**The Theater**

by[Sabineteas](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)©

She had not seen or heard from her for almost a week. It was disappointing. The two times that they had been together were not fading, but the young woman had been forced to realize that what she really wanted was more. More of the excitement she felt when she was made to do things. Things that she felt excited her friend just as much as her. Although her friend was the one that always was in control, she had to be excited too. It was not possible that watching her humiliate herself would not cause her friend to be aroused.  
  
It was a slow day at her job, so she could work at an easy pace and dream little dreams. Fantasize a little about the next time. Hopefully there would be a next time. She dreamed about being nude in a room full of clothed people. Sometimes she would be just an anonymous body, other times she would be fully exposed, her face as well as her body. She wasn't sure which was more exciting, because when she was anonymous she dreamed that her friend would allow her to be touched and used sexually. If she wasn't anonymous, she would be seen but that only. Her experiences so far were safe, safe in the sense that she had been in a private home or club. She had never thought of being in a public place completely naked. Oh there had been two people who had seen her take off her underpants and bare a breast, but once she had left that place, knowing they did not know her, it didn't seem that bad. It was erotic and arousing to her. But no worse than being at a beach and taking off her top. At least she had convinced herself of that, even if she had never been topless at a beach before.  
  
She had been working steadily all day and it was late, close to the time she could go home, when her phone rang. She picked it up with a grin and answered. Oh my god, it was her!   
  
"Do you have plans for this evening?"  
  
"Umm, no."  
  
"Good, I will pick you up at 7:30PM. Here is what I want you to wear. First, full panties, not a thong. A bra, serviceable, not a flimsy one. Slacks, they do not have to have a zipper, but not jeans. A blouse with buttons and a sweater. Do you have that or should I repeat it?"  
  
"Umm, please repeat it Madam."  
  
She repeated the instructions for dress to her. All the while, when she was writing down the list of clothes, her stomach was knotting up. This was not going to be a normal night at home.  
  
"Do you have clothes such as that?"  
  
"Yes. Yes, I do. May I ask …."  
  
"No you may not. Be ready when I arrive. You will not need a coat."  
  
The dial tone buzzed in her ear and she hung up the receiver. Her hand was shaking. Her stomach felt like it had a lump in it. She forgot what she was doing and when she realized that she was just sitting and staring into space it took her a while to determine what she had been doing. Some of her coworkers looked at her curiously because it was as if she had left mentally and her body remained. That is what had happened. Her mind was off, racing into the room and seeing herself standing naked and blindfolded. The next image was of her kneeling in front of an entire group of people, lifting her bare ass in the air for them. Then, she was bent over a bar, with her dress pulled up and she had no panties on. Now she was obscenely bent over the bar with a dildo protruding from her anus. The next vision of her was naked with a man screwing her from behind and a group of people watching that also. She gasped and leapt up and ran to the ladies bathroom. When she got there and dashed through the door she leaned on the counter. When she looked in the mirror, all she could see was her pale face and eyes glimmering with tears. Even if she had thought that she wanted more, when more was presented to her, she turned into a bundle of nerves. Even though she had been anonymous, two people knew. Two people knew that she had been humiliated. Two people knew that she would debase herself, for sure for her friend's pleasure, perhaps for hers also. Thinking that tonight was going to be another excursion into the depths, she was already feeling the dread of what might happen to her. A voice came from outside the door.  
  
"Are you all right?"  
  
"Y-y-yes."  
  
"Are you sure? You looked so pale I thought I had better come and check on you."  
  
"I-I am OK, all right. I will just be a few more minutes. I just got a little dizzy, that's all."  
  
"Well, if you are not back at your desk in few minutes, I will be back."  
  
"Thank you for worrying about me. I am fine."  
  
She heard the footsteps going away and leaned on the counter again. Then she lifted her face and looked at the pale vision in the mirror. She turned on the water and doused her face, then dried it. She had a little more color, but not much. It amazed her that her friend's voice and her orders could have such an effect on her. It should not have come as a surprise, since her friend was so closely connected with shame and humiliation. Looking at herself in the mirror again, she was not sure that she wanted more. Now that the reality was staring her in the face, she was unsure that she wanted it.  
  
With a sigh she left the bathroom and carefully walked back to her desk. As she arrived, people came to her station. They were asking her if she was OK and looking at her with concern. Finally her boss came out and looked at her also. The questions repeated themselves and she answered that she was all right. This time though, her boss smiled at her and told her to go home. She looked so pale to everyone. She was glad they did not understand why. She got her coat and saying goodbye, she left for the bus stop. As she walked she felt people looking at her and her mind knew that they knew about her. They knew that she allowed herself to be stripped naked and have things done to her. Oh god, oh god. Everyone knew, everyone knew that she allowed herself to be humiliated. Each face was aware of her shame. She pulled her coat tighter around herself and walked faster. When she got on the bus the driver and the other riders knew her too. She had to sit down quickly because she was getting dizzy again. She closed her eyes and sat. Sat until her stop and she could hurry down the street to her building. She walked as fast as she could to get away from the eyes in her mind, but getting into her apartment was no better. Now, alone and knowing she was coming, she had hours to think about the evening. And that was not good. Not good because her mind would not let her relax.  
  
She sat for a few minutes in her living room and closed her eyes. Then with a sigh, she got up and walked to her bedroom. She took out the note she had made from the instructions for her clothes and went to her dresser. She found a suitable bra and a pair of panties. Setting them on her bed, she went to her closet. There she sorted through her pants and blouses, taking out ones that she thought would be acceptable and set them on the bed also. Finally she found her favorite sweater and after placing it on the bed with all her other clothes she undressed. Nude, she walked to her bathroom and started the shower. She stood under the hot water and soaped herself, cleaning her skin, removing her make up so she could re-do herself. She wanted to start fresh for the evening. When she got out of the shower and dried herself, she wrapped a towel around her body and looked in the mirror. She had finally gotten some color back in her face. As she was looking through her make up, trying to decide what to put on, her buzzer for the front door went off. With a frown, she walked to the intercom and pressed the button.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Buzz me in."  
  
Oh god, oh my god, it's her, she thought. She pressed the button to open the door to the building and then quickly ran to see her clock. It was only 6:30. She stood wondering if she had not understood the time and while she was wracking her brain, there was a knock at her door. She walked to it and looked through the peephole. It was she. Nervously she opened the door and stepped back to let her in. She walked past her imperiously and stalked into the living room. The girl followed her.  
  
"I'm sorry that I am not ready."  
  
"Did I tell you that you could speak?"  
  
"Umm, no. Sorry Madam."  
  
The look she received made her quiver inside. Her face fell so that she was looking at the floor.   
  
"Get me the clothes you are wearing tonight. And give the towel to me now."  
  
She could not look at her as she unfastened the towel and handed it to her. Naked, she walked on shaking legs to her bedroom. She picked up the clothes that she had picked out to wear and returned to the living room. When she walked into the living room, she was sitting on the couch and gazing ahead, looking through the glass doors. The drapes were completely open. The girl moaned and walked to her, knowing that everyone across the street was looking into her apartment. She held the clothes to her chest and stood in front of her.  
  
"Put them on the couch, then you may kneel in front of me."  
  
She did as she was told and kept her eyes lowered. She heard her looking through the clothes and prayed that they would be acceptable. Her naked back and bottom faced the glass doors. She was trembling; imagining that the apartments facing hers were full of people and every one of them was staring at her.  
  
"These will do."  
  
She felt better, hearing those words, but not much. She felt very exposed and vulnerable, kneeling naked on her carpet.  
  
"Bring me your make up."  
  
She got up and almost ran to the bathroom. She stuffed all the make up she had into her make up bag and hurried back. She found her standing by the glass doors. She hesitated and watched her looking towards her. With a soft sob, she walked to her and handed her the bag. Now she was standing no more than two feet from the glass doors without a stitch on. As she looked through the bag, the girl kept looking through the doors to see if she could see anyone across the way to the next building.   
  
"The light is good here. Bring two chairs to me."  
  
Moans escaped her lips but she walked on trembling legs to the table and returned, dragging two chairs behind her. The woman pointed to where the chairs should go and stepped back to let her place them. Then she pointed to one. The girl sat down and folded her hands in her lap. Her hands grasped each other, for security and to keep them down. Down so she could not cover herself. The woman sat in the other chair. Frowning a little she looked at the girl.   
  
"Put your hands at your sides."  
  
With a soft moan, she unclasped her hands and moved them to her sides. She knew that her pubic hair was showing now along with her breasts. Involuntarily she looked at the glass doors. She could not stop herself from looking at them. People had to be seeing her, looking at her. She was in plain view and they had to be looking. Her stomach clenched.  
  
"Look at me, not outside."  
  
She forced her eyes back to her. She clutched the sides of the chair's seat so her hands would stay away from her body. Her knuckles turned white, she was gripping it so hard. Her eyes were getting liquid, wet, and full of tears. How can she do this to me? She has to know that people are looking at me. And she has not made me anonymous. They will know whom I am, who belongs to this naked body. She whimpered in her throat. She watched as the woman searched through her make up bag and removed eyeliner and blush.   
  
"Look straight ahead and don't move."  
  
She held herself still as the woman applied eyeliner with sure and gentle strokes. It felt good to be pampered, to have someone do this, but not here, without clothes. Next came the blush, applied with soft strokes also. She was so sure and confident. The girl held back her tears so that she would not ruin her face, her make up. It was killing her to do that, however. Her natural reaction was to begin to cry. She was being humiliated again. She was afraid of who was watching. The woman finished with the make up and replaced it in the bag. She smiled at her and received a weak smile in return.   
  
"May I speak, Madam?"  
  
"Of course, you ask so sweetly."  
  
"May I please get dressed?"  
  
"No, I don't think so. There is plenty of time."  
  
She moans and her eyes flick to the glass doors, then back. You have risen and moved to the couch. Motioning to her, she stands and looks out the glass doors and then walks to you. You admire her body. She is not classic, but very slim with good legs. She has small, high breasts with nipples that are almost always erect. You motion her to turn and she does, her bottom facing you. You lean forward and squeeze one cheek, listening as she moans softly. Your hand slides across her bottom and squeezes the other cheek. You know she is beet red. With a naughty smile, your finger goes to the bottom of her spine, the top of her ass. Then you slide it down to her cleft and let it slip between her cheeks. She whimpers as you slip your finger down between her cheeks. It comes closer and closer to her anus. You know how much she hates being touched there and you want to let her feel a little humiliation. When your fingertip finds her anus, you circle around it and are rewarded with a moan. You press lightly on its center and can feel her muscles pull tight. She hates it so much. She twitched a little but let you do as you wished. Now you finger leaves her anus and she sighs, relieved that you did not penetrate her. But now it is sliding over the skin leading to her pussy, her cunt. She gasps as it touches the bottom of her slit. You toy with her lips, feeling her moist split.  
  
"What is this, little one?"  
  
"Umm, I don't understand, Madam."  
  
"Come now, what am I touching?"  
  
"Ahh, my vagina, Madam."  
  
"Oh, you must have another name for it. What else?"  
  
As you ask her, you slip your finger between her labia and trace up and down. You can feel her beginning to tremble.  
  
"Ahh, god, my pussy."  
  
"And is there something else it is called?"  
  
Your finger slides up and taps her clitoris, then quickly back down to the bottom of her split. She groans when you tap her and her hips thrust forward. You know she has to be scarlet.  
  
"Ahh, god, Jesus, Madam. It's my cunt."  
  
Yes, that is what I wanted to hear little one. Say it again for me."  
  
"Oh Madam, it's my cunt. You are touching my cunt."  
  
"Does it feel good when I touch you? Do you like it?"  
  
"Umm, yes Madam."  
  
"And do you like being naked for me, little one?"  
  
"Umm, yes, Madam."  
  
You smile and ask her to get you a soda and an ashtray. She returns with a glass with ice and soda in it, but no ashtray. You look at her and she lowers her eyes.  
  
"The ashtray?"  
  
"I do not smoke, Madam. If someone is here and wants to smoke I ask them to go on the balcony."  
  
"I see."  
  
The girl winced at the words, the tone and the expression. She stood next to her and lowered her eyes, feeling very vulnerable. The woman stood and smiled and then looked at the balcony outside the glass doors. As she started to walk to them she spoke.  
  
  
"Since I must be outside to smoke I have choices to make. Should I go and smoke? Should I not smoke at all? Or should I smoke and have you join me and continue our conversation?"  
  
The girl's eyes jerked up and stared at the woman's back. Surely she did not mean what the girl was thinking. The glass door slid open. A cool breeze filtered into the room. Her nipples immediately erected and goose bumps spread across her bare skin. She felt slightly faint and began to tremble. The woman stood at the door smiling. With a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, the girl hesitantly walked to her side. She looked at her and felt so alone. She could and would make her do anything, anything that would be humiliating. But the girl tried to be strong inside. She took a deep breath and peeked out of the door. Looking both ways, to the balconies on either side of hers, she could see no one on them. Another deep breath and she stepped onto her balcony.   
  
"Madam, I am sorry that I do not have an ashtray for you. Please join me and enjoy your cigarette."  
  
She was trembling and her eyes were darting from side to side as she said those words. The woman looked at her and smiled a true smile. She watched her for a moment and then held out her hand. The girl took it and felt herself being drawn back inside. She felt like jelly inside as she stepped back into her apartment. The woman took her face in both hands and kissed her softly.  
  
"I wondered what you would do, little one. That took courage and I admire courage. Come and sit with me and I will reward you a little bit."  
  
She followed her to the couch and waited as she sat. The cushion next to her was patted and she sat also. She was wondering what reward she was going to get.  
  
"Put your hands behind your back and keep them there."  
  
The girl hurried to comply. Once she was how she was desired, the woman bent to her and kissed her softly again. Her hands were at her breasts, fondling them and teasing her nipples. The kiss ended and the woman leaned back slightly, watching her face as she played with her breasts. The face that had been pale was now full of color and little gasps were escaping her mouth. She was aroused, just by being touched on her breasts. And by the feeling that she was bound in position, only by having her hands between her back and the couch. The light, feather-like touches made her shiver and her nipples, although erect before, were even harder. She used her fingertips like feathers, teasing and stroking her bare skin. She wanted to watch but had to close her eyes. Her breathing was small, barely audible pants now. She was hot, burning up with passion. The fingertips traced a track around her breasts, testing each bit of skin. Then they circled and slithered down her breastbone, leaving little goose bumps in their wake. The girl was breathing shallowly and very quickly as she felt the fingers move lower and lower. Her skin rippled behind the touch of her fingertips and nails. She noticed now that fingernails were lightly scraping her skin, leaving marks that quickly disappeared. She began to moan as her pubic hair, her bush, was touched. The fingers slid through her bush, teasing the hair and almost making it stand on end. The sensations were heavenly to the young woman. One finger found the tiny bump of her clitoris and pressed down on it, causing an audible gasp to burst out of her mouth. She lifted her hips slightly, trying to press against that finger harder but it left her. Whimpering, her hips lowered only to have the finger press her clitoris once more. Over and over the woman would push down on her clitoris and then lessen the pressure to get her hips to relax and settle back. The girl's head was lying on the back of the couch with her mouth open, little pants bursting out regularly. One leg had flopped open, leaving her more room to touch between her legs. The older woman watched all of this and the reactions that she had induced in the girl. She smiled and leaned closer.  
  
"Get on the floor in front of me, facing away."  
  
The girl's head jerked up in surprise and she looked at the woman. Trembling all over she slid off the couch and knelt in front of her with her bottom facing her. She did not know what to do with her hands so they hung at her sides.  
  
"Bend forward, put your face on the floor, grab your knees with both hands."  
  
She went to all fours then lowered her face to the floor. Once she had done that, she reached back and grabbed her knees. She pictured what she must look like. Legs topped by what had to look like a fat ass. And she knew that her pussy and anus were in plain sight. She became terribly embarrassed.  
  
"Knees further apart and back up closer to me."  
  
She shuffled her knees apart and backed up slowly until she was told to stop. She felt the soft fingertips trace patterns on her ass. She sobbed softly in her throat. They slid to the middle of her and traced lines in her cleft from top to bottom, avoiding her anus. She moaned. Then one finger ran across the little patch of skin between her anus and pussy. She felt that finger right at the bottom of her pussy, then it slid into her, causing a moan.

"What is this?"  
  
"Oh god Madam, my cunt?"  
  
"Yes, it is your cunt, little one. Such a naughty name for such a nice thing, yes?"  
  
"Oh god, yes."  
  
She panted as the finger penetrated her and remained still inside her. Then the other hand joined and she felt the finger slide back out of her and both hands, the fingers, traced the valley next to her labia and then under her ass cheeks to the outside of her. She was shivering from the touches and whimpering as the fingers left her cunt. She was aroused and ready for anything. The fingers traced up the sides of her ass and then over the top, to her cleft once more. This time, as they traced downward, they did not avoid her anus.  
  
"What is this, little one?"  
  
"Ahh, umm my anus?"  
  
"No, try again."  
  
"Oh god, my god, my asshole."  
  
"Yes, it is your asshole. And what are assholes good for, little one?"  
  
She began to sob. She hated this; she hated having her asshole touched. The woman knew this and was taunting her. With a groan she answered.  
  
"For having fingers stuck in them."  
  
She gasped loudly as she felt the finger pressing on the center of her tight asshole. She was dry and nervous and she clenched her ring tight. She heard a sigh and suddenly the finger was in her cunt, scooping up some of the moisture in it and transferring it to her ass. She moaned as she felt the wet on her anus and felt it being spread. The finger returned and this time popped into her ass to the first knuckle. She groaned at this invasion but held her position. Then she felt a finger at her cunt again and moaned as that one slid into her. She whimpered as the woman began to thrust the two fingers in and out of her. The one in her ass was still dry, and the woman leaned forward and dropped a string of saliva on the ring of muscle. She was so humiliated and so aroused. With the saliva it became easier to be fingered and she began to moan continuously. Her ass was wet from saliva and it was dripping down her skin and her cunt was wet, soaking wet. Suddenly the fingers pulled out of her, leaving her panting and moaning on the floor, ass in the air, both holes gaping. She felt so empty and tears were pouring down her cheeks from having her ass violated.  
  
"Get up and get dressed."  
  
She struggled to her knees, then to her feet. Shakily she turned and stumbled to her clothes. She pulled on her panties, feeling them soaking up her juices and the saliva. She was totally humiliated. She fumbled her bra on and then her pants. Finally she shrugged into the blouse and buttoned it with shaking fingers. Pulling on the sweater she stood and wiped her eyes and cheeks. Her face was red.  
  
"Find some shoes. Low heels would be good."  
  
She went into her bedroom and found a pair of low heels, slipping them onto her feet. She stumbled back to the woman and stood in front of her. She tried to look her in the eye, but couldn't. Her eyes fell to the floor.   
  
"Ah, little one, your shyness is so sweet. Now come, we must be going."  
  
"Umm, Madam, may I ask a question?"  
  
"Of course, since you asked nicely."  
  
"Umm, where are we going?"  
  
"To the theater. I have gotten a box for us to sit in and watch a play and perhaps do some fun things."  
  
You got a knot in your in your stomach when you heard "do some fun things", and did not want to go anymore. But, you were not going to resist because you could think of some things that probably could be, would be much worse. Besides, you thought, what could she do to you at a play in a theater with so many people around? You had no clue, none at all.  
  
The two of you hurried, you just a step behind her out of your apartment and down the hall. It was cold outside, but she had told you that you would not need a coat, so you just followed. She led you, as always, and soon you were at her car. It was a large American car with plenty of room in the front and back. She gave you the cape that you wore the last time the two of you were together. You slipped it on and fastened the chain that held the top together. She chatted about the play, one that you had not heard of before and how much fun the evening was going to be. She smiled at you and made you feel better. She drove expertly and made sure to pat your leg a few times as she talked. You felt better and better, more relaxed. She knew how to put you at ease. You finally arrived and she parked. When you got out she had a large bag or purse which you thought nothing of at the time. She hurried you to the theater, which thankfully was only a short walk. Through the doors and she took your hand and led you through the line for people who already had tickets. Then she led you upstairs to where the boxes were. One of the ushers helped the two of you find the box. When she opened the door and hurried you through it, there were three other women there already. She greeted them as old friends and you stood, feeling a little left out but still happy. Chairs were set up in two rows, but she had them re-arranged into a semicircle and sat you in the middle. She sat to one side of you with the others next to her or you. One of the other women smiled at you.  
  
"We've heard a lot about you. I think that tonight will be a very fun and exciting night."  
  
When you heard those words, you immediately tensed up. You were becoming very attuned to words because of her. You smiled back at her a little uneasily. You were trying not to read into her words and hoping that she was only talking about the play. She leaned to you and ran her fingers through your hair. That made you both uneasy and more relaxed at the same time. You were aware that the other three women noticed her playing with your hair and that they seemed to smile knowingly. The lights dimmed and came back on, announcing that the play was soon to begin. You read your program, listening to the conversation going on around you. You did not really fit with these women. They were all much older than you and were dressed much better. You felt a little like a poor relative. The lights dimmed again and the curtain opened. You leaned forward to get a better view and to hear better. She pulled you back gently to have you sit up straight and you looked at her. She was smiling and the woman next to her was also. You glanced to your other side and the two there were looking at you and smiling also. All of a sudden you began to feel uncomfortable.  
  
"Little one, this play is not that good, but the theater is perfect for us."  
  
Hearing those words, you felt very uncomfortable. You looked at her, at her smile, and at the others. You had a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach.  
  
"You see, little one, I have told these friends of mine about you. They understand much, but wished to meet you and see if what I told them could possibly be true. I also wanted to present you to them."  
  
You sat in disbelief. Surely she couldn't do anything here. Surely not here. You looked out at the theater and all the people. Absolutely not, she just couldn't.  
  
"Little one, you will not disappoint me and make me a liar."  
  
You began to shiver, realizing that she could do anything, to you.  
  
"So, please slip off the cape and drape it over your chair."  
  
You did as you were told. Your hands were shaking and as you looked around as the smiles on the faces of the women got larger. She picked up her large purse and set it in front of you. You knew that something bad was going to happen to you, here in the theater, in front of women that you had just met. Something bad in a very public place.  
  
"Now we are all ladies here, so there is no need for you to be shy, is there? And you will be a good girl for me, yes?"  
  
Your eyes brimmed with tears and you sat silently with your hands crushing the program you had been reading just a few moments before. You looked at each face, faces that were staring at you intently before your eyes could not meet theirs and fell to the floor in front of you.  
  
"I have told them about you, many things about you and they did not believe me. So tonight you will prove to them that I told the truth. Remove your clothes, fold them and put them in the bag in front of you."  
  
You whimpered deep in your throat and looked once more at her, at her smile and the firm expression of command on her features. You looked out over the railing in front of you at all the people who were below. With a sob this time, you let your program slip from your fingers and fall to the floor.  
  
"Madam, may I speak?"  
  
Your words got a chuckle from one of the women. It made you whimper once more.  
  
"Of course, little one."  
  
"Why? Why do you make me do these things?"  
  
"Because I can, little one and because it makes me happy to see you struggle and suffer. And, because I believe that you like it too, no matter what you say or how you act. Now, you have been told what is expected of you. Do not try my patience."  
  
Another small sob escaped from your throat and you looked out over the railing once more. Then you looked to your left, seeing two women looking at you expectantly. You turned to your right and saw the same from her and the other woman. Then you looked straight ahead at the railing and whimpered, wondering if those on the floor could see you above it. With a soft moan, you gripped the end of one sleeve of your sweater and pulled your arm out and into your body. Slipping your hand down, you gripped the other arm of your sweater and pulled your other arm out. Looking once more over the railing, you carefully lifted the bottom of your sweater and pulled it over your head. You took a long time folding it, looking at her. Seeing no mercy in her eyes, you bent and put the sweater in the bottom of the bag. Knowing that the lower half of your body could not be seen, you slid your slacks down and exposed your panties, moaning when you realized that they were damp between your legs from her playing with you. You slid them down your legs, blushing as you did. Your eyes flashed to each of the women in the box with you and moaned. They were watching you so intently. Kicking off your heels, you struggled to get your slacks off with out moving much at all. Again you took as much time as you felt you could, folding them and then putting them into the bag. You looked at her again, pleading with your eyes, but saw no relief for you there. With fumbling fingers, you unbuttoned the cuffs of your blouse and then your hands went to the button at your throat. Your eyes had filled with tears and you closed them as the first button came free. A tear escaped and trickled down your cheek as the second came free. Fumbling even more as each button came loose you finally reached the bottom of your blouse. With an audible moan, you opened it and slid it off your shoulders and down. You bent over and folded it carefully, taking as much time again as you could before putting it in the bag. Now you were in only your bra and panties.  
  
You looked at her once again and she nodded to you, encouraging you to go on. You struggled with the clasp of your bra at your back and found you could not get it loose. You looked at her, begging a little with your eyes, hoping that she would permit you to stop, but she reached behind you and quickly had the clasps undone. Again you bend forward, trying to hide yourself and let it slip down your arms. Staying bent over, you stuffed it into the bag. Just your panties were left. Your hands went to the waistband and pushed first one side, then the other down, your hips lifting up on one side then the other to get them below your bottom, your ass. Your nipples brushed on your thighs; you were bent over so far, trying to hide yourself. When your panties had cleared your ass you pulled them down hurriedly, wanting this strip to be over now. You knew that all with you had been staring at you and you felt so exposed. When the panties cleared your feet, you crumpled them and started to shove them into that damn bag, but she stopped you. She removed them from your hand and brought them to her face, sniffing them. You sobbed out loud, knowing that your scent was on them. The scent of your pussy, your cunt. She held the panties out to each of the women, letting them smell you also. Your face was scarlet, as they smelled your arousal. Watching them smell you sent a tremor into your belly. You were becoming aroused again, at your exposure and with the knowledge that they now knew you had been aroused. They did not know that it was from her playing with you at your apartment. They had to believe that it was from now, from the strip you had just done. You were glad that it was dark in the theater, dark enough that it was hard to see you, but light enough that they could catch shadowed glimpses of you. You stayed bent, your arms pressed close to your sides and crossed in front of you. She reached for the bag, lifting it to her feet and stuffed your damp, wet panties into it. Then she put it behind her chair.  
  
"Sit up."  
  
With a moan, you sat up straighter. You kept your arms crossed until you saw her frown and with another moan, you slowly lowered both arms to your sides. She smiled at you, making you blush harder. It was so hard, even if it was just women with you, to be naked. You did not want to look at her or them and lowered your eyes to the floor. You could sense them looking at you with hungry eyes anyway.  
  
"Offer your tits to them."  
  
Tears leaked out of your eyes at these words. Thinking hard and realizing that you could hide better, you got on your knees and walked on them to one of the women. Keeping your red face lowered, you moved closer to her and arched back to show her your tits. You gasped as you felt her hands grab at you. She squeezed and cupped them, rubbing her thumbs over your nipples. She made them so hard, so erect. You were moaning softly as she felt and teased you. After a bit you crawled to the other two women and knelt up, arching your back for them, but keeping your face down. They too took the opportunity to feel you, squeeze you and rub your nipples. One pinched your nipple and twisted it, making you groan out loud. Fingers caressed your skin, teasing you and making you groan softly. You were so humiliated, but finding that you were loving the touch of their hands. Soft and gently teasing touches, making you whimper in your throat, making your nipples stand out, so erect, so hard. They giggled as you knelt in front of them, letting them do what they pleased to you.  
  
"Come here in front of me and get on your hands and knees, facing away from me."  
  
You crawled to her, feeling the hands, her hands slide down your body and touching your bare ass. In the dark you turned so that your ass was facing her and hung your head. You were sure what she was going to do to you. She reached to you and fondled your ass, teasing it with soft feather like brushing on your skin. She slid a hand to your thigh and then between your thighs, cupping your vagina, your cunt in one hand.  
  
"What is this little one?"  
  
"M-m-my c-c-cunt, Madam."  
  
"What are cunts good for?"  
  
"Ohh god, Madam, fucking?"  
  
"Very good, little one. Shall I fuck your cunt?"  
  
"Oh god, oh my god."  
  
Her finger found your opening and slid in easily. You knew there was enough light for all to see her penetrating you and you were ashamed at how easily her finger slid into you. She thrust it back and forth and soon you could hear the liquid, squishing sound you made as she fingered you. Your head sank lower, even more ashamed as everyone there knew how aroused you were. You were trembling noticeably. Your hips started to work with her finger, making you more ashamed because you could not control yourself. Her finger slid out of you making you moan as it left your wet, oozing hole. Dripping with your moisture, she slid it in your cleft and found your anus. Your mind screamed no no no, god no, please no as it pushed against your tight ring of muscle. It slipped inside you, making you groan aloud and she twisted it inside you, driving it deeper until her knuckles met your ass. Whimpering, you felt her twist it in you, fingering your ass as though it was your cunt. Oh god, you were so humiliated. She fingered your ass, and you let her, ashamed and humiliated. Finally she removed her finger and you moaned with relief.  
  
"Turn and face me."  
  
You turned on your hands and knees and faced her, with your head still hanging down.  
  
"Lift your face."  
  
With a soft moan, you lifted it and looked at her through tear blurred eyes. Her finger was right at your mouth.  
  
"Suck."  
  
Moaning audibly, you opened your mouth and let her shove her finger in it. Closing your eyes, you closed your lips around it and sucked, tasting your cunt and your ass on it. You sucked and licked her finger until the taste was gone from it, leaving the taste of you on your tongue. She pulled her finger out and sat back. You lowered your embarrassed face once more.  
  
"Offer your cunt to them."  
  
Another moan escaped you and you turned once again. Backing up to the women who had moved so that now the three of them sat together, you bent down, lowering your head to the floor. This lifted your ass and opened it so that your cunt and anus were well exposed for them. You moved your knees further apart, blatantly encouraging them to penetrate you. Hands and fingers slithered over your bare skin and a finger went up your cunt.  
  
"God, she is soaking!"  
  
Those words made you groan aloud and you began to sob softly as they took the opportunity to finger you, feel you. One knelt beside you and felt your tits, rubbing your nipples; one thrust a finger in your cunt, one in your ass. They felt and fingered you. Your hips began to buck back to the fingers that penetrated you. You were so ashamed but couldn't help yourself. Your juices dribbled out of you and thin trickles ran down your thigh, shaming you even more. You could feel the tensing inside yourself and moaned. You were so close. So close to coming. You waited for her to say stop, making them remove their hands from you, stopping your orgasm, but she did not. They fucked you and felt you until your muscles clench on the invading fingers and then your orgasm burst into your belly, making you spasm and clench tighter on the intruding fingers.  
  
"Ohhh, god, ohh god."  
  
The words tumbled out of your mouth as you came, squirming and thrusting your ass back against the fingers that filled both your holes. You were shaking and moaning as they continued thrusting into you, one pinching and twisting your nipples. Your insides clenched and relaxed over and over until the spasms eased off and stopped. Your body was almost rigid and then you collapsed onto your side, the fingers popping out of you with sucking sounds. Your nipples were tender and swollen, your labia puffy, your ass red and tingling. You heard giggles from above you and blushed again. Someone, you did not know who, grabbed your hair and tugged you to your knees, and a finger was pressed to your lips. Without thinking, you opened and sucked it into your mouth, cleaning it. Soon another was taking its place and you sucked that one clean also. You felt so dirty.  
  
Suddenly the lights for intermission came on and you hunched down as close to the floor as you could get, whimpering in fear that someone would see you naked. You curled up as tight as you could get; hearing more giggles as they all watched you. You could smell yourself, your wet, oozing cunt odor seemed to permeate the entire box. Your upper thighs were wet from your cunt and you were ashamed of yourself.  
  
"Little one, very nice. We are going to get something to drink. I will bring you some water."  
  
Your head jerked up and your eyes began to tear once more as you watched the four of them stand and walk to the door. They were going to leave you here naked and alone. You whimpered and watched as the door opened and they left you, closing the door behind them. You glanced over your shoulder to the railing and crawled as quietly and quickly as you could to a corner away from the railing and behind the door. There you sat, curled up as much as possible, trembling and afraid that someone would come in and find you. You huddled in your little corner not even thinking that the bag with all your clothes in it was left with you.

You huddled in your corner fearfully, every sound made you think the door was being opened and you pictured people that you did not know entering and staring at you, at your naked body. Each sound made you jump. You began to cry, soundlessly, tears running down your cheeks. You imagined people in the seats below the box seeing you, pointing at you so others would see also. It was horrible, frightening to you. Your breath was shallow and you felt faint. You could not get enough air in your lungs. Suddenly the door opened and she and the other women entered. Not seeing you on the floor she stiffened and turned. She saw you huddled in your corner, crying and smiled at you.  
  
"Come here."  
  
She sat on her chair and you crawled to her, your arms clutching at her legs and you continued to cry, holding her tight. Your breath came in gasps. She stroked your hair and you slowly gained control of yourself. The heaving of your chest as you breathed slowed but you still held tight to her legs. The gasps changed to more even breaths and you calmed more and more as she stroked your hair. She comforted you and you were so appreciative of her soothing you. You had been so afraid. She opened a bottle of water and gave it to you and you drank greedily, your mouth was so dry from fear. She reached into the bag and retrieved your panties, still conscious of keeping your humiliation high. She used them to wipe your tears from your face, making sure that you could smell your previous arousal. Your make up was a mess, smeared on your face and under your eyes. She tilted your head up and wiped as much she could still using your panties. The lights dimmed and the play began its second act. She had planned on having you do more in the light, but your fear and crying had prevented that. All in all, she thought, it had been a rewarding night so far, with more to come. She had you sit with your back to the wall below the railing and spread your legs so they could see your vagina, your pussy, your cunt. You had to look at them, staring at you, their eyes bright as you did as you were told. They stared at you and you blushed deeply, so ashamed.  
  
"Little one, take your hands and open yourself."  
  
You moaned softly but your hands obeyed and you spread your labia open with your fingers. In the dim light they could still see you, reddish and wet. You almost looked inflamed.  
  
"Finger yourself, little one."  
  
Blushing harder, you penetrated yourself with your forefinger and thrust it in and out. As you did, the wet of your arousal, still with you, dribbled out and rolled down to the cleft of your ass. You looked at them, one at a time, seeing how they stared and the looks on their faces as you fingered your pussy. Then, seeing more than you wished, you closed your eyes. Each time your finger pulled out, more liquid seeped out of you and added to the thin line of moisture that extended to your ass. You felt as though it was forming a puddle beneath you. You did not stop, because she had not told you that you could.  
  
"Now, little one, I would like to see you put it in your ass."  
  
You groaned out loud, but unable to refuse, you rolled up your hips and your cleft parted exposing your anus, your asshole. Tentatively you touched yourself and recoiled. You hate this so much. Struggling with your emotions, you moved your finger back and pressed on your ring. You groaned as you felt your finger slip past the tight circle of your anus and slide into your ass. She knew how to shame you, humiliate you.   
  
"Deeper."  
  
You pushed it deeper into your asshole and whimpered. Even with the moisture from your vagina, your cunt, it was not easy to go deeper. You reached the second knuckle.  
  
"Leave it there."  
  
You groaned once more and sat with your hips up, exposed completely, knowing that she and three others were watching. You held your finger inside you and whimpered to yourself, knowing that the noises you made would change nothing.  
  
"What should your breasts be called?"  
  
"Tits, Madam."  
  
"And what is your vagina?"  
  
"Cunt, Madam."  
  
"And where is your finger?"  
  
"In my ass, Madam. Or perhaps my asshole."  
  
"Do you still like being naked, little one?"  
  
"Ohh, god, Madam, yes and no. I am so ashamed."  
  
"But your tits and your little cunt are so pretty, are they not?"  
  
"It is terribly shameful for me to be like this Madam. I do not think they are pretty."  
  
"Ah, but they are, my little girl. Very, very pretty. Tell me, you love having your finger in your ass, don't you?"  
  
"No Madam, I hate it. I hate it."  
  
"Oh, but if you hate it so much, why is it in your ass?"  
  
"Oh god, Madam, you told me, told me to do it."  
  
"Ah, so you will do what I tell you to do? You will do what tell I you always?"  
  
"Yes, Madam, I will. I will do what you tell me always."  
  
She had pulled your submission out of you. She knew you and knew that you would obey her, fully, completely, without reservation. You sat, amazed at what you had said, but knew that the words were right. That you would obey her always.  
  
"One last thing, I want to see your finger in as deep as you can get it. Then I want you to suck it and then you may sit next to me."  
  
You moaned and twisted your finger in your ass, forcing it deeper inside you until your hand was against your cheeks. Then you withdrew it, groaning as it pulled your ring out until it popped out of you. With a sob, you lifted it to your mouth and sucked on it until she nodded her head. You got to your hands and knees and crawled to the chair next to her. Looking up at her, you spoke.  
  
"May I speak Madam?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Please give me my clothes."  
  
"I think not tonight, my little girl. You may wear your shoes and the cape, but that is all."  
  
You moaned softly and scrabbled behind you for the cape. Slipping it over your shoulders, you clasped it with the chain and realized that it did not meet. It left a strip two or three inches wide down the front of your body. You looked at her, pleading with your eyes, but unable to say anything. She smiled at you; her crocodile smile, and shook her head no. You sat and pressed your legs together, as tight as you could and pulled the cape as close to you as you could. Feeling with your feet, you found your shoes, your heels and slipped them on. Trembling, you sat, imagining what you would look like and trying to figure out a way that you could cover yourself completely. You sat like a statue, blushing bright red as you pictured yourself walking out of the theater. Surely she would not do this to you, you thought to yourself, surely she wouldn't. As you sat, tense and trembling, you realized that she would and that made you tremble even more. The play was only background sound to you now, it made no impression as you saw flashes of you walking out with her dressed as you were. You were dreading it and strangely wanting it to happen. Your stomach knotted up, feeling like you had a hard ball inside it. Finally it ended and you looked at her with apprehension in your eyes. She stood.  
  
"Behind me and to my right."  
  
She began to walk out and the other three women waited for you to follow, giggling at your predicament. You took one of your hands and gripped both edges of the cape just above your slit and held it tight. Then, trying to be as calm as you could, you walked behind her and to her right as she commanded you. Now that you actually had to do this, the color left your face and you were white as a sheet. But, breathing deeply, you walked and did not look to either side. She looked over her shoulder to see that you were behind her and smiled and turned back. You held your head up and did not, could not look to see how much of you was showing. You only wanted this to be over as soon as it could be. As the crowd leaving closed in on the two of you, you began to breathe quicker and shallower. You could feel eyes on you, curious eyes. Glancing down quickly, you moaned as you could see the strip of skin between the edges of the cape. Only your hand, clutching the sides of it, covered your bush. She looked again and you suddenly expected her to tell you to let go of it, but she only smiled once again and turned away. You were terribly embarrassed, but you could feel a little trickle of moisture on your inner thigh. You were leaking again, you realized. That made you feel even more embarrassed. Her friends were behind you giggling at you and you hoped that they would not do anything to you. At long last, the two of you were able to reach the street and she turned toward the parking lot with you hurrying behind her. When you reached the lot, she turned her head and smiled.  
  
"Let go of it."  
  
Moaning softly, you did and it opened, baring you in an expanding triangle from the chain down. You nervously glanced about, looking and seeing many people walking to their cars also. You wanted to cry, you wanted to run, you wanted to fall into a hole and disappear. It was dark but not that dark, anyone that looked at you, would know. They would know that you had nothing on under the cape. She walked at a steady pace, much slower than the one you wanted, but you soon reached her car. She unlocked it, and let you in. As you sat, it opened, slipping off your legs and your scrabbled for it.  
  
"No, let it be."  
  
You moaned again and sat rigidly as she drove to the booth. She rolled down her window and paid for the parking, leaving you sitting there, bared from the waist down, your pubic hair, your bush completely exposed. The cashier glanced and then leaned forward, smiling. You stared straight ahead, even as you saw him. You blushed red again. She thanked the cashier and then drove out of the lot.  
  
"Good girl, very good girl."  
  
You sighed and relaxed, feeling better to be away from all those people, even if you were still mostly exposed. She drove you home and walked you to your door, with the cape swirling about your legs, exposing and covering you. At your door she made you stand while she handed back your clothes. You were nervously looking left and right, expecting a neighbor to walk by. But nothing happened. She took your face in her hands and kissed you softly.  
  
"Until the next time, my little lovely girl."  
  
Then she left without a look back. You closed your door and let your clothes slip from your hands. Leaning against the door you began to giggle and whimper both, both aroused and ashamed, still feeling the trickle of your juices on your thigh.