**The Submissive Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts before reading this. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 09**

**Wednesday**

Wednesday started with the alarm call then Mike coming in. If it wasn’t for the job he was doing I could get quite annoyed at his permanent intrusions.

After the usual routines and breakfast. I went down to reception where I would be for the next 4 hours. I had worried that I might have to wear some clothes but Angie (the girl in charge) told me that I was good as I was. She put me with Lulia so that I could watch and learn.

There were still a few people checking out and a few surprised faces when they saw the top half of the naked me. I wished that the counter had been made of glass so that they could have seen all of my front, but I guess that glass would have shown all the printers and phones and computers that were there.

One guest complained about an item on their bill and Lulia had to go to Angie for some advice. While she was away the man asked me why I was naked so I told him that it was the hotel management’s policy to respect people’s religion and that I had declared my religion as naturism. I think that that confused him a little because he didn’t say another word, even when Lulia came back and told him that the charge was correct.

The rest of the morning was relatively quiet, and a bit boring; that was until around noon. The rugby team arrived and approximately 20 big burly men all wanted to check-in at the same time. When they saw me most of them wanted to be checked-in by me. Lulia had swapped places with me and I was doing the work with her looking over my shoulder.

As you would expect. I was a lot slower than Lulia but that didn’t seem to bother the rugby players.

Again, as you would expect, put a number of guys together and they are bound to make comments about the naked girl in front of them and they did. But it was all good natured, and even the comments about the size of my tiny breasts were complimentary.

Because I was standing at the counter only my top half was visible to the guests checking-in and 3 times one of the guys asked if I was totally naked or just topless.

“That would be telling.” I always answered, then added, “Maybe you should come along to the leisure centre later and find out.”

Later, when they were all checked-in Lulia told me that I was a tease.

“Yes, but it kept them happy.” I replied.

“And expecting to see you in the leisure centre later.” Lulia replied.

“What makes you think that they won’t.”

After my stint on reception I had an hour free so I went to the bar and got a soft drink and a snack. I knew that I would need lots of energy later on.

There weren’t many people there but Carrie was walking by and saw me. She was dressed in a business suit and looked very professional. She came in and told me she was on the way to a meeting but she found the time to ask me how I was getting on. I didn’t want to make her late for her meeting so I just told her that I was still enjoying myself (true) and that we’d talk more at dinner.

I did ask her if she’d be naked at dinner, reminding her that the rugby players would probably be there.

She smiled, said “of course,” and left.

Jason worked me just as hard as ever and in amongst the hard work I had my share of orgasms. Maybe something to do with 3 of the rugby guys being there and watching as Jason helped me to spread my legs to the maximum that they would go.

One time when I was flat on my back and Jason was pushing my ankles as far apart as they would go using his feet, I felt something flick my clit. I didn’t see who or what it was but it was enough to trigger an orgasm and Jason kept pushing. When the orgasm subsided Jason said,

“That one must have been a good one Lucy, you’ve just shot some white creamy liquid out of your vagina.”

I think that I actually blushed and apologised but Jason replied,

“Don’t apologise Lucy, It proves that you were really enjoying yourself.

“Keeping fit may be embarrassing at times but it really can be fun.” I thought.

When my session was over and I started to leave, one of the rugby guys said,

“You can’t leave us now Lucy, we need to see more of you.”

“I don’t think that there’s any of me that you haven’t already seen but I’ve got an appointment with the beautician to get some hair permanently removed, then I’m going to have a massage. After that probably go for a swim.”

“When will l that be?”

“Round about a couple of hours I would think.”

As I walked away I heard one of them say,

“Plenty of time to tell the others then.”

I smiled and had a vision of the naked me being in the small swimming pool with a dozen or so hunky men all putting their hands all over me.

Mandy the beautician was really nice again and Mike must have got some great footage of me in those compromising positions.

Then came Jacob, oh Jacob. Daddy had got to learn some of Jacob’s skills. As he was finger fucking me and tickling my G spot he seemed to be lifting my hips higher off the table. I don’t know what else he was doing to me but as the orgasms started so did the giggles, the jerking and the spasms. Oh my gawd, I was completely gone, and when he stopped and looked at me it just seemed to make things worse, or should I say better.

I was alone in that room for ages with me unable to control myself.

I started to get small periods of normality and during one I thought that I must ask Mike if he’d catch me if I fell off the table.

Eventually, the normality periods were long enough for me to get off the table and go for a shower. Thankfully, there was no one else in the ladies changing room and Mike followed me in to record my after shocks. I really wanted to see myself when I’d lost control of myself.

Reliable as ever, Harry was reading a newspaper when I went to the shower area and flopped down onto a lounger opposite him, letting my knees fall open.

“Hi Lucy, good to see you again.”

I looked over to Harry and saw that his eyes were looking down to my pussy. I wondered if he had missed the words ‘your pussy’ out of his greeting.

“Hi Harry, I need a rest.”

“You been to see Jacob again?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t think that you’ll get much rest down here today, too much noise. Apparently there’s a rugby team staying in the hotel and most of them are in the pool. I was just about to leave.”

“Oh right, thanks for the heads-up.”

I just lay there, and after a minute or so Harry got up and left.

My recovery sped up as I thought about all the hunky young men in the pool and before I knew it I was walking through to the pool. It didn’t take long for the rugby players to notice the naked girl and quite a few of them stopped and looked at me.

“Hi,” one of them said, “you’re the girl from reception. So you were naked behind the counter.”

I smiled.

“Come on in, we need a ball to pass round.”

I was / looked puzzled but I still jumped into the water.

“Hey guys, we’ve got a ball to pass around.” Another guy shouted, and within seconds one of them picked me up and almost threw me to another guy.

I screamed but the sensations was nice. As I got passed from one guy to another, their hands were all over me, and in me. Some of them lifted me up by cupping my pubic bone with a hand and a finger went inside me as they lifted me up.

When the first guy did it my pussy reacted by giving me another after shock mini orgasm. One of the guys asked me if I was okay and all I could do was nod my head.

After a while one of the guys just held me as he cupped my pubes with a finger inside me and said,

“Are you okay Lucy? I can stop this anytime that you want.”

“No, no, I’m fine, It’s nice.”

With that I was lifted nearly out of the water and thrown to a nearby guy who caught me with one of his hands landing on my right tit.

This went on for a while until I was out of breath and shouted “STOP.”

I didn’t really want to stop but I was knackered.

The guys stopped and a couple of them thanked me for being such a good sport. One of them lifted me up and sat me on the side of the pool. After getting my breath back, I decided to leave and went back to the sauna area. I thought about going into the sauna but I went straight to the showers. I was just rinsing the pool water off me when one of the rugby guys came in and walked over to me.

As he walked he turned to Mike and said,

“Time for you to leave mate.”

Mike was silent for a second then he switched his camera off and left.

Nothing more was said as we just stared at each other. I wanted him to fuck me, and judging by the look in his eyes he wanted me as well.

He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around him. He held me up with one hand under my butt and used his other hand to push his shorts down then I felt him release his hold on me a little. Then I felt the tip of his cock on my butt.

It soon found its intended target and I gasped as it entered me.

Still silently staring each other in the eyes, the guy lifted me up then lowered me again. He kept doing that until I felt his was cum filling me. Thankfully, he kept going until I orgasmed.

He just held me for a minute or so until I felt his cock start to go soft then he lifted me up and lowered me to the floor.

Still with neither of us saying anything, he pulled up his shorts then turned and walked back out to the pool.

The shower water was still pounding down on me and when I realised that I sort of woke up. At first I was a bit shocked about what had happened. That was my first anonymous fuck and I hadn’t even seen his cock. It was nice and I looked over to the door to the pool and wondered / hoped that another rugby player would walk though it and come and do the same.

They didn’t, and, together with the fact that I was tired, I got out, then dried, then went up to my room. Mike had been waiting outside the leisure centre and he jumped up and followed me.

Instead of writing up my report I went and lay on my bed. After a short nap I wrote about my time working on reception then got ready for dinner.

I was a little disappointed that Carrie wasn’t at the table when I arrived but I needn’t have been because she arrived just as I was sitting down.

We had another nice, but grossly overpriced meal and did a lot of talking. Carrie asked me what I’d thought about the rugby players.

“Cheeky but polite.” I replied.

“Is that all?”

“Well I had some fun in the pool with them if that’s what you mean.”

“And?”

“Okay, one of them fucked me in the shower.”

“Was it good?”

“Oh yes. Sorry, I should have just said that when you first mentioned them. Are you going to spank me for not telling you earlier?”

“Do you want me to spank you Lucy?”

“I don’t know, it might hurt.”

“It would hurt, but punishments are supposed to hurt.”

“I guess, I don’t know.”

“Okay Lucy. What did Mandy tell you about your pubic hair?”

“She said that it looks like I will never have a lot of hair there, but there again, most of what I did have should never grow again. She said that I might need another treatment in a year or two when, and if, hair starts to grow in different places.”

“Well if you do have that problem let me know and I’ll book you another appointment with Mandy.”

“Thank you Carrie.”

We talked some more then I went to bed because I had another early start.

**Thursday**

I had do be in the hotel kitchens for 7 am and I was expecting it to be hard work.

The morning alarm call woke me, closely followed by Mike walking in. I think that I’m starting to get annoyed by him videoing me when I’m having a poo.

As I walked into the kitchen, a man, presumably the head chef, shouted at me,

“Stop right there girl.”

I did, and when he came over to me he told me that I couldn’t go into his kitchen dressed like I was (completely naked). He took me to a store room where he gave me some too big rubber shoes, a hairnet and an apron.

“Put those on girl.”

I did then ran after him.

“You’ll be working with Markuss. Do what he tells you.”

Was all that he said before walking away.

“Who the hell is Markuss?” I thought.

“Right little girl.” a voice behind me said. “You do as I say, yes.”

“Yes sir.” I replied, feeling a bit intimidated by the 2 men that had spoken to me.

Markuss wasn’t as bad as my initial impression but he did work me hard doing all the jobs that were involved in getting the breakfasts read, and starting the preparations for the meals for the rest of the day.

It took me about 10 minutes to realise that Markuss was getting me to bend over quite a lot and whenever I straightened up and looked around, there was always 1 or 2 of the kitchen assistants (or whatever they are called), looking my way. They must have had a great view of my bent over butt and pussy. After that I made sure that my feet were quite wide apart when I bent over.

Before I knew it my 4 hours were up and I was relieved to be leaving there thinking that there was no way that I was ever going to work in a hotel kitchen.

I had 3 hours before my massage and I decided that I’d eat some of the snacks that were in my room then have a little rest before my daily session with Jason. I smiled to myself at the though of Jason telling me to spread my legs and show my pussy to everyone in the workout room; then me going to Jacob for him to relax the muscles that Jason had got me working hard.

I’d just flopped down onto my bed when the doorbell rang.

“Who the blank is that?” I thought, Carrie would have just walked in and Mike was already in recording me. I opened the door and saw a man in a suit carrying a briefcase.

“Good morning,” he said, “My name is Mr. Davis, I am the hotel’s disciplinarian. I believe that there is a naughty young girl here called Lucy and I’ve come to punish her.”

“Excuse me,” I replied.

“Are you Lucy?”

“Yes.”

“Well the hotel’s management have informed me that you need to be disciplined.”

“Why, what have I done?”

“I do not have that information.”

“Yet you’re here to discipline me, how?”

“A spanking.”

It was then that I remembered the conversation with Carrie the night before.

“Oh shit, she’s arranged for me to be spanked. What do I do?”I thought.

I didn’t get the chance to think before he continued,

“I believe that you have some ‘presentation’ positions that may facilitate the spanking.”

“Err what? I guess.”

“Show me the ‘offering’ position.” He commanded.

Now this man had a very authoritarian voice and I wasn’t about to argue with him so down I got and assumed the position.

“That will do, don’t you dare move girl.”

I couldn’t see the man but I sure as hell could hear the rush of air as his hand came down and landed on my butt. I screamed and somehow managed to stay in position.

I screamed again as more swats landed on my butt.

The bit that I couldn’t understand was that, as well as my butt hurting, my pussy was tingling and leaking. I could feel my juices running down my inner thighs.

I think that it was 20 swats that landed on my butt and I was certainly crying.

“Stand up.” The man commanded.

I did, and my hands went to my butt. It felt hot and hurt as I touched it.

“That’s it, punishment administered, but if I have to come back you will get double, understand girl?”

“Y, yes sir.”

With that he left the room. I looked around and Mike was still recording. My crying stopped and I walked over to the big mirror and looked at my butt. It was all red but I couldn’t see any real damage.

I went and lay face down on the bed with my legs apart. As I lay there thinking about what had just happened I realised that my right hand had slid underneath me and my fingers were gently rubbing my pussy.

“Oh my gawd,” I thought, “the spanking had made me horny.”

There was no way that I was going to stop and I made myself cum. After that I lay there trying to make sense of everything that had happened in the last 20 minutes.

When I woke up I looked at the clock. It was just after 2 o’clock, I was later for my workout. I jumped up and quickly got myself to the leisure centre. Jason was stood in reception and he followed me in to the workout room.

“Have you been a naughty girl Lucy?”

“What? Oh, apparently I have, a man came to my room and spanked me.

“Hmm, Davis, the hotel’s disciplinarian. Carrie uses him to keep the female staff in-line.”

“What about the male staff?”

“She just sacks them.”

“That seems a little unfair.”

“Who to?”

“Good point but I don’t know why I got spanked.”

“Well you are here on work experience so I guess that Carrie wanted you to experience everything that the female workers experience.”

I was silent for a couple of seconds then replied,

“You may well have solved that problem for me, thank you Jason.”

“So did Davis make you cum then?”

“No but I was really horny afterwards and I had to make myself cum.”

“He makes quite a few of the girls cum when he’s spanking them.”

“Oh, I guess that I missed out then.”

“Not all girls are lucky enough to orgasm during a spanking, you’re not all made the same, luck of the draw I guess. Now Lucy, let’s get you sweating and give your muscles something for Jacob to work out of you.”

As I started jogging on the treadmill I wondered if I was a girl who was lucky enough to cum when I was getting spanked. Maybe I just needed more than 20 swats to take me there.

A few minutes after I’d started on the treadmill I got a little surprise. Abigail, the new girl to the leisure centre, appeared on the next treadmill to me, and she was as naked as I was, even down to the lack of pubic hair.

“Hi Abi.” I said.

“Hi Lucy, I thought that you might be here at this time, I’m sort of glad that you’re here.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well I decided that I wanted to try working out naked but I didn’t want to be the only naked girl here.”

I smiled and replied,

“It’s a nice feeling isn’t it?”

“It sure is Lucy; do you think that your trainer would mind if I followed you round and did what you do?”

“He does make me get in to some very revealing positions.”

“I know, I saw you the other day.”

“Tell you what, Jason’s a nice guy, let’s ask him. JASON!”

Jason walked over to us.

“Jason, this is Abi, she joined the other day. She wants to follow me around to get a feeling of the workout that you make me do.”

“Lucy, I don’t make you do anything. You do everything because YOU want to do it. And yes, Hi Abi, you can join Lucy’s little one girl class and I’ll ASK you to do everything that I ask of Lucy. Let’s call it an ‘introductory class’ so that you can sample the goods, so to speak. I’m pleased to see that you’re following Lucy and exercising the way nature intended us to.”

“Thank you Jason, I thought that I’d try it.”

“You won’t regret it Abi.” I said.

Jason left us and Abi and I continued pounding the treadmills, my eyes finding Abi’s tits in the big mirror in front of us. They weren’t exactly big, probably a ‘B’ cup, and they were wobbling up and down.

“Do they hurt?” I asked.

Abi looked a bit puzzled for a few seconds then smiled,

“More a bit uncomfortable; I’d hate to have big ones.”

“Me too.”

“I guess that yours will grow as you get older Lucy.”

“I don’t want them to grow, I like them as they are.”

“In that case then I hope that they don’t grow.”

We both laughed a little.

When Abi and I moved to the floor mats Abi definitely looked a bit nervous. She’d seen Jason spreading my legs as wide as they will go and I guessed that Abi had mixed feelings about her pussy being exposed like that. Maybe it did, or didn’t help that there were 5 men in the room and they were looking at us. They were going to see 2 pussies in all their glory.

And they certainly did. Jason didn’t go any easier on Abi than he did me and our legs spent quite a bit of the 20 minutes or so, spread as wide as they would go. I couldn’t help notice that Abi’s pussy looked as wet as mine felt, and her clit was visible. Not as much as mine, mine’s permanently on display.

Then it was the exercise cycles. Jason raised the saddle on mine and I got on and started pedaling and I watched as Jason asked Abi if she wanted hers as high as mine.

“In for a penny.” Abi said.

Jason smiled and raised the saddle.

“Oh, oh, oh my gawd,” Abi said as she started pedaling, “how did I not know about this years ago.”

Six orgasms later, 3 each, Jason told us to stop and we slowly got off and just stood there.

“Have a drink and relax for a couple of minutes girls.” Jason said. “Then we’ll start on the machines.”

“This is where your muscles really start to hurt.” I said to Abi.

“A good workout then.” She replied.

Jason took us to each machine, adjusted them to our capabilities, and we both got a sweat on.

Then we came to the thigh abductor. I went first then Abi, and nearly all the guys in the room, came over and watched. I was loving every second that my pussy was stretched wide open and didn’t really want it to stop but after a while Abi asked if it was her turn.

Abi was smiling as she replaced me on the seat and she was obviously keen for our audience to see her spread, bald pussy. What’s more, her pussy was as wet as mine was.

Abi looked disappointed when Jason told her that the session had ended, then he said,

“So Abi,” Jason said, “what did you think of your first workout?”

“I enjoyed it. Hard work and definitely exposing, but also definitely fun and pleasurable.”

“So will you be coming again?”

“Oh yes. I have every intention of making this a regular happening.”

“I wish that I could.” I added.

“Well Lucy,” Jason said, “when you leave school ask Carrie for a full-time job.”

“I might just do that.”

Abi and I split up and went our different ways, Abi towards the pool and me to Jacob who excelled himself even more. This time he put a blindfold on me before he started. Okay, I know that I had my eyes closed for a lot of the time during my previous massages, but that was my choice. Having no choice was sort of disorientating and more sensual.

I think that I had more orgasms on the way to his totally awesome finale, but I gave up counting on the first day.

When I managed to walk out of his room without having to grab something for support, I made my way to the sauna area and found Abi on a lounger, knees open, opposite Harry. Needless to say where Harry’s eyes were looking.

I had a shower then went for a swim. I stayed in the shallow end, knowing that I would be having some involuntary mini orgasms. I didn’t do much swimming, more floating in one of the corners using the sides of the pool for support and looking down my body to my pubes. I contemplated my body and decided that I was very happy with it as it is.

When I returned to the loungers, Abi had gone and Harry was just preparing to leave so I lay down and dozed off, flat on my back with my feet hanging over the sides, not caring if anyone came in and saw everything.

Around 6 pm Carol (leisure centre receptionist) came to see me and told me that I was needed in the Windsor Conference room. I hadn’t a clue what it was about but I had a quick shower then went there. Carrie was waiting for me on her own, and she told me to get up onto the padded table that was there.

“This looks like one of Jacob’s massage tables.” I said.

“It was,” Carrie replied. “Lay back and put your arms above your head Lucy.”

I did, wondering what was going on. I got more intrigued as she used some thick, cotton rope to tie my wrists and ankles to the 4 corners of the table. As she did that she pulled my legs and arms open so that I was spread eagle.

She then put a mask over my eyes and a ball gag in my mouth.

By that time I was getting excited but I didn’t know why.

“Lucy,” Carrie started to say, “for nearly a week now you have been walking around my hotel totally naked and in doing so you have been driving a lot of the men who work here crazy. In the next hour or so you will help relief that frustration that they have been experiencing by just laying there and letting them do whatever they want to you.

None of them will climb onto the table and fuck you but they will use a number of objects to give you the frustration and pleasure that you have given them over the last week.

It doesn’t matter what you say or do, they will not stop, even if you pass out, until the time is up. Do you understand Lucy?”

I mumbled a ‘yes’ and shook my head up and down.

“Just before I go, and let the staff in, there is one more thing that I need to do to you.”

Obviously I couldn’t see what she was doing but I felt something stick to the front part of my slit, the edge of it touching my clit and a string or cable going over my hip. Then I felt a faint electric shock hit my clit. I yelped behind the ball gag then moaned at the shock continued. I was sure that that continuous electric current going into my clit would be enough to make me cum; after all, it wasn’t that long since Jacob had taken me to heaven and left me having lots of little after-shock orgasms.

My ‘torture’ started with some male hands rubbing some sort of oil all over my body then the same hands tickling me. I knew that I was ticklish but I didn’t think I was that ticklish. My body started to squirm about as much as it could with my ankles and wrists firmly tied to the table.

I tried shouting, “STOP” and “PLEASE DON’T” but even if they could understand what I was saying I just knew that they wouldn’t.

Then some more hands started mauling my baby tits and pulling and twisting my nipples. Another hand slid up my thigh to my pussy and started finger fucking me.

Well that was it, I started cumming. The tickling stopped as my body jerked about, but the electric current and the hands just didn’t stop. I tried shouting “STOP” but they didn’t. My whole pussy seemed to be getting more and more sensitive and I could feel myself sweating. Well not around my butt hole, that was my juices.

After a lifetime I got a little rest, but not for long. Hands came back to my tits and I felt a magic wand nuzzling up to my clit from below. My next orgasm was rapidly building then I felt a big dildo being pushed into my vagina. A couple of thrusts from that and I was up there again.

The torture continued as I came down from that high and I felt, first my left leg being lifted up in the air, then my left. They were pulled back over my head and my ankles tied to the same corners as my wrists were.

Hands were sliding up and down the backs and insides of my thighs right up to where the wand was still torturing my clit and the dildo was still going in and out of me.

Needless to say that it wasn’t long before I was cumming again. I wanted it all to stop but at the same time I wanted it to go on for ever.

That orgasm started to subside then another built and exploded.

I have no idea how many times I orgasmed, nor how many pairs of hands had their way with me but when the last orgasm started to subside I realised that there were no hands on me and the wand was resting between my tits. I looked up and saw Carrie smiling.

“You look like you’ve been enjoying yourself Lucy.”

I started to say something but quickly remembered the ball gag. Carrie untied all the ropes and my legs flopped back to the table so hard that I was glad that the table was padded.

Finally, Carrie took the ball gag off me and I said,

“That was fucking, totally, fucking awesome. And what’s that thing stuck to my slit? It’s been electrocuting me since the start.”

“A bit shocking isn’t it Lucy?”

With that she picked up a black box that was connected to the pad on my slit by a wire and instead of switching it off she turned the power up.

I screamed, my body jerked and I orgasmed again.

“Please Carrie, stop it, I’m totally knackered.”

“Shall I take this dildo out of you as well or do you want to wear it all night?”

“Yes, No, NO, it would kill me, I just need to relax for a while.”

“Go to your room Lucy, have a shower then meet me in the restaurant.”

“Okay.”

Carrie was sat at ‘our’ table when I walked in and, as usual, a waitress was hovering by the time that I’d sat down.

It wasn’t long before we were talking about the spanking that Mr. Davis had given me earlier that day.

“So Lucy, what did you think of the spanking that Mr. Davis gave you?”

“It hurt.”

“Yes, but did it do anything for you?”

“If you mean did I cum, then no; but afterwards I realised that I was aroused and very wet.”

“Well that’s a good start, it proves that butt spanking does affect your arousal. You didn’t get many swats did you?”

“Twenty.”

“That’s not many. Maybe I should organise a lot more, or maybe some tit or pussy spanking?”

“What! No, that would really hurt.”

“Remember, it’s the association of pain to pleasure that’s important, pain becoming pleasure.”

“I’m not sure, I’m scared.”

“You were scared when I mentioned spanking last night. No, it was you who mentioned spanking, you wanted to try it didn’t you?”

“I guess that I did.”

“And I’m guessing that you want to take it further don’t you, you want to find out if more swats would have made you cum, and I’m guessing that you want to find out if tit or pussy spanking will make you cum as well.”

I was silent for about a minute, then replied,

“Yes, I do.”

Carries smiled then said,

“What about the electric shock treatment Lucy, what did you think of that?”

“Awesome, or should I say shocking. No seriously, it was weird. I’ve never had an electric shock before. It was a bit like when someone plays with my nipples and they send a message to my clit to wake it up; only in reverse and it was a constant message.”

“That was when you had that little pad just touching your clit. You can get those machines with a ring that goes over your clit, and yous is ideal for that, and you can set the machine alternate between giving you nothing and shocks, and the shocks can be set to be a lot stronger than what you were getting. It can be set to give you shocks at random intervals as well.

On top of all that there are little clamps that go on your nipples and it can give them the same treatments.”

“Wow, that sounds scary, but nice, as well. Where did you get that machine?”

“I found it on the internet.”

“Can you give daddy the link, I’ll try to persuade him to get me one.”

“I’ve got another surprise for you tomorrow, no pain but you just might like it.”

“What is it?”

“It wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you would it?”

“Hmm, okay, I can wait.”

“Good, when we’ve finished here you’ve got your report to bring up to date. You missed your time slot earlier didn’t you?”

“Yes, sorry.”

“And get plenty of sleep Lucy, you’ve got a busy day tomorrow.”

“I’ve had a busy day everyday this week.”

I wrote my report for school then went to bed.

**Friday**

It was another early start with me not being able to have any breakfast before I started working. I was working with the Room Service team and lots of people wanted their breakfasts in their rooms. There was a choice of Continental or English. The Continental breakfasts were easy because we just left them outside the door but the English breakfasts were cooked to order and we had to take them into the rooms.

I was partnered with Vanda who is in her early twenties and I think that it’s fair to say that she wasn’t happy with me being naked, maybe because she weighed about twice what I do. Anyway, she had me doing all the work, which I didn’t mind, and she managed to talk the kitchen staff into putting some breakfast food to one side so that we could help ourselves whenever we went to the kitchen.

It was up and down in the service lift with our trolleys to deliver the meals to the rooms. Vanda showed me what to do at the first room, then I had to do it on my own.

To say that I got some surprised looks and comments would be an understatement, just about everyone wanted to know why I was naked and I got a bit fed up with telling them that it was the hotel management’s policy to respect people’s religion and that I had declared my religion as naturism.

I expected to get a few ‘suggestions’ and proposals and I wasn’t disappointed, but they were all in good spirit. There was one delivery that surprised me, it was 2 breakfasts and when the man opened the door just wearing his boxers I was surprised to see a girl spread eagle on the bed with her wrists and ankles tied to the corners. She had a blindfold on and had a ball gag in her mouth.

Vanda had already warned me that there might me the odd ‘strange’ sight and she told me to ignore anything where there wasn’t big pools of blood or bleeding bodies. It was difficult but I managed to pretend that I hadn’t seen her.

When it came to collecting the used trays the hotel had a way of letting Vanda know when a guest had checked out so it was quite boring. Of course, it was easy to see the finished with continental breakfasts if the guest had put them back outside their rooms.

Apart from the one tied, naked girl, the whole morning was just hard work.

When I was finished for the day I went back to my room and got my report written then had a quick nap before heading down to see Jason for another workout. I was hoping that Abi would be there but she wasn’t, and Jason pushed me to my limits whilst getting me to do the things that gave me the orgasms that distracted me from the hard exercising and stretching.

Fridays must be half days for some men in London because there was more men in the workout room than usual, and I enjoyed showing my pussy to all of them.

After Jason, it was Jacob and he again blindfolded me. Although he later denied it, I’m sure that there was someone else in there massaging me at the same time. The not knowing made things more exciting for me and, although I wasn’t counting, I think that I had one more orgasm during the build up to Jacob’s mind blowing finale which again left me a giggling wreck.

I was recovering on a lounger in the sauna area when Carol came and told me that I was needed in the Sandringham Conference room. As I walked there I wondered if Carrie had organised a repeat of the previous day but when I got there all I saw was Carrie and a big polythene sheet on the floor in the middle.

Carrie was wearing a smart business suit and from somewhere she produced a pair of swimming goggles.

“Put those on and lay on your back in the middle of that sheet.” She told me.

I did, wondering what was going to happen.

“Have you heard of a bukkake Lucy?”

“Maybe, Danica told be that it was when more than one boy shoots his spunk onto you, is that right?”

“Yes Lucy, Danica was right. Well I’ve organised 20 men to come and wank over you. I want you to just lay there and let it happen. Don’t take those goggles off, they’re to protect your eyes if any one the men shoot over your face; but that shouldn’t stop you being able to see all their cocks. How many cocks have you seen before Lucy?”

“Not many, there’s Danica’s brother and some of his mates, and, of course, daddy.”

“Well you will be able to increase that count by about 20 during the next hour. When it’s over go up to your room and shower.”

“Okay. When does this start?”

“Right now, the first 2 men are just walking in. Don’t worry about any of them going further than shooting their load on you, they’ve all been told not to touch you and Mike has been told to keep an eye on you.”

“And his camera I assume.”

The next hour was ‘interesting’. It was nice but the best part was seeing all those cocks and the men wanking them. It wasn’t just the men wanking their cocks, I couldn’t resist reaching up and giving them a helping hand.

And what a variety of cocks I saw, and wanked, long ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones; and of course, some with lots of skin over the end. I think that I like the ones with the purple ends the best.

About half of the men managed to get some of their seeds to land in my mouth and I did notice a slight difference in taste between them, some were creamier than others and some were saltier than others.

By the time the last one shot his load all over my face I was covered in the stuff and my hair must have looked horrible. I just lay there for a minute or so then decided that no one else was coming so I got up, being careful not to stand in the stuff so that I didn’t trample it onto the carpet.

As I went to my room I was, and wasn’t hoping that someone would see me and realise what was all over my face and trickling down my body, but I didn’t see anyone.

I had just washed all the spunk off me and was getting dried when the doorbell rang. As I went to answer it I wondered if I was going to get spanked again and I felt my pussy tingle and get wet.

It was Mr. Davis and I felt that familiar tingle again.

“Have I been naughty again Mr Davis?” I said as I clenched my pussy muscles.

“I have been told that my services are needed again Lucy. I think that we’ll start with you over my knee.”

“Yes sir.”

I followed him over to the table and he turned 1 of the chairs round. Sitting on it he slapped his thigh indicating that he wanted me to lay over his thighs. Expecting him to use his right hand again, I lay over his thighs with my butt on his right side.

I don’t know if it was deliberate, but sat where he was, and with me laying the way I was, meant that my bare butt was facing the window and, in amongst the anticipation I wondered if anyone in the building opposite was watching me.

“Open your legs Lucy.”

I spread them so that my feet were a little more than shoulder width apart.

“So Lucy, you didn’t learn from that last spanking. Maybe today’s, more severe spanking will help you.”

“Yes sir.”

Twenty swats later my butt was stinging like hell and tears were rolling down my cheeks. Not only that, bodily fluids were escaping my pussy as well.

After another 20, my butt was numb and the vibrations of the swats to my pussy had caused me to get very aroused.

Another 10 and the building orgasm took control of my body as it exploded out of me. My body jerked so much that I fell off Mr. Davis’ lap onto the floor. He just watched me until my jerking stopped then he said,

“Stand up, face the window and put your hands on your head.”

I did, and looked out to see if I could see anyone looking. I couldn’t.

Mr. Davis stood next me and I saw him undo the belt on his trousers.

“He’s going to fuck me.” I thought.

But he didn’t, I heard a ‘swish’ then the belt, the leather belt, landed on my butt.

“Ouch!” I said, just before the belt hit my butt again.

Then there was a pause before the belt landed on me again, but this time it landed on my tiny tits. Whether or not it would have hurt less if my tits had been bigger I will never know, but it certainly hurt. After the third swat my nipples were throbbing, but not in a nice way. I certainly wasn’t enjoying it.

Mr. Davis didn’t say anything as the belt landed on my tits 2 more times.

Thankfully, he only gave me 5 on my tits before he said,

“On your back and lift your legs over to your head.”

I did, automatically grabbing my ankles and pushing them out wide, into Danica’s ‘open position’.

“Good submissive girl, you anticipated that well. “

He stood beside me looking down at my spread pussy, my very wet, spread pussy for a few seconds then I heard the swish and then I screamed as the belt landed length ways along my pussy.

Oh my gawd, that really did hurt and I screamed.

Four more times that belt landed on my pussy and 4 more times I screamed as the tears flowed out of my eyes. How I managed to hold myself in that position I will never know.

After the fifth swat Mr. Davis stopped and just looked down at me. After a few seconds he said,

“Well done Lucy, most girls would be rolling about in agony and calling me all the names under the sun. But don’t feel good about yourself, I’m told that you deserved the punishment.”

Mr. Davis turned and walked out leaving me to sob in front of Mike and his camera.

A few minutes later my crying stopped and I released my ankles. As I got to my feet my butt and tits were smarting but my pussy was on fire for an unwelcome reason, and it felt swollen and tender when I touched it. I went and got my little mirror out of my bag and had a look. I was worried that Mr. Davis had done some serious damage, but he hadn’t; it was just red and a bit swollen.

I went and got my report up to date, sitting very slowly, then had another shower before getting ready for dinner.

Carrie was sat at the table with a glass of wine in her hand.

“I was wondering if you’d skip dinner down here and order room service.” She said,

“Why would I do that?”

“I thought that you might just be a bit annoyed with me for sending Mr. Davis to spank you again.”

“How could I ever be mad at you Carrie, you’ve taught me so much and given me experiences that I could never even imagine. As for the spankings, yes, I enjoyed the butt spanking, and the tit spanking wasn’t that bad, but I don’t want to have my pussy spanked again, it still hurts a bit.”

“Yes, I see that your little breasts are still a bit red and your nipples look as big as I’ve ever seen them, but I just had to let you experience a pussy spanking just so that you know what it’s like. To tell you the truth, I don’t like having my pussy spanked either.”

Just then, as a waitress brought me an orange juice, I got a really nice surprise as daddy walked in. I nearly collided with the waitress as I jumped up then jumped up on him, wrapping my legs around his waist and kissing him all over his face. When I finally stopped kissing him I said,

“What are you doing here? I wasn’t expecting you until Sunday.”

“I’ll go and come back in Sunday if you like.”

“No, no. Its just ….”

“I know sweetheart, I know. Now can you get off me so that I can say hello to Carrie and order some food, I’m starving.”

I slid down daddy and saw that I’d left a wet mark on the front of his trousers,

Daddy bent over and kissed Carrie then sat between us.

“Are you sleeping with Carrie tonight daddy, or with me?”

“Lucy, you shouldn’t ask questions like that.” Daddy replied, “sorry Carrie, I really do need to teach her to be more tactful.”

“The joys of being an innocent teenager.” Carrie replied,

“This one isn’t isn’t so innocent.”

“Hey, I’m sat here listening to you.” I said.

“Sorry Lucy, but you still aren’t very tactful at times.”

“Sorry daddy, but will you be fucking me or Carrie tonight, because my pussy is a bit sore.”

“Then I guess that I’ll have to make you wait a bit longer.”

“Maybe tomorrow night Lucy.” Carrie added.

Dinner took quite a while because I had loads to tell daddy and he had quite a few questions for me. When we finally left the restaurant and went to the bar I excused myself and I went to bed. I’d had a busy day and I wanted to leave daddy alone with Carrie.