**I'm being Blackmailed**

by Vanessa Evans

*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.*

**Part 10**

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So, here I am trapped in a life that I both hate and love. Tony is so horrible to me yet he quite oftens puts me in situations that are so amazing that they blow my mind. He’s turned me from a shy teenage girl into a blatant exhibitionist. From a girl who who had virtually no experience of sex to a girl who longs to be tied up naked, exposed in public, fucked and made to cum in front of a webcam. I’m almost a nymphomaniac.

I have gone downhill from a respectable girl to a slut, and I can’t make up my mind which life I prefer. Not that it matters, I’m stuck with my new life for nearly a year until my contract expires. Half the time I’m counting down the days and the other half of the time I would happily extent the contract for another 50 years.

Tony is still embarrassing and humiliating me every chance that he gets, and he makes a lot of chances as well. I still have to travel to work, and work wearing virtually nothing. I still have to be naked even before I enter his apartment, where I have to live.

I sometimes get really annoyed with myself for getting in to this position, but other times, most other times, I love every seconds of it. Even the spankings that he gives me.

For one of his latest degradations of me Tony and his brother Mick sent me to 2 of Mick’s workmates (single and living on their own) who I’d never met and they didn’t know that I’m was going, dressed as French maid (minus the knickers), to do their cleaning. And Tony told me that I had to strip naked within 5 minutes of arriving and finish the job naked.

Apart from the whole humiliation, my problem was that Tony hadn’t told me to not let them fuck me so I was convinced that they would do everything that they could to fuck me. If I resisted I was sure that word would get back to Tony and he would punish me.

It was a Saturday morning when I had the first cleaning job. I had to put the French maid’s outfit on outside Tony’s apartment and then with me carrying a mop and bucket with cleaning materials in it, Tony took me to the first address that Mick had given him.

I was nervous as hell as I walked from the car to the house. Not only was I nervous, my nipples were throbbing and my pussy was tingling and dripping. I wanted to do it and I didn’t want to do it.

After I knocked on the door it opened and a twenty something, reasonable looking man looked down at me and said,

“What the fuck; who are you and what do you want?”

“I’m the cleaner that you ordered.”

“I haven’t ordered a cleaner.”

“This is 23 Church Street isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Well a cleaner has been booked and paid for at this address.”

“So let me get this straight, someone has booked for you to come and clean my house, and they’ve paid for it?”

“Yes sir.”

“So you will clean my house and I won’t have another penny to pay?”

“Yes sir.”

“Then in that case come on in young lady.”

I did, and put my bucket down in the hallway. As I did so, from behind me I heard,

“Wow, do you often clean stranger’s houses in that outfit and with no knickers on?”

“Yes sir; this is a nude cleaning service. Where can I leave my dress?” I replied as I reached for the zip to my dress and opened it.”

“You’re going to clean my house naked?”

“Yes sir. How shall I address you sir?”

“I’m Graham, but I’m happy to be called sir.”

“Yes sir.”

“In that case, you can leave your dress on the sofa in the lounge. I hope that you don’t mind me watching your every move and taking some photographs, I don’t get many naked girls here.”

“I’m sorry to hear that sir. I would expect you to watch me to make sure that I do everything to your satisfaction. My name is Claire but you can address me in any way that you wish sir. Where shall I start sir.”

“I think that the kitchen would be a good place Claire.”

I smiled at him then went to the kitchen and got started. Graham followed me and was watching my every move, including every little wobble of my little tits, and he had got his camera in his hand. As I bent over to put things in the floor cabinets I wondered if Graham had seen how wet my pussy was and if he’d photographed or videoed it.

The place wasn’t that untidy or mucky and it didn’t take long.

“Where’s the bathroom sir?” I asked.

“First on the left at the top of the stairs.”

By then I was starting to relax and perhaps, dare I admit it, even enjoy myself a little. As I walked up the stairs with Graham following me, I leant forwards a little, knowing that that would make my pussy more visible.

The bathroom wasn’t as clean as the kitchen and I had to bend over quite a lot to rub the dirt away, all the time with Graham behind me, camera in hand. I was just getting close to finishing in there when Graham asked,

“Does this cleaning include cleaning me, I haven’t had a shower yet today.”

That was one question I just never saw coming and it confused me for a second.

“Err, I guess so, there’s nothing the rule book about washing clients but you are in the house so I guess that it does.”

“Okay Claire, do your stuff.”

Again I was thrown a little, I’d never thought about it before, and I’d never undressed a man that I’d only met a few minutes ago, so I turned to him then looked him in the eyes as I took off my rubber gloves then went for the hem of his T-shirt.

He had to bend down a little for me to get it over his head then I looked at his eyes again as I started undoing his jeans. As I pulled the zip down his cock sprang out. I hadn’t expected him to underwearless and I gasped a little at the surprise, not the size of his circumcised and, I guess, average size cock.

Graham stepped out of his jeans leaving us both totally naked. My nerves and disgust at Tony forcing me to be there were all gone and I just wanted that cock inside me.

I stepped back to allow Graham to get into the shower then followed him in and turned the tap on. Before he got in I watched as he propped his camera up on the worktop as he said,

“I’ve just got to record this.”

Graham stood in the shower, cock pointing to the ceiling as I soaped then rinsed everywhere apart from his cock. Whilst I was doing that he was fondling my tits and rubbing my pussy. He made me cum before I’d finished rinsing him.

“You missed a bit Claire. With your mouth.” Graham said after my orgasm subsided.

I had been leaving that part to last, and I had intended to use my mouth. I smiled as I knelt down in front of him and took his cock into my mouth. He only lasted about a minute before pulling my head back and shooting his load all over my face and I wondered how long it had been since he’d done that with a girl.

Without being told I scooped as much as I could into my mouth then looked up at him with my mouth open for him to see his seeds. As I stared up into his eyes I swallowed then opened my mouth again.

“Good girl Claire, someone has taught you well. Now dry me then get on with the cleaning.”

Graham got out of the shower and dried himself then threw a towel at me. I dried as much as I could but my hair would have to dry naturally.

It didn’t take long to finish cleaning the rest of the house and when I was finished, I put my French maid’s outfit on and turned to Graham to tell him that I was leaving.

“Not yet you aren’t Claire, come here and bend over the back of the sofa.”

I did, and spread my legs, expecting him to fuck me from behind. He did, thrusting in to me so hard that the sofa moved. I orgasmed before he did but he just kept going until he shot his load deep inside me. Then he told me that I could go.

Outside, on the street, as I phoned Tony to tell him that I was finished, I pulled the skirt down as much as it would go and my nipples popped out of the top.

“Sod it.” I thought, “with a bit of luck Tony will pick me up before anyone comes along and sees me.”

I was a bit annoyed when Tony told me that he was in a cafe about half a mile away and that I had to meet him there. Hoping that I could get there without anyone seeing me, I set off walking with Graham’s cum crawling down the insides of my thighs.

I saw a few people on the way but only a couple of teenage boys stared and said something.

“Nice ass.” One of them shouted at me.

The second nude housecleaning happened the following Saturday afternoon. Again I had to wear the French maid’s outfit without knickers. Tony drove me to the block of flats and I headed off to the first floor to find the flat.

“Hi,” I said to the young man who opened the door, “are you Pete?”

“Err no, he’s inside. Are you the stripper that he booked?”

“No, I’m the cleaner.”

“We didn’t book a cleaner, only a stripper, a stripper with happy endings, but you’re about 4 hours early.”

“I’m the cleaner.”

“We don’t need a cleaner until after the stripper. I guess that you’ll have to do both jobs then.”

What could I do? Tony had told me that I had to do everything that this Pete told me so I had to do it. After all. Tony had told me that I had to do the cleaning naked and I had to get naked somehow.

“Come in then cleaner-cum-stripper. What do we call you?”

“My name’s Claire.”

“In there.”

The man pointed to a door and when I went in there were 3 other men there, all sat drinking.

“Guys, this is Claire, she the stripper AND a cleaner. Good idea Pete, she strips, we fuck her then she cleans up the mess. Put some music on Pete so that she can get started.”

I put the bucket down and waited for the music. As I watched, presumably Pete fumbling with the music I thought,

“This could work out okay, 4 men, 1 naked girl, what could possibly go wrong? Had Tony known about this?”

Obviously I didn’t know the answer, and never would, then the music started. I started gyrating my hips and it took only seconds for the men to start shouting,

“Get ‘em off.”

But I wasn’t about to take my French maid’s dress off straight away. I danced around and teased them with flashes of my butt and pussy, and pulled the front of the dress down a bit so that my nipples popped out, then pulled it up again.

I teased them for the whole of the first track then went over to Pete and turned my back to him. I bent over to show him my bare butt and pussy then dropped to my knees and asked him to unzip the dress.

He did then I got up, holding the dress in place, and turned to dance a bit more while holding the dress up.

Then I let it slowly slide to the floor leaving me naked apart from my heels.

I continued to dance, rubbing my tits and pussy and I have to admit that I was enjoying myself. I felt so sexy, so desirable, and judging by the comments, so wanted.

I went down onto my spread knees and started finger fucking myself. The men obviously wanted me to cum and I wanted to cum for them; and I did. I was so horny that it didn’t take long.

Needless to say, the naked me cumming wasn’t enough for the men and I got up, went over to Pete, knelt in front of him and unzipped his trousers. As I sucked his cock I felt someone lift my hips so that I was on my feet, bent over giving Pete a blow-job.

I felt a cock on my butt and I spread my legs some more. The cock took advantage and buried itself inside my vagina.

That was the start of me getting fucked in all 3 of my holes, sometimes, all 3 at once, before the men had had enough of me.

I was knackered too, but I had a job to do and I just knew that Tony would punish me if I didn’t do the cleaning.

Apart from lots of empty beer cans and bottles, the flat wasn’t really untidy and it didn’t take me long to finish cleaning up.

I started to put my dress on but one of the men told me to stop and go over to him. That was the start of round 2 with all of them fucking me again. I guess that watching me do the cleaning naked had stirred up some more lust in them.

I finally escaped that flat about an hour later with my dress not fully zipped up and wondering if the stripper that they ordered would arrive and they’d get their third fuck of the day.

Again when I phoned Tony he told me to meet me in a different cafe and I again had to walk there in that skimpy dress with my tits partially showing at the top and my butt and pussy so close to showing at the bottom.

Yet again, Tony kept me waiting in the cafe and some of the other customers were staring at me. It didn’t help that I couldn’t cross my legs, forbidden by Tony, allowing some of the customers to look up my legs and see my bald pubes and the front of my slit.

Naked house cleaning isn’t the only times that Tony has told me to be used by other people. His brother, Mick, was invited to a friends wedding and got involved in organising the stag do. Four of them decided to go to Amsterdam for a long weekend and Mick asked Tony if I could go as well. Tony agreed and on the appointed day Mick came to collect me.

I’d got together a few thing in a bag and Tony had specified the clothes that I had to wear, heals, denim dungaree bib dress and a thin tank top under it. Mick had seem me in the dress before and liked what he saw, stiff denim that was quite lose at the waist when it was fastened and a bib that only just covered both nipples. As for the length, it’s like all the dresses that Tony lets me wear, just long enough to cover my butt and pussy.

Tony had had me wear it a few times before, without the tank top, and apart from the tank, I’d always felt like I was naked. When I just stand there the only part of the dress that touches my body is the shoulder straps. It didn’t help that Tony wouldn’t let me fasten the sides so they flopped down leaving my bare hips on display.

Back to Mick picking me up, when I put the top and dress on outside Tony’s apartment, Mick had looked at me and said that I ‘would do’.

Not very complementary, not that I expected anything and I forgot about that when he told me to put my bag back into the apartment because I wouldn’t need it. I was grateful that I’d put my passport and money into my clutch bag.

We met the other 3 guys at the airport and we were soon on the plane to Schiphol airport. As soon as the seatbelts light went off Mick told me to go to the toilet and I was followed by all 4 of the guys. With 3 of the guys hiding the door and pretending to queue, the fourth guy came into the toilet and joined the mile high club. When he’d cum in me he swapped places with one of his mates.

By the time the flight was half way there, all 4 of them had fucked me in that toilet. I took a big wad of tissues back to my seat to sit on to absorb all their cum as it seeped out of me.

Once we’d landed and gone through security Mick told me to go to the toilet and take the thin tank top off and then give it to him. All I was left wearing was my heels and the dungarees dress that barely covered anything and hung on me like a tent. All it would take to get me naked was pushing the shoulder straps off my shoulders and the dress would be on the floor.

And that dress was all that I had to wear for 4 days and 3 night in Amsterdam.

During the train journey for the 5 or so mile ride into central Amsterdam I had to sit in an aisle seat with my legs open. Anyone walking along the train, and there were quite a few of them, could look down and see my pussy. When I saw each person that looked at me my pussy tingled a little more.

One of the guys used google maps to get us to our hotel which was only about half a mile from the train station. The hotel was a small one where the receptionist doubled as a barmaid and waitress and it took a while for us to get checked-in.

Only 4 rooms had been booked and when I asked where I was staying the guys laughed and one said,

“In all 4 rooms.”

I took that to mean that they would be taking it in turns to use me. I didn’t think about there being 4 guys and only 3 nights. Mick took me to his room and told me to have a shower and clean myself up. I was grateful for that because I had dried cum all down the insides of my thighs.

Once cleaned up the guys met up and we went out onto the street and headed to the more popular part of town. I tried to be careful to not show my tits or butt or pussy but it was difficult as the guys kept pulling at my dress and either it would

go up or a tit would pop out.

The first stop was a cafe where the guys got beers for all of us. To go with my beer the guys got me what they called ‘special brownies’ and I must admit that they tasted nice. Once my plate was empty they asked me if I wanted another and I said that as they were good, another one would be nice.

The guys bought a box full of the brownies for me to eat later.

When we left the cafe I started to feel ‘funny’. It was a bit like I was drunk but I couldn’t be, I’d only had 1 small beer.

When I told Mick that I felt funny, all 4 of them laughed and 1 said that the marijuana was working.

“What. You guys have drugged me?” I said, then giggled.

I have to say that the rest of the weekend is a bit of a blur. The only real time that I wasn’t high was early each morning. I’d wake up in the bed of one of the guys, twice with the guy ramming his cock into my vagina. Then I’d have a shower and put the same (only) dress on before we’d all go for breakfast where the guys would tell me to eat another brownie. During the day they’d notice when I was starting to come down and offer me another brownie. They were so delicious that I just couldn’t refuse.

There are a few other things that I remember, like the strip club where they got me to take part in a live sex show. That sort of sobered me up before I got into it then the pleasure would relax me and marijuana would take over again.

I also remember taking my dress off and trying to swim in one of the fountains. The guys dragged me out and we ran off before the police arrived.

Apparently I was frequently walking around with the bib on my dress pushed to one side leaving 1 tit exposed.

Also, apparently, when we were in restaurants I would sit with my butt perched on the front of the chair with my knees open. Mick told me that the waiters liked that.

Anther thing that I vaguely remember is going to a sex museum and seeing a life-size photo of a naked girl. She was gorgeous, beautiful face, perfect figure and very pert tits. Then I looked down to her pussy and got one hell of a shock when I saw a cock and balls. I just couldn’t understand how he had got so beautiful.

Of course the guys called him / her a sad pervert – or words to that effect.

Mick didn’t give me, and I didn’t ask for, my tank top back until we were on the train to Schiphol and I dropped my dress and put the top on, on the train with people watching.

The guys renewed their mile high club membership in the same way on the flight back and I was still a little high when Mick dropped me off at Tony’s apartment.

“You look like shit.” Tony said when he saw me, “like a hooker who’s had a busy and rough night.”

“Thanks.” I said, “did you know that Mick was going to drug me all weekend?”

“It was only marijuana, it won’t have harmed you. Go to bed, I don’t want to see you until the morning, and it’s work tomorrow.”

During the drive to work Tony asked me if I remembered getting on the stage, stripping and taking part in the sex show.

“Vaguely.” I replied.

“Mick tells me that you were a natural.”

“I think that that was the drugs.”

“Well that gave me an idea and I phoned a man that I know and you’ve got an interview for a job on Saturday morning.”

When Tony said that my spirits rose. It sounded like a chance to get away from Tony and his abuse. My initial euphoria was short lived when I remembered the good times that I’d had with him, the ways that he made me discover my sexual desires and how he feed my needs.

“Could I live without the good times and the sexual pleasures that he gives me?”

Then there was the money, if he was organising this job for me how would I stand with the contract and the money? For the rest of the week, the embarrassment and humiliation that I had a work and at Tony’s apartment seemed trivial. I realised that I was happy.

Saturday morning arrived and Tony took me to see that man that he knows. My heart dropped when I saw the place that he parked outside. It was a strip club. He must be getting me a job as a stripper.

The front door wasn’t locked and Tony led me in. It was dark and dingy and I saw, and heard, a woman using a vacuum cleaner; and a man sat at a table writing something. Tony led me over to him.

Tony and Liam (I found out later) greeted each other like old friends, both ignoring me for ages. It was Liam who first said something to me,

“So you want to be a stripper? What’s your name girl?”

“Claire.”

“Take your clothes off Claire.”

“What?”

“Your clothes, take them off, I need to see you naked. I have to check that you don’t have any stupid tattoos or bulges in the wrong places. Maybe you’re some sort of trans-whatever and the punters wouldn’t like that.”

I thought for a second then started unbuttoning my top. As I did so the disappointment of what Tony had meant by ‘a job’ started to fade and the excitement of the thought of me taking me clothed off for lots of horny men, started to take over. Then there was Liam, he wasn’t that bad looking, what would he think of my body?

As my breasts saw the lights in the room my nipples throbbed.

“Good, not a bad size and the shape is good as well. Are your nipples hard all the time or do you like taking your clothes off in front of horny men?”

I didn’t answer him and a couple of seconds later my top was on the floor, closely followed by my skirt.

“Sensible girl.” Liam said, presumably referring to my lack of knickers. “Turn round slowly.”

I did, and when my back was to them Liam said,

“Spread your legs and bend over.”

I did.

“Nice pussy.”

“I had her flaps cut off.” Tony said.

“They did a good job, she looks like a little girl. That will go down well with the punters. Put your clothes back on girl; can you dance?”

“Yes.”

“When you’re ready go over to the stage and start dancing when the music starts.”

Liam got up and went over to a little office with a big glass window. I was standing on the stage when the music started so I started dancing. Liam and Tony came over and stood in front of me, watching me.

Liam hadn’t told me to strip but I guessed that I should, so I did, I took it slow and I tried to make it look as sexy as I could. Somehow I knew that I should try to tease as I did so and I did my best, unfastening my top and holding it over my tits then letting it slip a bit then finally throwing to the side of the stage.

I did a similar thing with the skirt, holding it over my pussy and butt when I turned my back to them, before throwing it to the side.

Now naked apart from my heels I played with my nipples and beasts as I swayed about before moving down to my pussy where I rubbed it in time to the music before finger fucking myself and making myself cum.

As my orgasm got close I dropped to my spread knees and finished myself off leaning back so that they could see my pussy spasms as the orgasm hit me,

I stayed like that until the orgasm had gone and the track ended.

The next track started but Liam had gone to turn it off. When there was silence I got to my feet and stood looking at Tony who looked pleased with my performance. Liam returned and said,

“Not bad Claire. You’ve got great potential. You need to polish a few things but we can work on those. That orgasm looked real, was it?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good, I hate fakers. You’ll need to provide your own thongs, the smaller the better, but we have quite a wardrobe of suitable clothes for you to wear to strip off so you won’t need anything else apart from the thongs and some heels. You might want to bring a dildo or 2, the punters like watching a girl fuck herself with at dildo. Which nights can you work?”

Tony told Liam that I could work 2 nights a week but not a Friday because Friday is his night out with his mates and that he takes me along to entertain them.

“Okay, Thursday and Saturday it is. Two sets each night. Get here for 7 pm next Thursday so that you can have a practice run with some of the other girls giving you some tips. Ask for Ruby, she looks after the newbies.

Tony told Liam that I would be there then told me that I could get dressed. I’d forgotten that I was still naked, I guess that that’s one of the penalties of being Tony’s slave.

We left and as we drove home I asked Tony if he was really going to make me work as a stripper.

“Come on Claire,” Tony said, “you know that you’ll enjoy it. Think of all those horny men that will be lusting after your body. You’ll cream yourself every 5 minutes.”

I didn’t say anything but I couldn’t stop thinking that he was probably right.

The next few days until the Thursday dragged. Tony may have been doing the usual, not very nice, things to me but time still dragged. One exception was him tying me to my bed with my Ohmibod in and my magic wand hanging from above and resting on my clit. It was running and he’d connected my PC to the website where people can watch me and control my Ohmibod.

Those 3 hours went very fast as my tormentors took great pleasure in making me cum over and over.

Tony dropped me off outside the club at 18:45 on the Thursday and I easily found Ruby. She looked me up and down and told me that I had the body of a good stripped, not that I knew what she meant.

Anyway, she asked me if I’d brought any thongs and when I got them out she laughed and said,

“Well if you wear those with skirts that short you definitely can’t be the shy type.”

“I don’t wear anything under my skirts.” I replied. “I’ve got those for when I can’t be naked.”

“Good for you girl. Now, lets sort out some clothes for you.”

When we went into the changing room Ruby told me which locker I could use and gave me one of the club’s little robes.

“You can wear that when you go out into the club between sets. Most of the girls don’t bother with the belt and just let it hang open, it’s up to you.”

Ruby picked out 3 outfit that she thought I would look good in, including 3 bras.

“I don’t normally wear bras either.”

“I’m getting you like you more and more Claire. But you can’t be called Claire, you need a stage name, some things sexy. How about ‘Pussy Kat’.”

I laughed and said that I liked it.

“Right Pussy Kat, put an outfit on and get on the stage and do your thing. I’ll watch and give you some pointers and tell you the rules as we go, not that there are many rules.”

I did, and Ruby made a few suggestions as to how I could improve my style, and how I could get the punters giving me more tips. Basically, get my tits and pussy as near to the faces of the punters as I can and look like I’m cumming at least once during each set.

“That shouldn’t be a problem.” I said.

“Yes, Liam told me that you had a real orgasm when you were auditioning. It was real wasn’t it? A lot of the girls fake it and are very convincing.”

“No, it was real.”

“So do you think that I’m ready for the real thing Ruby?”

“Yes, you’ll relax once you get started. The big question is do you think that you are ready Pussy Kat.”

“Yes, a bit nervous, but yes, I’m ready.”

“When you’re not doing your turn you can either come and hide in the changing room or you can go out and mingle with the punters. If you do you can get some lap dances. The only rules with them is there must be no physical contact skin to skin. That rule is club wide but it isn’t really enforced, I’ve seen girls being groped and finger fucked all over the club. In fact I’ve had it done to me lots of times. It’s up to you Claire, sorry, Pussy Kat.

Outfits sorted, Ruby got ready for her first set. While she was changing she continued giving me instructions,

“I’m on first, in a few minutes, then there’s 2 more girls before you. Watch us all and learn. None of us will mind if you include bits of what we do in your act, there’s not a lot that a girl can do when she’s stripping. After all 3 of us have done our ‘thing’ you’ll have 5 minutes to get ready. When you are go and tell Mike in the little office that you are ready and he’ll announce you then start your playlist. Oh, you’d better go and give him that in a minute.”

“Shall I put on my first outfit now?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t, just the robe. Oh hi Foxy Lady and Delight, this is Claire, aka Pussy Kat. It’s her first time stripping tonight so be gentle with her.”

“Hi Pussy Kat.” Delight said. “Relax Hon, you’ll be fine.”

“Hi Pussy Kat.” Foxy Lady said. “It will be relatively quiet tonight. Ruby, have you told her about the bouncers?”

“Thanks Foxy Lady. The bouncers are here to look after the girls as well as deal with unruly punters. If you need one just shout, they’ll be watching.”

“How will I recognise the bouncers?”

“Black suits, white shirts and dicky-bows; and they’re all big guys. They’re all nice guys as well.”

Foxy Lady and Delight started getting changed and Ruby told me to put the robe on and follow her.

“Time to get the show on the road. I’ll introduce you to Mike.”

We went out and I was surprised to see about 30 or 40 punters there. I had only expected a dozen or so on a Thursday night.

After introduction I went through my playlist with Mike then went and stood near the stage to watch the other girls. Before Ruby started, a middle-aged man came and stood next to me and started talking to me. He wanted to know who I was and if I was one of the girls. When I said that it was my first night he untied my robe and looked my nude body up and down then said.

“Nice body, you’ll do great girl.”

I smiled and saw Ruby walk onto the stage.

I did learn a few things by watching the other girls do their act, and when Delight finished I went to the changing room to put on my thong and first outfit. I didn’t like the bra and had forgotten how uncomfortable bras can be.

“At least it won’t be on for long.” I thought.

The butterflies started when I opened the changing room door. When I got to Mike’s office to tell him that I was ready, he looked at me then got out a bottle of whiskey, passed it to me and said,

“Have a swig of that.”

I did, and that burning feeling as it went down my throat made me forget my nerves.

On the stage I looked out and saw that I could only really see the faces of the punters who were close to the front of the stage. All were staring at me and cheering as Mike introduced me. The music started and I started dancing. Yes, I was nervous, but as I danced and swayed about I started thinking about the times that Tony had made me take my clothes off in public. I started feel aroused.

By the end of the first track I was down to the bra and my thong. As soon as the thong was revealed the cheers started and the calls to take it off started.

The whole of the next track was taken up with me taking the bra off and teasing the punters in the way that I did it. And me bending over and showing anyone who hadn’t already noticed, the lack of material in the thong.

The third track was taking the thong off and rubbing it along my slit. As the track was ending, I bundled the thong up, got to my spread knees, and pushed the thong into my vagina. Judging by the noise and tips going into the boxes along the front of the stage, that was a popular thing to do.

“Must remember that.” I thought.

Track 4 was taken up with me getting down on my spread knees at different places along the front of the stage, pulling out and putting back in the thong, and masturbating for the guys.

I was loving it and those guys at the front must have been able to tell. My pussy was dripping.

I orgasmed just as the last track was coming to an end and my pussy convulsions and my shaking body will have let everyone know that I was having an orgasm.

My orgasm was still going on as the music stopped and all I could hear was the noise of the audience.

They were still cheering and shouting things to me when I got my senses back and I got to my feet and did a little curtsey before walking off the stage and back to the changing room. Ruby followed me in carrying the clothes that I’d worn, and the first thing that she said was to tell me to pick up my clothes on the stage as soon as I finished my turn, and to bring them back myself.

“Oh sorry, I was a little distracted and didn’t think. I’ll get it right next time.”

“So there will be a next rime Claire will there?”

“Fuck yes, that was awesome.”

“Good, because you were good, a couple of things need polishing but for a newbie you were good. Now put a thong on and your robe on and go and circulate. Oh, if you didn’t notice before, one of the bouncers collects the tips, you’ll get them at the end of the evening.”

“Thanks, I forgot about those.”

I did put a clean and dry thong and my robe on and went out. Delight saw me and came over to me.

“Not bad for a first time Pussy Kat, I liked the finish, was it real?”

“Yes.”

“Good for you girl, and I like your thongs, I’ll have to get some of those. Now, do you want to watch me give a lap dance, I’ve seen a punter who always asks me for one so we don’t have to wait to be asked.”

Delight led me over to a middle-aged man who she greeted with a kiss on his cheek. Then she led him over to one end of the bar where a woman took the man’s money and wrote something down then delight led the man to a corner of the room to where there were 3 curtained booths. When she pulled the curtain back I saw a solitary chair in the middle and the man sat on it.

Delight then took off her robe and hung it on the pegs. Standing with her legs outside of his she started rubbing her bare tits in his face, pulling his face onto her chest with her arms. All the time gyrating her hips and going up and down a little.

This went on for a while and one of the bouncers came and looked into the booth, presumably to make sure that the man’s hands weren’t on her bare skin.

Then Delight got off him, turned around and started grinding her pussy on the front of his trousers. It was then that I saw that Delight’s thong was pushed to one side and I could see both her labia and everything between them. It was her bare pussy that rubbing on the man’s trousers.

That went on for a couple of minutes then she turned around again and went back to rubbing her tits in his face.

Shortly after that the bounce came back and told her that the time was up.

As she got up I looked at the man, his face looked disappointed, and the bulge in the front of his trousers had a wet patch. I wasn’t sure if it was from Delight’s pussy, or if he had cum in his pants.

Delight led me back to the bar where she said,

“Easiest £20 I’ve made since last night.”

“So how many of those do you get a night?”

“Tonight, probably only 2 or 3, but on a Friday or Saturday it can easily be 6 or 7. So do you think that you could do that?”

“Easy.”

“Just hang around and wait for a punter to come over to you. If a man comes to the bar go over to him and start talking to him. Try to get him to buy you a drink. Ask him for a vodka or gin. The barman will give you water instead and charge him £20 for it. He’ll never know and £10 of the £20 will go into your tips.”

“This place really rips-off the customers doesn’t it?”

“Yes, but all places like this do, and it’s what the punters expect.”

“I’m glad that I’m not a man.”

“Me too. Life’s so biased towards us girls.”

“Talking about life being good to us girls, if you want you can wander around and go to the tables where you can ask the guys if they want some more drinks. Don’t forget to ask if you can order 1 for yourself as well. Tell the barman that it’s for you and you’ll get a water and £10 into your tips. Oh, be careful where you stand at the tables. If it’s next to a bloke who has wandering hands then expect one of those hands to slide up your thigh. If you don’t tell him to stop it, he will keep going and find your pussy. It’s up to you.”

I did pick up a note pad and pen from the bar and go over to a nearby table with half a dozen men sat at it. Stupidly, or not, I went and stood next to the loudest man there. As soon as he saw me his hand went for my thigh, rubbing the inside up and down a bit. Not moving, I asked them if I could get them another drink and the hand slid further up until it touched my pussy. I shuddered and my wet lips parted and a finger rubbed my clit.

“She likes this.” the loud man said, “take your time making up your mind what you want to drink lads.”

They did, and it was long enough for the fingers to make me cum.

I had to read the drinks order back to them to make sure that I’d got it right, then I asked if I could add a drink for me.

“Hell love, after that performance you can add half a dozen.”

“One will do thank you sir, I seem to be losing a lot of liquid tonight.”

One more time a finger went deep inside me before I backed away and went for the drinks.

“Did you just cum again?” Delight asked me as I was waiting for the drinks.

“Yes, that man knows how to use his fingers.”

“Would you mind if I took them their drinks?” Delight asked.

“Sure, share and share alike.” I replied.

I watched the same man’s hand slide up the inside of Delight’s thigh before going for a walk around. On my walk I got stopped to take another drinks order but the man either didn’t want to finger me or he didn’t have the courage to do it when I stood next to him.

At another table a man asked me if I did lap dances. When I said that I did, he stood up and I led him over to the woman at the end of the bar. I have to say that I was a little nervous as I led him to a booth where a bouncer opened a curtain for us and the man sat down.

“Slide forwards a little love.” I said, wanting to dry hump him in the best possible way.

He did and I took my robe off and climbed on. As I rubbed my pussy on his bulge I rubbed my tits on his face. I slid my nipples along his mouth which opened to lick the nipple that was passing.

After a while I climbed off him and turned around. As I sat down on his lap his bulge pressed on my pussy. I lay back and used my legs to slide up and down and gyrate on his bulge.

I think that it must have been my imagination but I got the impression that the bulge in his trousers got bigger. Half expecting his trousers to get as wet as my pussy, I climbed off him and turned around again.

I’d just got a nice rhythm going when the bouncer told me that time was up.

I think that I was as disappointed as the man was.

I did 1 more lap dance and 1 more turn on the stage that night, and I have to say that I loved every second of it. I got a taxi back to Tony’s apartment and he was still up waiting for me.

“So did you enjoy that as much as I thought that you would?” He asked.

“No, it was horrible. I had to cum in front of all those me, it was degrading. And what if someone who knows me came in and saw me? What if they tell my parents what I was doing? My mother would kill me.”

“I don’t believe you Claire, I reckon that you can’t wait for Saturday night. As for someone you know seeing you, if they told your parents they’d have to admit that they were at the club. What would your parents think about that? Right, you’re sleeping in my bed tonight and I’m going to fuck your brains out before you go to sleep, and again before you wake up. Go.”

I did, and he did, both times; although there’s nothing unusual in that these days.

What I’ve written about so far is the humiliation that Tony has inflicted in me outside of his apartment but things have been going on inside that apartment as well.

I still have to perform as a Cam Girl, always with my Ohmibod vibrator in so that the viewers can control it and make me cum. I still have to exercise at his window where people watch me. I still get abused by the other members of his family. I still have to help him video my cousin in her bedroom. And those are just the things that I can remember right now. There are lots more ways that he degrades me.

Tony still has his wall full of monitors that show what is happening where all his covert surveillance cameras are located. He has dedicated 2 of the monitors to the fitting rooms in his mates fashion store and they caught my cousin Aria getting changed and masturbating in the fitting room.

Tony took great delight in playing that back to me over and over one night. Poor Aria, I hate what he, and me, are doing to her.

I still go to my parents house for Sunday lunch one a month and whilst I’m there Tony gets me to put some new batteries in to the teddy bear. I’m just praying that he’s not going to blackmail her as well.

Parties – Tony has these just about once a fortnight and I’m the main attraction, well my body is. He keeps finding new ways to humiliate me in front of his friends. One thing that he’s done is have a pole, like a pole dancer uses, installed in front of the webbing swing.

No, he’s not trying to turn me into a pole dancer, he uses the pole to attach dildos to, at my pussy height then he, or his relatives or friends, pulls me back and when I swing forwards my pussy engulfs the dildo.

That’s not too bad when they line me up properly, but if they don’t, and I’m sure that some of them do it on purpose, the dildo hits me all around my pussy, and it hurts me. If it’s a silicone dildo it’s not too bad, but if it’s a solid one it can be quite painful.

The worst dildo is a newish one that he’s got for me, it has a metal tip and if the power is on when it hits me, or goes inside me, I often scream with the shock and pain. Of course that just amuses the ‘happy’ party goers.

Sometimes Tony doesn’t put that dildo on the pole and lets party goers just fuck me with it when I’m restrained on the webbing swing. I never know when it’s going to shock me and I usually end up screaming, although a few people have made me cum with a combination of the fucking with it and the electric shock.

Thankfully, I’m still alive to write about it.

The other thing that he does do me in that swing, is to dangle my magic wand in front of me so that the business end is just touching my clit. I’ve been left hanging in that swing cumming with people all around me. Some talking to each other and some watching me.

I think that I’m starting to enjoy that part of those evenings.

Sometimes it’s spanking parties, and my butt, and sometimes my tits and pussy, are the main target. Thankfully, I get some rest because Tony’s 2 sisters, Zoey and Eve, like being spanked as well, and it’s nice to see their bare butts turning red. When that happens I feel a little less humiliated because I’m not the only naked girl there.

Zoey is still calling me Claire Cumalot instead of my proper name, Clare Camelot.

The other thing that Tony has done to me at these parties, is blindfold me and restrain me to my bed and let anyone who wants to, come and abuse my body in any way that they want. You can imagine what they do to me, and I never know who is doing it to me.

In a way that’s sort of nice, the mystery of not knowing does turn me on a bit.

One possible nice thing that Tony told me last week was that he’s taking me to a surveillance systems convention in California next month, then on to Florida – Key West for a week or so. He says that in Key West he’s going to enter me in all the nude competitions that they have there, and have me walking the streets naked, in the carnival events that they have.

I just know that Tony will find some way of exposing my naked body in some way at that convention, and I just don’t want to know beforehand.

I’m actually looking forward to the Key West part in spite of the fact that a year ago I would have been horrified at the thought of being naked with all those people looking at me. I’m still not sure that I was happier back then, or what Tony has turned me into now.

Maybe I’ll find the time to write about it when we get back.