**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 25 – Not Ryan’s fault but……**

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**The cultural exchange**

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Yes, I was on my way to some unheard of place in China where I would live with a family that I’d never heard of; FOR A MONTH.

As I boarded that second flight I was as nervous as hell and wishing that I’d never volunteered for the exchange. At least I was getting paid for it.

The flight lasted 4 hours and looking at the map I worked out that I was heading to a place not that far from Hong Kong.

When we landed I was directed to yet another flight which was on a little 12 seater plane. That flight lasted an hour and when it landed it looked like I definitely was in the middle of nowhere.

At least the weather was good and it looked like I wouldn’t need all the cold weather clothes that I’d brought.

In the tiny wooden shack that was used as a terminal building I was met by a man who took me out to a motorcycle. As he strapped my case onto the back I looked at him in disbelief. Yes, he did expect me to climb on the back behind him and to hike up my miniskirt so that I could climb on. Thankfully, the man was looking forward waiting for me but a couple of nearby men got a good look at my butt and pussy as I climbed on and straddled the seat.

Off we went with me hanging on to his waist with my skirt still up around my waist. At least my case was behind me covering my butt. The other thing was that the throbbing of the engine was turning me on. When we stopped at a petrol station to get some petrol the man indicated that I should stay on the bike when he got off. Both him and the young man filling the tank were staring at the virtually bottomless me with my legs spread either side of the bike. I confess that I only made a half-hearted attempt to cover my pussy and they both got a good look.

Thirty minutes later we arrived at a big, single story house on the outskirts of what looked like a village.

The family must have heard us arriving because a man, a woman and 2 teenage boys were stood outside waiting.

Now there’s no elegant way for a girl wearing a miniskirt to get off the back of a motorcycle when there’s a man on the front seat and a suitcase strapped behind the seat; and all 4 of the must have got a real eyeful as I carefully stood on the footrests and climbed off, quickly pulling my skirt back down.

All 4 people bowed to me as I walked up to them.

Not knowing how I should greet them I stood in front of each one in turn and bowed to them. The man tried to talk to me but his English was very poor so one of the teenage boys spoke for him. He welcomed me and introduced the others to me, Chung Wang his father, Ling Wang his mother, Wu Wang his brother and himself, Dong Wang. Only the 2 teenage boys could speak any decent English so I guessed that I’d be communicating through them during my stay.

I was taken in and Dong told me that I should go and freshen up then we’d all have something to eat. Dong took me to the back of the house where I was shown to a simple bedroom with a bathroom next door. Telling me to take a shower, Dong sat on the bed and watched me as I opened my case and got my things out.

As I was doing that he told me the same thing that one of the guys back at work had told me; that was that girls were inferior in their culture and that they were there to do the work whilst the men ‘organised’ things.

I asked him about the rumours that some mothers would drown their new born baby if it was a girl. Dong confirmed that it didn’t happen as often as is used to but yes, it still does happen occasionally.

I realised that I was going to have an ‘interesting’ time and wondered how I was going to be treated.

I went into the bathroom and wasn’t really surprised to see that the toilet was just a hole in the floor and that there was a bin for the used toilet paper. I’d read about those and wasn’t really looking forward to it but hey, when in Rome….

I took my skirt and top off, squat down for a pee then got into the shower. When I was done I opened the curtain and picked up a towel, only to find that it was VERY small. I checked the other towel there and it was the same size. Thinking that I’d have to put my dirty clothes back on to go to my room I was amazed to find that they were gone. Dong must have come in whilst I was in the shower and taken them.

Getting quite concerned, I held the small towel in front of me and went back to my room. Dong was still sat on my bed. I looked for my suitcase and the clothes that I had been wearing only for Dong to say,

“Because you are not married you will not be allowed any clothes whilst you’re here; young girls in our culture don’t wear clothes.”

“You’re joking.” I said.

“No; and they don’t hide behind towels; give it to me.”

“Fucking hell;” I thought, “where’s Ryan when I need him?”

“Come on Dong, I’m a guest here, you can’t be serious.”

“Yes I am, give me the towel. This isn’t Beijing or one of the other big cities; out here we still observe our cultural traditions; and that includes visitors who live here for a few weeks. ”

I thought for a few seconds, thinking that I didn’t want to make any enemies, especially one that I would have to communicate through. Was I really going to have to be naked for the whole month? That’s very different to being naked on holiday with Ryan. Suddenly I was grateful that I was in southern China and that the weather was good. I quickly scanned the room, yes my suitcase was definitely gone but at least my handbag and toilet bag were still there. I wondered if my vibrator and pills were still in it, and if Dong had looked into the bag and seen them.

I slowly took the towel from my chest and held it out; only to have it snatched from me by Dong. My hands automatically went to cover my girly bits.

“Good!” Dung said; “you learn fast; and I’m pleased that you look so young. Now get down on your knees.”

I did.

“Spread your knees.”

I did.

“Sit back on your feet.”

I did.

“Now put your hands on the floor behind you.”

I did.

“Push your pussy up in the air.”

I did and I saw Dong’s eyes open wide with surprise; then he smiled.

“What are those?” he asked, pointing to my barbells and clit ring.

I didn’t answer him as he was already getting off the bed and down between my spread knees.

“Argh, I see.” He said as he used his forefinger and thumb to pull first my nipple barbells, then my clit hood one. Then he moved to my clit and gently pulled on it. That caused me to first gasp a little then moan a little as he worked it from side to side.

I felt my pussy get wetter.

“Do all English girls have these?”

“No.”

“Are they made of gold?”

“No.”

“Why do you have them?”

“Because I like them.”

“I see.”

By the time Dong let go of my clit I was quite aroused and very wet. I caught myself wishing that he’d gone further but he suddenly got to his feet and looked down at me.

“That is the position that you will get into whenever you go into a room and find a man there. And that included young men. Understand?”

“Fucking hell!” I thought, “Am I really going to have to expose myself like this every time that I see a man? This place is worse than Ryan getting me to flash at men all the time.”

“Do you understand Tanya?”

“Yes Dong; I understand.”

“One more thing Tanya, keep that shaved smooth. If you don’t, a man will do it for you.” Dong said as he pressed his foot against my pussy.

“Right, get up and follow me.”

Dong led me to their dining room and as the others became visible Dong grabbed my arm and pulled me downwards.

“Down!” he said.

I assumed the position, feeling quite embarrassed as Mr and Mrs Wang and their other son, Wu, all stared at the naked me, all spread out on display for them.

All 3 came over to me, staring at me all the time. Ling Wang was the first to speak but it was in Chinese. Then the other 3 started talking.

One by one, each of them bent over and pulled at each item of jewellery that I had on. Wu laughed as his father pulled my clit from side to side causing me to moan again.

Ling Wang was gentle at first then she pushed a finger inside me before rubbing my whole pussy for a few seconds.

I moaned again, quite loudly, as I got more aroused. I heard Ling say a word that sounded a bit like ‘slut’ as she got to her feet.

Then it was Wu’s turn. He did everything that the others had done, but for longer. As he finger fucked me I reached the point of no return and screamed out as my body started jerking as much as it could with me in that position. I could feel my pussy clamping down on his finger as he held it there and smiled.

As I calmed down Wu pulled his finger out and rubbed it on my clit, causing me to have a couple of after-shocks.

Wu stood up and I looked up to see all 4 of them staring down at me. The embarrassment took over again.

After a few seconds Ling Wang said one of the few English words that she knew, “Come.” I wondered if I should say,

“Yes I certainly did,” or “Yes, okay, I’ll go with you.”

I didn’t say a word. Instead I followed Ling Wang to the kitchen where we picked-up big bowls of food and took them to the table.

The food was only vaguely like that in the Chinese restaurant back in England and I was glad that I’d learnt the art of eating with chopsticks. At least I wasn’t going to starve.

As we ate the 4 of them talked in Chinese, looking at me occasionally. Dong and Wu kept tell me some of the things that they were saying, and what they were told to tell me.

What I learnt over that meal was that: -

Chung Wang liked the way my clit permanently peeks out of my lips. Apparently that’s rare in Chinese girls.

I’d be helping Ling Wang in the house and garden some of the time.

I’d be telling the office staff at Chung Wang’s factory all about England. I asked where that was and Dong told me that it was just round the hill that I’d seen when I arrived.

I’d get 2 skype calls per week, one to my boyfriend and one to Tim, my boss.

I’d be going with them on visits to places of local interest and to a ‘Festival’, whatever that was.

I’d be going to the local school to tell the older boys all about England.

After the meal I helped Ling clean-up then Dong and Wu took me on a tour of the house (as small as it was); then the garden.

It was bad enough being naked in their house but people were passing by outside and they could all see me. Dong was right about the girls; I saw 2 walking by, both as naked as I was. Suddenly I didn’t feel quite as naked.

After the garden, Dong and Wu took me for a walk into the village. I was still bare-footed but it turned out not to be a problem because the streets were rubbish free and there were no sharp stones. Okay, people stared at me but it wasn’t because I was naked; it was because I looked different to the Chinese girls. My hair wasn’t black and my facial features were different. Also, I have a small bubbly butt whereas all the Chinese girls that I’d seen so far; have flat butts.

We stopped at a little café / bar and went in. I saw a man there and immediately dropped down into the position. Wu looked at me and laughed. The man and the girl behind the counter both came over to me. The man bent over and ‘inspected’ my jewellery, me moaning – again; whilst the naked girl just looked.

Inspection over, Dong told the girl to get 2 beers. When she returned Dong looked down at me and said,

“You can get up now, oh, I suppose that I should get you a drink as well; you being a guest and not a local girl.”

Beer bottle in hand and partially drunk (the beer that is), I asked why outsiders like me got a drink but still had to be naked all the time.

Dong would only say,

“Tradition.”

About 10 minutes later during which both Dong and Wu asked me questions about England, a girl walked in. Seeing 3 men in there she immediately dropped down into the position. All the men got up and went and inspected her, Dong putting a finger inside her pussy.

I’d got up as well and went and watched. I wanted to see if she did anything different to me and if the men did anything different to her.

As I looked down at her I saw that she looked only slightly younger than me. She had no hair below her neck and her breasts weren’t much bigger than mine. Looking at her pussy I saw that she just had a slit; okay, it was swollen but there was no clit or clit hood or inner lips sticking out. I wondered if all Chinese girls were like that. She also had a smile on her face and looked like she was enjoying being inspected.

The 3 men went back to where they were, me following Dong and Wu. No one said anything to the girl and she just stayed there, totally exposed to anyone who cared to look.

After about 5 minutes I asked Wu how long she had to stay like that.

“Until one of the men here tells her that she can get up or all the men leave the room.”

“Wow,” I thought, “poor girl.”

Then I remembered the smile on her face.

“The girl was smiling when you put your finger in her pussy Dong. I think that she liked it.”

“Yes, I saw that as well, that’s why she’s still down there. Any sign that she’s enjoying it and most men will just leave her there with her pussy on display for everyone to see. It is wrong for a girl to show sexual pleasure.”

I wondered if they’d do that to me because I’d obviously enjoyed it when I’d had to assume the position back at the house.

After another 15 minutes or so we left, leaving the girl still spread out on the floor. I wondered how long it would be before the man that was left in there would wait before telling her to get up.

By the time we got back to the Wang’s house I was getting used to being naked all the time again, and that ‘position’ wasn’t THAT bad. At least I didn’t have to let every man that I saw fuck me.

After I’d thought that last bit I felt my stomach tingle and my pussy have a wet rush; maybe that would be quite nice.

Dong sent me to bed telling me that I had to be up early in the morning. I had a smile on my face and then made myself cum again before going to sleep.

It was still dark when Wu shook my leg (I slept on top of the covers) and told me to get up. After getting myself ready I went to the kitchen only to have to assume the position because Mr Wang was there.

“Get up girl.” Mr Wang said. “We have to get going soon.”

I quickly ate something then stood up and looked round. Mr Wang was putting his jacket on.

As we walked to Mr Wang’s factory I asked him what they made there. When he told me that it was electronics I wondered if I’d recognise anything they made, maybe it was smart phones or computers. I also asked him where Dong and Wu were, only to be told that they were already at the factory.

As we got close to the gates we saw a couple of men walking out. Both bowed to him and said something in Chinese.

We went into a big, empty reception area which had a big glass window on one side. Quickly looking through it I saw a row of 5 stainless steel tables. I didn’t understand what that lot was for and I didn’t get the chance to think about it as I followed the Mr Wang up the stairs into a big room.

There were 4 men working at computers round the sides of the room and a big stainless steel table in the middle. As soon as one of the 4 men saw Mr Wang he said something and all 4 jumped up, turned to face us and bowed their heads; presumably to Mr Wang as there was no way that it was to me.

Suddenly remembering what I had to do I dropped to my knees and assumed the position.

“No,” Mr Wang said, “….. up on the table girl.”

“Okaaaay.” I thought and did as commanded.

Five men were stood round a table with a very naked me on the table, on my spread knees displaying everything that I’d got to them.

Mr Wang started talking to the 4 men whose eyes darted from Mr Wang to various parts of my body and back again.

After a couple of minutes Wu and Dong arrived and Wu looked at me and said,

“Right Tanya, today you will spend 30 minutes with each of these men; they all speak a little English and they will explain what they do here. After that you may go back to our house. Tomorrow you will get yourself here an hour earlier and spend the day watching the girls on the shop floor. As none of them speak any English it will just be a case of you watching what they do. And as you will be going on the shop floor you will have to have the same medical check-up that all our new girls have before they go on the shop floor; and got through the same routine that they do at the start of each of their shifts. We assemble intricate electronic components in a controlled environment here. Everything has to be 100 percent clean with zero dust or dirt floating about. The doctor will be here in 2 hours. You may get off the table now.”

With that Wu turned and walked to one of the empty desks and started doing some work. I looked round and saw Dong working away at another desk. This was a true family business.

As I climbed off the table the worker nearest the door got up and came over to me, waved his hand and said,

“Come.”

Thinking that the Chinese liked saying ‘come’ I smiled as I realised that I was getting close to having a different type of cum.

Thankfully, my arousal diminished as I sat next to the man and listened to how he planned production.

Two hours later, to the minute, a man walked in and went over to the office that Mr Wang was in. Three minutes later the man and Mr Wang came out and over to me.

Dong stood up, joined us the said,

“This is the doctor; he will make sure that you are well enough to go into our factory.”

Mr Wang then turned and walked back to his office.

Trying to respect their traditions I stood and bowed my head. The doctor just waved at me indicating that he wanted me to follow him. I was expecting to go to some medical room, but no, we stopped at the end of the big stainless steel table where the doctor put his bag down and started examining me right there, in front of all those men.

He checked my breathing and heartbeat then looked in my eyes, then ears then down my throat. Thinking that must be it, well how much has to be checked before someone can go into a factory? But no, the doctor waved for me to get onto the table.

Wondering what on earth he was going to do, I did as requested, only to be waved at again for me to lay flat on my back.

As soon as I was on my back his hands were all over my tiny tits. He roughly examined my breasts, pulling at my barbells and squeezing my nipples. Amazingly, it felt good and I felt my arousal rise.

It went higher as I looked round and saw that all of the men there were staring at me.

Wanting the doctor to; and not wanting him to, he started pressing all around my stomach, moving down to my bald pubes.

It felt good as a finger touched my clit.

The doctor didn’t need to tell me to open my legs; and my brain didn’t either. Natural instinct took over and my legs opened wide.

As quick as the doctor put his hand on my pussy, he removed it and walked round to the end of the table. Before I had time to think, he grabbed my ankles, pulled me towards him until my butt cheeks were on the edge of the table then he bent my knees, spread them as wide as he could and planted the soles of my feet on the table.

“Fucking hell!” I thought; “he’s going to give me a full gynaecology exam right in front of all those men.”

And he did.

What’s more, he made me cum – twice; as he poked things in me and squeezed and pulled everything that he could get hold off. At one point I thought that he was pulling on my little clit ring so hard that it would come off. Thankfully, it didn’t. I’d got a bit vocal and a bit active whilst cumming but the doctor just ignored it and kept going.

Straight after I’d cum that second time I felt something being pushed into my butt. I nearly came again but he pulled it out before that happened.

Examination over, the doctor just walked off and into Mr Wang’s office. I looked round and saw that the men were still watching me.

Slowly climbing off the table I went over to the next man on my way round the office.

Fifteen minutes later the door down to reception opened and I turned to see another naked girl getting down into the position. Two minutes later the doctor came out and gave the girl the same examination that he’d given me, except that he couldn’t pull on her non-existent jewellery.

Of course, the men all stopped and watched, and as I had nothing to do, I did the same. The poor girl’s expression told me that she was scared but resigned to what was happening. She did orgasm but she did a reasonable job of hiding it; well to men. I wondered how many girls had gone through that same ordeal.

I also saw that her pussy was the same as the girl’s in the bar; all slit and nothing poking through. I began to wonder if all Chinese girls were like that.

I’d just got back into what the worker was telling me when another young girl came in and dropped to her knees.

The medical exam that had been performed on both the other girl and me was repeated on the new girl. She too orgasmed but again she managed to hide it enough for the men not to notice.

An hour later I had spent time with all the men and had learnt quite a bit. I’m sure that they’d learnt a few things from me as well.

Neither Dong nor Wu were there so I went to Mr Wang’s office and knocked on the door. I waited until I heard ‘Come’ and went in, immediately getting down into the position.

I stayed like that until Mr Wang looked up from his papers and spoke. Whilst leaving me down there he asked how I was and what I had learnt. At least that’s what I thought he asked as his English hadn’t improved from earlier that morning.

I’d just got started answering the questions when Dong arrived and came and stood by my knees. Mr Wang interrupted me and the 2 men spoke in Chinese for a few seconds before Dong told me to get up and leave. He followed me out of his father’s office then told me that I should make my way back to their house where his mother would provide me with some food.

I left the factory wondering if all Chinese factories were like that. As I went through the reception I stopped and looked through the big glass window again. The place was empty and I still couldn’t work out what the room was used for.

As I walked back to the house I decided to take a little detour through part of the village. I walked the full length of the main street, deciding that Wu and Dong had only shown ne a small part of the village the previous day.

I saw 5 naked girls on my journey, not one of them showing any sign of being embarrassed about being naked. There were quite a few dressed people wandering about, women presumably shopping and men delivering things.

I passed the café we’d been in and looked in. There were a couple of men there and what looked like a girl’s knee on the floor. I wondered if some girl had gone in and had to get on the floor. It crossed my mind to go in and have to assume the position for them to look at my exposed pussy but I chickened out and kept walking.

That thought had got my pussy tingling and when I turned a corner and saw that I was alone, my right hand automatically went to my pussy and started rubbing. I leaned back against a wall, spread my legs and went for it.

Unfortunately, just as I was really getting in to it, a door opened and a naked girl walked out. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me. She turned her head and shouted something so I pulled my hand away, turned and walked back out onto the main street.

Feeling quite frustrated I continued walking, checking a couple of times to make sure that I wasn’t being followed.

It was late afternoon when I got back to the house. Mrs Wang was preparing a meal so I watched her and helped her when I worked out what she was doing. It was difficult because we couldn’t communicate but when it was all done she smiled at me and gave me some sort of biscuit. I went outside and sat on the grass watching the sun go down and eating the biscuit.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I remember was Dong shaking my leg. When I was fully awake he told me that the evening meal was nearly ready. I asked if I had time to have a quick shower and when he said that I had he followed me to the bathroom.

As he watched me shower he asked me questions about England and about football (which I know nothing about other than what had made headline news). I answered the best that I could but it was a bit of a weird situation. I’d wanted to check that I hadn’t got any stubble that I should take care of but I wasn’t going to do that with him there.

I had to use one of those tiny towels to get dried again, with Dong still watching me. After which he told me to go with him to eat.

Mr Wang was at the table so I again assumed the position; both him and Wu staring between my legs.

It was Dong that told me to get up and sit at the table where Mrs Wang served the food. Again it was quite bland, unlike the Chinese food in England, but it was quite nice.

I helped Mrs Wang wash up then she indicated that we should go back to the table where Dong, Wu and occasionally Mr Wang asked me lots of questions about England. I got the impression that they liked listening to someone talking in a language that was foreign to them.

A couple of hours later Mr Wang stood up and everyone went to bed.

I finished what I couldn’t in the village before I went to sleep.

**The factory workroom**

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I was again woken by Dong shaking my leg. I got up and went to the bathroom and was squat over the hole in the floor having a shit when Dong came in and told me not to have a shower as I’d have one at the factory.

I was a little puzzled as I hadn’t seen any showers at the factory but there again; I hadn’t seen most of the factory.

Being distracted from my normal routine I forgot to have a shave, not thinking about it until Dong and Wu were leading me along the road to the factory. I just hoped that no one would notice.

There were 6 or 7 other naked girls waiting outside a door when we arrived. Wu told me to join them and the 2 guys disappeared. The girls all stared at me and talked to each other, presumably about me. More naked girls joined the queue.

A few minutes later the door opened and the girls walked in.

We were in the room that I’d seen from the reception. I joined the girls as they all stood at the end of the room waiting.

The door had been opened by a person (man I think) in a one-piece waterproof suit that covered everything except his face which had a paper mask on. He had wellingtons on his feet and rubber gloves on his hands.

Another suited man joined him and 5 at a time we girls were ushered down to some showers. Being near the corner of the room I was one of the first 5.

“This isn’t that bad.” I thought as I soaped myself. The water wasn’t hot but it wasn’t cold.

The other girls seemed to be rushing so I did as well. I was only half done when one of the men picked up a hose pipe and turned it on us. Boy was that cold. It went on for a minute or so then stopped.

I looked for some towels but there were none. The 4 other girls went and stood at the end of one of the stainless steel tables so I went to the other one. When a different man came towards us with a box in his hands the girls jumped up onto the table and got on their hands and knees. I giggled and thought about Ryan fucking me doggy style, and as I climbed up I wondered if we were all going to get fucked. I turned my head to watch and saw the man go to the girl on the end table. When he got there she thrust her butt back and the man stuck one of his fingers into her butt hole. He moved it around a bit then pulled it out.

When he did that the girl turned over onto her back and spread her legs wide. The man then pushed a finger into her vagina and again moved it all around. When he was done he got a small towel out of his box and wiped all around her butt and pussy.

What happened next really surprised me. The man got a roll of duct tape out of the box and cut about a foot of tape off. The girl spread her legs as wide as she could as the man stuck the duct tape over her pussy and butt hole.

“What the fuck was going on?” I thought as the man moved to the next girl and the first girl got off the table and walked to a box at the side of the room.

The man repeated the ‘operation’ on the 3 other girls. As he got closer and closer to me I could feel pussy tingling and gushing.

I gasped as his finger went straight into my butt. It felt really good and I moaned as he moved it around. I gasped again as he pulled it out.

Wanting more, my body instinctively, and quickly, turned over and my legs spread so wide that they were at 90 degrees to my body.

As his finger went into my pussy I gasped again and clamped down on his finger. The man’s response was to push a second finger into me.

That was it, my body started jerking and my back rose up off the table. I got a bit vocal as I lost control. As I calmed down I started to get embarrassed and looked around. Everyone had stopped what they were doing and were looking at me. When I looked over to the big window I saw Mr Wang looking over to me. He must have seen it all.

Trying to hide in the middle of that big open space was obviously impossible but I wanted to.

The man started to probe around inside me again and I had to fight to not cum again. I relaxed as his fingers pulled out. He then rubbed his hand over my pubes and felt the stubble. Shaking his head he reached into his box and got out a razor and shaving cream.

The man then shaved me right in front of everyone; and Mr Wang. I had all on not to cum again. As he shaved me I looked around and saw another girl being shaved. I guessed that maybe she’d rushed to leave home as well.

The man wiped me dry and put the duct tape over my pussy and butt.

I was glad that I’d had a pee and not drunk much before I’d left the Wang’s house.

With a still red face I climbed off the table and joined some other girls with duct tape on their pussies. As I walked over to them I thought how silly their pussies looked with the duct tape on and realised that I must look the same.

Yet another suited and masked man came over and gave each of us a paper hood with built-in mouth and nose mask. The hood had strong elastic round the neck and I realised that they were to contain all our hair. All that was visible of me above my shoulders was my eyes.

As the door opened I looked round and saw lots more girls going through the same procedures; another one being shaved as well.

The other girls went off to their workstations while I just stood there and looked round then remembered what Wu had said about a controlled environment. As I waited I guessed that they had that and that it was cheaper to employ naked girls than to have to suit-up everyone who worked there. I wasn’t sure about the duct tape though and it wasn’t that comfortable.

After more naked and unidentifiable girls came in and went to their workstation, one of the suited men came in and over to me.

“Tanya,”

It was Wu’s voice. Had it been him who made me cum with his fingers I wondered? I started to ask him how he knew it was me; after all, all the girl’s heads were covered; but just as my mouth opened I remembered my nipple jewellery.

“Take your time and go round each of the workstations and watch what the girls are doing. It’s pointless trying to talk to any of them as none of them speak English. I will be back in 5 hours when it is their break time. Try not to distract the girls so that production isn’t interfered with.”

With that Wu turned and left.

I walked from one end of the room to the other then back so that I got a general picture of the place and what was going on. Some of the girls were building circuit boards and others were assembling different types of electronic equipment that I’d never seen before.

I went back to the workstation nearest the door and watched closely what the girl was doing. Deciding that it was a simple, very repetitive job I moved on to the next workstation. The girl at the first workstation never even looked at me.

The second girl smiled at me then stared at my tits and barbells. I wondered if she wanted some in her small, but bigger than mine, tits. I noted that my nipples were bigger than hers although mine were rock hard and hers weren’t.

At one of the workstations I watched the girl rubbing her pussy (through the duct tape) on a bar that was sticking out of a machine right in front of her and I wondered how much pleasure it was giving her.

When I’d been to about half a dozen workstations and was stood watching the next girl, I suddenly got zapped by my little clit ring. I shook my head wondering what was going on, I hadn’t had the charger against it for a few days and its battery had been flat since before I’d left England.

Thinking that I must have imagined it, I ignored it and got on with watching the girls work.

I’d got round most of the workstations in what seemed like no time but then a noisy bell rang and all the girls stopped working and walked to the door.

Just as I walked out of the door I got zapped again.

I had a very puzzled look on my face, not that anyone could have seen it, as I went out with the other girls. Some of the girls went to the toilet and when they came back their duct tape had gone. Those girls went to the stainless steel tables and waited for the men in suits to put some more on them.

There must have been 25 or 30 girls in there, most of them talking to one another. How they knew who was who I will never know. I wondered if they all knew each other.

One of the men in a suit came over and spoke. It was Wu and he asked me if I was okay. Then he asked me if I’d been to all the workstation. When I told him that I hadn’t he said that I’d have to go back in for the other half of the girl’s shift.

Then he left me.

Realising that I would be stuck in there for another 5 hours I decided to go for a pee. Going into the toilet I saw 3 other girls squatting down peeing. I squat down over another hole in the floor then remembered the duct tape. I stood up and got hold of the front corner. It hurt like hell as it came off my pubis but my leaking pussy had partially released the glue from my pussy.

Back in the main room I went to one of the tables and waited for a man in a suit to come over and put some more duct tape on me. My turn came around and I jumped up onto the table and opened my legs. The man in the suit hadn’t really been looking at me and he automatically put his box down and cut a length of the tape.

As he turned to look at what he was about to cover-up he suddenly stopped and backed off. Then he stuck the end of the tape on the table and got a towel out of his box. He proceeded to rub my pussy dry before putting the tape on. In doing so he rubbed my clit making me moan.

Just as the man was about to put the tape on my clit ring zapped me again my pussy muscles twitched. The man stopped for a second then continued and pressed the tape into place. In doing so he pressed on my clit again. Even through the tape the pressure made me moan again; thankfully enough not to make me cum.

The bell rang again and we all went back into the workplace and the other girls started working again.

I went back to where I was before the break and continued with my round. It didn’t take long for me to finish then I realised that I probably had the rest of the 5 hours to kill.

My clit ring zapped me again, reminding me that somehow it was getting charged. I wandered round looking for something that might just be doing it but I couldn’t see anything. What I did see was a machine with a handle sticking out at about pussy height. Looking around I decided that I could back onto the handle whilst pretending to watch what one of the girls was doing.

The handle was slightly higher than the height of my crotch but I could lift up onto my toes and settle onto the handle. With slight movement of my hips back and forwards I could rub the handle along my pussy while pressing down on it.

Okay, there was that damn duct tape between the handle and my pussy but it still felt good.

I must have stood there slowly moving my hips back and forward for going on for an hour and dreaming that the handle was Ryan’s cock. I came twice before I decided that I’d better move.

I went looking for the girl that I’d seen rubbing her pussy on a bar earlier. I found her and watched her. She was working as fast as any of the other girls but she’d developed a rhythm with her hips that worked well with her job. I thought how lucky she was to be able to do that and wondered how many times she could make herself cum each day.

The random zapping continued and because I had nothing else to do I kept thinking about my pussy and I managed to cum twice more before the bell finally rang again.

All the girls walked out and lined-up along the wall round the stainless steel tables. One by one they climbed into the tables, got on their hands and knees and one of the suited men pulled the duct tape off and put his fingers in both her holes. Satisfied, the man removed his finger and slapped her butt. She got off the table and left.

By the time that it was my turn and I climbed on the table, my pussy had leaked that much that the duct tape was only sticking at the front and the back. When the man saw that he really took his time probing around inside me. I got soo close to cumming again but sadly he stopped and slapped my butt.

Going outside I couldn’t see Dong, Wu or their father. I decided to go up to the office to see if any of them were there.

As I walked into the office I saw that there was only 1 man there, and it wasn’t any of the ones that I was looking for.

The man heard the door open and looked round so I dropped down into the position and waited; and waited; and waited.

The man was ignoring me but I knew that I had to wait for either him to tell me to get up or for him to leave.

As I waited my clit ring zapped me again and with a bit of kegel exercises I managed to make myself cum; and managed to keep reasonably quiet. But I could feel my pussy getting very wet.

I had calmed down before anything happened; Dong walked into the room and saw me. He stood in front of me, looked down, smiled then told me to get up.

“You can leave now Tanya.” Dong said then turned and went to his father’s office.

I did leave, and walked back to the house.

The rest of the evening went without any excitement apart from the occasional zap from my clit ring. None of which made me cum.

When I went to bed that night I lay on top of my bed and started rubbing my pussy. I was still turned-on from everything that had happened tha day. I was just getting close to cumming when the door opened up and Dong walked in.

Quickly moving my hand away and closing my legs, Dong started talking.

“Tanya, quite a few people have noticed that you get sexually excited very easily. I need to tell you that showing any sign of sexual excitement is taboo in our culture and that the girl can be publically punished for it. I suggest that you control it.”

My face was red and I was very embarrassed as I replied,

“Dong, I’m very sorry if I have offended anyone but in our society it is quite common for a girl to get sexually excited if she is naked and there are lots of men around. Also, my genitals are very sensitive. I will do my best to curtail my emotions but it will be difficult, very difficult. Please offer my apologies to anyone that I have offended.”

“Thank you.” Dong said.

Feeling happy with my answer I decided to ask Dong something,

“Dong, why do you put duct tape over a girl’s pussy while she’s working?”

As I said that I put my right hand over my pussy and pressed. Dong laughed then said,

“It’s for 2 reasons, firstly to make sure that their bodies don’t leak any bodily fluids, or worse; and secondly to make sure that they have nowhere to hide anything that they might be tempted to steal.”

“Ah yes, thank you Dong.”

Dong turned and left and my right hand finished what it had started.

None of the men were at home when I went for breakfast. I helped Mrs Wang clean-up then told her that I was going to the factory – not that she could understand.

After assuming the position and Dong telling me to get up, he told me that his father was away on business and that I could use his office and PC to skype my boss and Ryan. Because of the time difference I asked Dong if it would be okay to leave it until late in the afternoon. After explaining the reason Dong agreed and then he told me that their technical guy had setup a VPN through to my company’s network, gave me the details and told me that I could work from a spare desk in the main office until I wanted to skype.

It felt a bit weird sat there, doing work stuff, totally naked in an office with 6 guys fully dressed but I managed get through to my files okay and managed to get some work done in spite of my clit ring zapping me occasionally.

When I heard the bell ring to say that it was break time in the factory I went down to the reception area and watched the factory girls have their break. My already wet pussy tingled and got wetter as I watched some of the girls get their duct tape replaced after they’d been to the toilet.

For 1 second I found myself wishing that I was one of the factory girls and had to go through what I had the previous day.

When I went back up to the office I assumed the position and Wu had told me to get up. I asked if it was okay to skype Ryan and was told that it was. I wanted to catch him before he went to work. As skype was connecting I got zapped again and I was sure that it was stronger than the last time.

Actually, I woke Ryan up.

It only took a few seconds for Ryan to ask me if I was topless. I stood up to show him that I was totally naked and the mainly one-sided conversation was me explaining all about my ‘adventures’ so far. Ryan was amazed and said that he wished that he could be with me watching what I was doing.

I told him about my clit ring bursting into life the previous day and he told me that one or more of the machines that were in the factory must me emitting some sort of electrical field that caused the ring to charge. He told me that I should ask to spend more time in the factory.

Then he had a brainwave. He asked me if my electric toothbrush had been taken from me. When I told him that it hadn’t he asked me if the cable on the charger for it was long enough to reach the bed. When I told him that it probably was he told me to stick it between my legs when I go to bed and see if the ring charged. When I asked him why it would he said that it worked with a toothbrush so maybe it would work with the ring. I promised that I would.

Ryan also got me to promise to wear the remote controlled vibe that I’d brought with me. I said that I would on the condition that I didn’t have to wear it when I went into the factory. I didn’t want some strange man probing around in my pussy and pulling my vibrator out. Ryan asked me if I was worried that I wouldn’t get it back or that I would be humiliated when that happened in front of all those girls and the other men.

“Both.” I answered.

We talked for ages with Ryan managing to tell me a few things that were happening back at home. One thing that he told me was that he’d come home the previous day to find that both our bikes were gone. An hour later the twins arrived on them after taking it in turns to be fucked by my bike as they pedalled along. I asked him if they were wearing any clothes. He laughed and said that they were.

I then told him that I wouldn’t mind if he fucked them while I was away, adding that I knew how high his sex drive is and that I didn’t want him to have to take care of himself all the time. I reminded him that it wouldn’t be the first time that he’d fucked them.

“Yeah, but that was one at a time. I don’t know if I could cope with both of them at once.” Ryan said.

“Of course you can; it’s every man’s dream to have a 3some with 2 gorgeous teenagers isn’t it?” I replied.

“I’m not so sure.”

“Go for it Ryan. Next time that they come round tell them that I said that they have to fuck you or they can’t use my Sybian or bike again.”

Ryan laughed.

I had a nice vision of the 3 of them, Ryan on his back, one of the twins riding his cock and the other riding his tongue. I got quite wet.

The rest of the conversation was about boring things and we left it with me promising to skype him again as soon as I could.

I went back to my desk and did some more work for a couple of hours then went to see Dong to see if I could skype my boss. During that time the ring had zapped me twice and I’d gasped a little each time. I hoped that none of the men there had noticed.

As the connection was going through I adjusted Mr Wang’s webcam so that only my head was on the screen. I didn’t want my boss to know that I was naked.

When the connection came up we went through all the pleasantries and details of how the journey went. Then he asked me about Mr Wang and his family and my accommodation. Then the subject was changed to the factory. I managed to talk about the office setup and was pleased that I’d managed to keep the discussion away from my nudity.

Then Tim asked me if I’d had a look round the factory and I lost it. I told him all about the naked girls and what happened to them at the start of each shift.

“So did you have to get naked to go into the factory?” Tim asked.

I confessed that I’d gone through the same routine and inspection, telling him with my face burning.

“But at least your nudity was confined to the same place as all the other girls?” Tim asked.

I wanted to lie but I just couldn’t, I’m a terrible liar. I told him that all unmarried girls didn’t wear clothes anywhere at any time.

“It’s good job that you’ve got Ryan then.”

“But we’re not married.”

“OMG….. So you have to be naked all the time? I’m so sorry Tanya, I didn’t know about that. If I had I wouldn’t have asked you to go. I wonder if Grace is okay; I know that she’s not married. Does that mean that you’re naked right now, in Mr Wang’s office?”

I confessed that I was.

“We can make these skype calls voice only if you like Tanya.”

“No, that’s okay, I’m getting used to being naked all the time.”

I tilted the webcam down so that my chest and face were on the screen.

“You’re bound to see me sometime whilst I’m here so we may as well get it over with.”

I stood up and backed up so that my body from hair to knees was on the screen.

“Okay Tanya, that’s enough sit down again….. I have to admit that I’ve seen your breasts and genitals before; it’s difficult not to with some of the clothes that you wear at work.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t know. I’ll wear more modest clothes at work if you like.”

“No, that’s okay Tanya. I have no right to tell you what you can and can’t wear; the company policy is ‘smart casual’ and here in England you always fit into that category and over there in China you do as well. You’re not thinking of coming to work here like that are you? It’s not a problem from my point of view but I can think of 1 or 2 people here who might complain.”

“No don’t worry Tim. Besides, the climate in England isn’t conducive to being naked for 9 tenths of the year.”

We got back to talking shop and I managed to avoid telling him about the cultural thing about when a girl goes into a room with men in it; and to not tell him about all the orgasms that I was having.

I ended the call feeling that it went better than I had expected. I also wondered what he meant when he implied that I was wearing ‘smart casual’ whilst I was talking to him. Did he think that being naked was ‘smart casual’ or that I had a smart body?

At dinner that night I asked Dong and Wu what there was for nightlife in the village. I was disappointed when Dong said that there was nothing other than a big hall where young people meet. He added that there was some Chinese music but dancing wasn’t allowed.

I went to bed early and after moving the bed over a bit I managed to get the toothbrush charger in between my legs. I went to sleep with it pressing in my pussy and hoping that I’d wake to a strong zap from my clit ring.

It must have been zapping me all night because my pussy was soaking when I woke up.

The rest of the month went pretty much the same as those first few days except for a few exceptions: -

**My little clit ring**

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I kept charging my clit ring every other night with the toothbrush charger. Whenever Dong or Wu came into my room and saw the charger trapped between my legs they’d just stare for a few seconds then get on with whatever they’d come in for.

Before that they’d usually caught me with my legs open, often with me rubbing my pussy.

I couldn’t see any point in trying to hide my pussy as they’d both seen it every day and often saw me cumming.

**My vibrator**

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Ryan had got me to promise to wear this except when I went into the factory but I decided to wear it only every other day. There were 2 reasons for this; firstly, I didn’t believe that I could cope with it every day; and secondly, I only had 1 spare set of batteries. I had some Yuan with me but so far I hadn’t seen a shop that looked like it sold batteries.

I have to say that it was VERY difficult having my vibe purring away inside me and the clit ring occasionally zapping me. I know that I had some pained expressions on my face a few times when Mr Wang was nearby.

**The Festival**

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The annual festival has been part of their culture for centuries. I was lucky enough to have been there when it came round that year.

One part of the parade was the girls. Every girl is obliged to make a head-dress depicting one of the months of the Chinese year. Each head-dress is judged and the winner has to go through a ceremony.

Mr Wang first told me (with Dong’s help) about the festival and the girl’s parade one evening over dinner. Then he asked me to help the people who were making the factory’s entry by acting as a model. It sounded like fun – well different, so I agreed and I spent the next day with 2 older women and 1 man as they kept doing a bit, putting it on my head, taking it off again etc. etc.

I couldn’t communicate with them through speech but I did manage to mage a couple of suggestions by showing them and they incorporated them in the head-dress. By the end of the day I quite liked what they’d done.

What I found out the night before the festival was that Mr Wang had decided that I was going to wear the head-dress in the parade. I tried to refuse saying that I was a foreigner and shouldn’t get the honour but they wouldn’t listen to me.

Dawn the next day found me lining up with about 35 other girls, all wearing nothing but colourful head-dresses. In single file we slowly walked through the village, passed what I supposed they called the village green, to the beat of some very noisy Chinese music.

My head-dress was heavy and by the time that we’d got to the other end of the village I was happy to see some of the other girls taking theirs off.

Suddenly everything stopped, the music stopped and a man’s voice came out of the loudspeakers. Apparently I had won the competition for the best head-dress; or should I say Mr Wang’s money had won.

I was ushered over to where the man with the microphone was and all of a sudden I could hear English being spoken by the man with the microphone. I was pleased for that because it meant that I could refuse the award and they could award it to some other girl. However, he wouldn’t listen to me and I found myself being carried by 2 men, over to a big pedestal with a big cross on it.

Before I could say anything my arms and legs were lifted up and tied to a big wooden ‘X’. Not understanding what was going on I looked around for Dong or Wu but they were nowhere to be seen.

I was carried back through the village, spread eagled on that cross. And it wasn’t quickly. Every few yards the bearers would stop and talk to some of the people stood at the sides of the road. Of course, everyone was staring at my pussy, some of them pointing to my jewellery. There was nothing that I could do other than hope that my clit ring and vibrator would soon take me passed the point of not caring.

Thankfully they did and lots of people must have seen my gushing pussy as I came lots of times before we got to the other end of the village. I doubt that any of the people would have heard my moans because there was way too much noise.

Back where it had all started someone took my head-dress off and the bearers left me leaning against a wall; still strapped to the cross.

About 10 minutes later some floats arrived and I was hauled up onto the front of the first float. I quickly realised that I was going to be displayed on the front of the front float as it crawled through the village.

Crawl was a very appropriate word because the floats were going so slow that people were walking all around, many walking close to me so that they could see the foreign girl with nipple and clit hood piercings and a little ring on her clit. I guessed that it was quite novel for them as I had yet to see another girl’s clit.

They also got to see me cumming and cumming and cumming. I’m sure that I passed out at one point because I suddenly realised that the people who were in in front of me looking back were all different from where they were a second ago.

Finally we got to the end of the route and things started to get less noisy. A man came up to me, looked at me, grinned and walked away. Seconds later he was there again but with a hosepipe in his hand.

The idea of being hosed down in public does not appeal to me but that time it felt really good. What’s more, the batteries in my vibe were getting flat so I was able to enjoy the water without distraction.

I was left to drip-dry for a few minutes (it was a warm day) before another man came and cut me down. I was then left to find my own way to wherever I wanted to go.

I chose to sit on a grassy bank for a while and must have dozed off.

When I woke I felt refreshed and happy. The village was still full of people all apparently enjoying themselves with quite a few people in fancy dress.

As I wandered around I saw lots of naked girls, some with adults, must mostly on their own or in groups.

I really did want to talk to them to find out what their lives were like, but there was no chance.

**The Doctor**

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Just about every other day the doctor visited the factory and examined an average of 2 girls. Each time everyone would stop working and watch as the doctor gave those girls a very intimate examination.

I’m sure that some of them must have orgasmed while they were being probed and groped but only one of them actually got vocal and physical. It wasn’t as bad (or good) as Ryan tell me that I get, but it was certainly enough for the doctor to have to stop and wait for her to calm down.

With the cultural rules as they were I wondered if she’d get the job.

**Dong’s Dong**

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One morning when I was in the shower I was visited by Dong. He promptly took his clothes off and stepped into the shower with me. All he said was that his mother was in the other shower.

I wondered if he was going to fuck me but he didn’t even get an erection. His penis was massive though and I wondered if it got even bigger when it got hard. I smiled when I thought about his name. Had his parents known that it was going to get that big when he grew up? Did they even know what the word ‘Dong’ meant in English?

Dong didn’t try anything on with me and he just showered leaving me pressed back against the wall watching him.

When I got to work I looked up the meaning of the Chinese name Dong. I was a bit disappointed to find that it meant ‘east’ or ‘winter’.

**The girl’s slits**

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By about the end of the second week I realised that I hadn’t seen one girl with anything sticking out between their lips; they were all just like big baby girls. At first I just assumed that it was a ‘Chinese thing’, but a bit later I wondered if all the girls were subjected to some form of female genital mutilation. I googled it and couldn’t find any evidence of it happening in China so I came to the conclusion that it’s just the way Chinese girls are; just like their flat butts.

**Mr Wa**

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This was the third week that I was there.

One morning when I was working in the factory’s office, Dong brought another man in and introduced him to me as Mr Wa, the man from their head office who was responsible for organising the cultural exchange at the China end.

We spent about an hour talking about how things were going and how I’d got used to the different cultural ways. As he was asking that I noticed that his eyes were looking at my chest, not my face. That made my nipples get harder and I saw a smile come to Mr Wa’s face.

I told him that it had been difficult for me having to be naked and to have to spread my legs letting everyone see my genitals.

“Ah yes,” Mr Wa said, “I hear that you have some unusual features down there. Can you show me please?”

My jaw nearly dropped. It didn’t help that my clit ring zapped me just at that moment; and that was on top of the fact that I was wearing my vibe that day, and it was purring away inside me.

No I didn’t cum.

“What, here, now?” I asked.

“Yes, get on the table and show me.”

I slowly stood up and moved to the stainless steel table. I looked at Mr Wa again and he just nodded.

Up I climbed and my legs instinctively opened wide revealing my very wet pussy.

Mr Wa proceeded to pull all my jewellery in different direction and when he pulled on my clit ring I lost it. I had a full-blown, intense orgasm right in front of him.

By then everyone in the office had stopped work and were staring at me.

As I calmed down Mr Wa continued his examination. I got a little after shock when he first touched my clit again but that was only on his was to putting a finger inside me.

As soon as he started that I remembered my vibe. Mr Wa smiled as he inserted another finger and they came out with my vibe between them.

If I hadn’t been so aroused I’m sure that I would have died of shame.

Mr Wa held up my vibe for everyone to see and most of the men started talking.

After a couple of seconds Mr Wa pushed my vibe back inside me and told me to get up. He then said something to one of the men there and he scurried off somewhere.

Inviting me to sit down again Mr Wa started telling me that their companies made many different products and that they sometimes found it difficult to find people to test some of the products before they were released to the buyers; and he wondered if I would help them whilst I was there.

Thinking that maybe he wanted me to test a new smart phone or something, I replied,

“Of course, if I can I will be happy to help you.”

Just after he’d thanked me for my co-operation the man who’s scurried out came back with a box that he put on the stainless steel table. Mr Wa got up again and went and opened the box.

I stood up and watched as he got out 6 different vibrators and lined them up on the table. My heart was pounding and my brain was in turmoil. This man had just asked me to test a load of vibrators and I had agreed. Had I been conned and did I want to now refuse? Could I even refuse after I’d already said that I would? And where did he want me to test those ‘things’?

I’m sure that my face was red as Mr Wa started talking.

“I will be here for the rest of today and tomorrow, I would like to try each one of these on you over that period; say one every two hours. I will tell Mr Wang what we will be doing so don’t worry about him. I have a few things to arrange then we will start in 1 hour.”

Fucking hell, what had I let myself in for? The next hour was my worst for years. My stomach was churning, my brain was in turmoil; my face was bright red and for some weird reason my pussy was gushing. My vibe was still purring but I couldn’t feel a thing.

One hour later Mr Wa and 2 other men came into the room. I stood up and looked at Mr Wa who pointed to the table. I jumped up and sat on the edge.

Mr Wa introduced the 2 men and told me that one was the operator and the other the quality control man. Neither of those 2 spoke any English.

As the operator unpacked one of the vibrators the quality control man started writing.

The operator gently pushed on my shoulder and I lay back. As I did so I automatically opened my legs. This wasn’t enough for the man and he held my ankles and lifted my legs then put my feet flat on tha table before pressing my knees as wide as they would go.

After looking at my jewellery for a few seconds he picked up the first vibe and just as it touched my clit Mr Wa spoke. The man stopped, put the vibrator down and pushed 2 fingers inside my pussy. Feeling around he got behind my vibe and pulled it out. He put in on the table in an open space so that everyone could see it.

I say everyone because all the workers had stopped working and were watching what was going on.

I could feel the vibrations coming from my vibe through the metal table and hoped that it wouldn’t vibrate across the table and fall off. I didn’t want it to get broken.

The first vibe was re-introduced to my pussy and the man got to work. I couldn’t see what he was doing but it felt good.

That man must be well practised at using vibrators on women because he was soo good; rubbing it around my clit, pressing on my clit and teasing my hole by just pushing it in just a little bit then bringing it out.

It didn’t take long for my first orgasm to arrive, me being as vocal and active as usual; but the man had only just got started. He continued teasing my clit and my hole and just as I was starting to cum again he thrust the vibrator deep inside me.

Orgasm number 2 over, the man kept going until I’d cum for a third time.

Thankfully, he stopped then and put the vibe back into its box. The QC man stopped writing and Mr Wa thanked me for my contribution.

I just lay there, legs still bent and wide open. After a couple of minutes I got up and went back to my desk. I was glad that I’d brought one of the little towels from the Wang’s house to put on my chair.

Ninety minutes later the doctor arrived, and shortly after that, 3 more potential employees.

Mr Wa saw them, looked at his watch, thought for a few seconds then went to see Mr Wang.

Right in the middle of the first girl being examined Dong came over and distracted me from watching the doctor invade the girl’s body.

“Tanya, as you can see, the need to examine potential employees has taken over the time allocated to test the new products. My father and Mr Wa have decided that the rest of the testing will take place tomorrow morning at an off-site location. I will take you there in the morning. My father’s leaving now so you can use his office to skype your boss if you like.”

I thanked Dong, finished what I was doing and went to use skype.

Dong was at the breakfast table when I got up the next morning. After assuming the position, being told to get up, having some breakfast; the 2 of us headed into the village.

We stooped at the ‘village green’ and Dong said that we must be a little early.

“I don’t understand Dong. Surely we need to go to the building where the testing will take place.”

“Actually Tanya, I’ve got you here under false pretences; well partially. Do you remember me telling you that showing any sign of sexual excitement is taboo in our culture and that the girl can be publically punished for it?”

“Yeees.”

“Well you have continued to show lots of sexual excitement, even to the point of affecting production; too many girls stopped working yesterday afternoon because of the noise you were making; so much noise from such small lungs. Anyway, my father has decided that you need to be taught a lesson.”

“But Dong, I explained that, and besides, wasn’t the whole purpose of yesterday’s test session to see how good the products are?”

“Well yes, but once my father has made a decision it is not reversible.”

Realising that I was trapped, I asked Dong what the punishment was.

“Well, in our society we try to humiliate the offender so much, in the area of their crime that they will not offend again. As your crime is showing too much sexual excitement we are going to combine the testing of the products with lots more stimulation; right here in this very public place. Within an hour this place will be full of people.”

“You can’t be serious Dong.”

“I’m sorry to say that I am. It’s my father’s decision. After your punishment everything will be forgiven and we will all make a fresh start.”

“Dong, I’m really sorry that I have offended your father. But isn’t there any alternative to this; I mean, you’re talking about humiliating me in the worst possible way; and the worst possible place?”

“That’s the whole idea Tanya. This type of punishment always works with the local girls so we expect it to work with you.”

“Please Dong, there must be another way.”

“No Tanya.”

Whilst we’d been talking I’d seen 6 men arrive carrying a stainless steel table like the ones at the factory only a bit smaller. On the table was a box and the men were in the process of taking ropes out of it and tying them to each corner of the table.

I started shaking as I realised that I was going to be tied to the table; right there in the public square and made to orgasm over and over for goodness know how long. I looked round and saw that some people were already stopping to see what was going on.

I nearly fainted but 4 of the men grabbed an arm or a leg each and before I could say anything I was getting tied down, spread eagled, onto the table.

As I nervously waited I looked round. A small crowd was gathering and Mr Wa, the QC guy arrived with another guy carrying the same box that I’d seen the previous day.

Mr Wa spoke and the man with the box got a package out and opened it. It was a vibrator that has the extra bit on it to tease your clit at the same time as it vibrates inside you.

Without using any lubrication, or checking to see if I had any natural lubrication, the man just switched it on and pushed it in.

My body was producing lube but I still gasped at the force at which the man pushed it in.

I didn’t want to orgasm in front of all those people but I had no choice in the matter. As my arousal rose I just hoped that once I was up there I’d stay there until it was all over; or better still, I’d pass out and not remember most of it.

I remember the third vibrator going in after about my fourth orgasm, but after that it was all a foggy haze – thankfully; and I think that I passed-out twice.

The next thing that I remember was Dong sitting me up and giving me a bottle of water. I felt totally ashamed and humiliated as I looked round and saw that there were still a few people standing around looking at me. What must they have thought of me?

The walk back to the house was slow and painful and I went straight to bed. I looked at my clock and worked out that I’d been on that table for about 5 hours; no wonder I was totally knackered.

Next morning Mr Wong was there when I went for breakfast and as I assumed the position Mr Wong smiled at me and quickly waved me up. He spoke more to me that morning than he had all the previous 3 weeks. I guessed that they really did forgive people after they’d been punished.

I was glad that I hadn’t put my vibe in that morning and I had a quiet day at the factory; although that night my fingers were busy.

The day after that I put my vibrator in before going to work and it, and my little clit ring, gave me 4 orgasms in the office before the batteries went flat. The only difference that day was that somehow I managed to keep quiet (just) as I came.

**The School Visit**

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During the middle of the second week at breakfast one morning, Wu told me that we’d be going to the local senior high school so that I could tell those that were taking English, a bit about England. I was a little concerned because I imagined a school with hundreds of kids. I assumed that there would be some girls there but I didn’t know if they’d be naked or not. Would I be the only naked girl there?

I assumed not as Wu didn’t say anything about me putting any clothes on. He also didn’t say anything about where the school was; or how we’d be getting there.

When we went out of the front door the man with the motorcycle was there waiting for us. When he saw us he started it and got on, Wu told me to get on and I had to lift my leg over. It was way too late to worry about Wu seeing my pussy so I just did it. Wu got on behind me, squeezing me between the 2 of them. I put my hands round the driver’s waist and Wu put his arms outside mine and round to rest on top of my tiny tits.

Off we went, and about 30 minutes later we arrived in the next village and then a big, old school.

Wu took me into the school and to an office where he spoke to a man (probably the headmaster – if they have those there) in Chinese; he man looking me up and down, but not talking to me.

Then it was to a classroom. Going in I saw about 30 kids who I guessed to be about 16 or 17. About 25 of the kids were boys and the girls were sat at the back. Because of the design of the desks I could see that the girls were naked too. That fact helped me relax a bit.

Okay, the boys were used to looking at naked girls at school but that didn’t stop them staring at me. I never saw one of them looking at my face.

The male teacher said something in Chinese and then in English. He welcomed me there then asked me my name. After I’d told him he spoke to the class and told them that they could ask me anything they wanted to know about England.

I had a little panic attack, wondering how good their English was, what they’d ask and would I be able to answer; but I needn’t have worried. The teacher had done a good job because I could understand just about everything they were asking and none of it was difficult; except when they started asking about football teams.

After about 30 minutes one of the boys asked me what that was between my legs. I had a little panic attack again, not knowing if he was asking about my clit hood barbell, my little clit ring, or the fact that my clit was sticking out between my lips (I still hadn’t seen a Chinese girl with anything other than just a slit).

I decided to go for the clit hood barbell and just told them what it was and that a lot of English girls had piercings there.

Thankfully the questions went back to things like education, politics and football.

Wu later told me that I’d been talking for over an hour. Thinking back I realised that not one of the girls had asked me a question. When I asked Wu why that was he told me that it ‘wasn’t their place.’

As we rode back to the house with Wu’s hands on my tiny tits again, I thought about how hard it was being a girl in China.

**The factory – again**

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I hadn’t realised that there were 2 workrooms in the factory until a couple of days after my total humiliation in the village. When I got to work that day Dong asked me if I’d seen the assembly room yet. When I said that I didn’t even know they had one, Dong took me down there.

I was expecting a similar start of work procedure to the first workroom that I’d been in but this was different. There were no showers; only the duct tape.

It was Dong who put that on me before he took me into the room. It was a bit like the first room but the naked girls were working alongside 3 straight conveyor belts. As the product slowly went along a girl would add the next component; and so on until the last girl packed them into boxes.

I nearly laughed when I saw that 1 of the lines was assembling and packing vibrators.

Dong walked round with me and agreed with me that it was a lot simpler than the main workroom. He asked me if I wanted to have another look round the main workroom. My initial reaction was ‘no way’ but when I opened my mouth out came,

“Well, some of the tasks were quite complicated; maybe I should go in there for another half day.”

“A good idea Tanya, you do realise that you’ll have t go through the same procedure at the start of the day don’t you? And we don’t want you getting into more trouble do we?”

“Err, yes and no,” I replied; “I’ll do my best not to upset anyone.”

“Good. Maybe I should look after you in there; then I’ll be able to explain the more complex tasks to you.”

“Yes, I think that would be good idea. Thank you.”

Why had I said that? I’d just invited Dong to put his fingers in my holes and maybe to shave my pussy. What was wrong with me?

Then another thought hit me,

“If it hadn’t been Dong the first time; who had it been?”

As we left the assembly room Dong took the duct tape off when we left the assembly room as well.

The next morning saw Dong shaking my leg to wake me up again. As usual, I was on top of the covers with the toothbrush charger between my legs. Neither Dong, nor Wu, ever said anything about that and I wondered what they must think.

I walked with Dong and Wu to the factory and we were early because there were no girls stood outside the door. Dong and Wu left me, presumably to go and get changed, and when the other girls arrived they all appeared to be talking about me. They were pointing at me and laughing. I guessed that they’d all heard about my punishment.

The door opened and in we went. I was nervous even though I knew what was going to happen; and happen it did. The man even shaved me, why hadn’t I got up earlier and shaved myself? I didn’t know if the man was Dong or someone else; he didn’t say a word and the masks covered too much of his head.

I did cum but I managed to control it; probably something to do with the fact that quite a few of the girls were all staring at me; probably waiting for me to make a spectacle of myself again.

I had to wait inside the workroom again but Dong eventually arrived and asked me which workstations I needed to understand better. I quickly looked round trying to remember which operation was the most complex.

Fortunately I managed to pick one where the girl looked like she was really concentrating. We stood and watched her as Dong explained what all the little bits that she was putting on the circuit board were. I even managed to ask a couple of question that sounded a bit technical. Dong didn’t say that I was being stupid and answered me with something (in English) that I didn’t understand; probably something about electronics.

I picked another couple of workstations and Dong went through the details again. Then I told him that I was okay with the rest and Dong told me that he’d be able to put me through the exit procedure because he’d have to get changed as well.

When we got into the room with the 5 tables I asked Dong it was really necessary because he’d been with me all the time (not quite true) but Dong insisted and I had to get up on the table while he removed the duct tape and gave me a full cavity search.

I did manage to avoid cumming again.

**Shopping**

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When my vibe batteries went flat I made a special effort to go to the shops after work; not that I’d found many. With my purse in my hand containing my Yuan I wandered around the village looking for shops that might sell batteries; and anything else that I might fancy. I hadn’t really been expecting much so I wasn’t disappointed.

One problem was that I didn’t know what I was expected to do if I went into a shop and there were some men there. I assumed that I’d be expected to assume the position but I wasn’t sure. I should have asked Dong or Wu but I wanted to do this on my own.

When I found a shop that looked like it might sell batteries I stood outside and watched for ages. Finally I saw a naked girl go in and I followed her in. The girl assumed the position so I did as well.

It was a male shop assistant and he ignored us until he was ready to serve us; then he said something in Chinese and the other girl got up, so I did.

Communication was difficult but I managed to get the batteries that I wanted, and looking at the money that I got back, those batteries were quite cheap.

After that I wanted to look in another couple of shops but I chickened out when I didn’t see any other naked girls going in.

**The skype calls**

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During my second skype call to my boss I asked him how Grace and the 2 men were getting on. Tim told me that Grace was okay but she’d been terribly shocked when she’d also been told that she’d have to be naked all the time. She was coping but looking forward to going home. Tim had asked her if she wanted to go home early but she’s said that she’d stick it out.

When Tim asked me how I was getting on I told him that I was okay.

Once during the call I had to go back to my desk to get some papers and I just stood up, went and got them then sat back down again. It was only when we started talking again that I remembered that I was naked. My boss had got another look at my pussy and had been able to see my tiny tits all the time. I wondered if he was recording the video conversation.

When I asked Tim if Grace was using video and audio, or just audio; Tim told me that she too had just decided to ignore that fact that he could see her naked.

By the time I left China I was so used to Tim seeing me naked that I never even thought about it.

I was missing Ryan tons and I wanted to show him my pussy with me playing with it but the angle of Mr Wang’s webcam was all wrong so we had to settle for him just watching my arm move up and down as I rubbed. He told me that he could easily imagine the rest.

On my fourth skype call to Ryan I told him about Mr Wa and the vibrator testing he laughed and asked me if I remembered what he sometimes says to me when I’m wearing my Ben Wa balls and I get close to cumming. I thought for a second or so then said,

“Cum for Mr Wa.”

Then he asked me if Mr Wa had a brother called Ben.

We both laughed and I realised that I’d never be able to wear my Ben Wa balls again without thinking about the Mr Wa that I’d met, and those vibrators.

I didn’t tell my boss or Ryan about my ‘punishment’. I thought that I’d save that for Ryan when I got home.

**Leaving China**

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I was so happy when my month was up; I couldn’t wait to get back to Ryan; but at the same time I’d enjoyed my time there. Okay, I’d been horribly humiliated when I’d been punished, but when I look back on it, what a way to get punished. I’m sure that lots of girls would have loved to go through it. I think that in a weird way I’d enjoyed it as well.

Anyway, I didn’t have any packing to do because I’d never unpacked my case. When I was saying farewell to everyone Dong told me that he’d get my case and bags. When he arrived with them Dong told me that my toilet bag was already in my case.

I was already sat on the motorcycle when I remembered about my clothes. After being without them for a month I just told the man to go. I was still naked as I walked into the little airport.

I opened my case to get a top and a skirt out and discovered that my case was fuller than when I arrived. Delving down in amongst my clothes I found 6 different vibrators. I smiled as I thought that Dong must have done it.

As I closed my case then put my clothes on, I discretely slipped my vibe into my pussy, I wanted something to keep me happy during the flights.

Gale and the 2 guys were waiting for me at Beijing airport. I dropped my case and ran up to Gale and gave her a big hug. I really wanted to talk to Gale but I didn’t want the 2 guys to hear about my naked exploits; or hers.

Thankfully I remembered to switch my remote vibe off before the long flight back to England.

On the flight back one of the guys was so excited when he said that where he’d been he’d seen lots of naked girls walking about. That really pissed-off the other guy who asked if we’d seen any.

Both Gale and I blushed a bit and we both said that we’d had. Then he said,

“So did either of you 2 have to get naked?”

Gale looked at me and I looked at her; and we both said,

“No way.”

Ryan was waiting for me at the airport and after a long hug and kiss with him lifting me up to his height (I think that my butt was on display but I didn’t care), we rushed home and to bed.

**Back in England – a sort of epilogue**

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Ryan didn’t wait until I’d had a shower; instead he joined me and soaped me all over; taking a long time between my legs.

When we woke up the next morning I told him all the things that I hadn’t told him during the skype calls. We had to have a couple of breaks while I took care of his raging hard-ons. One came whist I was telling him about the stainless steel tables and another one came as I told him about my ‘punishment’. It was like he was imagining me having a cavity search and then by me being tied to the table and tormented so much that I passed out.

A few days after we got back to work we had to give a presentation about our time in China to the rest of the staff. Thankfully the subject of naked girls didn’t come up.

Two weeks after I got back to England I was at work and had to give a presentation. I went to the conference room about an hour before to check the projector was working and I was surprised to see Mr Chang there, on his own, working on his laptop. I don’t know if it was instinct or just my desire to show some respect for him, but I immediately dropped down and assumed the position. Okay, I wasn’t naked but my short skirt rode way up and my bald pussy was on full display. When Mr Chang looked up, then down, he saw me, smiled and got up. Walking round to stand between my legs, then looking down at my spread pussy (it was very wet because I’d got one of my vibes purring away inside me), Mr Chang said,

“Very impressive and very respectful young lady; I heard that you had a good time on your exchange visit; Mr Wong was quite impressed at how quickly you adapted to our culture. He also told me all about your jewellery, although I have to confess that I’d seen some of it a few times before, especially what I can see right now. Pleased as I am to see you down there, there is no need to do that here in England Tanya. Please get up and resume whatever you were going to do.”

I got up and pulled my skirt down to where it should have been then said,

“Thank you sir; I believe that all young people should show respect to their elders and superiors. I hope to be able to continue showing that respect to all of your countrymen. And yes, I did learn a lot on my visit and I would be grateful if you would thank Mr Wang and his family the next time that you speak to them.”

A few days later my boss called me into his office and I walked in and went and stood at the front of his desk.

“Mr Chang;” my boss said, “You appear to have made quite an impression on him and he has asked me to give you this.”

My face went a bit red as my boss passed a gift wrapped box about the size of a football, to me.

“Can I open it?” I asked.

“Of course you can; it’s yours.”

I un-wrapped and opened it and found another, little box in the top. I was both surprised and embarrassed to see a little golden coloured ring. I immediately knew what it was, which was why my face went bright red.

“Very nice Tanya, but it looks a little small for your fingers.”

“Err yes, it’s not for my finger, it’s err for err my err clitoris.”

“Oh ….. okay; and what’s this about some position that all the Chinese girls have to get into when they go into a room where a man is? You didn’t tell me about that during our skype calls.”

“Err no sir, sorry sir, it’s quite embarrassing really, but you’re right, I should have told you. It’s not all women; it’s only the unmarried ones. Didn’t Mr Chang tell you what it was?”

“No he didn’t; he suggested that I ask you to show me; and stop calling me ‘sir’, you know what my name is.”

“Show you…. What, here, now?”

“Yes Tanya, why not, it doesn’t involve you standing on your head or something stupid like that does it?”

“No, it’s not silly; it’s more submissive and respectful; and very embarrassing.”

“Come on then, show me.”

Well, he did ask; so I did. As expected, my skirt ended up round my waist and my bald, wet pussy was right there for him to gawk at.

Looking up at him I said,

“It’s normally done when the girl is total naked, do you want me to take my clothes off and get back down here?”

“Well, that sounds like a wonderful idea;” my boss said as he stood up and came round his desk and stood by my knees, “but I don’t think that you should be doing that here; all sorts of HR issues and what about your boyfriend? I’m sure that he wouldn’t be too happy.”

“Oh don’t worry about Ryan, he’s always trying to get me to take my clothes off wherever we go; but I guess that you’re right about HR. Maybe you should get Mr Chang to talk to HR with a view of getting some of the Chinese cultural ways implemented here. Our clients list is getting overrun with Chinese companies.”

“Hmm; a good idea, but for now I think that you should get up.

Tim didn’t ask me what else was in the box from Mr Chang which was a good job. Back at my desk I opened the box again and had a quick look. In there was a remote control for the clit ring and some more vibrators. I quickly closed the box and put it under my desk, but I did take out the leaflet with the remote control.

Reading it I discovered that Mr Chang had given me the deluxe version of the clit ring. It has a battery with a lot longer life and is programmable so that you can have ‘off’ periods (ahhh, peaceful sleep at last); and vary the intensity and frequency of the zaps. I had to laugh as I thought about Ryan playing with that control.

Then I thought about how Ryan would get my old one off and the new one on.

Three months after I got back from China I got home one evening to find a stainless steel table in the back garden. It’s not as big as the ones in China but it has ‘D’ rings welded all around the underneath of the top. I have to admit that I got quite wet looking at it and imagining me tied down to it, in various positions, and Ryan tormenting my pussy.