
He came up for air eventually and said, "That is what I wanted to do earlier today" and bowed and left.  
  
I sat on the couch dazed and gob-smacked and contemplated the events of the day. It had been one hell of a roller coaster and promised to continue over the next few days. Angela IMed me in the morning that the legal paperwork was ready so I arranged for my attorney to come over in the afternoon and meet with the company attorney.  
  
It would be the most unusual contract that both attorneys would ever have had to deal with, I mused. I entered her office with my attorney and saw one of our legal staff waiting for us in her office. He undressed me with his eyes and who could blame him after the contract he had to write.  
  
"Strip," said Angela and I thought of protesting but I knew it would be futile.  
  
I stripped before the two lawyers who gave me their undivided attention.  
  
The two lawyers started debating the finer points of the contract as I stayed naked in the room.  
  
Mercifully, I was allowed to work on my laptop and I chose to work through some of the technical details of my plan while the legal eagles sorted things out.  
  
Once they had come to an agreement, they read it out and Angela and I had to agree to everything point by point. The whole thing was filmed to make the contract irrefutable. We then signed it and the company lawyer notarized it. Standing naked next to the fully clothed Angela while the agreement was being filmed juts underscored the weird nature of the agreement and seemed surreal.  
  
The lawyers rose up to leave and I was asked to kneel in front on them and thank them for the contract.  
  
The command irked me but predictably turned me on and I did as commanded. I would have to get used to following demeaning commands over the next few days and getting angry would be pointless.  
  
The lawyers looked at me with wide eyed appreciation and mumbled it was their pleasure and reluctantly left the room, scarcely able to tear their eyes away from my naked form and clearly wanting more.  
  
"You can get dressed now," said Angela as I looked at her inquiringly.  
  
I got dressed and was about to leave when she said, "No stay here. I have plans for you."  
  
Before long, Frank came in and then three of my sub-ordinates who had worked with me on the proposal.  
  
Brad, Tom and Valerie walked in looking very puzzled.  
  
"Melanie, tell your team about your mistake," said Angela.  
  
I started explaining when she cut me short and said, "Kneel as you do that."  
  
I bristled at the prospect of kneeling before my sub-ordinates but again noted that it turned me on. My face probably showed a mixture of defiance, submission and arousal. Actually, I had no idea what it showed, but that's what I felt.  
  
My sub-ordinates looked embarrassed for me as I knelt and told the story of my mistake. Their embarrassment heightened my own which made the whole situation that much more erotic.  
  
Predictably, I was asked to strip and I proceeded to do so in front of my stunned direct reports as well as an admiring Frank. Frank, what was he doing there? I was later to learn that Frank, the scoundrel, had gotten Angela to agree to let him participate as much as he could. It was all in the name of teaching me a lesson and giving me my comeuppance. Such an unrepentant pervert and yet, I loved him.  
  
It was clear that Angela had asked me to dress up merely to provide my team the pleasure of seeing me strip.  
  
There is something about undressing in front of someone – no matter how many times I do it, I never acclimatize to it and always find it a bit erotic.  
  
Soon, I was naked in front of my employees. I was asked to clasp my hands behind my head and spread my legs and I did so in front of my subordinates who looked absolutely incredulous. All three of them looked admiringly at all my exposed charms and I blushed prettily.  
  
"What had I gotten into and how far would it go?" I wondered as I continued to stand with everyone's eyes burnig a hole in my naked flesh.  
  
New experience had seemed strangely enticing the previous day. Now it seemed downright overrated as I stood demurely naked in front of my direct reports as well as my nemesis and possibly my future lover.  
  
And suddenly owning my own company did not seem worth the degradation which would only get worse with time. We were just getting started and already I was having second thoughts. Yet I noted that I was getting increasingly aroused and a part of my brain was in the grips of erotic frenzy.  
  
"God I am hooked on public humiliation!" I thought as I continued stand mutely embarrassed in front of my appreciative audience.  
  
"Bend over the desk," commanded Angela and I knew what was coming and braced myself for it.  
  
"Thank God, I have stipulated so many safeguards against being hurt," I thought as I bent over Angela's desk and Angela commenced the spanking.  
  
Frank chose to sit in Angela's chair and I was made to support myself with my hands and raise my face to him.  
  
He clearly wanted to enjoy the expressions on my face as my nemesis spanked me in front of my subordinates.  
  
My subordinates too chose to move around and view my spanking from different angles and Angela relishing her power over me made me count the spanks all the way up to a 100. Mercifully, they were light spanks aimed to humiliate and not hurt.  
  
Predictably, my subordinates were asked to have a go and I was disappointed to find out that not one of them refused.  
  
I thought I had treated them pretty well and yet not one of them chose to forego their turn. There's just no loyalty in the world, I mused.  
  
Finally, it was Frank's turn and he said, "I am kind of a traditionalist. I would like her over my knee." He proceeded to grab me my ear and lead me to the couch like a naughty schoolgirl before sitting down and positioning me over his lap. He made me face the audience so that they could see my expressions. He spanked a little harder than Angela and I flinched a little at every stroke much to the enjoyment of my audience.  
  
I was finally asked to get up and Angela pointed to the wet spot on Frank's trousers and said, "Look! The slut has leaked all over Frank."  
  
I blushed profusely and looked down at the carpet hoping for a hole to swallow me up.  
  
Angela came over and raised my face with one hand and stuck a finger in my pussy with the other and asked, "So I guess public humiliation turns you on?"  
  
"No! Maybe it's just nervousness!" I lied.  
  
Angela smiled and knew better but let it go.  
  
"Well since you are so turned on, it would be cruel to keep you in that state. Please feel free to get yourself off," she said.  
  
"It's ok. I will pass," I said and she laughed and said, "Oh sweetie! That was not a suggestion."  
  
I braced myself for a new humiliation. God, I had never performed in front of anyone, not even my ex boyfriends. "Oh God, what will Frank think?" I wondered.  
  
My face burned with humiliation as I was led to the couch. I was asked to spread my legs as wide as I could and commence. I was also asked to say, "I am a shameless slut" periodically.  
  
As embarrassing as it was, I chose to retain eye contact with Frank as I caressed my mound before inserting two fingers and frigging myself while proclaiming myself to be a shameless slut.  
  
Mercifully, the overload of the afternoon resulted in a quick climax. As the waves of the orgasm subsided, I closed my eyes but Angela was having none of it. She made me stand with my juices dripping from my pussy. The sofa was already stained.  
  
Angela, the bitch brought over some cleaning wipes and made me clean my juices off the sofa as well as the carpet.  
  
"God how will I face my employees again!" I wondered. If things worked out, then hopefully my ordeal would be over in a week. I dared not contemplate what would happen if Matsuda reneged on his promise.  
  
I looked at Frank hesitatingly to see if he was ashamed of me but he was looking at me with admiration and not shame.  
  
He got me some tissues and I wiped myself dry.  
  
"May I get dressed mistress," I asked kneeling in front of Angela.  
  
"Yes, you may, slave Melanie," she said patting my head condescendingly.  
  
"Not a word to anyone," warned Angela looking at my employees and they nodded.  
  
I got dressed in a hurry and rushed home. To my chagrin, I was still turned on and proceeded to masturbate while reading humiliation stories on Literotica.  
  
"Wonder what trials and tribulations are in store for me today," I wondered as I reached my office the next day.  
  
Just before lunch I got IMed to go to the large conference room. I stepped in and was greeted by the sight of my entire team sitting at the large table.  
  
There must have been about 20 of them – direct reports as well as their reports and even two interns fresh from college.  
  
"God this will be so humiliating!" I pondered. Again, thoughts of backing off crossed my mind but I had come so far. It would be a shame to give up now. But shame was definitely on the menu either way.  
  
I resigned myself to my fate as I looked at my puzzled team. Except for Brad, Tom and Val, no one else had a clue.  
  
Before Angela could commence proceedings, Frank stepped into the room. Later on he would tell me that his intentions were both noble and ignoble. Being a kinky voyeur was part of his motivation but the other part was to keep an eye on Angela and try and make sure that things did not get out of hand. I trusted him. He was a pervert and a gentleman.  
  
Despite my predicament, I decided to wrest some control from Angela by not waiting for her command. This was my team after all!  
  
"Team, we are gathered here because I made a terrible mistake on the infrastructure estimate for the Phoenix project. As a result, I have agreed to let Angela punish and humiliate me in front of everyone. I warn you, that this is not for the faint of heart or those of finer sensibilities. If you are likely to be offended by my nudity and whatever chastisement Angela has in mind, now would be the time to excuse yourself. If you have some respect for me and would like to spare me the ignominy of being humiliated in front of you, now would be the time to excuse yourself," I said with a confidence that belied my situation.  
  
Everyone was stunned – my team, Angela and even Frank – everyone! Frank was the first to appreciate what I had done and stood up and performed a "I bow to thee" gesture.  
  
But no one left. No one. Later on, they would tell me that it wasn't that they did not respect me but their curiosity about the bizarre scene I had described had been too powerful for their finer sensibilities, so to speak.  
  
Angela wanting to take back control said in a sneering voice, "Let's see how many speeches you make while you are standing naked in front of you team. Stand up on the table and strip."  
  
I took off my shoes and climbed up on the table as Frank blew me an encouraging kiss. That kiss meant so much to me and gave me some confidence as I proceeded to unzip and drop the skirt. I was instructed to walk up and down the table after every piece of clothing that was discarded and I did so slowly and deliberately defiantly making eye contact with my gobsmacked team.  
  
To make matters worse, my team was instructed to chant, "Take it off! Take it off!" for every piece of clothing.  
  
Angela outranked me so my team complied with her instructions albeit reluctantly, I noted to my satisfaction.  
  
She was not having any of their half-hearted chants though.  
  
"I don't hear you," she said like a coach would have.  
  
My team upped their tempo and enthusiasm and goose bumps developed all over me as I proceeded to take off my blouse and stand on the table in my bra and panties. Luckily, I had chosen conservative white underwear but it did little to mitigate my embarrassment.  
  
And then the bra. It seemed so surreal to be walking topless up on the table in front of my whole team but I imagined myself to be a fashion model on a catwalk and did my walk with what dignity I could muster. My audience was spellbound and some looked as if their eyes would fall out.  
  
Angela sensed my satisfaction and wanted to take me down a notch.  
  
"What do you think of your boss's tits?" she asked.  
  
There were incoherent noises of approval but Angela was not satisfied.  
  
"Doesn't she look like a topless bimbo rather than your respectable boss?" she inquired.  
  
Some of them reluctantly nodded, knowing that they were expected to acquiesce.  
  
"Let's go around the room and tell her that," commanded Angela.  
  
One by one, my team members looked at me and said, "You look like a topless bimbo, boss."  
  
I should have died of shame or outrage but instead waves of erotic humiliation pulsed through my body. It was as if not having to be respectable was incredibly liberating.  
  
I braced myself for the final act of denuding myself. But before I could do so, Angela found some music on her cell phone and asked me to dance and I did so like a topless dancer.  
  
"God the deal better come through! I can't take being in front of my team for very long after this," I thought as I continued to dance like a stripper.  
  
The audience clapped my performance and Angela gestured me to take off my panties.  
  
I did so slowly while turning to give everyone a view of my gradual nudity from all angles. I had not been asked to do that so, why did I? Clearly there were parts of my brain that had no connection with rational thought. Or was it the Stockholm syndrome? Either way I was terribly aroused and noticed to my chagrin how the panties stuck to my pussy while I was peeling it off.  
  
Displaying my embarrassment was a mistake though because while my team was busy gawking at my bush and trying to see through my pubic hairs for any sight of my mound or insides, Angela motioned me to hand her the panties.  
  
I bent down and did so and she raised it up so everyone could see the wet spot at the bottom.  
  
"Did you know your boss was a humiliation slut?" she asked and again I wished the ground would open and swallow me up. I averted my eyes but noticed a few of my team members nodding no.  
  
"You failed to take your team in confidence before you submitted your final proposal. We would like to encourage a culture of complete transparency. So, in the interest of that, sit on that chair and drape your legs over the arms so we can all see what your bush is hiding," said Angela cruelly.  
  
I sniffed holding back a tear at this impending degradation but proceeded to do as directed. Don't know how I got the confidence to do so but I decided to proudly look at my team with my splayed pussy on view.  
  
That look must have irked Angela though because she asked me to use my hands and spread my pussy further like a bimbo in a cheap strip club.

At this point, I was on the verge of crying. I looked pleadingly at her and that act of surrender must have made her happy because she smiled and nodded no, indicating that she would not let me off.  
  
I did as she commanded and this time my face betrayed pathetic defeat rather than confidence and pride.  
  
Angela was still pissed at my earlier composure and attempts to wrest control. She wanted abject surrender and nothing short would do.  
  
"Now we will have your team come and inspect your boobs and pussy at close quarters," she declared.  
  
Some of the team members coughed in embarrassment and I was gratified to note that no one moved.  
  
"It was not a suggestion," said Angela calmly and slowly, one by one, the team came and inspected me in that vulnerable position.  
  
They were told to stick their fingers in, examine my wetness and then have me lick my juices off their finger and they did.  
  
All my earlier confidence and dignity was now completely gone. I felt like a sniveling mess inside and looked like a cheap whore outside.  
  
Frank, to his credit, came over and stroked my head a few times, again indicating his unconditional support.  
  
I was close to breaking down and crying openly but was determined not to do that.  
  
Finally, everyone on the team had had a chance to acquaint themselves with my pussy and the meeting was adjourned.  
  
But not before I was asked to kneel in front of the door and kiss the hand of each and every one of my team members and thank them for participating in my chastisement, as they were leaving.  
  
"We meet with the Senior Leadership Team at 4 PM in this room," she said and I knew what that meant.  
  
"God how many more humiliations does she have in store for me?" I wondered haplessly as I got dressed. Frank to his credit stayed back and helped me dress by bringing me all my clothes and zipping up my skirt.  
  
Angela left the room and Frank took the opportunity to again give me a full blooded, passionate kiss.  
  
Clearly, my humiliation agreed with him, I mused.  
  
Soon it was 4 PM and I made my way to the conference room.  
  
This time it was full of VPs and C-Suite executives. I knew most of them, so this would be as embarrassing as the session before my team. Mercifully, given the short notice and the busy schedules that execs have, not all of them could be present so it was a smaller audience of about seven and only one of them was a woman, surprise, surprise.  
  
This time though, I did not want to rile Angela up by preempting her speech, so I waited patiently for her.  
  
After the perfunctory exchange of courtesies, one of the execs demanded to know why she had called for an emergency meeting and that was her cue.  
  
She explained my mistake and her plan to make amends and rein it in. She mentioned her plan for re-negotiating with Matsuda and ran the numbers by them. For a while, it seemed that she would merely use the meeting to showcase her executive skills in bringing a difficult situation under control.  
  
The executives stared at me and made disapproving noises and faces but were hugely supportive of Angela's plan for damage control.  
  
"Morons all of them! I am so glad I am leaving this company," I thought as I saw them swallow Angela's stupid plan without due diligence.  
  
"We have had four other major projects in the red this year. We cannot afford another one. We have to do all we can to bring this one in the black. I trust that I have your support," said Angela pompously.  
  
"The twit!" I thought as she looked proud and the execs nodded in vehement agreement.  
  
"So, that brings me to the last point. Mastuda has some pretty unconventional way of dealing with contractors who wish to renegotiate. He wants to be fair for he knows that if a contractor cannot make money on a project, they will cut corners and it will all come to roost years later. So, he will renegotiate but he will humiliate the guilty personnel in ways that seem scarcely credible. His methods include public nudity and bdsm aimed at complete and total humiliation. In his mind, it's an incentive for the contractor to not repeat their mistakes. Since, Melanie here is the one responsible for this mess, it is incumbent on her to clean it up. In preparation for her session with Matsuda, I have been getting her gradually acquainted with public humiliation," said Angela in a polished manner while the execs looked incredulous.  
  
For the first time in my life, I was in awe of Angela. Grudgingly of course but this was sheer genius. Making it seem that my public humiliation in front of my own co-workers was in fact preparation for my session with Matsuda as opposed to her getting her revenge on me was inspired. Even Frank looked suitably impressed as he looked at me, smiled and shrugged.  
  
One idiotic exec actually commended on her bold and unconventional approach. One asked what the preparation entailed which gave her an excellent lead into my impending punishment.  
  
"Well rather than explain, this is a show and tell and part of her acclimatization process. With your permission, I would like to commence proceedings," she said.  
  
She received affirmative nods and gestures to get on with it.  
  
"Melanie, stand on the table and strip," said Angela. You could have cut the tension in the room with a knife.  
  
I had regained my usual confidence and thought, "You have run out of new ideas, stupid cow" as I got up on the table and faced my superiors.  
  
"Would stripping before my superiors be more embarrassing than stripping before my subordinates?" I wondered. I would find out that both were equally embarrassing but stripping before my betters got me more aroused because there's just something so inexplicably erotic about surrendering to authority. I guess years of being a rebel and a self-assured woman who constantly defied conventions established by a male dominated society had caused an opposite reaction of a part of my brain relishing the letting go of my stance and surrendering? Who knew for real? But I noticed my nipples harden and my pussy moisten as I dropped my skirt on the table for the second time that day.  
  
Most of the male execs, I was sure, were no strangers to strip clubs, but to have an attractive employee strip in your office? That was special and infinitely more arousing.  
  
I performed my act in the same way as earlier, slowly and deliberately, making eye contact to heighten my embarrassment as well as increase the audience's appreciation. Still don't know what men find in strip bars where women mechanically take their clothes off. I was giving them a far better show with my reluctance and blushing.  
  
Finally, I was completely naked and Angela again made it a point of holding up my wet panties. This time she chose to highlight the success of her plan by saying, "The acclimatization process is working! She is beginning to enjoy the process. Matsuda will be pleased."  
  
Morons around the table nodded wisely and held on to their pretense of noble motives rather than the outright debauchery which they were enjoying.  
  
That was what I liked about Frank. There was no pretense there. He was real. In areas, where his motives were less than honorable, he owned them and even admitted that he was not proud of it but his personality seemed to be geared towards enjoyment of such guilty pleasures.  
  
"When you see your desire for sexual humiliation arise, you should observe it and let it pass," I would later tell him in jest, modifying one of the Buddha's noble truths.  
  
"I will! Provided something else does not arise," he countered and we had guffawed over it.  
  
Coming back to the present, here I was standing naked before my senior leadership team, slowly turning and letting them gawk at me from all angles. I could feel their gazes burn a hole in my exposed flesh. Mercifully, I was still not inured to public nudity and blushed profusely throughout.  
  
"Let my inner slut stay inner" I thought to myself as I continued to twirl slowly.  
  
Angela had clearly run out of ideas because she had me repeat the whole 'splaying my legs wide for everyone to inspect' routine which I did looking mortified. As I suspected earlier, doing it before authority added to the erotic tension of the situation and I was soaking wet and leaking all over the chair.  
  
After they were done, Angela pronounced, "In the interest of learning how to clean up her mess, Melanie should clean up the mess she has made on the chair like a wanton slut."  
  
This was too much and I lost my hitherto unbreakable self-control and exclaimed, "Oh yeah? Let's trade places and see how much of a mess you make!"  
  
I regretted saying that because I had played into Angela's hands and given her an opportunity bring me down another notch.  
  
"Well that's a moot point because I would never be in your predicament," she said calmly, rubbing it in with a smirk.  
  
I wanted to point out that anyone with good managerial skills would have placed a towel on the chair but that would again play into her hands and give her another opportunity to rub my face in my humiliation, so I bit my lip.  
  
I bristled in helpless fury and again to my horror, found myself getting more aroused.  
  
"Geez what is it about helpless surrender that turns me on so?" I wondered as I performed the demeaning act of taking chlorox wipes and wiping the chair clean.  
  
Angela then decided that a spanking was in order. I was made to rest my palms on the table and lean a little. It served to raise my butt for spanking while providing the ones in front with, well a full frontal.  
  
The entire audience sat on one side of the table and took turns in coming over and spanking me. I was made to count out the spanks and thank them for every one and ask for the next.  
  
"How demeaning and yet, how thrilling," I thought as the spanks continued to rain on my upturned bottom.  
  
Some of them took the time to caress my butt and my boobs and stroke my face and head and I could not blame them, for at this point, I was merely a naked bimbo positioned for their pleasure.  
  
Finally, as with my team, I was instructed to kneel naked before the door as they were leaving and thank everyone for helping me prepare for my session with Matsuda.  
  
As before, Frank waited until everyone left, raised me up and kissed me passionately and helped me get dressed.  
  
"I have good news," he said as I was getting dressed and I looked incredulous. Good news in my current situation did not compute except for one thing.  
  
I looked at him hopefully and he said, "We don't have to wait till next Wednesday to meet with Matsuda. I have set it up for tomorrow, Friday 4 PM! I will let Angela know!"  
  
"Sounds like good news and bad news," I said in a regretful voice. "I am terrified of what Matsuda will do to me. He did not mention anything about me going through his renegotiation sessions but it seems likely. I thought I had the deal in the bag, but I can't imagine a perv like Matsuda letting go of an opportunity like this!"  
  
"True dat. However, the sooner you get this over with, the sooner you are out of Angela's clutches. Can you imagine her tormenting you till next Wednesday?" he asked.  
  
I nodded and admitted that it was best to get the whole saga over with, earlier rather than later.

**My Odyssey Ch. 02**

So, just before Friday 4 PM and Angela, Frank and I were ushered into a conference room at Matsuda Enterprises.  
  
Frank had tried to convince Angela that he and I could handle it on our own, but Angela, with good reason did not trust us.  
  
At the stroke of the hour, Matsuda and his management team, comprising of four other males entered the room.  
  
"So, Melanie, you wish to renegotiate the contract?" asked Matsuda.  
  
"Yes, Sir! I do," I answered with trepidation.  
  
"Well, all such presentations are done in the nude. So please proceed," said Matsuda simply.  
  
I looked at Matsuda pleadingly, silently saying, "I thought we had a deal!"  
  
Matsuda shook his head and smiled as if to say," I have you where I want you and I am not letting you off."  
  
I was dressed in an elegant dark blue suit and wanting the ordeal to be over with quick, stood up and stripped in front of five gawking Japanese men.  
  
"Clasp your hands behind your head and ask for permission to renegotiate," commanded Matsuda.  
  
"If it may please my Japanese masters, I would like to renegotiate our contract," I said in my submissive best and Matsuda chuckled.  
  
I proceeded to explain my plan of launching on my own and having the contract split between TrueTech and my fledgling company and Angela looked like she had swallowed a bee.  
  
"This is an outrage! This is not what we agree upon," she protested loudly.  
  
Matsuda, to my relief, silenced her and said he would like to hear my proposal through.  
  
I explained my plan. Cloud Computing is now ubiquitous but was new seven years ago.  
  
"I have the technical expertise to make it work. Matsuda Enterprises will be seen as a leader in the industry by moving IT to the cloud. By adopting cutting edge technologies, you will help you attract the brightest talent. So, you have tangible as well as intangible benefits all around," I concluded.  
  
I looked at their VP of Engineering, Nakamura who nodded in agreement. The last time, I had made a compelling technical presentation with a whiteboard session with his engineering team and here I was now naked and in a submissive pose before him. Not that he minded, of course.  
  
Matsuda looked at Frank and he jumped in with, "As I discussed with your CFO, if you pay Melanie's Company InnovativeTech 15 Million a year for the next five years and subtract that from TrueTech's contract amount, It won't cost Matsuda Enterprises anything. TrueTech also saves because their proposal was to absorb 35 Million a year in lost profits by having you pay 10 Million more. So they still come out 20 Million ahead. This is a win-win-win solution and all parties come out ahead."  
  
I was stunned. I had no idea Frank had gone and negotiated all this without even letting me know. I was immensely grateful but still outraged that he had not consulted me. I looked at him and he looked at me penetratingly. It was then that I caught on. He was testing me to see how much autonomy he would have, if he came in with me. I had promised him that and even told him I did not want to bothered with financial complexities and wanted to be left free to focus on technical aspects.  
  
I smiled, nodded and acknowledged his help and he smiled and nodded too. We had cemented our partnership. Now the question was whether Matsuda would come through or stick to stodgy Japanese practices.  
  
In the meanwhile, Angela was outraged and accused me of treason and Frank of betrayal.  
  
To rub it in, Matsuda enquired, "I believe Frank will be joining Melanie to form InnovativeTech?"  
  
Frank and I nodded and Angela again looked like she had swallowed a bee and spluttered and protested, "This is preposterous! You are a traitor!"  
  
She looked at Matsuda and said, "You are a respectable company and what Melanie and Frank have done here is deceitful to say the least. Surely, this behavior is not consistent with your values?"  
  
Matsuda smiled and said, "Good point. They need to be punished for their outrageous conduct. Melanie, get dressed. The whole company could benefit from a discussion of company values and our decision-making process," said Matsuda pompously.  
  
My heart sank and I looked crestfallen.  
  
"So he may back out after all. All my humiliation will have been for nothing," I pondered regretfully as I got dressed.  
  
Frank too looked worried.  
  
"What bloody values?" I wondered as I put suit jacket.  
  
"You think nothing of stripping damsels in distress in public and go on about values? Bloody hypocrite!" I fumed as I followed him to the company auditorium.  
  
We entered on the stage to find the auditorium full of his employees. Most of them were predictably male but there were a handful of females too.  
  
Matsuda and his team sat on chairs and the three of us were asked to stand in front of them facing the audience. There were TV monitors all over the room providing views of the stage from different angles.  
  
Matsuda briefly explained the circumstances of the project and rebuked me sternly for my disloyalty to my company.  
  
"Loyalty is very important to us and Melanie here has been disgraceful. It is only fitting that she be disgraced publicly," the pompous ass continued.  
  
He still had not given a clue as to whether he would come through and support my proposal.  
  
"Why should I put myself through more degradation, if he won't support my plan?" I wondered, waiting for the inevitable command.  
  
"Take off your clothes, slowly," said Matsuda and the audience gasped and then cheered.  
  
I knew asking Matsuda any questions about his decision would be pointless, so I commenced my strip.  
  
This time, I could see myself stripping on all the monitors in the room and I blushed uncontrollably in embarrassment as I stripped slowly and sensuously in front of my Japanese audience.  
  
Finally, I was standing before my audience naked and proceeded to clasp my hands behind my head, without being instructed to.  
  
Matsuda then had me do apology squats in front of them apologizing for being disloyal. Watching Angela's smirk on the TV monitor only rubbed in my humiliation, which as you all know by now, served to get me that much more turned on.  
  
Next was even more demeaning as he had me kneel in front of Angela, kiss her shoes and beg for her forgiveness.  
  
Matsuda was clearly determined to make me grovel and by now the perverse eroticism of the situation had overpowered any vestige of rational thinking or defiance on that part an it was clear to me that I would comply with whatever was asked of me.  
  
I had to hold back a tear though, as I had to perform the degrading act of kissing my adversary's shoes while naked and on all fours. Yet there was something so liberating and strangely exhilarating about total capitulation.  
  
"There's more to character than technical brilliance. Do you understand that now?" asked Angela, twisting the knife.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am!" I sniveled.  
  
She kept taunting and insulting me as I was made to perform my apology squats in front of her and yet I was so insanely turned on that I would have humped a door know if I had been allowed to do so.  
  
"Now comes the final act of surrender before a rival. Angela will now shave you," said Matsuda as a girk stepped on the stage carrying shaving implements.  
  
"Oh no!" I thought looking absolutely petrified. I thought kissing her shoes was as degrading as it would get. But to have her shave me in public. How would I survive that?  
  
I was led to a chair where I was positioned so that my legs were splayed open. I looked at the various views the monitors had to offer and looked at my audience looking on mesmerized and turned red with embarrassment. Soon, the little protection afforded my full bush would be gone.  
  
The only good thing was that Angela was kneeling before me but given the predicament I was in, that was scarce comfort.  
  
Angela looked at me gloatingly and called me all kinds of names while she lathered my bush and slowly shaved me. She had been warned by Matsuda to take extreme care and not hurt me in any way, so she was very delicate but paused deliberately often to let the humiliation of the situation sink in.  
  
Finally, she toweled me off and exposed my naked pussy to my eager audience who clapped loudly.  
  
"Now, Frank. You have been pretty disloyal too. You essentially sided with a traitor who was going to betray the company. Your actions are equally reprehensible," admonished Matsuda.  
  
Frank was surprised and squirmed uncomfortably. Until now, he was happily enjoying my debasement and now he had to face the possibility of his own humiliation.  
  
But surely, Matsuda had no interest in stripping a man? But he did.  
  
Men, don't know how to strip sensuously. Angela, please strip your traitorous colleague," said Matsuda.  
  
Frank looked horrified an Angela's great day had gotten better.  
  
"With pleasure, Sir. The cad needs to be taught a lesson. Thank you for allowing me to do so," said Angela happily stepping over in front of Frank.  
  
Angela stood leeringly in front of Frank and slapped him on the face before commencing to rip the buttons of his shirt.  
  
"Stop!" commanded Matsuda.  
  
"I guess you did not hear my instruction to strip Frank sensuously. Clearly, you need to gain more control over yourself before being allowed the pleasure of avenging yourself further," admonished Matsuda.  
  
"My female employees rarely get to enjoy watching males stripped at these events, so I want ot make it as pleasurable for them as possible," explained Matsuda, belying his reputation.  
  
"So, Melanie, strip your partner," said Matsuda and added "in crime" after a pause.  
  
I was excited. For the first time that day, I was asked to do something that was completely pleasurable. I had resented it when Angela had been asked to do the stripping but now fate had handed me the opportunity to strip my crush. I would have preferred to do it in the privacy of my bedroom and had the stripping followed by passionate lovemaking instead of humiliating public punishment, I would take what I got.  
  
I stood behind Frank and sensuously kissed his neck while I pressed my naked body against him, my boobs against his back, my stomach against his butt and started unbuttoning the rest of his shirt. I then stepped in front of him to peel it off, swaying as I did so.  
  
Frank seemed to enjoy my touch as I stripped him though obviously, he did not care for the public aspect of it. I guess it is much more demeaning for men to be stripped in front of other men then it is for women to be stripped in front of other women.  
  
I knelt in front of him as I unbuckled his belt and pulled it off and then looped it around my neck.  
  
I then unbuckled his clasp and slowly unzipped his trousers and made him step out of it completely. My crush was now my gorgeous eye candy and I loved it. He was muscular and well-toned without having any of those bulging muscles that I found distasteful. His erection was evident through his briefs and I looked forward to seeing it soon.  
  
I then raised his t-shirt off him and stood in front of him to admire his bare chest. I then knelt in front of him and slowly inched his briefs off him, looking into his gorgeous eyes after every little bit. Like mine, his eyes betrayed embarrassment coupled with excitement and I so wished I could go down on him right there and then.  
  
I fondled his dick as I undressed him and it was a magnificent boner eight or nine inches long.  
  
I stood up and went behind him to admire his firm butt. I stroked it and ground my stomach against it. I loved rubbing my breasts against his back and kissed his neck as I did so.  
  
Poor Frank blushed helplessly as he stood in front of his audience with his raging hard-on. I could see the women were favorably impressed and some I am sure were envious of my closeness with Frank.  
  
Frank was also asked to do some apology squats in front of the audience first and then in front of the leering Angela. I was fascinated to watch his erect penis bob up and down as he did his squats.  
  
He too was asked to kiss Angela's shoes and his face betrayed how distasteful the act was. His dick however grew longer and I knew that like me, he too found subjugation appealing at some level. Later on, I would find out that he was clearly a dom even though there were times he would consent to switching to a sub role.  
  
We were then asked to apologize before the audience and then in front of Angela together and we felt so naughty doing so.  
  
For the moment, I had forgotten all about my plan and hopes for my deal with Matsuda and totally in the moment, following instructions as they came.  
  
"Now my employees will get a chance to tell you what they think of your disloyalty," said Matsuda as his secretary came with some markers on stage.  
  
The employees formed a line and came up in pairs and started writing all over my body. I had to stand there helplessly as eager employees took the opportunity to grope me all over and write their insults on my body.  
  
Soon my boobs, my butt and the area around pussy were covered. It wasn't long before most of my body was covered. I was then asked to stand in front of the management team so Matsuda and his team could read the employees' handiwork. There were some "oohs" and "aahs" and chuckles and Matsuda conveyed his approval by telling the audience, "You have expressed yourself very well. I am pleased to know that employee loyalty is so important to you."  
  
He then had the audience come up on stage all at once and stand around in a circle and admire each other's handiwork. All the humiliation I had suffered over the last few days paled in comparison to having all the Matsuda employees stand around me and sneer, giggle and laugh. Yet, the public derision resulted in me getting goosebumps all over my flesh. Something in my weird brain was actually enjoying it!  
  
Next was poor Franks's turn. Luckily for him, the men decided to forego the opportunity, so it was just a handful of women. His dick and butt were in high demand as giggling Japanese women wrote exquisite looking Japanese phrases on him. They got to go multiple rounds and soon his body was as covered as mine.  
  
It was considerably more embarrassing for him to stand in front of Matsuda's team and have them inspect the writings. His dick could not remain erect all the time and when it shrunk a little, I was asked to come over and make it more erect so that they could read the writing, so I had to do it without smearing the writing. Poor Frank looked pathetic as I stroked him gently and got him aroused with Matsuda's team watching him. They read some of the phrases aloud and laughed and booed and the men in the audience too pitched in.  
  
Matsuda was clearly bent on humiliating us to the max and the worst part was it could all be in vain if he did not support my plan. The way he was going on about our disloyalty and the way he was riling up his employees, chances of him supporting me seemed to be diminishing. Yet he had practically assured me of his support and he did not strike me as a man who would give his word lightly. But then again, he was clearly a power-mad executive and I wasn't sure how much angst, breaking his word would cause him.  
  
"Now, Angela, do you have a proposal you would like to present?" asked Matsuda.  
  
"Yes, Sir! I do! I would like to present the original proposal that we came here to present until Melanie derailed the agenda," said Angela hotly and not without justification.  
  
"Well, face the audience and strip," instructed Matsuda, happy that he would get to see another pretty naked woman that day.  
  
Angela looked as if she was going to protest but seemed to realize the futility of it and resigned herself to the prospect of impending nudity.  
  
She seemed to go about her actions mechanically and when she down to her underwear, Matsuda expressed his disapproval.  
  
"Angela, you need to take some stripping lessons from Melanie," he said handing me a back-handed compliment.  
  
"Of course, she's had more practice than you have, but I am sure we can get you caught up," he added ominously.  
  
"But in the meanwhile, Melanie, strip your adversary naked," he commanded.  
  
Angela bristled helplessly as I happily went over, stood behind her, unclasped her bra and slowly and sensuously peeled it off her, caressing her throughout.  
  
I caressed her naked boobs and kissed her neck much to the enjoyment of the crowd and Angela started moaning, unable to conceal the fact that she was excited by her predicament.  
  
I then knelt behind her and slowly peeled her panties down, noticing with satisfaction that her panties stuck to her as I peeled it down. I slowly exposed her neatly trimmed bush and like she had done to me, held up her panties to show the audience the wet spot on it.  
  
The audience clapped as I said, "The slut loves this!"  
  
"It takes one to know one," said Angela hotly, not without justification.  
  
I shrugged and returned to my spot.  
  
Angela was then asked to face the management team and make her presentation.  
  
Much as I hate to admit it, she did a compelling job of presenting her proposal which would cost Matsuda Enterprises 10 million a year more.  
  
"You are a respectable company with solid practices steeped in age-old Japanese values. We too are a solid company that believes in applying tried and true technologies instead of bleeding edge technologies that will put our clients at risk. I beseech you to not reward disloyal and traitorous behaviors demonstrated by Melanie and Frank here and instead stick with a company that like you, is steeped in traditional values. I will take back the possibility of leveraging cloud computing to my senior leadership team and we will evaluate and introduce it slowly into the project. We will be completely transparent about project costs and even though we are asking for 10 million more now, we will refund any savings we gain along the way. The project as well as our mutual reputation is at stake here. Let's not endanger it by partnering with an upstart company," said Angela summarizing her presentation.  
  
Matsuda actually clapped at the end and my heart sank some more.  
  
"Oh no! Stodgy, risk-averse Japanese views have re-surfaced to subvert my plan," I thought regretfully.  
  
"All my humiliation would have been for nothing. And after this, I am not sure Frank and I can make it work either. Failure here is going to rankle and quash any hopes of budding romance," I thought now sinking into a depressive funk.  
  
"A commendable presentation, worthy of an executive from a top-notch company," said Matsuda.  
  
I seethed and thought," Oh yeah? Why is an executive of a top-notch company standing before a huge audience naked with her hands clasped behind her head, you pompous prick?"  
  
"Now that we have had both the presentations and we have punished Melanie and Frank for their disloyalty, let's examine Angela's conduct," he continued.  
  
"OMG! There's still hope!" I thought and looked at Frank and he nodded assuring.  
  
"Damn he's got a fine butt! Would like to grab that!" I thought incongruously, my brain still under the erotic spell of events of the evening.  
  
"Focus girl, focus!" I admonished myself as Matsuda continued.  
  
"Melanie here has displayed excellent technical prowess. She was the most active TrueTech employee during the proposal phase. She asked sharp questions and was extremely attentive to detail. She impressed all our technical staff tremendously as well as the consultant we had brought in to help with the bid evaluation. She, without a doubt, was the reason you landed the contract," said Matsuda and I was stunned. Gratified but stunned.  
  
"So how does TrueTech treat her? Does she get a promotion? No. Does she get an award? No. Does the senior leadership team acknowledge her contributions? No. In fact, we had not insisted on her being part of the contract delivery, she would have been sidelined. Surely, these are not the traditional values that you are proud of?" asked Matsuda.

Angela looked very worried and had to concede that Mastuda had a point.  
  
"In retrospect, we have erred in rewarding Melanie adequately. We will rectify the situation immediately," promised Angela.  
  
"That may be too little, too late," said Matsuda. "You had your chance when you thought she had made an error in the IT infrastructure estimate. Did you treat her with respect and ask her how she planned to make it work? No! You tool the word of her team and assumed she had made a mistake. Is this how you treat a key employee who has been instrumental in winning a prestigious contract?" asked Matsuda.  
  
"Damn! He's making a great case for me. I am still in the running. But let's not get our hopes too high," I thought not wanting to get heart-broken all over again.  
  
"I am deeply sorry, Sir. I see that I have erred in my handling of the situation," whined Angela now looking extremely uncomfortable.  
  
"Not only did you not give her a fair chance, you chose to humiliate her in front of her whole team and your so-called leadership team, merely to indulge your own need for revenge against your perceived adversary. Essentially, you put your personal biases over your company and our project's interests. Don't know about American values, but these are not Japanese values!" said Matsuda now scolding her like she was an errant teenager.  
  
"Damn! How did he know about all this?" I wondered and looked quizzically at Frank to see if he had told Matsuda. Frank, intuited what I was asking and shook his head, "No."  
  
"OMG! The bastard has an informer on the inside," I thought.  
  
"I am sorry, Sir!" whined Angela, looking pathetic.  
  
"In the Japanese culture, loyalty goes both ways. Employers take good care of their employees and earn their loyalty. Clearly, TrueTech has failed to do so. What do you have to say to that?" asked Matsuda sternly.  
  
"You are right, Sir! American companies have a lot to learn from Japanes companies and we wil endeavor to do so," said Angela in a pathetic attempt at brown-nosing.  
  
Matsuda was too smart for that and he smiled and said, "But for now, do you deserve to be punished?"  
  
Angela looked mortified but I noticed her nipples hardening a little more and an involuntary spasm, so I knew that like me, she too was turned on by the prospect of further humiliation.  
  
"Yes Sir! I deserve to be punished in front of all your employees," said Angela in a raspy voice.  
  
"Very well then. Let's start with some apology squats before my employees. Promise to take better care of your employees," said Matsuda.  
  
"I promise to take better care of my employees," said Angela facing the crowd as she performed her first squat.  
  
After about ten, she was asked to apologize to me.  
  
"I am sorry I was mean to you," said Angela now submissively doing her squats in front of me. I loved watching her expressions. She was clearly angry she was being made to do that but like me. She too found subjugation erotic. We women can tell!  
  
Her squats done, Matsuda's secretary came on stage carrying shaving implements.  
  
I was beside myself!  
  
"I get to take revenge. I get to shave and humiliate the bitch just like she did to me!" I thought happily and wide-eyed.  
  
Angela looked like she was going to cry and yet a hitherto concealed submissive side of her emerged as I positioned her on the chair and spread her legs wide and she on her own said, "Melanie, my rival, please shave me and expose my pussy to everyone."  
  
"Angela! Didn't know you would be enjoying this! Do you not have any shame?" I asked rubbing it in.  
  
She shot daggers at me and said, "I do but I deserve to be shamed publicly for my mistakes."  
  
The Japanese audience appreciated and clapped.  
  
I was a bit pissed with myself for giving her an opportunity to gain support like that, but I hadn't seen it coming. I had expected her to be her haughty self and not be so self-deprecating.  
  
I went about my business of shaving my rival silently but enjoyed myself tremendously and cherished every second of it. I toweled her off and exposed her naked mound to everyone for the first time.  
  
Angela blushed profusely at seeing herself on the monitor spread out like that and I thought, "Damn she looks gorgeous. Not as gorgeous as me, of course, but gorgeous nonetheless."  
  
Clearly, Matsuda was a fan of symmetry because next he had his secretary come up on stage with markers.  
  
Angela too had to experience what I had had to experience – leering Japanese men and women write all kinds of indignities on her naked flesh.  
  
She too had to present herself to the management team so they could admire their employees' creativity followed by all the employees surrounding her in a circle and laughing at her.  
  
I could tell by how her pussy was glistening that she too had found the events immensely arousing.  
  
She then resumed her position with us, facing the audience.  
  
All three of us now were naked with exquisite looking Japanese writing all over us.  
  
We were then asked to do our apology squats in unison and the employees were asked to chant, "Shame!"  
  
Oh my God! I had goosebumps all over as we did our squats to an unrelenting chorus of "Shame! Shame!"  
  
After a dozen squats or so, Matsuda bid us to stop and asked us to face him again.  
  
"Time now for my decision," he said and my heart skipped a few beats.  
  
"This is one of the more difficult decisions I have had to make," he continued.  
  
"On the one hand, our Japanese tradition is risk-averse and we favor approaches that are safe. Tried and tested, as TrueTech would say. Moreover, we definitely do not approve of disloyalty among the ranks.  
  
On the other hand, there is a need for us to be innovative. Be innovative or perish, seems to be what the tea leaves say. Too often, we have lagged the competition in this regard. Question is, can we hold true to our Japanese traditions of loyalty and respect and still be innovative?  
  
On the face of it, Melanie has been disloyal and should not be rewarded for it. However, as I mentioned earlier, she has been an extremely loyal employee but the company failed her. Even if there's a possibility that TrueTech could adopt her approach, there is no doubt that they will be mired in bureaucracy and risk-averse behavior which will put this entire project at risk.  
  
So, having weighed all the pros and cons, my management team has decided to back Melanie but with some modifications and additional conditions of course," he concluded.  
  
I couldn't help but jump with joy and went over to hug Frank and then bowed before Matsuda and his team, happily forgetting about my nudity.  
  
"Wait. All parties have to hear and agree to the conditions. Your celebrations may yet prove to be premature," he cautioned.  
  
I looked worried again.  
  
Matsuda said, "The problem I am trying to solve is to how ensure co-operation between the two companies. I know how vendors can trip each other up, so I want to safeguard myself against that. My offer is to award Melanie's company 10 Million a year, reduce 25 Million a year from the TrueTech contract, hold back 5 Million a year from Melanie and 10 Million a year from TrueTech. That will be incentive to co-operate completely and fully. If at the end of each year, I find that you have co-operated to my satisfaction, then I will pay you the money that was held back minus any penalties. I will set up a review board that will investigate complaints about overt as well as covert cases of non-co-operation. Each incident will carry a penalty," said Matsuda.  
  
"Agreed!" I said enthusiastically, for I had every intention of co-operating fully. It was in my best interest.  
  
"I will have to take the proposal to my leadership team," said Angela.  
  
"I understand and respect that. Bear in mind, that Frank has been very loyal to you in his negotiations. I could have docked more from your contract and saved some money from the project, but Frank convinced me that I was better off with increased chances of a successful project and happy vendors would increase those chances. He could have negotiated more money for his new company, but he did not. You are really getting a great deal, Angela. I would pitch it very strongly to your leadership, if I were you," said Matsuda.  
  
"I will, Sir! But just in case, I am not able to convince them and they are willing to take on the complete project based on the current contract, without asking for any more money, would that be acceptable to your company?" inquired Angela hopefully.  
  
"I am afraid, this is a 'take it or leave it' deal. If you are not able to convince your management, then your portion of the contract will be awarded to someone else. My lawyers have assured me that we can do that," said Matsuda.  
  
If I was jumping for joy previously, I was now ecstatic. I could have done cartwheels around the stage. The contract was in the bag.  
  
I bowed to Matsuda and said, "I am deeply touched by your trust in me. I will never let you down, Sir!"  
  
"Well, wait. I have more conditions," said Matusda and I again looked terrified.  
  
"You will agree to full and complete audits by auditor. I just want to make sure you are spending the money legitimately and not endangering the project," said Matsuda.  
  
"Agreed!" I said relieved.  
  
"But please bear in mind that innovative companies such as mine will need to be nimble and unconventional. Whereas, I agree with the intent of your requirement, it is in both our interests that my company remain agile and creative and not be encumbered by too many processes," I added.  
  
"Agreed. We will make sure that we do not hamper you," said Matsuda.  
  
"Next. I could have easily negotiated down your share of the contracted but I did not. I expect you to run over your estimates, given that this is cutting-edge technology and surprises are inevitable. I want you to focus on making the project a success and not have to worry about the money. But, a year into the project, I want to start moving my other IT applications into the cloud, leveraging what we have learnt on this project. I want to do that on a T&M basis using the same billing rate that was used for costing this project," he continued.  
  
'Absolutely, Sir!" I said happily.  
  
"Adjusted for inflation, of course?" asked a concerned Frank.  
  
"Agreed," said Matsuda smiling.  
  
"I am happy you convinced Frank to join your venture. That gives me more confidence," said Matsuda and I agreed happily.  
  
"So now we come to the challenging part of how to get the two companies to co-operate. It starts with you three. I need the three of you to become best friends. That journey starts now. So, Melanie, please show wipe Angela clean," said Matsuda as his secretary came with a sponge and two small buckets of water.  
  
By now, I had decided to comply with all his instructions without protest, so I shrugged, picked up the washing implements and knelt before my adversary and slowly wiped her legs and her pussy clean. Then I did the same to the legs behind her. I then stood up and cleaned her back and her butt. I continued to stand behind her and sensuously wiped the rest of her clean, caressing and fondling her breasts as I did that, much to the audience's appreciation.  
  
Predictably, Angela was asked to return the favor.  
  
She too did her job slowly, relishing each moment and took the time to fondle me and kiss me as she did it.  
  
Now the question of who would wipe Frank, came up.  
  
I resented letting Angela perform this intimate act and yet, there was a part of me relishing the prospect of my adversary subserviently cleaning up my to-be boyfriend.  
  
It irritated me that Frank did not protest or offer to clean himself, but I already knew that he was a perv. He was unlikely to pass up this chance.  
  
The next instruction took me by surprise, despite all that I had undergone that day!  
  
"Now, Melanie, go down on Angela," said Matsuda.  
  
Both if us exclaimed, "No!"  
  
"You have come this far. It will be a shame to give up now," said Matsuda cruelly.  
  
The bastard was right.  
  
I led Angela to the chair, positioned her so that her legs were spread wide and knelt before her and started licking her slowly.  
  
This was my first time doing it to a woman and I later learnt that it was Angela's first time too. We were both embarrassed as hell, but insanely turned on by it too. The fact that I was going down on a previously hated rival, added to the humiliation and eroticism of the situation.  
  
Luckily, the events of the evening had gotten Angela so turned on, that it took only a couple of minutes of licking and sucking her before she convulsed and climaxed.  
  
Predictably, she was asked to return the favor. Oh, my God! It felt so good to have a woman do that to me. We women are so gentle and delicate about it. We know when to slow down and when to increase the tempo. I looked at myself on the monitors and blushed at seeing myself getting serviced on screen and in front of an audience.  
  
Frank looked appreciatively and I was happy to see that.  
  
Like Angela, I too was insanely overloaded and much as I wanted to prolong the ecstasy, I couldn't and it wasn't soon before I shook like a leaf and had a mind-blowing orgasm. Like, I had done. Angela too toweled me off, while looking into my eyes.  
  
Matsuda was right. This was helping us become better friends. The events of the day had already caused to develop a respect for each other, but intimacy took it to a different level altogether.  
  
She raised me up and gave me a passionate kiss on the lips and the audience cheered wildly.  
  
Now, it came to Frank.  
  
Matsuda thought for a second and asked, "Melanie, would you mind if Angela gave Frank some relief?"  
  
"I I wouldn't like that, Sir!" I stammered.  
  
"That's good. Glad I asked. I don't want to do anything to imperil the friendship that's developing between you two," said Matsuda and Frank resigned himself to having an aching dick a little longer.  
  
"I have some other conditions, but we don't need to detain our employees for that," he continued.  
  
"Well, dear employees, what you have witnessed today is something really extra-ordinary! We have seen innovation and disloyalty, betrayal and then co-operation. Angela, Melanie and Frank have all acted reprehensibly but have faced the consequences of their actions admirably. They have been stripped and shamed in front of all of you and yet borne their humiliation with repentance and dignity.  
  
Going forward, you will treat all of them with the utmost professional respect and no mention of today's events will be made," he cautioned and all the employees voiced their assent.  
  
"Now, please give them a standing ovation," commanded Matsuda and they did. We were embarrassed but yet honored by their applause.  
  
"Now you will come on stage, one by one and bow before each of them before leaving," he said.  
  
The employees all lined up and one by one, stood in front of each of us and performed a formal bow expressing their respect. It would have felt great if we had not been naked.  
  
After they had all emptied the room, we faced Matsuda again and gave us copies of the contract and said, "I have signed it. It's now up to you to sign it or not."  
  
"I am ready to sign now, Sir!" I said enthusiastically and proceeded to do so.  
  
The contract was then given to Angela to take to her leadership team.  
  
Matsuda then said, "Now for the non-technical aspects of the contract. You and Angela will attend a status meeting with my leadership team here every month."  
  
"Of course, Sir!" I said as did Angela and we looked puzzled as to why that was worth mentioning.  
  
"In the nude," added the pervert.  
  
We looked wide-eyed. This itself had been hard enough, but every month?  
  
"This is not related to the contract. You already have the signed contract. It will merely improve our working relationship. Besides, it will make it more interesting," he added.  
  
"Yes!" I heard myself saying.  
  
"Yes!" said Angela, not wanting to be the one to hold out. Neither of us could keep the excitement out of our voices.  
  
"And tomorrow evening, I have a party for some of my top clients. You will both attend the party," said Matsuda.  
  
"In the nude, Sir?" I inquired.  
  
"Very good! You learn fast. It's a bdsm party, so there will be more than mere nudity," he added.  
  
"But my husband? What will I tell him?" asked Angela.  
  
"Oh, he is invited too. As is Frank," said Matsuda and showed us an invitation card.  
  
I couldn't believe his gall. He had our names and a narrative about how two corporate rivals would be punished for fighting and taught to become friends.  
  
I looked at Frank who looked wide-eyed, his excitement palpable. He looked pleadingly at me imploring me to agree.  
  
"In for a penny, in for a pound," I thought as I said, "I am in."  
  
Angela was still not sure.  
  
"Can I think it over, Sir?" asked Angela.  
  
"Come on. Surely you don't need your leadership team for this. Learn to trust your intuition and decide," teased Matsuda.  
  
"Well I would like to discuss it with my husband, Mark," said Angela.  
  
"Fair enough. Call him. Put him on the speakerphone," said Matsuda.  
  
Angela looked wide-eyed as she realized that Matsuda wanted her to call him right then and there.  
  
She called him reluctantly and luckily he picked up and said, "Hi honey! Let me guess, you have to work late tonight."  
  
"Oh, I wish it were that simple sweetheart! You may want to sit down for this," said Angela reluctantly.  
  
"Honey you are worrying me. What is it. Are you ok?" asked a very concerned Mark.  
  
I was beginning to like this guy.  
  
"Well I am in a jam. I will explain when I get home but right now, I am kind of being blackmailed into participating in a bdsm event tomorrow. It is all safe and all that and there will be no sex. Plus, you will be there. And the bastards want a decision right now," added Angela, sounding anxious and flustered.  
  
"BDSM?" asked Mark incredulously.  
  
"Yes! Can you believe it?" asked Angela.  
  
"But is it safe? They are not going to hurt you?" asked Mark concerned.  
  
"That I am sure. These are just kinky Japanese businessman out to have some fun. They will be using toy whips and all that and have promised me that I won't get hurt. You know Melanie, my colleague I told you about. She will be there too, getting punished with me," said Angela.  
  
"But you hate that bitch!" said Mark, not realizing he could be heard by me, obviously.  
  
"Well," said Angela looking embarrassed, "We are in the process of becoming better friends now."  
  
"Sweetheart, I don't know what to say!" said Mark.  
  
"That's what a decent guy would say. Unlike, Frank who is only too willing to have me publicly humiliated," I thought, giving Frank a reproachful look.  
  
"But you know best. If there's no way out then I guess you have to do what you have to do," said Mark.  
  
Thanks for understanding, honey. It won't make you think any less of me?" asked Angela biting her lip.  
  
"Oh no, Honey! Plus, I am sure it will turbo-charge our sex life. I already have a boner thinking about it," said Mark, excitedly.  
  
"Men!" I thought and again looked at Frank reproachfully.  
  
Angela looked embarrassed as the reality dawned on her that her relationship with Frank was forever changed.  
  
"In fact, I am standing nude before my blackmailer right now. Would you like to see that?" asked Angela surprisingly and inexplicably.  
  
Till today, I don't know what possessed her to do that. Maybe she was upset with Mark for acquiescing so readily. Maybe she wanted to wrest some control by doing that. Maybe she was just getting drawn into the world of kink. I didn't know. Nor did she, when I asked her later about it.  
  
"Are you freaking kidding me?" asked Mark incredulously.  
  
"See for yourself," said Angela impetuously as she turned it into a video call.

Mark's puzzled but excited face came on view an Angela moved the phone all over her body.  
  
She then showed me off, saying, "And here's my charming colleague, Melanie."  
  
Luckily for Frank, she spared him and moved on Matsuda,  
  
"And here's my Japanese blackmailer. The honorable, Mr. Matsuda," she said with voice dripping with sarcasm.  
  
The unflappable Mr. Matsuda said, "Technically, I am not blackmailing her. She has been a very naughty girl and deserves to be punished. Angela agrees and accepts. I look forward to making your acquaintance in person tomorrow."  
  
Mark was taken aback by Matsuda's quiet confidence and said, "I look forward to that, Sir!"  
  
"Frank, get dressed. Luckily for you, we have no further interest in your nudity. Melanie and Angela, please help each other get dressed," said Matsuda.  
  
I went over and helped Angela get dressed. And she did likewise. Every such act got us a little closer and I was getting a good feeling about our budding friendship.  
  
I kissed Frank passionately and said, "Take me home!"  
  
We went to my house and made passionate love after showering. Frank understandably could not last long but the events of the day had gotten us so overcharged that we were at it an hour later. This time it was much more leisurely and we took our time expressing our appreciation of each other.  
  
"God, how will I withstand tomorrow!" I wondered after the sexual frenzy subsided and reality hit home.  
  
"Oh, I am sure it won't be much worse than today," Frank said in an assuring tone.  
  
"Plus, it will get us started on our own bdsm journey," he said with a devilish smile.