**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04**

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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*

That night Tony took me to his local pub. I guess that he wanted to show his new acquisition to his mates. I got introduced as ‘his new fuck-toy’; which I guess that I am.

Tony had picked out another very revealing outfit for me and I spent the evening having one or other of his mates looking through the open buttons of my top, or up my micro-skirt when we sat down. I remembered how Tony had told me to sit and I flashed my bald pussy to his mates and other people in the pub.

Fortunately, Tony and his mates bought me lots of drinks and the alcohol numbed my brain and I stopped thinking about the embarrassment and humiliation. My pussy didn’t stop thinking about its and my tits exposure, and I was feeling horny and very wet all evening. I didn’t complain, in fact I enjoyed it, when Tony send me to the bar to get a round of drinks and one of his mates came with me. He stood beside me and his hand went up my skirt and caressed my bare butt.

It was nice, and I was unhappy when he had to stop.

Tony took me to the bar one time and he stood behind me. As we waited to get served he put his arms round me and slid his hands up the front of my top. He was holding my tits all the time that the young girl was serving us.

She looked familiar and I think that she was at college at the same time as I was. She looked at my chest and saw my top moving about as Tony’s hands groped my tits. She smiled but didn’t say anything.

All (4) of Tony’s mates wanted to hug me when we parted to go home. Each one of them groped my bare butt while Tony stood and watched. One of them slid his hand between my legs and got his fingers wet from my pussy.

In the car on the way home I told Tony that it was horrible having to expose myself like that, and to be groped in public like that. All Tony said was,

“Come on Claire, you know that you enjoyed it.”

“I didn’t.” I replied.

His hand went to my pussy and I felt a finger invade my hole. He pulled it out and held it in front of my mouth. Instinctively, I opened my mouth and sucked his finger. As I was doing so he said,

“Told you.”

When I got out of the car back at the apartment, Tony told me to go to the front of the car and take my skirt off. It was late and when I looked around I couldn’t see anyone.

After bending me over the front of the car and fucking me, he led the bottomless me back to his apartment. I really was glad that it was late and dark.

I was told to sleep in the spare room that night.

I was up before Tony the next morning and I had coffee and breakfast waiting for him. No sooner than I’d cleaned up there was a knock on the door.

“Go Claire, answering the door is your job now.”

“But I’m naked.”

“And? …..”

Resigned to the embarrassment, I walked across the room and opened the door. My brain told me to cover my tits and pussy but my pussy won and I just stood there and let Harry, one of Tony’s mates from the pub, look up and down my naked body.

“I’ve brought back those videos that we talked about Tony.” Harry said holding up a memory stick.

“Come in Harry.” Tony shouted.

Harry’s eyes moved up to my face as I stepped back and fully opened the door.

“Claire, get Harry a coffee.” Tony said.

As I was getting the coffees Tony said,

“Why don’t we watch them again?”

Harry agreed and when I carried the coffees over I looked up at the 4 huge monitors. Split over the 4 of them there was one gigantic view of me lying on my home bed, totally naked and masturbating. I nearly dropped the coffees.

“OMG! Turn it off. Please turn it off Tony.”

“I don’t think so Claire. You look good up there.”

“No please Tony, turn it off.”

“Oh no; in fact I think that it would be a good idea if you gave us a live performance right now. What do you think Henry?”

“Sounds good to me.” Henry replied.

I was then made to sit with my back to the wall below the huge monitors with my legs spread wide and to masturbate for them.

It was so humiliating but at the same time I was so turned on. It didn’t take me long to cum and Tony told me to keep going and I orgasmed again before the videos stopped.

“Well done Claire,” Tony said, “keep cumming like that and I might just go lightly on you for a while. But first, get on that exercise cycle and show Harry how good you are at cycling.”

“I can’t Tony, I’m knackered and there’s only so many times that a girl can cum in straight succession.”

“Maybe, but I’m sure that you haven’t reached that limit yet. Besides, won’t you just pass-out when you can’t take anymore?”

I didn’t answer him because he was probably right. Instead I got up and slowly walked over to the exercise cycle.

Fifteen minutes and 2 more orgasms, Tony finally told me that I could stop. I wasn’t totally sure that I wanted to stop; I was enjoying myself so much and the fact that 2 men were watching me sort of made me want to keep going. But I didn’t. I got off the bike and nearly collapsed onto the floor. My legs were like jelly for a few seconds.

Harry had been watching me from pretty close-up and he saw me falter. He jumped up and grabbed me then picked me up. If I hadn’t of felt a little faint the touch of his hands on my naked flesh could easily have made me cum again. As it was, he carried me over to the sofa and lay me down.

That was about all the sympathy that I got because Tony told me to open my legs. When I did he said,

“Well it looks like a well fucked pussy Harry but its hours since she got fucked.”

“Yes, it is all red and swollen and wet. Maybe she’s one of these girls who looks horny and well fucked all the time.”

“Maybe that would explain some of her actions. She does like to cum a lot doesn’t she?”

Tony put his hand on my pussy and said,

“Her cunt’s red hot as well. Feel it.”

Tony moved his hand and Henry put his there. I was used to Tony’s hand being there but Henry had never touched me there before and the feeling caused me to gasp and I felt my pussy twitch.

“Finger fuck her if you like mate.”

Henry wasn’t going to miss the opportunity and his finger pumped in and out, slowly at first then as my breathing got faster the finger pumping went faster and faster. The inevitable happened and I orgasmed - again.

“You can fuck her proper next time if you like.” I heard Tony say as he finally removed his finger and then licked it.

“Cheers mate, I’ll look forward to that.”

“Fucking hell,” I thought, “he’s whoring me out now. I really am nothing more than a sex-slave.”

I closed my eyes and thought about the horrible mess that I’d got myself in to.

As I lay there I heard Henry leave and Tony doing something in the kitchen area. The next thing that I knew was Tony perching on the sofa beside me.

“Here Claire,” Tony said putting a glass in my hand. “Drink this; you look like you need it.”

I gulped the whiskey down in one go, coughed, then said,

“Yes, I did, thank you.”

“Don’t worry Claire, I’m going to punish you and you will enjoy it, but I’m not going to break you. At some point it will all end and you can go back to being a normal, respectable young lady. That’s if you want to, you seem to like all this punishment one hell of a lot. Maybe you are a born nymphomaniac who enjoys being humiliated and I just happen to be the lucky guy who made you realise that.”

I didn’t say anything; I just lay there thinking about what Tony had just said. Was he right? Was I a nympho? Did I really enjoy the embarrassment and humiliation? My pussy certainly seemed to think so.

I was brought back to reality by my phone ringing. It was my mum wanting to know how I was and how I was settling in. I sort of lied and told her that everything was wonderful.

Mum told me a bit of family news; my cousin Aria was starting at the college that I went to. She was planning to bus over each day (about an hour each way). I said that that was stupid and that as I’d moved out I wouldn’t mind if she used my old room.

Mum said that it was too soon and that I might change my mind and want to move back in. My brain was telling me that I did want to move back home but how could I? Tony wouldn’t let me and my pussy wouldn’t be happy either.

We left it with mum saying that she’d think about it.

Before we hung-up mum invited me to Sunday Lunch the following week. I told her that I’d be happy to go, hoping that Tony would let me.

Over tea I told Tony about my Sunday Lunch invite.

“Of course you can go; I’m not your jailer.”

I nearly laughed, then told him about Aria and what I’d told my mum about my room. Tony’s reaction was to ask me what she looked like. Not understanding the relevance I told him that she was a bit like me.

“Slim?”

“Yes.”

“Big tits?”

“No, about the same size as me. Why does all this matter?”

“It doesn’t probably.”

I was still a bit puzzled as to why he wanted to know what Aria looked like but I soon forgot about it when he told me to spread my legs to see if my pussy was still as red, wet and swollen as it had been earlier.

It wasn’t red anymore, nor was it swollen, but it was still wet, all shinny.

“Good girl.” Tony said as he put his hand on it and pressed in between my lips for a second. I felt his finger at the entrance to my hole but he didn’t penetrate it.

“Okay Claire, the rest of the evening is yours,” Tony told me, “I won’t make any more demands on you today. You can do whatever you want; except that the rules still apply.”

When he’d started to say that I thought about putting some clothes on but that thought soon disappeared when he finished what he said.

I settled for a quiet night on my laptop on the sofa. When I opened it I saw the camera and went and got a band aid out of my bag to cover it. I didn’t want any of my friends accidentally seeing that I was naked.

Later on, Tony stripped down to his boxers and went and had a workout. I watched him and decided that he isn’t that bad looking; in fact he’s quite cute really. I thought about him working out naked but I didn’t dare ask him to even though my pussy started tingling as I watched.

I was told to sleep in the spare room again and as I climbed into the bed I realised that I was starting to think of the room as mine.

I was crying as I tried to get to sleep and sex was the last thing on my mind. I was thinking about the horrible situation that I’d got myself in to. I hated it. Why couldn’t I be at home snugly wrapped up in my own bed? Why did I have to have a pussy that takes control of me? Was there some sort of drug that would make my whole pussy and tits go numb so that I didn’t have to suffer like Tony was making me?

I put my hand over my pussy and cursed it. Then it started tingling and I just had to rub my clit.

Tony had to remind me to not get dressed inside the apartment the next morning when we left for work and I was glad that the apartment block wasn’t that big and didn’t have lots of people walking about.

Tony drove me to work and I had a quick thought about the money that I was saving on rent and petrol. My pussy wasn’t the only thing benefiting from my new living arrangements, my bank balance was benefiting as well.

At work, the day went just the same as any other one these days except that I didn’t have to wait for Tony before stripping and putting on those horrible rectangles.

Tony had to tell Duncan and Arron to get a move on in the kitchen that evening and I wasn’t totally satisfied with the fucking that they gave me; but I hoped that Tony would take care of that later.

He did, that night he told me to sleep in his bed and he gave me a slow, passionate fucking before going to sleep.

The Monday evening was different. It was Tony’s badminton evening and he’d already told me that I was going to go with him.

“What shall I wear?” I asked.

He picked out a skirt and top for me and I put them to one side to put them on when I went out of the apartment door.

“What shall I wear for the badminton? And you do realised that I’ve never played badminton before don’t you?”

“Yes, I do realise that. As for what you’ll wear whist playing, you’ll wear what you are right now.”

“But, but it’s a school gym, there could be kids there, and what about the other players? It will be embarrassing and will they be happy playing with a naked girl?”

“Don’t worry about kids. There’s never any there at that time of the evening, and as for the other player, I’m sure that they won’t mind. In fact I’m sure that they’ll look forward to getting their hands on you.”

“I thought that badminton was a ‘no contact’ sport.”

“It is, but I’m sure that they’ll find a way to get their hands on those tits and that pussy.”

“But, but …..”

I didn’t bother finishing the sentence; I knew that I wouldn’t win. Besides, my pussy was telling me that it might be fun.

When we arrived at the school I saw 2 young men walking into the gym before us. We went straight to the boy’s changing room where Tony introduced me to 6 other young men. I was introduced as ‘Claire, the sex slave.’

A couple of the men were still getting changed and I saw one cock as the sports shorts went on.

“None of you mind if Claire strips off and watches and maybe plays if Tom doesn’t turn up do you?”

Six young men all confirmed that it wasn’t a problem and my pussy told me that I didn’t mind either.

“Okay Claire, get those clothes off.” Tony instructed.

Six pairs of eyes watched as my top then my skirt came off.

“Turn round Claire, let them have a good look at you.”

I wanted to cover my tits and pussy but I was sure that Tony would tell me not to, besides, my pussy wanted to be seen.

“Jump up and down, do some jumping jacks for the guys. That way they’ll see just how much your tits wobble. Sorry guys if you like big tits, but as you can see Claire doesn’t have much up there. They only wobble, not bounce.”

I wasn’t sure if I should have been embarrassed or pleased by that last bit, but one of the men said,

“I don’t like big tits. Anything more than a handful is a waste.”

Three of the other men agreed and I felt a little better.

“Anyone want to volunteer to teach Claire some of the basics while the rest of us have a proper game?” Tony asked.

There was no shortage of volunteers and as we walked out to the gym I asked,

“Are you sure that there will be no kids here?”

“Relax Claire, there never has been over the last year or so.”

I felt a little better; if it is possible for a naked girl to feel better when she is surrounded by 7 clothed men.

The next couple of hours were spent with me being taught how to play badminton by 6 different men. Tony decided that they should all take it in turns to teach me and none of them disagreed with him.

What they all did was stand right behind me, press on my back and hold my right arm on the pretext of showing me the different strokes (?) that I should use to achieve different results. One thing that I did learn was that they all had hard cocks that they delighted in pressing into my butt. It was kinda nice and it made my pussy tingle.

When the 2 hours was over we went back to the changing room. I went to put my clothes on and hoped that I’d get a chance to see at least some of the men have a shower.

“What are you doing Claire?” Tony asked. “You’re having a shower as well.”

“I can manage until we get home so I don’t need to go to the girls changing room.”

“No, no Claire, get in the showers here.”

“But you guys will be in there.”

“And …..”

My shoulders dropped an as I walked to the showers, the others were stripping off and there were soon 7 naked men and 1 naked girl in the showers. My pussy loved it and there was no shortage of volunteers to soap my body. Well Tony didn’t help. I guess that he wanted me to himself when we got back home.

Those guys brought me to 4 orgasms with their hands as they ‘washed’ my pussy over and over again, and Tony promised that starting the next week one of them could fuck me each week.

My pussy wasn’t sure if 1 per week was better than all 6 each week. My brain didn’t want any of it. It thought that it was all wrong.

Finally dry and tired, Tony let me get dressed and we went home. He fucked me doggy style on his bed before he went to sleep. I cuddled up to him and went to sleep with by back to him.

I woke up on the next morning to the felling of Tony fucking me hard from behind. My first reaction was of horror, I was being raped in my sleep, but that was my brain talking. My pussy soon took control and I came shortly before Tony did.

“That was a hell of a way to wake up Tony.” I said as we lay there getting our breath back. “You scared the life out of me. I’d been dreaming about getting raped and then you started fucking me whilst I was still asleep. For a second I thought that the rape must have been real. I suppose that in a way, it was. All this, this living here and the things that you make me do are a form of captivity and rape.”

“Don’t be silly Claire; you know that you love it here. And why would you have so many orgasms if it was all against your will. You just love being treated the way that you are.”

“No I don’t.”

Tony turned on his side facing me and put his hand on my soaking wet pussy.

“This tells me that you do like it.” Tony said as 2 of his finger slid into my pussy and bent upwards hitting my G-spot.

I moaned and wanted more but Tony pulled his hand away and up to my mouth which opened wide to accept my juice, and his jism, covered fingers.

The rest of the week went relatively quietly, although during a couple of quiet periods I did reflect on my new life. I wasn’t at all aroused at those times and felt quite sorry for myself.

The second time got interrupted by a phone call. It was Tony; he was out with a potential client.

“Open your legs and start rubbing your pussy.” He commanded.

“And don’t try telling me that you already are, I can see your bare legs and bare pubes.”

It was then that I remembered the camera that was somewhere under my desk. I had no choice, even though I wasn’t at all aroused.

As I complied with the command and slowly started rubbing, Tony said,

“That’s it Claire. Keep doing that until you’ve cum twice. You have a little audience that is enjoying the view.”

With that he hung-up and I was left wondering if there really was an unknown number of people watching me masturbate. Knowing that Tony was watching as well, I had no choice, I had to keep going.

Just as I was cumming the first time Sandra returned from her trip to wherever. She looked at me, smiled and said,

“My god Claire, you really are a slut. You can’t even wait until 5 o’clock in the kitchen.”

When I was able I replied,

“It’s Tony, he’s with a client and they’re watching me through the camera under my desk.”

“The next time that it happens let me know and we’ll swap places.”

“Does that mean that I’d be able to wear your clothes Sandra?”

“No chance. You’re wearing the only clothes that Tony will let you. I don’t know why he bothers you with that ridiculous skirt; you may as well just be naked.”

I sort of agreed with her, it was ridiculous, but it was a skirt. It gave me a slight sort of security. On the other hand, my pussy really was agreeing with her. It wanted me to be totally naked all the time, permanently nude, a Permanude as Tony calls it.

I kept going until I’d cum again. Tony didn’t call back and I’d done what he’s told me to do so I opened the email that had just arrived.

Yet another nearly nude week, with all the accompanying embarrassment and humiliation, ended and I found myself sitting in Tony’s car for the ride home. I was sat on the towel that he’d told me to put on the seat before I get in on an evening. He’d told me that he didn’t want all the jism from his staff leaking out onto his car seat.

Just after we’d eaten and I’d cleaned up the doorbell rang. By that time I was sort of getting used to being naked all the time in his apartment and I just got up and went to the door.

“Surpri ……” The young woman started to say as I opened the door. She just stared at me in silence for a few seconds then said,

“Who the fuck are you? And why haven’t you got any clothes on?”

“Oh hi sis, come on in,” Tony said from behind me, “this is Claire, Claire Cumalot, she’s an employee with benefits; she’s staying with me for a while. Claire, meet my sister Zoey.”

“Oh, I see,” Zoey said, “well I can certainly see a lot; so how come she’s naked bro?”

“She’s been a naughty girl and this is part of her punishment.”

“Hmm, can I help you punish her Tony, she’s delicious.”

While they were talking about me and ignoring me, I realised what Tony had called me.

“Hey, it’s Camelot, not Cumalot.” I said.

Tony looked at me, smiled and said,

“But you do Claire.”

I blushed and Zoey reached over and pulled and twisted my right nipple.

“You always were a lucky bastard Tony. So Claire Cumalot, has my brother tied you to the bed and spanked your bare bottom yet?”

“No.”

“Oh I’m sure that he will, he’s good at that and he always makes me cum before he fucks me.”

“He spanks and fucks you; his sister?”

“Yes; and his other sister Eve. We both love it.”

“Wow, so incest isn’t a problem in your family.”

“Hell no;” Zoey replied, “it isn’t as if we’re going to get pregnant so what’s the problem? So you’ve never been spanked or fucked by your daddy or brother then Claire?”

“I haven’t got any brothers or sisters and my dad never hit me.”

“You don’t know what you’re missing Claire; are you going to put that right Tony?”

“When the time’s right sis. So what can I do for you anyway? Or did you come here to get your butt tanned?”

“Sorry bro, that pleasure will have to wait, I’ve just come over to give you this memory stick from dad. You know that he doesn’t like sending files over the internet.”

“What’s on it?”

“Not sure but I think that it’s some photos from their anniversary party.”

“Okay, I’ll get round to looking at them sometime. So sis, when are you coming back for your dose of butt punishment?”

“Hubby’s going on a weekend fishing trip with his mates soon so the red marks will have time to disappear before he gets back. I’ll phone the others and check that they can make it on the Saturday evening or maybe the Sunday for lunch. I’ll be fast asleep in bed by the time he gets home so and red marks will have gone by the Monday. Maybe you could do that cute butt of Claire’s at the same time? Or maybe we could have a nice 3-some at the same time?”

“3-some? Spanking? Incest? Wow, what the hell have I got myself in to?” I thought. “Well I suppose it will be a new experience. I hope that it doesn’t hurt too much. If she’s going to be here next Saturday at least I won’t have to endure his mates at the pub.”

“Gotta go bro. This cute butt is begging to be spanked, don’t wait too long.” Zoey said as she slapped my bare butt on the way to the door.

I gave Tony a questioning look; he smiled and said,

“So Claire, you’ve just leant some little secrets about my family. Don’t think about trying to use it against me because I’m not ashamed of it and I’ll happily tell anyone who asks all about it.”

“I wasn’t even thinking about that Tony, I was more worried about my butt getting hurt.”

“You’ve been spanked at work Claire, and if I remember right it made you cum.”

He was right, but I didn’t want to admit it. The spanking really hurt and was so humiliating, especially as I had an audience; and it was even worse that my body started to enjoy it and even orgasmed. Why are women’s bodies built like that? Are women supposed to get humiliated like that? Is that part of their role in life and society?

On the Saturday Tony took me into town to get a new dress. He wanted to get me a ‘slinky’ (his word), short dress with not a lot of material to it. When I put on the first one that he’d picked I went out and showed it to him.

“Can I have one that there’s more of it please Tony?”

“Oh come on Claire, unlike men, girls can get away with wearing next to nothing almost everywhere. They look great wearing skimpy clothes and flashing tons of flesh. You’ll be just another one of them. Men love looking at women wearing a thin dress that they couldn’t possibly be wearing anything underneath. It’s just part of men’s DNA.”

“But I won’t have any underwear on.”

“I think that you’d be surprised as to how many girls don’t wear underwear these days. The women’s underwear phase arrived in the 18th century and since then knickers have got smaller and smaller. Lots of women have finally given up and just don’t bother anymore.”

“What about bras?” I asked.

“Unless you have melons stuck on your chest you don’t need to wear a harness to keep them up. Wearing a bra stops tit muscles from getting exercise and the muscles go all weak and floppy. Hence sagging tits when women get older. You need to exercise those muscles.”

“And how are women supposed to do that?”

“Just ask any man and he’ll massage them.”

“And you’ll be massaging mine for me I suppose.”

“Me and whoever I decide to let have a go.”

My brain wasn’t too happy about that comment, but my pussy was, and it let my brain know it.

“And don’t you go getting fat Claire. There are way too many fat women out there these days.”

“So what do you call being fat Tony?”

“Stand up straight Claire.”

I did.

“Now bend your head and look down while keeping you back straight.”

I did.

“Can you see the front of your slit?”

“Yes; I can just about make it out through the material of this dress.”

“You’d be fat if you couldn’t see it. So keep checking Claire. If you do get fat I’ll put you on a starvation diet until you can see it again.”

I could see the logic in what he was saying and vowed never to get fat, or wear underwear again.

Tony bought me that dress but wanted to get me another one. He took me to another clothes shop, one that is part of a big national chain. I selected a couple of dresses to try on but Tony said that there was too much material. He picked a couple and we headed to the changing room.

When we got there I was surprised to see that they had been re-modeled since I was last there and outside was a sign saying that the company’s policy on changing rooms had changed and that all changing rooms were now ‘gender neutral.’

As soon as he read that, Tony smiled and said,

“Wow, finally all this political correctness crap has done something good. I’ve always been pissed-off about the way politicians and big business’ pander to these minority groups. None of them have the balls to stand-up for common sense and the silent majority but this time their lack of guts has ended up with girls like you being able to have some fun. Come on Claire, you’re about to flash your tits and ass.”

“I don’t understand Tony.”

“You will.”

And I did, quite soon actually. As we walked in we were followed by a young man carrying a pair of jeans and a curtain opened up revealing a young woman about to leave with some clothes over her arm.

“Mixed changing rooms?” I said. “Wow, I’m surprised that they’re allowed to get away with it.”

“You’ve got all this women’s lib crap, political correct nutters and gutless politicians to thank for it Claire. Now go to the last cubicle on the right and get naked. Stand there for a count of 50 then put one of those dresses on and come out here. And don’t close the curtain when you go in.”

My heart sank as I realised that I was going to be naked with the curtain open, but at least Tony had told me to use the last cubicle on the right. With a bit of luck no one would go down the room that far.

My pussy was getting excited and hoping that someone, a man, would go down the room that far.

It didn’t take more than a few seconds for me to get naked and I just stood there, hoping that no one would; and that a man would come down the room and see me. I was so confused.

When my counting got to 50 I quickly slipped a dress on and smoothed it down my front. My nipples were tenting the thin material and I almost moaned as my hand slid over my pubes. The material felt nice on my skin but it was so short that my hand was soon on my bare thighs.

I stepped out of the cubicle and walked over to Tony.

“Yes, quite nice, but I need to see more flesh. Go and put the other one on and count slower this time while you’re stood there naked. Oh, and take off the one that you’ve got on as you walk back.”

I blushed as I started to walk back to the cubicle whilst taking the dress off. I had to stop and step out of it and my heart was pounding as I hoped that no one would step out of their cubicles and see me. My pussy was thinking otherwise and the tingling got stronger and I could feel my juices leaking out.

Luckily, or not, I made it back to my cubicle without being seen and I stood there, total naked and looking across the central isle to the closed curtain of the cubicle opposite, and slowly counting.

I’d got to about 30 when I heard Tony say,

“There’s one free at the end on the left mate.”

Followed by a male voice saying,

“Cheers mate.”

My heart started to race again as I realised that ‘at the end on the left’ was opposite where I was stood. My pussy muscles clenched as it got wetter and tingling turned to something like a pounding. My already rock hard nipples started to hurt as they moved backwards and forwards with my pounding heart.

Then I saw him, he looked a few years older than me, but not bad looking. He had a new pair of trousers in one hand. When he saw me he froze for a second then smiled at me before turning to open the curtain.

He didn’t close the curtain and he watched me watching him as he un-buckled then dropped the jeans that he was wearing. He wasn’t wearing anything underneath the jeans and by that time he had a huge hard-on that had my eyes glued to it.

“Thirty two.” I softly said, almost mesmerized by the sight.

Commando man turned and picked up a pair of trousers then turned back to face me.

“Thirty three.”

“Thirty four.” As his second leg entered the trousers.

“Thirty five.” As he pushed his cock inside and out of sight.

“Thirty six.” As he zipped up leaving an obvious bulge at the front.

“Thirty seven.” As he turned and looked in the mirror at himself.

Then he moved slightly to one side so that we both could see my reflection in his mirror. He stared at me for a few seconds before turning to face me.

“Thirty eight.” As he unzipped then dropped the trousers letting my eyes gorge on the sight of his cock.

After he’d picked them up he put his hand on his cock and pumped up and down a couple of times.

“Thirty niiiiiiinnne.” As my pussy won the battle with my brain and my right hand moved to my pussy.

“Fortttttttttty.” As my feet spread and my right index finger got busy rubbing my clit.

I forgot to keep counting as we masturbated in front of each other, my left hand finding my right tit and rubbing, pulling and twisting the nipple.

I came before he did, and fortunately I managed to keep quite quiet. I kept rubbing until he shot his load half way across the aisle towards me.

He must have had an attack of guilt or something because he quickly turned and got dressed.

“Thirty three.” As he walked out without even looking at me.

As I got near to finishing counting I got an attack of feeling ashamed about what I had just done. I got annoyed with myself for getting into the position that I am in. But at the same time my pussy was telling me that I had just had an amazing experience that it wanted to repeat over and over again.

“Fifty.” And I picked up the second dress and put it on.

I had to admit that I looked good wearing that dress, even though there was very little to it. There was so much flesh showing that it was obvious that I had nothing on under it, and I just knew that I’d have to be very careful not to expose the bits that Tony obviously wanted people to see.

As I walked towards Tony he said,

“That’s more like it. Do me a twirl then bend over; I want to see how much shows.”

I did as commanded, knowing even before I bent over, that my most intimate parts would be on show. Fortunately I managed to complete the tasks without anyone else seeing me.

“Good, you look good in that one Claire. We’ll get that one, there’s an event coming up that you will wear that at and make both of us look good. Go and put your own clothes on and we’ll get out of here.”

As I did so I thought that maybe I should have asked where he was going to make me wear that ‘almost nothing’ dress at. I smiled to myself as I thought that at least he wasn’t going to make me wear that horrible rectangles skirt.

I’d taken the dress off and was just about to put my own skirt and top back on when a teenage girl appeared in the aisle near me. She looked at the naked me, smiled and said,

“Nice, you go for it girl.” Before turning and entering the cubicle opposite me.

She stood and watched me get dressed then smiled at me again as our eyes met as I walked out.

As we left the store Tony said,

“Well Claire, judging by the noise that was coming from your cubicle and the smile on that man’s face, you certainly enjoyed that; I think that we’ll have to come shopping here more often. What do you say Claire?”

“I don’t want to ever go there again. That man was watching me as I got changed and he wanked until he shot his load. It nearly landed on me. It was horrible.”

“Claire, stop telling porkies. You enjoyed it and don’t you dare deny it. Do I need to finger test you here? Right here in the street?”

I stopped talking even though my pussy wanted me to say,

“Yes, finger fuck me right here in the street, and can we come here every Saturday please?”

After a few minutes silence, as we walked back to the car, Tony said,

“I guess that these pathetic PC minorities have actually done something good for once.”

I said nothing.

We were soon back at Tony’s apartment and I was totally naked again. As I hung-up my new dresses I looked at them and thought,

“Gawd, it’s going to be soo embarrassing being out in public in either of these. Even with a bra and knickers it would be embarrassing but without any underwear my face will be permanently red. Why oh, why did I do those stupid things?”

As usual, my pussy was in conflict with my brain and it was unbelievably looking forward to the experience.

I prepared us some food then after we’d eaten Tony told me that it was 30 minutes exercise for me, then a shower then it was pub night with his mates again.

I went straight to the exercise cycle and Tony didn’t have to tell me to pedal fast. I’m starting to get used to cumming in front of him and I just pedaled and pedaled with my pussy sliding from side to side on the saddle until I’d cum 3 times. As my heart and legs slowed down Tony said,

“Well done Claire, you actually pedaled for 45 minutes.”

I didn’t say anything.

After a shower I looked at the skimpy top and ultra-short skirt that Tony had got out for me. I guess that my brain must have still been a little high from the orgasms because I wasn’t at all embarrassed at the thought of having to go to a pub with just those clothes on. My pussy was enjoying the thought because it started tingling a bit.

The pub that night with Tony’s mates went much the same as the previous week except that there was more groping. I had to go to the bar to get each round of drinks and at least one hand went up the front of my top while I was stood at the bar, even when I was being served; much to the amusement of the bar staff, male and female. I also had to endure the feeling of hard cocks pressing against my butt as I stood there.

Yes. I was embarrassed the first 3 or 4 times that all that happened, but as the evening wore on, the alcohol numbed my brain and my pussy started taking control of me. Tony later told me that I was grinding my butt against those cocks as I stood at the bar. If the alcohol hadn’t made me so happy I would have been so embarrassed.

The pub was very busy and one time that I went to the bar someone pinched my chair and I had to sit on one of the guy’s laps. Over the rest of the evening I was shunted from one lap to another, and on each one I had a hard cock pressing into my butt and a hand between my legs. I had to put my hands over that hand so that it wasn’t too obvious to the other pub goers what was happening to me.

In the car park at the end, Tony got me to take the skirt and top off and his mates hugged me like that. More groping, but by that time my pussy was in full control of my body and on the way home Tony got me to give him a blowjob as he drove. He fucked me over the front of his car in the car park next to his apartment block, much to the delight of a group of young men who were staggering by.

On that Sunday I went back home for lunch with my mum and dad. Tony had let me choose what to wear and I picked my longest skirt (mid-thigh – Tony had got me to get rid of my longer ones), and my thickest top, a wooly jumper. No underwear of course, and I felt really good having some proper clothes on.

Mum again mentioned my cousin Aria again and I easily convinced her to tell Aria that she could use my old room during the week. Tony had got me to take a replacement teddy bear and I easily managed to swap them over. I felt really bad setting Aria up to be spied on, but what could I do?

The Sunday evening and the next week went by much that same as the previous week(s). At the badminton on the Monday evening all 8 men were there and I was a bit of a spare part, a spare part that kept getting used, when they played single instead of doubles, then discarded. When any of them weren’t playing they’d talk to me and get me to practice the swings. Of course they had to stand behind me and reach round me and ‘accidentally’ put their hands on my tits or press their hardons into my butt.

The showers afterwards were just as bad. All of them, except Tony, took it in turns to wash my tits, butt and pussy. I think that all of them made me cum, and that was before Tony let them fuck my pussy and mouth. I was quite tired, and sore, by the time Tony let me put my skirt and top on to take me home.

I suppose that I’m getting a bit used to being so under-dressed at the pub with Tony’s mates, and I overheard what I think was the landlord, telling Tony that his takings had gone up lately. If only he knew that I was being blackmailed into being put on display and be groped there.

It was a mild night and Tony let one of his mates fuck me over the front of his car before Tony drove me home.

The Sunday was err, different. He’d invited his brother, Mick, and both his sisters (Zoey and Eve) over for Sunday lunch and, of course, I had to do all the cooking.

I’d met Zoey before and our brief, one-sided conversation had got me a little worried. She’d talked about spanking and my brain was a little concerned. My pussy however, was a little excited when I opened the door to them. They’d all managed to arrive at the same time and as soon as they were inside they all wanted me to let them have a good look at me.

I just stood there getting embarrassed and excited as they got me to bend over and spread my legs. All 3 of them slapped my butt while I was bent over.

“Cute pussy.” Eve said as she slipped a finger inside me. “I bet that Tony loves fucking that.”

Meanwhile, Zoey had grabbed one of my nipples and was pulling and twisting it.

I had to serve the food before I sat and ate with them. The conversation was rather one-sided as they bombarded me with questions. I was sort of getting used to being naked in front of Tony’s brother and sisters and had nearly forgotten about what I suspected was going to happen to me later.

After eating we moved to the sofas and chairs and I had to serve coffee to all of them. Even as we all sat talking and looking at the feeds from some of the spy cameras that Tony had installed, my mind wasn’t thinking about spanking.

It was only when Tony put up the feed from my empty home bedroom that I started to get a little nervous. Next, he played some recordings of me in that bedroom and I got called a ‘naughty little slut’ when a video of me masturbating on my bed was played.

I got all embarrassed and ashamed of myself and just looked at the floor.

“So,” Mick asked, “how are you punishing the little slut for her misdeeds?”

“Embarrassment and humiliation are the main tools that I’m using;” Tony replied, “and that includes daily gang bangs by my other staff. I’ve taken her out to a few places wearing next to nothing and really humiliated her in front of lots of her former college mates by letting them do whatever they wanted to do to her while the others watched. She’s been spanked quite a bit but she hasn’t had a real good thrashing yet. I was wondering if you guys would care to administer that for me?”

“Happy to help.” Mick replied.

“Yeah, sure.” Eve said.

“Only if Eve and I get to be spanked as well.” Zoey added.

“I’m sure that that can be arranged, what do you say Mick?”

“Just like the old days.” Mick replied.

Eve leant over to me and quietly said,

“Don’t worry Claire; they only use their hands.”

I thought back to the other times that I’d been spanked and remembered that hands can, and do hurt.

“So where are we going to do this bro?” Mick asked.

“Same as usual; over the back of the sofa or over our knees.” Tony replied. “Whichever you fancy.”

“Do you have any preference Claire?” Mick asked.

“What? Err no, I mean that I have a preference to NOT get spanked.”

“I don’t think that you have that choice Claire. Besides, it’s fun. They might even make you cum.” Zoey said.

“I’ll help you clear-up Claire while these 2 alpha males get hard in anticipation.” Eve said.

Eve and I got up and started clearing the table.

By the time we were doing the washing-up Zoey had got naked and was looking at the exercise cycle.

“This seat’s a bit high isn’t it Tony?” She asked.

“It’s for Claire, she enjoys it that way.”

I looked over to Zoey and she looked at me.

“We’re about the same height so I don’t understand.”

“Try it Zoey.” Tony said.

And she did. She climbed on and slowly started pedaling. As the moans and ‘oow’s’ and ‘argh’s’ started to come out of her mouth she started smiling and pedaling faster. I heard her cumming as Eve and I finished the washing-up.

“I guess that it’s my turn to take my clothes off now.” Eve said as her top rose up over her head revealing her lack of a bra.

Next, she unfastened her mid-thigh skirt and let it fall to the ground.

“No knickers.” I thought, “Maybe Tony is right about them going out of fashion.”

Mick had moved a dining chair in front of the sofa and slapped his thigh.”

“Come on Claire, I’m going to be the first to warm that cute little butt.”

I slowly walked over to him and stood beside his knees.

“Come on Claire; get down on these.” Mick said as he slapped his thigh again.

I looked around hoping that someone would stop it all, but no, they were all staring at me with excited anticipation in their eyes. I knelt down and leant forwards, my lower chest feeling Mick’s hard-on through his jeans.

“A bit further on so that your knees are off the floor Claire;” Mick said, “and spread those legs. Everyone wants to see the effects on your little butt and pussy.”

I shuffled up, spread my legs and blushed at the view I was offering.

Mick’s hand rested on my butt then slowly rubbed all around, even into my pussy.

“Bloody hell; she’s dripping already.” Mick said.

“Well her name is Claire Cumalot, what do you expect?” Zoey said.

I didn’t correct her thinking that it was pointless. My heart pounded in nervous anticipation and my pussy was tingling like hell.

Down came swat number one.

“Ouch, that hurt.” I said as my body rocked forwards and my hand went to my butt.

“Hands off your butt.” Tony said. “Or do we have to tie them out of the way?”

“That’s a good idea bro.” Zoey said, “Where do you keep the zip-ties?”

Swat number two landed, I groaned and my hand went to my butt again. By that time Tony was back with the zip-ties and he and Zoey were bending my elbows behind my back. I felt something plastic go round my wrists and elbows then the zipping sound as my wrist was tied to my other elbow. Then the same was done to my other wrist.

The next 4 swats landed on my butt and I could feel 3 things; my butt was hurting, tears were leaking from my eyes and my pussy was oozing and throbbing.

“How’s she doing Mick?” Eve asked.

“Check for yourself sis.”

There was a pause in the spanking as each of them came over, inspected my butt and pussy, rubbed my butt and pussy and finger-fucked me for a few seconds.

“She’s enjoying this.” Eve said.

“Yes, the slut is enjoying it. I bet that she cums before you get to 20 Mick.”

Tony said nothing, after he’d finger-fucked me he came round to my head and held his fingers to my face. Even though I was crying I opened my mouth to receive his cunt juice covered fingers.

“Good girl. You’re starting to learn.” Tony said.

Zoey was right, I did cum before the twentieth swat; number seventeen actually, and the last 3 swats took my orgasm up to the next level.

Mick stood up and I rolled onto the floor whilst still in the middle of my orgasm.

“Who’s next? Mick said and was quickly followed by both Zoey and Eve saying ‘me’ at the same time.

I rolled onto my back, said, “Ouch,” then watched as Zoey bent over her brother’s knee.

“You’re such a slut sis.” Mick said as she gasped as Mick’s fingers found her hole.

“That’s your fault Mick.” Zoey replied.

“Is that what you tell your boyfriend Zoey?”

Zoey didn’t answer, probably because Mick’s hand was raining down on her butt.

“Get up Claire; it’s my turn to thrash your butt.”

I’d never realised how hard it is to get up when your arms are tied behind your back, but I managed it and went over to Tony who pushed me over the back of the sofa.

Swats from Tony’s hand quickly rained down on my butt and I orgasmed again. Mid orgasm, the swats stopped and I felt Tony’s fingers invade my hole. That made me hit my peak again and I wanted it to go on forever.

Of course it didn’t; but what happened next surprised me a little. I saw Tony in front of me unzipping his trousers. Someone was still behind me and finger-fucking me. I looked around as much as I could and think that it was Eve’s fingers in my hole. It was definitely a woman because sometimes she was so gentle and she searched for, and found, my g-spot. Those fingers made me cum – again.

Tony rammed his cock into my mouth and throat. I started gagging and I heard Eve telling me to relax and breathe through my nose. She told Tony that she’d get him some of that numbing spray from her work.

Tony shot his load down my throat as Eve brought me to yet another orgasm.

When Tony backed away I saw Mick fucking Zoey doggy-style in front of me.

Everyone, except me, swapped places a couple of times and my butt got more spankings, my pussy got fucked and finger fucked more and I had more orgasms before they’d finally had enough of each other and of me.

As I lay there, still over the back of the sofa, I saw that both Zoey’s and Eve’s butts were red, but they didn’t look as bad as mine felt. I wanted to get to the bathroom to have a look but after they’d all got dressed, Tony told me to sit on the floor below the huge monitors. I had to sit there even though the sitting hurt my butt even more, legs spread wide, and masturbate while they looked at some more videos that Tony’s spy cameras had recorded.

Finally, Zoey, Eve and Mick left and Tony told me that I could have the rest of the day to myself. I went to my bedroom and cried, eventually falling asleep.