**The Dumb Blonde**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.*

**Part 05a - The Erotic photographer**

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We stopped at the pub on the way home one night and during our conversation I told Lucy that we had another client that’s in the sex trade, one that specialises in B&D scenes.

“What’s B&D?” Lucy asked.

“It’s bondage and discipline.”

“That sounds like fun, when can I meet him?”

I laughed and told her to slow down a bit.

“I know that you like having your butt spanked;” I said, “but this is serious spanking; one that hurts and leaves dark red marks on your butt. Sometimes even drawing blood?”

“It sounds interesting, but I’m not sure that I would like it.” Lucy said, “We’ll have to try it and see.”

“One day.” I said.

“Soon.” Lucy replied.

A month later we were heading over to the photographer’s big studio.

Harry (the photographer) gave us a guided tour as soon as we got there. He told us that most of the equipment that he’d got in there at the moment was bondage stuff; that was what people wanted photographs of at the moment. I’d seen most of it before but Lucy was fascinated. Harry saw that glint in her eye and asked her what she thought.

“It’s….. it’s err interesting. Some of the equipment looks quite painful and some of it looks very inviting.” Lucy said.

“You can have a go on some of it later if you like.” Harry said.

“Oh! I don’t know about that.” Lucy replied.

“Think about it and I’ll ask you again later; I’m always looking for new models and you certainly have the figure for it.”

Lucy blushed a little and we got on with the meeting. When we were done Harry asked Lucy again. She looked at me and blushed again. I could see that glint in her eye so I said,

“Lucy would love to model for you. She’s never done anything like this before so can you start with a couple of easy ones please?”

“Yeah sure; shall we go in?”

We went back into the studio and Harry had a quick look round.

The Stretch-wrap

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“Ahh! How about some stretch-wrap?”

“Excuse me?” Lucy asked.

“It’s quite simple; all we do is wrap you from neck to feet in stretch-wrap.” Harry said.

“Oookaaaay!” Lucy said, obviously still a little confused.

“You’re going to have to take your clothes off Lucy; is that a problem?”

“No, no,” Lucy said as she started to strip. “It’s just that I don’t see the point.”

“It’s a being naked and helpless thing.” Harry said. “Wait until you’re wrapped up and see what you think.”

I helped Harry wrap Lucy then lay her down.

“I can’t move.” Lucy said.

“That’s the whole point Lucy.” I said as Harry got his camera and switched some big lights on. “You won’t get the chance, but you might if you were like that for a couple of hours.”

Harry took a few shots then asked me to poke 3 holes in the stretch-wrap. I decided to get Lucy a bit worked-up so I tweaked her nipples and clit a few times.

Lucy still wasn’t getting turned-on as we un-wrapped her and moved onto Harry’s next idea.

Tits Roped

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As we went round the room we went passed a pile of ropes. When Lucy asked what they were for Harry said,

“Roping tits; but they’re for girls with floppy tits, no good for a girl with tits as solid as yours. They look natural, are they?”

“You can’t improve on perfect.” I said.

Hanging upside down

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Near that pile of ropes were 2 ropes hanging from the ceiling. They went up, through a pulley, and the other ends were tied to hooks on the wall.

“Is this where you get the girls hanging by their wrist?” Lucy asked.

“Not quite,” Harry said, “I usually suspend them by their ankles here. It’s more erotic upside down.”

“Can I try it Harry?” Lucy asked.

Harry got Lucy to sit on the floor where he put the foot suspension cuffs on and attached the ropes.

“You’ll photograph better if you let your hair down.” Harry said.

As Lucy took the band off her hair Harry started pulling her up. As her legs went up they were spread wide and Harry and I got a great view of her shiny wet pussy. She was enjoying herself.

Harry hauled Lucy up so that her long hair was just touching the ground.

“My head feel funny.” Lucy said.

Harry smiled as he clicked away with his camera.

“Her pronounced pubic bone looks great when she’s upside down.” Harry said.

I hadn’t really looked at Lucy from that point of view before, but I could see what Harry meant. I made a mental note to have a good look when Lucy was flat on her back again.

“So do the girls just hang here?” Lucy asked.

“Sometimes,” Harry relied, “but sometimes someone torments them with a magic wand.”

“What’s a magic wand?” Lucy asked.

“I’ll show you.” Harry said; and went off to get his. When he got back and plugged it in Lucy said,

“Are you going to push that thing inside me and electrocute me?”

“No dear, but there’s a good chance that you’ll be begging Jack her to do just that in a while.”

Harry gave me the wand and told me to use it on her pussy. When I first touched her pussy with it Lucy’s body jerked with surprise.

“Aarrgghh,” then after a couple of seconds, “oohhhh, that’s nice.”

“Don’t let her cum.” Harry said as he started snapping away.

I teased Lucy’s clit until I could tell that she was close to cumming; then I stopped.

“Please don’t stop Jack.” Lucy said.

But I did stop. I guessed that Harry wanted photos of Lucy showing that pleasurable glow and look of expected pleasure.

Harry got all the shots that he wanted then started to lower Lucy down. I held her head until she was low enough to take her weight on her back.

“That was funny,” Lucy said, “my head was pounding. Why did you stop? I was really enjoying that.”

“Don’t rush to stand up.” Harry said.

When Lucy was feeling okay we moved on to the next piece of equipment.

Spread-eagled

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As soon as Lucy saw the big metal frame and Harry told her to lie in the middle of it she said,

“Have you got a fucking machine to go with it? I tried one a few weeks ago and it was great.”

After a few seconds pause, Harry said,

“No sorry. This is just to restrain the girls. If you like I can ask Jack to pleasure you with the wand again.”

The metal frame was slightly different to the previous one; this one was more of a square, and Lucy’s legs were more open (if that were possible).

When we’d got her restrained Harry took a few shots then asked me to use the wand on her again; but again, not to let her cum.

I took her to the edge and she again pleaded with me to continue; but I didn’t.

The Stocks

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“This looks more interesting.” Lucy said.

Harry lifted the top part and Lucy bent forward to put her neck and wrists into the groves. As soon as Harry locked the top part in place Lucy started waggling her butt about.

“That’s a beautiful sight.” Harry said, “It just makes you want to spank it, or whip it, doesn’t it.”

I asked Harry if he had any suitable implements and he went away and came back with what he called a ‘flogger whip’. It’s a bit of a broom handle with dozens of strips of leather attached to one end.

“This can hurt, so take it easy on her.” Harry said as he passed the whip to me.

I knew that Lucy had enjoyed me spanking her on holiday so I wasn’t worried that she’d freak out or anything like that. I went round to the front so that Lucy could see the whip.

“Are you going to use that on my butt?” Lucy asked.

“Do you want me to?” I asked.

“Yes please, but take it easy to start off.”

I went round the back and got into the right place.

“Whoosh.”

“Aaaaaaaaarrrrgh! Shit that hurt.”

“Again?”

“Please.”

“Whoosh.”

This time Lucy was quiet. I looked over to Harry. He’d set-up a video camera and was also taking stills from all different angles.

“This is good.” Harry said.

“Again?” I asked Lucy.

“Please.”

“Whoosh.”

“Keep going.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes….. please.”

“Whoosh.”

“Whoosh.”

“Whoosh.”

I stopped and looked closely at Lucy’s butt. It was covered in red and purple wheals. He pussy lips were swollen and juices were seeping out and going down the thighs.

“More…. Please?” Lucy asked.

“No, stop there Jack,” Harry said. “I’ve got another device that she’ll enjoy’ once she’s got over the shocking experience.”

I was a bit puzzled but un-fastened the stocks and let Lucy stand up.

“I could have taken more.” Lucy said.

“I know.” I said and put my arm round the naked Lucy as we followed Harry.

The electric shock dildo

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When we got to this and Lucy saw the electric cable running to it she said,

“If you electrocute me and I die, I’ll sue you.”

Both Harry and I laughed and Harry said,

“Don’t worry, you won’t die, but if you do get an electric shock it’ll be you that causes it.”

Lucy looked puzzled as Harry got Lucy to stand behind this long metal dildo attached to a pole that is bolted to the floor. He adjusted the height and asked Lucy to step forward and impale herself on the dildo. It went inside her then she was told to stand on her tiptoes. The dildo was only just inside her.

Harry told Lucy to stay still while he moved 2 little wedge blocks to under her heels. These blocks have clamps that attached to her big toes to keep the wedges in place. Lucy had to stand on her tiptoes because under her heels in the wedges are switches that turn on the power. It comes on when she relaxes and her heels go down.

Just to make sure that she stays in place Harry put Velcro cuffs on her wrists and attached them to a rope that was hanging from the ceiling. Lucy was going nowhere.

Harry switched the plug on (it was behind Lucy so she couldn’t see what he was doing) then stood back and said,

“There, all done; now we wait.”

“Wait for what?” Lucy asked.

“You’ll find out; and don’t worry, it won’t kill you.”

Harry and I watched Lucy. I could see her juices still running down the side of the metal dildo. The anticipation was turning her on. Harry took a few shots then put his camera on a tripod and switched it to video mode.

“I want to capture a few still from the video and there’s no telling when the first shock will come. I want to capture that beautiful face when it hits her.

We didn’t have to wait long. I’d seen Lucy’s feet wavering and going down just a little bit before going back up.

When one of Lucy’s heels went just that millimetre too low it hit her. You should have seen her face as she let out this almighty scream.

“Fucking hell!” Lucy exclaimed. “What the fuck was that?”

“It’s what you get when your heels go down too far; and that’s on the low setting.”

Lucy looked at Harry. The shock was still on her face, but she also looked a bit puzzled. I guess that she was trying to understand what Harry had just told her.

Two minutes later Lucy’s feet were shaking again, and shortly after that her body went all stiff and she screamed again. This time the scream wasn’t so loud and it sounded different. There was a hint of pleasure in the tone.

I’d thought that Lucy might have enjoyed it but her tone made me relax a bit.

The next time that Lucy got shocked Lucy must have let her heel stay down for a couple of seconds because Lucy was rigid for longer.

“Aaaarrrghhh, oooooooow, aaaaarrrrghhhh.”

Then Lucy must have lifted her heel.

I looked at Lucy’s face. She was grinning!

Her heel went down again and the grin stayed.

“Oooooooooh, aaaaaaaaaaaarrrrghhhh, fuuuuuuck, shiiiiiiiiiiiit, aaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrgh.”

Those magnificent tits were going up and down in sync with her breathing. Her nipples were as hard as I’ve ever seen them.

Harry went to the control box and upped the power a notch.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuck, aaaaaarrrrrrghhhh, ooooooooh. I’m cu……………”

Then Lucy gasped for breath. Her body was shaking and the convulsions hit her.

“Stop; stop; turn it off.”

Harry did.

Thirty seconds later.

“On again please.” Lucy said, almost pleading.

Harry turned it on again and Lucy’s body went rigid again then she was shaking.

“Ooooooohhhhhh, aaaaarrrghhhh; that’s wonderful. I’m cuuuuummmmming.”

Harry switched the machine off and Lucy relaxed onto the dildo.

“That was fucking amazing.” Lucy said as Harry freed her hands and big toes.

“I don’t want to get off this thing.” Lucy said before reluctantly letting Harry lower the dildo.

“I think that’s enough for today young lady. I’ve got some fantastic shots, would you like me to email you copies?”

I asked Harry to send them to my email address.

On our way out Harry asked me if I’d got any more beautiful girls working for me.

Lucy didn’t want to get dressed for the drive home so I let her stay reclined in the passenger seat, playing with her pussy. She was a happy girl that day.

**Part 05b – Strip Club Owner**

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Lucy knew what to expect when I told her that we were going to see this client. She even joked that she’d like a part time job there and wondered if she could get one.

When we got there we met Bob then got straight on with our business. It was mid-morning so apart from a couple of cleaners we were the only ones there.

We were just getting up to leave when Lucy came straight out with,

“I was wondering what it’s like being a stripper.”

“Why Lucy, do you fancy yourself as a stripper?” Bob asked.

“Maybe, but I don’t know if I’ve got the body for it, or if I could do it.”

“Well. Unless you’ve got some strange birth marks or scars under that outfit you’ve certainly got the body for it Lucy, but there’s only one way to find out if you’ll be able to do it, and that’s to try it. But before I let any girl on that stage in front of the punters I have to see her dance and strip. I’ve got to make sure that she can dance to the music. Way too many girls just haven’t got any rhythm; or when it comes to it they just can’t take their clothes off."

“So how do I find out if I’m any good?” Lucy asked.

“Have you got time for this Jack?” Bob asked me.

“Go for it!” I said.

“Okay Lucy, you go over onto the stage. As soon as the music starts you start dancing, then after a couple of minutes start taking your clothes off.” Bob said.

Lucy looked at me, smiled, put her bag on the table and headed over to the stage. Bob went and switched the music and lights on and we both watched Lucy start to dance.

I’ve always liked watching Lucy gyrate to the music; I always get a hard-on and this time was no exception; especially when she started stripping. That part didn’t last long as she wasn’t wearing much, just a skirt and top.

When she was naked she started stroking her tits and pussy. Both Bob and I were stood there lapping it up. It was a shame when the music stopped.

“Well,” Bob said, “you’re body certainly passes the test, those breasts are magnificent. You’re dancing’s good too, but you need a few pointers in teasing the punters. You were too quick to start playing with yourself. Tell you what, if you’re still interested, get here at 7 o’clock on Friday evening and I’ll get one of the other girls to give you a few pointers. After that if you still want to try it I’ll give you a slot.”

“Thank you Bob, I’ll think about it and let you know.” Lucy said.

Lucy picked up her clothes and bag and started walking to the door.

“Woah there Lucy,” I said, “You’ll have to get dressed before you go out onto the street. This is the middle of town in the middle of the day. There’s bound to be a copper or some miserable prude who’ll complain to the police.” I said.

“Ooops!” Lucy said and stopped and put her skirt and top on.

We thanked Bob and left for home. Lucy gave me a blow job in the car before we left the car park. She said that getting naked in front of Bob, and the prospect of stripping in front of lots of people had made her so horny.

At 7 o’clock on the Friday Lucy and I were walking back into the club. On the way there I’d asked Lucy how she was feeling.

“Nervous and excited. Nervous because I’ve never done anything formal like this, and excited because I’ll be getting naked in front of lots of men.”

“You got naked in front of all those people in Crete. Hell girl, we even fucked in front of dozens of them.” I replied.

“Yeah, but that was different, it wasn’t planned.” Lucy said.

“You’ll be fine Lucy, just relax and enjoy yourself.”

We got taken to Bob and he called one of the other strippers over. She (Rose) took Lucy away while I chatted with Bob for a few minutes before he had to go to sort out a problem.

I did what men do, and went and got a drink and watched the girls that were there. All the staff girls were in really short dresses. I swear that if any of them bent over even a little bit I’d have been able to see their bare butts.

About an hour later Lucy appeared and took a mouthful of my beer. She was wearing a dress that I’d never seen before; and I could see a bra strap. She only stayed a few minutes; long enough to tell me that she’d got her slot and would be on in 10 minutes.

I moved over to the front of the stage and waited. There was a girl wearing only a thong dancing round a pole. She wasn’t half as beautiful as Lucy.

A few minutes later the girl was off the stage and Lucy walked on. She looked fantastic as she danced to the front if the stage with a big smile on her face. I don’t know what Rose had been saying to Lucy but it had worked, Lucy’s dancing was more seductive than ever. My hard-on was almost painful.

Lucy was wearing a top and skirt that I’d never seen before. The top came off to reveal a bra that didn’t do those magnificent tits justice. Thankfully it didn’t stay on for long.

When Lucy pulled off her wrap skirt she was wearing a bikini bottoms. Again, they didn’t stay on long, and when they did come off they revealed a thong.

Lucy started dancing round, and thrusting her pussy at the pole. A male voice shouted,

“Get it off!”

Lucy ignored it at first but then did take the thong off. She started thrusting her pussy at the pole again, but soon moved to the front of the stage and thrust her pussy at the audience. It wasn’t long before Lucy was down on her spread knees and masturbating for the audience.

I couldn’t hear her cum, but I certainly could see her. It was a beautiful sight. Judging by the noise from the audience, they thought so too,

Lucy’s timing was almost right and she was still rubbing herself as she calmed down when the music stopped. She kept going for a few seconds, presumably not realising that the music had stopped. When she stood up she had that ‘satisfied’ look on her face.

Ten minutes later first Lucy appeared, then Bob. Lucy was back in her ‘street’ clothes. Bob congratulated Lucy on a great performance before asking her if her orgasm was ‘for real’.

“Of course,” Lucy said, “I never fake it; that wouldn’t be fair on the people watching.”

Bob grinned and I put my arm round Lucy and squeezed her against me.

“If you ever want a permanent job here you let me know, okay?” Bob said, “Free drinks all night for both of you.”

We had a couple more drinks as we watched other girls stripping. One was a good pole dancer and she flashed her thong covered pussy to the audience. Lucy said that she wanted to learn how to pole dance so that she could spin round the pole with her legs spread wide, flashing her uncovered pussy to everyone watching.

I leaned over to Lucy, squeezed her upper thigh, flicked her clit; and whispered in her ear,

“I love you.”

We left shortly after that and rushed home to enjoy each other.

**Part 05c - The Publican**

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This visit was going to be a routine one. I took Lucy along just so that we could be together.

The meeting went well and just as we were about to leave Lucy said to John (the publican),

“I see that you’re advertising for part time staff; when’s that for?”

“It’s something new that were trying on a Thursday night. Why, do you fancy a job?” John asked.

“Well, I’m only an intern and I need to pay my way a bit.” Lucy said. “I haven’t got any experience but I’m a quick learner.”

“I can vouch for that.” I said.

I’d seen the advert as well, but I hadn’t said anything because there was no need for Lucy to even to consider getting a part time job and I thought that she knew that. Still, if it made her happy…..

“Tell you what, come along on Thursday at 7 pm and we’ll give you a try.”

“What shall I wear?” Lucy asked.

“Anything that you like, but you may get beer spilt on it.” John said.

We shook hands and we left.

On the drive home I told Lucy that she didn’t have to do it if she didn’t want to.

“No, I do; you’ve been paying for everything and I want to contribute.” Lucy said.

“Really Lucy, you don’t need to do this.”

“I want to.”

“Okay then, but I’m coming too.”

The next Thursday Lucy got changed into a slightly see-through tank top and an ‘A’ shaped thin cotton microskirt; nothing else but shoes.

As we walked into the pub just before 7 pm the first thing that attracted my attention was the topless barmaid. Lucy saw her too.

“Bloody hell!” Lucy said; “I wasn’t expecting this. Do you think that I’ll have to get topless?”

“Probably.” I said with a big grin on my face. You see I’d read the full advert and knew that it was ‘Topless Thursday’. Lucy obviously hadn’t read more than the top line of the advert.

John was stood at the end of the bar so we went over to him and I shook his hand.

“Wow Lucy, you look stunning. Are you ready for your first time pulling pints?” John said.

“Sure am; will I have to take my top off as well?” Lucy asked.

“Well it is Topless Thursday.” John said, “Didn’t you realise? Is that going to be a problem? Mind you, with that skirt you may as well be naked.”

“I can do that as well if you like.” Lucy said.

“Let’s start with just topless.” John said.

With that Lucy put her bag on the bar and peeled her top straight off, letting her un-tethered long hair fall back down her back.

“Start as you mean to go on;” John said, “I like that.”

John called the topless barmaid over and introduced her as Daisy then said,

“Daisy here will show you the ropes. Off you go, you can’t keep the punters waiting.”

As Daisy and Lucy walked off behind the bar I got talking to John. It started off about his business, then mine. All the time we were watching Daisy and Lucy. When Lucy bent over to get a bottle form the bottom shelf her skirt rode right up showing us her beautiful butt.

“It looks like your Lucy hasn’t got any knickers on, or maybe a thong. That’ll please the punters when it gets busy later.

“Lucy doesn’t wear knickers or thongs; she’s always naked under her skirts.” I said.

“Yeah,” John replied, “I noticed that the other day, her skirt was quite short then and she accidentally gave me a few beaver shots. I hope that you didn’t mind me looking.”

“Not at all mate, I’m not the jealous type, and Lucy certainly likes people looking at her.”

I went on to tell John a bit about our holiday in Greece before he had to go and help the girls. As he left he said,

“You’re a lucky son of a bitch.”

“Yeah, I know.” I said to myself because John was already half way across the room.

Daisy and Lucy got joined by another girl. I never found out what her name was, but I thought of her as ‘A’, because that was the size that I guessed her tits to be (Daisy looked to be a ‘C’). I chuckled a bit to myself as I realised that there was an A, a B and a C. I wondered if another girl would arrive to help later, and she’d be a ‘D’.

The place started to fill-up and Lucy seemed to be picking the job up quite well. I did notice that quite a few of the guys were wanting bottles from the bottom shelf. Lucy always bent at the waist to get them. I was sure that she was doing it on purpose.

I caught Daisy’s eye and she came over to me and asked if I wanted another drink. While she poured it I asked her if Lucy was doing okay.

“Yeah, she’s a quick learner; I haven’t had to tell her anything twice yet. She’s a bit of a looker as well isn’t she?”

“She sure is.”

“Great pair of tits. They look natural too.” Daisy said.

“They are.”

“I’m not sure about the skirt though; she might have problems with the punters later; their hands start to wander later on.”

“Don’t worry about Lucy; she likes the attention; and I’ll be here watching her.”

Daisy handed me my drink and left. While we’d been talking I’d been doing what men do naturally – looking at Daisy’s tits. They’re nice; a bigger version of Lucy’s but with a little sag.

Daisy had sent Lucy to collect empty glasses a couple of times and she seemed to be enjoying the looks and comments from some of the customers. She’d bent over to reach glasses from the other side of tables a few times. Some of the times she’d been stood right next to a man and her tits had been right in front of his face.

I also noticed that she looked behind her once or twice before bending over. If there had been someone there it didn’t change the way she bent over. Well, that’s not quite true, she still bent at the waist but her feet were further apart.

She was enjoying herself.

The next time that she came near me I called her over. She was stood right in front of me with no one behind me so I slipped a finger into her pussy. I confirmed that she was indeed enjoying herself, quite a lot.

“You just wait until we get home.” Lucy said and walked on.

By the time it got to about 10 o’clock the place was full and rowdy. When Daisy sent Lucy to collect empties again, Lucy experienced the problem of wandering hands; but Lucy appeared to be enjoying it. Twice I saw her part her legs to let a hand get access to her pussy.

There was one time when a man had his arm round her waist. Lucy was standing there talking to him while getting others to pass her the glasses. All of a sudden the man’s hand moved away and Lucy’s skirt dropped to the floor.

Cheers went up almost as quickly as Lucy’s skirt went down. Lucy’s problem was that she had a tray full of glasses in her hands so she couldn’t quickly bend and pull her skirt up. What she did was to step out of the skirt and walk to the bar totally naked, put the tray on the bar, then walk back to get her skirt.

Unfortunately one of the men had already picked up her skirt and had passed it to another man. The naked Lucy had to play ‘pig in the middle’ as her skirt was passed from one man to another.

Lucy really did look as if she was enjoying herself reaching in front of the different men trying to get it back.

Eventually Lucy did get her skirt back and she almost ran past me to get behind the bar and get dressed (!) again. She had a big grin on her face as she passed me.

At other times I saw hands go up the back of her skirt and squeeze her naked butt.

We went back to the pub on the next 3 Thursdays before John had to stop doing Topless Thursdays; the local council still live in the dark ages.