**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

*Author’s Note*

*All stories in the fictional section of my web site are my fantasies of what I would like to have happened to me.*

*I never intended to write a sequel to ‘I’m being Blackmailed’ but my imagination has been working overtime on my desire to go through something like Claire has and I’ve had some ideas as to how Claire’s ‘blackmail’ could progress.*

*V*

**Part 02**

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Hi, my name’s Claire, I’m 19 and I’m being blackmailed into being a slut.

After everything that had happened to me the first time that I did something stupid at work you’d have thought that I would have learnt my lesson but I went and did another stupid thing.

Just in case you didn’t read what happened to me here’s a quick summary: -

I work as an office junior at a smallish electronic surveillance company and I did 2 stupid things, firstly I made a mistake on an invoice to a friend’s father that could have been mistaken for me trying to fiddle the books; and the second was to use the company’s internet to access porn sites.

My punishment was to wear next to nothing at work and to slowly become the sex toy of all the workers there. After a while I got to enjoy it and really looked forward to the daily fucks and exposure to employees, visitors and the people from surrounding businesses.

I guess that I got to enjoy it too much and I started to get complacent in my work tasks. Sadly for me I made the mistake of not entering a payment of £1,634 into the books on the last Friday afternoon of the month. Let me explain.

Firstly I’ve had no accountancy training so I don’t know what I should and shouldn’t do; I just follow instructions.

The client came in on the Friday afternoon while no one else was there. I’d already finished updating the spreadsheet and couldn’t be bothered to go back and update it. I decided to put the money in the safe in Tony’s office until the Monday, then deal with it on the Monday morning. Unfortunately, the phone rang just as I was getting back to my desk and I had to take it.

I threw the envelope towards my desk and as I answered the phone I saw the envelope slide off the desk and go into my open bag. I got on with answering the call and forgot all about the money. I only found it again when I got home and was looking for something in my bag. Knowing that there would be no one still at work I hid the money in my bedroom and got on with my weekend.

Unfortunately I was late getting up on the Monday morning and I forgot all about the money.

It was only when Tony called me into his office that I remembered what I’d left at home.

Tony told me to stand next to him as he clicked on play on a video. I knew that I was in trouble as soon as I saw the money fall into my bag. Tony went ballistic.

He was right when he said that he could call the police and get me locked-up and I just knew that I had to do anything and everything that he ordered me to so that I could avoid that; not only for me, but for my parents. I just couldn’t put them through the shame.

Tony kept going on about calling the police and a couple of times he even picked up the phone. I stood there wearing just those 2 small rectangles of material that just about covered my pubic bone and part of my butt crack (part of my original punishment); crying and just about peeing myself.

After a while I realised that my nipples were rock hard, my pussy was wet, very wet, and I had that tingling in my lower belly. I just couldn’t believe that I was getting aroused while getting the biggest bollocking of my whole life.

When Tony calmed down a bit he told me to go and stand outside the front door and wait for him to decided what my new punishment would be.

I did as ordered and stood there still crying and wondering just what Tony would have me do. The crazy thing was that I was horny as hell. I wanted one of the workers to come back to the office, find me and fuck me like never before.

After about 30 minutes my crying had stopped but I was still feeling horny and the cool breeze was tickling my nipples and pussy. I saw a white van drive up and as the driver got out he stared at me. I recognised him from previous deliveries, but I had always been inside at those times.

“So what’s going on here?”

I couldn’t see any point in telling a fib so I gave him a quick summary. All the time the breeze was lifting the 2 rectangles. I didn’t try to hold them down and I’m sure that he must have seen my pussy while I was talking.

“Tell your boss that I’ll gladly help punish you if he wants.” The man said as I signed for the package.

The man drove away leaving me standing there wondering what was in store for me. A couple of vehicles drove passed and beeped their horns when they saw me. I wondered if the breeze had let them see even more of me.

Eventually Tony opened the door and called me in. Back in his office I stood in front of his desk nearly peeing myself and wondering why my nipples and pussy were aching.

“Right Claire; I’m sure that I don’t have to remind you of the seriousness of this. When you made your last big mistake I decided that embarrassment and humiliation was a good punishment. That didn’t go quite as well as planned and you now appear to be enjoying being nearly naked and getting your daily gangbangs. I still think that embarrassment and humiliation is a good punishment but we need to take it to another level. From now on you will be naked at work all the time.

In addition I am going to organise a few out of hours events that you WILL take part in, regardless of how demeaning or humiliating they are.”

“Yes Tony.”

“The first event will take place on Friday evening at the Red Lion pub. You will arrive there at 9 pm wearing only a short skirt and a thin, short top. You will walk through the pub and go up to the Function Room where I will be waiting. Do you understand me?”

“Yes boss.”

“Now get those clothes off and get on with your work.”

“Yes boss.”

I quickly unfastened the rectangles and let them drop to the ground.

“Turn your back to me and pick those up.”

Doing as I was told I heard Tony say,

“Bloody hell girl, you’re enjoying this aren’t you?”

“No I am not.”

“Get out.”

I went back to my desk and got on with my job.

After about 30 minutes Sandra came in and looked at me.

“Bloody hell Claire; you really are an exhibitionist aren’t you?”

“Sorry Sandra, I’ve done another stupid thing.”

As I was telling her I couldn’t help noticing that I was feeling horny; and that it was showing.

“So what’s your punishment this time?”

“I don’t know yet; apart from this.”

I waved my arm down my front, looking down as I did so. I saw that my nipples were the biggest that I’d ever seen them.

“Well Claire, I can see that you’re enjoying sitting there stark naked. Are you still going to have to service the whole workforce each evening?”

“I presume so.”

“I might stay back tonight and get you to eat me.”

“That would be nice, you taste good.” I said to Sandra. I wasn’t lying but I also wanted to stay in her good books.

After work and I’d been fucked by Aaron and Pete and made Sandra cum I went looking for Tony but he’d already left. I put my travelling clothes on, locked up and went home worrying about what Tony was going to make me do.

Nothing was said the next 2 days then Tony called me into his office and reminded me that I had to go to the Red Lion on the Friday night; that I was to meet him in the function room. When I asked him what for, all he would say was that it was to receive a small part of my punishment.

That pub is a very old, big one and I’d never been to before.

As I was getting ready to go to the pub I was very apprehensive. I didn’t know what Tony had planned for me but I guessed that it would involve nudity and probably some sex. I’d had a shower and shaved everywhere below my neck but I couldn’t decide what to wear. Eventually I decided on a simple tank top and a loose fitting, flared skirt; none of my favourites because I suspected that I’d have to take them off and maybe not get them back. I hoped that mum and dad would be in bed when I got home.

When I’d got the skirt and top on I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn’t help lifting the skirt up to my waist to look at my flat stomach and pussy. I was a little surprised to see that even the front of my pussy looked wet. I put my hand on my pussy and confirmed that I was wet; very wet. I hadn’t realised just how much my body was getting excited about what could happen soon.

As I left my house I went to say ‘bye’ to my parents and to tell them not to wait up for me. I bent over to kiss my mum and as she looked at me she said,

“You girls these days,” my mother said as she noticed my lack of bra straps, ”we never went out without a bra in my days.”

“Mum,” I replied, “this is 2014; nearly all the girls don’t wear bras when they go out at night these days.”

When I went to kiss my father he whispered,

“Does that apply to knickers as well?”

“You shouldn’t be looking dad,” I whispered back, “you’re my father.”

“What’s the world coming to?” Mum said as I left the room.

When I got to my car I checked that I had a spare skirt and top in the back (I keep some there all the time these days, you never know what Tony’s going to make me do), then I set off. As I was getting close I realised that I was as horny as hell. I touched my clit and nearly came.

“Stop it Claire,” I said and concentrated in getting there in one piece.

I’d never been to that pub before and I discovered that it is a really old building that has wooden beams in most of the rooms. As I went up to the function room the wide wooded stairs creaked.

Tony, Bob and Aaron were there, all sat at a table drinking beers.

“Ah there you are Claire,” Tony said, “I was beginning to think that you’d decided to take your chances with the police; and suffer the shame with your parents.”

“No, no; I said that I’d do anything and I meant it.” I replied.

“Right then, lift your skirt and prove that you have no underwear on and that you’ve had a shave.”

I did as told and Tony ran his hand over my pubes and pussy. I let out a little moan as one of his fingers parted my lips and hovered at the entrance of my hole for a second.

“Now Claire,” Tony said, “I want you to go downstairs and go up to men and young couples and ask them if they want to see you naked. If they say that they do then tell them to come up here.”

“What! I can’t do that; it’d be so humiliating.”

“Oh, I think you can do it; and when you’re asking them you can ask them if they want to see you get spanked and fucked as well.”

My eyes opened wide. Was Tony going spank and fuck me in front of loads of strangers? Or was he planning to get the strangers to spank and fuck me? Was he getting me to invite strangers to gangbang me? And what about the women what was he planning to get them to do to me; or me to them?

I just stood there for about 10 seconds taking in what Tony had just told me.

“Come on Claire, you’re wasting time. Get down there. I want to see about 10 people up here within the next 10 minutes.

Claire……. NOW!”

Tony shouting snapped me out of it and I turned and walked towards the door. As I opened it I looked back to Tony hoping that he would tell me that he was only joking; but he wasn’t even looking at me.

As I walked down the stairs my pussy was aching like hell and I could feel my juices as I walked.

Down in the main bar I looked around and chose 2 men talking at the bar. I went up to them and stood behind them.

“Excuse me sir, but would you 2 gentlemen like to see me naked?”

Their conversation stopped mid-sentence and they both turned round to look where the voice had come from.

“Are you serious young lady?”

“Yes sir.”

“This is a wind-up.” The other man said, “Where’s the camera?”

“No camera sir, I’m serious; do you want to see me get spanked?”

“Go away stupid girl.” One of the men said.

I turned and looked around to see who I could ask next.

I saw a couple about my age and thought,

“If I get a couple, the man might not want to be too hard on me with his partner there.”

The man had his back to me and the woman look a bit mousey so I walked up to them and asked them if they wanted watch me get spanked.

The man turned to look at me and I saw his face.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” I thought; “It was Jason, one of the guys who was in my class at college.

“Oh hi Claire, how are you?” Jason asked. “Err, what was that you just said?”

My face was burning but I just knew that I had to repeat my question. When I had Jason said,

“Well, well Claire; I never would have thought that you’d do anything like this. Is this for a bet or have you really done something naughty?”

“Something like that; well, do you want to watch me or not?”

Jason looked at his girlfriend then back to me and said,

“When we were at college a few of the guys fancied you but no one had the nerve to ask you out; you always looked so prim and proper. Of course we want to watch you. It’ll be a fantastic story to tell my mates; and of course, show them the photos and video. I bet that I can get the video to most of our class within days.”

I blushed an even deeper shade of red. I wanted to just run and cry somewhere but I knew that I had to get on with it. I turned to go and look for someone else. I hadn’t thought about cameras and I got even more worried. Part of me was horrified by the thought of photos and videos of me being circulated round my college friends; I just wouldn’t be able to face any of them again. The other part of me wanted it to happen. I got a little wet rush and my pussy ached for attention.

I asked about 20 people before 10 accepted; the others just didn’t believe that I was serious.

I followed the last people that I had asked, that agreed, up the stairs and saw that Aaron was stood outside the door making sure that we didn’t get any unwanted visitors. Inside the room I looked round and part of me wanted to run a mile.

Sandra, Pete and Duncan had joined Tony, Bob and Aaron. Everyone from work was now there and there was a video camera in the middle of the table. I should have expected them to video the ‘event’ but seeing the camera still made me get that sinking feeling.

Tony broke the silence and the 7 men and 3 women’s eyes left me for a minute.

“Right ladies and gentlemen, Claire here has volunteered to be punished tonight for an indiscretion at work. I’m not sure what she said to you downstairs but if you get offended by nudity or seeing corporal punishment and sex then you should leave now; Claire has no wish to offend you. I can promise those of you that stay that you will have a very enjoyable hour or so watching, and taking part in Claire’s punishment.

At this point I must stress that Claire is not here under any duress, being here is not against her wishes and she is more than happy to be the star in tonight’s entertainment; isn’t that right Claire?”

“Yes.” I said quietly.

“What was that Claire? We couldn’t hear you. Speak up with a full answer.” Tony said.

“Yes;” I almost shouted, “I fully accept that I am here voluntarily and agree 100% to take part in whatever happens to me this evening.”

“That’s better Claire.” Tony said as he started passing out small cards to all the ‘guests’.

“For the first part of Claire’s punishment she will be asking people to do things to her. She will do this by asking for the person with a number from 1 to 10. Each of you now has a card with a number on it. After a number has been called and the person has done whatever Claire has asked then I want all of you to swap cards with someone else. Please keep your numbers hidden from Claire. That way Claire will not know who will be asked next. I will make sure that every one of you gets asked at least once. For the rest of the evening Claire will be referred to as ‘Cunt’. If you need to say anything to her please call her ‘Cunt’.

If any of you have a camera or a smart phone, please feel free to record any or all of tonight’s entertainment.

Right, let the games begin.

“Cunt, ask a number to take your top off.”

I looked around realising that I was going to be seriously embarrassed, humiliated, and probably fucked by all these people. I felt my nipples get harder and my pussy ache and get very wet.

“Number 3, please can you remove my top?”

I stood there as a grinning man walked up to me and told me to put my hands in the air. When they were up he grabbed the hem of my top and pulled it up and off. My 34Bs wobbled free and my nipples got so hard that they hurt.

Tony held out his hand and the man threw the top to him.

“Cunt, the skirt.” Tony said.

“Number 6, please can you remove my skirt?”

Jason’s girlfriend stepped forward. Without any hesitation she reached to my side, released the hook and pulled the zip down. My skirt dropped and I could see a couple of grins as they all realised that I wasn’t wearing any knickers. The girlfriend bent down and picked up the skirt as I stepped out of it.

Passing the skirt to Tony, the girlfriend returned to the group. I was looking down to the ground but I could still see the voyeurs exchanging numbers.

“Now the shoes Cunt; and keep your hands by your side.” Tony said.

“Number 8, please can you remove my shoes?”

Number 8 was another man and he came and knelt right in front of me, his face only inches from my pussy. His hands went to my right thigh, one either side, and slowly slid them down to my foot. I lifted my foot and the hands removed my shoe. Then he did the same with my left leg.

I squat down and picked up my shoes and handed them to Tony.

“Cunt,” Tony said, “spread your legs then ask someone to check to see how aroused you are.”

“Number 1, please come and see how aroused I am.”

Another man stepped forward and as he approached me I spread my legs quite wide. He knelt in front of me and moved his head close to my pussy.

“She looks might wet to me.” The man said.

“Please check properly?” I asked.

As the man put his hand on my wet pussy I was thinking,

“Why had I said that? He’d already said that I was wet.”

The man slid a finger inside me and I let out a moan. Then he stood up and held his finger in front of my face. Without thinking I leant forward and sucked his wet finger. I could hear someone say,

“Wow, without even being told.”

When I let go of the man’s finger he stepped back and Tony said,

“Cunt, ask someone to come and tie your hands together.”

I looked over to Tony and saw that he had some soft looking rope in his hand.

“Where had that come from?” I thought then I asked number 7 to tie my wrists.

Without being asked, or told, I put my hands together behind my back and waited while the man tied my wrists together.

“Now Cunt,” Tony said, “walk slowly in amongst the guests and invite then to spank you on your butt, tits or pussy.”

I looked at Tony then walked slowly to my guests. I was starting to feel horribly ashamed and humiliated. Half of me wanted to stop right there and half of me wanted to continue. In amongst the ‘guests’ I kept saying,

“Please spank my butt or my pussy or my tits.”

They all did as requested, some with more vigour than others. Most chose my butt but 2 slapped my tits hard. One man chose my pussy and he told me to stand still and spread my legs. He stood beside me and slapped my pussy 5 times. It hurt like hell. On the fifth one he held his hand there for a few seconds and slid a finger inside me.

The tears were welling in my eyes but at the same time my pussy was aching for attention. That man held his hand in front of my face and I opened my mouth to suck his finger; but as my mouth got to within a millimetre of his finger he pulled it away and sucked it himself.

With a red butt and tits I slowly walked to the centre of the room. I looked round and saw that a couple of phones were out and pointed at me.

“On your knees Cunt and bend forward and put your face on the floor.” Tony said.

I did as told and quickly realised that my butt was up in the air. My knees were spread and those ‘guests’ behind me must have had a good view of both my holes.

“Right Cunt; ask everyone to take it in turns to spank your butt.”

I did; and when the first one hit me I yelped out. Realising that it wasn’t a hand that had hit my butt I looked back and saw a man with this sort of multi strand, short whip in his hand (Tony later told me that it’s called a ‘Flogger’).

All the ‘guests’ took it in turns to turn my butt even redder. Some stood alongside me and brought the flogger down onto my pussy. Boy; did that hurt; but after a while I stopped feeling it and felt all warm and aroused.

After a while it all stopped and everything was all quiet – apart from my slight sobbing.

Tony interrupted the silence by saying,

“Cunt, ask the guests to finger-fuck you if they want to.”

Of course they did; and I heard bodies bump together as they obviously rushed forward. I was expecting to feel a finger invade my hole next but instead I felt this ‘thing’ touch my clit. Tony later told me that it’s called a ‘magic wand’.

It certainly worked magic on my clit. I opened my eyes and looked back and saw a pair of women’s heels. Looking up I saw Sandra bent over and holding the magic wand against my clit.

Tony must have realised that I was getting close to cumming because he said,

“The cunt wants to cum; shall we let her?”

He was right, I did want to cum; and soon. The problem was that quite a few of the ‘guests’ said,

“No.”

“Ask if you want to cum Cunt, and don’t you dare cum until I say you can.”

Sandra and a whole series of guests tortured my clit and hole for what seemed like hours. I kept asking if I could cum but everyone kept saying,

“No.”

I was sweating and trembling. I’d heard of orgasm denial before but never considered that it would be that hard. I’d always just done what my body was telling me.

“Please let me cum?” I kept on saying, more and more frantically each time until eventually I heard someone say,

“Yes, Cunt, you may cum now.”

I have never been so relieved in my whole life; nor have I ever made such animal noises as I grunted and screamed as I came over and over.

Finally, Sandra took the magic wand thing off my clit and I started to ‘come down’.

As I started to get control of my body back I realised that my face was still on the floor and my butt was high in the air. I looked round (as much as I could) and saw Tony’s feet close by.

“At last Cunt; now get over there and onto that table.

Tony pointed to the table that was in the middle of the room and I went over to it. Guessing that Tony wanted me to lay on it I did just that.

“No Cunt,” Tony said, “Not like that’ across the table.”

I swivelled round so that my butt was on one edge of the table and my head was hanging over the opposite side.

“That’s better Cunt. Now bring your knees up to your tits, spread them wide and hold them like that.”

Most of the people in the room would be able to see my pussy, wide open and dripping with my juices.

“Right Cunt, Tony continued, “ask everyone who wants to, to fuck you in any hole that they want.”

OMG; it’s one thing getting gangbanged by people that you know, but it’s something else with complete strangers. I hoped that none of them would want to fuck my butt. After a short pause I said,

“Will you all please take it in turns in numerical sequence to fuck me in any hole that you want.”

No one moved at first so Tony told me to repeat myself. I did and then 2 of the men came forward. One quickly started fucking my pussy and the other came round to my head. I watched him unzip his trousers and get his cock out. From where my head was his cock looked huge; even bigger as it came closer and closer to my mouth. I instinctively opened my mouth and as the tip hovered at my lips I started licking it.

The man suddenly pushed forward and his cock went to my throat. Fighting the gagging I relaxed and let the cock go down my throat.

In and out went 2 cocks and I could feel myself getting more and more worked-up. The cock in my throat got fatter and then stopped. I did my best to swallow everything that came out of it. Then I felt a warm sensation in my pussy. I was getting 2 loads of cum pumped inside me at almost the same time.

I had a few seconds to get my breath before I felt another cock at my pussy. It thrust deep inside me then pulled out. Then I felt what I feared; I was about to lose my bum virginity.

Thankfully the man took his time stretching my butt hole and lubricating it with my pussy juices. I seem to remember making a few embarrassing noises before he thrust deep inside me. I gasped, never having experienced what was happening to me. Thankfully it wasn’t as painful or weird as I’d expected; but I still prefer to have things inside my pussy.

When those 2 were done, 2 more moved in. I opened my eyes and saw a bald pussy hovering over my mouth. I knew what I had to do and as the pussy lowered onto my mouth I got to work.

I decided that I needed more practice at eating another girl’s pussy because the cock in my pussy came long before the girl that I was eating came.

It seemed to take forever, and 3 orgasms, before all 10 had had their way with me. My pussy, my mouth and my butt were aching and sore by that time and I had mixed feelings. Part of me wanted it to be over and for me to be at home in my bed; but another part of me wanted more.

As I was getting my breath back Sandra appeared between my legs. She had that magic wand thing in her hand and a big grin on her face. I got a little worried as I heard the wand thing start purring; then it touched my clit. I gasped and just knew that I wouldn’t last long.

As the wand worked its magic on my clit I felt Sandra’s fingers invade my pussy. For a few seconds she finger-fucked me then I felt my hole being stretched wide. Talk about pain and pleasure. I gasped, not knowing what to do. Just as I was about to cum the wand died and left my clit. I raised my head to see why Sandra had stopped and saw that her whole hand was inside me.

My eyes went wide open and my jaw dropped. I’d never even considered that happening to me.

Sandra looked at me, smiled and said,

“Don’t you dare cum girl’ you’re going home wanting to cum and you better not before Monday at work. You understand Cunt?”

Sandra slowly removed her hand leaving my hole feeling empty and sore as it slowly shrunk back to its normal size.

I lay there waiting for Tony to tell me what to do next but when he started talking he addressed the ‘guests’,

“Right everyone; that concludes Cunt Claire’s punishment for tonight, thank you all for your contribution.”

Looking at Jason Tony continued,

“Jason isn’t it? Can I have a quiet word before you leave please?”

I hoped that Tony was going to tell Jason to keep quiet about what had just happened; I just knew that if my friends found out they would become ex-friends.

Tony left me laying there as the ‘guests’ left and he talked to Jason. Jason looked over to me before he left and Tony came over to me.

“Right Claire,” Tony said, “I trust that you learnt something tonight; now get yourself home and we’ll all SEE you on Monday.”

Before I knew it everyone had left leaving me the only one there; and I was still naked. I looked round and saw my clothes on a chair. I quickly (well slowly) hobbled over to them and got dressed.

I went to bed that night not knowing whether to be sad or happy. What I did know for certain was that when I woke-up on the Saturday morning I was sore all over and still as horny as hell. My right hand went to my wet pussy and my fingers started teasing my clit. After about 10 seconds I remembered what Sandra had told me. I quickly pulled my hand away and just lay there.

Before I got up I had lots of mixed feelings. I hated what Tony had made me do. I felt so ashamed but at least it had stopped my parents finding out about what I had done; or even worse, the police. I guessed that the gangbang was a small price to pay to stop that happening. Yet at the same time my body had loved every second of it. In fact I found myself day dreaming about how I could get it to happen again.

My pussy was starting to tingle again and I so wanted to touch it but I just knew that if I did I wouldn’t be able to lie to Sandra on the Monday. I slowly got out of bed and went and had a cold shower.

Back in my room I even considered putting some knickers on to take my mind off my pussy but I remembered that Tony had told me never to wear any again.

I needed something to take my mind off my sore pussy and my desires to play with it.

Mother to the rescue again; as I was getting some breakfast she told me that her and dad were going to the next town for a wander around and look in the shops. Normally I would never consider going with them but I needed something horrible boring to take my mind off my pussy and what it had gone through the previous evening; so I asked mum if I could go with them. She looked a bit shocked but happily agreed saying that it would be nice to have a little trip like we used to do.

As I went upstairs to change and put on a slightly longer skirt and sensible shoes I had some regrets about my decision, but I needed something to distract me.

I was right, it was a boring day; but at least I couldn’t play with my pussy as we wandered round the town and shops. By the time we got back home my pussy was the last thing on my mind. I even settled down and watched TV with my parents that night.

Mum gave me a goodnight kiss and told me that it was nice to have a family evening at home.

I had a good, peaceful night’s sleep but when I woke up my hand was on my pussy; and it was wet. Had I played with myself in my sleep and brought myself off? I didn’t know but if I had I decided that it didn’t count because I was asleep, so I could still honestly tell Sandra that I hadn’t cum.

My pussy was feeling less sore on the Sunday morning, and by the evening it didn’t hurt at all. I kept myself busy all day doing some of the things that I had been meaning to do for ages.

Monday morning came and I was nervous and so horny. I’d woken-up with a very wet pussy not knowing if I’d made myself cum when I was asleep. As I drove to work I was hoping that someone there would make me cum as soon as possible.

Shortly after Tony arrived he called me into his office and clicked play on a video file on his PC. To my horror it was of me the previous Friday. The thing was, all the bits where Tony had told me what to ask the ‘guests’ to do to me had been cut out. It sounded like he’d written a program to remove his voice. The only person speaking was me asking people to do things to me. It looked like I was controlling everything as some sort of sex starved slut.

“Well Claire,” Tony said, “this video speaks for its self. You were obviously controlling the evening’s events. Think what your parents and friends would think. Think what it would be like for you if this video got onto the internet; it would go viral in hours. From now on you will do anything and everything that I tell you; without question. Is that understood Claire?”

Through the tears I managed to tell Tony that he was right, that I was his; that I would do anything for him.

I left that office with mixed feelings; I hated that I had to do everything that Tony and the others demanded of me but at the same time I wanted them to do things to me; I wanted them to control me and my life; and my body.

The week went reasonably quietly. Of course I was naked all day long and I got gangbanged each evening before I left for home, but apart from that nothing else happened; even the deliveries went without incident.

Normal until the Friday afternoon that is; Tony called me into his office and told me to be at the same pub and at the same time as the last Friday.

My heart skipped a beat as I remembered being fucked by those strangers. I didn’t know if I wanted to go through that again but I knew that I just had to.

When I got to the pub I went straight upstairs and opened the door; then I stopped dead. It was like a class reunion; most of my last class at college were there. For a second I was so happy; then I saw Tony holding the flogger. My heart dropped as I just knew that he was going to humiliate me in the worst possible way. The smile on my face disappeared and the tears started. How could Tony humiliate me so much in front of my friends? My life was about to be ruined. In just a few seconds I would lose just about all my friends. How could Tony destroy me like that? What was I going to do?

I considered turning and running; even running away from home and my job. A vision of me starting a new life on the other side of the world flashed through my mind.

Reality came back to me with Tony saying,

“Claire, I thought that it would be good idea for you to get re-acquainted with some of your class mates in a slightly different way. I’ve explained to them what you’ve done and that this is the punishment that you’ve accepted. All of them have agreed to stay and administer that punishment. So let’s get started by you getting those clothes off right now.”

I just stood there not believing what was happening. There was no way that Tony could be that horrible to me; could he?

“Claire, STRIP, NOW.”

With tears streaming down my cheeks and my legs feeling like jelly I started unfastening the buttons on my blouse. The silence was deafening as everyone watched me take my blouse off leaving me topless. Then it was my skirt’ as it hit the floor I was left naked apart from my shoes.

“Hands behind your head Claire; and open those legs.” Tony said.

I complied and as my pussy opened a bit I felt the air tickle my wet lips. How could my body be getting turned on by this nightmare situation?

“Wider Claire.” Tony said.

I spread my legs even wider.

“Right ladies and gentlemen; tonight you are going to see a side of Claire that you probably never even imagined possible. Claire is going to ask every one of you to punish her and to use her body as you wish. There is only one restriction and that is that you do no damage to her body in any way that will still be visible tomorrow.”

As Tony was saying that I looked at my class mates trying to work out which ones would be kind to me and which ones I should worry about. I saw 3 boys that I had never really got on with; all 3 had tried to hit on me but I just didn’t fancy them. They were either too arrogant or just ugly or smelly; certainly not boyfriend material.

Then I saw Jade; she is (was) one of my closest friends. How could she do this to me? My heart dropped even lower.

“Claire; walk over to your friends and ask them to spank you.” Tony said.

The tears continued as I slowly walked forward. Standing right in front of my classmates I said,

“Would you please spank me?”

No one moved.

Tony came up behind me and gave my butt a hard slap. Not expecting it, I screamed. Tony came round the front of me and slapped my right tit.

“That wasn’t difficult was it?” Tony said. “And open those legs Claire.”

Tony went round behind me again then he whipped my butt with the Flogger. The loud crack seemed to wake-up some of my classmates and 2 of the boys stepped forward. They both looked me up and down then with a smirk on his face, Dean slapped my left tit.

Just after that Jason slapped my butt, real hard.

“Ooow!” I almost screamed.

That prompted both Dean and Jason to slap me again.

After 3 more slaps Tony said,

“Okay guys, you can have more fun with her later, but for now, let some of the others get into the moods. Claire, put 2 fingers in your pussy then walk around holding your hand up so that everyone can see just how much you are enjoying this.”

I did as ordered, my face red and wet with my tears. My hand was all wet and slippery as my body had betrayed my brain. How could I possibly be enjoying the humiliation that Tony was putting me through?

I got the odd girl calling me a slut or a whore as I moved in front of them. I felt my nipples get harder as they got close to the boys faces.

“As you can see everyone Claire is obviously enjoying her predicament,” Tony continued, “so when she asks you, please do not hold back; she enjoys it.

Pete, another of the ‘not so nice’ boys stepped forward and asked Tony for the Flogger

“Hands behind your head Claire; and spread those legs.”

Pete came up to me and leaned forward so that his face was right in front of mine.

“I’m going to enjoy this slut.”

Pete put the handle of the Flogger between my legs and slid it along my pussy causing me to gasp then moan. Holding the Flogger up for everyone to see he said,

“It looks like this slut is enjoying this.”

Some of the lads cheered and I opened my eyes to see that the Flogger handle was VERY wet with my juices.

I watched as Pete disappeared behind me before I felt the Flogger hit my butt.

Again and again my butt got thrashed, and as it started to get warm the pain stopped feeling so bad.

Then it stopped.

“Who’s next?” Pete asked

One of the bitch girls stepped forward.

“Let’s see if we can get those tits the same colour as your arse.”

Lisa took the Flogger from Pete and started whipping my tits.

The first hit really hurt and it wasn’t long before Lisa got her wish. My white tits were red and my nipples were throbbing.

One by one nearly all my classmates took their turn to spank or whip my butt or tits. About half way through Tony told me to get on the floor on my back and to stick my legs up in the air. He asked for 2 volunteers to hold my legs wide apart with my feet over my head as the whipping continued; but the Flogger was hitting my pussy as well.

The first time that my pussy got hit I screamed then realised that my pussy throbbing was deep in my gut. I hated myself for getting turned-on by me getting spanked and whipped.

When no one else stepped forward Tony announced that the ‘serious punishment’ was about to start. He told me to get up and drag a table to the middle of the room; then to lie on it sideways so that my butt and head were hanging over the sides.

I walked over to where Tony was pointing and saw 2 tables; one with nothing on it and the other with a dildo, a vibrator and that magic wand thing. I went for the table with nothing on it and started dragging it.

As I did so, Tony asked everyone if they still had the cards with a number on it. As the cards were held up he told everyone to swap their cards with at least 2 other people. Then he said,

“Claire will shortly announce the number of the first person who will have the pleasure of inflicting their version of punishment on her. You may abuse her body in any way that you wish, but remember, there are to be no lasting marks on her. If you wish, you may ask someone else to help you if you wish to ‘spit roast’ her or anything else that you can think of. There is a box of condoms on that table over there if you wish to use one, but Claire is on the pill so there is no chance of you making her pregnant. As you can see, there are also a couple of ‘implements’ that you can use of Claire if you wish.

Right, Claire, a number please?”

I had known ever since Tony had told me to go to that pub that I was going to get fucked – gang banged even, but now knowing that it was going to be by my ex classmates, some of which I considered friends, caused the tears to flow – again; even though my nipples throbbed and my pussy ached for attention. I sobbed as I managed to quietly say,

“Number 1.”

“What was that Claire?” Tony said, “Louder.”

“NUMBER 1.” I shouted, almost in contempt of Tony.

I saw Dean step forward with a big grin on his face.

“You have no idea how many times I’ve wanted to do this to you Claire. Aren’t I the lucky one to be the first one to fuck you this evening?”

As I watched Dean un-zip his jeans I realised that I was automatically raising and spreading my legs.

“Such a slut,” Dean said, “you even spreading them without being told.”

Dean moved between my legs and rammed his cock straight into my pussy. I gasped at the speed and depth.

In and out Dean went; his hands reaching forward and squeezing my tits. This wasn’t love making; it was sheer animal lust on Dean’s part. He was fucking me hard and fast. Fortunately he didn’t last long and I soon felt the warm gush as he stopped deep inside me and shot his load. His hands squeezed my nipples so hard that it hurt.

When he was done he pulled out and wiped his cock on my thigh.

“Slut!” He said as he put his cock away and turned and walked away.

“Claire,” Tony said, “next number.”

“Five.” I quietly said.

“What was that Claire?”

“FIVE!” I shouted.

Another youth stepped forward. As he walked up to me he said,

“Claire, when Jason told me about what you did last Friday I didn’t believe him; not you; but I really do owe Jason an apology. This is amazing. I always said that you had a really fuckable body.”

Henry had been quite pleasant at college but his desire to fuck me had turned him into an animal. He too fucked me hard until he shot his load deep inside me.

“Claire,” Tony said, “next number.”

“Seven and nine.” I quietly said.

“What was that Claire?”

“SEVEN and NINE!” I shouted.

“Wow Claire,” Tony said, “I wasn’t expecting you to start the threesomes.”

I hadn’t either; what had got into me? I asked myself; but I knew. The animal in me wanted more. I hadn’t cum since the gangbang before I left work and those 2 animals fucking me; and the spanking; had made me want to cum. No, not ‘want’; ‘need’ to cum.

A short discussion took place between number seven and number nine. Both had been pretty average kids at college. One came between my legs and the other came round to my head. I looked up and saw him unzipping his trousers and out came a cock that looked sooo big. Without even thinking I opened my mouth wide. As the cock entered my mouth I felt the other cock enter my pussy.

I got fucked at both ends until I got 2 more loads inside me; but I still hadn’t cum.

The next lucky number was two. It turned out to be Jade. As she walked forward she asked Tony if she could use one of the toys on me.

“Knock yourself out.” Tony said.

As Jade held the magic wand to my pussy she whispered,

“I can see that you need this Claire, so relax and go with it.”

Jade was right and she gently teased my pussy to a wonderful orgasm. As I started to calm down Jade whispered,

“I’m so proud of you Claire; call me.”

Number eleven was one of the girls that had always fancied her-self and treated the rest of us girls as nobodies. When she came over to me she grinned as she pulled a chair to the side of the table. She climbed up onto the table and stood over me with her feet either side of my body.

She pulled her skirt up and pulled her thong to one side.

“Well Claire, I never for one minute imagined that you were a sex starved whore. You know what to do slut.” She said as she knelt down and pushed her pussy onto my face.

Yes, I knew what to do and I did it. I was pleased that she shaved; I’d got one of Aaron’s pubic hairs in my mouth earlier in the week and it took most of the evening to manage to get rid of it.

I didn’t particularly want to make her cum, but I did; she must have been as horny as I was.

I went through the rest of the numbers (with the help of Tony) and I got fucked in all 3 holes and came twice more. Then Tony told everyone that it was a free-for-all. About half of my ex classmates came forward and I got fucked at both ends for ages before Tony finally called a halt. By that time I was knackered. I just lay there as Tony got rid of everyone except him.

“Can you get up on your own Claire?” Tony asked.

“I think so.” I said.

I rolled off the end of the table attempting to land on my feet, but as my legs started to take my weight, they gave way and I crashed to the floor.

Tony picked me up and sat me on the chair. I watched as he collected everything in a big bag and came back over to me.

“I can’t find your skirt and top Claire; you’ll have to go home like that.”

“I can’t, my parents are there and they’ll be up late with friends tonight.”

“Okay, you’ll have to come with me; we’ll collect your car tomorrow.”

“I can’t do that Tony; I’ll just stay in my car outside our house and wait until I see the lights go out.”

“No you won’t; you’re coming with me.”

Tony lifted me up and I put my arm round his shoulder as he half carried me out to his car. I only saw one person as we went down the stairs and out of the door; a middle-aged man who just stopped and stared.

Tony got a rag out of the boot of his car and put it on the passenger seat before letting me get in. Under normal circumstances I would have been mortified about needing that but it was Tony that caused my pussy to have about 8 or 9 of my classmates cum trickling out of my pussy so I felt fine.

As we drove to Tony’s apartment I remembered the spare clothes that I keep in my car, but I didn’t say anything.

As Tony parked his car I saw a couple coming out of the building.

“Can I borrow your jacket.” I asked Tony.

“No you can’t; you can walk in as you are.”

“I don’t know if I can.”

“You can. Get out now and follow me.” Tony said.

Fortunately, my legs were back to normal and it was my pussy that was aching as I followed Tony into the building and up the stairs. Again, fortunately no one else saw the naked girl following one of the residents into his apartment.

Tony’s place is nice; very modern and stylish. I just stood inside the door looking around in amazement. There are tons of electronic equipment and PC screens there and I wondered what he was up to. I was shocked to see that my bedroom was on one of the screens. How the hell was that possible?

Tony came back to me and pointed to a door.

“Go and have a shower and try to wash yourself out.”

I felt embarrassed as I walked towards the door.

The shower felt good and as I stood there I wondered how I could ‘wash myself out’. As I turned the shower off I looked up at the shower head and had an idea. Lifting the shower head down I looked closer at it and realised that I could unscrew it. I did so and turned the shower back on. As the warm water came out of the flexible pipe I put it to my pussy and got a very pleasant surprise as the warm water rushed inside me.

I filled my pussy 4 times and squirted it out before I decided that I had better stop there; I didn’t want to cum in Tony’s bathroom.

As I was squirting for the fourth time Tony walked in.

“Ah, I see that you worked-out how to douche; well done. Put it back together and get dried then come to the kitchen.”

With that he was gone. I did as told and wrapped the towel round myself and walked to the kitchen.

“Did I tell you to wear the towel?”

“No.”

“No what?”

“No Tony.”

“No Tony; or no Sir.”

“Sorry Tony.”

I unfastened the towel, folded it and put it on the worktop.

“That’s better slut.” Tony said. “Whenever you are here you will be naked all the time. Understand?”

“Yes sir.” I said; wondering what he meant by the ‘whenever you are here’ bit.

“Drink this.” Tony said, giving me a glass.

“Down in one.” Tony said.

I did; and got one hell of a shock. I nearly chocked as I gasped for air.

“Bloody hell; was that whiskey?” I asked.

“Yes, you looked like you could do with a stiff drink.”

I felt a warm glow all over.

“Right Claire, come and sit down, we need to talk.”

Tony led me to the lounge and pointed to the sofa. I sat down, sinking into the very comfortable cushions.

“Claire; you’ve been a very stupid girl. Twice now you’ve done things that could very easily be interpreted as criminal. Each time I’ve offered you an alternative to calling the police, and each time you’ve accepted an alternative punishment. The problem is that each time you’ve really enjoyed that punishment, so much so that I really do get the impression that you are submissive and enjoy the embarrassment and humiliation. Am I right?”

I thought for a few seconds. Tony was right. I did enjoy the gangbangs and being naked in front of strangers. I even enjoyed the physical punishments. I’d come so close to cumming a few times when being spanked or whipped. Even as Tony was talking about these things I felt my pussy get wet.

“Yes sir Tony.”

“Well Claire, I need a fuck-toy and someone to keep this place clean and I think that you are the ideal candidate. I want you to find a way to tell your parents that you are leaving home and going to move in here. There will, of course, be a few rules, and you will still have to work at the business every day.”