**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 07**

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*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.*

Tony did take me to the pub that night and he had me wear just a dress; a really short dress that was slightly see-through. His mates spent the evening looking at my tits and pussy both through the dress and under it. Some of them even groped me when I went to the bar. The skirt part of the dress was so short that they could easily grope my butt and pussy without having to reach down then up the skirt.

I orgasmed twice whilst stood at that bar waiting to be served. The barman kept looking at my tits through the top part of the dress and he had a big grin on his face when I orgasmed. I was sure that he took a long time to serve me just so that he could look at me.

I woke early the next morning feeling unhappy. I lay there reflecting on my life and the position that I’d got myself into. Why oh why did I make those stupid mistakes? I was happy with my little life before it all started. Okay it was a bit boring but it was normal and comfortable.

Now! Now my life was soo different, so uncertain, so unpredictable, so embarrassing, so dangerous, and soo humiliating. I feel like I had no choice other than to give myself to Tony. Give every aspect of my life and my body to him to control as he sees fit.

Why had I let him convince me that signing that damn contract was a good thing? Why hadn’t I asked for a 14 day cooling off period? Why had I thought that signing it was a good thing? He’d made it sound like a good deal for me and in some sort of perverted way it is a good deal. Plenty of orgasms (I hope) and lots of sexual arousal; and that huge amount of money at the end of the contract – if I’m still alive or not locked-up somewhere; but the embarrassment and humiliation, that will be hard to accept. And will he get me into trouble with the law? Okay he’s promised to protect me from that but how can he? If he orders me to be naked and masturbate in front of a huge crowd I will have to do it and just hope that I don’t get arrested.

Okay, he’s given me some amazing moments of pleasure in the past that I doubt that I could ever have had when I was on my own, but the price of that pleasure has been the loss of every bit of self-respect and lots of embarrassment and humiliation. I’m now just an object for him to do whatever he wants with and I’m sure that he will find more ways to humiliate me in front of my friends and family as well as his. I just hope that he doesn’t humiliate me in front of my parents. That would just kill them.

And what about my cousin Aria? He is already watching her in my old room at my parent’s house; he’s seen her naked and masturbating; would he try to blackmail her too? Make her do all the humiliating things that he makes me do? Even worse, would he make me make her do those horrible things? And that’s even before I think about the physical pain that he will inflict on me, or get other people to do it. Will his punishments go beyond the things that he’s already done to me? Will he permanently damage my body?

I feel like I’m just his slave, his whore, a piece of meat for him to do whatever he likes with.

My alarm rang and I jumped up off my bed. I say ‘off’ my bed not ‘out of’ my bed because Tony has banned me from being covered when I sleep. Luckily, he hadn’t tied my wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed so I had no aches and pains.

I quickly showered and shaved everywhere below my neck then ran to the kitchen to get his breakfast ready. Thankfully he usually doesn’t have a fried breakfast.

“Good morning slave,” Tony said as I ran into the room. “Took your time in the bathroom didn’t you?”

“Sorry Master, it won’t happen again.”

“Set your alarm for 10 minutes earlier to make sure that it doesn’t. Now bend over in front of me so that I can check that there are no traces of hair around your pussy.”

I did as commanded and as he inspected me he slid a finger inside my vagina.

“Why was I so wet?” I silently asked myself as he flicked my clit making me moan and want more.

But I didn’t get more; instead I had to get on with the breakfast. As I worked I wondered what was in store for me that day. It was a work day; Tony had promised that the only real change at work would be the stopping of the gang-bangs each evening. Was that true? What would he make me do? I dreaded to think.

I had to go out to his car wearing just my collar with the rectangles skirt, the little skirt that doesn’t really cover anything, and as we went outside a group of young people going to college walked by and saw me. I got a few rude comments but in general they were more amused that I was virtually naked.

At work I got on with my usual tasks as the others slowly arrived. They were used to seeing me naked at work and I have to admit that I was starting to get used to it. Once everyone was there Tony called a meeting and told the Engineers that they would be based at their homes from then on and only come to the office once a week on a Monday morning for team meetings; and that my body was now off-limits without direct permission from himself.

That caused a few disappointed groans.

Tony continues and told the Engineers that all materials required were to be phoned-in and that they would be couriered out to them overnight.

Having said that he gave all of then a sheet of paper with the URLs of all the cameras in the office and my bedroom and my old bedroom at my parent’s house that is now my cousin Aria’s bedroom. When he said that I tried to think of a way that I could get her out of my parent’s house but I couldn’t think of a way.

The delivery guys got their usual look at my body and so did Rajeev, the snack van man and his other customers at that time. I’m sure that some of them don’t work around Tony’s place and there has started to be quite a few vans parked close by around the time of Rajeev’s visit. The rude comments keep coming but I’ve heard them all before.

I got a little scared that lunchtime because a police car arrived and 2 policemen joined the queue to be served. I heard them asking people if anyone was offended by me being naked. The only replies were ones saying that they wished more girls would do the same.

“Fair enough.” One policeman said and nothing more was said about me being naked.

When we got back to Tony’s apartment that evening there was a workman waiting outside the door. He stared at me with a big grin on his face as we walked to the door and Tony acted as if it was totally normal for a young girl wearing just a minute skirt would be following him in. The workman stared even more when I took all my clothes off as Tony opened the door.

It took that workman nearly an hour to screw something to the ceiling during which time Tony had me exercise on the cycle, telling me to pedal as quick as I could. I came twice while the workman watched.

When he had gone, Tony took a look at the webbing that was now hanging from the ceiling. After moving it around he called me over, telling me to bring the kitchen stool with me.

After some experimenting and instructions from Tony I was left sitting on one part of the webbing with my legs through 2 other loops that kept my legs spread wide. Apart from my legs being spread wide displaying my open pussy to anyone in front of me, and the fact that my spread open pussy was at cock height, it was quite comfortable.

My open pussy was at the right height for Tony to just stand in front of me and fuck me, and he did. He can hold my hips and push me back and forwards fucking me as I go back and forwards.

After my latest orgasm subsided I wondered who he would get over to watch me and probably fuck me like that.

Tony then had me practice getting in and out of that ‘swing’ until I could get on and off easily on my own then it was time for me to get some food ready whilst he scanned the monitors for anything that interested him. He left the monitor showing my old bedroom on all the time and whilst we were eating Aria entered the room and stripped naked. After going for a shower with a towel wrapped around her, she came back and proceeded to pluck a few hairs from around her pussy then rub her clit to an orgasm.

“Got to replace that camera with one that zooms and has a microphone.” Tony said as a forkful of spaghetti entered his mouth. “I’ll fix something up then you’ll have to go and visit your parents Claire.”

“To help you spy on my naked cousin? I don’t think so Tony.”

“You seem to be forgetting something Claire; do I need to go and get a copy of our agreement? You know that it says that you will do everything that I say. I’ll have a replacement teddy bear ready by the weekend and you can swap it. You’d better phone your parents and get yourself invited to Sunday lunch.”

My heart dropped. It was bad enough that Tony was now ruling my life but to get me to help him spy on my cousin even more than he was doing already. I’ve seen the detail that his spy camera can get, it would mean that he’d be able to see every little bit of stubble on her pussy, and to see every little detail when she masturbates.

“And since you decided to question me you can spent the night on your front on your bed with you wrists and ankles tied to the corners, thinking about how much your butt hurts. Yes, I’m going to turn your butt red before I go to bed.”

I’m getting used to having my body abused by Tony and his friends, and I have to say that I often enjoy it; it’s just that the timings are always to suit him, not me.

Thankfully, Tony gave me 10 minutes in the bathroom before I had to go and submit to his desires. As is usually the case, my crying subsided as my butt got hotter and hotter, that heat spreading to my pussy. Tony has the ability to know when I am close to having an orgasm and he often uses that knowledge to stop and deny me the orgasm.

I had to just grind my pubes into the mattress hoping that for once those actions would give me the relief that I desired; but it never does and I always end up going to sleep a frustrated girl.

The rest of the week was very much the same embarrassment and humiliation. On the Friday evening Tony took me to the pub where we met quite a few of his mates. He had me wear just a micro dress and heels and in the crowded bar his mates all stood around me blocking the rest of the pub from seeing me.

Tony took that opportunity to tell me to take my dress off and to let his mates grope my naked body while they talked about football and politics.

At the end of the evening they managed to usher me out still surrounding me and it wasn’t until we were all in the middle of the car park that they all moved away leaving me stood there, stark naked in the middle of the car park. Okay it was night but that car park has lots of floodlights.

I ran to the car and hid behind it until Tony let me in.

He fucked me on the swing before telling me to go to bed.

I’d phoned my mother on the Saturday morning and she was only too happy to have me for Sunday lunch. With the teddy bear in my bag and wearing my longest skirt (still very short) and a semi-decent top, no bra (I no longer own a bra anyway), I set off to my parent’s house.

They were so happy to see me, and I them; but I felt really bad about the mission that Tony had sent me on. Fortunately Aria had gone home to her parents for the weekend and it was easy to swap the teddy bears. Just as I was leaving my old bedroom my phone rang. It was Tony telling me to turn the teddy bear slightly to the right then to lay on the bed and spread my legs.

I did, then Tony accused me of being sexually excited by the situation that I was in. When I denied it and asked him why he’s thought that he told me that he could see my wet and swollen pussy.

“Poor Aria, I’m so sorry.” I thought as I left the room and went back downstairs to my parents.

As we talked over coffee mum asked me how I was getting on, at work and with my new living arrangements. For a second I thought that she knew about my contract with Tony and I blushed. Then I realised that she couldn’t possibly know and that it was just an innocent, caring question.

As directed by Tony, but I also wanted to, I asked my parents if I could make Sunday lunch a monthly event. They agreed, and I didn’t tell them that Tony wanted me to change the teddy bear’s batteries once a month.

I slipped up one time and I accidentally flashed my bare butt and pussy to my father. I was bending over to pickup my mother’s cup and forgot that my father was sat behind me. I didn’t realise at the time but when I was helping him wash-up he asked me if I’d forgotten something when I got up that morning or if it was the fashion these days for young girls to go knickerless.

“I blushed and told him that knickers were going out of fashion.”

“I wish that I was a young man again.” Daddy replied.

When I got back to Tony’s apartment I remembered to strip out in the hallway then went in. I was surprised to see Zoey, one of Tony’s sisters there.

“Hello Claire Cumalot.” Zoey said, “I hear that you’ve sold yourself to my brother.

“Camelot not Cumalot.” I thought, but said nothing.

“And my brother tells me that I can spank you whenever I want, aren’t you the lucky girl?”

I said nothing.

“Pack a bag before you go to bed Claire, you’re going to London for the week.”

“What? You didn’t say anything about going to London. And why?”

“I’m telling you now. Just some dresses and shoes will do. I may get some new ones for you whilst we’re there.”

“You’re coming too.”

“Yes, I’ve got some business to take care of and you have an appointment.”

“Who with? What for?”

“All in good time girl. Now bend over the back of the sofa; I’m loaning you to Zoey for a couple of hours.”

My jaw dropped a bit as I turned to look at Zoey. She was grinning.

“Spread those legs girl.” Zoey said, “I want to see inside of that cute little, wet hole of yours.”

For the next couple of hours I had to endure Zoey abusing my butt and pussy with her hand, a cane, a huge dildo (that was painful) and her mouth. She also made me eat her pussy until she orgasmed.

I was glad when Tony got back, although she did make me cum once.

The next morning saw Tony and I catching a train to London with me still not knowing why I was going with him.

“What was I supposed to do while he was at his business meetings?” I thought as I sat there next to Tony. He’s told me to sit with my knees apart so that anyone walking down the aisle, who cared to look, would be able to see my bare pussy.

It was embarrassing looking at the men walking along the isle and seeing where there eyes were looking; but at the same time it was arousing. By the time the train stopped in London about 20 men had seem my, by then very wet, pussy.

I was very curious when Tony told the taxi driver at the train station to take us to Harley Street. I wondered if he had some sort of illness that he hadn’t told me about.

I got one hell of a shock when we gout out of the taxi outside one of the expensive doctor’s surgery and Tony told me that we were there to get some surgery done to my pussy.

“But you can’t, the contract says that there would be no permanent damage to my body.”

“There won’t be any permanent damage to your body. This isn’t going to be any damage, its going to be an enhancement, it will make you look more beautiful.”

“Just exactly what are you talking about Tony?”

“Getting rid of your inner labia.”

I was sort of stunned for a minute. I’d always thought that my ‘flaps’ were a bit big and not very pretty, but a girl gets used to something like that; learns to live with it. I tried to imagine what I would look like with no flaps.

The fresh air had dried my pussy since we got off the train but it started getting wet again.

I started to warm to the idea. After a minute or so I said,

“You’re not planning on getting any breast implants for me while we’re here are you?”

“Fuck no, I like your tits as they are. More than a handful is a waste. So you’re not going to try to argue about your flaps are you Claire? I’d hate to have to put you over my knee out here in the street.”

“Err no, I guess not. Will it hurt?”

“No, I’m sure that the surgeon will give you some sort of local anaesthetic, but I guess that you’ll be sore for a few days afterwards and you’ll probably feel more exposed, but you’ll like that part.”

“Will I?”

“Yes Claire you will; and I’ll be able to show the new you to all my friends and relatives.”

“Gee thanks; more embarrassment.”

“Come on Claire; let’s get it done.”

“So they’re expecting us?”

“Yes, I booked it just as soon as you’d signed the contract.”

“So is this trip just to get female genital mutilation performed on my pussy?”

“Consensual FGM; that’s the difference.”

“But isn’t it still illegal?”

“I guess that if the surgeon says that he can do it then it isn’t illegal. Anyway, it’s about to happen so stop complaining.”

“I’m not complaining.”

“Good; come on.”

Three hours later we were walking out and, in spite of the anaesthetic, I could feeling the breeze on my pussy even more than when I went in. It was still a bit numb but I could still feel the breeze. I could also feel a bit of pain and I expected that to get worse as the anaesthetic completely wore off. I was glad that the doctor gave me some pain killers to take.

Tony had got the surgeon to agree to him watching the procedure, and to video it, but Tony was a bit pissed when he had been told to leave my pussy alone for about a week, and as we looked for a taxi he told me that my mouth and throat were going to get a hammering.

We went to the hotel next where he checked us in and took me to the room, then he left for his business meeting. I took a couple of painkillers then found a way that I could get a good look at my new pussy in one of the big mirrors in the room.

It was then that I discovered that half of my clit hood was gone; my clit was exposed and there was nowhere for it to hide. I was annoyed to say the least, Tony had said nothing about getting half my clit hood removed as well.

I kept looking at myself in the mirror trying to decide what to do, and if I liked what I saw. I always thought that I had too much skin that wasn’t doing anything but to see most of it gone was a shock, then after a while, not a shock.

As I stared at my new pussy I slowly came round to liking what I saw. I love orgasms and with my clit being permanently exposed I figured that I’d have a lot more of them. I just hoped that Tony wouldn’t take advantage of my clit’s exposure to torture me by putting some vibrator thing in my knickers and keeping it switched on for hours. Then I remembered that Tony won’t let me wear knickers so I relaxed.

I touched my clit but it must have still been numb. Then I moved my hand away and decided that I liked what I saw, except for the cut marks and the stitches. Bot those would be gone in a few days.

The surgeon told me that I would heal in a couple of days and that the stitches would dissolve over time. But he also warned me not to have sex or masturbate until I could touch the scars without them hurting, and even then to be gentle for a couple of weeks.

I guess that what he said made sense but I’d never had an operation before so I had no real experience of recovering from surgery.

I lay back on the bed, knees apart and was asleep in seconds.

Tony woke me up when he returned. He was looking at my pussy close up and had touched my clit which I only just felt.

“It looks good Chloe.” He said when I stirred.

“It hurts.” I replied. “And you never told me that the surgeon was going to remove half of my clit hood.”

“No I didn’t because I thought that you might throw a wobbler.”

“I probably would have.”

“So now that you’ve seen the end product what do you think Claire?”

“Well, when I first saw that half my clit hood was missing I was really annoyed but I slowly came round to liking what I saw. It looks very much like it did 5 or 6 years ago, apart from my clit, that wasn’t as big then. I guess that I’ll cum more often as my clit rubs on things. I hope that you’re not going to take advantage of that Tony.”

“Of course I am; your body is mine now and I’ll do as I please with it. Have you made yourself cum yet?

“It’s still numb.”

“Okay, but I have a need; get on your knees on the floor and take care of me.”

As I was taking care of his hard-on he reminded me that he’d videoed the operation and that his mates would enjoy watching the video. I wasn’t happy about that, but what could I do? No doubt he would also get some sort of weird pleasure out of showing my healed new look to all his mates as well.

When I’d got his deposit in my stomach I decided that I was hungry. When I thought back I realised that I hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast, and that was only some toast.

“Pour me a coffee Claire.” Tony said.

“I’ll have to boil the kettle.”

“No you won’t; pour one from that jug.”

I looked around and saw a jug and some cups on the table.

“Where did that come from?” I asked.

“Room service; I phoned it through when I set off back here. Didn’t you let them in?”

“No, I didn’t hear them.”

“Possibly because I told them that we were out and to just let them selves in.”

“Oh, I guess that I was asleep” I said as I got up and walked over to the table, remembering that I was asleep with my knees wide open when Tony came in. The room service guy must have had a wonderful view.

After I gave Tony his coffee he gave me a gift bag.

“For me?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Thank you Tony.”

“You don’t know what it is yet; open it.”

Even when I looked at the printed label on the box I didn’t know what it was. Even when I saw the word Ohmibod I didn’t know what it was. It was only when I saw the purple ‘thing’ that I started to guess that it was a vibrator.

“Thank you Tony, but when am I going to need to use it. You fuck me whenever you want and you tie me up when you don’t want me touch myself; and I can’t find a control in the box.”

“This is not just any vibrator Claire, it’s controlled by your phone and your phone connects to the internet. I will be able control it from anywhere that has a phone signal.”

“Oh, I see, I won’t be getting any peace when you’re away on a business trip then.”

“Too right girl. Are you up to trying it now?”

“Bloody hell no. The surgeon said that I have to take it easy for a few days; and I need some more painkillers now. The pain is worse than when you whip my pussy.”

“Okay, I’m not a monster, take a couple of those pills then rest while I have a shower. Then you can get ready and I’ll take you out to a restaurant.”

“Can we go by taxi? I don’t feel up to walking very far.”

Tony showered then I did, and when I came out I saw the Ohmibod bouncing about on the table.

“Oh my gawd; is that what it’s going to do inside me? It will kill me.”

“No it won’t; there’s hundreds of thousands of these vibrating inside girls right now and they’re not dying.”

“Okay, I guess that you’re right but it sure as hell will stir things up inside me.”

“And it might even make you cum.”

“I hope so; but not right now.”

“Put your little black dress on and those 6 inch heels and let’s go; I’m getting hungry and we’ve got a big day tomorrow.”

My little black dress is little; it barely covers my butt or my 34B tits; Tony bought it for me solely for the purpose of showing my butt and pussy to anyone who cares to look; but in London that doesn’t matter; there are thousands of girls dressed like that.

We had a very pleasant meal then a drink in a bar before going back to the hotel, Tony didn’t once tell me to flash my pussy to anyone, although I did sit with my knees uncrossed and slightly apart for 2 reasons, firstly because it was more comfortable that way and secondly that is the way that Tony has told me to always sit. As we rode back to the hotel in a taxi I remembered that Tony was a real gentleman before all this blackmail stuff started. He also let me have a quiet and peaceful night.

When I woke up Tony was in the bathroom and I felt a lot better. There was only a slight twinge when I gently swung a leg out of the bed and onto the floor. When I looked at my pussy in the mirror I was happy to see that the swelling was going down and that my whole pussy wasn’t as red, but around the stitches it was purple. I guessed that the bruising was showing.

When I touched myself it still hurt but when I stood up and walked about it was a lot less painful than walking the previous day.

When Tony came out of the bathroom he told me to get on the bed and spread my legs. He had a close look at my pussy and declared that the surgeon had done a good job.

After breakfast Tony picked another ultra short dress for me to wear and then we went to get another taxi. Tony took me, and a small suitcase of some of the products that the company installs to a smallish company somewhere in south London.

We met 4 of the male directors of the company and Tony gave a presentation about what his company could do to help resolve their theft and burglary issues. Then it came to the time to demonstrate the cameras attached to his laptop.

As he was showing the men the images on the screen I heard him demonstrating different modes. All of a sudden one of the men gasped and another 2 started laughing.

I looked puzzled, wondering what Tony was showing them. Then Tony said,

“Stand up Claire and look this way.”

I did, then I saw the men smiling as they looked from the screen, up to me and back.

“Of course,” Tony said, “that camera can see through materials like Claire is wearing; no camera that I know of can see through all clothes, others will show just an outline of the body underneath.”

“Well we have a few young ladies working here but I don’t think that a camera like that would be any use to us, the workwear that they wear will be way too thick for the camera to see through. Maybe some of the customers that call in. That dress that Claire is wearing looks very thin.”

When we finally left there I asked Tony just how much the camera was showing of my body.

“It was like you were naked; we could see your slit and areolas and nipples. They were sticking out quite nicely. Are you okay for a bit of shopping this afternoon Claire.”

“Let me take another couple of painkillers and I should be.”

“Good, I want to get you naked in some shops.”

“Changing rooms I hope.” I replied.

“Maybe, we’ll see what we can find. We’ll take this case back to the hotel then start looking.”

We found one shop that the signs on the outside said that they sold the sexiest lingerie in London. Of course Tony had to take me in and he quickly found some underwear and bikinis that have no material, just the strings.

“They’re just what you need for the swimming pools and on the beach.” Tony said.

“You’ll get me arrested for indecent exposure.”

“Let me worry about that Claire.”

After having to get naked about a dozen times in 4 different shops; and Tony exposing me to countless other shoppers that were hanging around the changing rooms, Tony finally took me back to the hotel with me carrying 3 bags containing clothes that are more suitable for the Mediterranean or Caribbean in summer than England in a typical cold, wet summer.

Tony let me have a nap before taking me out to a club that night, and he again ordered coffee from room service. Again. I didn’t realise about it until the waiter had been and gone, and, probably, had a good look at my naked body.

The other thing was that the hotel faced another hotel just across the narrow road and Tony had opened the curtains and left me on display for anyone in the other hotel who cared to look.

I managed to switch that fact out of my mind and pretended that the curtains were closed.

Tony decided that we’d get to the club using the Underground. I’d never been on the London Underground and wasn’t really prepared for what was about to come. You see my little black dress is, as previously mentioned, obscenely short, but it’s also very thin and the skirt part flares out. Very risky if it’s breezy.

No one had ever told me about the warm breeze that blows just about everywhere in underground stations and as soon as we went down the first flight of stairs the skirt part of my dress was flying up around my waist.

“Leave it.” Tony said when I first grabbed for it.

“I’ll get arrested, there’s coppers all over the place and CCTV camera. At least one person will be sat watching me all the time.”

“Let them, you’ve got a great body and I’m proud to show it to everyone.”

“That’s alright for you to say.”

“Leave it Claire.”

I wasn’t prepared for the long escalators as well. I hate to think how much the people coming up them were seeing, and, of course, Tony had to stand in front of me when we were going up and behind me when we were going down.

I also wasn’t prepared for the wind that blows along the platforms, especially when a train approaches. I hate to think how many people saw my butt and pussy but I have to admit that the wind felt nice tickling my cut down pussy and exposed clit.

And to compound my embarrassment Tony had me sit on one of the seats that backs to the side of the carriage and there was a couple of middle-aged men sat opposite. Tony has also told me to sit on the front edge of the seat and to lean back so the old men had a great view.

What’s more, one of their eyes had been following me since I stepped onto the carriage; and when I sat opposite him both his eyes were glued to my pussy.

I watched as he elbowed his mate then there were 4 eyes on my pussy.

Fortunately, or not, those 2 men only got about 5 minutes looking at my pussy before Tony bent down and told me that we were getting off. I was hoping that my embarrassing experience was over but it wasn’t; all we were doing was changing trains.

Again I had to endure the escalators and standing on a very drafty platform before having to sit opposite a group of 4 young men. That time Tony stood away from me, possibly to give the impression that I was traveling on my own.

Tony’s trick must have worked because the 4 young men started with the comments just as soon as the train moved off.

The things that those young men called me and the things that they said that they wanted to do to me was both unbelievable and understandable. There I was displaying my pussy to them and not stopping when they made it clear that they were looking at it.

The one thing that one of them said that pleased me was that he said that I had a little girl’s pussy. He actually asked me how old I was. Of course I just sat there ignoring them all and thinking that I was grateful to Tony for the surgery.

I was both happy and unhappy when Tony waved at me to tell me that we had to get off that train. As I was getting off the train I was feeling flattered that those young men liked the look of me enough to make those comments.

Then I had to endure more escalators, and there were more young people around, some of them had obviously started on the pop early.

Fortunately we didn’t have to walk far to the club which was a typical noisy club, on 2 levels, one a mezzanine complete with steel grating with a partial glass floor and a steel staircase with steel grating steps. At the bottom of the staircase was a big printed sign telling girls to take their high heels off before going up. There was also a hand written sign saying that only girls in short skirts with no knickers were allowed up there and I wondered if it was an official sign or just some hopeful perv. I looked under the stairs and could see a few men watching girls go up the stairs.

Tony saw the signs, laughed and said,

“Well you’ll be okay then.”

As I climbed the stairs I just knew that those men would be looking up at my pussy. I was annoyed that Tony had put me in that position – again; but at the same time I quite enjoyed the experience.

Tony had us stay up there for over an hour and I have no idea how many men looked up and saw my pussy whilst we were dancing, although I wasn’t the only girl up there in a short skirt, there were dozens of us. I wondered how many were knickerless.

It didn’t help that, along with the flashing coloured lights, there were a number of spotlights shining up from below. I should have been embarrassed at being exposed like that but it all seemed a bit detached and besides, there were probably lots of other girls showing as much as me.

I say ‘it didn’t help’, and in a way it didn’t, but I was getting turned on and deliberately standing and dancing with my feet well apart. When I realised that I said to myself,

“What the fuck are you doing girl; shut those bloody legs.”

I did, but they soon started drifting apart again. There’s something wrong with me. Maybe I should blame Tony for putting me in these situations? But there again, it was my stupidity that started all this.

Thankfully, Tony didn’t want to stay too late and we left before midnight. There were quite a few people out on the streets, including groups of young men wearing football club scarfs. When I told Tony that I was a bit scared and reminded him that London is now the knife capital of the world, he put his arm around me and held me close to him. That was comforting although it did mean that my dress was being pulled up revealing half my butt and my pussy and that alone got a few rude comments.

The underground wasn’t any better either, the train was crowded and I got parted from Tony as we got on. I had to hang on to one of the ceiling straps in the middle of a group of drunk football fans.

With me having to stretch up my dress rose up above my butt and my top was twisted so most of one of my breasts was exposed. It didn’t take long for the comments to start and the hands to start wandering.

OMG, I was so scared, but all that I could do was hope that they’d be getting off at the next station. They didn’t, nor the next one nor the one after that. In that time my pussy got fingered, my butt got fingered and my dress was ripped so that both my tits were exposed.

The pussy fingering was the worst, it really hurt and I hoped that my stitches hadn’t burst.

When the young men finally got off I saw Tony looking at me, naked apart for my dress around my waist. I was nearly in tears and Tony came over to me and put his arms around me.

“Are you okay Claire? That got a bit out of hand.”

“Yes, no, I don’t know; I might be bleeding.”

Tony put his hand between my legs and cupped my pussy.

“Gawd girl, you’re soaking.”

“It might be blood.” I said.

Tony brought his hand up to our faces then said,

“That’s not blood girl, you enjoyed that.”

“No I didn’t.”

“The evidence says that you are lying girl.”

I said nothing but I did blush a bit. Had I really enjoyed being groped and penetrated in both my lower holes by a gang of drunken young men? What the hell is happening to me?

As soon as Tony let go of me I quickly arranged my dress to cover my tits and butt as best I could.

Ours was the next stop and we walked back to the hotel; Tony with his arm around me, stopping me covering my right tit that had come uncovered again.

The girl receptionist gave me a dirty look when we collected the key and in the lift Tony told me to take the dress off. He threw it in the trash bin near the lift doors and I had to walk to the room in just my heels. Fortunately no one saw us. Well no one was there but Tony had to go and point out the cameras along the corridor.

Back in the room Tony told me to have a bath and relax for a while. As I lay there he climbed in and had a shower, his dirty water falling on me. I showered before I got out.

The curtains were wide open when I went into the room and anyone in the hotel over the road could have watched Tony give my pussy a close inspection. After declaring that it was fine he started rubbing my clit until I orgasmed. Then he got my new Ohmibod vibrator out its box and slowly pushed it into my vagina.

I was cringing a bit as he pushed it in and I was happy when it didn’t really hurt. When I told Tony that it didn’t hurt he told me that doctors and surgeons were always over cautious about recovery times because some people are slow healers.

I guessed that I’m not one of those.

Tony switched the vibrator on to low and he got me to suck his cock while the vibe made me more and more horny.

Unfortunately, after he’d shot his load down my throat he switched the vibrator off and a frustrated me had to go to sleep without relief.

The next morning I woke up feeling good. Tony was in the shower and the sun was shining through the un-curtained window. I went over to the window and looked down at the busy street. Then I looked to the hotel opposite.

My mouth dropped but I didn’t move when I saw 2 men on different floors looking over to me. I hate to say it but I enjoyed those men looking at the naked me.

I heard a noise from the bathroom and quickly moved away from the window. When Tony emerged he looked at me then out of the window then said,

“You’ve got an audience Claire.”

“Have I, I didn’t notice.”

“Move to the window and face them, then after a minute wave at them then go and have a shower.”

I felt unhappy about being told to expose myself but at the same time I wanted those men to see me naked again. I hoped that Tony couldn’t read my thoughts.

Breakfast wasn’t room service that morning and Tony took me down to the hotel’s restaurant. Again he had me wear only an almost obscene dress and heels. I got a few admiring (I think) glances from the business men eating their breakfasts but it really wasn’t that embarrassing.

It was back up to the room after that then Tony told me that we were going to a surveillance equipment show.

“Wow,” I thought; then, “well at least he won’t be able to get me to strip in such a public place.”

The morning rush hour was still happening when we got to the underground. Again I had to endure the wind blowing the skirt part of my dress up around my waist and one particularly embarrassing time, when my skirt rose nearly above my breasts, I wished that Tony had bought me tight fitting dresses.

I also had to endure the crowded trains again although that time Tony managed to stand next to me. I felt a lot safer but that didn’t stop one hand, from goodness know who, from going up my skirt and finding its way for a finger to go inside me. And why did I slide my feet apart to facilitate the groping. I again decided that there was something wrong with me.

Tony took me to a Security Convention; an excuse for security business’ to get together and talk about all the latest product, the products that had had sales brochures arriving at the office just about every day. The concept of the convention seemed a bit pointless to me.

When Tony opened the door to the main hall I got a bit of a surprise. Firstly the number of people there amazed me and secondly the size of the place and the number of stalls.

“So what am I doing here Tony?” I asked.

“You’re my superheroine for the day.”

“What?”

“My superheroine; you’re going to dress as one of the comic books superheroines.”

“I don’t know any superheroines, I never read comic books.”

“That doesn’t matter, I’ve got a costume for you in my briefcase.”

Just then I saw a girl walking passed nearly wearing a black and white bikini with a white cape.

“That’s Phantom Girl.”

“Oh, I see, so what will I be?”

“Well I considered Dawnstar but I didn’t fancy getting the yellow body paint all over the place so I settled on Super Girl.”

“Oh, I’ve heard of Super Girl, or was in Super Woman.”

“Well you’re going to be Super Girl for the day Claire.”

From what I remembered Super Girl / Woman wore a reasonable blue outfit with a big ‘S’ on her chest. I knew that I’d look stupid but at least I wouldn’t be naked.

Tony opened his briefcase, got out a small bag and gave it to me.

“Go to the ladies rest room and change in to that.”

I didn’t feel too bad; until I opened the bag and saw what Tony had told me to put on. As I pulled the blue top on I realised that it was mesh and so thin that I could see everything through it. It wasn’t very long at all and it ended just below my breasts. As I adjusted the top so that the big ‘S’ was central I realised that the ‘S’ wasn’t big enough to cover my nipples.

Then I wrapped the blue skirt round me and realised that it wasn’t very long. In fact it was only about 7 inches long. Okay it went all the way round me – just, but it was very light and flared out so much that I thought it would form a giant polo mint if I laid it out flat. With it on I could slide my hand down the back and the material ran out when my hand was still on the middle of my butt, and at the front the material ran out at the top of my slit.

The last thing in the bag was a red cape, but it was only a short one that came down to my waist; useless for coverage.

“Fuck,” I thought, “a day of embarrassment and humiliation because there were lots of men there and some of them are bound to make some rude comments.”

As I walked out to Tony with my dress in my hand I felt like I was naked. When I got to him he said that he liked what he saw and that we had to walk around the hall so that everyone could see me.

“Oh shit,” I thought, “this is going to be soo humiliating.”

As we walked around I saw lots of girls in strange skimpy outfits that I presumed were like the ones that the comic superheroins wore / wear. One girl was naked but partially sprayed in yellow paint and he had some stupid angel’s wings on her shoulders.

“Bloody hell, I bet that she’s embarrassed.” I said.

“That’s Dawnstar,” Tony replied. “I was going to dress you like that but I couldn’t be bothered with the paint.”

That made me feel less exposed but it didn’t really help, especially when I heard some rude comments or Tony was stood talking to someone and they stared at my tits all the time.

I kept looking around and was unhappy to see lots of men looking my way.

We stopped at one stall and it was obvious that Tony knew the 2 men behind the table. After about a minute of talking Tony turned to me and said,

“Turn around Claire and bend over. Let these guys see how short the skirt is.”

I glared at him then did as I was told.

“Further Claire, spread your feet and touch your toes; and stay like that until I tell you to get up.”

I did; then I heard Tony tell the 2 men all about the surgery that I had had.

“I like the end result.” One man said.

“And I guess that she does too, she’s dripping.”

If I could have got any more embarrassed I would have. As it was the heat coming from my face felt like I was on a beach by the Mediterranean in the middle of summer. I thought about looking sideways to see if anyone was watching the spectacle but I chickened out and kept my eyes closed.

Then I felt a finger invade my vagina and I moaned.

“She really is enjoying this; you’ve got a good one there Tony; do you want to sell her?”

When I heard that my jaw dropped and I thought,

“Is this a fucking slave market as well?”

“No, I don’t think so; she’s not completely broken in yet; she still questions me occasionally.”

“You should put her over your knee and spank her.” One man said.

“I do, but there are other ways to punish her that are arguably more effective.”

“Maybe, but a good spanking looks better.”

I really wanted to stand up and say that I always do what Tony tells me but I thought that he might spank me if I did; and that, there, would be more than I could take.

The finger finally came out of my vagina and pressed on one of my scars. I let out a bit of a yelp and moved my butt forwards, putting my hands on the floor to steady me.

“Still not healed properly then.” One of the men said.

“She’s getting there; she’ll be ready for a good fucking by tomorrow.”

I shuddered and hoped that Tony would leave that for at least another day.

“Stand up Claire.” Tony said.

We left that stall and continued walking, occasionally stopping for Tony to chat with someone or look at a product that he fancied.

Around the middle of the day a man came over to Tony and said that the organisers wanted a group photo of all the girls in heroine costumes. As Tony was telling me that I was going to be part of that group he put his arms around my waist and rolled the top of my skirt a couple of times.

“What are you doing Tony?” I asked.

“Just making sure that your pussy is showing on the photos. There won’t just be the official ones, lots of people will be talking photos of their own and I want them to see you in all your glory. I just hope that they decide to take some spreadies.”

“That’s an idea.” The man stood next to Tony said, “would you mind if me and my buddies took a few selfies with Super Girl?”

As I moved to join the other heroines I heard Tony volunteering me for some selfies. I just hoped that I’d be able to hide my goodies.

The official photographer took lots of shots, group and individual. I saw Dawnstar there and she looked so confident wearing only a very thin layer of yellow paint. In a way I wished that I was as confident as she obviously was.

When it came to taking photos of just me he told me that he wanted me in the famous Super Girl pose. When I told him that I didn’t know what that was he told me to stand with my feet about shoulder width and to put my hands on my hips.

I did and he took 3 different shots, one from just above the floor looking up. It was whilst he was down there that I realised that some of the audience were trying to get the same shot, and I remembered how short the skirt was and that I didn’t have any knickers on.

I cursed myself for getting so used to being knickerless.

When I was free to leave I looked for Tony. On my way around the hall looking for him I was stopped a few times by men wanting to take selfies and spreadies with me. By that time I just didn’t care and was happy to oblige. On my way I saw Dawnstar getting selfies and spreadies taken. She looked so happy.

When I found Tony the man who had originally asked for a selfie was still with him, and he asked again.

“Of course you can mate. Claire, come on.” Tony replied.

After that man about 25 different men wanted the same. I tried to put a brave face on it and smile all the time, but inside I was not happy.

At one point I found myself wishing that I was as happy to display my naked body as Dawnstar obviously was.

After the last photo I went to Tony and he reached down and cupped my still exposed pussy. His hand rubbed on my exposed and still very tender clit, and I orgasmed right there and then.

As I calmed down Tony was holding his wet fingers up in front of my face.

“Suck them Super Girl. I know that you’re horny enough to suck anything that’s put in front of your mouth.”

“I am not.” I just managed to say before his fingers went into my mouth.

“You’ve just tasted the evidence that says that you are and that orgasm confirms it.”

I stayed silent.

“Most of the cameras that that took the photographs were expensive ones with very high resolution, they will have captured every little drop of your juices escaping from your cunt and even I saw a few drops hit the floor whilst you were stood with the other heroines.”

I felt my face start to glow; I was so humiliated.

We continued going around more stalls with Tony talking to more and more people. At one of the stalls they were inviting people to have their photograph taken, and as we got closer I saw a monitor that was displaying the images of a young woman that the camera had just taken.

The salesman explained that for each photo taken by the camera, 4 images were saved onto the computer. The first was a conventional photograph, the second a thermal image, the third was an x-ray, and the last one was of the girl looking very naked.

“That mode is so that the photographer can see if the person is carrying any concealed weapons that don’t show on the other images.” The salesman said.

“Would you like to try it sir?”

“No, but the Super Girl would.” Tony replied as he put his hand on my back and gently pushed me forwards.”

“It’s always a pleasure to photograph such a beautiful young lady.” The salesman said taking my hand and almost pulling me to the little pedestal that was being used.

The salesman told me how to stand, and of course it was with my feet well apart. As I stood there feeling a right idiot I heard the salesman say,

“This should be interesting.”

“Yes,” Tony replied, “it’s always a please to capture a beautiful young lady.”

As I stood there waiting I, at first, felt proud that Tony called me a beautiful young lady, then I started to wonder what he meany by the word ‘capture’. Did he mean capture the image or capture the girl, because he’d certainly captured me, albeit my fault.

I seemed to be stood up there for hours and I started to look around. I saw that other people were photographing me. Then I remembered my skirt.

“Oh shit.” I thought and I felt my face go all red and hot again.

When I was finally told that I could get down I went over to the computer screen and watched the salesman scroll through the stored images. On the thermal image he explained what the different colours meant. Tony laughed and said,

“Look at her crotch and tits. That doesn’t surprise me really; she‘s one hot little slut.”

I looked at the image again and saw that my pussy area and nipples were the brightest on the screen. My face went red again.

Next on the display was x-ray image and I could see all my bones and the shape of my body.

I looked VERY naked on the image that could see through clothes; and on the conventional photograph I was reminded about my nipples showing through my blue mesh top and my slit showing below my way too short skirt.

“The camera resolution is excellent as well.” The salesman said. “You can zoom in to minute detail, excellent for looking to see any labels on clothing.”

But it wasn’t my clothing that he was zooming in on. After lingering on the dimples around my areolas he moved down to my spread pussy. Okay the shot was from the front but I could clearly see my clit pointing down.

My face got redder.

After a long pause, presumably on maximum zoom, the salesman said,

“Would you like prints of these images sir?”

“Yes please.” Tony replied.

The salesman clicked a few times then went over to a printer. As we waited for him I said,

“That was soo embarrassing.”

“Good.” Was all that Tony said.

When the salesman came back he handed Tony a few sheets of A4 and said,

“I’ve included the close-ups; I though that you might like them.”

“Thank you.” Tony replied and got one of his business cards out of a pocket. “Would you be able to email the stored images please; the email address is on the card.”

“Certainly sir.”

We wandered around some more, and I had to pose for a few more selfies / spreadies, before Tony said that we were leaving. As we got to the door I stopped and asked Tony if I could change back into my dress.

He looked at me then said,

“Unroll the top of the skirt and see how far it will come down.”

I did, and pulled as much as I could on the hem.

“That will do, let’s go.”

As I tried to keep up with Tony I smoothed a hand down the front and the back of the skirt. I decided that if I stood still and upright, and there wasn’t a breeze, I’d be decent.

I kept walking and hoped that Tony meant what he said about me not getting arrested.

Of course, Tony had to leave that place at rush hour, and yes, he had decided that we’d travel on the underground. I hit the same problems with the escalators and the wind blowing along the platforms; and the crowded trains.

It didn’t help that I was still wearing that stupid Super Girl outfit. That alone attracted quite a bit of attention but the light weight, ultra short skirt just would not stay down, was causing me a lot of embarrassment.

Tony reminding me not to hold it down didn’t help either. I have no idea how many people saw my butt and pussy.

And on the crowded train the people stood in front of me got a good look at my tits through the blue mesh top.

At least I didn’t get penetrated while I was in the crowds; but I did feel a hand on my butt under the skirts at one point.