**The Diary of a NIP-girl: 2001**

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**Prologue**

Before I go on with my rather ... um ... naughty stories, I think I need to explain something first. Well, mostly about the arrangement I made with Sofie and the rules we have set for my stay at her sister's home.

If you have read my first book about my NIP-life, you already know that at the end of 2000, my mother had decided to move to Brussels, and because I didn't fancy the idea of becoming a boarder at my school, I had asked Sofie if I could stay at her sister's home. I was very happy when they told me that they would be fine with it and even the special arrangements they had come up with, so I could stay there for free, I liked a lot. Well, it also helped me to convince my mother that it would be a good solution for me, and not having to pay for my boarding would also help her. With my sister going to the university, she had already enough expenses.

And, of course, the fact that I could at least end my school career with the classmates of the past few years was also great. It sure would beat going to school in Brussels with complete strangers around me and maybe even a curriculum that differed from that of my own school.

However, I must confess that the thought of becoming Sofie's sex slave during those six months I would stay with them also scared me somewhat. Although, the closer we came to the day of me moving in with her, the more excited I became.

If I think about it today, I think it was because I hadn't done anything special anymore in the past few months. Well, Patrick and I did have some fun together, but that was all. The weather was too bad for any naked fun outside and then there had also been the exams before our Christmas holiday. Luckily, I can say that I passed them with flying colors.

Because I didn't know anything about BDSM or anything like that, I tried to find more information about it on the Internet. Some of the things I saw, looked like it could be fun, but there were also a lot of things I was sure of that I wouldn't like it. Especially the movies where they used various clamps on certain body parts, looked like it would hurt like hell. No, I was sure about one thing, I wouldn't allow clamps on my nipples. Maybe, I would try it on my pussy, but surely not on my nipples. When I pinched them a little harder than normal, it was already too much for my sensitive nipples. So, thanks, but no thanks!

Well, there were a few other things I saw that I wouldn't do, but because I also didn't know what Sofie would like to do to me, I would just have to wait and see what she had in store for me. However, not knowing what to expect, was also why I was so excited about it. And I had made a promise to myself, that even when my mind would scream 'NO' to me, I still would try it and when I didn't like it, I could always stop it, of course.

Sure, I knew I was taking a risk, because I had no experience with being dominated by a mistress. Even when Illiana had been pushing me sometimes, she always had done it because she loved me and knew that I would love to do it. Sofie and I didn't have this kind of relationship, and she would do it, because she wanted to learn more about being a dominatrix and not because she loved me. And I did it, because I wanted to spare my mother those extra expenses for me staying at Sofie's home. At least, I would be able to do my naked thing at her home. That was sure something they would never allow me to do in the boarding home of the school.

Up until the Christmas holiday, my mother hadn't known anything about my special arrangement with Sofie. However, during my holiday, I did tell her all about it. To my surprise, my mother reacted very well on the deal I had made with Sofie. It even seemed that she was more than a little interested in it as well. She even made me promise that I would tell her all about the things we did and keep her informed about it through E-mail.

I also have to say, Sofie did try to figure out the things I would like or dislike in those weeks before our Christmas holiday. However, because I was only experienced about running around naked and not so much with bondage or any of the other things they did during a BDSM session, I couldn't give her too much insight. That was why Sofie had asked me that I at least had to try all the things she wanted to do with me, and I could always use my safe word to stop something or even stop everything when I couldn't deal with it anymore.

She also promised me that she would go slow with me. At first, starting with some light bondage and then exploring my pain threshold before she would go on into the more extreme BDSM play. When I asked her about what she would do with me, she told me that it would involve a lot of bondage, because that was the thing she liked the best. She loved to immobilize her slaves and then tease them to orgasm. Well, that didn't sound too bad in my ears. Although, pain play was also something she sometimes did and that's why she would start slow with me, so she could discover how much I could take.

Another thing she liked to do, was humiliating her slaves in public. She didn't tell me more about it, but I was sure I would be able to handle it. Well, I already did have had a few embarrassing moments in the past, and I always could deal with it. Sure, I would sometimes blush or feel bad about it, but at the same time, it also always had turned me on. So, some humiliation play sounded okay to me.

Sofie also asked me if I would be okay if her sister could judge about those things I wouldn't want to do. So, if I would use my safe word and Sofie thought I was just using it to try and get out from under our deal, her sister would rule about it. If her sister thought I was indeed misusing my safe word, Sofie would still be allowed to do the thing she wanted to do with me. However, if I then still refused to do it, she wouldn't do it to me, but instead, I would get punished by a good spanking. Sofie promised me that her sister would be fair about it and wouldn't favor Sofie when ruling about those things. To be honest, I let Patrick spank me once, just to see how I would feel about that, and to my surprise, it had turned me on. Although, I'm not sure if it was because of the spanking, or because Patrick also kept rubbing my pussy between slaps.

Another thing we did, in the weeks leading up to me moving in with Sofie, was coming up with some ground rules for my stay. Some of them had gone too far for me, but we managed to change them, so I could live with them. In the end, we came up with not too many rules, and I think one of them had been more my idea than hers. I'm sure you can guess which one I came up with.

These were the rules we came up with for me:

1. Inside the house, I couldn't wear any clothes, ever. Outside the house, I would wear the clothes Sofie would give me.

2. Inside the house, I was only allowed to sit on the floor. If I wanted to sit on the furniture, I needed to ask Sofie for permission. If she wasn't around, I had to ask her sister.

3. Inside the house, if I needed to go to the toilet, I needed to ask Sofie for permission. Sofie could grant me the use of the restroom or give me other options to relieve myself. (She never told me what other options this could be and strangely enough, it excited me a lot when I tried to come up with some of the things she could make me do!)

4. Inside the house, I would be Sofie's slave twenty-four seven. (However, when I got home from school. I would be free until mine and Sofie's homework would be done.)

5. Inside the house, and when Sofie wasn't home, I needed to obey the wishes of Sofie's sister. Well, she was the head mistress of the house, even Sofie would sometimes have to obey her. This last part made me wonder what she could make her own sister do, and if she would maybe involve me in it as well.

6. Outside the house, I would be free from all rules and didn't need to obey Sofie. However, there was one exception to this rule. If I was wearing a slave collar outside their home, I needed to obey Sofie everywhere. But she promised me that she wouldn't put me in any situation that could get me into trouble.

I'm sure you have guessed that the first rule had mostly been mine idea. I just wanted to try this. At home, I always had the option to get back into my clothes. This time, I just didn't want this option to be available to me. And needless to say maybe, but the exhibitionist inside of me was more than excited about it.

Sofie had added the part that she would be the only person to decide what I could wear when we went out. She would keep my clothes in a separate closet in the house, and she would be the only one who would have a key to this closet. Every day, she would pick out the clothes I had to wear to school or anywhere else. Only in the weekends, when I would go to my mother, I would be allowed to choose my own outfit to wear and the clothes I could take with me.

Of course, because I couldn't wear any clothes inside the house, I would only be allowed to get dressed once I was outside. My clothes would be given to me in a plastic container that I could only open outside. So, I would dress and undress in the back garden or when the weather was too bad, in the veranda at the back of their home.

While they hadn't said it, I was sure that they would never make me undress at the front of their home. I was sure that they wouldn't take the risk. Just imagine, me undressing in front of their home, when a cop would drive by. I was sure we would get into a lot of trouble if that would happen. So, they surely would never risk that!

And if you think that I was crazy to agree to all of this. Well, maybe I was, and I still am up until today. However, it sure has made my life more interesting.

Even today, while thinking about those things I did, I wouldn't change anything. I have had a great time doing those things, and I'm still loving it today. If you ever get the chance, just try it once and run a whole day naked at your home. Although, you have to decide for yourself if you will stay naked, or not, when visitors arrive at your door. I do it, because with all the plants in front of our home, our front door is hard to see from the street. Furthermore, up until now, nobody has ever scolded me for opening the door for them while I was in the nude. So, I'm sure that even those people like my attitude towards nudity.

By the way, from now on, I'm going to name Sofie's sister by her name, and if you have forgotten it, her name is Bridget and Bridget's husband is Gunter.

You know, when Bridget heard about the rules we had made for my stay at her home, she was a bit surprised with the rule that I would be running around her house in the nude at all times. Especially when we told her that I would be doing it, even when she had some friends over. She had suggested that on those occasions, I would be allowed to cover up, but Sofie had said that this wasn't an option. When Bridget asked me about it, and I told her it was okay for me, she just couldn't believe I would do something like that.

However, Bridget also decided that I would have a safe place in her house. Inside my bedroom, I would be free and nobody would be able to demand anything from me. Of course, Sofie could still ask me if I was prepared to do something, but I could refuse it without consequences. Although, I couldn't abuse this too much of course. I couldn't stay in my room all day every day. However, on those days that I didn't feel well enough to do our thing. I would be allowed to stay in my room. I was grateful for this, because I was sure that even I couldn't be doing this every day for six months straight. Just like everyone else, even I have sometimes a day that I just don't feel like doing anything and would like to be left alone. I think, this showed the experience Bridget had already about the things Sofie, and I wanted to do.

There was also one other thing they surprised me with, because they asked me to go to my doctor and ask her for the pill. Sofie knew that I was into girls, but she also knew that I had been having a little fling with Patrick, and that I seemed to enjoy myself with him as well. So, she had asked me if on a rare occasion, I would allow a stranger to fuck me as well. She promised me they would always use a condom, but for my own safety, it would be also smart to use the pill. Well, I sure didn't want to be accidentally impregnated, so I thought it was a good idea. Even then, I was already thinking about never having any children.

So, I did like she asked and went to the doctor to get my subscription for my contraceptive. At the same time, I also let her test me for STDs. Not that I was scared that I had picked up something in the last year, but in the community that Sofie and the others were part of, it was just common courtesy towards the others to get tested. I had learned from Sofie that by the things they did, even they got tested every six months. Much later, I learned that because I had done this, I had given them a few options they wouldn't have had if I hadn't gotten tested.

By the way, if you want to know, on the eighteenth of December, I started with taking the pill for the first time. I had one of those twenty-eight pills in a box thingy, so I would never forget to take my daily pill. I knew myself well enough, that when I wouldn't take that placebo pill on those seven days I didn't need to take it, I would probably forget to take my pill on the day when I needed to start taking it again. Like they say, "Better safe than sorry."

Oh yeah, before I start with my first story, I will also tell you quickly about how a normal day at Sofie's home would look like.

At 7am, every day, my alarm clock would go off. I would then take my shower and shave those parts on my body that needed shaving. By now, I already shaved my pussy every day, to make sure it was always neat and clean.

After that, I would go downstairs and have breakfast. And yes, I was almost always allowed to sit with them at the table. Only a few times they didn't let me, and I'm sure that one or two of them will show up in my stories.

When it was time to go to school, I would gather my things and then go outside to see what Sofie thought I needed to wear that day. Most of the time, I would find my clothes in a box in the veranda, and now and then, somewhere in the garden. I always had to get dressed at the spot the box with my clothes stood, and I'm sure that on those rare occasions, some of the neighbors must have enjoyed themselves while seeing me get dressed in the middle of the garden. Well, if they were around that is.

Because the school was only a few blocks away, we always walked to school, even on those rainy days. Although, with a nice coat on and an umbrella with us, it wasn't that bad.

During school, well, we behaved and did what was expected from us. Sure, we did have a few special things happen in school as well, but I will cover that when we reach those days. If you remember, my classmates had seen me naked already last year. Well, us girls saw each other naked in the locker room once every week. And the boys had seen everything of me on that day when Sofie had given them my clothes after we had gone swimming, and I had to get my clothes back from them in their changing room, while wearing nothing else but my birthday suit. And yes, those boys still tried to look under my skirts afterwards, because they knew I wasn't wearing underwear. And because they knew that I sometimes, on purpose or not, showed them the goods they wanted to see. Luckily, no teacher ever caught a glimpse of that, or I surely would have ended up in the principal's office. Although, after something that would happen this year, I'm not even sure if I would have been in trouble, even if they had known about it before that day.

After school, I would get undressed again before entering the house. Again, I needed to undress at the spot where the box for my clothes stood. If no box stood outside, I had to undress and wait there until they brought me my box. I could only get inside, after I had locked my clothes away. Thanks to this, they sometimes kept me outside much longer than I wanted, but at the same time, I enjoyed the thrill of being outside, not knowing if some neighbors would be looking at me or not.

Sofie and I always did our homework together and when we were done with it, we were free to do whatever we wanted. Of course, Sofie wouldn't do things with me every day. You can only tie up a girl or spank her so often before it gets boring. So, Sofie would only do it once or twice a week to me.

And no, I'm not going to write down every of those days. I'm planning one, maybe two, stories about it that will combine several of those days. I'm sure that you guys want to read about the more special days, instead of all the repeat performances. And to tell you the truth, even when I liked every single of those days, I would probably also get bored if I had to write every single day down.

On those days that we didn't do anything special, we would just watch television, or surf the internet, or even play some card or board games at times. I, of course, still needed to follow the rules, but most of the time, Sofie didn't have a problem with me sitting on the sofa or on a chair at the table. Only a few times, she demanded me to sit on the floor or lay in front of her while watching television. This last thing she asked, when she wanted to play with my body. And I can tell you, when I'm watching 'Home and Away' on television these days, I still have the urge to play with my pussy. Sofie had a habit of making me cum when we were watching this program on television. Not that this soap was that sexy that people would want to masturbate with it, but I think Sofie just wanted to make sure I was wet and bothered by the end of the episode, so I would be ready for more fun, if she had planned something for us.

Yes, she was addicted to this soap, and we never missed an episode. And after 'Home and Away', we often did an hour or two of nice other things together. Well, something also things I didn't like too much, but still did them because I could take it and made my mistress happy when she could do those things with me. A happy mistress is always good for a slave, I found out quickly.

So, now you know the most important things about me and the rules I had to follow in those months. However, before I start with the real first special day at Sofie's home, I will tell you about the day I arrived at her home. If everybody would welcome their guests like Sofie did with me that day, I think a lot of girls, and even grownup women, would never visit their friends again.

So, here we go...

**Chapter 1**

Wednesday, 3 January 2001 - My Arrival at Sofie's Home

Then finally, the day had come. Today, I would go to Sofie's home and become her little sex slave. Let me just say, I didn't sleep well that night. I was so eager to get this thing going that my mind couldn't stop thinking about all the things we could be doing soon.

Furthermore, my sister Ilse had also a very nice surprise for me that day. You must know, I had planned to go to Sofie's home by train, but instead, my sister handed me the key of our car and told me I could use it for the next six months. Well, she didn't need the car, because Koen would be her personal driver in more than one way. The lucky bitch! ... Nah, I'm just kidding! Well, not that she was lucky, but just the bitch part! I was glad for her that she had Koen in her life. She surely looked very happy with him on her arm, and I can't shake the feeling, but I think the sex she had with him made her even happier.

Well, back to my story now. After I had packed my suitcases, loaded them into the car, I was set to go.

Before I drove off, my mum told me to take care of myself and especially to have fun ... lots of fun! Well, I sure was planning to have that! So, with the approval of my mother behind me, it made me feel even better about the naughty adventures that were in store for me in the coming months.

And yes, I still couldn't shake the feeling that my mother was more than just interested in what I was about to do, because she kept on reminding me to tell her everything about what Sofie would do to me. I only hope I wouldn't provide her with new ideas for her own sex life. Although, she was a very nice looking woman, and even though I hadn't noticed any partners in her life, I still think she was maybe even kinkier than I was.

Well, that was something I needed to look into, someday, but for today, I had other thrilling things to look out for.

On my drive over to Sofie's home, I had a lot of trouble with concentrating on my driving. How I didn't get into a fender-bender. I still don't know today. Because by the time I pulled into the street that she lived on, my hands were all sweaty, and my tummy felt like not only butterflies were having a party inside of it, but also all the other little creatures who lived on this planet.

Sofie must have been on the lookout for me, because when I parked my car on the driveway of their home, she came running outside with a huge smile on her face. I had never seen her this happy before, and it made me wonder if she also had a party going on in her tummy.

I got out of the car, and before I could say anything, she eagerly asked, "You really are going through with this?"

Her question made me smile, and I answered, "Of course! Did you maybe think I would chicken out?"

"Well ... you wouldn't be the first one," Sofie said, still with that silly grin on her face.

"That's not me! If I say I'm going to do something, I do it!"

This answer made her grin look even sillier.

"Well, let's get your things inside!" she said.

I couldn't shake the feeling she said this because she was still afraid I would jump back into my car and drive off.

I pulled the lever next to the driver seat and popped the trunk of my car. Sofie quickly took two of my biggest suitcases out of the trunk and started to haul them inside her home. I took the two smaller ones and followed her. We had to make a few runs, but we managed to empty my car rather quickly.

Once everything was out of my car, I locked it and then went back inside. Sofie was already taking some of my stuff upstairs. Some of it ended up in my bedroom, but not my clothes. Those ended up in what looked like a big supply room with a huge closet in it specially for me. I noticed it had a padlock attached to it. Well, at least my clothes would be safe behind lock and key during my stay here.

We first put away all my things in my bedroom. We even plugged in my computer and quickly tested the Internet connection. After we noticed that everything worked, we went to unpack my clothes.

She helped me with it and everything fitted nicely in that big closet of hers. There was even some extra room for additional clothes, I noticed. Although, Sofie had also noticed something, and so she asked me, with that same grin still on her face, "No underwear?"

"Nope," I answered, also with a smile, "after I moved to Brussels with my mum, I threw them all away."

"Really?" Sofie let out surprised. "So, you never wear any underwear anymore, not even with some of those short dresses you have with you?"

"Nope, not even with those."

"Why did you bring them with you? You can't wear those dresses in school, especially not without panties!"

"I was thinking, maybe I could wear them when we go out, sometimes!"

"And then have all the boys, or in your case, girls, following your tail!"

"Would that be a problem?" I asked.

Sofie giggled and said, "Well, if I'm allowed to tie up your catch of the day. Then no!"

"I'll see what I can do," I joked.

She then gave me a naughty look and said, "Well, you are in my home now, didn't you forget something?"

I knew exactly what she meant with this. So, I just smiled at her, took hold of the hem of my pullover and pulled it over my head, giving it to Sofie, who put it away with the rest of my clothes.

My sneakers and socks were next, and then I shimmied out of my pants, revealing no underwear underneath it. To my own surprise, I noticed a wet spot at the inside of my pants at the crotch area. Sofie noticed it as well and said, "Hmm, I better put these into the laundry basket!"

"Yeah, that's probably best," I said as calmly as I could.

She then checked me out, starting at my naked toes and slowly going upwards. When she finally reached my eyes, she said, "Well, I like this look on you!"

Not that I was showing much already, because except from my naked feet and legs, I was still covered with my blouse, and it even kept all my naughty bits hidden from her.

"So, you don't want me to get out of my blouse?" I asked her teasingly.

She didn't answer but just came closer to me and started to unbutton my blouse from below. Slowly going up while gliding her hands over my body. She did it very slowly ... and God ... did this get me hot again. I hadn't expected something this intimate from her on my first day.

When my blouse was undone, she opened it and just held it there while looking at my body.

"Damn, still smoking hot!" she said.

"Well, thank you kindly," I replied with a seductive sounding voice. I could feel how my nipples got bigger while she looked at them.

"I'm so glad you want to do this for me!" Sofie said, while she helped me out of my blouse.

I couldn't help myself and answered, "No, I'm glad that you let me do this for you!"

Her response on this, I hadn't expected, because she gave my ass a slap that made me jump.

"Expect more of this," she said in a funny tone. "If you keep teasing me like that."

I just couldn't help myself and shook my booty at her. Like I had hoped, she smacked my other cheek as well.

Damn, it hurt, a lot! However, at the same time, I think I did like it, just a little. Not that I was a girl who would get off on something like this, but still, knowing that Sofie would probably get off on it, made me a little excited about it.

"Now, stop shaking that thing at me, or it won't look that cute much longer. It's already turning pink!"

"Well, I like the tingling sensation," I teased her again.

I could hear Sofie sighing, and then she said, "I think we are going to have a great time together."

Well, that is exactly I was hoping for, but I couldn't stop my teasing and asked, "So, you still like what you see?"

Sofie walked around me, two times, and then stood in front of me, and I could see how she looked me up and down. She almost purred when she said, "I sure do!"

"Hmm, I don't know why I didn't ask you this before, but are you also into girls?"

Sofie looked me in the eyes, and I could see her thinking. She answered, "Not in the way you think! I just prefer to do my thing with girls instead of boys. I think, you can do more interesting things with a girl's body than with that of a boy."

"Hmm, I see!" I replied. "Well, I also think it is more fun to play with a girl than with a boy! Although, I think we will have different feelings when we do it!"

"Don't get me wrong, I do like to look at naked girls," she said with a smile. "And especially when I know what I can do with those bodies!"

"Like?" I asked as sweetly as I could.

She did a step closer to me.

"Well, I like to do things like this," she answered.

She then placed a hand on one of my breasts and with her other hand, she went for my pussy. She started to pull on my nipples, one at a time, while she rubbed my pussy as well. A rush of excitement went through my body, and I had to fight the urge to touch her. Well, in the last second before I moved my hands, I thought that if she was my mistress, it wouldn't be wise of me to touch her without her permission. No, she was the girl in control, total control, and I would be her play toy from this day forwards.

I think she must have noticed that special thing that happens to my pussy sometimes, because she suddenly stopped touching me and did a step back. She looked at my, now probably glistening, pussy and said, "Shit, I had forgotten about that!"

In response, I pushed my pelvis forwards and looked down at my own sex. Yep, I was right. My clitoris was sticking out between my lips, which also looked a little puffy and red already.

"Oh, that! Yes, I'm glad it does that!" I giggled. I just couldn't help myself, it seemed.

"I bet you do," Sofie said. Did a step closer again and while touching my clit, she said, "I think a lot of people will be glad that it does that!"

She was so gentle with my clit, that it almost felt like she was teasing it, I couldn't help it and made approving sounds with my throat.

She then stopped touching me, licked her fingers and then took my hand while saying, "Let's go downstairs. I think my sister wants to talk with you."

She pulled me outside the room, suddenly stopped and said, "Oops, I forgot something."

She went back in and let me stand at the door opening. I saw how she locked the padlock on the closet.

"Can't have you sneak in here and get yourself some clothes," she said jokingly.

Yeah, just as if I would do anything like that, when I have the option of running around naked, I thought.

Sofie took my hand again, and I let her pull me along. We went down the stairs and crossed the hall and then through the door that went into the living room.

When we walked in, I noticed Bridget sitting on the sofa. It looked like she was waiting for us.

Sofie pulled me along and brought me to her. She let me stand in front of her sister while she joined Bridget on the sofa.

"So, you decided to start it already?" Bridget asked Sofie.

"The rules are the rules!" Sofie said jokingly. "And anyway, she sure looks better like this!"

Bridget looked at me again and said, "Well, give us a twirl then!"

I did like she asked, and started on my turn on the tip of my toes. I did it slowly, so I was sure that they would have the time to check every inch of my body.

"I'm happy you shave yourself!" Bridget said. "I hate to look at those hairy snatches that some women have!"

"I also like it better like this," I said, while rubbing my hair free mound.

"Does your vulva always look like that?"

"You mean, with my clitoris sticking out?" I asked.

"Mm Hmm," she let out. "And also so wet!"

I giggled, nervously this time, and answered, "Well, my clit shows up when I get horny, and ... well, I also get wet when I'm horny!"

"So, you are a horny girl then?" Bridget asked and chuckled. Yes, she chuckled this time, and not giggled.

I think it was a rhetorical question, but Sofie laughed and said, "Sis, isn't that obvious? Just look at her, all flustered and nipples like bullets with a pussy that's almost dripping!"

Again, I could feel a rush of excitement going through my body when Sofie said this. And if I hadn't been glowing already, I'm sure I had now a nice color on my cheeks as well.

Bridget let out a grunt and said, "Well, you never know, little sis!"

Both girls looked at me again, both with a silly grin on their faces this time and then Bridget said, "Well, we better provide you a towel then, before you start messing up my furniture with those juices of yours! What do you think?"

"Fine with me," I said with a smile.

Bridget's smile went away and said, "For today, I won't punish you when you forget to answer us with adding 'Mistress', but do try to start with it already! Okay?"

"Yes, Mistress," I quickly said, but couldn't keep from smiling.

"For this evening, you can sit on the floor!" Bridget said.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied again and sat down at their feet.

I was sitting with my ass on the floor and my legs crossed in front of me. Doing it like this, I was sure that I would be leaving a stain behind on their wooden parquet. However, I was nicely surprised that the floor felt warm to my skin. So, I wouldn't be too uncomfortable, whenever I needed to sit on the floor.

"So, do you think you will be able to be my little sister's submissive for six months?"

"I think so," I answered honestly, saw her brow going up and quickly added, "Mistress!"

"You're not completely sure then?"

I shrugged with my shoulders, not jiggling my tiny tits too much, and answered, "It's the first time I will be doing something like this. But I think I will be able to do it."

"You know your safe word?"

"Yes, it's red," I answered.

She let it slip that I didn't address her as Mistress and just said, "Good!"

"By the way, why do you use the word 'red'?" I asked.

"Well, you may find this strange, but almost everyone in the scene knows that when a girl, or boy, shouts 'red' during a session, they have to stop. Even when they often use other words in private, 'red' is the most common safe word in all other settings."

"Hmm, I see," I said. Well, that's just me, I really found these things interesting to know. And well, I could better learn a lot about all of this quickly, so I wouldn't be put in a situation someday that I wouldn't like.

"And because this is your first time, I thought it would be best to make you use that word with us. This way, you won't get into trouble if we would choose the introduce you to our friends."

"I understand."

"I heard from Sofie that you have a lot experience with exhibitionism?"

"Yes, I do."

"Could you tell us a few of the things you did?"

"Sure," I answered.

And so, I started to tell them about some of the things I had done with Illiana or on my own. I didn't tell them all, but gave some cliff notes about the more interesting things I had done. Although, I did try to remember what things I had told them last year, so I could tell them some of the things they didn't know already.

I didn't get to all the stories I wanted to share with them, because during one of my stories, we were interrupted by Gunter, Bridget's husband, who walked in on us.

"Hi, sweetie," Bridget said while jumping up and running towards him.

Needless to say, her action surprised me a lot, especially when I knew that Gunter was her submissive. Well, and also because they were married, and I'm sure that not all wives would jump up like that to welcome their hubby home.

They hugged each other and gave each other a kiss that even made me blush. Damn, they looked hot together like that. It almost made me wish I had somebody to welcome home like that.

I could hear Sofie giggle. When I looked at her, she whispered, "This is her way to let Gunter know that he is free this evening."

Okay, this explained it. Well, I could think of worse ways to tell somebody he didn't need to be a submissive for the night. At least, this gave both of them some fun while letting him know he didn't need to worry to be spanked. For some reason, looking at his tight ass in his jeans, I wondered how they would look bare, while Bridget was spanking him. I shook with my head to get the image back out of my mind.

It made me look at Sofie again, and I don't know if it was the look on my face, but she giggled and said, "And no, I won't do that with you!"

I let out a grunt, which made her laugh out loud this time.

"So," I heard Gunter say behind me, "you two have already started the fun, I see!"

He mostly looked at Sofie, and it was also she who answered, "Well, she had agreed to it! So, here she is, in all her glory."

When I looked at him, he looked back at me and smiled.

"Oh yes, I had forgotten it!" Gunter confessed. I could see he was checking my tits out, while he said, "Well, welcome to our home!"

"Thank you," I replied for my tits.

When he stretched his hand out towards me, I stood up and shook it. While I did this, I noticed his eyes going over my body, and then he started to smile when he was looking at my feet.

"I can see you are already feeling at home!" he joked.

I looked down at my own feet, happy again that my breasts weren't too big, so I could see them, and noticed a wet spot in between my feet.

Oops, I thought and explained, "I was telling them a few of my stories. Remembering them ... um ... got me excited."

He had to chuckle with my explanation and said, "Well, I better leave you girls alone then, and I'll go take a shower."

"I think I will join you," Bridget said. Surprising even Gunter it seemed. "Meanwhile, you two can set the table already!"

"Yes, Mistress," Sofie replied. Which made me look surprised at her, but then I quickly looked at Bridget and said the same.

When Bridget and Gunter left, Sofie got up from the sofa and said, "I think your stories turned her on, they won't be back for a while."

"And? Did I also turn you on?" I asked teasingly.

"Well, I wasn't unaffected by what you told us, but you also gave me something to think about."

"I did?"

"Well, I did see how you enjoyed yourself when we went shopping. So, I already had some idea about how easy you feel about being naked. But your stories, just now, gave me some other options for what we could do. I'm sure now that you wouldn't have any problems with an audience around us."

"An audience," I said with a shaking voice, mostly because the idea of doing things in front of other people sounded very exciting to me. "What are you thinking about?"

"It won't be for tomorrow, but how would you feel of doing our thing in a club sometimes? We are a member of a local BDSM club, and they have things there we don't have. However, there is also always a lot of people looking at what is going on, would you be okay with that?"

I didn't have to think about my answer, and so I just said, "Sure, I would love to do that for you!"

"Only for me?"

"Well, probably also for me," I said with a smile on my face.

I noticed that she thought it was also exciting, because I suddenly noticed her nipples showing through the t-shirt she was wearing.

This reminds me, I haven't told you yet what Sofie looks like. Well, she was wearing a blue t-shirt and jeans. When she had helped me to get my things inside, she had been wearing sneakers, but now she was barefoot.

However, I'm sure you guys are more interested in what she looked like naked. Well, because I had seen her naked in school already, I'm going to tell you guys how she looks without clothes, starting at the top, going down.

She was almost as tall as I was, she once told me she was 1m70 (about 5"7'), and she weighed as much as me. Well, it's around 53kg (about 116lbs). Her body type could be described as fit and slightly muscled.

She had a beautiful face that lit up when she smiled with those sensual lips of hers. Her lips were always pinkish in color, with or without lipstick on. Her hair was black, but with the sun shining on it, sometimes they looked dark-brown. Her eyes were blue, not too dark, but also not too light. It's hard to describe, but let just say, many boys would lose their mind looking into them.

Her breasts were bigger than mine, about a big C. With average sized areolas and nipples. Erect, my nipples were obviously bigger than hers. She had a very flat tummy with a very small and cute belly button.

Just like me, she had a completely shaved pussy and her outer labia were very tight and small. If she parted her legs, her inner labia and other parts of her pussy became visible. Her outer lips had the same color as her skin and inside, she was pink, or red when she was very horny. Her clitoris was hidden underneath her hood, but her hood was very visible. Pulling it away, revealed a clitoris that many girls would be envious about. If mine wouldn't have that naughty streak of showing up when I got horny, I would think we had almost the same sized clitoris. Only, my hood was much smaller and made my clit so visible.

She had very nice legs and we both had the same shoe size. Which would come in handy in the coming months. Her toes were almost perfect. It was obvious that she had almost never worn shoes that had constrained them. Probably, because she liked to run barefoot as much as I did.

Well, now you have some idea how she looked like, needless to say, she wasn't ugly! Although, I sure could give her a run for her money. I'm sure, nobody would ever complain if we showed up somewhere naked, and I have seen enough smiles in my life as proof for this.

Coming back to my story now, we had decided we would set the table like ordered, and afterwards we decided to watch some television.

We were sitting in the living room again. She sat on the sofa while I sat in between her legs on the floor. It was strange, but feeling her legs against my body, even when they were trapped inside the jeans she was wearing, it excited me. And I'm sure, Sofie's sister would be glad that I was sitting on a towel this time.

Although, I didn't follow what was on television, my mind could only concentrate on the things I was thinking that Sofie could be doing to me right now. And also, because I was trying to imagine what she could do to me in front of an audience. Especially this last part was exciting me a lot.

When Bridget and Gunter finally returned, they both went into the kitchen and started to cook the things she had already prepared earlier.

Sofie and I could just go on watching the television show Sofie was following, I still was mostly thinking about all the things that Sofie could do to me, making me hornier and hornier all the time. If my mind kept this up, I would probably have to do something about it when I went to bed. I was sure that I wouldn't be able to fall asleep when I felt this horny.

When the aromas coming out of the kitchen reached us, my mind finally stopped thinking about all those sexy things I could come up with. Now, not only my pussy was watering, but also my mouth. Luckily, I had more control over my mouth than my pussy, or else I would have been leaking at both openings, and not only down there.

"Girls!" Bridget shouted when she stuck her head through the opening at the kitchen. "Dinner is ready!"

Sofie used the remote to switch the television off, and then we went to sit at the table in the dining room.

It seemed, they had made something special that day, to welcome me. And I don't know how they knew this, but they had made my favorite dish. Turkey's breast, cut in slices, with carrots, peas and little pieces of onion cooked in butter and sugar added. They had also a lot of potato croquettes to go with it.

I can't be sure about it, but I think they must have contacted my mother to ask about what I like to eat. Well, only she and my sister knew how I always stuffed my face with this during our yearly Christmas dinner.

During dinner, we didn't say anything important, we just talked a little about the normal things people talk about during dinner and the things we had done during our little break from school.

How we managed it, I don't know, but by the end of dinner, everything was gone.

"For today, you two can go lie on the sofa. Me and Gunter will do the dishes!" Bridget said.

This implied that Sofie and I would need to do it on all the other days. Well, if she kept on cooking like this, I would happily do the dishes for them.

Sofie pulled me up from my chair and dragged me along behind her. Being naked, after a dinner like that, wasn't flattering. I could see that my tummy was a little bigger than normal and would probably stay like this until I start digesting the food inside of me.

This time, I was allowed to lie on the sofa. Sofie didn't join me at my side, but went lying on the other part of the sofa. I'm not sure if I mentioned this before, but they had an L-shaped sofa that was in one piece. That's why our feet came together at the junction of both parts of the sofa, but we didn't play footsie, if you would think that.

We didn't put the television back on, but we just lay there, somewhat incapacitated from all the food we had devoured.

I even closed my eyes and just enjoyed the sounds coming from Bridget and Gunter in the kitchen and from Sofie, who was softly breathing and sometimes grunting as well. I think we both had eaten a little too much and our tummies were complaining about it. Although, I was sure that they soon enough would feel much better.

I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew was that my feet were trapped between the back of the sofa and someone's body.

I opened my eyes and saw Gunter sitting there. Before he even noticed that I was looking at him, I saw him looking at my groin area. Or maybe he had been checking me out again, because I was sure that he couldn't see anything interesting at that spot with my legs closed.

When he noticed me looking at him, he smiled and said, "Sorry, I didn't want to wake you!"

"Oh, it's nothing," I said and pulled my legs up to make it more comfortable for us both.

Sofie was already sitting upright on the sofa, and Bridget sat in between them two. All three were looking at me and when I noticed this, I could feel a rush going through my body.

"So, um, what are we going to do now?" I asked. Feeling somewhat uneasy by how they were looking at me.

"Well, Gunter and I have been talking about it," Bridget answered.

"Okay?!" I asked somewhat uneasy because of the intonation in her voice. I had a feeling they had something special prepared for me.

"If you are going to run around here naked for six months, we thought we could maybe get something else behind us already."

"Hmm ... and what exactly did you have in mind?"

"Well, maybe you could show us what you like!"

"What I like?! Sorry, I don't get it."

"Maybe ... you could show us how you like to be touched."

I gave them a doubtful look. What was it that they wanted from me?

Bridget started to smile and said, "Don't you get it? Just play with yourself and show us where you like to be touched and how you like to be brought to an orgasm!"

"Oh!" I said, suddenly fully awake. She wanted to see me masturbate, so she could learn all the sensitive spots on my body. Well, I think I'm not that different from other girls, but if they really wanted to see it, then I would gladly do it for them. And just thinking about it was already enough to get my nipples hard.

"Maybe you could lie on the coffee table!" Sofie suggested.

I looked at it. It was made of wood and seemed more than sturdy enough. I even think I would be able to dance on it without breaking it.

"Hmm, okay," I said.

I went lying on it with my feet in their direction. I placed my feet not too far from my buttocks and spread my legs for them. I was sure that they could probably already see how wet I was, and just knowing they would be looking at that sexy hole of mine, was enough to get me even hotter.

I had pushed myself up on my elbows, so I could look at them. I saw them inspecting my body and especially my pussy was a target for their eyes. I can't be completely sure about it, but I think that I saw a bulge in Gunter's pants.

"Just do what you would do in bed," Bridget suggested. "And try to forget we are here."

As if I would be able to do that, I thought. The fact that they were there, was already more exciting to me than just masturbating on my own.

I rested my body completely on the table, closed my eyes and let my hands roam over my skin.

At first, I just rubbed my thighs for a moment as a warming up. Not that I needed to get warmed up, but I always liked it when my partners would spend some time on my thighs. That's maybe also why I liked Patrick fucking me, because a part of his body was always rubbing my thighs when he fucked me.

Because I had started with my thighs, I was sure they expected me to go for my pussy when I moved my hands towards it, but I just brushed my hands along it and then went over my tummy to my breasts.

I started to squeeze my little breasts softly and ended up with my nipples between my fingers. I pulled on them and couldn't help but moan when I did this. Every time I pinched my nipples, I could feel it all the way down to my pussy. If they were looking between my legs, I was sure they would see my pussy quivering by now. I sure could feel how my vagina sometimes contracted when I pinched my hard nipples between my fingers.

While I kept my nipples happy with my right hand, my left hand started to slide down my body again. This time, I was going for my pussy and that sweet clit of mine sticking out between my lips.

I stayed away from my clitoris, for now, and played with my pussy lips. They had gotten very puffy, and I was sure that they could probably see inside of my pussy already.

With my index and ring finger, I spread my pussy lips even further, and then I moved my middle finger in between my slit. While I rubbed up and down my pussy, I could feel how some of my juices ran down and between my ass cheeks. Damn, I couldn't believe how wet I was.

I was softly moaning and breathing much faster already. A constant glow was emanating from my overflowing pussy and the moment that I touched my clit, I moaned loudly and arched my back.

I was sure that I was reacting like this, because I knew that they were watching my every move. However, at the same time, I knew I hadn't felt like this in a long time. Sure, I masturbated sometimes at home, but never in front of my mother or sister. Well, that's not completely true. My sister had seen it sometimes when I had been doing a dare when she has been present. However, during the Christmas holiday, I hadn't done anything special. Mostly, because I didn't like living in Brussels. To tell you the truth, I felt intimidated by how many people of other cultures lived there, and I wasn't sure if they would appreciate an outspoken woman like me. Especially not when I would be showing them too much skin. So, in Brussels, I had dressed more conservative and never had done anything outrageous. Although, I did run around without underwear, because I had thrown those little pieces of clothing away. My breasts didn't need support, and I preferred it when I could feel some air touching my pussy, when I wore a skirt, even when that skirt came way below my knees.

So, masturbating in front of Sofie, my classmate, who would also be my mistress for the next six months, and also her sister and husband, didn't bother me at all, it was even a huge relief that I was doing this ... again.

And so, I did the only thing I could. No! The thing I really wanted and rubbed my clitoris as hard as I could stand and brought me closer and closer to my orgasm. I didn't care who was looking, I just wanted to get off in front of an audience. Without even realizing it then, this was a turning point in my life! I finally understood that the thing I liked to most, was not only running around naked with other people around, I also wanted to have sex in front of them, even when I was just masturbating for them.

So, I rubbed and rubbed, not caring about anything. Panting madly and moaning like possessed by a demon. And then it happened, I reached my high and exploded. I screamed at the top of my lungs, and I could feel how all the tension I had been having inside of me for so many weeks now got released in this exploding orgasm in front of them.

I was just lying there on the table. Legs still spread open, enjoying my afterglow and feeling so good about myself, when I felt somebody touching my shoulder.

"Are you okay?"

It was Sofie, who asked me this.

"Yessss!" I let out, still somewhat groggy from my orgasm.

"Then ... Why are you crying?"

"Crying? I'm not crying!"

"Yes, you are," Sofie said and brushed some of my hairs away from my face.

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes and looked at Sofie.

Shit, she was right! I had been crying! How? When? I didn't understand this, I hadn't felt this good in weeks! So, why was I crying?

"Are you really okay?" Sofie asked again.

I smiled at her and said, "Yes! I really needed this."

"Then ... why were you crying?"

"I don't know," Sofie let me think about it for a moment, and then I finally answered, "I think ... because I missed all of this so much."

"What did you miss?"

"This ... All of this. Getting off in front of an audience, being told what to do. That's what Illiana did for me."

I think a light went on in Sofie's head, because she said, "I see. You really like this! I mean, being naked among us and even being told when you can cum and maybe even what you can and can't do."

"Yes!" I confessed.

"Well," Sofie smiled, "then we are going to have a lot of fun in the coming months."

I looked at her, smiled as well, and said, "Probably!"

She helped me up and it was only then that I noticed that Bridget and Gunter had left.

"They decided I needed to take care of you," Sofie explained their absence. "That's part of being a mistress, you know! Cleaning up after you did something wrong. Although, in your case, it was exactly what you needed!"

"But ... shouldn't it be Bridget who had to help me then?"

"Not really. All of this, well, it was my idea," Sofie said.

"Well, thank you ... Mistress," I said with a smile.

She gave me a kiss on my forehead and said, "You are free now for the rest of the evening! What do you want to do?"

I placed my hand on my pussy and said, "Maybe ... I could have some extra fun."

Sofie giggled and said, "Oh yeah, we are going to have a lot of fun with you!"

And this is how my first day at Sofie's home went. I came a few times more that evening, while Sofie, Bridget and Gunter sat in the same room as me. Probably enjoying the show I was giving a lot better than what was on the television that evening.

And yes, by the time we went to bed, I was completely spent and hadn't been this happy in a very, VERY long time.

**Chapter 2**

Monday, 8 2001 - Introduction into Bondage

I have had a very nice time the past few days at Sofie's home. Not that anything special had happened, but just running around Sofie's home in the nude, while her sister and brother-in-law were also present, was strangely enough very arousing to me. Well, it was probably because I was still seeing it as running around in a stranger's home. A thing like that always excited me more than running around naked in my own home. Although, by Sunday, I gradually started to feel like I was at home as well.

Although, it hadn't been all play and fun. Bridget had made sure of that by giving me and Sofie some chores to do around the house. Not too much though, we were only expected to dust and vacuum the house once a week. Sofie would do the upstairs, and I would do the downstairs. We both promised we would do this every Wednesday, mostly because during the weekends, I wouldn't always be around.

During those first few days, I also found out that Sofie really wasn't into girls, like she had told me before I moved in. I would just be her slave on who she could practice her special hobby on and there would be nothing romantic about it. Maybe, this was also for the best, because I also didn't feel like I was ready for a new relationship yet.

And one last observation I want to mention, is about Gunter. He sure seemed more interested in me than I had expected. Whenever he was around, I noticed that he had trouble to keep his eyes off of me. However, it also seemed that Bridget didn't mind it too much. I didn't ask them, but I think they had some kind of agreement that he could watch me, but that he couldn't touch me. And well, him being submissive to his wife, I could imagine that if he would break her rules, he would get severely punished by her. And I don't know why, but the thought that she would do that to him was a real turn on for me.

So, in general, I had a great time at their home in those first few days before Sofie and I had to return to classes. I sure was glad I had decided to move in a few days early, because it made the transition of being a classmate of Sofie into her sex slave much easier.

And that brings me back to the story at hand. When I woke up on that particular Monday, I was feeling somewhat nervous about it. Not so much because we had to go back to school, but mostly because now I would find out if Sofie was planning to embarrass me or not.

With giving her the power to dress me for school, she could do anything to me. Well, she also couldn't go too far, of course, because else we surely would get into trouble with our principal or even with some of the teachers. However, not knowing if she would put me in sexy clothes, plain clothes or maybe even silly combinations, sure made it thrilling for me. And yes, I had worn sexy clothes to school before, especially when school started in September, and it was still warm enough for my sexy summer dresses. But even then, I always made sure that I wasn't showing too much of myself. However, realizing that it was now out of my hands, I decided to make the best of it and trusted on Sofie to make the right choices for me.

And then there was also something else! I was wondering about our classmates and what they would know about the deal I had with Sofie. Sofie and I hadn't talked about this, so I didn't know if she would tell our classmates about me being her sex slave for the next six months. I'm sure that if she would, the boys would probably visit her home a lot. Although, I also thought that Sofie probably wouldn't want them to know about the fact that she was into BDSM. So maybe, I had nothing to worry about. Well, again it wasn't in my hands, so I just will have to see what happens when it happens and let it rest for now.

All of these things had gone through my head while I had showered and groomed myself. Well, my grooming existed mostly out washing my hair and removing all hair from the neck down. Not that there was much to remove, but that morning, I took special notice to my body. Maybe a strange thing to do, because I was sure that except from Sofie, Bridget and Gunter, nobody else would even have the opportunity to notice it.

All done, I went back to my room, picked up my schoolbag and went downstairs. When I saw myself in a mirror, with that schoolbag over my shoulder, I had to smile. For some reason, seeing me naked with my schoolbag like that, it made me wonder how it would be to go to school like this for real. Well, like everyone else, I also have had nightmares about being naked in school. Although, those dreams were probably more pleasant for me than for others. If only it was possible, I thought. I then shook with my head and thought I was going crazy to think a thing like that.

When I walked into the kitchen, I noticed that the others were up and about, and they were having their breakfast already.

"Good morning," Bridget said when she saw me walking in.

"Good morning," I said back to her and also to the others. Sofie and Gunter returned this morning greeting as well and this would become an everyday thing for us.

While I went to put my schoolbag with Sofie's at the back door, Bridget asked, "So, are you ready for school?"

"Of course! Why wouldn't I?" I answered.

I took my cereal box out of the cupboard, while Bridget asked, "Well, aren't you curious about the clothes that Sofie wants you to wear to school?"

I joined them at the kitchen table and looked at Sofie while I said, "Sure, I am curious!"

Maybe it was because I had looked somewhat worried at Sofie, that she said to me, "Don't worry! I'm sure I picked out the right stuff for you."

Not sure how to take this, I asked teasingly, "So, you're not going to embarrass me?"

"Of course not," she answered, but also added, "Well, not right away, anyway!"

Now, this wasn't the answer I was hoping for, but still, I was convinced that she couldn't go too far with it. I was sure that she wanted to graduate as much as I did. Especially, because she had already made arrangements to go to the University in Leuven next year.

Well, they had already pointed out one of my worries, so I decided to clear up the other one as well, and I asked Sofie, "By the way, are you planning to tell our classmates about our arrangement?"

"Do you want me to?" Sofie returned the question.

"Um ... probably not," I confessed to her.

"Well, then I won't," Sofie answered with a reassuring smile.

I couldn't help it, but I let out a soft sigh of relief. Although, Sofie quickly took my ease of mind away when she said, "However, I'm not sure if we will be able to keep everything hidden from them."

"How so?" I asked somewhat disturbed by her comment.

"Just think about it! Don't you think that some of our classmates wouldn't come by in the next few months? And if so, wouldn't they want to know why you are running around naked in our home?"

I grunted and answered, "Hmm, probably! And what are you going to tell them then?"

"Well, I will let that up to you," Sofie answered.

"Thanks!" I said sarcastically.

However, giving it some extra thoughts, I also knew that my classmates already knew that I ran around naked at my home. I had already mentioned this to them. So maybe, they wouldn't think too much about it if they would find me naked at Sofie's home as well. It's not that I had to tell them anything else about it. Although, if they would find out, I was sure Sofie would get more visitors than usual in those months I stayed here. Surely, because previously, I lived much further away from them all, and none of them had bothered to visit me at my home. We were mostly classmates after all, and not really close friends.

Sofie couldn't help herself and responded on my sarcastic remark with a, "You're welcome," and with a grin she added, "And who cares if they would find out? It's not that they would be the only ones that will see you naked during the next few months!"

Well, she was probably right. Bridget had mentioned it already that she would sometimes have some friends over, and they would also see me naked when I would be around, and they would be even complete strangers to me. So, why would I worry about some of my classmates? It isn't that they hadn't seen it all before!

While we had been eating and having this little chat, I had noticed that Gunter was rather quiet. Although, I also couldn't miss how he was constantly ogling my breasts. Even after all these days, it seemed he stayed fascinated with my body. I also couldn't shake the feeling that he was looking forward to the day that he could also touch me.

I was still eating my cereal when Sofie went upstairs to get dressed. She had been sitting with us in her robe, and it was getting time to get ready for school. Not much later, Gunter left as well, because he had to go to work. This left me alone in the kitchen with Bridget.

"So, do you like being here?" she asked.

"So far, I do," I answered jokingly. "However, it will also depend on what Sofie will do to me when the fun really starts!"

Bridget smiled and asked, "Are you looking forward to it?"

"To be honest, I'm surprised that she didn't do anything with me the past few days."

"Well, that was mostly my doing," Bridget confessed. "I thought it would be easier on you, if you first got used on running around naked among us."

This made me smile and I said, "Well, being naked isn't a problem for me. To be honest, I would probably do it everywhere, if they would allow it."

Bridget gave me a wondering look, and then she asked, "You really mean that, don't you?"

I giggled and said, "Well, I fantasize about it sometimes, but to be honest, I don't know if I would be able to do it for real."

"So, maybe it is a good thing that it isn't allowed?"

"I don't know. My opinion about it, is that they should allow it for those people who would want to do it. It's not that they are doing anything that could hurt other people by just being naked."

"But that's not the point," Bridget said. "I think they also don't allow it, because it could be dangerous for those people. Don't you think so?"

"Maybe, maybe not. The only thing I know, from experience even, is that at those few places where they allow nudist to do their thing, you never hear of anything bad happening to them. Well, I sure never did run into trouble at those places ... knock on wood!"

"But don't you think that society would have a problem with it, if you would see naked people everywhere?"

"At first, maybe, but people would get used to it. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know. I always consider that certain things can only be done at certain places. At home, out of sight of strangers, you can do whatever you want! But in public, you have to hold yourself up to a certain moral code!"

"And who decides what is morally accepted and what is not?"

"Society!"

"And who says that society is right?"

"Well, the law for one thing!"

I sighed and asked, "So, you say that the law can't be wrong about it?"

"Sure it can, but even when it is wrong, you have to follow it until it is changed again."

I let out an even louder sigh and said, "Shit! How did we get into this conversation?"

Bridget laughed and said, "Well, it seems you are very defensive if it comes to your freedom of running around naked."

Now, even I had to smile and said "You're probably right. It's just. I don't see anything wrong by being naked. Of course, even I would have trouble with certain things, but just being naked! No, that's something that never can be wrong!"

"And that you would get turned on, because of all those people who can see you, that has nothing to do with it?"

Now, there she had a point! I hadn't thought about it like that before. Could it be that I was so pro-nudity, because I knew that it would excite me if I would be able to run around naked everywhere? Well, maybe she was right, but I wasn't prepared to tell her that, so I answered, "No, that's not it! I just think that people should be allowed to wear the clothes they want, or even nothing, if they would feel better like that."

"Yeah, sure!" Bridget said with a tone in her voice that told me she didn't believe my conviction about it.

I was about to protest, when I heard that Sofie was in the living room and was coming towards us. And well, even when I would deny her accusations about my position about it, she was right after all. My motivation to support nudism at all places, was probably also because I knew that it would turn me on if I would be able to walk through the city in the buff. So, I decided to let it slide and give Bridget her victory, even when I would never confirm it to her in so many words.

At least for now, the law would allow it only at certain places, and I would have to obey by it. Although, I was sure that if I knew that I would be able to get away with it, I would go naked anywhere I could. I could only hope that the cops would go easy on me, if they would ever catch me. In my mind, however, I was sure I would never get caught by them.

When Sofie came into the kitchen, I was sure that she noticed that something had been going on between me and her sister. However, she didn't ask about it and just said, "You better get ready for school. Not that we are late, but it's a fifteen minute walk after all!"

Well, I wouldn't know, because this would be my first walk to school from their home, but it still seemed a good idea to get going. Especially, because I always wanted to arrive on time at school, because I didn't want to end up in detention. Our school was very strict about those things.

So, with my conversation with Bridget ended, I thought it would be smart of me to get up and get dressed for school. I sure didn't want to give Bridget a chance to out my reasons for being pro-nudity.

When I had my schoolbag, I followed Sofie to the veranda at the back of the house. There, she had put the box with my clothes on a table. For now, I could get dressed in the veranda, because it was still much too cold outside. However, I was sure that once the temperature would go up, she would probably let me get dressed and undressed in their garden. Hopefully, not in view of the house next door. There was only one house, by the way, that had a view on the back garden of Sofie's home, and for now, I even didn't know who lived in that other house.

After I had opened the box and retrieved my clothes, I noticed that Sofie must have paid some attention to what I had been wearing before our Christmas Break, because the things she had picked out for me where the things I would usually wear at school.

As you all probably remember, I didn't wear any underwear anymore, so the first thing I put on was a white t-shirt, without any printing on it. I then put my jeans on. She had picked one of my plain jeans and not one of my tight fitting pants. And to keep me warm, she had also chosen one of my woolen pullovers with a rather nice cleavage. Well, with my white t-shirt underneath it, I wouldn't be showing anything improper, but I knew that it gave an illusion that my breasts were a little bigger than they were. So, I was very happy about this. And for my feet, she had provided me with socks and my low boots. Overall, a very nice outfit to go to school with.

"So, what do you think?" Sofie asked, as if she didn't know already.

"It's perfect," I said and twirled theatrically in front of her. This made her smile at me.

After we both put our jackets on, we were ready to go to school. It was official now, the holiday was over and for the next six months, with a few holidays still coming, we were on our last stretch to finish high school. Something I was looking forward to as much as whatever Sofie was planning for me the coming months.

And I have to confess, I was really happy with the clothes Sofie had picked out for me. I was now sure of it. Sofie wouldn't be dressing me in embarrassing outfits. Well, not for now at least! However, I still had that feeling that when the weather would get better, she would put me in some more revealing outfits, probably even more daring than I would pick out for myself. Strangely enough, this thought also excited me again.

At school, everything went on like usual. We all talked about our holidays, and I even told our friends that I had moved in with Sofie at her sister's home until the end of the school year. They didn't think anything about this, and I was glad to see that we didn't get any strange looks. Well, they knew about me being into girls, but they also knew that Sofie had been with a few boys of school during the past few years. Although, if they would have known about the other things we were planning to do in the coming months, they surely would have shown more interest in the part of me moving in with Sofie.

The rest of the day went by without a bump in the road. By the time we were walking back home, I was feeling very good about my new situation. I was now reassured that the next six months would be very pleasant for me and for Sofie as well, of course.

At home, the box for my clothes was waiting for me in the veranda. So, I got undressed and put all my things in it. Again, completely naked, I went inside our home. Yes, I saw it as our home now and not just as theirs.

Bridget and Gunter weren't home yet. Well, they both had a job and would usual get home around six o'clock during the week.

This gave Sofie and I enough time to go to our own rooms and to do our homework for the next day. Of course, because it had only been our first day again, we had only one little thing to do.

Sofie was done before me, because I had been daydreaming a little. When she was done, she joined me in my room, went lying on my bed and watched me finish my homework.

When I finally turned around, I saw that she was smiling at me.

"What?" I asked.

"Are you up for some fun?" she asked.

"Sure!" I said and thought, finally!

"Want to learn a little more about bondage?" she asked me.

"Of course," I answered maybe a little too eagerly.

I couldn't help it, but bondage was one of those things I wanted to learn more about. Especially, because I always had liked it when I had been tied up in the past. It was mostly the feeling of being vulnerable and knowing that I couldn't prevent anything from happening to me at those times.

Sofie had probably also noticed my eagerness, and that's why she probably said, "I'm not going to tie you down, today! I was rather thinking about getting you comfortable with the art of Karada."

"Karada?" I asked puzzled. I had never heard about it before.

"It's Japanese," Sofie explained. "It's a complex web-like pattern that is tied on a slave's body. The Karada is mostly used to give extra stimulation to the body. It's some sort of harness, made of ropes. There's also something called Kotori, but that technique is more suited to restrain a slave and to help with suspending them. However, that's something for next week!"

"Cool!" I let out.

All of this sounded very interesting. However, I have to confess, the part of being restrained or even suspended interested me the most.

I followed Sofie to the basement, and we went into the room where she had tied me up last year. I saw that it hadn't changed too much except one of the walls was now completely covered with all kinds of whips.

Looking at them, I felt very intimidated. I sure would never have guessed that so many different designs and sizes of whips existed in the world. It made me wonder which of those whips would have the pleasure to go over my skin someday! Not that I was looking forward to that, but I had told Sofie that I wanted to experience everything, so this would surely be part of the fun I was going to have.

However, for today, we were here for the ropes and nothing else. Those ropes were kept in wicker baskets, which looked a little like those old fashioned seaman's trunks you often see in those Hollywood movies from so long ago.

Sofie walked me to the middle of the room and then ordered me to hold my arms above my head. While I stood there, Sofie went to one of those baskets and pulled a long white rope out of it.

While Sofie inspected the rope, I took my time to look at the walls around me. I noticed that they had added a lot of hooks to the walls and even to the ceiling. They sure had been very busy in here, since the last time I was in it. In one corner, there lay even a rolled up hose on the floor that was attached to a faucet. The only thing I could come up with, was that they would probably sometimes use it to torture a slave with water while they were tied up in here. Even I knew what cold water could do to a naked body.

My attention went back to Sofie, when she walked up to me with that rope in her hands.

"I will use a very soft rope for this," Sofie explained. "Just to make sure that I don't hurt the more sensitive parts of your body."

Well, I knew a few areas with soft tissue that I wouldn't want to get hurt, like my pussy and my nipples, of course. Rougher rope would probably cause abrasions if it would rub over those areas for too long. However, I had one thing going for me and that was that I didn't bruise easily. So, I wasn't too scared about ending up bruised all over.

I kept standing there with my arms above my head, while Sofie laid the rope on my shoulders and around the back of my neck. She tied a knot in the rope on my sternum and from there she started to weave a web around my torso. While she was doing this, she said, "Today, I'm not going to restrain your arms or legs. I'm just going to weave this Karada harness around your body, so you can get used on what this does to you."

"Fine with me," I responded.

Sofie took her time and was attentive about where the rope went on me and where she had to put a knot in it. While she was doing this, her hands kept moving over my body, and she was very gentle. I could feel how I was getting turned on by it, probably also because it was the first time that she was touching me like this. Sofie must have noticed this as well, because the signs were all over my body. I was breathing much deeper and faster than before, my nipples had become fully erect, and my pussy was getting moist.

There were some things that surprised me though, because I had expected that the rope would go over my nipples, so they would also be stimulated by it, but instead, she weaved the rope around my breasts, just to the side of them.

Another thing that surprised me, was that she didn't tie the rope in a way that it would dig into my skin, but just tight enough that it would always make contact with it without constraining it.

When she was almost done, one of her hands slid to my pussy, and she started to touch my clitoris that was already sticking out between my lips.

With a giggle, she said, "This thing is going to drive you crazy! I wished my clitoris was like yours."

I just smiled at her and let her play with my clit a little longer. When she noticed that I was getting really worked up, she finally stopped. I was a little frustrated about this, because I really wanted her to rub me to my climax.

Instead, she moved the rope in between my legs. It was a single rope, and she made sure that when she tied it to the part of the rope on my back, that the rope in between my legs was also in between my labia. In fact, it was pulled in so tight, that some of the rope disappeared from view. Although, I wasn't too worried about that, because it wasn't that tight that it would hurt me. The thing that did worry me though, was that the rope went past my clitoris and kept constant contact with it. While Sofie was tying the rope to the part on my back, I could feel the rope rubbing my clit, and I let out a little moan from the stimulation it gave me. Undoubtedly, this would become a real torturing experience for me! I would probably have a lot of orgasms before the end of the evening, and I wondered if maybe I wouldn't have a few too many if Sofie kept me too long in this harness.

It seemed that this was the last part of the harness, because Sofie let go of the rope and then walked around me, pulling on the rope at certain places and then moving on until she was sure that the harness was perfectly attached to me. Every time she pulled on the rope of the harness, I felt how the rope in between my pussy lips moved and how it also rubbed against my clit. Now I was sure about it, every movement I would make would also stimulate me down there.

After her inspection of the harness, Sofie stood in front of me and placed her hand on my pussy again. I could feel how one of her fingers slipped in between my lips and went for my vagina. Without hesitation, her finger moved inside of me, and she started to wiggle it around for a moment. When she pulled her digit out of me, she brought her hand up and looked at it, a smile appeared on her face.

"You are going to be a very popular girl, I think!" she said almost laughing.

"How so?" I asked puzzled. Well, I had some idea why, but I still found the thing she had said very strange.

"Oh, just because you always get so wet! People love it when they can see that a girl is turned on by what is done to her, and you show it so easily!"

I had to smile with this, as if I didn't know this already! Boys' eyes always go wide when they notice how moist my pussy can get. Even most of the girls get excited when they notice this. And it sure helps as well when they want to insert things in me. It's called natural lubrication after all, and I'm very happy I do it so easily.

Sofie then brought her hands to my breasts and softly squeezed them. I could feel how that hand that had been on my pussy just now, was making my tit wet as well.

"I hope you don't mind me asking this, but don't you sometimes wish that you would have bigger breasts?" she asked me while the palm of her hands rubbed over my nipples and her fingers dug into my soft skin.

I shook with my head and answered, "No, I like them just like they are."

Her fingers glided over the skin of my breasts and then took hold of my nipples.

"Well, I like them as well, especially those huge nipples of yours. I'm going to have fun with those," Sofie said sensual and softly pulled on them.

I let out a soft giggle and couldn't help myself and teased her by asking, "Are you sure you aren't into girls?"

She looked me in the eyes and said, "I'm not into girls ... romantically. However, when it comes to having fun with them, like this, I sure don't mind it. It's just more fun to play with a girl's body than with a boy's. Well, if we are doing things like this, that is."

I couldn't shake the feeling that she objected to it a little too much, but on the other hand, maybe she just wanted to make sure I understood that nothing romantic would happen between us two. Well, I didn't mind, as long as she kept on playing like this with me, I would enjoy it anyway.

"Well, you can have all the fun with me that you like!" I said with a wink.

She softly pinched my nipples and then let go of them. She then took hold of the rope harness again and pulled on it. I could feel how the rope in between my pussy lips dug deeper and even hurt my clitoris a little this time.

"Is this feeling okay for you?" Sofie asked, pulling on the same part of the rope again.

I grunted softly and answered, "It hurt a little."

"Too much?"

"No ... um ... just right," I answered with a smile.

"Good," she said and pulled again to make me grunt.

It was strange, even when it hurt my clit somewhat, it also felt very nice at the same time. I sure knew it kept me turned on a lot, and if she would keep this up, I would soon have my first orgasm.

She then pulled on another part of the harness, and instead that it dug into my pussy again, I could feel how the rope around my breasts moved. I was surprised to notice how this also stimulated me, my breasts even felt tingly.

It must have shown on my face, because Sofie just smiled and then let go of the harness, she did a step backwards and then said, "Now, turn around for me!"

I did a slow twirl for her. While I did this, I could feel that this simple motion stimulated my clitoris again. I gathered that every single move I would make from now on would stimulate that sneaky little love button of mine. This is going to be a very interesting evening, I thought while I sighed from pleasure.

When I looked at Sofie again, I noticed she was very happy.

"I think I did it right!" Sofie said in a funny tone.

Well, if this harness had to give me pleasure at almost all times, she sure had done it right. The rope that was in between my pussy lips was already getting wet from the juices that were slowly leaking out of my vagina. And thanks to that same rope, my juices were even being spread out all over the inner parts of my pussy. Probably, making it look even wetter.

"Slave," Sofie said, suddenly with such a stern voice that it surprised me. "From now on, you are only allowed to touch yourself from the waist up. Understood?"

"Um ... Yes," I answered somewhat uncertain.

Sofie grabbed the rope between my breasts and pulled hard on it. I let out a soft scream from the sudden pain I felt at my clitoris. I looked puzzled at Sofie. I didn't understand why she had done this?!

"Slave!" she said, this time not so sternly. "The moment I call you that, until I address you with your name again, you have to answer me with, 'Yes, Mistress!' or 'No, Mistress!'. Do you understand?"

She pulled on the rope between my breasts again, but this time, just slightly. Instead of pain, it felt very nice, and I let out a moan. I then answered her with, "Yes, Mistress!"

I had learned another thing about this harness, it could give pleasure but also pain. I could see how this could be very beneficial for a master to train his slave. Or in my case, for my Mistress to train me.

"Good, now go upstairs and see if my sister is home! If she is, ask her how you can help her, and else, well, you can keep yourself busy by watching some television. But remember, don't touch yourself from the waist down! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mistress," I answered and thought, damn, I didn't know she could switch personalities so easily, it's almost scary!

Probably, I hesitated just a little too long, because she grabbed that harness again and started to pull on it, dragging me along to the exit of the room. I managed from screaming, but damn, I wished I could rub my clit right now, because it hurt a lot!

"Now, hurry upstairs!" she said and then slapped me hard on my buttocks with her hand.

"Yes, Mistress," I squealed.

I quickly moved away from the room, and went up the stairs. All the way to the living room, that harness was stimulating all of my body, especially the rubbing at my pussy, more specific my clitoris, drove me crazy. I even had to bite my lower lip to make sure I wouldn't moan too loudly.

Bridget wasn't home yet, so I decided to do what Sofie had suggested and turned the television on. Just in time, I remembered that I couldn't sit on the sofa anymore. Well, not as long as Sofie wouldn't allow me to do it.

With no other option left, but the floor, I decided to go sit in front of the sofa. The moment I squatted down, I discovered that this had been a stupid move. The rope between my legs dug deep into the flesh of my pussy, and I let out a groan in displeasure. Although, it was quickly followed by a moan from pleasure as well.

At first, I just sat there on the floor with my legs stretched out in front of me. However, that rope inside my pussy started to bother me rather quickly. I moved my body somewhat, even pulled on that rope between my labia, but it always returned to its uncomfortable position.

So, I tried some other ways to sit, and it took some experimenting on my part, but I finally found the best way to sit. Although, in the process, I had gotten pretty worked up by the constant stimulation I got from this Karada harness.

I was now sitting on my legs, with my buttocks on my feet. When I held my body upright, the constant pressure on the inside of my pussy stopped. It seemed that this harness wasn't only there to stimulate the slaves' bodies, but also to help the slaves to work on their posture.

At that moment, I didn't know this, but in Japan, they also had a name for the way I was sitting. It is called 'Seiza' and translated it would mean 'Correct Sitting'. So, without anyone's help, I had found the right way to sit as a slave. Well, without the harness I surely wouldn't sit like this on my own, but now that I was sitting like this, I found out that it was rather comfortable.

Although, that rope between my legs was still there, and after a while I noticed that just breathing stimulated my clitoris a little.

To be sure, I quickly checked behind me and when I was sure nobody was spying on me, I moved the rope a little to the side to give my poor little clit some rest from all that rubbing against it.

And now that my hand was already there, I also checked the rest of my pussy, and I could feel that my labia had become engorged. I quickly checked in between my lips, and I couldn't believe how wet I was. That continuous stimulation of my sex had the effect that I constantly was leaking some of my juices now. And thanks to that rope there, it had been spread all over my pussy, even on the outside I could feel some wetness. If people could see me now, they would probably think that I was a horny slut that they could do with, whatever they wanted. And well, depending on Sofie's plans for me, they probably could do exactly that.

With nothing else to do, I tried to focus on the television and to forget how I was sitting there. In the position that I was sitting now, I finally could cool down enough that I didn't feel horny as hell anymore.

I was startled when Bridget suddenly said, "Hi!" from behind me. Because of this, my body jumped, and I let out a little moan when that rope touched my clitoris again.

When I looked behind me, by turning my body slightly, I again moaned from the pleasure I received. I saw Bridget standing there and she had a smile on her face. Well, I was sure that she knew what this rope harness was doing to me and that was probably why she was smiling.

"Oh, hi," I said back to her and returned her smile.

"So, what are you guys up to?" she asked.

"Um ... Sofie told me I had to help you."

"Really! How sweet of her," she said jokingly and then asked, "Well, would you then get the groceries out of my car for me?"

"Huh?!" I let out surprised. Was she sending me into the streets, looking like this?

Bridget giggled with my response and said, "Don't worry! I parked the car in the garage already."

I let out a sigh in relief. Well, I sure didn't want to get caught naked in the streets while wearing this harness.

Bridget kept on looking at me and then asked, "Well, are you planning to get the groceries or not?"

I answered her question by getting up from the floor. My legs felt a little heavy, but it wasn't too bad.

To get to the garage, I had to walk past Bridget and when I did, she stopped me and said, "I see that Sofie is getting you comfortable with a Karada harness already."

"Yes, she is," I replied with probably a silly smile on my face.

I noticed that she was inspecting the ropes and the knots, and she even pulled on the rope at a few places to see my reaction on it. I couldn't help but moan softly when she pulled on it a little harder.

"Are you enjoying this?" Bridget wanted to know.

"It's ... um ... nice," I answered.

She then pulled on a rope, at my back this time, and I could feel how the rope between my pussy lips dug deeper, stimulating my clit hard again. This time, I bit on my lip though, because else I would probably have moaned too loudly for my own taste.

"How long is she going to let you wear it?" Bridget asked.

"She didn't tell me," I answered.

"I see! Well, here are my car keys, go and get the groceries for me," Bridget ordered with a demanding voice this time.

"Yes ... um ... Mistress?" I said asking. Well, I wasn't sure if I also had to call her Mistress now or not.

Bridget just smiled and said, "Veerle, you don't have to call me that. I haven't called you slave yet!"

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I'm not used on all of this yet!"

"Oh, you will learn," Bridget said teasingly and softly tapped my buttocks with her hand.

I got the impression that she meant that if I wouldn't learn it quickly, my buttocks would have to endure the consequences of my mistakes.

"Hmm, okay ... Bridget," I said with a naughty smile.

She then gave me her car keys, so I could get her groceries for her.

On my walk over to the garage, I could feel how the wetness had spread to my legs already. Well, I could sometimes feel my thighs rub against each other, and this made it obvious that my thighs had become slippery from my juices. I understood now why Sofie had told me I couldn't touch myself from the waist down. Because of this rule, I wouldn't be able to wipe myself clean and would be showing everyone how wet I was at all times.

I had to make two trips, between the kitchen and the garage, to get all the bags out of the car. By the time all the bags stood on the kitchen table, I was softly panting. Not from exertion, but because I was very aroused again. I couldn't believe how I could get so turned on by just this stupid rope harness that was attached to my body.

Well, I don't know if any of you have done anything like this already. If you have, you probably know what effect it has on you too. And if you haven't, I can only advice you to find someone who is familiar with a Karada harness and let him, or her, put it also on you. If you are as orgasmic as I am, I'm sure you will have a lot of fun with this as well!

It also didn't go unnoticed by Bridget. I could see how she was looking at me, and it was obvious that she knew how horny I was from all of this. Without any hesitation, she took hold of my nipples, rolled them between her fingers and then pinched them softly before letting go.

"I bet you're glad I have done this!" she said with some laughter in her voice.

"Why do you think that?" I asked with a shaky voice.

"Weren't they hurting then?" she asked.

"Not really, and if they would hurt, I'm allowed to touch them," I answered.

"Oh ... I see. So Sofie didn't tell you that you aren't allowed to touch yourself?"

"She did, but only about the part from the waist down."

"Oh, I see," she said again.

From this little interaction, I gathered that it meant that sometime in the future, I wouldn't be allowed to touch myself anymore. So, this meant that if I wanted to get some relieve, I would need to ask them for it. Just thinking about this, made my nipples throb a little and without giving it another thought, it was I now who was rolling my nipples between my fingers and pinching them to give them some relief.

Bridget let out a giggle when she saw me playing with my own nipples and then joked, "Let's get those fingers busy with something else."

She was looking at the grocery bags when she said this. I understood what she meant and let go of my nipples and started to take everything out of the bags. Well, it was mostly Bridget, who was taking things out of the bags and handing them over to me to put them away. She was some sort of guide now and told me where everything had to go.

As long as I didn't need to stretch, bent or squat down, it wasn't that bad. However, when I needed to do those movements, they were the things that stimulated my body a lot. And because many of those things had to go in the cupboards above the counter or in the cabinets underneath the counter. It didn't take too long, or I was panting and moaning again. Sometimes when I squatted, I even let out little squeals when the friction of the rope against my clitoris got the better of me.

So, by the time we were done, I was covered in a thin layer of my own sweat, and my breasts were heaving from being out of breath. I was happy that we were done, until I noticed there was still one grocery bag that hadn't been unpacked.

Oh God, I thought. If Bridget would let me bend or squat a few times more, I would probably end up on the floor, writhing in ecstasy from a mind blowing orgasm that I was about to have. My nipples were throbbing and I eased the feeling by tweaking them with my fingers.

When she said, "Bring these things downstairs and put them away in the storage room," I was very happy about it.

"Okay," I said and took the bag.

This time, I took my time and walked very slowly towards the stairs that went to the basement. I was afraid that when I would walk too fast, I would have an orgasm on the spot.

Although, even when I walked slowly, I could feel that this rope between my legs kept on stimulating me. And it got even worse when I went down the stairs. I couldn't do anything about it, but with every step, I came closer to cumming.

At the bottom of the stairs, I just had to stand still for a moment. Another step would surely have made me cum in a screaming orgasm.

When I just stood there, I could hear that Sofie was still busy with something in the bondage room. It made me curious about it, and I wanted to have a peek at what she was doing. However, the door of the room was almost completely closed, so I couldn't see anything.

Calmed down enough, I decided to go on and put the last of the groceries away. The storage room had plenty of racks, and it stood full of cans. They had enough food in that room to feed at least four or five people with for a month.

I took my time and placed the cans on the racks. I managed to do it without cumming and I was very happy about it. I don't know why, maybe it would have been smarter to have my orgasm already, but for some reason, I didn't want to give in on this rope harness. Although, I was also sure that when I would have my first orgasm, many other orgasms would follow, and it could become an overwhelming experience for me.

With my job done, I walked out of the storage room. Before I could go to the stairs, I heard Sofie call out for me. And because she had called me 'slave', I knew I had to obey her or face the consequences of my disobedience.

So, I did the only thing I could do and joined her in the bondage room again. I was surprised to see what she had been doing in here. A lot of ropes, and I mean A LOT, were attached to the walls around me and even a few to the ceiling. From the walls, all the ropes went to the middle of the room.

When Sofie saw me looking at them, she smiled and answered my unasked question with, "Just something I'm preparing for you for next week."

"Is this all for me?" I asked in unbelief. There were so many ropes, she could easily tie three people in suspension here and still have a few ropes left to do other things with.

"Mm-hmm," she let out in confirmation. I could hear in her voice that she was looking forward to next week. Why she would wait until then? I didn't know, but that I would be put through an ordeal was now very obvious to me.

"Damn!"

"And ... how is your Karada harness treating you?" She asked with a crooked smile on her face.

"It's ... um ... very stimulating!" I joked.

I noticed how her eyes slowly went down my body, and they got bigger when she was looking at my pussy and thighs.

"Climaxed already?" she asked. Probably thinking I had because of how my pussy looked like it did.

"No, not yet," I said in a teasing way.

"Really?! But..." she didn't finish what she wanted to say but just walked up to me and placed her hand on my pussy. "But, you are so wet already."

While she said this last part, she moved her fingers over my vulva, feeling up my labia and also the inner parts of my pussy.

To give her the response she probably expected, I moaned for her. Well, in the way how she was touching me, it really felt very good. And because she also touched the rope, it was stimulating my clit as well. I even had to clench down, or I would have orgasmed the moment she had touched me.

"You can come, you know!" Sofie said while she kept on rubbing my pussy.

"I..." I started to say, but moaned before I could finish with, "know!"

She then pulled her hand away and brought her fingers to my mouth. Her fingers were glistening with my juices, and I could smell myself on them.

"Slave! Lick them clean for me!" Sofie ordered with a demanding voice.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied and took her fingers, one at a time, in my mouth and licked my own juices off of them. While I did this, I hummed to show my appreciation. Well, I have always liked how my pussy juice tasted, so I didn't mind licking her fingers clean.

After I had licked all her fingers clean, she used my tummy to dry her fingers on.

She then took hold of the rope between my breasts and started to pull me along while saying, "I think it's time to go upstairs."

I didn't respond on this, but just let her pull me along. Again, the combination of walking up the stairs and Sofie pulling on that rope, stimulated me a lot. I followed her obediently and just moaned from pleasure. It made her tug on that rope even more, and then it just happened. I could feel I was going to orgasm, so I stopped walking and closed my eyes. Because of this, she pulled even harder on that rope, and then I screamed and had a mind blowing orgasm. I could feel this orgasm through my whole body, probably because of the slow and long build up to it. My legs got wobbly, and if it hadn't been for Sofie, who was still holding on to the rope, I was sure I would have dropped to my knees.

A warm sensation went all through my body and even in this state, I could feel how my vagina was quivering and trying to suck in some air. My vaginal wall was even hurting, that's how hard these contractions were. I sure wouldn't have minded it to have something inside my pussy right now to ease the tension there. If it hadn't been for Sofie forbidding me to touch myself there, I would probably have shoved in a few fingers in my pussy to rub the ache away.

I don't know how long we stood there, but when I finally opened my eyes, I saw Sofie looking at me with a happy smile on her face. Luckily, for me, Sofie was smart enough that she didn't pull on that rope right away. I was sure that I would have had another mind blowing orgasm if she would have pulled on it.

"So, how many of those are you planning to have this evening?" she giggled at me.

"Depends," I teased her.

"On what?"

"You pulling on this harness or not!"

It must have sounded to her, as if I was daring her out, because she did exactly that. I could feel how the rope pressed over the whole length of the inside of my pussy again and when the rope moved over my clitoris, I moaned loudly and had another orgasm. This one wasn't as huge as the previous one, but still, it made me tremble on my legs again.

I could hear how Sofie laughed. It surprised me, but at the same time, it also made me happy that she enjoyed herself with all of this.

We stood there for a little longer, and then she softly pulled on the rope to tell me I had to follow her again. When I did this, I could feel that there was less stimulation at my clitoris. I guessed that it had finally gone in hiding behind my hood. I was glad about this, because else I surely would have had a little orgasm with every step I took.

When we reached the kitchen, Bridget was standing there with a huge smile on her face, jokingly she asked, "So, are you going to scream every time like that when you are climaxing?"

"Why? Scared the neighbors will complain?" I teased her.

This made her laugh and she teased me back by answering, "Not really, but I was thinking of buying a huge supply of earplugs for us all."

"Hehe, very funny!" I said and then moaned again when Sofie pulled on my harness.

Sofie brought me to the kitchen table, next to her sister and then asked her, "Can we help you with something?"

Bridget thought about if for a moment and then said, "Nah, you two can go watch some television if you want. Well, if you have completed your homework already, that is!"

Sofie grunted in response and answered, "That's done already."

"Well, go keep yourselves busy then while I'll finish dinner for us," Bridget said.

"Fine with me," Sofie said in a happy voice, turned around and yanked on my harness again.

Again, I moaned loudly while I had another little orgasm. It made Bridget and Sofie laugh with me. I'm sure they weren't laughing at me, because they were having too much fun with making me cum.

Still laughing, Bridget said, "And get a towel for her, she is dripping all over the place!"

This made us look down and to my surprise, I saw some drops lying on the floor. If they were from me or just some water drops Bridget had spilled, I couldn't say. The only thing I knew was that my thighs were very wet, and it wouldn't surprise me that when I orgasmed, some of my fluids would drip out of me. It had happened before and would probably happen again. They just could call themselves lucky that my G-spot wasn't stimulated as well, or I would have been squirting during my orgasms. I wondered how they would react if that would happen!

"Will do," Sofie said to confirm Bridget's request.

Sofie then brought me to the living room and let me stand there until she returned with a towel I could sit on. When she saw how I sat down on it, she smiled and said, "So, you already found out how you have to sit?"

"Yep," I answered with a smile.

"Well, if you now open your knees about a foot, then you are really sitting like a slave has to sit," she said.

I did like she said and noticed that by sitting like this, I would be displaying my sex at all times. I liked it! Well, what else would you expect from an exhibitionist like me.

Although, sitting like this, didn't only show off my pussy, but it revealed something else as well to me and probably also to those who would be sitting closely to me. I was giving off an odor that would tell everyone how horny I really was. Well, I sure smelled like a girl who had had plenty of sex without cleaning herself afterwards.

From here on, I'm going to give you a short summary of the rest of the evening, because it mostly went on in the same way until I went to bed and Sofie finally got me out of my Karada harness.

One thing I can tell you though, by the end of the evening I was completely exhausted from all the orgasms I had had during the evening. In the end, it had even gotten to the point that the slightest movement I made, make me have a little orgasm. My clitoris had become so sensitive, that I could even feel the air brush along it. And if I moved too much, I had a bigger orgasm which made my body shake and gave me a few consecutive little orgasms, which left me panting for a while.

Sofie, Bridget and Gunter looked delighted with this, but it left them also somewhat stunned by the fact that I was so orgasmic. Well, to be honest, even I was surprised that I could have so many of them without passing out.

By the end of the evening, I think that if somebody would have opened the front door, people in the street would even be able to smell me from the sidewalk. The air was thick with the odor of my pussy, and it reeked like an orgy had been going on in their home. Okay, now I'm maybe a little exaggerating, but I can tell you that I had spilled so much of my own juices, that the towel I was sitting on was drenched. Well, also my feet, buttocks and most of my legs were sticky. Worst part of it all, my pussy looked as if it had been fucked for hours. My labia were very engorged, and my whole pussy was fiery red. Part from arousal but mostly from all the rubbing it had received from that rope.

At a certain point, I had even begged Sofie to fuck me with her fingers. I really needed her to massage my vaginal wall, because it hurt so much. And did she do it? Oh yes, she did. She even did it so long that I begged her again, but this time to stop. Afterwards, she let me lick her fingers clean again, and I savored it all.

And like I already have mentioned, before we went to bed, I was finally released from my harness. When I was alone in my room, I checked my pussy in the mirror, and it was fiery red all over. Not to mention that my labia looked so puffy that it almost looked like somebody had inflated them. Even my clitoris looked abused from the constant rubbing it had received from that rope. It had even gotten to the point, that just slightly touching my pussy hurt a little. So, no, I didn't give myself a last orgasm before going to sleep. I even didn't cover myself and just lay there on my bed with my legs spread open, so my pussy could breathe and heal from the abuse it had received.

The day after, my pussy was very sore and still looked very red. Touching it didn't hurt, but I could feel that my whole pussy had become very sensitive.

And something else I found out, was that I needed to air out my room. Well, I noticed it when I returned from taking a shower. I was overwhelmed with the smell that was hanging in there. If I didn't know better, I would have guessed that a whole soccer team of girls had pleasured themselves in my room.

At school, that day, I was sure that my classmates must have noticed that something was wrong. Well, I was often squirming on my chair because my damn jeans kept on rubbing against my pussy, and it drove me crazy. If I would have been allowed to do it, I would have sat there without my pants to give my pussy the necessary freedom it needed.

Luckily for me, Sofie had provided me with a very dark jeans to wear, because else they surely would have noticed that I was wet between my legs. Now, it was only slightly darker, and I was sure that nobody could see the difference. However, I think that some of them must have smelled my arousal at times, but nobody made any comments about it.

Back at home, Sofie inspected my pussy and decided we would give it some rest. She was sure that another evening would be too cruel for me. Well, I was sure that if I would be in that harness that evening, I would have been crying from pain this time. My pussy sure didn't feel like I could get any pleasure from rubbing it. So, it got a day to recuperate, and we made it a normal evening. Well, as normal as a naked girl can be among three clothed people.

On the Wednesday morning, I had a little scare, because my pussy was lightly bleeding. After a closer inspection by Bridget, it seemed I was just having my period. Well, something close to it, because I was on the pill, and I was the week that I was taking the placebos. So, it was only a little discharge and nothing else. I even didn't have cramps this time. Yeah me!

However, with a tampon inside of me, and that little rope dangling out of my vagina, Sofie couldn't put her rope between my legs. Yeah me, again. Nevertheless, the rest of my body was back in the harness, and she now had also tied my arms to it. Well, not completely, but she immobilized my arms up to my elbows against my body.

Eating like that was difficult, but I managed. Although, they sure had a good laugh when they saw how I struggled with it.

On the Thursday, I was in a full harness again and my arms were still tied against my body. Eating was even more troubling now, because every time I moved my hand and head towards each other, the rope between my legs dug in. So, yes, I had plenty of orgasms that evening, to the delight of my audience.

Friday, after school, I packed an overnight bag and went home for the weekend. When I told my mother about the things we had done that week, she asked me if I would ask Sofie to put that rope harness on me before I drove home the next Friday. She wanted to see how it looked on me and also see if she could reproduce it. Yep, it was getting more and more obvious to me that my mother was as kinky as I was, and to tell you the truth, I liked it.

Well, this was what happened to me during my first real week at Sofie's home. And I can tell you, I was looking forward to the week to come. Well, I already knew that she was planning to immobilize me by tying me down in the bondage room. However, the thing I looked out for the most, was how she would suspend me from the ceiling. For some reason, the thought of me hanging in those ropes helplessly, excited me a lot.

**Chapter 3**

Monday, 15 January 2001 - Stretching and Bending

School had been very uneventful. Probably also because I had gone from my home straight to school, instead of going to Sofie's home first. Not that I was expecting that she would put me in some embarrassing outfit, but still, knowing I was wearing the things I had picked out for myself this time, made me feel more dressed, even when those clothes weren't that different from those of last week.

Although, it did make me wonder again what kind of outfits she would pick out for me during the warmer months ahead. Would she dare to put me into something that would make people scream, 'Look over there! She is almost naked!'. Not that those thoughts scared me, but still, in my mind, school was still a place I wouldn't dare to do anything too risky. I wanted to graduate this year. So, being kicked out of school for indecent behavior was something I wanted to avoid at all cost.

But like I said before, school was very uneventful, so that's why I start this chapter when I'm back in the veranda at Sofie's home. The box was waiting for me there again. So, I stripped and put all my clothes in it, even the clothes I had taken home with me. Naked again, I went to my bedroom and did my homework first. I must say, being naked at Sofie's home felt very natural now.

This time, I was done with my homework first. So, I just went lying on my bed for a while and thought about the things Sofie could be doing to me soon. My daydream became more erotic by the minute. The one I liked the best, was when I was hanging down the ceiling, legs spread and with all our classmates there to look at me. This thought was very arousing to me.

"Getting ahead of yourself," Sofie said, bringing my out of my daydream.

I lifted my head up from my pillow and looked at her. I was a little surprised about seeing her in her shorts and t-shirt, but if I thought about it, it wasn't that strange. Inside the house, they kept it nicely warm, probably to make sure I wouldn't get cold.

Although, while I was looking at her face, it was obvious that she was looking at something else of my anatomy.

"Oops," I said with some fun in my voice and pulled my hand away from my pussy.

"What were you thinking about?" she asked me very interested.

"I was just wondering about what you are planning for me this week," I answered, hiding the fact that I was also imagining how our classmates had joined us in my fantasy.

"You will find that out soon enough," she said smiling and motioned with her finger to me to follow her.

Well, I could have stayed in my room, because she had no control over me when I was in there, but I was just too eager to find out what special things she wanted to do with me today.

However, if I had known what she wanted to do, I would have stayed in my bedroom. It sure was a big disappointment for me, because Sofie just went sitting on the sofa in the living room and switched on the television. She wanted to watch her daily soap instead of having some fun with me, it seemed.

While we watched television, I told Sofie about my weekend. Well, mostly, how I had told my mother about the things we had done last week.

"And, what did she think about it?" Sofie wanted to know.

"You're not going to believe this, but she asked me, to ask you, to put that rope harness on me this Friday. So, she can see it on me."

"Does she now?!" Sofie said somewhat surprised.

"Mm hmm! And she is even going to try to copy it."

Sofie smiled and said, "Well, if she is really interested in it, she can always borrow one of my books. Or ... if she wants, she can join us here someday, so I can show her how it is done and show her some other things as well."

Now, this was a turn of events I hadn't expected. I would never have guessed that Sofie would suggest a thing like that to me. And the strangest part of it was that I wasn't completely sure if I would be the girl who they would tie up, or that it would be us who would tie up my mother.

"Don't look so shocked!" Sofie said giggling. "I thought your mother saw you more naked than dressed, anyway!"

Okay, I would be the girl they would tie up, after all.

"Yeah, but I never did anything ... um ... special in front of her," I confessed to Sofie.

"Oh, I see! So, you wouldn't be comfortable with it, when she saw you do those things?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it before."

"But you are still willing to show her the rope harness this Friday?"

"Well, yes!" I answered.

"Then why would you feel uncomfortable when she would be with us when I put it on you?" Sofie asked.

"I don't know." I said while thinking about it. "You're probably right. Maybe I wouldn't feel uncomfortable, as long as we don't have sex in front of her." I said this last part with a smile on my face.

"Well, I wasn't planning on having sex with you," Sofie said. However, the look she gave me told me something else. I was surprised that it made my hearth jump in excitement.

She just looked at me for a moment longer, and then she asked, "Do you think your mother is also into bondage?"

"I'm wondering the same," I answered. "To be honest, I never have asked her about her sex life. Well, except from the things I tell her, she also didn't ask me about mine."

"It's the same for me!" Sofie said. "My sister and I even haven't told our mother anything about the things we do around here. Not that she would object to it, but I don't think she would be comfortable about talking about it with us."

"Hi girls," we heard Bridget say when she walked into the room from behind us.

"Hi sis," Sofie said back to her.

I said the same, but then without the 'sis' part added.

"I'm going upstairs to put on something more comfortable first. When I return, could you two help me with dinner?" Bridget asked.

"Sure," Sofie replied for both of us.

Bridget didn't take too long to change clothes, and when she returned, she was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. It was obvious to us that she even had ditched her bra. And now that I thought about it, so had Sofie.

We followed Bridget into the kitchen, and she started to get the things she needed for dinner. When she took something out of the fridge, it became even more obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were trying to poke little holes in her t-shirt.

We then started to prepare our evening dinner. Sofie and I were mostly responsible for chopping up things, while Bridget put all the ingredients together and cooked or baked them.

"So, what are you girls up to this evening?" Bridget wanted to know.

Interesting question, I thought, while I looked at Sofie.

"Oh, nothing special. I think I will first need to find out how flexible my naughty naked slave is," Sofie answered with a wicked smile on her face.

Her answer made me wonder what kind of tests she had in store for me. Not that I was afraid of it, because I knew that I was very flexible. I was even more limber than I let on in school.

In response of Sofie's answer, Bridget let her eyes go over my body again.

"Well, she sure looks fit enough," Bridget said and winked at me. "What kind of sports do you do?"

"Nothing these days," I answered. "But I have always liked to play soccer with the boys, and sometimes we also played basketball or tennis. And when we played hide and seek, we used the whole neighborhood, so you can guess, we also did a lot of running. And, oh yeah, some of the boys also learned me some martial arts."

"So, you were probably very popular with the boys!" Bridget said smiling again.

I just shrugged and joked, "Maybe, I didn't pay any attention to them!"

"And I should believe that!" Bridget said sarcastically. "I bet all the boys were after your cute little ass."

"They still are," Sofie said to join in on the fun.

"Well, too bad for them! I prefer going after the cute little asses of the other girls," I said jokingly.

"You know, I also played soccer with the boys," Bridget said. "Did your friends also try to get you in the team that had to play without their t-shirts?"

I had to laugh with this, and answered, "Yep, that's exactly the thing they tried. And, if the soccer field had been more secluded, I would probably have done it as well. Although, with the high-rise apartment building next to it, it wasn't such a good idea to do. However, I did play with them in my bikini a few times."

"You did? Oh, you absolutely must have been the most popular girl around!"

"Well, probably," I confessed.

"And then you were also naked around them at your home! I bet they used up a lot of tissues at night, while thinking about you!" Bridget said giggling.

"Like I hadn't thought about that before," I said also giggling.

"Won't your friends be missing you right now?" Sofie asked.

"Probably as mush as I miss them," I confessed.

Well, I knew I was missing them, so I'm sure they probably also missed me. And if they weren't missing me yet, they surely would notice that I was gone next summer. And I was also sure that none of the other girls would take up my part in the group. So, no naked chick to look at for them anymore.

"You know, if you want to, you can always invite them over. I have no problem with that."

"And it's not that they would find it strange to see you naked around here!" Sofie said in a funny way.

"Oh, I'm sure they wouldn't find it strange," I said in the same funny way.

"But if you do ask them over, ask me first, okay?" Bridget added.

"Okay! And ... thanks," I answered.

"It's nothing," Bridget said.

I already had one person in my mind that I wanted to invite over. And I was sure, my choice would probably surprise Sofie and Bridget.

Bridget then looked at Sofie again and asked her, "But to come back to what I wanted to ask. Is it okay for me to use the room in the basement this evening?"

"Um ... I have already prepared the room for tomorrow," Sofie answered.

"Ah, okay, well, then I will use the room upstairs."

"Thanks," Sofie said. Happy that her preparations wouldn't go to waste.

After this, our conversation went towards more everyday things while we kept working on our dinner.

After dinner, Bridget and Gunter went upstairs, and I wished I could join them there. Mostly, because Sofie had told me already that they had added an extra fun room to the house, but they hadn't shown it to me yet. So, you can guess how curious I was about that room.

Instead though, Sofie and I went back into the living room, but this time, she didn't switch the television on.

"Can you help me with this," Sofie said while she took hold of one side of the coffee table that stood in front of the sofa.

I went to help her, and we moved the table to the back of the sofa. Then Sofie went lying on the sofa and said, "Well, you better do some warm up exercises before we start."

I pulled a disapproving face towards Sofie. I always hated doing those warm ups in school, and now I had to do it for Sofie as well. This sure wasn't the fun I was expecting from her.

"You better do like I say, Slave," Sofie said sternly.

"Yes, Mistress," I said with my head lowered.

Before I started, I quickly glanced at Sofie and noticed a twinkle in her eyes that I hadn't seen before. It seemed that she was eager to see me do those exercises in front of her.

I decided to warm up my muscles first, so I ran on the spot while raising my knees high. Sofie didn't show it, but I was sure that if I would have been doing this in front of some guys while naked, they would have been smiling right now and probably also been hooting at me.

After this, I spread my legs and moved my right hand to my left foot and vice versa. I did this a few times and then went sitting on the floor.

Again, I spread my legs as far as I could and then stretched my arms towards one foot and then the other one a few times. While I was doing this, I noticed a surprised look on Sofie's face. Well, it was probably because I was doing it with some effort this time, and not like how I did it at school.

And I can tell you, I enjoyed it this time a lot more than when I did it at school. Probably, because I was doing it naked this time and knew what I was showing Sofie while doing it. Well, I could feel that in the way I was sitting on the floor right now, my pussy was also spread open, and I was showing her the soft pink insides of my pussy. Probably also showing her that I was already wet as well.

When I stopped doing the exercise, I placed my hands behind my back and leaned backwards a little. I kept my legs spread and showed her even more of my sex like this. It surprised me that I saw her licking her lips when she looked at me, well, mostly at my pussy. It was so obvious to me that she was also getting aroused.

I opened and closed my legs a few times, while keeping my feet a few centimeters above the floor. By the time I was done, and stood up, I noticed a little wet spot on the floor that I had left behind. I quickly used a foot to wipe the stain away.

Sofie finally got up from the sofa and while she came towards me, she said, "Let us find out how flexible you really are!"

In the way how she said this, I already knew that she knew I was more flexible than I had let on at school.

However, what excited me the most, was the naughty smile she had on her face. I was sure that this flexibility test she had in store for me would be more fun than it had sounded before.

"Spread your arms and legs," Sofie demanded from me.

I did like asked, and went standing in a spread eagle position.

Sofie squatted in front of me and while she looked at my crotch, I had to bite on my lower lip to make sure I wouldn't make happy sounds the moment she would touch me. Well, I was hoping that she would touch me there.

I was a bit disappointed that she didn't touch me on the spot I had hoped for. Instead, she let her hands roam over my legs and sometimes kneaded my muscles, probably to inspect them.

Every time she moved her hands upwards, I was hoping for her to touch my pussy, but instead, she always stopped at my groin. It was driving me crazy, but at the same time, it was so hot that I was sure that I would start leaking soon. From one thing I was sure, my little nub, at the top of my pussy, was already present and probably hoping to be touched as well. If it would have had a mind of her own, that is.

However, Sofie stayed away from my pussy and got up from the floor and then let her hands go over all the other parts of my body. At least, she was decent enough to squeeze my buttocks with her hands, but she stayed away from my breasts.

I was sure that most of her touching was to inspect my body and my muscles, but even then, I got more and more aroused because of it.

Eventually, she knew all that she needed to know about my body and when she let go of me, she asked, "Tell me, how flexible are you really?"

"Very!" I answered with a husky and sensual voice.

"Well, show me then. Bend over at the waist for me and grab your ankles with your hands. Keep your legs closed and don't bend them."

"Yes ... Mistress," I said, mostly to tease her.

I could hear Sofie exhale. In the way how she did this, I knew that she liked me calling her Mistress. And to be honest about it, I also liked to call her that. Probably, because of the thought that she could do anything to me, when she was my Mistress, was very exciting to me.

When I bent over like she had asked, I decided to go a bit further and just hugged my legs with my arms and pushed the front of my body against my legs.

Sofie gasped in delight when she saw how I stood there. I think she hadn't expected me to manage a thing like that. Well, it was probably also because I would never do a thing like that in school. I had caught on early that the most flexible girl, or boy, was often picked by our teacher to show the others what she expected from us. And maybe you will find this strange, but except from showing off my body to others, I had no interest in showing off anything else to them. I always had good grades for PE, but I knew I could get an even better grade if I would exert myself a little more.

While I stood there like that, I was happy when I felt Sofie lay her hands on my ass. She rubbed my butt cheeks for a moment, and then one of her fingers traced the crack of my ass until her finger was at my little star. She traced with her nail around it, and a shudder went through my body. I'm not sure if I was relieved or disappointed when her finger went further down my crack. Although, when I noticed she didn't stop and started to go over my pussy with her finger, I was sure that I wasn't disappointed about her decision.

"If the boys could see you now, they all would fuck you straight away," Sofie said. She sure sounded more excited than normally.

"Hmm," I let out in a happy tone when her finger traced my slit, and I then said, "I think I would prefer one of my female classmates to do that!"

"Oh, do you now!" Sofie said with a giggle. "And who would you choose for that?"

"Um..." I let out while thinking about her question. I could say I would love it to be her, but I didn't think she would like that. So, I quickly went through all the girls in our class and finally answered, "Probably ... Tanya."

This produced another giggle from Sofie, while she asked, "Didn't you tell me your previous girlfriend was a redhead?"

Oh, crap! I hadn't thought about that. But yes, I again had picked a redhead.

"Um ... yes," I answered and could feel that I started to blush.

"So, you love redheads?"

"Not especially, but I think she is also into girls," I confessed.

I wasn't completely sure about it, but I sure had already noticed that she sometimes looked at me in a different way than the other girls did while we were taking a shower together. Not that she didn't look at the other girls as well, but when she looked at me, I always got the feeling that she wanted to do more than just look.

So, if there was one girl in our class, who would probably want to have sex with me, it would be her.

"Interesting to know," Sofie said, but it was mostly directed to herself.

"How so?" I wanted to know.

Sofie softly patted my ass with her hand and said, "Who knows, maybe I will invite her over one day to have some fun with us."

A shiver went through my body when I heard this, and I'm sure that Sofie must have felt it as well. I wondered if Sofie would really do this someday. And if so, if Tanya would be up for it. Although, I wouldn't mind if Sofie would also be a little more hands-on with me and maybe also do some more sexual things with me. Although, even when Sofie always told me that she was only into boys, she sure didn't mind touching me right now. I liked how that finger of hers was still playing with my pussy while she rubbed my ass with her other hand.

But then, Sofie let go of my body and said, "Stand up again."

I did like asked and stood up again, with my arms next to my body. She was still standing behind me, and I could feel how a nail of her finger traced my spine from my neck all the way down to my ass. It made goose bumps appear on my arms.

"Do you think you would be able to put your feet behind your head?" Sofie asked.

"No, but I can get my legs behind my shoulders," I answered.

I had tried this before, but never had managed to get a foot behind my head. For some reason, I couldn't bend my leg like that. However, I did know that I could manage to get my legs behind my shoulders.

"Show me," she eagerly said.

I went lying on the floor and turned around so I was facing her again. With the help of my arms, I brought my legs behind my shoulders and held them in place with my arms. Lying like this, I knew that Sofie got the most interesting view on my pussy, and even I could look at it like this. I noticed that my pussy was very wet and the odor that came from it aroused me even more.

Sofie also looked at my spread open pussy, and I saw her smiling at me. It was obvious that she wanted to touch my moist pussy, but for some reason, she didn't do it and just looked down at me with lust in her eyes.

Although, I think that she was also thinking about the potential of the way I was lying there. If she would tie me down like this, I would be in a perfect position to be fucked by others. I sure knew that I would be very vulnerable like this, because both my holes could easily be fucked like this.

Eventually, Sofie had enough of the view I gave her, and she asked, "If you can do this! Can you also do the split?"

"Yep," I said with a smile. Still holding my legs behind my shoulders with my moist pussy up in the air.

"Show me," Sofie asked me.

I let go of my legs, but I didn't get up from the floor. I just moved myself into a front split and showed her that I could do it without a problem.

"And how is you side split?" she wanted to know.

Instead of answering her, I got up from the floor. It wasn't necessary, but I wanted to show her how I could go from a standing position into a side split.

And to make it more exciting for Sofie, I did it very slowly. I started to spread my legs to the side and very slowly moved my feet apart until my bottom reached the floor. Well, not only my bottom but also my pussy. I was sure I was messing up the wooden floor again with my juices, but I didn't care.

Sofie whistled appreciative at me and said, "Damn girl, you're more than a boy's wet dream!"

I was a little sad that she always said that I was a boy's this and that. I would have preferred her to say that I was a wet dream for her, or any other girl. However, it again showed me that she was really into boys and not girls, even when her eyes told me something else at the moment.

"Could you lean forwards and rest on your elbows while holding your split."

"Mm hmm," I let out and did like she asked. Knowing full well that with my legs spread like this, it would give her a nice view on my behind and pussy again. And if you have any wonder about how it would look, just Google it. There are enough pictures of naked girls doing this on the Internet.

"I'm very happy you are as flexible as you are," Sofie finally said. "It will give me a lot of options when I start to tie you down!"

"Oh, I can imagine!" I said jokingly.

"Now, let's try one last thing," she said. "Get up."

While I got up from the floor, Sofie kneeled on one knee in front of me.

"Lay your left leg on my shoulder," Sofie ordered me.

I did like she asked and the back of my left knee ended up on her shoulder. Standing like this, my pussy was only centimeters away from her face, and I was sure she could smell my arousal like that. Well, I only had to move a few extra centimeters towards her, and she would probably also be able to taste it.

However, instead of moving closer with her face, Sofie slowly stood up. She took my left leg up with her, and she managed to get my legs in about an angle of hundred seventy degrees. She then pressed her body against mine and trapped my leg between our bodies. To make sure I wouldn't lose my balance, she wrapped her arms around my body and hugged me.

She then surprised me by asking, "Ever fucked like this?"

"Nope, never," I answered truthfully.

"If you get the chance, do it, it feels great."

"So, you have?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she confirmed.

"With anyone I know?"

"No, it happened during one of our holidays in Italy."

"Oh, you went native!" I said teasingly.

"Of course," Sofie said smiling and then giggled. "I think he had recently found out about the Kamasutra and wanted to experiment with me. Well, probably with any girl who would be willing enough to do the things he asked for."

"And you were the most willing then?"

"Oh, I didn't mind experimenting, even back then," Sofie confessed.

"You should experiment with a girl as well," I said. I just couldn't help myself, but I was still hoping she would go further with me than she did right now.

Although, the only effect my comment had on her, was that she let go of my body and let me put my leg back down.

"Well, that was it for today," Sofie said.

"You're not going to tie me up?" I asked somewhat disappointed.

"No, not today," Sofie answered. "I just wanted to see how flexible you were. But tomorrow, we will have some fun in the basement, I promise."

"Okay," I let out, but I was sure that even Sofie could hear the disappointment in my voice.

For the rest of the evening, we just watched television and didn't do anything fun anymore.

Although, I did have to show Bridget and Gunter how well I could do a side split. And it was obvious that even Gunter could see a potential in it. I was sure he was already imagining him lying on the floor, with his hard on pointing upwards at my pussy while I stood above him and then that I would slowly go into a side split, impaling me on his dick. Or maybe, it was just me who was thinking this. But I sure could see it happen someday.

Although, I wouldn't mind doing the same thing for a girl. However, instead of doing it above her groin area, I would lower myself on her face, so she could eat me out. And if she could manage it, I would gladly do the same for her. Hey, a girl can dream! Can't she?

**Chapter 4**

Thursday, 18 January 2001 - Sofie's Fantasy

For the record, I'm going to give a short recap of what Sofie and I did the past two days, but I'm not going to describe all the positions she put me in. To be honest, I did have some fun with it, but it wasn't anything like what Sofie did to me on this particular day. Well, I'm sure you will understand my decision when you are done with this chapter of my life.

On the Tuesday, we went into the basement for the first time. The ropes that Sofie had prepared for me there, were still hanging on the walls and down from the ceiling. Yes, I was excited about it, mostly, because I didn't know how she would tie me down. I had already come up with a lot of interesting positions she could put me in and most of those positions I had come up with, were meant for exposing me to others in a very explicit way. However, I also knew that with only Sofie around, she probably wouldn't tie me down like that.

So, I was more than happy when Sofie put me in a lot of positions that resembled very closely to what I had in mind already. Because of this, I'm sure that Sofie must have noticed how turned on it got me. I sure became dripping wet quickly, and it left me constantly hoping that she would touch me when I was standing there in the most exposing ways, but she never did that. The only touching she did, was to get me in the right position or when she was tying me up with all those ropes.

Because of this, I became a very frustrated girl at the end. And to make it even worse, when she was done with me, and we went back upstairs, she explicitly told me that I couldn't touch me to get myself off. On that moment, I thought she was a real BITCH!

And I'm sure that you can guess it already, but when I was back in my bedroom later in the evening, I did masturbate until I reached a very well deserved orgasm. And it probably felt even better than usual, because of the long wait. Maybe Sofie's idea of letting me wait so long to get off wasn't that bad after all. I sure fell asleep with a big smile on my face that night.

The next day, Sofie went a little further and first tied some ropes around my body, which she called a Kotori harness. It wasn't anything like before, because these ropes were tied on me just above and below my breasts, around my waist, and also around my thighs. After she had done this, she started to attach other ropes to the ropes around my body, and I quickly found out that this Kotori harness was meant to support my body when I would be hanging down from the ceiling.

And that was exactly what happened for the rest of the evening. I was constantly hanging tied down in those ropes coming from the ceiling. Some positions she put me in felt somewhat uncomfortable, but most of them felt very nice. I could even see the potential of some of those positions. First to expose me, of course, but secondly also to give people the opportunity to have a lot of fun with my body or even the option to fuck me.

And while I was hanging there, I also started to understand why Sofie was so glad I could do the split. She often had my legs spread wide open. It gave me the impression that the bondage Bridget had taught her sister was meant for optimum exposure and maybe also to humiliate their slaves, if they weren't as keen as I was to expose their pussy to strangers, that is. For me, the thought that I would maybe one day end up like this in front of a crowd was very exciting. It made me hope that on those days, Sofie would let the audience also play a little with me. I could already see me there, legs spread wide open and those people inserting their fingers inside my hot and dripping wet pussy. Maybe even using some other things as well to stuff me. Just the thought was almost enough to get me off.

The only thing I didn't like, again, was that Sofie almost didn't touch me. Sure, she sometimes brushed with her hand along my body, even over my breasts and on a very rare occasion, even my pussy. But she always avoided giving me too much pleasure, and I fucking wished she would rub my clitoris for just once. I was always so close to an orgasm but could never reach it because she didn't touch me in the right way. Although, the twinkle in her eyes sure showed me that she was enjoying herself with all of this.

And yes, that night, I again pleasured myself in bed and this time I even used my hidden dildo to fuck myself while I imagined that I was hanging on those ropes while a stranger was fucking me from behind.

To be honest, it surprised me how much I was thinking about guys fucking me, instead of a girl who would make love to me. It must have been Sofie's influence, because I was still sure that I was more into girls than boys.

And so, this brings us to the day I want to share with you. Again, school was just school and nothing special happened there. And once back home, Sofie and I did our daily routine and by 7pm, we were back in the room in the basement.

Like on the days before, she let me stand in the middle of the room. Although, this time, she didn't put that harness around my body, but just started to tie ropes around my wrists. It were ropes coming from the ceiling, and I thought that she was maybe going to hang me mid-air again, like she had done last year. Especially when she started to pull my arms up until I was standing on the tip of my toes. She then tied a rope around one of my ankles. When she didn't tie a second rope on my other ankle, I knew she was going to do something else this time.

The rope around my ankle was also coming from the ceiling. So, not much later, I was barely reaching the floor with one leg, and the other was pointing up at the ceiling. Well, it was obvious that this was to expose my sex again, and I now also understood that thing she had done on the Monday. It was almost the same position as the one where I had to put my leg on her shoulder.

Sofie did a few steps back and just looked at me. When she looked at my pussy, she started to smile. I couldn't see it myself, but I think it must have been spread open again because of the way how I stood.

And then Sofie surprised me even more. She walked up to me and started to slide with her hands over my leg that was pointing to the ceiling. She even kissed my foot and then smiled at me again.

A little quiver went through my body when I saw how she was looking at me. Sofie had never looked at me like this before, and it was obvious that she was also very aroused. She sure breathed a lot faster than normally, and I could feel her hot breath on my leg.

She then moved a little to the side and brushed with her clothes up against my naked body. She moved her head closer to mine and then kissed me full on the lips with a passion that blew my mind. She kept on kissing me, and it made me decide to spread my lips a little. She immediately slipped her tongue inside my mouth, and this was the moment I started to kiss her back with the same passion. Our tongues did a little dance together, and I loved how it made me feel.

Was this the girl who told me she wasn't into girls? Well, her kiss sure told me something else.

When we finally unlocked, we were both somewhat out of breath. She must have noticed how surprised I was, and it made her giggle, and then she said, "Don't be getting the wrong idea about all of this. I'm still straight! But today, it will be all about your pleasure ... and something more."

"Something more?" I asked out of curiosity. Well, the pleasure part I understood, but I wondered what more she could give me.

"I was thinking about introducing you to some of my friends, today!" Sofie said very cheekily.

When she said this, I looked at the open door, expecting to see someone there, or maybe even a few people. However, there was nobody standing there, and I also couldn't hear any noises that would reveal anyone out there.

Sofie laughed and said, "No, not those friends."

She then let go of me and walked away towards to wall where all the whips where hanging.

Oh, those kinds of friends, I thought. It wasn't exactly what I had been expecting, but I also knew that someday, she would use them on me, and it seemed that today was that day.

After Sofie had picked out a whip from the wall, she turned around and showed it to me.

"This is called a flogger," she said. And showed me a whip with a lot of leather straps attached to a leather handle.

While she walked towards me, she was twirling the straps around in the air. She walked past me and went standing behind me. My nerves were raging throughout my body, and I held in my breath in anticipation of her hitting me with it.

The moment I felt something against my back, I tried to move my body away, but in the way I was tied down, I just swung away and back towards the whip.

I was a little embarrassed that I had done this, because Sofie hadn't hit me with the flogger. She only had moved those straps over my back, and now that I knew that she wasn't going to hit me with it, I let her do it. Those leather straps tickled a little when she moved them over my back and buttocks.

Sometimes, she pulled them away from my body and then brought them back to let them go over my skin a little more. It felt strange, but exciting at the same time. Especially, when she pulled them away from me, I never was sure if the next time I would feel them again, they would hurt me or not.

Sofie kept teasing me like this for a while. Sometimes, she did hit me with them, but very softly. It was turning me on a lot, and I loved the feel of those leather straps going over my back, buttocks and even my legs.

But then, the inevitable happened, and she really hit my back with the flogger. The moment I felt all those leather straps go over my skin, I sucked in some air. They didn't hurt too much, but it still stung a little.

"As you can feel, this whip is rather pleasant when used like this," Sofie said.

Before I could say anything, she hit me repeatedly. Each time, a little harder but it kept on feeling rather nice. I was even surprised that it turned me on so much. I had never taught that I could get aroused like this when somebody was hitting me with a whip. Although, I did know that I liked people spanking me, so maybe my reaction on this shouldn't be such a surprise.

Sofie didn't only hit my back with the whip, but she also hit my buttocks and my thighs with it. Every time she hit one of my thighs, I let out a moan from the sudden surge of pleasure I felt.

Although, when she managed to make those straps go around my body and hit my pussy as well, I let out little shriek. Not so much from the pain, but from the intense feeling it gave me. And then she also managed to strike my clitoris with it, and the shriek turned into a scream, and then a lot of moans. I couldn't believe it, but she just had managed to give me an orgasm by hitting my clit with it.

She didn't stop flogging me and managed to hit my pussy a lot of times. She quickly had me constantly moaning and screaming in ecstasy. It wasn't the same pleasure I felt when making love, but still, the little orgasms together with the soft pain I felt was mind blowing.

I was a little disappointed when Sofie stopped flogging me and for a moment, she just let me stand there panting. After a while, she asked, "So, how was it?"

"It was nice," I answered. However, I'm sure that the happy tone in my voice gave my real feelings away to her.

I could feel how Sofie came leaning against my back, and then she gave a few little kisses on my neck and shoulders.

She then giggled softly and said, "Okay, this one goes on my list!"

She then pushed herself away from me and let me swing a little on my ropes. I could see how she went back to the wall and hung the flogger away. She examined the wall for a moment and then took something else from it.

When she turned around, I saw that she was holding a leather paddle in her hands. She slapped a few times with it on her hand and said with some fun in her voice, "Let's see if I can make your ass look a little redder with this."

Well, I was sure that she could make my buttocks look red with what she had in her hands. However, I was happy that she had chosen this one and not the wooden paddle that was still hanging on the wall.

Sofie went standing behind me and a little to the side. She then rubbed with the paddle over my butt cheeks. It felt cold against my skin, but I still noticed that it was rather hard. At first, she softly patted my cheeks with the paddle, and it felt rather nice. But slowly, she pulled the paddle further away from my ass, and her slaps became harder. It didn't take long, or I was squirming in my restraints and moaning and groaning whenever the paddle made contact with my ass.

Sofie kept on hitting me harder and harder with it, and finally it reached the point that I screamed it out every time she hit me with it. After my third or fourth scream, she stopped hitting me and not much later she had both her hands on my ass and was rubbing the hurt away. I could feel how my butt cheeks were glowing and tingling from the spanking they had received.

"You have a high pain threshold! Did you know that?" Sofie asked while she kept on soothing my buttocks with her hands.

"I know," I answered panting.

Sofie stopped rubbing my butt and not much later, she gave both my cheeks a kiss.

"Your ass looks pretty like this," she giggled.

I couldn't believe how giggly she had become. It was obvious that she liked what she was doing, and that it also turned her on a lot. But those giggles from her were very strange, I thought.

"Let's see if you like the next thing as well," Sofie said and walked back to the wall with all those whips.

Sofie put the paddle away and when she turned around, I noticed she was holding something that looked like a riding crop.

"This one can sting you, but it can also give you a lot of pleasure," Sofie said and slapped her hand with it.

She moved towards me and instead of hitting me with it. She used the leathery tongue of the riding crop to play with my nipples. She was flipping my nipples with it, and it made electric bolts going from them towards my pussy. I could feel how a drop fell on my thigh and how it ran down the inside of my leg. I was sure that many other drops would soon follow this one if she kept this up.

When she was done playing with my nipples, they were very hard and ached a little. Someone pinching them right now would be nice, I thought.

Sofie had moved to my side, and she was rubbing the leather tongue over my ass. Now and then, she moved it away from my ass and then slapped me with it. I'm not sure if she had already determined what my pain threshold was, but she managed to keep the sting just below the point that I would scream it out from the pain. And so, she managed to give me pleasure while still hurting my buttocks.

When she stopped hitting me, she came standing in front of me and said, "You know, this thing can also be used to punish something else."

While Sofie said this, she was looking me in the eyes, and I could swear that I noticed that she was extremely aroused from spanking me. Her nipples sure were trying to poke through the t-shirt she was wearing.

Her eyes slowly moved over my body, and they ended up looking at my now very moist pussy. I sure could feel how more drops of my own juices were running down the inside of my thigh.

Sofie placed the tongue of the riding crop on my pussy and rubbed me with it. When she did this, I could clearly feel that my vagina had opened up as well. And every time the tongue touched my clitoris, my body shuddered and I moaned loudly.

Sofie pulled the riding crop away from my pussy and looked at the leather tongue. She started smiling when she noticed how wet it had gotten from rubbing my pussy.

"I have said this before, but I will say it again! You are going to be one of the favorites of the people who will be watching us when we do this in a club or somewhere else."

I didn't say anything, but I just smiled at Sofie. Mostly, because I was also looking forward to doing this in front of a crowd. Just the thought made my body shiver from excitement again.

It didn't go unnoticed by Sofie, and she placed the tongue on my pussy again. However, instead of rubbing me with it, she moved it away and then slapped my pussy with it, hard!

I let out a shriek. The slap must have sounded a little different than normally, because Sofie said, "I think we really need to punish that naughty pussy of yours. Smelling up the room like it does."

Well, I had also noticed the odor in the air already. Not that it was a nasty odor, but it was obvious that there was a horny pussy around, and I was sure it was mine. Well, maybe also Sofie's, but hidden behind her pants, and probably her panties, it sure wouldn't smell up the place as mine was doing.

She kept on switching between slapping and rubbing my pussy with her riding crop, and I closed my eyes from the feeling it gave me. And then one of her slaps hit my clitoris, and I screamed my orgasm out.

I think it must have surprised Sofie, because she stopped playing with my pussy and just stood there, probably looking at my shaking body while I was riding out my climax.

When the feeling of my orgasm had gone away, I opened my eyes and saw Sofie looking at me with a huge smile on her face. My body was still shaking, but not as much as a few seconds ago.

"Damn girl, you're a mistress wet dream!" Sofie said in a husky voice.

"Thanks," I replied and smiled at her.

"I wished you could see yourself right now!" Sofie said.

And she had barely said this, when a light went on in her head. Without saying anything, she ran away.

What is she up to? I wondered while I could hear her run up the stairs.

The riding crop was just lying in front of me on a table, and I could clearly see how wet the tongue on it looked. Well, by now, I was sure that the inside of my leg was already wet from my pussy all the way down to my foot.

While I was alone, I also started to notice that my wrists and the ankle with the ropes tied on, hurt a little. It wasn't really painful, but I could feel that it was straining my body somewhat.

Sofie, suddenly burst back into the room, and I noticed she was holding a camera in her hands. It was one of those Polaroid cameras that developed the picture right away.

"Smile," she said and put the camera in front of her face.

I did like she asked, and then she took a picture of me. She then took a few close ups and when she was done, she said, "You can look at them when we are done!"

She laid the camera and photos away and then picked up the riding crop and said, "Let's try a last thing on you!"

Before Sofie hung the riding crop back on the wall, she first cleaned it with some product and then dried it with a towel.

She then took something else from the wall and when she turned around, I saw the thing I had feared the most. She was holding one of those flexible bamboo canes in her hands, and she cleaved the air with it, to make sure that I could hear the sound it made.

I swallowed when I saw it and Sofie said, "I know you told me you were afraid of this, but I just think you need to feel it once before you decide that you don't want me to use it on you. Okay?"

"Well ... I don't know," I said, and I'm sure Sofie could probably hear the fear in my voice.

"You can say no, but just try it this one time."

I looked at how she was hitting her hand softly with the cane and swallowed again. I had seen videos and pictures of it on the Internet. The welts it had left on those girls' bodies was the reason why it scared me so much. I was sure it had to hurt like hell and even when I knew that I didn't bruise easily, I still was afraid it could leave a permanent mark on my body.

"Please, just this once!" Sofie asked me almost begging.

Looking at her, I could see how she would like the hit me with it, just once, and it made me decide I would let her.

"Okay, just this one time, if you promise me to never use it on me again!" I finally said.

Sofie's eyes lighted up and the smile on her face showed real gratitude. Just seeing how happy it made her, made it obvious to me that if she would ask me this again in the future, I would probably let her do it. Even when the cane scared the shit out of me, at the same time, it also excited me as well.

Sofie went standing behind me again and then very softly started to hit my buttocks with the cane. At first, it didn't feel too bad. It was obvious that the thin bamboo cane would hurt a lot more than anything else she had used on me before, but for now, it made my blood pump through my body, mixed with a lot of adrenaline. I think I was even feeling a little high from excitement.

After she had teased my ass with the cane for a while, she probably thought it was time to let me feel how a caning really felt. Well, I had also noticed that the pain had increased, so she was probably already hitting me much harder than before. The moans I had made in the beginning were now sometimes mixed with a groan.

And then, she suddenly stopped and when I heard a whistling sound coming from behind me, I knew this was going to be the one that would sting a lot.

The moment the cane hit my butt cheeks, I screamed it out in pain. And before I knew what happened, she hit me a second time. This one was even harder than the first one and the scream I let out this time could probably be heard by the whole neighborhood.

Tears leaped out of my eyes and ran down my cheeks. Damn, I knew it would hurt, but this was even more painful than anything that I had felt before. Even with my high pain threshold, it was almost too much for me. So, I was more than happy when Sofie didn't hit my ass a third time with the cane, but just used her hands to rub the pain away again.

Sofie was standing very closely to me, and I could hear her panting. If I didn't know better, I would guess that she must have had an orgasm from just caning me. While she kept on rubbing my butt cheeks, she was kissing my back at the same time and whispering, "Thank you!" the whole time.

More tears ran down my face, but this time because I was feeling so happy about giving Sofie so much pleasure. Although, I did promise myself that this was the only time she was allowed to cane me. It hurt just way too much, and I didn't want to feel it ever again. So, if she wanted to get off by caning someone, she would need to find a girl, or boy, who loved to be caned as mush as she liked to do it. But it sure wouldn't be me!

When Sofie let go of my body, she first went to put away the cane, and then she picked up the Polaroid camera. She went standing behind me and snapped two pictures of me, or better said, my tortured ass. Those pictures and the camera ended up with the other pictures on the table again.

When she stood in front of me, looking at my face, she said very sincere, "I promise, I won't do this again!"

"Thanks!" I said with real gratitude.

She closed the gap between us, wrapped her arms around me and then kissed my tears away.

When our lips met again, I kissed her back with as much fire as she kissed me. We ended up having a very long French kiss while her hands visited my breasts and finally gave my nipples the relief they so desperately needed. I moaned in her mouth while she softly pinched my little nubs.

Suddenly, she let go of me and said, "Wait here, I will be right back!"

I couldn't help but smile at her while I said, "Don't worry, I will hang around here until you return."

I'm not sure if Sofie appreciated my joke, because she was already running away, and I couldn't see her face.

Again, I was left alone in the basement, and it gave me some time again to mentally check my body out. I could feel that I was sweaty all over, by how the air moved around my body. And my ass also stung from all it had endured. Not to mention that my juices were still dripping out of my pussy and in the way I stood, it was dripping on my thigh so it could run down my leg to my foot. When I tapped the tiled floor with my toes, I noticed that some of my juices must have dripped on the floor already. I sure could feel something wet with my toes.

However, these were the more fun things I could feel, because I could also feel that my wrists were hurting and my shoulders too. Not to mention my leg that had been pulled up for so long already. It made me wonder how much longer Sofie was planning to let me hang here like this.

"Having fun?" I heard somebody say.

I looked at the door opening and saw Bridget standing there. She was leaning with her shoulder against the door frame, smiling at me while she checked me out.

"Depends on what you understand under having fun," I quipped.

I noticed how her eyes were going over my body, and she even sniffed the air. Bridget pushed herself away from the door frame and walked up to me.

"Did you enjoy Sofie whipping you?" she asked me.

"It wasn't too bad," I confessed to Bridget. "But I didn't like the cane."

"She used that on you? I thought you didn't want Sofie to do that?"

"I didn't, but, she convinced me to try it just once."

"Hmm, okay." Bridget said while she stood in front of me. "You sure can scream loudly! I could hear you all the way up into the living room."

"Good lungs," I joked again.

She placed her hands on my breasts and said, "They sure are!"

"Those aren't my lungs!" I joked again.

"I know," she said and squeezed my breasts. She then asked, still with her hands on my breasts, "So, you didn't receive any pleasure from it?"

"From the caning? Maybe a little, but not much. But I sure loved the flogger though."

"Well, you can't love everything," Bridget said.

She then let go of my breasts and walked around me. She stopped at my back, and I could feel how her finger traced along something that was on my ass. By the feel of it, I was sure I had some welts on my butt cheeks from the caning I had received.

"They look pretty on you!" Bridget said.

"Is it bad?" I asked, somewhat scared of having scars on my butt.

"No, they will probably be gone next week!" Bridget said while she stopped tracing the welts.

I let out a disapproving sound, but at least I knew that this would be the first and last time Sofie would cane me.

"So, up for some extra fun," I heard Sofie say.

I looked at the door opening and saw Sofie standing there. She was wearing her red bikini top, and she had a strap-on on. I wasn't completely sure if she was also wearing her bikini bottoms, but with that fake phallus sticking out in front of her, I knew exactly what kind of fun she had in mind for me.

Bridget giggled and walked up to Sofie while saying, "Well, have fun you two!"

"Wait, before you go, take a picture of us two," Sofie told her sister.

Without saying anything else, Sofie walked up to me, positioned herself and held her penis against my pussy. She didn't penetrate me, because it was just for show.

Bridget found a good position, kneeling down a little and then took two pictures of us two.

"Thanks," Sofie and I said at the same time.

Bridget just smiled and said, "Don't make her scream to loud again, will you!"

"I'll try," Sofie let out giggling.

Bridget then walked away and I could hear how she was laughing when she went up the stairs. It seemed she had fun in thinking about what her sister was going to do with me.

Sofie had let go of my body and was now standing in front of me. And if you are interested about it, I just had seen her cute firm buttocks, so she wasn't wearing her bikini bottoms, it seemed.

"Are you up for this," she said while twirling her fake penis in circles in front of me.

I couldn't believe she was standing there like that. Or better said, I was surprised she wanted to fuck me with the strap-on she was wearing. Was she finally opening up for some real girl on girl love? Or, was this something else? Well, I didn't mind. I sure could use a good fucking, because it had been a while since I had made love with Patrick and even a longer time, since I had done anything as sexual as this with a girl. At least, the dildo she was going to use on me looked rather realistic. Not only in shape, but also in size. Although, to be honest, it looked even a little smaller than Patrick's weapon.

"So, what is your answer?" Sofie wanted to know.

It brought me back to the moment and with a smile I answered, "Come and get me, baby!"

Sofie couldn't help but laugh and then moved closer to me. She started with kissing the leg that was pointing to the ceiling and even licked my little toes. When she did this, I giggled because in the way how she did it, it tickled me.

"I'm going to fuck you raw!" Sofie said jokingly.

"Oh, are you?" I teased her back.

"You're going to beg me to stop before I'm done!" she said in a nasty tone of voice.

She didn't give me time to say anything back, but just moved herself in the right position and pushed her rubbery cock against my pussy. She rubbed it up and down between my spread open lips and then just shoved the fake penis completely inside my overflowing pussy. When she did this, I could feel how some of my juices were pushed out of my vagina. She started to fuck me like nobody had done before and with every thrust, I could feel how she also slammed up against my clitoris.

Maybe she had expected me to scream, when she had penetrated me like that. However, the inside of my pussy was so slippery from my juices that it didn't hurt at all. In fact, the way how she fucked me gave me more pleasure than I had felt in a very long time. It didn't take long or I was moaning in ecstasy.

Sofie was panting as well, and I was sure that it wasn't because of exhaustion, but that it was because she was getting off as well. While she was fucking me, she kept on kissing me, wherever she could, and her hands were squeezing my breasts, and her fingers were pinching or pulling on my nipples.

My pussy was making wet-squishy sounds while she fucked me and more of my fluids ran down my leg. I was rushing towards my next orgasm and closed my eyes.

While Sofie kept on fucking me, I also noticed some differences between this fake cock and a real one. Whenever Patrick had made love to me, his penis had been more forgiving for my pussy, and it would always follow the natural shape of my vagina. This fake cock just went where it wanted to go, and it was my vagina, which had to give in and shape itself to the shape of the invader. Furthermore, a real cock felt much hotter inside of me than this cock did. Although, one thing remained the same. I did like it inside of me. I loved fingers a lot, but a dick, real or fake, felt just a little better.

Sofie kept on fucking me like this for minutes. I was now panting and moaning like a woman possessed and when I was about to cum, Sofie just pulled her cock out of me as fast as she had pushed it inside of me at the beginning.

"Hey, don't stop!" I complained panting.

Sofie was also trying to catch her breath and said, "Let's try another position!"

I grumbled somewhat, but Sofie just smiled at me and then started to undo my ropes. After I was untied, and I was standing with both feet on the floor again, I noticed how stiff my arms and legs felt from standing in that awkward position for so long. However, I didn't have much time to rub the hurt away from my arms and legs, because Sofie tied my hands on my back.

I was wondering why she was doing this, especially when she attached one of the ropes coming from the ceiling to it. However, when she started to pull on that rope and pulling my arms up, I quickly understood how she wanted me.

I ended up bent over at my waist and with my arms pulled towards the ceiling. Well, it was obvious she was going to take me from behind! I only hoped she would fuck the right hole and not that other tight one. I had kept it virgin, except from a few fingers, and I wished to keep it like that.

Sofie went standing behind me, slapped my ass with her hands a few times and then plunged that dildo inside of my pussy again. The pounding she gave me, was even more furious than before, and I groaned and moaned from pain and pleasure. I was sure of one thing, a boy would never be able to fuck me like this without spraining his dick.

While Sofie fucked me, she was making growling sounds. She almost sounded like an animal in heat. Now, not only one on my legs was getting wet from my juices, but both of them. I could feel how the liquid, coming from my pussy, was running down on the inside of my legs.

Again she kept this up for a rather long time. I could feel how sweat was running down my face, to the tip of my nose, and then I saw it fall to the floor.

At least, by now, some of the aches in my body were gone and only the pleasure remained. One of Sofie's hands was also at the top of my pussy, and she was rubbing my clitoris with two of her fingers. It made me wonder if she had done this before, because she sure knew how to give me maximum pleasure. The thought that somebody else had maybe done this to her didn't even cross my mind.

My moans had gotten so loud that maybe Bridget could even hear me again in the living room, but I didn't care. I was getting so close to having my mind blowing orgasm that this was the only thing I really cared about.

However, Sofie ended the fun again by slapping my clitoris and pulling out her cock.

I let out a curse and said, "Damn you! I was almost there!"

Sofie didn't say anything but just stood behind me with her hands on my buttocks. We both were panting and I could even feel that my legs were shaking.

Finally, Sofie found her voice back and said, "Let's put you in a more comfortable position."

This time, it took Sofie a little longer to get me in the position she wanted me in. She had tied a lot of ropes around my body first and then attached most of the ropes from the ceiling to it. In the end, I ended up hanging down from the ceiling with my legs spread as far as possible. I think the way how I was hanging in those ropes closely resembled how somebody would be lying on a hammock. With the exception that they would probably not have their legs spread like mine.

Sofie moved herself in between my legs and looked down at me while she rubbed with her hands over my still sweaty tummy. Well, I could see that she looked as sweaty as I did.

She moved her pelvis closer to mine and then lined her cock up with my pussy and again, she plunged the dildo inside of me with force. If she would do this to a girl who had a dry pussy, that girl would probably scream it out in pain. However, with my sopping wet pussy, the fake penis slid inside of me as if it was nothing.

Sofie didn't start fucking me right away, but moved her hands to my breasts first and pinched my nipples.

"Let's finish this!" she said with a wicked smile on her face.

Sofie was damn nasty, because she pinched my nipples hard enough so she could hold on to them while she fucked the living daylights out of me. The pain I felt at my nipples increased my pleasure thousand fold, and I let the feeling rush through my body.

She pounded my pussy so hard that it almost looked and felt as if she wanted to fuck it to pieces. And to give my pussy an even harder pounding, she moved her hands to my hips, so she could get a better hold on me. With every thrust, she now also made sure she would hit my clitoris, and every time she did that, I screamed it out in pleasure.

And then I couldn't hold it in anymore, I started to trash with my body while I had a mind blowing orgasm. I screamed so loud that I almost lost my voice.

Sofie, however, didn't stop fucking me but kept on pounding my pussy while she furiously rubbed my clitoris with her fingers. It gave me wave after wave of heart stopping orgasms. Even to such a degree that I started to see stars in front of my eyes.

In the end, I must have sounded more like an animal than a human, and still Sofie didn't stop fucking me, even when I was sure that she also had had a few orgasms already. Well, I had noticed how she had screamed as well a few times.

How she managed to keep on fucking me like that, while having her orgasms, I don't know, but she was relentless.

Eventually, and don't ask me how, I managed to beg her to stop fucking me. Well, probably it was, because I wasn't feeling any pleasure anymore, but it almost felt as if she was tearing my pussy to pieces. It sure felt as if the area between my legs was on fire.

I even think that Sofie was glad that I finally begged her to stop, because her hair was wet from her sweat, and it was running down her body in buckets as well. Her bikini top even looked like she had been swimming, so wet was it.

She pulled out of me and then just dropped to the floor. I couldn't see her in the way I was hanging from the ceiling, but I could hear how she was panting like she had just ran a marathon.

It took both of us a while to calm down, but eventually, Sofie got up from the floor and looked down at me. Probably seeing the same thing I saw. A completely messed up girl who looked so nasty that you wouldn't even want to touch her with a pole.

Although, she still managed to smile at me and asked, "Did you like it?"

"It sure ... was something else," I answered.

"I hope I wasn't too rough on you?"

"Well, I'm sure that my pussy will feel very sore tomorrow!" I joked. Because I could still feel how it was burning.

Sofie laid her hand on my pussy and softly massaged it.

I just groaned in response and said, "Please, don't! It's just too sensitive right now."

Sofie pulled her hand away, looked at my pussy and said, "I hope I haven't broken this beautiful kitty of yours!"

She finally got a giggle out of me, and then I said, "Right now, it sure feels like that, but I'm sure it will be ready for action again, in a few days!"

"I'm not so sure about that," Sofie said and laughed.

We looked at each other for a moment and then Sofie said, "Well, I think we have had enough fun for today. I think I better cut you lose, so you can go and take a shower."

"You can use one as well," I said in my sweetest voice. Hoping she would pick up on the hint I was giving her, and that we would take a shower together.

Sofie looked at her own body, drops of sweat covered her whole front and other parts she couldn't see. She pulled her nose up and said, "You're probably right! Well, you can use the shower in the basement. I will use the one upstairs."

Shit, I thought. She didn't get my hint of sharing a shower. Well, maybe another time.

And so, Sofie untied me and we both took a shower in different rooms. While I was washing myself, I could feel that my pussy would indeed be sore for a while. And feeling my ass with my hands, made me quickly check it out as well. I could see that both cheeks of my buttocks had two welts on it. This was something else that wouldn't be gone for a few days.

However, even with those abused parts stinging a little, I still thought that what we had done had been very good. I sure had never been fucked like this before, and I had liked it a lot.

After I was done with my shower, and had cleaned the bathroom in the basement, I went upstairs and found Sofie already waiting for me in the living room.

"So, feeling human again," Bridget joked.

"A little," I answered.

"Well, let me check you out," Bridget suggested.

I walked up to her, and she made me turn around to inspect my buttocks. She made me bent over, so she could at the same time inspect my thoroughly fucked pussy as well.

"It's not as bad as I had thought. By Sunday, those streaks should be gone for sure," Bridget said as a matter of fact. Well, she had experience with this, so she probably would be right, I hoped.

When I turned around again, I noticed she was still looking at my pussy.

"Hmm," Bridget let out and then asked Sofie, "Did you use some lubricant with that strap-on?"

"Oh shit!" Sofie exclaimed. "I forgot all about that!"

Bridget motioned at me to come a little closer, and then she let me spread my legs and moved her face closer to my pussy.

She used her fingers and eyesight to inspect my pussy, and I could see that Gunter, who was sitting next to his woman, was smiling when he got another good eyeful of my sweet but battered pussy.

"Does this hurt?" Bridget asked when she touched my pussy.

"Not really," I answered. "It feels different than normally, but it's not really pain that I feel but more extra stimulation."

Bridget moved her finger in between my labia for a last time and then pulled her finger away.

"Well, you sure are still producing some moisture," she said while she looked at her glistening fingers. "You better get a towel to sit on this evening!"

"That's probably the best," I said and couldn't help but smile.

For the rest of the evening, we watched some television together, but Sofie and I decided to turn in a little earlier than on the previous nights. I think we both were tired from what she had done to me.

When we went upstairs together, Sofie said, "Thanks that you allowed me to do this to you."

"You're welcome," I said with a smile. "And it's not that I could prevent you doing it."

"You could have used your safe word at any time," Sofie explained.

I shrugged with my shoulders and said, "I'm your sex slave after all, and it wasn't that bad! To be honest, I loved it that you were more hands on with me today."

"Still, thank you!" Sofie said and then confessed to me, "You have to know, this has always been a fantasy of me. Even when I'm not into girls."

"Sure," I said and rolled with my eyes about her last remark.

Sofie managed a smile and said, "Okay, maybe I'm a little into girls! But, I still prefer to have sex with boys instead of girls!"

"Hmmmm," I let out. "I don't have mush experience with boys, but I can tell you that no boy has fucked me ever like you did!"

Sofie giggled and then said, "Well, now you have something else to look out for!"

"Nah! Thanks," I said while returning her giggle. "I think I like my boys to be a little more gentle with me!"

We had reached Sofie's bedroom door and when we said goodnight to each other, Sofie took my hand in hers, pulled me closer and kissed me on my lips again.

"Sweet dreams, slave!" Sofie said in a joking way.

"Same for you, Mistress," I quipped back.

I secretly hoped that Sofie would pull me in her room, and that we would spend the night together, but she left me standing in the hallway and closed her bedroom door in front of me.

With some regret, I went to my own bedroom and hit the sack. I think that I fell asleep, even before my head touched my pillow. So, maybe, it was a good thing that Sofie hadn't pulled me inside her bedroom, because we both would probably have fallen asleep in her bed, and nothing else would have happened.

And if you would wonder what has happened to those pictures, they are still in Sofie's possession, I hope.

**Chapter 5**

Friday, 19 January 2001 - Almost Naked in School

When I woke up in the morning, my arms and legs felt heavy. Moving them was even somewhat painful. Not too much, but it was obvious to me that today was going to be a long day for me.

Reluctantly, I got out of bed and the first thing I did, was checking my buttocks in the mirror in my room. The welts were still there, but they didn't look as red as last night. Again, I was very happy that I didn't bruise too easily, because else my bottom, and probably also other parts of my body, would have been decorated with all kinds of colored bruises.

At least, I would be wearing my clothes to school, so nobody would notice those welts on my ass. They sure would have raised some questions from my classmates if they would have seen them.

While I had been turning around in front of the mirror, I had also noticed something else, and now I was staring at it. My pussy looked very abused! I was surprised to see that my pussy lips were still engorged, but I was more surprised by how red they looked. I touched my pussy very gently with my fingers, and I instantly felt a tingling coming from it when I touched it.

I very carefully spread my lips a little and looked at the inside of my pussy in the mirror. Even the inside looked very red and what surprised me the most, was how my clitoris looked. When I let go of my labia, they closed up again, and I noticed that the tip of my clitoris was still visible, even when I was sure that I wasn't feeling aroused.

After giving my pussy a last look in the mirror, I decided that I needed to have a word with Sofie about it.

However, when I looked for her in her bedroom and also in the bathroom upstairs, I couldn't find her. So, I decided to have my talk with her a little later, because I wanted to have a shower first so I could also do the necessary grooming.

When I was done and had dried off my body, I went to my room, picked up my schoolbag and then went downstairs for my talk with Sofie.

I found Sofie in the kitchen, together with Bridget.

Before I could say anything, Bridget already asked me, "Is your vulva hurting?"

She was looking at it, and I was sure that it would be obvious to both of them that it had to feel sore. Although, I still answered, "Nah, it doesn't feel too bad."

Well, it was the truth after all. As long as nothing was rubbing against it or touching it, it didn't feel too bad. To be honest, when I walked, it even felt nice because of how sensitive my pussy was right now.

"Oh God! Did I do that to you?" Sofie asked worried while staring at my sex.

"What do you think?" I sarcastically asked her back.

"I'm so sorry," she said, and I could hear she really meant it.

I just shrugged and said, "Don't be. We had a good time last evening, and it looks worse than it feels. However, is it okay if I wear a skirt today?"

Sofie looked at my pussy again, smiled and answered, "That would probably be best!"

I was glad Sofie understood that pants would be out of the question with a pussy that looked like mine. The fabric of the pants, rubbing against it, would probably have driven me crazy at school.

Sofie immediately got up from the table, went to the veranda for the clothes she had already picked out for me and when she returned into the kitchen, she said, "I'll fetch you a skirt and blouse for today. Is that okay?"

"That would be nice, thanks," I answered.

Okay, it was still a little too cold outside for a combination like that. However, with my jacket on, I was sure I wouldn't get cold. And they kept the temperature at school always warm enough to keep it comfortable for us.

While Sofie went upstairs to get my clothes, I went sitting at the kitchen table for my breakfast.

"Um ... Veerle?!" Bridget said to get my attention.

"Yes?"

"Is it okay if I check out your nipples quickly?"

"My nipples? Um ... Sure." I answered a little surprised.

Although, I was maybe more surprised by her asking permission than anything else. If she wanted to play with them, she didn't need to ask for my permission, she just could do it, whenever she wanted.

I turned my chest towards her, and then I noticed that she was looking at my nipples. She softly brushed with her fingers over them, and they promptly got a little bigger.

"I think you bruised your right nipple," Bridget said, while she kept on touching both my nipples softly.

Now that she mentioned it, my right nipple sure felt more sensitive than my left one. And when she pushed down on them with her fingers, I could feel how my right nipple hurt a little.

"Your right nipple looks even a little darker than your left one," Bridget commented.

I looked down at both nubs and saw that my right nipple was indeed a little darker than my left one. It wasn't too obvious and that was probably why I hadn't noticed it until now.

"Sofie was really rough with you yesterday, wasn't she?" Bridget asked while she let go of my nipples.

"Maybe a little, but I loved it all!" I answered and couldn't help but smile when I thought back on it.

"Well, Sofie told be about your pain threshold. I think that's why you are a little bruised. Normally, we know when to stop when a girl, or even a boy, shows us when they feel pain. But it seems that you can take it a lot better than most people, and that's why you have some evidence left on your body from last night."

"Wouldn't those welts on my butt cheeks be there anyway?" I asked.

"Sure, but you probably wouldn't have had a sore pussy or bruised nipple this morning, if you had reacted like anyone else."

I opened my legs and touched my pussy. When I was sure Bridget was looking at it too, I patted it softly and said, "It's not broken, so I won't complain about it."

I know! I was a big tease, but I just couldn't help it. Well, I still can't!

At the moment that I had patted my pussy, Sofie had come back into the kitchen with the clothes I would be wearing today. She noticed that I was softly stroking my pussy and asked in a funny tone, "Massaging the hurt away?"

"Nah, just checking if you hadn't broken it completely!" I said teasingly.

"Well, we will check it out after school!" she teased me back.

"Fine with me!" I said.

"Oh God! I'd better go buy some earplugs then," Bridget said while rolling with her eyes.

We all laughed, and then Sofie asked, "Are you done with your breakfast? We really need to go if we want to be on time for school."

I jumped up from my chair and said, "Ready!"

In the veranda, Sofie gave me my clothes, and I noticed that she had picked one of my longer skirts that came almost down to my ankles. I was happy about this, because this meant I didn't have to be careful at school. With this skirt on, it would almost be impossible to flash something to my classmates.

She had also picked out one of my longer white blouses to wear with it. A good choice, because these blouses were a little baggy, so when my nipples would get erect, it wouldn't be obvious to the others. Although, if the sun would shine from behind me, they probably would be able to see the contours of my body.

To finish it all off, she had decided that I would wear my tall boots today. Well, not my boots that went all the way up to my thighs, but the ones that ended at my knees.

In overall, I liked the combination. However, the thing I cared most about, was that I wasn't wearing anything that would rub against my sore pussy too much.

And I was also glad that she had thought about bringing my long raincoat with her. With this coat on, I didn't have to worry about the cold outside. It would even keep the cold wind away from my body.

On the way to school, I did feel a little draft coming up from below, but it didn't feel too bad. In fact, the wind even helped to sooth my sore pussy.

During the first class, I quickly knew that I had made the right choice about asking to wear a skirt today. Even with a skirt on, just sitting on those chairs was less comfortable than usual. If I would have been wearing pants right now, I probably would have been squirming on my chair in distress.

To ease the pressure on my vulva, I slid down my chair a little, so only my buttocks made contact with the surface of the chair. Although, this made the welts on my ass hurt a little, but it still felt better than when I would also feel the stinging of my pussy when it made contact with the chair.

Luckily, nothing unusual happened in class during the morning. Sure some of my classmates must have noticed that I sat somewhat strange on my chair, probably also the teachers, but none of them asked me about it. Maybe they just thought that I was having a bad day and that this was the reason I was sitting like that.

So, we reached the midday break without incidents, and I was happy to feel that the stiffness had left my muscles. Except from the sensations I received from my pussy, when I was walking, nothing was bothering my body anymore. And to be honest, the sensation I did receive from my pussy was more pleasurable than bad. I even had to fight the urge of sliding my legs over each other, because I was sure that if I would do that, I would probably manage to get myself very excited.

Our lunch was as uneventful as the rest of the morning, except from Sofie asking if I was feeling okay. It seemed she really cared about my welfare, and I was happy about that. Hopefully, she will fuck me a little softer next time.

When the bell rang, we went outside to wait for our teacher to come and get us. To my surprise, I didn't see our teacher showing up, but a woman from the administration's office came to us instead. I found this a little strange, because I was sure that I had seen the teacher we normally had for the next hour in the hallway already.

"Hi guys," the woman said. "I will accompany you to the CLB center this afternoon!"

Oh shit! I thought. I had completely forgotten about it and by the look Sofie gave me, she as well.

"So, did everyone put on some clean underwear this morning?!" the woman joked.

Most of my classmates had to laugh with this. However, Sofie and I didn't laugh. Well, I was sure that Sofie probably would be wearing some clean underwear, but she was as worried about my lack of underwear as I was.

How could we have forgotten about the physical we were going to have today? This wasn't good! This wasn't good at all. I even didn't have my gym clothes with me, because I had taken it home to get washed this week. So, this meant that I would need to wear my underwear instead, which, as you know, I wasn't wearing anymore.

Well, it was also the fault of our school. Why did they mention this to us two weeks before our Christmas Holiday? If they had mentioned it last week, I wouldn't have forgotten it! But now, it was too late for me. We were going to the CLB center, and I was sure that after they would find out about my lack of certain clothing, I would probably have to explain it to our principal afterwards.

Well, there wasn't anything mentioned about underwear in the school rules. They only mention that we have to look respectable. And I always did, even without my underwear.

"Guys, follow me," the woman of the administration's office said. "By the way, if you want to ask me something, you can call me Linda. I don't like to be called Ma'am!"

Most of us already knew this, but she always mentioned this to us to make sure we would call her with her first name. At least, it was Linda, who was with us and not that other woman from the administration's office. Linda at least was fun to be around, that other woman could only nag about everything and was a real pain in the ass.

We all started to follow her. The CLB center was only a twenty minute walk from school, so they never bothered with a school bus to get us there. If only the center wouldn't be in the opposite direction of where Sofie lived, I would have been able to get myself some panties from Bridget. Well, I wanted to live without underwear, so maybe I just had to face the music and deal with it.

While we walked towards the CLB center, Sofie and I hung in the back, a little away from the others.

"Shit, I had totally forgotten about it, what are you going to do?" Sofie wanted to know from me.

"What can I do?" I asked her back.

"Um ... Well, you can at least wear your blouse around the nurses. But I don't think they will let you wear your skirt."

"Maybe I can ask them for a towel?" I thought out loud.

"You can always ask. Or maybe they have one of those medical gowns, like in the hospital, that you can borrow?"

"I don't think they have that there. I sure never saw anyone wearing them there. And, don't you remember that girl when we were in our first year."

"Which girl?" Sofie asked.

"Don't you remember? That girl with the sexy see-through underwear!"

"Oh yeah! That was ... hot!" Sofie said with a smile.

"Don't you think they would have given her something to wear if they had something there?"

"Um ... probably," Sofie said, still smiling.

"Well, at least, you picked out one of my long blouses to wear. Maybe I can keep myself covered with it."

"I hope so ... for you," Sofie said, and it seemed her smile had gotten even bigger.

"You are enjoying yourself way too much with this!" I said in my best fake affronted voice.

Sofie giggled and said, "Well, wouldn't you if it was me instead of you?"

I grunted and answered, "No, I wouldn't." But even I couldn't help to hide the smile that had crept on my face.

"Um, I think the rest has figured it out as well?" Sofie said while nodding her head towards our classmates in front of us.

I looked at them and I noticed that some of the boys were smiling at me, and some of the girls were whispering and laughing with something. In the way how they sometimes looked behind them at me, it sure seemed that they all had figured out that I was probably without my underwear again. Well, I have mentioned this before, all of them already knew I didn't wear any underwear anymore, and I think that by how Sofie and I were whispering to each other, they must have figured out that I had completely forgotten about our physical today.

Well, this still didn't mean I would be exposed to all of them. Maybe a few, but surely not the boys.

When we were getting closer to the center. One of the other girls of my class came walking with Sofie and I. I was a little surprised by this, because it was Tanya, the one I had mentioned to Sofie not so long ago.

"Um..." Tanya let out and looked at me. It was obvious she didn't know how to say what she wanted to say. She looked even a little embarrassed.

"Yes?" I asked to encourage her to go on.

I glanced at Sofie and noticed a sneaky smile on her face. Shit! Why did I tell her that I wouldn't mind having sex with this girl.

"Are you ... you know?" Tanya said and made gestures with her eyes towards my more private areas.

"Going commando," I joked.

"Yes!"

"Uh-huh," I let out to confirm her suspicions. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm ... Um ... I..." she stammered. It was obvious she wanted to tell me something, but that she was just too ashamed to say it out loud.

So, I asked, "You too?"

"No," she let out quickly, "But, I'm ... um ... wearing my sexy underwear today."

"So?" I asked.

"It's see-through."

I couldn't help but smile and Sofie even let out a short giggle. The coincidence wasn't lost on me either. However, I was sure she wasn't the girl I had seen that first year.

"Well, at least you still have something to wear!" I said in a jokingly way.

I noticed how she started to blush when I said this, and I couldn't help it, but I secretly hoped I would be with her when we had to go inside for our physical. The thought of seeing her in her sexy underwear was arousing to me. Why it aroused me? I can't say for sure. Especially, because I had seen her completely naked already, and I knew she looked more than fine.

However, if I think about it today, it was probably because of the setting. Under the showers, you are expected to be naked. But, at the CLB center, you just don't expect to see a pretty girl in only her sexy underwear there. And, well, maybe it was also because I surely would be showing even more to her and the nurses in this unusual setting.

I couldn't help it, but the closer we came to the center, the less troubling I felt about it. The only thing I could think about, was that I maybe was going to see Tanya in her sexy underwear, parading in front of me and all those nurses. This thought, got me really hot!

When we walked inside the center, our class was split into two groups. One group, the boys, had to go into a room to the left, and we girls had to go into the room to the right.

Inside the room, they had placed the tables in a square and there were enough chairs to get us all seated. On the walls, there were a few posters about health care, but we didn't pay too much attention to them.

Sofie was sitting next to me, but Tanya sat with her friends at the other side of the room.

We were barely seated when a nurse came into the room.

"Hello, girls," she said to get our attention.

I couldn't help but notice that those nurses seemed to get younger and younger each year. Or, was it maybe because we were getting older and that the nurses stayed the same age? Well, it doesn't matter, the only thing I noticed was that she couldn't be much older than us. And looking at her, made me wonder if the other nurses in the back would also be as cute as she was. Why is it that girls in a nursing outfit always look so sexy?

"I'm sure you are all wondering why you had to come to our center this year. Especially, because normally the last time you come to our center is in the third year of high school," the nurse explained to us.

Well, this statement surprised most of us, I think. I sure didn't know that this wasn't a normal visit to the center.

Because none of us responded on what she had said, she went on with, "This year, all the students of all the years have to visit our centers all over the country. Last year, we had an outbreak of an STD at a certain school and because of this, all students will be tested this year."

I noticed that this statement had a bigger impact on all of us. I was sure I was clean, but it made me wonder about the other girls around me. Well, except from Sofie, because she also had been recently tested.

"Before we will start the examination, I have some papers for all of you to fill out. And also some documentation about safe sex."

A few of us sighed in displeasure. We had covered this in school already last year, so why drag it up again!

The nurse just went on without acknowledging our displeasure and said, "I will be back in about fifteen minutes. So you have plenty of time to fill out your questionnaire and to have a look at the pamphlets you will receive. If you should have any questions about it afterwards, you can talk about it with the doctor."

She then gave a bundle of papers to the girl sitting closest to her and then went away. The papers were passed along until everyone of us had a copy of the questions and two pamphlets. One was about STDs and the other one was about how to have safe sex.

The questions were the usual crap we had already answered a few years ago. I'm sure that most of you know them as well. They wanted to know what we did at home, what kind of sport activities we did and what kind of food we ate and other things like that. But this year, there were also a few extra questions on it. Those new questions were all about our sexuality. They wanted to know if we were sexual active, if we had a steady partner in our lives or not, and if we have had unprotected sex in the past or not, and other things like that. If I would have been a shy girl, I would probably have had some troubles with some of the questions, but in my case, I just answered them truthfully.

After we had filled out the forms, we had some time to do our homework already, or whatever else we wanted to do. I decided to do my homework, so I would have more free time during the weekend.

After I was done with it, we were still waiting for them to get us for our physical. I thought that it took so long because they had taken the boys in first. Although, it sure seemed like it took much longer than usual.

Finally, the nurse showed up again, but she looked a little troubled, I thought.

"Umm ... girls!" she said to get our attention again.

We all stopped talking and looked at her.

"We have a little problem," she said. "The doctor who should normally perform your physical has been called away, and we can't get another doctor here in time."

"What will this entail?" Linda wanted to know from the nurse.

"Well, we could reschedule for next week," the nurse answered.

That didn't sound too bad to me, then at least I would be able to get myself some panties to wear.

"Or, we could ask the doctor who examined the boys," the nurse added.

"I don't see a problem with that," Linda said. "It sure would beat losing another afternoon of classes."

Crap, I thought. There goes my chance to show up here again with panties on.

The nurse then looked at all of us and asked, "Is anyone here under the age of eighteen?"

We all shook with our heads, or made it clear that we were all above the age of eighteen.

"Good, then we don't need the consent of your parents, but I still need to ask this. Would anyone of you have a problem of being examined by a male doctor?"

I could hear how some girls sucked in some air. The nurse looked around the room, and I noticed that some girls were looking at other girls. Maybe it was peer pressure, maybe not, but none of the girls seemed to want to be the first girl who had a problem with this. So, in the end, nobody complained about it.

I know, I could have said I would have a problem with it. That way, I would probably have to come back to the center the following week, with panties on this time. However, to tell you the truth, the idea of being examined by a male doctor, when I would show up in his office without panties, well, it intrigued me. It made me wonder how he would react on finding out I wasn't wearing anything underneath my blouse.

"Okay, if none of you have a problem with it, we will just go on with the examination then," the nurse said, and I could see she was relieved about it.

I was sure that some of the girls weren't too happy about it, but I didn't care. Our house doctor was also a guy, and only my gynecologist is a woman, but that was just coincidence and nothing more.

"So, has everyone brought their gym clothes with them?" the nurse wanted to know.

Most of them nodded with their heads, but Sofie put up her hand and said, "I didn't!"

"Someone else?" the nurse wanted to know.

I put my hand up and Tanya did as well. There was also a fourth girl, but to the best of my recollection, I just can't remember her name anymore.

"Okay, we will take you four last then," she said and then the three girls sitting closest to her could go inside with her first.

When the first girl came back, and we looked at her, she started to blush. It didn't take long for the news to go around the room about the doctor, who was going to examine us. It seemed that he was rather cute and had very gentle hands.

Thinking back on my previous physicals at school, I thought this could get very interesting. I sure didn't mind a cute doctor to, um, have his hands on me during the examination.

I tried to avoid thinking about too many sexy things, because I sure didn't want him, or maybe even the nurses, to find me without my panties and with a glistening pussy as well. Although, I was sure that inside my pussy, it was already getting a little moist.

Waiting for my turn took much too long, and by the time we were getting to the last girls, who had their gym clothes with them, I knew I was more than just a little aroused.

Well, it was also my fault of course, because in my mind, the most sexual situations had already past the revue. One of them was, that I would find a bunch of very sexy nurses in the back, and after they would find out that I wasn't wearing any panties, they would force me to undress completely, and then they would all put their hands to work to examine every square centimeter of my body. This would never happen for real, of course, but still, thinking about those things was a lot of fun. In my fantasy, the doctor even looked a lot like a famous actor I liked, and he would do a lot more than just the usual things with me.

I was rudely pulled out of my daydream when Linda shouted my name at me.

"Yes," I said a little dazed.

"It's your turn now."

I looked next to me and noticed that Sofie had gone inside already. Even Tanya was gone. The other girl, who also didn't have her gym clothes with her, had just returned.

So, I stood up and some of the girls were giggling. One even had the guts to ask, "What were you dreaming about?"

"What do you think?" I asked her back.

She just laughed softly and said, "Probably about a certain nurse, I bet."

I looked at her, winked and asked, "Was it really that obvious?"

Now all my classmates laughed out loud and Linda looked a little chocked at me. It seemed that my classmates could keep a secret a lot better than I would have guessed. It sure didn't seem that Linda already knew that I was into girls.

I walked towards the door opening, where the other girls had gone through before me, and when I walked past Linda, she looked a little upset at me. I got an impression from her that she didn't like the fact that my classmate had made an innuendo about me being into other girls. Well, I knew that some people still felt like this, and it seemed she was one of them.

While I walked through the hallway that led to the back of the building, I started to feel less assured of what I was about to do. I think I suddenly realized that if I would get caught, and any of those nurses would take offense about it, I could get in real trouble with the school administration. I sure could feel how a knot formed inside of my tummy.

When I reached the backroom, the cute nurse, who had given us those papers earlier, was waiting for me there. It seemed she would take care off me, and this made me feel a little better. However, when I saw the other two nurses, who were with Sofie and Tanya, I thought we all were in luck. Even the older head nurse didn't look that bad. I got the impression that I wouldn't get in trouble, even when they would find out about my little secret underneath my blouse.

Sofie was at the left side of the room, and she was doing her eye-test. She was wearing an undershirt and her white panties. I was a little surprised to see how erect her nipples were, but it seemed the nurse with her had no problem with this. Although, I think her nipples were like that because it was rather chilly in the room and not because she was aroused.

And then I saw Tanya. She was at the other side of the room, and she was being measured by the other nurse. I'm not sure, but I think my jaw must have dropped when I saw her standing there. She had her arms along her body and damn, was she hot in her sexy underwear!

Like I already mentioned, I had seen her completely naked before, but she looked even prettier now. She had an unusual dark tan for a redhead, and her sexy red underwear looked perfect on her. Although, what I liked the most was that the set she was wearing was see-through, and you could almost see everything of her. Well, I sure noticed the outline of her dark areolas and those very perky nipples in the middle of them. The panties she was wearing wasn't any better, although, her pussy was covered with a patch of cloth that wasn't see-through. But even then, everyone in the room could see that she was completely shaven down there, just like me. I liked this a lot!

I just couldn't help but stare at her, and to be honest, seeing her like that ignited a fire inside of me. And I can also tell you, it wasn't love I was feeling, but pure lust.

And I also thought about something else, I think that with only my blouse on, I would look more dressed than she was right now. Well, up until someone finds out that I was going completely naked under my blouse, that is.

"Um ... Veerle?" the cute nurse asked to get my attention.

I looked at her and when I saw the smile on her face, I knew I had been busted checking out one of my classmates.

She then looked at the papers she was holding in her hands and asked, "Are you Veerle Verjans?"

"Yes, that's me," I answered.

She motioned at me to follow her, and we walked to a door in the back of the room. When we walked past Tanya, I couldn't help but look at her again, and she smiled at me. Again, I wondered if Sofie maybe had told her that I wouldn't mind having sex with her. She sure had never smiled like that at me before.

I only looked away from her when the cute nurse said, "You can get undressed in here. Remove all your clothes except your underwear."

I was about to ask her something when she asked me, "Do you maybe wear an undershirt?"

"No, I don't," I answered.

"That's no problem. Just wear your bra and panties then."

"Um..." I let out, faked a shy smile and said, "I also don't wear a bra."

She pulled a disapproving face at me, but then smiled at me and said, "Well, then you will need to wear your blouse."

For a moment, I wasn't sure to tell her about my lack of panties, but then decided to ask her, "Do you maybe have a towel for me?"

I thought that it would probably be smart to cover my neither region with something after all. Even when they didn't seem to have a problem with what Tanya was wearing, I still thought I could get into trouble if I would show up without covering my pussy with something.

"No, we don't," the nurse answered. She then looked at Tanya and said, "You don't have to be shy about whatever you are wearing, just look at your friend."

I also looked at Tanya and saw that she was standing on a scale now while the nurse who was with her was taking notes about her weight. Tanya was standing with her back towards us, and now I saw that she wasn't just wearing see-through panties, but that it was also a g-string. And damn, that firm nicely tanned booty looked fine to me. Again, I was caught staring at my classmate by my nurse.

"So, don't worry about it, we don't mind sexy underwear around here."

Or no underwear at all? I asked her inside my head, but didn't dare to ask it out loud. Instead, I just said, "Well, I better go undress then!" to the nurse and opened the door to the changing room.

Before I walked in, I looked at Tanya for a last time. She was looking at me as well, and she smiled rather naughty at me. Again, I felt my lust for her growing inside of me, and I wanted to rip that underwear off of her body and have my way with her. Although, I'm sure the nurses would surely have had a problem with a thing like that, so it had to stay a fantasy, for now.

The nurse cleared her throat to get my attention again and said, "Here take this, we also need a urine sample. You will find some moist towelettes in the changing room. I can presume you still know the proper procedure to clean yourself with them?"

I was tempted to say 'no' and ask her to show me, but instead I said, "Um ... Yes, I know."

After I closed the door, I checked the room. It wasn't too big and had two doors in it. The one I had come through and one on the opposite side. That door would probably go into the doctor's office, I thought.

The room had also a little sink on the wall with a mirror above it. On the opposite side stood a toilet. On the wall, next to the door to the doctor's office, were a few little clothing hooks on the wall.

I started to undress and decided to remove all my clothes. It would be difficult to take a urine sample with my long blouse on. So, doing it completely naked looked the sensible thing to do.

Although, before I could take my urine sample, I first had to follow a procedure they had thought us a few years ago. This is to make sure that you have a clean urine sample.

Some places advice you to use two towelettes and others prefer that you use three of them. I always do it with three towelettes.

To give you a little idea what us girls have to do to get a clean urine sample, I'm going to give you a description of it. I hope you guys out there will appreciate this little look inside the things us girls have to do sometimes.

First, I put everything ready, of course. This means that I place three moist towelettes in reach of the toilet. And I also put the container, with the lid removed, next to them.

The next part is maybe a little different from what the other girls do, but I have always preferred to stand over the toilet with my legs spread instead of sitting on it. For some reason, I find this method much easier to take my urine sample.

So, once I was standing over the toilet, I used two fingers of my left hand to spread my pussy open by pushing my labia to the side. After this, I could clean myself with the towelettes. First, I used one to wipe my left inner labium and then a second for my right one. The third moist towelette is used for the area around the urethra.

The reason we don't use just one towelette, is because when you wipe one labium clean, you could contaminate the other labium when you use the same towelette and also the area around the urethra. Now, some places say that you can wipe both labium with the same towelette, but I think it's better you don't take risks and just use a separate wipe for each labium.

While I was doing this all, I still could feel how sensitive my pussy was. Well, I could also feel my lips were still swollen and also were looking rather red.

But let's forget about that for now! I still needed to take my urine sample for my cute looking nurse who was waiting for me outside my changing room.

The way how I do it is sure different from how must girls do it. Because, I just take the little container in my free hand, and then start peeing. After a second, or so, I move the container in the steady stream that is gushing out of my urethra and when the little container is about half full, or even a little more, I pull it away, and I finish emptying my bladder in the toilet. Most girls are taught to pee, hold, pee in the container, hold and then finish urinating. I think my way is much easier, and it is also less messy. Well, I always have the problem that when I hold my pee in for a moment and then start peeing again, I never know for sure were the stream will be going. It wouldn't have been the first time I would pee on my hand by mistake. In the way how I did it now, this didn't happen anymore.

I hope I haven't grossed you out by my description of this, but I hope it was a little educational for the men at least. I'm sure that they have it much easier with the handy hose they have in their pants!

And so, after I had filled the container and was done peeing, I used some toiler paper to clean myself and then flushed the toilet. And of course, I also washed my hands afterwards. I'm not a dirty girl, you know. Well, not that kind of dirty girl!

For just a moment, I thought about going outside without even wearing my blouse, but I was smart enough to realize that this would go even too far for me.

So, after I had put on my blouse, and had buttoned it up from just above my breasts all the way down, I took a deep breath and walked out of the changing room.

The cute nurse was still waiting for me outside. I gave her the container with my light yellow colored fluids in it.

Is it really just me, or are those nurses always looking like you would want to devour them? Well, I sure had this on my mind when she smiled at me.

I followed the nurse to a nearby table. There she used some medical strips on my pee, and then we had to wait for the tips to change color. After she had checked them, she took some notes about it.

While she had been doing this, I had mostly been watching Tanya. She was in a little room with a window, and she had a headphone on her head.

I would have wished that I could stay looking at her for a little longer, but my cute nurse thought it was time to measure my length. She brought me to a wall that had an iron ruler standing in front of it. It was the same one where Tanya had been measured, and probably also all my other classmates. I had to stand with my back against it, and then the nurse lowered an attached metal rod until it was lying on top of my head.

The nurse was a little taller than I was, so she didn't have a problem with reading the numbers on the ruler. She told me I was 1m71. This meant that I had grown a few centimeters since last time I had measured myself, but I got the feeling that I wouldn't grow much taller. A pity, because I always had hoped that I would end up between 1m75 and 1m80.

Next, she weighed me on a scale. It was one of those medical scales with those counter weights that they had to slide over a bar.

I was hoping I wouldn't weigh too little. You have to know, I always have been underweight, but I sure don't look like one of those girls who starve themselves to death. You sure wouldn't be able to count my ribs when I'm just standing around. I have my mother to thank for this, by the way. She, my sister and I can eat whatever we want without gaining any weight. Not that this is a bad thing, but I knew what was coming when the cute nurse said, "Hmmm, only 49kg! Do you know that you are somewhat underweight?"

"I'm just light boned," I answered. This was my usual response on this.

"Well, we can easily check if that is true," the nurse said and pulled me along to the table again.

She picked something up from the table and said, "Can you lift you blouse for me, please."

When I heard this, I could feel a cold shiver going down my spine. I should have known that this would happen to me ... again. Last physical, they also measured my body fat, and this nurse was going to do the same.

She was looking at me, and I noticed she was getting a little impatient because I wasn't doing like she had asked.

"Don't be shy," the cute nurse said. "I'm sure whatever panties you are wearing. We won't laugh at you for it."

I wanted to laugh hysterically, but I was just too scared about what would happen if they saw I wasn't wearing any instead.

"I don't have the whole day, you know," she said in a funny tone.

I just sighed deeply, grabbed the hem of my blouse and lifted it up so my belly button was showing.

Although, I was sure that the nurse didn't even notice my belly button, because she was looking way lower with her mouth wide open. The nurse just stood there, staring at me, and I didn't know what to do.

"Oh! My! God!" she exclaimed in slow motion, still staring at my exposed pussy.

"What?" Tanya's nurse asked mine.

I noticed how Tanya and her nurse's attention turned towards me.

"She ... She isn't wearing any panties!" my nurse said with a shaky voice.

Maybe, this should have been the cue for me to lower the hem of my blouse again, but instead, I just stood there and showed them my cute, although, puffy red pussy.

Because they all just kept on staring at me, even that older nurse, I finally asked, "So, are you going to measure my body fat, or what?"

"No, no, I can see it's fine," the cute nurse said and took the hem of my blouse and pulled it quickly down. "Why aren't you wearing your panties? I told you, you had to keep them on! Didn't I?"

I just smiled at her and jokingly said, "I first have to start wearing them, before I can keep them on!"

I sure acted much braver than I was feeling at this point. Although, the smile that Tanya gave me, took a lot of my troubling thoughts away, and because I also noticed that the head nurse was unfazed about the discovery my nurse had made, I thought I wouldn't get into any trouble.

"You mean to say, you never wear panties?" my cute looking nurse asked me in unbelief.

"Nope, I don't even own any," I said to rub it in.

I could hear Tanya giggling and the nurse who stood with her giggled even louder.

My nurse though, she just stuttered and only managed to say, "But ... You ... Um..."

"Do you now understand why I wanted a towel?"

She just nodded with her head and then whispered, "Is your ... um ... always looking as red as that?"

"Depends on what I did the day before."

The nurse swallowed and quickly said, "OH GOD! Forget my question."

I found it funny how I made this nurse so uncomfortable with all of this. She sure must have seen another girl's pussy before today. Or, was it maybe because she was being observed by that older nurse. Well, at least, the head nurse didn't seem to have any problem with me being here without wearing panties. Maybe, she was cooler than I had expected. Or, maybe, I wasn't the first girl in here that was going around without panties on.

"We better go on with your physical," my nurse finally said.

Well, she wasn't the only one who was going on with her job. Tanya's nurse was bringing Tanya to her changing room, so she could see the doctor. However, I sure noticed how Tanya was still smiling at me. It was obvious that she liked that I was running around here without panties. Maybe, she had even liked how I had stood there with my blouse lifted up and flashing my pussy at them all. Tanya's smile sure didn't look like the smile I normally get from other girls who saw more of me than usual. The smile she gave me, was the kind of smile that I usually get from girls who are interested in a little more than just looking at me. Again, I couldn't shake the feeling that Sofie had told Tanya about the fact that I wouldn't mind having sex with her.

After Tanya had left us, my attention went back to my nurse. She was now holding a tape measure in her shaking hands. At first, I thought she wanted to take my measurements, but that was something they had never done before.

However, when she kneeled in front of me, and asked me to spread my legs a little, I understood she needed to measure the circumference of my thighs. It seemed that in the past, they had measured this with the boys already, and now they also needed to measure this with the girls. Well, I could clearly see on the look on her face that she received an eyeful of my pussy again. Although, this time, she looked less shocked about it and a little more interested in it. I only hoped that the tingle I was feeling inside my pussy didn't mean that I was getting too wet again.

Well, she still had to measure my thighs. This was done by me first relaxing my leg and then to tighten my muscles in it. We repeated this with my other leg as well. And then my cute looking nurse surprised me. When she got up, she rubbed with the back of her hand over my pussy.

While she stood in front of me, she gave me a lovely smile and whispered, "You are getting wet!"

She showed me the back of her hand, and I could see it was glistening from my juices on it.

"I can't help it," I whispered back.

When she had written everything down, she showed me some pictures with numbers on it. Well, they were just colored dots that formed a number. I knew that this was to check if I was color blind or not. I hadn't been color blind in the past, so I surely wouldn't be now.

She then let me read those lines with all those E's in different directions on a chart, and my eye-side was also still perfect.

After this, I had to go sit in a small cubicle and put a headphone on my head. Through the glass window, I could see the nurse, and I had to tell her in which ear I heard a sound. Again, I passed with flying colors.

When I got out of the cubicle, the cute nurse told me, "You can go back in your changing room now. If the light above the other door turns on, you can go in and see the doctor."

"Okay, thanks," I said. "I hope I didn't shock you too much?"

"Um ... no, it's fine," the nurse said and managed a little smile.

I left my cute nurse behind and went back into the changing room, waiting for my turn to see the doctor.

While I was waiting for my turn with the doctor, I was wondering about how he would react when he would find me naked in front of him. If he would do the same tests as all the other doctors before him, I would need to take off my blouse at a certain point and stay like that until he is done with all his tests. I could feel how my nipples tightened again underneath my blouse just by thinking about it.

Not that it mattered to me that the doctor was a man instead of a woman. I would probably have felt the same either way.

However, this wasn't the only thing I was thinking about. Now that the nurses were done with their job. Would any of them tell Linda about my lack of underwear? If so, would I be in trouble because of it? I sure didn't hope so. Well, that was something I would find out eventually and for now I couldn't do anything about it.

And then the light above the door went on. A rush of excitement went through my body when I saw it. It wouldn't be long now, or I would be standing there fully naked in front of the doctor.

I checked my pussy with my hand and noticed my lips were rather wet already. So, I quickly wiped my lips dry with some toilet paper and then took a deep breath and opened the door to his office.

When I walked in, I noticed that the doctor was sitting with his back towards me. This didn't surprise me, because the same thing had happened during the other years we had been here. However, what did surprise me, was that there was a nurse present as well.

She was standing next to him and looked at me when I walked in.

"Veerle Verjans?" the doctor asked without looking up.

"Yes, Sir," I said and walked towards him and the nurse.

He finally looked up from his papers, turned around and looked at me. I saw that he was rather attractive and also much younger than I had expected. Well, he had to be in his late thirties, I thought. And then there was also the nurse standing next to him, she looked as if she was in her mid-thirties. In another setting, they would have made a cute couple.

"Please, sit down," he said in a gentle tone and motioned to a chair next to him.

I walked past them and went sitting on the chair. To keep my surprise for him hidden for a little longer, I made sure that my blouse was nicely tucked in, in between my legs.

He was looking at his papers again, and I noticed that it was the list of questions I had filled in earlier and also the sheet that my cute nurse had filled in.

"Hmm," he let out thinking. "According to your length and weight, you are somewhat below the curve. How is your eating pattern?"

"Like most schoolgirls," I answered somewhat defensively. "I have breakfast in the morning, lunch at noon and dinner in the evenings."

"And you eat normal portions?"

"Depends."

"On?"

"If I like it or not," I answered with a smile.

"And what would you call normal portions?"

"Enough, to satisfy my hunger. And probably a little more than other girls eat."

"Really now. Can you tell me what you eat in the mornings then?"

"Most of the time, some cereal with milk with extra sugar added. And with the people I'm living now, sometimes also eggs and bacon, or pancakes, or things like that."

"Hmm, okay. And during lunch?"

"I always have soup in school, and those sandwiches that the school provides for us. Sometimes, I take something with me from home, but that's only on a rare occasion."

"Sounds healthy enough. And what do you eat in the evenings?"

"Whatever is served."

"And you take enough?"

"Well, I never feel hungry in the evenings, so I would say yes. And I often eat some apples or bananas later in the evening."

"Are you maybe very active? I mean sports wise."

"Not really. When I was a little younger, I played soccer with the boys or whatever other games they wanted to play. But these days, I don't do too much, sports wise."

"And still, you stay underweight?"

"I think I have my mother to thank for this. We can eat whatever we want, but we almost never gain weight."

"Than you are a very lucky girl," he finally said with a smile.

He then went over his papers again and asked, "I see you are on birth-control pills. When was the last time you visited your gynecologist?"

"Early December," I answered.

He wrote it down on his papers and then asked, "I can presume you are still taking them?"

"Yes, I am."

"No side effects?"

"No, none at all."

Again, he made a note on his papers and then asked, "Now, I see you said 'yes' on being sexual active, but you said 'no' on having a steady boyfriend."

"That's right."

"Are you having sex at the moment?"

"Not right now, but I did yesterday," I joked.

It made him slightly smile at me, and I was glad to see he wasn't one of those stuffy doctors who couldn't smile at all with a joke like that.

"And did you have protected sex with him."

"No, and to be honest, my partner wasn't a him."

"Oh, I see. But still, you can also get STDs from a girl you know. So, you should take some precautions if you are having sex."

"We both have been tested recently, and we both received a clean bill of health," I explained to him.

"Hmm, well, if you trust your partner enough, it won't harm you, but still, try to keep it as safe as you can at all times, and when you are in doubt, always get checked out by your doctor. Okay?"

"Of course," I answered sincerely.

"But even when you are having a relationship with a girl, you could have answered the question about having a partner with 'yes'. It doesn't have to be a boy, you know."

"Well, she isn't really my partner, it's just not that kind of relationship."

"Do you, or she, have multiple partners?"

"Not right now, but it could happen."

"That's a very risky behavior, young lady."

"It hasn't happened yet, but it could be that I need to have sex with others, if she would order me to do it," I answered him with a straight face.

He cocked an eyebrow at me. I could see how the gears in his head were turning, and before he could ask me about it, I already answered his unasked question with, "You have to know, we have a kind of mistress - slave relationship."

"And you are the slave, I can presume?"

"Yes."

"I'm not that familiar with this, but if you travel in the SM scene, I know they are very strict on hygiene and the people who participate in it are often tested for STDs. However, even then, accidents can happen! So try to make sure that at least the men use a condom when they want to have sex with you."

"Oh, that's something I told my mistress already," I said with a smile. I must say, I was surprising myself by being so open about this with him. Sure, he was a doctor, but at the same time, he was also a total stranger to me. And then this nurse was also giving me some looks that showed me she didn't approve about my lifestyle.

"I can see that you aren't going into this foolishly. And I think this will cover the sex part of our conversation. I hope I didn't make you feel too uncomfortable about asking you these questions?"

"Not at all," I answered him honestly. "I only hope my answers didn't shock you?"

"Of course not!" he said smiling. "But we better start on your medical check-up now. Please, stand up and remove your blouse for me."

My heart missed a beat when I heard him say this. Not long now, and I would know if he really was as cool as he looked.

I stood up and then started to unbutton my blouse, very slowly. I started at the top and slowly went down. While I was doing this, I wondered how he would react on seeing all of me, instead of only my breasts.

While I had been unbuttoning my blouse, I had turned around so I could hang it over the back of the chair I had been sitting on. Because of this, I would reveal my whole body to him at once. While I hung my blouse over the chair, I couldn't see him of course, but I did hear how the nurse gasped softly.

And then, I turned around and showed the doctor everything I had. He didn't even flinch or reacted at all on my nudity. The only one who reacted on my lack of clothing was the nurse standing behind him. I could see how she was looking at my body wide eyed and in shock.

"Didn't they tell you that you could keep your panties on?" he asked with some fun in his voice.

This made me decide to just joke about it, and I answered, "You have to wear them to keep them on!"

"I see. Is that a part of being a slave?" he wanted to know.

"Nah, I just don't own any underwear anymore."

"Oh god, another one like our daughter," he quipped.

"Doctor," the nurse chided him.

I just ignored the nurse and asked the doctor, "So, she doesn't believe in underwear either?"

"Underwear and clothes!" he said in a joking way.

"DOCTOR!" the nurse let out more sternly.

I couldn't help but smile about how the nurse reacted and to rub it in even more, I said to the doctor, "My kind of girl!" in a rather sensual way.

It made us both laugh, and I could hear how the nurse let out a sigh in disapproval.

"Don't mind her," the doctor said to me. "She is more used to this than she lets on."

The nurse sighed again but this time, it sounded like she was annoyed about his remark.

It made us both smile at each other, and then he turned serious again and said, "Well, stand up straight and hold your arms along your body!"

I did like asked and stood in attention in front of him. I knew that they always asked this from us in the past, however, doing it completely naked while the doctor's eyes go slowly over my naked body, sure was more exciting than in any of the previous physicals I have had in here.

He then stood up and while he slowly walked to the back of me, he kept on looking at my posture. Not in a sexual way though, but in a medical way. Skin cancer is on the rise, even in my little rainy Country, so doctors have to check the skin for unusual shaped beauty spots or birthmarks. However, the part that he had to brush over my skin with his hand while doing it was new to me. At least, he didn't touch me anywhere more inappropriate. Maybe also because the nurse kept a close eye on what he was doing to me.

Pity that I didn't have a beauty spot on my pussy, else I could have asked him to check it out for me. Luckily, my nipples were in peak performance already, else the nurse would probably have noticed that the doctor was turning me on with just brushing over my back with his hand.

While he inspected my back with his eyes and hands, I was doing my best of not thinking about too many sexual things he could be doing to me.

Although, I did see that the nurse was also thawing. She couldn't keep her eyes away from my nipples and when she noticed I was looking at her, she smiled in a knowing way. I got even more aroused by knowing that she knew about how I felt. Well, if my nipples weren't an indication, my breathing sure would be and also how my breasts had started to heave because of it.

Involuntarily, I bit on my lip when the doctor said, "Please, bend over for me and touch the tip of your toes with your fingers."

Again, I did like asked, and I could feel how he moved with his fingers my spine. No worries, my spine was, and still is, in perfect condition.

Although, I was surprised when he went all the way down until he reached my buttocks.

"Your spine looks more than fine," he said and then asked, "I hope you don't mind me asking this, but how did you get those welts on your ... um ... back?"

"You mean on my buttocks?"

"Um ... yes."

"My mistress did that to me."

"And it was consensual?"

"Of course," I said and shifted my weight from one foot on the other a few times to make my ass wiggle at him.

"Is it okay if I take a look at them?"

"Sure, doctor."

I could feel how he moved his fingers along the welts, and then he said, "Well, she didn't break your skin anywhere."

"Good to hear that!" I said. I wondered if he was maybe also looking at my pussy right now, because he sure must have noticed that my labia looked red and puffy as well.

When I looked up at the nurse, I was a little surprised about seeing one of her hands on the space just above her breasts. I think the doctor and I were turning her on and she sure had trouble of hiding it from us.

"Well, this looks more than fine to me," he finally said with a funny tone in his voice.

I'm not sure if his remark was about my spine, buttocks or pussy, but I can say that it sure made the last mentioned body part warm up a little.

"You can stand up straight now," he said and added, "And walk over the line over there for me."

I walked up to a line on the floor and then turned around to face him. I noticed that his eyes were on my pussy for a moment. Probably, because he had been looking at my ass when I had walked away from him. In the corner of my eyes, I could see that the nurse was squirming a little. I loved it how I was getting this woman hot and bothered by just strutting my stuff like this.

I couldn't help it, and quickly looked at the doctor's crotch. However, it was a disappointment for me. He didn't have a tent in his pants. Could it be that he didn't fancy me? Or had he seen so many naked girls in his life already, that I wasn't anything special for him. Well, it sure seemed that I turned on his nurse more than him.

He let me walk over the line on the floor a few times and while I did this, he was again looking at my posture. Although, I also caught him looking at my cootchie a few times. So, he wasn't completely unaffected by my body.

"You can stop now," he said.

While he went sitting at his desk again, I walked up to him and went standing next to his desk.

"Can you come a little closer," he asked.

I did like asked.

"Now, place your feet a little further apart ... that's enough."

I looked at the nurse, and I noticed that she unconsciously licked her lips. I found it funny that she had to make sure that the doctor didn't do anything inappropriate with me, while she herself was getting more and more aroused by just looking at me.

While still sitting on his chair, the doctor bent over towards me and then felt with a finger at the curve underneath my feet.

"Do you often walk around barefoot?" he asked.

"Bare in general," I teased him.

He looked up at me and this time, he couldn't hide his smile from me.

"Well, that explains it. Your feet are perfect."

"Only my feet?"

He cleared his throat and looked more serious suddenly. I think he wasn't used of a student teasing him like this all the time. Or maybe, he was afraid the nurse would make trouble if he would keep on flirting with me. Although, I don't think he could get into trouble, because she looked even more open for anything that was going on right now than he did. Even when she didn't say anything and just stood there watching, I was sure she wouldn't have minded the doctor getting a little more physical with me.

Although, for now, the fun seemed to be over, because he went sitting normally on his chair again and then said with a very professional tone in his voice, "Could you please go sit on the table over there."

The table he was referring to, was one of those high examining beds you find at all the doctor practices.

When I had hopped up on the table, I thought I would try to keep on teasing the doctor, so I made sure that my legs weren't closed, and that he would have a nice view on my slit when he would come sit with me. At least, they had laid a paper on the table, because I was sure, that by the time I would get off of the table, I would leave some of my love juices behind on it. I sure could feel that I was more than just wet by now.

He came sitting on the stool that stood in front of me and in between my legs. He even didn't try to hide where he looked at, but then he surprised me by saying, "Please, cross your legs for me."

I was stunned by his request. I sure would have thought that everyone, even a doctor, would love a view like I was giving him. However, then I saw what he was grabbing from a nearby tray, and I understood why he had asked me to cross my legs. He had a little medical hammer in his hand and with it, he tapped on the lower part of my knee. It made my leg jump involuntarily.

"Now your other leg," he said.

Okay, I wasn't going to look a given horse in its mouth. I was going to do a perfect Sharon Stone for him. And so, when I lifted my leg off of my other one, I made sure that I spread my legs more than enough to give him a nice view on my pussy again. I even placed my hands behind me and leaned a little backwards while I did this.

And without a dress on to cover me, I think I did an even more revealing pussy flash than Miss Stone did in the movie Basic Instinct.

Again, his face didn't change, but he kept very professional and tapped the same spot underneath my other knee, making this leg jump as well.

He laid his little hammer away and took his stethoscope from the same tray. He hung it around his neck and then rubbed the diaphragm carefully between his hands. At least he was considered enough to warm up this metal piece, and not just place it on my chest, like some of the other doctors had done in the past.

"Now breathe in deeply," he asked me.

I did like asked and could feel I was getting more excited while he moved that little piece of metal over my chest. Again, he stayed very professional and didn't try anything with my breasts. The diaphragm was placed above and under them and nowhere else.

When he was done with my front, he stood up and walked around the table to my back. There he repeated the process of checking my lungs and probably also my heart.

When he was done, he said, "Your heartbeat is a little fast, but I can presume it is because of the situation."

"You presume right," I answered with a soft giggle.

"I thought so," he said and when he stood in front of me again, I finally saw a little smile on his face again. He laid the stethoscope away and then picked up an ear scope.

"Please, turn you head for me," he said.

I did like he asked, turned my head and looked straight at the flushed looking face of the nurse. She was still observing everything that was going on, and I was sure her heartbeat must have been faster than mine. Her breasts sure were heaving more than mine and even with her white medical coat on, I could see she had a nice pair of tits hidden underneath her clothes.

When he used his hand to turn my head, I noticed that his elbow accidentally brushed over one of my nipples. I almost had moaned when he did this.

He then checked my other ear, and to my surprise, he brushed my other nipple now as well with his elbow. And this time, I was sure that it wasn't an accident.

He then laid his ear scope away and took a fresh wooden tongue depressor.

"Stick out you tongue, please," he said.

He laid the wooden tongue depressor on my tongue and then looked in my mouth. I always have hated this part of the examination, because it always made me gag a little.

"Okay, you can lie down now," he said while he threw the tongue depressor away in a nearby metal trash can.

With the nurse standing at my feet, I just had to do it and spread my legs for her. Not obscenely, of course, but just enough to give her a glance. I looked at her, but I think she didn't notice this, because she was just staring at my pussy, and I was sure that it had to be glistening by now.

"Tell me if you feel any pain," the doctor said and then placed his hands on my tummy.

He started to press down on my tummy, then let go and moved his hands to another place and did it again. He kept on doing this, until he had checked my whole tummy with his hands. It was very clinical, but I still liked his hands on my body.

After this, he took a blood pressure cuff and wrapped it around my arm. When he pumped it up, the pressure on my arm became somewhat uncomfortable, but I managed to get through it without complaining.

With some fun in his voice, he said, "Your blood pressure is also a little raised, but I was expecting it this time."

I couldn't help but smile at him while he said this.

"My nurse will now take a blood sample from you," he said.

The nurse came standing on the other side of the table and then proceeded to take a blood sample from me. She was good in her job, because I almost didn't notice the needle going into my vein. Well, in the way how she was looking at me, she could stick a needle in me every day and also wherever she wanted.

When she was done with me, the doctor said, "I think we are done with you."

"Um ... doctor," the nurse suddenly said.

"Yes, Jenny?"

"I don't know if you noticed doctor, but her vulva looks ... um ... a little irritated."

"Yes, I had noticed it," he said somewhat annoyed about the nurse's observation. "But I didn't want to embarrass Veerle about it."

"Oh, I won't be embarrassed by any questions about that," I said smiling.

Finally, they were openly discussing the thing I had been flashing at both of them, and it got me very excited when I saw that they were looking at my pussy together now.

"I didn't want to ask you about it, but now that my nurse has pointed my attention to it. Is it looking like that because you are aroused, or is there another reason?" the doctor wanted to know.

"Well, I'm feeling a little aroused," I confessed. "But it looked like that already when I woke up this morning."

"Have you an idea why?"

"Yes. I think it is from the fucking I received from my mistress last evening," I said without blushing.

Although, I did manage to get a deeper blush on the nurse's face by saying it like this.

"I see. What did she do exactly?" the doctor wanted to know.

"She had one of those strap-on dildos on, and fucked me relentlessly with it until I had to beg her to stop."

The nurse made a rather strange noise when I said this, but the doctor and I tried to ignore it.

"I see," the doctor said while still keeping his eyes on my sex. "When she did that, did she use some lubricant?"

"No, doctor, she didn't."

I noticed how he looked at his nurse, and then he looked me in the eyes.

"I know this isn't part of a normal physical, but would you mind if I let my nurse have a look at your vulva to make sure you haven't hurt yourself?"

"Doctor?" the nurse let out surprised.

"Jenny, somebody has to check her out, and I'm not sure if it would be appropriate for me to do it."

"I wouldn't mind doctor," I said.

He looked at me, smiled and then said, "I'm sure my nurse will do just fine."

He then looked at his nurse again, and she said, "Well, if you think that it is really necessary."

"I think it is," he said to her with a pushing tone in his voice.

"If you are okay with it, of course," he said to me.

"Of course, you can't be careful enough," I said jokingly.

"Could you slide down a little and put your legs at both sides of the table," the doctor said to me.

"Okay," I said cheery and slid down the table and then opened my legs for the nurse.

I could see her swallow when she got an even better view on my pussy.

"Um, doctor," the nurse said when she looked at the trays around us. "Do we have a speculum at hand?"

The doctor went through a few drawers and then said, "No, it seems we don't."

"Then how?" the nurse asked.

The doctor took some wooden tongue depressors and held them up while saying, "Maybe you could use these?"

"Doctor, I wouldn't mind if she just uses her fingers instead," I said. I sure didn't want those wooden things inside of me.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, very sure," I answered.

"Well, Jenny, you heard her," the doctor said to the nurse.

I noticed how she swallowed again, and then she walked over to a tray and took a pair of medical rubber gloves out of a box and put them on.

The nurse then came sitting between my legs and asked, "Are you ready?"

"I am!" I said and closed my eyes. I had to bite on my lower lip to make sure I wouldn't start giggling. This sure wasn't anything like my previous visits to the doctor at school, but now I wished I had ditched my underwear sooner.

I could feel how the nurse started to touch my outer labia, and I could even feel her breath on my pussy. She must have been very close to it for me to notice when she exhaled every time.

At first, she just softly touched my labia and sometimes stretched my lips a little when she maybe thought to have found something.

I was over the urge to giggle, so I opened my eyes and saw the nurse with her head between my legs and the doctor standing behind her, overlooking the whole procedure.

This was the most exciting physical I had ever undergone, and I wondered what my classmates would think if they knew what was going on in here.

When the nurse was done with inspecting my outer labia, she used her two hands to spread my pussy further open, and then she inspected the inside of it. Again, she was very thorough and a little moan escaped my mouth when she touched my clitoris.

"Sorry," the nurse said when she heard me moan.

"Don't be," I said back to her.

She kept on inspecting my pussy for a little longer, and then she said, "Doctor, could you maybe get a light."

He didn't answer, but just went to get a little flashlight and returned with it. He shone the light right at my pussy.

"Please, try to relax as much as you can," the nurse said.

Yeah, easier said than done, I thought. But I still tried to relax my pussy as much as I could.

Next, I could feel how a finger slipped inside my vagina and how she started to feel along the walls with her digit. Well, I sure didn't need any lubrication again, because I could feel that her finger slithered around without a problem in there.

Then she pushed in another finger from her other hand, and then she said, "Warn me if I hurt you."

"Mm hmm," I let out way too happy.

All of this was feeling just too good, and I was sure that when I would open my mouth, I would start moaning.

The nurse softly started to put some pressure on the inside of my vagina, and she slowly opened it up. Not much, but just enough so the doctor could shine the light inside of it so the nurse could have a look.

I was glad the nurse didn't try to touch my clitoris anymore, because if she would have done that, I was sure I would have had an orgasm.

Although, her fingers moving around inside my vagina was almost enough to push me over the hill.

However, she was done with inspecting my pussy before I had reached my peak. She pulled her fingers out of me and then stood up. I watched her pull the gloves off of her hands, and I could clearly see that some of the fingers of the gloves were wet from my juices.

"Doctor, I couldn't find any wounds, but it is clear to me that her vulva is irritated from excessive friction."

Both of them were looking at each other when they spoke, and I could clearly see in their eyes that both had gotten very aroused as well.

Of course, the bulge he had in his pants helped me to deduce this as well.

The doctor then faced me, looked at me and said, "You can come off the table now."

I first needed to close my legs, of course, and then I slid of the table. When I looked at the paper lying on it, I saw a snail trail all the way to the edge of the table.

The doctor and the nurse saw it also, but they didn't say anything about it. Although, their smiles told me enough already.

We walked back to his desk, and there he sat down on his chair, while I kept on standing next to the chair with my blouse over the back of it.

He looked up at me and said, "You're a very lucky girl. Your friend didn't hurt your vulva, but she needs to be more careful in the future. Maybe it would be even better if she used some water based lubricant in the future."

"Yes, doctor," I said. I couldn't help but wonder if he had said such a thing to a girl before, especially a naked girl that stood in front of him.

"And take this advice to heart, always practice safe sex!"

"I will, doctor," I said.

"Well, you can get dressed now and return to your classmates. Your parents should receive a letter about your examination sometime next week."

I just kept on standing there and looked down at the doctor. He smiled at me, stood up and picked up my blouse.

"Let me help you into this," he said with fun in his voice.

I turned around and then let him put the blouse on me. When I faced him again, I didn't bother with buttoning up my blouse, but I just let it hang open on me.

"Thanks for the gentle care, doctor," I said in a teasing way.

He just couldn't stop smiling at me and said, "It was my pleasure! Now, off you go!"

"Bye," I said in a singing tone and walked past him and the nurse.

When I went back into my changing room, I quickly looked at him and the nurse and I noticed they were looking at each other.

And then I heard the nurse say, "This one was even worse than our daughter!"

He laughed and took her in his arms, when he looked in my direction, I quickly shut the door and thought, Damn. They are husband and wife!

I couldn't shake the feeling that when they would get home, their clothes would probably end up on the floor somewhere, and they would fuck each other with the image of me still fresh in their minds. I could only hope that they would reach their bedroom in time, because I sure wouldn't want their daughter walking in on them when they are doing it. Although, if their daughter is indeed a little like me, she would probably just say something funny and let them go on with whatever they were doing.

Although, thinking this, it also made me wonder what I would do if I would ever walk in on my mum. Well, it hadn't happened yet, and I was sure it would never happen in the future as well.

After all of this, I decided to dry my pussy again before I put on my skirt and boots. At least this way, I was sure that I wouldn't share the odor of my juicy pussy with my classmates. As long as I could keep it dry, that is.

Oh yeah, I also buttoned up my blouse of course.

When I walked out of the changing room, one of the nurses looked at me and asked, "Is everything alright?"

"Yes, the doctor gave me a clean bill of health!" I said smiling.

"Well, that's good to hear," the nurse said and smiled as well. "You better join your classmates now, because that woman, who came in with you guys, has already asked us when you were coming back from you physical."

I couldn't help but smile when I heard her say 'coming', but I didn't comment on it and just said, "See you next time, maybe."

And then I left her and the other nurses alone and walked through the hallway that went to the room with my other classmates in it.

I think that the news, of how I had been running around in the back, had spread through the room already, because when I arrived, all the girls were looking and smiling at me.

"What?" I asked them, as if I didn't understand why they were smiling at me.

"Oh, nothing," Sofie said.

"Why did it take so long?" Linda wanted to know.

"I had a few questions for the doctor, that's all," I answered her.

Linda looked at her watch and said, "Well, you sure took your time. We better hurry back to school."

And with this said, the others stood up and Sofie handed me my things and coat. We joined the boys outside, and then we hurried back to school. I found this a little strange, because we had still more than an hour left before the end of the school day.

Again, Sofie and I walked in the back and a little away from the others.

"Sofie, the doctor told me to tell you something," I whispered to her.

"He did?" she let out surprised and then lowered her voice and asked, "What did he say?"

"That next time, you better use a water based lubricant when you fuck me again."

"He did? You're kidding me!"

"No, they noticed how my pussy looked and checked it out ... very thoroughly! And so, I told them all about how you had fucked me yesterday!"

"Oh God! You told them about me?"

"Well, I said my mistress fucked me. I didn't mention your name."

"You're totally crazy!" Sofie let out in shock.

"I could hardly tell them my pussy looked so puffy and red because I was so turned on!"

Sofie just shook with her head. I think she couldn't believe that I had told those things to the doctor and the nurse.

Because Tanya and another girl were waiting for Sofie and I at the back of the row. We stopped talking.

"Hi," Tanya said in our direction, but mostly to me.

"Hi yourself," I said back.

Tanya came walking next to me, and the other girl started a conversation with Sofie.

"Did I get it wrong, or were you checking me out when I was standing there in my underwear?" Tanya asked.

"Well, you know all about me."

"That you are into girls?"

"Yep."

"I do."

"So, yeah, I couldn't help but notice how nice you looked in that sexy underwear you were wearing."

"Thanks," Tanya said with a smile.

"So, are you also into girls?" I just asked without blinking.

"Hmm, not really," Tanya said a little shyly. I'm sure if she was less tanned, I would probably also have noticed a blush on her cheeks.

"Not just a little bit?"

"I'm not sure," she answered.

"Well, if you want to find out, you know where to find me!"

Tanya looked at me, smiled and said, "Maybe I will pick you up on that offer, someday!"

"Fine with me!" I said and winked at her.

And this time, even with her tan, I could see her blushing.

To my pity, we reached the school and Linda brought us to our classroom. This ended my conversation with Tanya as well. However, I sure hoped that she would accept my invitation someday, because I was sure that we both could have a nice time together. If she would let me do a little more sexy things with her, of course.

Because it was too late for our teacher to start a new chapter. She let us do our homework. However, most of us were already done, and so we just talked a little with each other and our teacher.

For me, however, it turned out a little different. About a half hour before the end of the school day, somebody knocked on the door of our classroom and then Linda walked in.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but the principal wants to have a word with Veerle."

The first thought that flashed through my brain was, SHIT! Somebody must have told her about me showing up for my physical without my underwear.

I was excused and I was also allowed to take all my things with me. So, it was obvious that I wouldn't return before the end of the hour.

The principal had her office on the second floor and when Linda brought me there, the secretary of the principal told me I could go inside, I was being expected by her.

At least, Linda didn't join us, so I would be able to talk freely with our principal.

"Veerle, please sit down," the principal said to me.

She was a lovely woman in her fifties, but she didn't show her age. I only knew her age, because my mother knew her sister, and she had mentioned it to me.

I sat down on the comfy chair and looked at her.

"Veerle, something has been brought to my attention! What have you to say about it?" the principal asked me. I couldn't figure out if she was mad or not, because she had a very neutral look on her face.

"Um ... I'm sorry, Ma'am. But I had forgotten about our physical today, so I didn't have my gym clothes with me."

"Well, you also had something else not with you! If I'm not mistaken!"

"Um ... yes, Ma'am."

Still, I couldn't figure out if she was mad with me or not. The tone in her voice sure didn't sound like she was mad, but it also didn't sound like she was happy.

"Now, I can see that you are smart enough to wear long skirts. So, I'm sure it wasn't your intention to shock those people at the CLB center."

"No, Ma'am."

The principal gave me a hard look and then said, "I know the youth of today, and I also know that some girls prefer to go around without wearing underwear. So don't be scared, you aren't in trouble!"

I let out a sigh of relief.

"To be honest, I already knew about it! Your gym teacher had already mentioned it."

"She did?" I let out somewhat surprised.

"Well, the first time she noticed that you weren't wearing any underwear, she asked me about the policy about it."

I nodded with my head towards her in understanding.

"So, I told her that it was no problem. I'm sure you also know that a few of our teachers don't wear their bras when it is getting warmer, and I never asked them about it, but I think that one or two of them even go around without their panties."

The way how she said this made me smile. Well, I couldn't help it, the thought that maybe even one of my teachers would do the same thing as I do was funny.

"So, I can't blame my students of doing the same of course! Maybe, you wouldn't get away with a thing like that in a Catholic school. But here, we are a bit more open minded about those things. However, this doesn't mean that you can start running around here like you do at your home, do you understand?"

"My home?"

"Well, I'm sure you know that I know your mother."

"Um ... Yes?!"

"Well, I heard from her that you have the habit of running around with, let us say, even fewer clothes on at home."

I let out a giggle and said, "So, you heard about that as well."

"I sure did!" she said smiling. "And maybe this will shock you, but I even know what happened last year in the boys' locker room at the swimming pool."

I must have looked very shocked at her, because she started to laugh and said, "Don't worry about it. I know it was a prank of Sofie's. And I'm sure the boys must have behaved, or else you surely would have complained about it at the administration's office. Wouldn't you?"

"Um ... Sure, Ma'am," I said.

I was really surprised about this all. I never would have thought that something like that would be able to happen in school without getting into trouble if they knew about a thing like that.

And I think she must have read my mind, because she added, "But again, don't make it a habit! Maybe we let it slide around here, but I'm sure that the educational board wouldn't laugh with it if they would hear about it. Although, without proof, they wouldn't be able to do anything about it."

"I ... um ... will be careful," I said.

"Oh, and what we are discussing right now, it stays between us two, okay? Don't tell anything about it to the other students!"

"I won't," I promised the principal.

"So, how is your mother doing these days?" she asked me.

And from this point on, we had a bit of an unofficial conversation about my mother and me, and surprisingly, also about how my mother's attitude towards nudity had also rubbed of on her sister and a little on her as well. I sure was mighty surprised when she told me she was somewhat of a naturist and often visited nude beaches abroad. She wouldn't do it around here, of fear of running into one of the students, but for some reason, she trusted me with this bit of information. Well, she could trust me and even when I'm writing about it today, you guys still don't know about who I'm talking about. So, her secret stays hidden with me.

However, the thing I remembered about our conversation, was that the school wouldn't make too much trouble if I would be showing a little more skin than was normally accepted. As long as I didn't do it outside the school, I could get away with not wearing any underwear and a skirt that would reach to mid-thigh. However, knee length would be best.

It at least eased my mind a little, because now and then, Sofie had made it clear to me that when the weather would get better, my clothes would become a little more revealing. And now knowing that I wouldn't get in real trouble because of it, I could relax my mind about it.

And that was about all the principal had to talk to me about. Our conversation took even a little longer than expected, and she brought me to Sofie's home in her car.

Needless to say, Sofie wanted to know all about my conversation with our principal. However, I just told her that she had heard what had happened at the CLB center, and that she had warned me to dress more modest outside the school during a school event, but she didn't mind me running around without underwear inside the school. As long as I didn't flash my naughty bits to others.

Well, I didn't tell Sofie about that I would probably get away with it, when I would get caught flashing, because I didn't want to bring her on thoughts of exposing me to my classmates or other students at our school.

And because it was Friday, we didn't have too much time to talk about what had happened in the doctor's office. And I was happy about that. I didn't want to tell Sofie too much about it, because I was also sure that even when all had been consensual, those two had gone maybe a little too far with me.

And yes, Sofie did put that rope harness on me for my mother to see. So my drive home was a struggle but at the same time, very exciting.

I can tell you, by the time I showed the harness to my mother, I was smelling like a sex kitten, and my pussy looked dripping wet.

I think my mother had even a lot of fun with the fact that my pussy looked as red as it did. And yes, I told her also about how Sofie had fucked me the Thursday night, and that I had to beg her to stop in the end.

When I was finally free of my rope harness, I took a very long and warm bath. My body sure could use it after a full week of bondage and also after what had happened in the CLB center.

And again, I couldn't help myself and rubbed myself one off, while I was thinking about the doctor and the nurse. In my imagination, they were fucking each other like bunnies while I watched them doing it. I hoped, they were having as much fun in real life as I was imagining they had.

And this is how my second week with Sofie ended. It was almost as much fun writing about it then when it happened to me, and I hope you also had some fun with it while reading it!

**Chapter 6**

Wednesday, 14 February 2001 - Surprised at Night

As you can see, I have made a jump in time for my story. The reason for this is simple. Sofie had decided that it was time to start my obedience training and while it was somewhat fun for me, I don't think you guys would like to read about how she made me clean the house, help her sister out in the kitchen and about other chores that she made me do around the house.

Although, I'm sure that you would like to read about how she punished me when I didn't obey her in the right way. Well, every time, I did something wrong; I ended up lying on her lap or on a table or whatever else was available to lie on. She, of course, wanted to have easy access to my ass, so she could spank me. It was always ten slaps, five on each cheek. And whenever she spanked me, she didn't hold back either! My ass always felt warm and tingly afterwards. However, she never stopped there! After she had spanked me, she always made sure my pussy was also taken care of by playing with it, and most of the time, she didn't stop until I had a nice orgasm.

At first, I really didn't like those spankings she gave me, because they hurt a lot. However, the thing that eventually surprised me, was that over time, I was looking forward to them. I can't explain it, but after about a week, maybe ten days, I started to notice that I was getting aroused, whenever I had to prepare myself for a spanking. Even to the point that I sometimes almost climaxed during the spankings itself. And I'm sure Sofie must also have noticed this. Especially, because when she played with my pussy afterwards, she often said something funny like, "Yuck, you're dripping all over the floor already," or other remarks like that. And when she moved her fingers in and out of my pussy, you could sometimes even hear how wet I was.

I have to confess, for me, it was sometimes a struggle to obey her. Not so much because I didn't want to do those things, but because I wanted to disobey her to get another good spanking. And yes, at a certain point, I went too far, as usual. Sofie started to notice that I was making too many mistakes on purpose and so, she started to give me other punishments. The most frustrating ones were when she tied me up, played with me until I almost came and then just let me lie or hang there. At those times, she always made sure that I couldn't pleasure myself. Needless to say, maybe, but I did my utmost best to find a balance between obeying en disobeying after being punished like that a few times. I just craved too much for my spankings and especially for my orgasms afterwards.

There is also something else I need to mention at this point. It seemed that the novelty of me running around naked at their home was wearing off. The only one who did keep noticing me was Gunter. Although, it was probably also because I kept trying to make sure that he often had a nice view on my pussy. And the looks he sometimes gave me, showed me that he would love to have sex with me. Even I had thought about it a few times already, because by now, I had also seen him naked a few times and he was very well endowed down there. Not that it was longer than Patrick's, but his one was much thicker. Well, I had promised Bridget that he could fuck me once or twice while I stayed at their house, so I was sure I would find out about it eventually.

However, that's a story for another time!

This time, I want to tell you about something that happened to me that would have an impact on my stay at Sofie's home.

Sofie had been a bit more demanding on me this particular week, because I was feeling better again. You can maybe guess it, but the week before this one, I had been taking my placebo pills, and my monthly visitor had come for a visit. So, I hadn't been in the mood during that week. And I can tell you, running around with a tampon inside of me while that little string was dangling out of me was embarrassing. Normally, I would always wear panties during that time, but because I had ditched all my underwear, and Sofie didn't want to borrow me any of hers, I had to run around naked as usual. Although, they made sure I was always sitting on a towel!

On this particular day, it seemed that Sofie wasn't in the mood, because she wasn't too demanding on me. After I was done with my daily chores, she let me sit on the sofa with her, and we watched some television together without her trying to do anything to me.

Later in the evening, we even watched a movie together, and by the time it was done, it was already past midnight. So, it was time to turn in, because we had school the next day.

Because Bridget and Gunter had turned in already, we first needed to check all doors and windows before going upstairs ourselves. I was done first, so I went upstairs while Sofie was still checking the garage.

However, I had barely walked into my room when I heard Sofie calling for me from downstairs. This surprised me, because the last time this had happened, I had missed an unlocked window and this time I was sure I had checked them all thoroughly.

When I walked into the living room, she gave me a look that told me I had done something wrong, but I had no clue about what I could be. I was sure I had checked everything this time.

"Didn't you forget something," Sofie asked me when I stood in front of her.

"Um..." I let out while I thought about it. "No, I don't think so."

"What day is it?" she asked me.

"Wednesday," I answered. "Well, technically, Thursday already, because it's after midnight."

"Don't get smart with me," she said in a voice that told me she wasn't kidding around. "And what is one of your jobs on the Wednesday?"

"Oh shit!" I whispered to myself. I suddenly remembered what I had forgotten. "I have to put out the trash."

"That's right! And did you do it?" Sofie asked me while she started smiling at me.

I shook 'no' with my head.

"Answer me correctly ... slave!" Sofie said more sternly again.

I, of course, knew what she expected from me when she addressed me as slave, so I knelt down, bowed in front of her with my arms stretched out towards her and with my ass high up in the air. "No, Mistress! I forgot all about it!"

For a moment, I could only hear my own heartbeat inside my head, and I could feel that I was getting excited again. I knew that another spanking was coming and just thinking about it was enough to get me going.

"And that after I have been so easy on you today," Sofie said while making a disapproving sound. "Slave, stay lying on the floor like that until I return."

"Yes, Mistress," I responded.

I could hear Sofie walk away. I felt a bit strange while I waited for her to return in this submission pose.

Before I go on with the story, I need to explain you something, I think.

During my obedience training, Sofie had thought me how I had to present myself in different situations. The position I was in right now, was the position I always had to take when she addressed me with slave for the first time. It was a way of showing her that I was subjugating me for her.

After this, she would normally order me to stand up or let me sit on the floor, depending on what she had planned for me.

My sitting position resembled the way how Japanese people sit. They call it 'Seiza' over there. However, the way I had to sit was a little different, because I had to make sure that my knees were always about a foot apart. Showing my vulva to her and others at all times was part of the subjugation process. Furthermore, it also gave her and possibly others easy access to my pussy.

My standing position depended on what order she gave me. If she said, "Stand up!" I just needed to stand in front of her, with my arms along my body and with my feet apart.

If she said, "Stand up and present yourself!" I needed to stand up, with my feet apart and also with my hands behind my head. Sofie had told me that if she asked this from me, when we were in a group, it would also indicate to those other people that they could touch me if they wanted to. Something she hadn't done yet, but I was looking forward to the day she would ask this from me with more people around. Well, with strangers around, I mean, because she had done this a few times when Bridget and Gunter had been around, and Bridget had taken advantage of it once already.

There are also other ways I could present myself, but these are the most important ones.

And the only other interesting thing you maybe should know, is that whenever I was being a submissive to her, I was never allowed to close my legs completely. When I sat on a chair, or sofa, or whatever, I always had to keep my knees apart, and I could never use my hands to cover any of the interesting parts of my body. Although, I'm sure that by now, you know that I wouldn't have any problem with showing myself off to others like that. Even during my free time I was getting in the habit to keep my legs apart.

I hope this explains it to you why I had knelt down like that in front of her when she had addressed me as 'slave'.

By the time Sofie returned, I knew that my pussy was already wet. I wasn't sure why she had gone away, but that I was going to receive a spanking, that was something I was sure of, and it had turned me on a lot.

"Because I have been so lenient with you today, I think you deserve a special spanking now. Go lie on the table!" Sofie ordered me.

"Yes, Mistress," I said and got up from the floor as quickly as I could.

I walked up to the big dining table and laid my torso and head on it and presented my ass to her, so she could spank it.

While I had done this, I had quickly looked at Sofie, and I had noticed she had gotten the wooden paddle with the holes in them from the basement. This was the first time she was going to use that paddle on my ass and from what she had told me, I knew that this was going to hurt.

You have to know; the paddle with the holes in it hurts more than the other paddles because you have less air resistance when you swing them. Sofie also told me that it hurt more, because there was less air to cushion the blow between the paddle and your ass. However, if that last part is true, I don't know.

I could hear how Sofie walked up to me. Like usual, she didn't start spanking me right away, but she first rubbed her hand over my butt cheeks and then slipped her hand between my legs to feel my pussy.

"I notice you are looking forward to this," Sofie said in a happy tone.

She massaged my pussy for a moment longer and then slipped her middle finger in between my labia.

"God, you're almost dripping wet already," she commented.

When she was done playing with my pussy, she wiped her hand dry on my back and then said, "Slave, count the spankings for me!"

"Yes, Mistress."

She started to rub the paddle all over my ass, and I prepared myself for the pain that was going to follow. This was going to hurt a lot more than when she spanked me with her hand, that was something I was sure about.

The moment I felt how the paddle left my ass, I sucked in some air and mentally prepared myself for what was to come.

When the paddle came down on my left butt cheek, I let out a scream and then quickly added, "One! Thank you Mistress!"

It was immediately followed by another hit, but now on my other cheek. Again, I let out a scream which was followed by, "Two! Thank you Mistress!"

I braced myself for the third strike, but instead, I could feel Sofie's hand on my ass again. She softly rubbed it and said, "Do you think you can take another eight of these?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I answered. Although, I wasn't completely sure of it. However, I knew I could always use my safeword if it would get too much for me, so I was prepared to endure it as long as possible.

"Good!" she said. "And you don't have to count them anymore."

"Thank you, Mistress," I answered.

Then she pulled her hand away from my ass, and before I was prepared for it, another slap hit my left butt cheek. This one hurt more than the previous two, and I let out a scream again.

However, I wasn't even recovered from this one or my other cheek was hit again. And then my left cheek again and ... well, so on.

My ass was hit with one blow after the other which left me constantly screaming from the pain I felt. This sure was nothing compared to my previous spankings I had received from her.

While Sofie's spankings with her hand also stung, this felt ten times as painful. This was the first time that Sofie even managed to make me cry a little.

Luckily, because she was spanking me so quickly, it was also quickly over. Although, it took me a little time before I noticed that Sofie was done with it. My ass burned like never before, and instead of a tingling sensation, I could only feel pain right after it.

It even took some time, before I noticed that Sofie had inserted a few of her fingers inside of my vagina and wasn't just rubbing me, but really fucking me with them.

My mind needed some time to overcome the sensations of the spanking I had received, but when it did, I was surprised to notice how turned on I had become. I wasn't completely sure if it was from the spanking I had received or from Sofie fingering me. I only knew that I was moaning loudly and breathing very fast. At that point, I wasn't sure what was hotter on me, my ass of my pussy.

I don't know why Sofie had decided to do this to me on that day, but I can tell you, she was rapidly getting me to the point that I would have a very nice orgasm. She even was rubbing me on the right spot to make me squirt maybe. I sure recognized the signals coming from my body, and it told me that I could have a squirting orgasm if I didn't fight it. And for once, I didn't want to fight it. The whole experience was just so exciting that I decided I would give in to it and just let it all out.

When Sofie's other hand started to play with my clitoris as well, I just lost it, again I let out a scream. Although, the way I screamed would tell anyone who could hear it that it was from pleasure and not from pain this time.

And then, I just let my orgasm take over my body, and it was almost like fireworks went off in my brain. While my vagina started to contract and tried to capture those fingers inside of me, I could also feel how I started to squirt during my orgasm. I was more than happy that Sofie didn't stop pushing her fingers in and out of me, and because of this, I kept on climaxing and squirted some more of those fluids out of me. I could feel how some of it fell on my feet or ran down the inside of my legs. I can tell you, this was the most intense and wet orgasm I have had in Sofie's presence, up until that day.

While in reality, it took probably only a few seconds, in my mind, it felt like I was climaxing for an eternity. However, eventually, it took so much out of me that it turned black for my eyes.

The next thing I became aware of, was how Sofie was rubbing my ass. It felt nice, even when my ass still felt very warm and tingly from the spanking.

I quickly became aware that I was panting loudly, and I felt as if I had been running for hours.

"So, back under the living," Sofie said jokingly when she noticed me moving.

"Yes, Mistress," I panted out.

"Veerle, why didn't you tell me you were also a squirter!"

"Um ... probably because else you would make me squirt to often," I said jokingly. Well, she had called me by my name, so I wasn't a submissive at the moment, so I could act more like my normal self again.

"You're probably right," Sofie said giggling. "But because of this, you have now an extra task to do before going to bed."

"I do?" I asked somewhat surprised.

"Yes, first you need to put the trash outside, and then you will need to clean up the mess you made."

While she said this, she pulled me up from the table and made me see how I had sprayed all over the floor. There were even a few little puddles.

"Hmm, wasn't it you who made this mess?" I asked teasingly.

"But I'm still your Mistress, so be happy that I don't make you use your tongue to clean it up!"

"Thank you, Mistress," I said in a naughty tone.

"Now get the trash and put it outside," Sofie ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," I said again.

I went to the kitchen and could feel how my feet were a bit slippery. I looked down on myself and noticed that my pussy and legs looked very wet. For a moment, I thought about using some paper towels from the kitchen to clean myself, but because Sofie hadn't mentioned this to me, I didn't do it. One punishment this evening would be more than enough for me. I still could feel how my ass was glowing and tingling from that spanking I had received. And when I took a look over my shoulder at my rump, I could clearly see how red it looked. This was the worst spanking I had ever received, that was obvious.

When I had emptied the little trash can into the trash-bag, I closed and walked up to the front door. I was a little surprised that my coat wasn't hanging at the door. Although, I shouldn't have been that surprised, because this wasn't the first time it was missing there on a Wednesday evening.

However, to make sure that Sofie had planned this for me, I said, "Um ... Sofie!"

"Who?" she asked.

"Mistress!" I quickly corrected myself.

"Yes?"

"Where is my coat?"

"Oops, I think it's in the closet upstairs," she said with way too much fun in her voice.

"But, I can't go outside like this," I protested. However, I'm sure that Sofie knew that I was just playing around.

"Don't tell me you are getting shy on me," Sofie answered still with that funny tone in her voice.

"But ... what if somebody sees me?" I asked.

"You're an exhibitionist! I'm sure you would like it!" Sofie said, and I could hear that she had trouble of not starting to laugh.

Well, she was right about that, of course. However, at the moment, I wasn't just naked. I looked like a girl who had been fucked royally a minute ago. Which was partly true, of course. But still, I wondered what people would say if they saw my sweat covered body with an ass and pussy that looked so red from all the fun they had received a moment ago. Not to mention my thighs that were wet from my juices and my still dripping wet pussy as well.

However, the thought of being caught like this, was also a huge turn-on for me. I sure noticed how my breathing got a little faster again when I thought about maybe running into someone out there like this.

And so, without further ado, I opened the door and went outside and walked towards the street.

I'm sure you can already guess what happened, but I'm still going to tell you about it.

As usual, I was going to place the bag with trash at the lamppost that stood between Sofie's house and the house next door. There were already a few bags there, so I was sure that the neighbors had put their trash outside already, and I would probably be unnoticed. Secretly, I was hoping on a car driving by when I got closer to the street.

While I walked up to the lamppost, I could feel how the night-air went all around my sweaty body. It felt nice, because the nigh-air was cool, and it eased the tingling sensation I still felt coming from my ass.

However, the thing I liked the best about it, was how it also cooled down my pussy. Well, like I had said already, it was still very wet and so those juices made it that my pussy started to feel cold.

I reached the lamppost without being seen. At the street, I quickly looked in both directions, but I couldn't see any car coming. A little disappointed, I bent over and placed my trash bag with the others. Just at the moment I let go of the bag, somebody behind me cleared his throat, and it made me jump a little.

I turned around and saw a guy standing there, also with a trash-bag in his hands. He was looking at me and looked very amused about what he saw.

"Hello," he said with a lot of happiness in his voice.

"Um ... Hi," I responded. I sounded less happy about it, but I was sure he must have noticed some excitement in my voice.

For a moment, he just looked at me. I could see how his eyes went up and down my naked body and his smile got a little bigger when he passed my pussy.

I also checked him out, of course. He was just wearing t-shirt and jeans, and it surprised me a little to see that he wasn't wearing anything on his feet. Looking at him, I thought he had to be in his early twenties. He had short brown hair, and from what I could see, a rather nice body. Oh yeah, and he was about a head taller than me.

"Um ... Who are you?" I finally asked him. Well, it seemed he wasn't going to say anything or even move as long as I just stood there in front of him.

"Sorry!" he answered, he then looked me in the eyes and went on with, "Hi, I'm Johnny."

When he said this, he placed his trash with the other bags and then extended his hand towards me to shake mine.

Without thinking about it, I did a step closer and took his hand in mine and shook it.

"Hi, I'm Veerle," I said while his eyes were looking at my chest again.

"Veerle?" he said somewhat surprised. "I thought your name was Sofie?"

I smiled at him and said, "No. That's my classmate. I'm a guest of hers."

"Well, nice to meet you, anyway," he said while he checked me out again.

"Um ... could I have my hand back?" I asked after him staring at me for a while became somewhat awkward.

"Oh, sure," he said while he blushed slightly. He then let go of my hand and asked, "So ... Um ... Do you always put out the trash ... naked?"

"Normally, I would put on a coat," I said jokingly. "However, I wasn't expecting anyone outside at this hour."

"O ... kay!" he let out and sounded as if he thought I was a little crazy for thinking a thing like that.

For a moment, he just stared at me again. But he then finally managed to look me in the eyes, and then he asked something I wasn't expecting. "Are you okay?"

"How do you mean?" I wanted to know. Well, his question could mean a lot of different things.

"When you put your bag away, I couldn't help but notice how red your ... um ... buttocks looked. Like, as if, somebody has given you a beating."

"Oh, that. Yeah, I'm fine," I answered.

"Did ... your boyfriend do that to you?" he asked.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend," I answered.

For some reason, this made him smile before he asked, "So, who did it then?"

"Aren't you a little bit too curious!" I answered jokingly.

"Well, I just want to make sure you are okay."

"You can rest assured, I'm fine," I told him. "The spanking was all done in fun."

"So, you like a good spanking?" he asked and smiled crooked at me.

"Sometimes," I said teasingly.

"But if you don't have a boyfriend. Who did it then? I can presume you didn't do it to yourself!"

"Do you know your neighbors?" I asked.

"Well, my parents told me it was a young couple that had moved in and that the younger sister had also moved in. That's why I thought your name was Sofie."

"And that's all you know about them?"

"Yes. I have been away for a few months for work, and only returned home this week. So, I haven't met them yet."

"Well, if you really want to know who spanked me, it was Sofie," I finally answered his question.

"She did. Hmm. Interesting," he said.

"But you sure are a very lucky devil, it seems," I told him. Partly, also to make sure he wouldn't ask further about the spanking I had received from Sofie.

Because he gave me a puzzled look, I added giggling, "You only just returned home, and you already caught me outside like this."

This made him smile and he said, "Well, it sure is a nice surprise!"

Again, I could see him giving me a look over.

"So, do you like what you see?" I asked him while raising my hands slightly and away from my body.

"Isn't that obvious?" he returned the question.

I made it very obvious to him that I looked at his crotch, but I was a little disappointed that I couldn't see a bulge there. Else, I sure would have had a funny comeback.

"Um, maybe you should go back inside," he then suddenly said.

Now it was my turn to look puzzled at him. Had I maybe embarrassed him by looking so obviously at his crotch?

He helped me out by explaining it. "Don't you feel cold? I can see some goose bumps on your body."

I looked down at my breasts, the spot where he was looking at, and could indeed see that except from my very perky nipples, I was also getting goose bumps all over my breasts, and probably also over other parts of my body.

"You're probably right," I said to him. Although, I wasn't feeling cold at all, in fact, I was feeling very hot at that moment. Well, horny would be the correct word to use, because he was constantly checking me out. The thing all exhibitionists crave for, of course.

"Before you go inside, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Do you think, I ... um ... could see you again?"

"Like this, you mean?" I asked teasingly while pushing my breasts a little towards him.

"Well, that too," he said smiling, "But I was wondering if you wanted to go out with me, sometime?"

This I hadn't been expecting! He sure was a straight shooter it seemed, and it made me look at him for a while before I answered, "Maybe! But maybe we could first hangout at my place first? Well, Sofie's, I mean."

"Sounds fine to me," he answered and looked happy with my answer.

"However, I have to warn you about something first, if we will do that."

"Warn me?" he asked somewhat surprised.

"You have to know, I never wear any clothes when I'm at home. I hope that this is no problem for you."

He just smiled at me and asked, "Well, you aren't wearing any right now. Do I seem to have a problem with it?"

"Just wanted to warn you, that's all!" I said jokingly and at the same time avoided answering his question. Because I could clearly see that he had no problem with it in the way how he was ogling me the whole time. "But let me know in advance when you want to come over. Okay?"

"Sure, no problem," he answered. I could see he was thinking about something, and then he went on by saying, "But it won't be for the next couple of weeks, I think. I need to go to London next week, to finish a deal over there, and then I will be back home for a few months."

"Well, I will be staying at Sofie's until July," I told him.

"And then?" he wanted to know.

"Then, I will probably move to Brussels. My mother lives there now and when I'm done with school, I will probably move in with her."

"Oh, I see," he said a little disappointed. "Well, then I will make sure to get in contact with you the moment I'm back from London."

"Okay!" I said in a happy tone. "I will be looking forward to it!"

"See you in about a month then!" he said.

"See ya," I said back and blew him a kiss before skipping of.

When I reached the front door, I looked behind me and saw that he was still looking at me with a smile on his face. Skipping of was the right thing to do, it seemed.

When I got back into the living room, Sofie was still waiting for me there.

"So, what took you so long?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, I just met up with the boy next door."

"Boy next door?" Sofie let out surprised.

"Johnny!"

"Oh, him," Sofie let out. "I didn't know he was back."

"Yep, he returned home this week. He sure seems like a nice guy," I said with a giggle in my voice.

"I don't know him that well. Bridget told me about him, but I have never seen him."

"Well, he is very good looking," I said. "I hope you don't mind, but I have invited him to come and visit us."

"Hmm, I'm sure he was eager to accept the invitation?"

"Of course," I answered.

Sofie gave me a look over and then said jokingly, "Well, which guy wouldn't accept an invitation like that, from a girl who looks like you! I hope you know that you look like a girl who has been very well fucked very recently!"

"Well, he sure noticed my red ass," I said jokingly while showing it to Sofie.

"Damn, that ass really looks very red," Sofie said. "I hope I didn't over do it?"

I rubbed my ass and said, "Well, it doesn't feel too bad right now, but while you were spanking me, it did hurt a lot."

Sofie suddenly got a wicked smile on her face and said, "Maybe, Johnny could kiss the hurt away, the next time!"

"You're planning to spank me in front of him?" I asked mockingly.

"You never know!" Sofie said with a giggle in her voice.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to go there and to change the topic, I said, "Um ... I'd better clean my mess up now. It's getting late, and we have school tomorrow."

"Don't worry about it, I already did that," Sofie said.

I looked at the spot where I had been standing and could indeed see that the stains I had left behind were gone.

"Thanks," I said and smiled at Sofie.

"Well, we better get upstairs now, before we can't get up tomorrow morning for school."

"That's maybe best," I said, and then we went upstairs together. However, before I turned in, I did quickly wash myself.

While I was lying in my bed, I couldn't help but think about Johnny a little more. While he probably had been surprised at first, to find a naked girl outside, he sure didn't seem to have a problem with it. Sure, he had taken his time to inspect my body very thoroughly, but at the same time, I had never felt threatened by him. However, before I would decide to go out with him, I sure would like to get to know him better and see if he could be around a naked girl without getting too touchy with her. If he could manage that, then maybe, he could be one of those guys who would get to know me more intimately.

**Chapter 7**

Saturday, 24 February 2001 - Club Introduction

We all had been looking forward to this evening. My obedience training had gone well and so, it was time to introduce me to the other members of their BDSM club.

Even when Sofie thought, I was ready for it, I wasn't so sure about it. Although, Bridget saying the same thing gave me more confidence about the evening.

Not that it would be hard to remember how I had to behave there, but still, I didn't know any of those people, and I also didn't know what they were expecting from me. Although, the fact that I could always use my safe word with them, eased my mind a little. Not that Bridget thought that they would do anything to me that I wouldn't like, but still, it was good to know that I always could stop the things I didn't like with my safe word.

When we started to get ready for the evening, I took a quick shower and shaved the parts that needed it. Which wasn't much, thanks to my daily shaving ritual in the morning. However, I did pay a little more attention on it to make sure I would be perfectly shaven.

Sofie took her shower after me, and then we went together to her room. We helped each other with our makeup, and yes; we did this naked. Well, I had to be naked anyway, but Sofie didn't put on her clothes either, and I couldn't help but admire her pretty body. To be honest, while we had done a lot of sexual things ... Well, she to me ... I almost had never seen her naked. So, on those few occasions when she was naked with me, I took advantage of it to get a good look at her.

After we were done with the makeup, it was time to get dressed for the evening festivities. And I have to say, she had a rather pretty outfit for the evening.

She first put on a garter belt and then sensually put some stocking over her slender legs. It was all black lace. She also put on some nice-looking panties, also in lace and very see-through. It was a good thing that she also shaved, because else those panties wouldn't have looked as good on her as they did. And the fact that you could see the tip of her slit through it made it even sexier.

As usual, she didn't bother with a bra. Which she also didn't need with those perky breasts of hers. And then she finished dressing by putting on a lovely and rather sexy black evening dress. It left her back completely bare while at the front, she had also a very nice cleavage. The dress was held up by two thin straps over her shoulders, and I was sure that when I would slip them to the side, her dress would probably end up around her feet in a second. Well, that was the daydream I had when I looked at her.

When she bent forward to put on her shoes, I noticed that the dress fell open and her breasts were in plain sight. I liked it a lot that the dress ended just above her knees. It left her beautiful calves in plain sight, and those high-heeled shoes made them look even nicer.

I could really say that I was going to be escorted by a very classy lady, who also looked very sexy in those clothes. I liked it a lot. I couldn't help but think that I wished that she was more into girls, because in the way how she looked right now, I felt the urge to throw her on her bed and have my way with her.

With Sofie done getting dressed, we had nothing else to do than go downstairs and to join Bridget and Gunter there. Well, we both had heard them go down already, so we knew they were waiting for us, even when we still had plenty of time left before we had to leave.

When we got downstairs, we found Gunter sitting on the sofa in the living room. He was wearing black pants with a white shirt. And, I could also see that he was wearing a black collar around his neck. This was obviously his slave collar. On a chair hung the black jacket of his suit. I could see that he had fancy black shoes on his feet, and I was glad when I noticed that he was wearing black socks with them. I hate it when men wear white socks when dressed like this, and probably a lot of other women feel the same as I do. So guys, remember this little tip from me.

When Bridget walked into the living room, I whistled at her. Well, she looked as nice as her younger sister, even when her dress showed less skin than Sofie's. She was also wearing a black dress, but her back was completely covered and the only cleavage she showed was from the little slit that was in the front of her dress. However, when she walked, you could see a lot of her right leg. The dress had a split that ended at her hip, which showed her whole leg when she did a step forwards with her right leg. When I noticed this, it made me wonder if she was wearing panties or not. The split sure was high enough on her hip to expose her panties at the side if she were wearing one.

The ensemble was completely by high-heeled shoes, left most of the top of her feet exposed. Only six thin straps covered her lovely feet.

I sure was glad that I wasn't a guy at that moment, because else everyone would surely have noticed how all of them excited me. Well, if I got a little more excited, they would probably also have noticed it, but for now, my little clit was still nicely hidden between my pussy lips.

Like I said, we still had plenty time left before we had to leave, so we passed our time by watching some show they had recorded during the week.

Not that I was paying a lot of attention to it, because I was too much thinking about the evening ahead of us. Mostly, because the others didn't want to tell me what I could expect to happen in their club this evening. I was already trying to imagine how I was hanging on some ropes while all those people were inspecting my body with their hands. Maybe they would even flog me or even fuck me while I hung there.

I had to smile with myself, when I noticed that I was already getting wet between my legs, and we weren't even there yet.

So, by the time we were about to leave, I was already in a very good and sexy mood. Something that didn't go unnoticed by the others. Bridget even joked that I should drink plenty of water this evening, if I didn't want to get too hydrated by the end of the evening. And, well, they could probably also smell that I was aroused. If I could smell it, others surely could as well. Which, of course, made me go upstairs again to wash my pussy quickly and put on some perfume to mask my odor.

When I got downstairs again, Bridget told me it was time for me to get dressed. I had been wondering about this, because none of them had told me what I would be wearing this evening.

It was Gunter who put a box on the living room table and told me I could get dressed inside the house this time.

I quickly opened the box, looked inside and was stunned about what I found in it. Or better said, what I didn't find in it. Because the only things that were lying in the box were some nice-looking high-heeled shoes and a white collar with a black strip on it.

The shoes looked very nice on me, but almost didn't cover anything of my feet. There were only two thin straps on it. One was around my ankles, and the other one was just above my toes.

It was Sofie who put my collar on and made sure it was tight enough, but not too tight at the same time.

And then, the three of them looked at me and smiled.

"You look perfect in your outfit," Bridget said jokingly. "Don't you think so?" she asked Gunter by nudging him.

"Yep, perfect," he said while he checked me out for the thousandth time, probably. He was still the only one in the house who couldn't stop staring at me whenever I was around him.

Sofie and Bridget had gotten used on me running around them naked, but he still looked at me like it was the first time he saw me naked. Which didn't bother me at all and even made me feel very good about it whenever I caught him staring at me.

"Is this all I'm going to wear this evening?" I asked them.

"Of course! As a new slave, you have to earn the rights to wear clothes! Hadn't I told you this yet?" Sofie asked cheekily.

I shook 'no' with my head, but at the same time smiled at her to show her I was okay with it. Well, they all probably knew that I was more than okay with it. The thought that I would be running around naked in the club was, as usual, a turn-on for me.

I was a little unhappy when Bridget gave me a long coat to wear, before we went outside to their car. I wouldn't have minded driving to the club in the natural, but it seemed that this would go too far for Bridget. Well, probably also because she didn't want to get into trouble with the authorities. I'm sure that if it were legal, to go out naked, she would probably have made me go out without my coat on.

Our drive over to the club went uneventful, of course. However, I have to say that I was astonished when we arrived there. I knew this neighborhood and I also knew that most villa's along this road had been turned into sex clubs and bordellos.

For some reason, I had thought that their club would have been more secluded and surely not in a neighborhood that was associated with prostitution. Especially, because most people back then had some strange thoughts about BDSM in general.

Although, this club also didn't look like the usual buildings around here. At the outside, it looked like a luxurious villa that had an expensive restaurant attached to it at the right side. To tell you the truth, if it wasn't for the huge sign, with a silhouette of a naked lady on it, in front of the villa, most people would probably have thought that this was a restaurant or maybe even a ballroom.

While we walked towards the building, I could feel how a breeze slipped underneath my coat and tickled my body. It reminded me how naked I would soon be among all those people inside.

We walked in through the front door, which wasn't locked, and ended up in the foyer of the building. The foyer wasn't too big and had a few doors in the walls that led to unknown places. At the left side of the room, there was a coat service and two girls stood behind the counter and looked at us.

I didn't pay too much attention to them, because I was admiring the pictures that hung on the walls. I checked them out when I followed the others towards the counter. I noticed that every frame on the wall held a picture of another girl in them. The girls in the picture were all naked, and they all looked very beautiful. If I had to guess about their age, I would say they were all in their early twenties. Well, a few would probably be older, but none of them could be older than twenty-five maybe twenty-six

There was something peculiar about these pictures. All of them showed the girls' name in the right lower corner and just underneath the pictures was a hook attached on the wall. The hooks were all empty, but it made me wonder about the purpose of them.

When we reached the counter, I looked at the girls standing behind it, and I noticed that they were probably only a few years older than Sofie and I.

Because I had been distracted by those pictures on the wall, I hadn't noticed that the others had already taken off their coats, and Sofie was even waiting for me to give her my coat it seemed.

So, I unbuttoned it quickly, slipped out of my coat and gave it to Sofie. I noticed that the girl, who accepted the coats from Sofia, was smiling at me while she checked me out. I smiled back at her and also checked her out. Well, the outfit she was wearing was rather revealing, although all her naughty parts were nicely hidden.

Because the other girl was wearing exactly the same outfit, it was obvious that this was what they had to wear inside the club. Of course, that the short light-blue t-shirts they were wearing also had the name of the club plastered in yellow letters across their breasts could also have been an indication. Those t-shirts were even so short and tight, that they ended just underneath their breasts and clung around their breasts. I think that if they would lift their arms above their heads, the bottom part of their breasts would get exposed to us. And when they walked to one side, to hang our coats away, I noticed that they were wearing tiny hot-pants in the same color as their t-shirts. They were V-shaped and barely managed to cover their buts. And when they turned around, I noticed that only their vulva was hidden but that the skin, their mounds, could be seen. Which, of course, revealed to us that they would be completely shaven down there.

However, the thing I liked the best about them, was that both girls were running around on bare feet. And their toenails, well, their fingernails as well, were done in the same light blue color as their tiny outfits.

It was only when the girl said something to Sofie, that I looked up and noticed that she had short blond hair and bluish eyes. The other girl, who was talking with Bridget had also short hair, but her hair was black, and she had brown eyes.

After the two girls had given the tickets of our coats to Bridget and Sofie, it was eventually Bridget, who took them all and put them away in the little purse she had with her. Well, she needed this purse also for our IDs and other things that could come in handy.

We then crossed the foyer and went through the double door that was in the right wall of the foyer.

When we walked in, we were greeted by another girl, in the same little outfit as those other two girls.

"Hello, can I help you?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, thank you," Bridget answered her.

Bridget pulled our invitations out of her purse and gave it to the girl. The girl checked it against a list she had lying on a table next to her and then smiled while saying, "Welcome! Follow me please."

While she ushered us to our table, I took the time to check the place out. It was a rather large room with a lot of tables in it. It even looked a lot like a fancy restaurant in here, but it was obvious that it also could be used for many other things. The whole place had a carpet on the floor, which would probably be best if the girls working here had to run around on bare feet all the time. The girl, who was walking in front of us, was tiptoeing all the time. Which made her even cuter than those other two girls in the foyer. She also had short hair, and hers was somewhere between blond and brown.

When we got closer to the middle of the room, I noticed that they had made a dance floor there. Well, they had covered the carpet with a shiny surface that had to represent the dance floor. At the right wall, just behind the dance floor, they had built a stage, and I could see that a DJ would provide the music this evening, from the equipment standing on it.

When I heard some noise coming from my left, I looked at it and noticed that they had a rather large bar covering the left wall. It almost covered the whole length of the room, and the bar was split at several places to give the waitresses easy access to get behind it.

There were at least seven girls working there and two guys. For some reason, I couldn't help but think, "Those two lucky devils!"

Two of the girls came out from behind the bar to service some tables, and I noticed that they were also wearing the same tiny outfits and were also on bare feet. Those two were also tiptoeing, and I wondered if they had followed a course to learn to do it so sexy. I sure wanted to kick off my own shoes and tiptoe like them all around the place.

Although, when I checked the guys out, I noticed that they were wearing plain t-shirts and jeans. They even had white sneakers on their feet. So, it seemed that only the girls had to run around in revealing outfits, and the boys could dress more normally.

To tell you the truth, if it hadn't been for the outfits of those girls or the naked paintings decorating the walls of the room. This place could have easily been a very classy restaurant, like the way it looked.

Oh yeah, and there was also one small detail I almost forgot to mention. I had also looked at the people sitting at the tables and besides from me, I had only seen one other naked girl in the room. All other people were wearing dresses or suits, and a few of them were also wearing collars. Most of those collars were black and only a few were white. Although, most girls who were wearing a black collar had also a white stripe on them. However, the men collars were evenly divided between white and black collars, and I noticed that all of those collars didn't have a stripe on them in the opposite color.

We eventually ended up at a table, that was next to the dance floor, and after we all sat down, the girl asked us, "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Yes," Bridget answered. "You can bring us a bottle of champagne and four glasses, please."

"Right away," the girl said and then tiptoed towards the bar. I followed her cute shaking tushie until she was out of sight.

While we waited for her to bring our order, I took some more time to look at the girls behind the bar. To my surprise, I recognized a few of them from those pictures in the foyer. It made me wonder why they would have their naked pictures hanging in the foyer while they worked here as waitresses.

After one of the girls brought us a champagne bucket with a bottle in it and had poured us all a glass, we toasted on a nice evening.

This gave me some extra time to look at the people sitting at the tables. And it was now that I noticed that some of them were wearing masks that covered their eyes and sometimes even their noses. Even some of them, who I presumed were slaves from the white or black collars they were wearing, were also wearing those masks.

And then, finally, my curiosity got the better of me.

"Um ... Sofie," I said whispering to her.

"Yes?" she whispered back.

"Can I ask you something about my collar?"

"Sure," Sofie answered.

"I noticed that some collars are completely black or white, and some of them have a stripe on them. Why is this?"

"I thought you never would ask," Sofie answered smiling. "It's very simple, though.

"The black collars are for straight people and the white collars for those who are gay.

"A stripe on them, will tell people that the person swings both ways.

"So, your collar tells people that you are mostly interested in women, but that you also would do things with men."

I looked at the others again and then said, "So, if I get it right, most girls here are straight, but also would do girls."

"To be honest," Sofie said. "Most of the women in our club are hetero. However, most of them also add a white stripe to their collar, because else it would restrict them too much in the things they could do around here.

"As you maybe have noticed already, there aren't too many male slaves in our club. I think that about 10% of them are men, and the rest of them are women. And from those men, you have also a few who are gay.

"Needles to say, maybe, but this leaves us mistresses with a lack of male slaves. Not that the straight male slaves have a problem with this, because this gets them a lot of female attention."

I looked at Gunter, and I noticed that he was smiling at me. Well, I could understand that with these numbers, those few straight men would have a lot of potential girls interested in them.

Although, the fact that many of those girls also would do things with other girls, gave me also a lot of potential fun.

"And why are some of those people wearing masks?" I asked the other question that was bothering me.

"So they can remain anonymous, of course. It's something I should have asked you as well, but I thought you wouldn't mind people seeing your face."

I just shrugged and said, "I don't think anyone here knows me. So no, I don't care."

Then we noticed a couple who had a naked man following them. He was wearing a white collar, which surprised me a little. Especially, because this couple seemed to be in a relationship with each other. I think that they were even husband and wife, in the way how they behaved.

I kept on looking at them until they were also seated next to the dance floor. However, they were sitting on the other side. I couldn't help but notice that this male slave they had with them was nicely hung, and I loved it that he was also completely shaven. Which, of course, made his penis look even bigger than it really was.

A few other people arrived, but they all were formally dressed. So, it seemed that there would only be three naked people in the whole place, and I would be one of them. This didn't make me feel unhappy about it, in fact, I was glad about it. It sure would get me more attention from those people than when more of us would be running around without clothes.

Well, by now, every guest had arrived, and so an announcer told us that they would start serving dinner. This was a good thing, because I had already noticed that I was feeling hungry. I hadn't eaten much until now, because Bridget had told me that would have dinner here and that the food the serves would be delicious.

Bridget had already made all arrangements, and she had chosen a pepper steak for all of us. Which meant that they would serve red wine at our table. Well, if I had to choose between fish or meat, I would also have chosen meat.

And I must say, Bridget hadn't exaggerated. Whoever was the cook in this sex club, was very good. The food they served was more than excellent and was even better than at a lot of the restaurants in the city.

Once dinner was over, and the tables had been cleaned, a DJ started to play some background music. People were talking with each other, and even Bridget and Gunter left our table to go talk with some people they knew. Sofie stayed with me, but we didn't talk too much. To be honest, I was more interested in looking at the people sitting at the other tables and some of them were also looking at me. I even got a few friendly smiles from those other people when they noticed me looking at them.

While I checked them all out, well the people, I could see from where I was sitting, I noticed that most of them had to be in their thirties, maybe even forties, and only about 30 maybe 35 percent were in their twenties. I think that Sofie and I were even the youngest people in the room. Although, some of the girls working behind the bar could also be around our age.

After a while, I even started to get bored. I sure was hoping that it wouldn't take much longer before whatever they had planned for this evening would commence.

It had to be past eight o'clock already when I noticed that a few guys were placing some chairs on stage, which looked very ceremonial. I'm sure you know the kind I'm talking about, you probably have seen similar chairs already on TV. It were the kind of chairs that they use for kings in those movies.

And while those people were setting the stage, the people in the room were slowly returning to their own chairs. By the time everyone was back at their own table, everything was ready on stage. And when the lights in the room were dimmed, I was relieved that they finally would start with the fun part of the evening, I hoped.

Four people, who had been sitting at the other side of the room, somewhere next to the stage, stood up and came on stage. Three of them, two men and a woman, went sitting on the chairs, while the fourth one, also a man, went standing about center stage where they had put a microphone on a stand.

The moment the guy at the micro started to speak, the lights above the stage went back on.

"Good evening, ladies and gentleman! Welcome to the inauguration of our new members and especially their slaves!"

Everyone in the room started to applaud, and I did the same.

Now that the lights above the stage were back on, I inspected the three people sitting on the chairs. They looked important, especially the guy in the middle.

Even when this guy, in his black pants and white shirt, didn't look that different to the other well-dressed people around me, he radiated self-confidence and leadership. Just looking at him told me that I would probably do anything he would ask from me. It was mostly those deep dark eyes, in combination with his shoulder long black hair, which made me feel like this. From what I could see of his skin, it was obvious he was nicely tanned.

Although, the woman sitting to his left also had a flair about her that demanded obedience. Well, also maybe, because she was wearing one of those black dominatrix outfits with handcuffs hanging down at her left hip and a whip dangling at her right hip. It was obvious that she would probably administer the punishments. But I have to say, she did look sexy in that black latex dress she was wearing in combination with black net stocking and, of course, black leather boots, which came knee high. She also had black hair that was rather long, it came down to about her middle. She also had dark eyes, but her skin was rather white, as if she almost never went out into the sun. This made her fiery red lipstick stand out and gave her lips something sensual. And while she looked like she was maybe 23 years old, I was sure that she had to be around her thirties already. It was just in the way how she behaved, that gave me this suspicion.

And then there was also that guy sitting on the other side. I couldn't see too much of him, because he was wearing a black cape with a hood on. So, his face was hidden out of view. He was also wearing black pants, but a black shirt instead of a white one.

The guy standing at the microphone was wearing a two piece black suit with a white shirt. He had short brown hair and from what I could see, maybe blue eyes. Well, his eyes sure didn't look as dark as those of the man in de middle and that woman.

"As most of our longtime members know, this evening is meant to get to know our new recruits a little better. For those who are new to the proceedings of the evening, I will give you a short explanation on how this evening will go."

His explanation was short and to the point, but he gave enough information to give me an idea about what would happen next. In short, it would go like this. He would call out the master of a new slave by name, and then he or she would bring his or her slave on stage for inspection. The slave will be introduced to the Grandmaster first and then to everyone else in the room. The guy at the microphone will share some information about the slave with the others. Mostly, the things they like to be done to them and other stuff they like. I wondered what he would be telling about me to them.

After the new slaves have been introduced, the other members of the club will get a chance to get to know them better. They all will get the opportunity to ask those slaves for a dance, during which they can ask them questions. This would probably take until midnight or a little longer. Hearing this, I was less happy about those high-heel shoes I was wearing.

Although, the party wouldn't by over at midnight. There would also be some extra entertainment later in the evening. However, he didn't mention what this entertainment would be. For some reason, I thought it would involve us new slaves.

After he was done explaining, I could feel that I was a little nervous again. Although, at the same time, also a little excited. The part where I would be standing on stage, naked of course, with all those people looking at me, got me a little hot. I wondered if they would also allow those people to explore my body with their hands later on. That could be fun!

And then it was time, I heard how he called out the name of the first master who had to come on stage to introduce his new slave to the rest of the club.

Somewhere at the other side of the dance floor, I saw a guy in his mid forties getting up. He was holding a leash in his hands and attached it to the collar of that other naked girl in the room.

He pulled her up from the chair and then guided her to the stage.

Just like me, she was completely naked except for her shoes. She was wearing red shoes with an open toe, and the heel of her shoes weren't as tall as mine. However, she still managed to walk in a sensual way, and I liked how she managed to shake her booty while she walked. She sure had the art of seducing under her belt.

She was a pretty girl, well woman, because she had to be in her mid-twenties already. The most striking feature on her body were her breasts. They were big and perky with rather big pink areolas on top of them, accompanied with the cutest little nipples. Because her tits stood so firmly on her chest, I wasn't sure if they were natural or not. Although, her breasts looked maybe bigger than they were, because she had a very slim waistline, with a rather fine ass underneath it. She sure had the perfect hourglass figure, and I could see in the eyes of the men that they all would like to have some fun with her. Well, I also wouldn't have minded having some fun with her. If I think about it today, she even had a Gothic look to it, because she also had rather white skin and in combination with her long black hair and the collar she was wearing, she looked like one of those Gothic models you sometimes see in catalogs.

However, there was also something on her body that surprised me. Because, she didn't shave herself, at all. Her bush was thick and luscious, and she even hadn't bothered to shave her armpits. I didn't know that there were still girls like this around. Although, I must say, she did shave her legs, because those were very smooth looking.

When they finally stood in front of the Grandmaster, the girl knelt down in front of them and then presented herself to him like Sofie had learned me. Her arms were stretched out in front of her while her forehead touched the floor of the stage.

She kept her ass high up, by curving her back. It gave us all a good look on her hairy pussy and ass. I was sure that when it would be my turn to do this, the people in the room would have a nicer and less hidden pussy and ass to look at. Just thinking this made my pulse go up, and I could feel I was getting more aroused.

Her master talked with the Grandmaster while she kept her position on the floor. They talked softly, so I couldn't hear what was said. However, I could see that the woman next to the grandmaster was inspecting the girl on the floor of the stage. It seemed that she liked what she was seeing.

While they were talking, I also tried to see a little more of this woman's sex, but her pubic hair prevented it. I think I saw some pink between the black hairs, but I was too far to see much of it. It sure had been a very long time that I had seen such a hairy pussy. All the girls in school shaved, or at least trimmed themselves. For some reason, this intrigued me. And although she wore a black collar, I had seen a white stripe on it, so she wasn't completely off-limits to me. Although, I probably would need the permission of Sofie and this woman's master to get near to her.

I was still looking at her ass, when she suddenly got up from the floor. Her master brought her to the guy standing at the microphone and placed her at the front of the stage, so everyone could now have a good look at her front. Again, those tits demanded most of the attention. Her nipples had gotten a little bigger, and it was obvious she felt somewhat aroused. Well, she sure breathed faster than what you would expect from a fit looking woman like hers.

I noticed that she took on the other position Sofie had learned me. She stood there with her legs spread and her hands behind her head. This pushed those fun bags of hers even more forwards.

"As you all can see, we have something very special here," the guy at the micro started to say. "I'm sure you all are wondering why this beautiful girl doesn't shave her armpits and crotch. Well, there is a good explanation for this, because this girl is into hair play!"

And while he had said this, he had walked up to her, and I saw how he took hold of her pubic hair and pulled on it, softly. This made the slave-girl pull a face of pain and then of pleasure. It seemed that she liked people to pull on her hair. I couldn't help but think that this was the strangest thing I had seen, until that day.

He then looked at the woman and said, "I'm sure looking out for having some fun with you soon! And I'm sure some other members will ask your master to teach them a thing or two about hair play in the coming weeks and months!"

He then pulled on the girl's pubic hair again, and I could see how she twitched with her body when he did this. I even think I could hear her moan a little.

Then he told us some other things she liked to do. Although, most of those things were probably things most of the slaves in the room liked. I mean, if you are a member of this club, you sure would be into bondage, or loving it when you are being flogged and things like that. Else you surely wouldn't join a BDSM club.

After then her introduction was over. Her Master took her by the leash again and took her off stage. However, he didn't take her back to her seat, but he made her sit on her knees in front of the stage. After he had removed the leash, he went back to his table and left her sit there on her own.

And then it was time for the next slave to be introduced. He again called out a name of a Master to bring his slave on stage. Although, I should say Master and Mistress this time, because it was a man and a woman who was going to introduce their male slave to us.

It was the Master who attached the leash on the slave-boy's collar and pulled him along towards to stage.

It still puzzled me a little. I really got the impression that this man and woman were married. So, why would they have a male slave who is wearing a white collar without a black stripe on it? It wasn't logical to me!

However, like I said, his Master pulled him along towards the stage while the woman walked behind them, and I noticed she was softly whipping him with a short whip on the ass. Mostly, to urge him along, it seemed.

I can't say if it was because of the whipping the woman gave him, or because of all of us staring at him, but by the time he reached the stage his penis was rock hard and bopping up and down while he walked up the stage.

Again, the slave had to present himself to the Grandmaster while the two Masters talked with him. We all could see how his penis was pointing at the floor between his legs, while his balls were resting against it.

"Wouldn't you want to have that thing inside your pussy?" Sofie whispered in my ear jokingly.

I looked at it, and I thought I wouldn't mind it. Although, he was wearing a white collar, so he had to be gay. That's also why I answered, "I wouldn't mind it, but he is gay! So, I don't think that that will happen!"

"Hmmm, you're probably right," Sofie said somewhat disappointed. "Those two guys with him surely will be enough for him."

"Two guys?" I asked surprised. "But..."

Sofie giggled softly and said, "Didn't you notice? That woman isn't a woman but a man."

"She ... um ... he is?"

"Yes, she is," Sofie answered. "She is a cross-dresser."

"Why do you call him a she?"

"Because she is! As long as she is wearing woman's clothes, she is a woman."

"Oh, I see!"

Before we could say anything else, our attention was brought back to stage when we saw the naked slave-boy walk up to the guy with the microphone. He went standing in the same position as the girl before him. And his dick was still pointing slightly upwards and was now bopping up and down without him moving. So, I can presume that he also got turned on by people looking at him.

"Sorry ladies, but I have bad news for you all." He took hold of the guy's penis and then said, while shaking with it, "I would bet you all wanted the get to know this thing between his legs a little better, but I'm sorry to tell you that he doesn't want any woman touching it. He is as gay as it comes. However, I'm sure a man or two in here will get to know it a little better ... very soon!

"As you all have seen already, he gets easily aroused, especially when being whipped or..." The sound of his hand striking his ass sounded through the room. "spanked!"

Again, we all could so how his penis bobbed up and down a few times after being hit on the ass.

"From what I have been told, if you whip him long and hard enough, you can make him cum without even touching his cock."

This got him a few whoops from guys and galls alike, and even Sofie joined in.

"And that isn't all. He also likes to be tied down and abused for your pleasure. Humiliation is also one of his kinks and the more the merrier. And ladies, he doesn't mind being humiliated by women, so if you want to have some fun with him, you all know what to do!"

One woman started to applaud and soon, everyone was applauding, which made his cock bob and twist.

"Oh, I'm going to humiliate him until he comes," Sofie let out. Which in return got her a stare from Bridget and then both of them started to smile.

It was obvious that those two were planning to do something with that guy, someday.

"And ladies, as a finishing touch. If you should have a strap-on at home, don't forget to bring it with you, because he likes to take it up the bum from men and women alike."

"Mine is in the car!" one of the women shouted, which made a lot of the people laugh out loud.

And I noticed that the guy on stage started to smile. Damn, it sure looked like he was liking all the attention he was getting.

Some other of his kinks were announced, but those were more standard BDSM things, so I'm not going to list them all. Let's just say, whoever was allowed to have some fun with this guy, they sure could have hours of fun with him.

He was then brought off of the stage by his Masters, and they made him sit next to the woman in front of the stage.

Before his Masters walked away, I noticed that the one dressed as a woman whispered something into the slave-girl's ear.

When she walked away, I checked her out more thoroughly and still couldn't believe that she was really a man. Although, there was something that gave her away, because I could now clearly see his Adam's apple. Strange that I hadn't noticed it before! Although, I had been distracted with their naked slave, of course.

When I looked back at the two slaves sitting in front of the stage, I now saw that the woman had her hand around his shaft and was slowly stroking him. He seemed a little bothered by it, but at the same time, let her do it to him.

That was probably because his Master had ordered this woman to do this to him. I couldn't help but smile while I thought, I hope for him that the rest of the proceedings won't take too long, or else he will probably lose his first load while sitting there.

A shiver went through my body when I heard that guy on stage calling out for Sofie. It was now my turn to go up on stage and have them all look at me, and I was sure my pussy would get plenty of attention once I was honoring the Grandmaster.

Sofie stood up and while she attached a leash on my collar, I could already see how my nipples started to get more perky from excitement. Sofie smiled at me when se noticed it and then pulled me up from my chair.

We walked slowly toward the stage and the closer we came, the more excited I became. I'm sure that if I had been a guy, my dick would also have been pointing in the direction I was walking. Although, while I didn't have a dick, I still had something else that could show its little head. But for now, my sweet little love button was still hidden between my slightly wet lips.

I could feel my heart beating in my chest while we walked up on the stage. By how my nipples looked by now, I was sure that everyone knew how turned on I was. Well, those close enough to have a good look at them surely would know.

And although I don't have big breasts, like that other slave-girl has, I do have impressive nipples when I get horny. Well, I think I have mentioned this before, as you probably can remember, but I just like to point it out, now and then. Just as my nipples like to point it out as well, now and then.

"So, Sofie," the Grandmaster said. "I see you have been promoted from slave to Master."

"Yes, Grandmaster," Sofie answered. "Mistress Bridget thought I had fulfilled my education, and so I was allowed to get me my own little slave. I hope she is to your liking."

I noticed how this guy checked me out, and then he said, "Well, I'm sure she will do. Although, I think you still have to work on her training."

"I think you are right, Grandmaster," Sofie said while she looked cross at me.

Shit, how could I have forgotten this?! I had already seen it two times what I had to do on stage.

So, I quickly dropped to my knees, and bowed in front of him like I had been trained.

"Hmm! Well, at least she takes subtle hints," he said in a funny tone.

"She sure does," Sofie said, with a tone that sounded less pleased about it. "Although, I think she needs a little punishment for being slow! Don't you think so?"

"She is your slave. If you think she needs punishment, go alone!"

"Thanks, Grandmaster," Sofie said, suddenly with more pleasure in her voice.

Sofie moved behind me and then I heard her say, "I need to apologize for my slave's bad behavior just now. But if it pleases you all, I will punish her for it."

I heard how they all started to applaud after Sofie had said this and when they finally stopped, Sofie came standing next to me, so all of them still had a nice view on my behind, and then she started to spank me. Remembering my training, I started to count out loud and always added, "thank you Mistress" at the end.

After she had given both my ass cheeks five slaps, she stopped and said, "Next time, present yourself immediately for the Grandmaster and other Masters! You hear?"

"Yes, Mistress," I quickly answered and added, "I'm sorry for misbehaving, Mistress."

"It's okay for this time," Sofie said while she rubbed my ass softly and then went further down to rub my pussy and spread my lips for everyone to see.

I'm not sure if anyone else but Sofie noticed this, but my pussy started to twitch as if I was about to cum when Sofie rubbed her fingers in between my lips.

But then she let go of me and went back standing in front of the Grandmaster.

"Do you always end your punishment like that?" he asked Sofie.

"Most of the time, Grandmaster," Sofie said jokingly. "A little pleasure after pain makes the slave a happy camper."

"You're so right," he responded with a chuckle. "I only wished you would have thought about turning her around, so I could have had a better look when you did that."

"Oh, but that can be helped," Sofie said happily.

She came back to me, pulled me up by my leash and walked me over to the Grandmaster.

"Go stand in front of the Grandmaster and present yourself ... standing," Sofie ordered me.

"Yes, Mistress," I answered and did like she ordered me.

I was now standing with my naked toes against the tip of his shoes and presented myself to him like those other two slaves had done towards the audience.

"Maybe, you would like to do it, Grandmaster?" Sofie asked him.

"It would be my honor," he responded while he looked straight at my pussy.

He reached out towards me with his hand and went straight for my pussy. He softly started to rub my lips with three of his fingers. His touch felt soft and gentle, and it was obvious he knew how to play with a girl's pussy. I instantly felt sensations of pleasure shooting through my body while he found my clitoris with his fingers.

Although, I was disappointed when he stopped so soon. However, at the same time, I was also glad, because my clit hadn't decided to show her head yet.

I looked at him and while he brought his fingers to his nose, he smiled at me.

"That's a nice bouquet," he said. He then looked at the woman sitting next to him and asked, "Want to taste?"

The woman didn't say anything, but just moved closer and then took his fingers in her mouth. I could see that she sucked my juices off of it, and when she was done, the Grandmaster asked, "And? What do you think?"

"I wouldn't mind getting it from the source," she answered while looking at me. I smiled back at her, but didn't say what was on the tip of my tongue. Because, if it had been up to me, I would have allowed her to eat me out right there and then.

"Don't worry, Mistress Tania! I'm sure you will get to know her better in the coming months," Sofie said.

"I will hold you to that," Mistress Tania said while her dark eyes devoured my body.

"You better show her off to the rest of the members now, or else they will get jealous, I think," the Grandmaster told Sofie.

Sofie didn't say anything, but just tapped with the fingers of her hand on my shoulder, to let me know it was time to go to the guy with the microphone.

When I turned around, I could see how all those people were looking at me. Most of them had a look of surprise on their faces.

Maybe, I can tell you this better right now. Bridget told me the next day that something like that hadn't happened before. Sure, a slave had been spanked by their Master on stage before, but this was the first time a slave had been presented to them to be touched by them on stage. Sofie had taken it a little further than what was officially allowed on stage. However, afterwards, Sofie had received some nice comments about it and how they had liked it to see the Grandmaster touch, well, me in front of all of them.

Of course, at that moment, I didn't know they felt about it like this, and I wasn't completely sure how I had to take how they looked at me. I can remember that, for some reason, I thought I would be in trouble with them for the rest of the evening. Although, thinking about it today, I was maybe hoping that I would be in trouble with them and have them punish me as well.

And the fact that I was standing there, with my legs spread, so they all could have a proper look at my wet pussy and the rest of my body, made me only getting more aroused.

"Well, Ladies and Gentlemen! I think we have a real wild-one on our hands this time," the guy started to say. "I hope for her that she behaves a little better in the future or that ass of hers will look a lot redder by the time we are done with her!"

This remark made them laugh out loud, and I could see that some of their faces started to look more relaxed again.

"Now, this young lady is a late addition to our group. She is even very inexperienced, because her Mistress has only started training her at the beginning of the year. So, don't be too hard on her.

"However, I do need to tell you something about her that will make a few of you probably very happy. She isn't just a submissive; she is also an exhibitionist."

When the guy said this, a lot of the people started to whoop and applaud. To be honest, their reaction on me being an exhibitionist surprised me a lot. I thought most of those slaves had to be in someway exhibitionistic. Why else would they get naked in front of others? Well, that is what I thought about it at the time.

The announcer went on by saying, "I thought you guys would love this.

"But that's not all! She isn't just an exhibitionist, but she also likes to do her thing outside or even at more public places."

This got me another few whoops. Although, it also made me wonder what he meant by doing it at more public places. I know I had marked a few things on that form about being naked in public, but now I wondered if they would make me having sex out there. They surely wouldn't make me have sex in places that could get me arrested, or would they? Nah, they wouldn't do that! I was sure about that.

"She has been trained in bondage, and Sofie told me she doesn't mind a good spanking, now and then. Well, you have already seen that!" he chuckled. "And ... the whip is also no stranger for her. As long as you don't injure her, that is. So, a caning is out of the question, I'm sorry to say.

"Another thing she doesn't like, what will disappoint a lot of you, is that she doesn't want any nipple clamps or other clamps on her body."

This got me a few boos, but they were playful and not meant to hurt me. Well, I didn't care anyway, because I just didn't want any clamps on my sensitive nipples or any other part of my body, and that was that!

"However, Sofie told me a little secret about this girl, and I'm not going to tell you guys what it is. Although, before the night is over, I'm sure you all will find out about it, probably."

Now ... What could that be? As if you guys don't know that already.

"I'm sure you will all agree with me, that adding such an inexperienced girl to our group is a good thing as well. It will give us all some pleasure to see how this girl will respond to all the new things we will introduce to her."

He then went on by saying a few other things that I liked, but most of them were the same things that had been said about the two other slaves as well.

When he was done, Sofie took me by my leash and brought me to the other two slaves in front of the stage. She unhooked the leash and then made me sit down next to the guy. That other woman was still stroking his penis, and I could see how the head of it was glistening with his pre-cum.

Sofie didn't order me to play with it, so I kept my hands to myself and just showed off my sweet pussy to those people close to us. At least, I was showing them a freshly shaved pussy and not a hairy one. And I bet that they could probably also see how wet I already was between my legs. My pussy was sure itching for more attention.

I was expecting that the guy on stage would call someone also to stage, but that didn't happen. It seemed that we three were the only new slaves to the group. Well, it was maybe logical as well, because we three were the only three people who were naked among them.

The guy on stage then started to talk about what parties they planned to have in the coming weeks. And I have to confess, I wasn't really listening to him because I was distracted by that cock next to me. That woman kept on playing with it. Although, she sure knew how to tease this guy, because every time he was about to come, she stopped her stroking and let him cool down for a moment before starting it all over again. By now, the woman's hand and the guy's shaft were slippery from all his pre-cum.

Then, suddenly, the lights in the room started to shine more brightly, and music started to play. The woman finally let go of the man's penis, and I could hear him sigh in relief. I think that woman had managed to get him very frustrated by not letting him cum, but at the same time also very glad that she hadn't let him cum. I hoped for him that later in the evening; they would be more gentle to him, and somebody would give him the relieve he so desperately needed.

Although, for now, it seemed we three were up for some dancing with whoever would ask us. For me, it was a man in his forties. He was dressed very elegantly and looked very smart in his suit.

He asked me to dance in a very courteous way, and I gladly accepted his hand. We danced a waltz together. My right hand was in his left, while his right hand rested just above my ass. I, of course, had my left hand on his right shoulder, the way how my mother had thought me.

He was very graceful on his feet, and we floated over the dance floor as if we had been dancing together for years. And while we danced, he surprised me by asking me more general things about myself. Like my age, what I did in life and so on. When I told him my age, he looked a bit surprised. However, he guaranteed me that I didn't look older than I had said, but that he just had suspected that I was older than I looked. Especially, because my body looked so mature. Wasn't he nice! He just knew the right things to say to make a girl feel all happy about herself.

Although, our dance had to come to an end, and then I had another guy dancing with me. This one asked me the questions that I had been expecting from them. Things about how I liked to be tied down, or about what whips he could use on me, or things about my exhibitionism and how far I would like to go with it. And more stuff like that.

Man after man asked me to dance and after a while, even some women asked me to dance with them. The questions of the women weren't that different from what the men had asked me, although, I did like them more, especially if the woman was also very pretty.

After a while, my feet started to hurt and when it was time to change partners again, I quickly went to my table and removed my shoes. Strangely enough, when I returned to the dance floor with my next dance partner, I felt more naked as before. Especially because the dance floor felt rather cold against my feet, which made it more obvious to me that I was now only wearing my collar and nothing else.

Although, I also have to tell that by now, more slaves had their clothes removed and a lot of them were now also completely naked, or wearing outfits that would increase the attention to their breasts or pussies. Or cocks, of course, because there were also a few male slaves dancing naked now. And that one guy who also had been introduced to the club, also received a lot of attention. I think he even liked the attention he got from a few of the women around him.

After I had danced with a lot of Masters and Mistresses already, finally, another slave-girl asked me to dance. Before we started dancing, it was a little awkward, because both of us put up our right hand to be led around the dance floor. And for some reason, it was me who decided to play the part of the man.

It was fun to dance like this with another naked woman. While we danced, our breasts sometimes rubbed against each other, and sometimes I could even feel their hard nipples rubbing over my chest or even touching my own hard nipples. While I had gotten already excited from dancing with those clothed men and women, this turned me on a lot more than I would have thought.

Us slaves also talked with each other, but our conversations went more about what we thought about this Master or that Mistress. And sure, some of those girls also told me that they would love to have some fun with me. Especially those slave-girls which were also wearing a white collar. There weren't that much of them, but still enough to make sure that I wouldn't get bored, ever.

And dancing with the male slaves was in some way also fun. Especially, because most of them were having erections and while we danced, that thing between their legs kept poking me or rubbing over my thighs. I think they even left some slimy residue behind on my thighs.

Although, I have to confess. From all those people I danced with that evening, only two of them stood out to me. Not that the others weren't interesting, but those two were just more special to me. One, because of the things he wanted to do with me, and the other one, because she was just so gorgeous.

Well, I shall try to tell you a little more about them and how our first contact went.

I had danced with a lot of Masters already, when I guy in his early thirties asked me to dance. He was dressed in a black suit and even wore a cape. If I have to compare him with someone, Dracula comes to mind. Not because he looked like him, but he just had something about him that made him mysterious, and those dark-brown eyes could look so intensely at me sometimes, that they scared me a little.

He had brown short hair, cut in a classical way. His strong chin was shaved very smooth, and I liked the odor of his aftershave.

However, the thing that made him so impressive, was the fact that he was tall and broad-shouldered. I felt very safe, with his strong arms wrapped around me, but at the same time, I also knew that he could probably do anything to me without that I would be able to fight him off. Not that I expected the need to fight him off, but just the thought that he could overwhelm, if he wanted to, gave me butterflies just thinking about it.

"Hello, I'm Diederik. But you can call me Master Dirk," he said with a deep voice.

"Hi, I'm Veerle," I responded while looking up at him.

While we danced, I let him lead me around over the dance floor. Well, in his arms, I couldn't do anything else but follow him. He was so impressive that for a moment, I even worried about my little toes. Although, I didn't have to, because he knew how to avoid them. As big as he was, when he danced, it was almost as if he was floating over the dance floor.

"So, if I'm not mistaken, you are an exhibitionist?"

"That's right," I answered with a smile.

I noticed a twinkle in his eyes when he looked down at me. "Have you ever done some bondage in public?"

"You mean in front of other people?"

"Yes, but also if you have let somebody tie you up outside somewhere."

I thought about it for a moment and decided to tell him the truth. "Yes, I have been tied up outside before. But not too public, although, I did get seen, sometimes."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, while it was outside, it was always at places were the chance of being caught would be very slim, unless ... I wanted to be seen."

"Is it because you don't want to do this in front of a lot of people? Or because you were afraid to be caught by the cops?"

"The latter," I said immediately.

"So, you wouldn't mind being tied down, let's say, in a forest, in the company of a group of people?"

Again, I had to think about his question. While the thought of being tied in front of a group of people didn't bother me too much, it also scared me a little. Mostly, because when I would be tied down, I wouldn't be able to defend myself if they wanted to join in on the fun.

"So, what's your answer?" he asked after he had been waiting for my answer.

"I think ... I wouldn't mind a thing like that," I eventually answered.

This made him smile and then he said, "Then I think I need to have a talk with your Mistress about it. If that's okay to you?"

"Have I anything to say in this?" I asked him sarcastically.

"Of course! It's not because you are your Mistress slave, that you have to do anything that you don't like," he answered. "That's why I asked if you would be okay with it."

"Well, I wouldn't mind trying. If you can assure me that I wouldn't end up behind bars."

"You don't have to be afraid of that," he said with a smile. "Although, I do own a cage," he added jokingly.

I giggled and answered, "Then ... Yes! I wouldn't mind you having a talk with Sofie about it."

"Thanks!" he said. I was surprised, a lot, to hear how happy he suddenly sounded.

We danced along for a while, and then he asked me, "How did you find out that you were an exhibitionist?"

"Well, I didn't know it from the beginning. You have to know, when I grew up, I have often been naked at home. My mother didn't care about a thing like that.

"It's only when my friends found out about it, and I stayed naked among them, that I gradually started to notice that it turned me on when they looked at me. And ... eventually ... I started to run around naked at places where it wouldn't be allowed. This also turned me on ... a lot."

"Where did you, or still do it, most of the time?" he asked me.

"To be honest, I probably would go naked everywhere, If I was allowed to do it, that is. But that isn't possible, of course. So, I try to do it at places where the chance to get caught is very slim."

"And have you ever been caught?"

"Hmm ... Yes, a few times."

"By cops?"

"NO! Um ... No. They haven't caught me ... yet," I said very sneaky.

"And those times when you did get caught, did you like it?"

"Well ... I have been lucky, I think. I mean, those people who caught me didn't do anything bad with me. Although, one of them did humiliate me a little in front of her friends. However, in the end, it was all done in fun. And I have to say, I still liked it. Maybe even a bit too much."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said.

"Why?" I asked with my teasing girly voice.

He smiled down at me again and said, "I hope I don't scare you now, but I prefer doing bondage at places where few people go, but where there is still some chance to get caught."

"You do?" I asked with mock surprise. As if I couldn't have guessed that already.

His big hand softly slapped my buttocks while he said, "Now, don't act fresh with me. Or I'll spank your little behind right here on the dance floor."

"Promise?" I asked coyly.

He chuckled and said, "Don't temp me now!" He softly slapped my buttocks again. "But to go on with what I wanted to say. If I would ask your Mistress Sofie to join me one day at my property. Would you be interested in having an outdoor's BDSM experience where you also could get caught by people who weren't expecting on finding a thing like that on their walk?"

"Um ... sure," I answered truthfully while my pussy responded from excitement. "However, how outdoors will it be? Do you mean in real public, like in the streets, or somewhat more hidden?"

"Don't worry. You don't have to be afraid of being arrested. I sure won't do it in the middle of the street or even in a public park."

"Then where?" I really wanted to know.

"I have a place, deep in a forest, where we could do it. It's a private owned part of the forest but open to the public. However, the chance of somebody walking in on us is very slim," he said with a crooked smile on his face.

"And if they would walk in on us, could we get into trouble with the cops?" I asked him. Not that I was too afraid of them, because, until now, I never had had any dealings with them. But if I could avoid them, I would, of course.

"No. Like I said. It's private property, and nobody would be able to see anything from the street or from any public area around it. So, we don't have to be afraid of getting into trouble."

"So, we would be completely safe there?"

"Completely," he said with conviction.

"Good!" I said relieved.

"So? From your response, I can presume you are willing to do it?"

I smiled up at him and said, "Yes! I would love to do a thing like that!"

"I will hold you on this," he said teasingly.

I snuggled up to him and said, "Me too!"

He wrapped his arms tighter around me and said, "I'm looking forward to it."

In response, he pulled me even tighter against him, and we danced on until the song was finished. I'm not completely sure about this, but I think I had managed to get him hard, by just promising him that I would do a thing like that for him. Well, I sure could feel something hard in his pants that was at the right spot.

And to be honest, while he was holding me so firmly in his arms, I also got more than a bit aroused about the thought about what could happen in that forest of him.

As you can see, this guy was just perfect for a girl like me. Not that I hadn't been tied in a wooded area before, because I had, as you well know from my previous stories. However, for some reason, I just knew that this guy would explore my boundaries, and I would let him go as far as I would be able to handle it.

Even so, as I said before, he was only the first nice surprise that evening.

My next surprise happened after I had been dancing for ... well, I don't know for sure how long. I can only say that my legs started to feel tired, and the conversations were getting tiresome. You can only answer the same questions for so many times until it gets boring.

However, then I saw her. At first, I thought I had imagined her, because I had only seen a glimpse of her. But then I saw her again, and I noticed that she was also looking at me.

When I saw her walking towards us, I almost started drooling.

I couldn't believe that I hadn't noticed her before. Because this woman was probably the most beautiful woman in the place. Well, in my eyes, she was.

She was in her mid-twenties, and she had the most stunning body I had ever seen. And as a girl, I had seen a lot of naked girls already. That's the advantage of sharing a locker room at the gym or at school with them. I even think that if she would have been attending at our school, all my female classmates would turn lesbian at an instant. Okay, this last part was maybe wishful thinking from me, because I had a few classmates, I wouldn't mind sharing my bed with.

But to get back to the story, while she sensually walked up to us, I couldn't help but stare at her. She was tall, much taller than I was, and her length came from those long slender legs of hers. Of course, the fact that she was wearing high-heeled shoes, and I was dancing barefoot, made the difference in height even bigger.

And even when she was facing me, it was obvious to me that she had a very nice ass on top of those long legs. Although, the thing that made her so beautiful, was the fact that she had the perfect hourglass figure. Well, her waist was maybe like mine, but she looked much thinner because she had those enormous tits on her chest. Looking at them, I was sure I would need both my hands to cover just one of them. And as with most big breasts, she had also big areolas. Although, her breasts differed from most big-breasted girls I had seen before, because her nipples were also rather impressive. They were prominent and pointed right at me.

When she got closer, and noticed that I was staring at her, while I was still dancing with my current guy, she smiled the loveliest smile I had ever seen at me. Even her light-blue eyes were smiling while she looked at me.

"Excuse me," she said while tapping the guy I was dancing with on his shoulder.

He looked behind him, then up and smiled. "She's all yours."

"Thanks," the woman said while she took his place.

When she wrapped an arm around me and took my left hand in her right hand, I suddenly felt like a little girl in her arms. Her shoulders were at my eye level, and I wasn't sure where to look at. Those perky nipples on those firm round big breasts begged for attention from me, but then there were also those light-blue eyes of hers that mesmerized me.

If she would have had blond hair instead of that long curly brown hair, she would probably have been the dream wife of all men in the world. Although, they would all be out of luck, because I noticed that she was wearing a white collar, without a black stripe on it. Which made my heart miss a beat.

"Hi," she said sensually.

"Um, hi," I managed to squeak out. It made her smile at me again.

"I'm Nancy," she said.

"I'm ... Um..." I started to say and suddenly couldn't remember my name.

"Veerle! If I'm not mistaken?" she said with an even bigger smile.

"Um ... yes ... Veerle," I said while I started blushing.

"So, how is your evening going?" she asked.

"Fine."

"Just fine?"

"Well, getting better by the second," I said while my blush deepened, and I found some of my spirit back.

I could feel how her hand softly rubbed my back.

"I hope you didn't mind me cutting in?"

"Oh no, not at all!"

"So, I see you have a black stripe on your collar. Are you bisexual, or is it something you mistress demanded from you?" Nancy asked.

"To be honest, I think I'm bisexual, but I'm not sure."

"And why do you think that?"

"Well, I have only been in love with one girl, up until now. But I also have had something with a boy for a while. But I don't think I was in love with him."

"Then why were you with him?"

"Um ... because he could scratch a certain itch I sometimes had," I answered her teasingly. I was glad that I wasn't blushing too much anymore.

"So, it was just for sex?" she bluntly asked.

"Yes, I think it was."

"Well, I never felt the urge to be with a man," she confessed.

"Have you ever been?" I asked her out of curiosity.

"Only once. To try it. But it didn't do anything for me."

"So, I can presume that you then also have a Mistress," I asked her.

"Yes, I do. She is also my life partner."

"Oh, I see," I responded.

"Do I hear some disappointment in your voice?" she asked me with some fun in her voice.

"No, no. Well ... no, I didn't mean it like that. It's just..."

"You already imagined us two becoming lovers?"

I started to blush again and answered, "Not as lovers, but I wouldn't mind having some fun with you."

"And who says that we can't have any fun?"

"Well, what would your life partner think about that?" I responded.

"If she had a problem with it. Do you think that we would have joined a sex club then? Or, a BDSM club, in our case."

She was right of course, but for a moment, I had completely forgotten where we were and even that we both were dancing naked with each other. Although, remembering where we were, suddenly brought all those things back to my mind. And it made me look at her perky nipples again.

"Um ... I forgot about that, for a moment," I confessed. "So ... Um ... Does that mean that... ?"

"I sure wouldn't have asked you for a dance, if I didn't think we could have some fun together in the near future. And ... if you like that, of course?"

I looked her in her eyes again and for a moment, she was again the only person in the room.

"So, I can presume from your smile that you are up for it?" she asked me teasingly.

"Oh yes, I'm sure up for it," I said eagerly. Which made her softly laugh.

"I will tell my Mistress about this. She will be more than happy to hear it, I bet." Nancy said.

"Who is your Mistress," I asked her.

"She is over there," Nancy answered and motioned with her had towards a woman who stood next to the dance floor, talking with a couple at a table.

She was, of course, completely clothed. She was wearing a black dress that came to about her knees and completely covered the rest of her body, except for her arms.

She was also wearing a mask, so I couldn't see her face. However, there was something that surprised me, because she was about the same size as I was.

"Her name is Anja," Nancy said. "It's not her real name, of course, but you will probably have to call her Mistress Anja. Just like I need to."

"Is there a reason she wants to stay incognito?"

"It's for her job," Nancy answered. "If people found out that she was a member of a BDSM club, she would probably get into trouble at her work, and maybe even fired."

"Hmm, I understand," I responded.

At that moment, the music stopped, and I had to let go of her.

"I better return to my Mistress now," Nancy said. "But I will tell her that you are up for some fun with us."

"I'll tell my Mistress as well," I said with a smile. "I'm sure she will be up for it as well. Although, I have to warn you that she isn't into girls. Well, that's what she says."

Nancy gave me a suspicious look and then said, "If she wouldn't be into girls, she probably wouldn't have you as a slave! Don't you think so?"

"Um ... maybe. I don't know. She sure never tried to have sex with me. Although, she did use a strap-on on me once and sure loves to rub my pussy while she spanks me."

Nancy laughed and said, "I'll bet you that she is more into girls than she lets on!"

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it," She said and then surprised me by kissing me on my lips. "See you next time."

Before I could say anything else, she was walking away from me. And I, I just stood there and looked at how her really nice ass wiggled away from me.

I noticed how she said something to her Mistress Anja and then that woman smiled at me and nodded with her head. Not sure how to handle myself in a situation like this, I did a little bow for her. Both of them smiled at me when I did this.

It was then that I noticed that most people had already left the dance floor, and that I was still standing on it by my own. I hurried myself off of the dance floor towards the table the others were already sitting at.

"So, did you meet a few nice people?" Sofie asked me.

"A few," I said while I tried to see where Nancy had gone to, but she was nowhere to be seen anymore.

"Well, Master Dirk talked with me," Sofie said. "You have agreed into an outdoor BDSM session."

"I did," I answered. "It sounded cool."

Sofie just giggled and said, "I hadn't expected anything else from you. As long as you can show your naked ass outside somewhere, you are already happy about it, aren't you?"

"You know I am!"

"Well, I told him I was okay with it. But it will probably be for after our Easter Holiday."

"Are you sure we can't do it earlier?" I asked somewhat disappointed.

"I don't think we will find an earlier date," Sofie said apologetic. "It will be probable even be for early May. Because I'm planning to start studying for our final exams at around mid-May."

"Hmm, yeah, that would probably be smart," I had to agree.

Sofie then shrugged with her shoulders and went on by saying, "We will see. I'm sure we will manage at least one weekend with him and who knows, maybe we could do even a last session with him in July. If you are up for it, that is."

"We'll see about that," I answered. Because, to be honest, I had other things in mind that I wanted to do in July.

"Okay. And ... how did you like your talk with Nancy?"

"You know her?" I asked surprised. Although, I should have known that she knew her. She had been a member of this club since she had turned 18 and while she had been her big sister's little slave.

"We had some fun with each other, last year," Sofie answered.

"You did? But you told me you were only into boys?" I asked her suspiciously.

"I am! But Bridget let Nancy have her way with me last year as a punishment."

When I looked at Bridget, after Sofie had said this, I noticed that Bridget rolled with her eyes. And remembering what Nancy had told me, I wondered it Sofie wasn't just saying this to convince herself instead of convincing me.

"And ... did you like it?" I asked Sofie.

"It wasn't bad," Sofie answered. "She sure knows where to tickle a girl with her tongue to make her scream from pleasure."

"Good to hear that," I responded teasingly.

"Oh, I'm sure you will get to know her tongue much better during one of the sessions next month."

"Do you have something planned for me with her?" I asked excitedly.

"Not really, but I'm sure her Mistress is already making plans for you and her girlfriend."

"Sweet," I let out enthusiastic.

"I'm sure she won't be the only one making planes," Sofie said with a smile. "I sure got a lot of nice compliments about you."

"You did?"

"Oh yeah! I did. The fact that you mentioned that you are an exhibitionist on that form you filled out for them, made a lot of them very happy."

"You know! I don't get that!" I told Sofie. "Aren't they all, in some way, exhibitionists? Why else would they join a sex club and get naked in front of the others?"

"Those slaves maybe get naked for their Masters, but that doesn't mean they are completely happy about that. It's just their submissive side that makes them deal with it, but they would never get naked in front of all those people, if they had a choice."

"Hmm, well, I hadn't thought about it like that. But why do they find me then so interesting? It's not that those other slaves wouldn't get naked if asked."

"Because, with you, they know that you like it, and they don't have to worry about your feelings when you have to be naked among them. So, because of that, they know that they can probably do more exposing things with you than with the others."

I gazed into Sofie's eyes and said, "Now you are scaring me ... a little!"

Sofie giggled and said, "Don't be. They will probably do nothing else with you than with their own slaves. But just knowing that you don't mind exposing yourself to others, makes it easier for them. With their own slaves, they sometimes have to be more careful in the way how they expose them to others. While you would probably get very aroused by hanging in some ropes with your pussy in full view. Their own slaves would probably feel humiliated about that. For some, this is also part of their BDSM play, but for most of them, it is something unwanted. That's also why you shall notice that some slaves will wear outfits to cover up their more private parts at the club."

"Oh! I get it now!" I let out. "Well, you and they can put me on display in any way you all want! I sure won't mind it!"

"I thought you wouldn't," Sofie said smiling.

"However!" Bridget butted in. "I think even you will find out that being naked and exposed can be difficult at times."

I just chuckled and said, "They can try, but I think I will never feel bad of exposing myself to others."

"Well, only time we tell," Bridget said and gave me a wicked smile.

I think Bridget took my last remark as a challenge and I got the feeling that she would try to find something that would make even me squeamish about being naked among all of them. Well, she could try, but I was sure that she wouldn't be able to put me in a situation that I wouldn't like.

While we had been talking, some men had brought a St. Andrew's Cross to the dance floor from somewhere. It had been placed in front of the stage.

"What's going on?" I asked Sofie.

"I don't know," Sofie answered and looked at Bridget.

"I'm not sure, but I think one of the slaves will be punished in front of us all this evening. This sure has never happened before on an evening like this," Bridget answered Sofie's questioning look.

We had to wait for a few minutes more, until everything was put in place and then that guy, who had done our introduction earlier in the evening, took the microphone again.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! I'm sure you all are wondering why we brought this cross up from the basement. Well, we have had a request from one of our members for a public punishment this evening.

"He has brought to our attention that his slave has behaved very badly, and it would teach our new slaves a lesson by showing them what would happen if they would make the same mistake.

"As you all know, by signing our contract, we ask total discretion from our members. It doesn't matter with whom you talk about these evenings; you are never allowed to tell a member's name to an outsider."

There were some exceptions, of course. It wouldn't be against the rules to say to a friend who your Master was if they already knew something about you two. However, and this was mentioned in bold and huge letters in the contract, giving a stranger a name of a member who was outside your comfort group, was not done! And it was a punishable offense. The way how you would get punished, would be determined by your Master. However, it would be carried out by the member whose name you would have been revealed. Depending on the severity of the breach, that slave and even hers or his Master could be expelled from the club.

"Bring the slave to us!" the guy at the microphone announced.

I saw how a woman, in her mid-thirties, was brought to the dance floor. She was accompanied by two men. One was her master while the other one was the man whose name had been revealed to an outsider, of course.

I shuddered when I noticed that this last guy was carrying a whip in his hands. It was a signal whip, and Sofie had used it only once on me, and I still can remember how much it hurt. No, I prefer the flogger. Sure, it can also hurt, but it is nothing compared to this signal whip. This whip, used correctly, can hurt a lot. Although, most people used them because of the noise they made, and less to really hurt anyone with it. However, like I said, when used correctly, it can hurt a lot and even break the skin.

And looking at the woman's face, I was sure that she knew how much that whip would hurt. I think I could even see that she was terrified for it.

"Sofie," I whispered.

"Yes."

"Why doesn't she use her safe word?"

"Because if she does, she and her Master will be kicked out of the club. This is the only situation where using your safe word would result in an automatic expulsion."

I shuddered again. I hadn't thought about this, until now, but everything I would do at the club, would in a way reflect onto Sofie as well. So, if I misbehaved, she would be held responsible for me and probably be asked to punish me. And I was sure, if she would be gentle with me, it could get her into trouble with the others. Although, the thing that worried me the most, was that if when I would refuse, she could also be kicked out of the club.

So, with this in mind, I made myself a promise to behave at the club and do the things that were expected from me. I sure didn't want Sofie to get into trouble because of me, especially because I would only be her slave until summer. I just had to make sure that she could still come to this club after I would be gone.

My attention turned back towards the woman and those two men standing with her at the St. Andrew Cross. Both men were wearing a black suit with a white shirt, and she was wearing a dark-blue dress with the same colored shoes on her feet.

She looked very distressed about all of this, and I couldn't shake the feeling she was very scared for what would happen next.

And then, the Grandmaster and those two other people walked up to them.

When they reached them, the woman threw herself on the floor and greeted them in the way Sofie had thought me. I could see that her body was shaking while she knelt there, stretched out with her ass upwards.

"So," the Grandmaster started to say. "Can you explain why you told someone the name of Master Jean?"

The woman lifted only her head and said, "I'm so sorry. It was all a slip of the tongue."

"What happened exactly?"

"I was sitting at a terrace with one of my friends, when I noticed him walking by. Without thinking, I called out to him and called him Master," the woman explained. "Because my friend knew that I was a member of a BDSM club, she immediately made the connection and asked me if he was one of our members."

"Is she telling the truth?" the Grandmaster wanted to know from Master Jean.

"Yes, Grandmaster. That's how it happened."

"Is your public reputation harmed by this?"

"No, Grandmaster. That's why I only asked for a punishment and not an expulsion."

The Grandmaster then looked at the other man and asked, "Are you in agreement with his request, Master Peter?"

"Yes, Grandmaster. We have come to an agreement, and I have given Master Jean the permission to punish my slave with his whip."

"Slave Marina, stand up!" the Grandmaster commanded.

The woman did like asked.

"Slave Marina. Do you accept the punishment of your Master?"

"Yes, Grandmaster," Marina answered.

The Grandmaster nodded at her and then snapped his fingers and said, "Undress and prepare her!"

The woman and man standing with him went to Marina and started to undress her. They did it slowly, and it made it all look very sensual.

While Marina wasn't really special, she wasn't bad looking either. She had big breasts and they looked nice, even when they sagged a little. And when I noticed a cesarean scar at the bottom of her tummy, I understood why her breasts hung like that. That's one of the reasons I don't want to have kids, because our bodies can suffer too much from it. Maybe it's selfish of me, but I don't care. I just don't want to lose my tight body and, well, I also have some other reasons for not wanting a kid.

However, back to that woman now. While they slowly removed all her clothing, even her shoes. I watched the others around me, and I noticed two different reactions around me. Some of them, seemed eager for what would happen next, while others, mostly other slaves, showed sympathy towards the woman.

After she had been stripped of all her clothes, the two helpers of the Grandmaster brought her towards the St. Andrew's Cross. Using the wrist- and ankle-cuffs attached to the cross, they restrained her against it. She stood with her front against the cross, so her back could be whipped by Master Jean.

When Marina looked in our direction, I could see how frightened she was. This was no act, I thought, not in the way how scared she looked.

While I watched all of this, I could feel how my own heart was beating faster. I felt some excitement about it, but it wasn't anything sexual I felt ... well, it's hard to explain. The closest I can come to describe what I felt, was nervous excitement.

Marina was now firmly attached to the cross and awaited her punishment. I noticed that Master Jean was bending and twisting his whip. I couldn't shake the feeling that he was getting off on it. And to my surprise, even Marina's Master Peter looked like he was excited.

The Grandmaster and his two helpers walked off of the dance floor and left the other three alone.

"Master Peter. Am I allowed to proceed?" Master Jean asked.

"Yes, you can proceed," Master Peter answered him.

Master Jean unrolled his whip in front of him, and then he started to swing it. The whip made this snapping sound a few times, and I noticed that Marina flinched every time she heard it.

This guy was a real master with the whip, it seemed, and he knew exactly what to do to raise the tension in the room.

Everybody was looking intensely at the dance floor, and even I could feel how the tension was rising inside of me. Although, why my nipples had gotten so hard, I couldn't explain, because I surely wasn't feeling aroused at that moment. I think I even felt more afraid than anything else. Not for me, of course, but for that woman who was about to get whipped.

And then Master Jean's whip suddenly moved in the direction of Marina's body and ended just shy from her back. The whip snapped. I could see how Marina flinched again, but it was obvious the whip hadn't touched her. Damn, this guy was a bastard, I thought. I could only think, just get it over with and stop torturing this woman.

And then, it happened. This time, Master Jean struck Marina with his whip. The whip went all across the woman's back, and I think it took maybe only a second or two before you could already see the mark it had left on her back.

While Marina reacted on it, by trying to pull her body away from the whip by arching her back, she didn't let out a sound. Well, maybe she exhaled loudly, but from where I was sitting, I surely couldn't hear it.

Master Jean walked behind her, from her left to her right and back again, while he made his whip snap a few times. He was playing with Marina and loving it. I think I even noticed the front of his pants tenting out and for some reason, I couldn't help but wonder how many of the other people watching this were getting aroused by it.

And then, Master Jean's whip struck home again. And just like before, the second strike left almost immediately a red stripe behind on her back. This time, I think, I heard Marina yelp a little.

Although, there was also something else I had noticed. When Master Jean had struck Marina, he had moved his whole body towards her. He didn't do that when he made his whip snap loudly. Then he mostly moved his arm and not the rest of his body.

At that point in time, I didn't know this little fact already, but I'm still going to share it with you. The way how he used his whip on Marina, made sure that he wouldn't break her skin. Because the danger of this whip laid at the tip and not at the rest of the whip. When he would strike her, using the tip of the whip, her skin would probably get cut by it. You have to know, the sound that you hear when the whip snaps, is because the tip of the whip breaks the sound barrier. At that moment, the tip is moving so fast, that when it would strike somebody, it would cut the skin like a hot knife through butter.

So, by moving his body towards Marina, he made sure that the tip of the whip would go past her and only the length of the whip would touch her body. Sure, when struck hard enough, you could still cut the person you hit, but then you would have to put a lot of force behind it.

As I said earlier, this guy was a real master with the whip and knew exactly what he was doing.

And Master Jean, didn't stop teasing Marina, he repeatedly snapped his whip in the air behind her and then struck her body again. And while Marina managed to stay quit when he struck her for the third time, she couldn't hold it back anymore and screamed when he struck her for the fourth time.

The moment she screamed, I felt a rush of excitement going through my body. The moment I felt it, I felt ashamed about it. I couldn't believe I was getting aroused from seeing another woman whipped like that.

He struck her on her back two more times, and again, whenever she screamed, I felt how it excited me again. And although it aroused me, at the same time, I also felt sick about it. How could I get off on seeing another woman getting punished like that? I had to be sick in my head to feel like that!

Marina's back had now six red strikes crisscross over her back and by the shaking of her body, I was sure that she was crying.

Master Jean now changed tactics, and he started to focus on her ass. Again and again, he made his whip snap loudly in the air before he struck the soft flesh of her ass. When he did this, Marina's butt muscles tensioned, and she pushed her pelvis forward while she let out another scream.

I turned my head, because I couldn't endure it any longer. Although, I think I did it mostly out of shame, because I could feel how my pussy had gotten wet from watching this woman getting whipped.

I was now looking at the girls behind the bar, and I noticed that most of them showed some disgust about what was happening on the dance floor. It was obvious that they didn't agree with what was going on. Although, not all of them were disgusted. Two of them, standing next each other, looked rather interested in what was going on, and it almost seemed like they were also getting off on it, just like I was.

When one of them looked at me, she smiled and winked at me. This startled me, and it made me look at Marina again.

She had now three red long marks over her ass and Master Jean was about the hit that round ass of hers again. And when his whip struck home, Marina let out the loudest scream of them all.

Master Jean walked over to Marina and let his hands go over her back and ass. It looked like he was admiring his handiwork.

He seemed pleased by it, because he rolled up his whip and walked over to Master Peter.

It seemed that the punishment was over and Marina just stood there. Her body was shaking, and her back was covered in red stripes.

I noticed that Master Jean and Peter said something to each other, and then they shook hands. The punishment had been given, and all was well between them again. The thing that surprised me though, was that both of them walked off of the dance floor and let Marina standing there, still attached to the St. Andrew's Cross.

Most of the people stopped paying attention at Marina and just went on with the conversations they had been having before as nothing had happened.

I couldn't help but look at Marina. She looked so lonely and naked on that cross. Her body was shaking, and I was sure she was still crying. I felt so sorry for her.

"Are you okay?" Sofie asked me suddenly.

"Um ... Yes and no," I confessed.

"Do you now have doubts about joining this club?"

"No," I answered truthfully. "However, why has she to stay there on that cross?"

"She doesn't, but as long as nobody wants to help her, she has to stay there as an extra punishment," Sofie explained.

"And who can help her?"

Sofie smiled and answered, "Anyone can help her, but that also means that this person will need to help her and take care of her in the recovery room."

"And what would that entail?"

"They will have to help her with anything she asks from them," Sofie answered. "Probably ... putting some ointment on her back and buttocks. And then ... helping her with anything else she asks from you."

I looked at Marina again, and for the first time checked her collar. She was wearing a black collar.

"What kind of things can she ask from me?" I wanted to know.

"That can be anything and you will be obliged to do whatever she asks from you."

I looked around the room and noticed that while some of the men and women sometimes looked at Marina, nobody seemed willing to get up and help her.

"Fuck this," I let out softly. "If it's okay for you? I will help her." I told Sofie.

She smiled again and said, "It's fine with me, but as a slave, you will need to get the permission of her Master first."

I sighed and said a little annoyed, "Fine with me."

I stood up, looked in the direction where her master had gone to and saw him standing at the far side of the bar, drinking something with the master who had whipped Marina.

I took a deep breath, and then started to cross the dance floor towards him. I kept my focus on him, but thought that I could feel how everyone else was looking at me.

I didn't hesitate for a moment and just walked towards Master Peter. When I had almost reached him, he finally noticed me.

As Sofie had learned me, I fell on my knees in front of him and then stretched my arms out towards him with my head touching the floor, keeping my ass high up in the sky. Everyone behind me must have had a nice view on my ass and pussy again. It made me wonder if they could maybe see that I was slightly wet between be thighs and maybe if they understood that it was because I had gotten a little aroused from watching Marina being whipped.

"Yes," Master Peter finally said, after he had let me sit there for at least ten seconds and probably more.

Without lifting my head, I asked him, "Master, would you allow me to take care of your slave?"

Again, he dragged it out, and I could feel how my stomach felt queasy while I waited for his answer.

"Present yourself to me first," he suddenly said.

I was a bit surprised by his request, but still, I got up from the floor and showed myself to him. With my feet apart and my hands behind my head, he had a very nice view on my body.

And I noticed how his eyes slowly went up and down my body for a few times. He then started to smile and asked, "If I'm not mistaken, your name is Veerle? One of the new slaves?"

"Yes, Master," I answered.

"Do you know about the responsibilities you will have when you help my slave?"

"Yes, Master. My mistress, Mistress Sofie has explained it to me."

"And you are willing to do everything she asks from you?"

This question surprised me again, even when Sofie had mentioned this to me already. Because, suddenly, I got the feeling that the things she could ask from me could go further than I had thought. However, even then, I answered, "Yes, Master. I will help her in any way she asks from me."

"Then it's fine for me! You can go and help my slave," Master Peter said.

"Thank you, Master," I said in response.

He nodded his head to me and then started to smile. I don't know why, but a shiver went up and down my spine when I saw how he smiled at me. Did he know something about Marina I didn't know? She was wearing a black collar, so she probably wouldn't ask me anything sexual. But what else could she demand from me then?

With those things going through my head, I turned around and started to cross the dance floor again, but this time towards Marina.

While I walked up to her, I noticed that some of the people, sitting at the tables, were smiling at me. Some with lust in their eyes, but most of them, especially the other slaves, with some kind of gratitude behind it.

When I reached Marina, I touched her shoulder softly and asked, "Is it okay if I help you?"

"Yes ... Thank you, yes," she let out with a sigh of relief.

Standing so close to her, I could see that her body was covered in a thin layer of sweat. However, while she still had red streaks covering her back and buttocks, I was surprised that they didn't look much worse than from afar.

I decided to undo the cuffs around her ankles first. To get them off, I had to kneel down behind her, and this gave me a nice view on her ass and pussy. I could clearly see how her red inner labia stuck out between her more pinkish colored outer labia. And those lips looked rather juicy. It was obvious that her punishment had been more pleasurable for her than I had thought before.

Before I started to undo the cuffs around her wrist, I asked her, "Do I need to support you? Or can you stand on your own?"

With some fun in her voice, she answered, "I'm sure I'll manage."

While I opened her cuffs, my breasts slightly brushed against her back, and I think both our bodies shuddered at the same time. Some of her sweat even transferred from her back onto my hard nipples.

Something else that I noticed, was that while she looked sweaty, she sure didn't smell that bad. In fact, she even smelled very nice. Even in a way which turned me on.

When I got her hands finally free, she turned around to me and looked me straight in the eyes. A rush of excitement went through my body again when I noticed that she had a white stripe on her collar. An image of our entangled naked bodies popped-up in my mind.

"Um ... could you show me where the recovery room is?" I asked her with a joyfully.

"Sure," she said. She took my hand in hers and smiled at me. Unconsciously, I bit on my lower lip while I looked into her eyes.

Well, I didn't know that I did that at the time, but Sofie joked about it the next day at the breakfast table. So, that's why I know I did that.

When I focused on her whole face, I noticed that some of her eyeliner had run out and down her cheeks. I confirmed it to me that she had been crying. Her eyes looked even slightly red. Although, with all that, she still smiled that lovely smile of hers at me.

With her fingers wrapped firmly around mine, she started to pull me along towards the bar. We walked in the direction of her master, and when we reached him, she smiled at him, and he just nodded at her and then gave her a wink.

Nothing was said and we just walked passed him and the guy, who had whipped Marina.

Marina took me to a door that was just to the right of the bar. She opened it, and I saw that there was a staircase behind it. One flight of stairs went down, and the other one went up.

We took the one going up, and we ended up in a hallway. It went both ways and had a lot of doors to our left. To our right were windows that gave a view of the back garden. It was an open area with a few trees, here and there. And I also noticed some benches in the garden.

I hadn't much time to admire the garden, because she pulled me along to the nearest door and opened it for us.

Once inside, she closed the door behind us and asked, "So, what do you think of the room?"

I looked around me and was nicely surprised with it. To be honest, maybe it looked a lot like a room of a motel, but it was a little more luxurious. It had a king-sized bed in it against the right wall and a dresser opposite of it at the left wall. In the back, I could see a Jacuzzi at the left corner that could easily hold four people in it and at the right corner, there was also a shower. The glass used for the shower was completely transparent and whoever would be showering in it would be visible to anyone in the room.

The room didn't look anything like the recovery room I had envisioned in my mind. And so, I answered her question with, "it looks ... very nice!"

She then turned herself towards me and turned me as well so we were looking at each other's' eyes. The light on the wall behind me reflected in her twinkling brown eyes while she looked at me.

"So," she let out. "Are you going to take care of me now?"

"That's the plan," I tried to joke.

She let go of my hand, walked away from me and went lying on the bed.

"You will find some massage oil in the left drawer of the dresser. Would you give me a back rub?"

"Sure," I let out and walked towards the dresser.

"That's the right answer," she said with a giggle. "And remember! My wish is your command."

"That's what they told me." I tried to make it sound as a joke, just to hide my doubts about what else she could ask from me.

I found a little bottle in the drawer she had mentioned. I grabbed it and then joined Marina at the bed she was lying on. She had moved herself to the center of the bed.

"Um ... how are we going to do this?" I asked her.

She turned her head to look at me and answered, "Well, just straddle me and rub my shoulders, back and all the rest of my body with those lovely fingers of yours."

I couldn't help but smile when she said this. Well, it had maybe been a stupid question from my part, but in the way how she answered it, she made it sound ... so naughty.

I climbed on the bed with her and then moved myself over her. Well, I didn't sit down on her, but just sat on my knees with her body in between my legs. If she had been lying on her back, she would have had a very nice view on my pussy, my very wet pussy by now.

When I looked down on her, I was surprised that those damn whip marks on her body didn't look as bad as I had expected. Looking at them, I even thought that some of them were already disappearing.

Because the bottle felt somewhat cold, I didn't just put the oily substance on her back, but I poured some of it onto my hand to warm it up. An aroma of flowers quickly spread through the room.

I had to stretch myself out to place the bottle on a nearby nightstand and then rubbed the oil between my hands. Some drops managed to escape, and they fell on her right butt cheek. I didn't wipe them away but just watched how the drops slowly ran down her cheek towards the crack of her ass.

I was tempted to rub the oil on my hands over those firm butt cheeks of hers, but decided it would be best to start at her shoulders.

When I started to rub them, slowly moving down her back, she said, "A little firmer, please."

"Won't that hurt you?" I asked.

"Don't worry, it will be fine," she answered.

Well, if she wanted me to be a bit firmer, I would do like she asked. But still, I tried to rub the oily substance over her back as gently as I could. Sometimes, she sucked in some air between her teeth, but she never asked me to stop.

When I reached her ass, I hesitated for a moment, but then could see how silly this was and just massaged her firm ass with my hands.

While I did this, she let out some barely perceptible moans. It made them sound so cute that I couldn't help but feel happy about rubbing my hands all over her ass. And yes, I didn't forget to give the crack of her ass also a gentle rubdown, a few times.

When I finally thought her ass was massaged enough, I pulled me hands away and just looked at her glistening backside.

"Could you also do my legs?" she asked.

I didn't answer her, but just moved myself down her legs and let my hands do the talking.

Sitting so low, I had a perfect view on her pussy again, and I think I saw it quiver a few times while I rubbed her thighs.

I went all the way down to her feet and gave them also a good massage. I noticed that the bottom of her feet were a little dirty and when I looked at mine, I noticed that they were a little more than just dirty. They even looked rather black. Probably, from all the dancing on that dance floor downstairs.

When I had done both her legs and feet, I slipped off of the bed and just looked at Marina's body. The back of her body was now completely covered with that oily substance from the bottle, and it made it look slippery and wet. While I looked at her, I noticed that she had completely no tan lines. Not that she had a deep tan, but it was obvious that she sometimes took the time for a sunbath ... completely in the nude.

While I was still looking at her, she turned around on the bed and looked back at me.

We both stared each other in the eyes, and then she suddenly asked, "How old are you?"

"Um ... Eighteen. Why?"

"God, you're young," she let out.

"Is that a problem?" I asked her.

"Well, I had hoped that maybe somebody older would have helped me, because..."

She stopped talking and looked a little dreamy at me.

"Because?" I asked her.

"Um ... because I had hoped to end this evening with having sex with whoever would help me," she let out in a sigh and looked uncomfortable at me.

I just smiled at her and said, "So? I'm here to do anything you ask from me, aren't I?"

"Yeah, but still. You are only barely older than my oldest daughter," she let out, and I noticed that she got even more uncomfortable.

In response, I crawled up on the bed until my knees were at her pelvis, and then I went sitting on her thighs. Our pussies were now smiling at each other.

"Well, I'm not your daughter! And, I think you are very pretty!"

"You do?" she asked somewhat surprised.

"I do," I said in my most sensual way.

"But ... my body is scared and those things don't look anything like yours," she said while kneading her big breasts.

"They look just fine to me," I said.

"So, you wouldn't mind having some fun with an older chick then?"

I crawled a little further up on her body, bend forward and kissed her on the lips. "Of course not."

This made her smile, and she wrapped her arms around my back while we kissed.

Her hands were slowly going over it towards my ass. Once there, she squeezed my cheeks and then her hands went to my front, over my tummy, to my breasts. Those got also a gently squeeze from her.

It was then that she turned to her right, and we ended up lying next to each other.

"Damn! I wished my body was still as firm as yours," she let out with a sigh.

I placed my hand on her tummy and moved it slowly towards one of her breasts. I took hold of it and squeezed it as gently as she had done with mine.

"This one feels mighty fine to me," I said while kneading her breast.

"Oh, you're just saying that!" she let out somewhat sadly.

In response, I slithered my body a little downwards and took her nipple in my mouth. I softly sucked on the tip of her nipple and twirled my tongue around it. She let out a moan when I softly bit her nipple.

I looked up at her and said, "Really. You are a very pretty woman!"

Again, she sighed and then asked me, "Well, how old do you think I am?"

I quickly thought, "Well, I guess she is in her mid-thirties, so, to be on the safe side, let's deduct three years."

"You sure can't be any older than thirty-two," I answered.

"Oh you tease," she said smiling. "No joking about this, how old do you really think I am?"

"Well, I thought you were thirty-four, maybe thirty-five," I confessed.

"Really?" she asked surprised.

"Yes. Really!"

Her smile got bigger and then she asked, "Do you want to know my real age?"

"You don't have to tell me, if you don't want to."

"Well, I'm thirty-nine," she whispered. "I turn forty in a month."

Now it was my turn to be surprised, because I really thought that she had to be thirty-five and not more.

I kissed the spot between her breasts and said, "Well, you sure don't look anything older than thirty-five!"

In response of this, she also moved herself down on the bed, so she could kiss me very passionately on the lips.

After our kiss, she said, "You're so kind and cute! You deserve better than me!"

"Let me decided what I deserve and not you," I said cheeky.

I pushed her on her back again while I laid myself on top of her. I started to kiss her neck and then slowly moved down her body.

She let out little sounds of pleasure when I started to kiss her nipples. First, her right one and then, her left one. And then, I started to kiss further down, over her tummy towards her pussy.

When I was kissing her mound and was about to start to go further down, she stopped me and said, "You don't have to do that."

"Do what?" I asked teasingly while I kept on kissing just above her slit.

"You know what I mean! Going down on me."

I looked up at her and asked, "Are you ordering me to stop?"

"No, I'm not," she answered with some surprise in her voice.

"Good," I responded. "Because else you would have had to punish me afterwards."

And then I moved down and kissed her full on her lower lips. She tasted salty but not too bad. And when I liked the spot where her clitoris was, she let out a moan.

But I didn't want to get her off too quickly, so I moved my tongue further down. At first, I had some difficulty to spread her rather fleshy inner lips with my tongue, but eventually, I managed to stick my tongue in between them and to lick her there all the way down to her vagina.

The moment my tongue reached that hole. I was surprised to find so much of her sticky fluids leaking out of it. It seemed that while she didn't want to order me to do this, she was more than happy about it. I think I even made a slurping sound when I sucked some of her fluids in my mouth to taste her better. Again, I noticed that she tasted more salty than any pussy I had tasted before, but it still wasn't bad. And while I stuck my tongue, as deep as I could get it, into her vagina, she let out a loud moan. Probably, also, because my nose was rubbing her clit now.

I kept it up for a while and then decided it was time to get her off. So, I slowly kissed and licked my way up to her clitoris again. The moment I reached it, I used my left hand to move the hood of her clitoris away, so I could get better access to that little nub of hers with my mouth. She moaned loudly again when I sucked it in between my lips and started to assault it with my tongue.

I was sure that she was very close now, because I could feel how her pussy started to throb. And that was the moment, I slipped two fingers of my right hand inside her vagina and started to finger fuck her.

She started to moan more loudly while her breathing started to get faster. Between moans, she let out things like, "Oh God!" "Faster!" "Suck my clit!" and other things that showed me that she was licking it and getting closer to an orgasm with every thrust of my fingers and every lick on her clit.

And then it happened; she suddenly arched her back and screamed it out. I could feel how her vagina contracted around my fingers and made it even hard for me to keep finger fucking her. I let her ride her orgasm while she even thrust her pussy against my face. My chin got covered with the juices that were escaping from her vagina.

And then, her body finally relaxed while it dropped back onto the bed. This was the moment I had been waiting for, and I bit her clit softly, but hard enough to give her the intense feelings, I hoped it would.

I surprised her with this so much, that at first she screamed it out as if she was in pain, but then her body started to trash while she had another intense orgasm. Her pussy contracted so hard that I couldn't move my fingers inside her.

I kept on sucking and licking her clit for the remainder of her orgasm and when her body relaxed again, I gave her pussy a last little kiss, and then I slowly kissed my way up while she recuperated from her orgasms.

When I reached her breasts, I kissed my way around her nipples, licked them and kissed them. I did this with both of them. And then I kissed my way all the way up, so I could share a last long intense kiss with her. By now, she had managed to catch some of her breath, so she could easily kiss me back.

And then, it was over. I laid myself down next to her but kept my head raised with my hand underneath it, so I could keep an eye on her body.

Her breasts were still heaving, just like her tummy. I noticed that her right hand was at her pussy, and she was softly rubbing it. Maybe, giving her clit and her pussy muscles some relieve. I sometimes also did this after an intense orgasm, because it just felt so nice rubbing it after an intense orgasm.

I think it took her at least two maybe three minutes before she opened her eyes and turned to look at me.

We looked at each other, and she was smiling.

Eventually, she broke the silence and said, "Thanks! That was ... well ... awesome!"

"You're welcome," I said with a smile.

We again stared at each other, and then she finally said, "I can't believe you would do this for me."

I smiled at her and asked, "Why wouldn't I?"

She lowered her eyes and said, "I don't know many young women who would go down on somebody of my age. Most of your age wouldn't even look at a woman like me."

I placed my hand on her hip, moved a little closer and said, "I don't care about age. A beautiful woman is a beautiful woman, and if she wants me, she can get me!"

She looked into my eyes again. They were twinkling, and then she asked, "Are you sure you are only eighteen?"

I giggled and said, "Yes! I'm sure!"

We both moved closer again, until our bodies touched, and then we kissed.

When we parted, she looked somewhat sad.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I think it's time to go downstairs," she said. "I wished we had more time, but I think we already spent more time up here than my Master has granted me."

"Oh," I said. "I hope I didn't get you into more trouble?"

She smiled and said, "I'm sure if I tell him all about what you did to me, he will forgive me."

"Good!" I said. "And else, he just needs to come to me and punish me for it!"

This made her laugh a little, and then she said, "You better make sure he never hears that, or he would gladly punish a young pretty thing like you, just for fun."

"And would that be bad?" I asked her teasingly.

"Not if he lets me join in on the fun."

"Well, I'll suggest it to my Mistress then," I said jokingly.

Marina let our a sigh and said, "Come let's take a quick shower and go downstairs."

"Okay," I answered and added, "But I hope you don't mind sharing the douche!"

She smiled and said, "I was hoping you would say that!"

We both got up from the bed and went into the shower together. However, to my pity, I have to say, we didn't do anything with each other. Sure, we washed each other's' back, but that was it. No extra pussy play or anything like that. I secretly had hoped she would return some of the favors in the shower, but she didn't.

And after we had dried ourselves with some towels, it was time to go downstairs.

When we walked back into the room with the others, we noticed that the St. Andrew's Cross was gone and that some people were dancing on the dance floor again. This time, they had switched to more modern music, and mostly the younger people were dancing. Well, with younger, I mean those between my age and about thirty years old. Even Sofie was on the dance floor, and she was dancing with some girls and boys.

"Veerle?" Marina said.

"Yes?"

"Thank you again for what you did! It was ... very nice."

I surprised her by openly kissing her on the lips and then said, "It was my pleasure!"

She smiled at me and then said good-bye and walked away to the table where her master was sitting. I noticed that he was smiling, probably because he had seen me kiss his slave, and maybe he could already guess what we had been up to upstairs.

Well, I couldn't pay more attention to them, because I noticed that Sofie was waving at me to join her on the dance floor.

I had to maneuver my way between the other people on the dance floor, and I can say I did it in a rather gracious way by dancing my way towards Sofie.

When I finally reached her, she said, "So, that took longer than expected?"

"Um ... she had some aches I had to take care off," I answered.

She gave me a closer look and then asked me smiling, "On her back or somewhere else?"

"Oh, all over her body," I answered with some flair.

Sofie moved a little closer and whispered, "Did she return the favor?"

"No, she didn't," I answered truthfully.

"That's a pity," Sofia said. "Maybe they will return it another day then?"

"Something like that ... was promised," I answered with a smile.

And with this said, our conversation was over. For the rest of the evening, I danced with Sofie and her friends, mostly slaves by the way, and we had a good time. Although, I have to confess that by the time we left for home, I was more than just aroused from all the attention I had received from those other slaves on the dance floor. Especially, because they had been so nice to keep their clothes on, so I was the only naked one among them. Well, in our group that is, in the other groups on the dance floor, there was sometimes also other naked slaves dancing, but in our little group, I was the only one, and I liked it a lot how they looked at me or sometimes even touched me by accident, or on purpose.

I can only tell you, by the time I was alone in my own bed, my trusty vibrator was with me to finish my day off with a few wonderful and strong orgasms.

I think that when I turned up at my mother's home in Brussels, the next day, I still was glowing from the day before. The way how she smiled at me, sure told me that she knew what I had been up to and how I had liked it. And ... I didn't care that she knew.