**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 03**

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*Author’s Notes: -*

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

*V*

I had just been made to strip naked, been flogged on my butt, tits and pussy, and been gangbanged in the function room at the local Red Lion Pub; by, and in front of, most of my former college class mates and some of my current work mates.

It was the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me.

Now I was sat, still naked, on the sofa in my boss’ apartment and he has just offered, no, told me; that I was going to live there and be his personal fuck-toy, his sex slave.

How was I supposed to respond to that? How could I tell my very straight-laced parents that I had to move in to my boss’ apartment, be naked all the time and be his fuck-toy?

How could I refuse to do it and get my life back to that of your average young woman?

I couldn’t. I had done some very stupid things and the alternative was to get reported to the police and probably get locked-up; and that’s not to mention the shame that it would bring on my parents. The court case, me going to prison and those videos that show me begging people to do those things to me; it would kill my parents.

The other thing that I had to take into consideration was the embarrassment and humiliation of the things that Tony was making me do. Yes, they are extremely embarrassing and humiliating but they’re so exciting and really do make me horny and wanting more. How the hell can a woman be like that? Where’s the logic in that? I don’t understand it but I crave more of it.

“Yes Tony, I will do as you ask. I will find a way to tell my parents that I am coming to live here. Thank you; I will be your fuck-toy.”

“I’m not asking you Claire, I’m telling you what you will do.”

“Yes Sir, that’s what I meant.”

“Right, there will be a few rules for you to obey but they will keep for later. Now you will come over here and give me a blowjob then you will sleep on the sofa tonight.”

I got up then got on my knees in front of Tony. He held my hair and pulled and pushed my head up and down until I felt his cum slide down my throat.

As I lay on the sofa trying to get some sleep I thought about all that had happened that day. The shame, the humiliation, I felt sick; and what was I going to tell my parents? I eventually fell asleep thinking about that problem.

“Claire! CLAIRE! Come on, wake up and get me some breakfast.”

I slowly opened my eyes and looked up.

“Claire; get up and put the coffee on, then get me some eggs and bacon.”

“Yes Tony.” I replied as I slowly came round.”

I looked around, then down at myself. Yes, I was in Tony’s apartment and yes, I was start naked, and yes, my tits and pussy were still a bit red.

“OMG, it’s all real, it wasn’t a dream. Fuck, this is going to be my new home, and dressed like this.” I thought. ”My parents; shit, what am I going to tell them?”

It’s true what they say about your brain solving problems while you sleep; I knew what I had to say to them.

I sat opposite Tony eating breakfast in silence to start with. I thought more about what I’d got myself into and looked around the room. It was quite a nice place really, all modern and clean. It wouldn’t be too bad living there if it hadn’t have been for the horrible situation that I’d got myself in to. But living there naked, and having to do anything and everything that Tony tells me? What if he has friends or neighbours over? Would I still have to be naked then? Would he expect, no, order me to have sex with them? Would I have to travel to and from work naked and be totally naked at work? In effect being a permanent nudist, a Permanude as Tony calls it. It was soo humiliating even just thinking about it; but at the same time, my pussy was tingling and getting very wet. What was wrong with me?

I was a bit puzzled about the 4 very large monitors that were mounted on one wall in a big rectangle; none were switched on so I had no idea why Tony needed 4 televisions. I didn’t ask.

After a while I said,

“Tony, please can I wait until next Saturday to move in? If I can it will give my parents time to get used to the idea of me moving out. I’ll tell them that it’s time that I started to look after myself, learn to live away from home; after all, I’m 19 and should be learning to become independent.”

“Independent;” I thought, “Tony was making me become his slave, his naked slave.” The tingling got stronger.

“Hmm,” Tony replied after a while; “I’m not trying to punishing your parents, only you, so okay Claire, that works for me; next Saturday it is.”

“Can I bring all my clothes please? I won’t wear any of them unless you tell me to; it’s just that If I don’t my mum will become suspicious.”

“Fair enough, you can leave them in your suitcase.”

“Where will I be sleeping Tony?”

“Wherever I want you to; maybe on the sofa, maybe on the floor, maybe in my bed or maybe even in the spare room where you can keep your things. Each night I’ll tell you where to sleep.”

“Thank you Tony.”

“Right, when we’ve finished here get things cleaned-up then go and have a shower. After that, come and bend over the back of the sofa with your legs spread and wait for me. After I’ve fucked you I’ll drive you home.”

“My car is in the Red Lion car park, can you take me there please?”

“Okay.”

“Where are my clothes?”

“No idea, didn’t you keep an eye on them last night?”

“I was a little busy last night.”

“So you were; I guess that you’ll be going home like that then.”

I was about to say something but then I remembered the spare set of clothes that I keep in my car.

“Thank goodness that I’m an organized person.” I thought.

I stood up after Tony had fucked me and felt his cum start to leak out of my pussy.

“Can I go and get cleaned up please Tony? I asked.

“No, you can go home like that; my cum will remind you of what you have to do.”

“Can I borrow something to wear until I get to my car please?”

“No, you arrived here like that so you can leave here like that.”

“But its day now, it’s light out there.”

“And? …..”

“And people will see me.”

“And? …..”

“And I’ll be embarrassed.”

“And? …..”

I knew that I wouldn’t win so I gave up.

I was lucky, no one saw us leaving the building. I couldn’t tell about the short walk to Tony’s car, there was no one out there but the whole area is surrounded by houses and apartment blocks. Who knows?

I slunk down in the passenger seat of Tony’s car as we drove along. It wasn’t that far, only about 15 minutes, but Tony told me to spread my legs and play with my pussy. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there wasn’t enough time for me to make myself cum even though I hadn’t orgasmed yet that day.

Tony pulled into the Red Lion car park but he parked at the opposite end to where my car was. I nearly asked him to move to beside my car but I knew that it would be pointless. Just as soon as I got out of Tony’s car he was off, leaving me to fend for myself.

I looked around then made a dash for my car. Fortunately, my dad had got a spare key cut and had shown me where I could hide it,

“Just in case.” He had said.

I was very grateful to my dad that morning.

I quickly put the dress and shoes on that were in the car then decided that I’d go into the pub and ask if anyone had found my bag, skirt and top. Fortunately, the pub opens early, trying to catch the breakfast trade.

As I walked in I wished that I’d put some knickers in the car with my spare clothes, Tony’s cum was still creeping down the insides of my thighs and the light breeze was making it cold and making my nipples tent my thin tank top.

There was a middle-aged man behind the bar and I blushed as I asked if anyone had handed in a handbag and some clothes, saying that I left them in the function room.

“The cleaners found a bag but no clothes.” The man said, then continued,

“The cleaners found a dildo as well. That wouldn’t be yours as well would it? What on earth were you lot doing up there last night.”

My face felt like it was on fire.

“No, no, I wouldn’t know anything about that, just my bag. It was a sort of school reunion party last night.”

I checked my bag and was pleased to see that nothing was missing. I also remembered my dad always telling me to only take what I would need when I went out.

When I got home I went and had another shower then made mum and me a coffee. As we talked I put my plan into action. Mum was very understanding and agreed with my reasoning but she kept saying that I could move back in whenever I wanted to. She told me that she’d talk to dad when he got back from the football.

When I saw dad the next morning he hugged me and repeated what mum had said about me always being welcome back there and that he hoped that I would visit them very frequently. I had a flash thought of Tony ordering me to visit them whilst naked but quickly dismissed it; Tony wouldn’t be that cruel.

I spent the rest of the day thinking about what I would take and what I would leave there, hoping that Tony would soon decide that I’d been punished enough, but at the same time my pussy was telling me that I wanted to be naked forever and everywhere. My poor brain was soo confused.

I put some things, and clothes, into a suitcase that mum said that I could take, and put some things into cardboard boxes that dad gave me. As I went round my room I came across the clock and the teddy bear that Tony had given me as birthday presents. I decided to leave them where they were having seen quite a few clocks in Tony’s apartment and hoping that I wouldn’t get upset and need something to cuddle.

The next week flew by. As what has become usual, I strip naked as soon as I get there and put on the ‘2 rectangle’ skirt and spend the day dressed in only that. It does just about cover my pussy and part of my butt when I’m just standing there but the delivery guys always manage to get me to bend over or squat down to do something and my tits quiver as they stare at them and whatever the 2 rectangle reveal as I move about.

Rajeev, the snack van man is still managing to find something sexist to say to me each day. Whenever it’s cold outside (usually) the comments are usually about my rock hard nipples and the goosebumps on my tits. I’m dreading having to go out there when the frost and snow arrives.

More and more of the workers in the other nearby units are walking over to where Rajeev stops outside our unit and I’ve sort of got immune to their comments and suggestions about what they would like to do to my body, but I still listen and they always make my pussy tingle and get wetter even though my brain hates me being there. It keeps telling me to just walk away and move to a different town, somewhere Tony can’t find me and where I can live like a normal young woman.

The gangbangs are still the highlight of the installation guy’s days and I’m sure that they are getting better at planning their days so that they can get back in time to fuck me before they go home. My brain keeps telling me that it’s all wrong and that I should refuse to be the object of their depravity but my pussy keeps telling me that I love every second of it and that I want more and more.

Just before the Friday after work gangbang, Tony called me into his office and told me to take my skirt off. He then got me to lie on his desk and hold my knees near my shoulders. He then fucked me until he’d cum deep inside me.

I had to stay like that while he left for home after telling me to be at his apartment at 10 o’clock in the morning with my belongings. He told me to phone him just before I left home.

Five minutes later Pete and Duncan came into Tony’s office, laughed at the position that I was still in, then picked me up and carried me to the kitchen where all 4 of them took it in turns to fuck my pussy and mouth.

Again, as usual, they left me to recover, clean myself then lock up.

That Friday evening was a family one, albeit a bit subdued, as all 3 of us were sad that I was moving out.

On the Saturday morning dad helped me load my car then after a few tears from both mum and me, I drove off. I was a couple of streets away when I remembered that I was supposed to phone Tony before I left home so I pulled over and phoned him.

“Drive round a corner, stop, and get naked then drive here naked.” Tony told me.

“I can’t do that, it’s the middle of the morning and I have to drive through town. People will see me.”

“Claire, do you want me to hang-up then phone the police?”

“No, please Tony, please don’t make me do it.”

“Claire …..”

“Okay, okay; I’ll do it.”

“And phone me as soon as you switch your engine off.”

The phone went dead and I just sat there. I started to think of routes that I could take where there was less chance of me being seen, where there were no 2 lane traffic lights. I’d just worked out a route and was putting the car in gear when I remembered that Tony had told me to get naked.

I shimmied the denim skirt down and pulled my top up over my head. As Tony had stopped me wearing underwear months ago I was now naked apart from my shoes. When Tony had first told me to drive whilst naked he had told me that shoes don’t count and that I could keep them on.

I was lucky and, as far as I know, no one saw that I was naked. That is until I stopped outside Tony’s apartment. I’d reversed into a slot between 2 cars in the little car park and just as I switched the engine off I realized that a young woman was getting into the can next to me. She saw that I was naked and smiled, then gave me the thumbs up before getting into her car and driving off.

“Did she really think that driving whilst naked was a good thing?” I thought but then remembered that I was supposed to phone Tony.

“Right Claire, get out of your car and wait for me to get down there.”

“But I’m naked, can I get dressed before I get out?”

“No Claire. Just stand at the back of your car and wait.”

“But …..”

The line went dead.

I looked around. I could see a few teenagers about a couple hundred meters away walking towards me and hoped that Tony would get to me quickly.

He didn’t. Although I was standing to the side of the back of my car, they arrived there just as Tony was walking up to me. My eyes were going back and forth from Tony to the teenagers and it was one of the teenage boys that saw me first.

“Hey look at that girl.”

“Fucking hell.”

“It must me cold today.”

“Bend over the front of your car for me love.”

“Good for you girl.” From one of the girls.

Were some of the remarks. I didn’t want to look them in the face so I was looking at Tony. He saw that I had one arm covering part of my tits and the other hand in front of my pussy and he glared at me. He held his arms like I was then put them by his sides. It was obvious that he wanted my arms to go to my sides.

I slowly complied, resulting in a few more comments from the teenagers.

“Okay guys, have you never seen a naked girl before? On your way.” Tony said to them and they walked on.

“Why didn’t you come out sooner?” I asked. “If you had I wouldn’t have had the embarrassment of all that.”

“You can’t tell me that you didn’t enjoy that Claire.”

“No I didn’t. It’s bad enough having to be naked with you around but they were strangers. It’s so humiliating.”

“Come on Clare, you’re not fooling me, you enjoyed it.”

“No I didn’t.”

Tony took a step closer and ran a finger along my slit. Bringing his wet finger up to my face he just looked at me for a couple of seconds then said,

“Open.”

I opened my mouth and his wet finger went in. I instinctively sucked his finger.

“You taste nice as well don’t you Claire?”

I just stood there sucking his finger until he pulled it out. Turning to my car he opened the rear and lifted 1 of my 2 cases out.

“Come on Claire, I know that you’d rather stand out here all day but I’ve got things to do.”

“What about my other case and the boxes?” I asked.

“You can come back for them when you’ve got that one upstairs.”

“Gee thanks.” I said and started pulling the case towards the building.

Thankfully, we didn’t see anyone else and we made it to his apartment without incident.

“Right Claire, go and get your other case and the boxes.”

“Will you come with me Tony?”

“No, you’re a big girl Claire.”

“Can I wait until it gets dark?”

“No, go now Claire.”

Reluctantly, I opened the door and ran down the corridor then the stairs then out to my car. I’d just got my case out when I heard a voice say,

“Nice body young lady.” I turned and saw an old man walking his dog.

“Thank you Sir, please excuse me, I have to go.”

I grabbed the case handle and started walking back to the building.

Going downstairs when you are in a hurry is easy, but I couldn’t carry the case up the stairs so I had to wait for the lift like we had done the first time. That time the lift was empty when the doors opened but this time I was confronted by a young couple about my age. When they saw me they both smiled and the girl said,

“Lost a bet did you?”

“No, I err, I’m just moving in.”

“Forgot to leave something out to travel in did you? The boy asked.

“No, I err, I’ve got to go.” I replied and pushed passed them and waited for the doors to close with my back to them.

“Nice tits.” I heard the boy say as the couple walked away; then “Ouch, what was that for?”

I smiled and thought,

“Should have kept your gob shut mate.”

I repeated the exercise until all my belongings were in Tony’s apartment. Fortunately there weren’t any more embarrassing meetings.

“Right Claire; put your belongings in the spare room then wander around and get to know what is where.”

I did, and I was quite impressed really, Tony is a bit of a minimalist really, and a tidy one at that. Keeping the place clean and tidy was going to be easy.

The apartment has one big room and a little corridor going off one side. Down the corridor is the main bedroom on one side and a smaller bedroom and a bathroom on the other side.

Then I looked up at the 4 large monitors on the wall behind me. OMG, each one was split into 4 different screens. In some of the 16 mini screens were what I assumed were images from cameras somewhere. I looked at each one in turn to try to work out where the camera was.

One was the little car park outside the building and I could see the back of my car. Then I realized that Tony must have watched me arrive and seen the teenagers approaching. The bastard had deliberately let me stand there as they walked up to me and saw my naked body.

I was annoyed and my pussy tingled.

Then I saw some images that I recognized as from work. One was of my chair; the camera must be under my desk somewhere. He must have watched me masturbate at my desk.

My pussy tingled some more but my brain was getting annoyed.

Next I saw my bedroom. I got more annoyed and wetter. I studied the angle of the view and realized that the camera must be in that damn clock that he gave me all those months ago. My brain wished that I had never plugged it in. My pussy was thinking otherwise.

I couldn’t work out where the other images were of but my pussy wasn’t letting my brain concentrate.

“Tony,” I said, “will you fuck me please?”

“No Claire, I will not. What’s more, don’t you dare touch your pussy with anything; not until I tell you to.”

“Tony, please.”

“No Claire. Now finish looking around then put a load of washing on. I need a clean shirt for Monday.”

“Oh shit,” I thought, “He’s going to work me like a slave as well.”

Next, I looked over to the big window; outside I could see some other blocks of apartments. Inside, in one corner of the room was a little mini gym with a bench, some weights, a treadmill, an exercise cycle and a couple of small items that I didn’t know what they were for.

Moving on to the bedrooms I saw that the beds in both of them had metal headboards and the one on the spare room (mine if I’m allowed to sleep there) has 2 pairs of handcuffs, one attached to each end of the headboard.

“Fucking hell,” I thought, “he’s going to torture me in 2 different ways. Oh why was I so stupid?”

Back in the lounge, Tony was sat on the sofa using a laptop. Images of different places were popping up on different ones of the 16 mini-screens. I went and sat on one of the arm chairs and watched what was happening on the screens. On the one of my bedroom back home I saw my mum enter the room and strip the bed. I’d left the room tidy but she went round it re-arranging a few things. Then she left with the laundry.

Eventually, Tony looked up and ay me.

“Claire, now that you’re living here there a few rules that you need to adhere to. If you break any of them you will get punished, physically or mentally punished. The humiliation punishments for the thefts will continue until I see fit to stop them. The rules are: -

1. When you arrive here you will strip totally naked outside the door before entering.
2. You will remain totally naked until you leave, unless I tell you otherwise, and you will dress outside the apartment after you have locked the door.
3. Each night you will ask where I want you to sleep.
4. When sitting anywhere in the apartment you will sit with your knees at least shoulder width apart.
5. When anyone knocks on the door you will open it whilst still naked and you will not try to hide behind the door, you will let whoever it is see you full-frontal.
6. You may wear an apron whilst doing any cooking.
7. When I have guests here you will remain naked and serve us all drinks and food as appropriate.
8. When I have guests here you will allow them to touch and grope your body if they so wish.
9. You will never close any internal room doors.
10. You will not close any of the blinds or curtains.
11. If you see anyone from any nearby building watching you will act as if you haven’t seen them.
12. Whenever I take you anywhere you will ask me what you will wear.
13. Whenever I take you anywhere you will sit with your knees at least shoulder width apart.
14. If you go out on your own you will ask me what you shall wear.
15. If I am not here and you go out you will wear only a microskirt and top or a micro dress. Whenever the weather is cold you are permitted to wear a coat instead of the skirt and top or dress. The only exception to this is when visiting your relatives.
16. You will shave all of your body below your neck once per day.
17. You will stop wearing make-up of any sort; you are a beautiful young lady and don’t need make-up.
18. You will work-out on the gym equipment for at least 30 minutes every other day.
19. You will accompany me to my badminton club each Monday evening, and play when we are a player short.

“Wow, that’s a lot of rules Tony; please can I put some clothes on when anyone comes here? It will be so embarrassing letting them see me naked.”

“No.”

“Can I at least choose what I wear when you take me anywhere?”

“No Claire. The list is what you WILL do. You know what the alternative is.”

“What will happen if I break any of the rules?”

“You will get punished, either physically as you have been in the past, or mentally by sever embarrassment or humiliation. I may find other ways, physical or mental, and I will let you know at the time.”

My heart sank a little. He was going to expose my body to goodness knows who, and physically punish me, and there was nothing that I could do about it. At least I can still pluck my eyebrows.

Why was my pussy tingling and getting even wetter? That can’t be right. I must be some sort of freak.

Tony then told me to make us a drink and some snacks. After that I had to do 30 minutes exercise after I was stupid enough to tell him that it was months since I’d had any proper exercise. He told me that 30 minutes on the exercise cycle would be a good start for me, but before I climbed on it he adjusted the seat so that I just couldn’t quite touch the pedals when they were at their lowest. He told me to slide from side to side on the saddle so that I could reach them.

OMG! I’ve really got to thank Tony for that; as soon as I started to pedal the sliding from side to side stimulated my clitoris and within a couple of minutes I had my first cycle orgasm.

Tony urged, no told me to pedal faster and I must have had 5 or 6 orgasms before he told me to stop. As my heart rate started to get back to normal I decided that things weren’t going to be too bad living there. I also decided that when my ordeal was final over and I was living in a place of my own, one of the first things that I was going to buy was an exercise cycle so that I could bring myself off in the privacy of my own place.

I was then told to go and have a shower and then do a little fashion parade of all the micro-skirts and tops and short dresses that I have. He told me that he was going to select an outfit for me to go to the supermarket in. I quickly realized that I’d have to be very careful when I got anything from the low or high shelves.

I felt like I was dressed as a slut or a hooker as we left the apartment.

Fortunately, the supermarket was very busy and whenever Tony told me to bend down or reach up there were so many people around that I don’t think that anyone saw my bare butt or pussy.

The same couldn’t be said for the car park. Tony insisted that I stand at the back of the trolley and reach over and down to get things out to put in the back of his car. I saw one old man that had stopped and was watching me bend over. I tried to be quick but that didn’t stop my pussy from tingling. I also heard an old woman calling me a slut and say that I should be ashamed of myself as she pushed her trolley passed us. I was ashamed of myself, but what could I do? I was, I am, trapped in my new life.