**I discover the real me – and I like it.**

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 04**

At 8 am the next morning I opened my door to see Tracey talking to Abby, both like me, naked and holding my shower things.

“Morning girls, ready for some cock teasing?” I asked.

“Hell yes.” Tracey replied.

We went up a floor and into the boy’s bathroom.

“It’s different to the girl’s, we’ve got shower cubicles.” Abby said, her girly voice attracting the attention of the 4 boys in there.

“So have the boy’s on the first floor.” Tracey added.

I was too busy looking around to see what cocks we were starting to tease, and one cock on the boy in the shower was already responding to the sight of 3 naked girls walking towards it.

The 3 of us got busy with our showers, and I saw that both Tracey and Abby were facing the now 2 naked hard cocks in the shower and all 3 of us were paying a lot of attention to what must have been very dirty tits and pussies.

It was the shampooing of each other’s hair in a triangle that started the contact with another girl, and from touching hair, all our hands started drifting towards the floor.

It was the first time that I’ve had a 3 some with 2 other girls and standing in a shower with warm water pouring down on us and our fingers managed to give us all an orgasm with 2 naked boys in the shower watching, and 5 more boys at the entrance to the showers watching.

Three happy and smiling girls dried themselves in front of all those boys then left them lusting (I hope) after our bodies as we smiled at them and left.

At 2 pm Ethan walked into my room.

“Have you showered and shaved?” He asked.

“Yes Master, I didn’t know when I’d get the chance again so I’ve just shaved myself again.”

“I see that you’ve done your face and hair, you look good.”

“Thank you Master.”

“All you’ll need with you is your shortest dress and your highest heels and you’ll be wearing them.”

“Yes Master.”

I got them out and put them on. The hem of the dress at the front doesn’t even cover my pubic bone.

Ethan drove me to the biggest hotel in town and took me up to the penthouse suite. In the lift I asked if his father lived there.

“No, he only stays here when he’s got business or a pleasure event in town. He normally lives at our home out in the country. If you’re lucky I’ll take you there some day.”

“Thank you Master.”

We went into the penthouse suite and to his father, a middle-aged man sat in a big arm chair reading a newspaper.

“Father, this is Daniella, the girl I told you about. I hope that she will suffice for your dinners. Dani, meet my father, Sir Thomas Prendergast.”

Sir Thomas put his news paper down and looked me up and down.

“Come here girl.”

I stepped over to him, standing close to his knees. I could see that he was looking directly at my slit.

He put his right arm out and his hand rested on my bare thigh. Then it slid down to my knee then back up the inside of my thighs. As it got higher and higher I shuffled my feet apart guessing that he wanted access to my pussy.

As soon and he touched it I gasped and shuddered. He slid his hand along my slit then back and I moaned as his fingers slid over my clit.

“Ready for action I see.”

“Yes sir.” I said.

“She’s a good one father, always wet.”

Sir Thomas pulled his hand out and looked at it then smelt it.

“Pleasant aroma.”

Then he licked his hand.

“Sweet taste too. Take your dress off girl.”

I stepped back, took the dress off then stepped forward again.

“Acceptable looks as well, not top heavy. She’ll do, thank you Ethan. I’ll be finished with her on Sunday afternoon.”

“Thank you father.”

Ethan turned and left and I wondered what the hell I’d got myself in to. Sir Thomas seemed way too posh for me but I could see where Ethan got his bad manners and disrespect for girls from.

“Sit.” Sir Thomas ordered.

I looked around, went to the nearest chair and sat.

Sir Thomas went back to reading his newspaper.

About 20 minutes later he put the paper down then turned to me.

“My girl, your duties over the next 2 days are to accompany me to 2 dinners. Tonight’s is just a dinner with some of my business associates, important, but not as important as tomorrow night’s. That is with my family and some local dignitary's. It is my first with them since my wife passed and I need to create a good impression. Do you think that you are up to it?”

“I think that I can hold my own sir, my father is a business man who went to Oxford and my mother also went to Oxford.”

“Well that’s a good start. Let us see how you get on tonight. I’ve arranged for a seamstress to come here this afternoon to make 2 dresses for you, I’ve spoken to her and given her a good idea of what I want. She should be here any minute.”

With that Sir Thomas got up and walked to the bar.

“Would you like a drink Daniella?” He asked.

“Do you have any water please?”

“Nothing stronger my dear, you may find all this a little stressful.”

“Water will be fine sir, I do not get on well with some alcoholic drinks and I’m still finding out which ones that I have a problem with.”

“Come over here, let me have another look at you.”

I stood and walked over to him, still only wearing my heels.

“Turn, slowly.”

I did.

“Are you happy with the size of your breasts?”

“Yes sir.”

“Don’t you want them enlarged?”

“No sir.”

“Sit on the stool and let me have a good look at your vulva.”

“Yes sir.”

I climbed onto the high stool and spread my legs.

“Contract your vaginal muscles.”

“What the fuck?” I thought, but said nothing and squeezed my vaginal muscles.

“Do you know what Kegel exercises are?”

“Yes sir.”

“Ethan tell me that you are still tight. Do lots of Kegel exercises to stay that way. Ethan also tells me that you like pain, that it arouses you, is that correct?”

“I’ve never really though about it sir, but I guess that he is right.”

“Make yourself cum.”

“Yes sir.”

I was still sat on the high stool with my legs open so I moved my right hand to my pussy and got to work.

Just after I’d got started I heard a familiar female voice but not wanting to disappoint Sir Thomas, I concentrated on bringing myself off.

As I orgasmed I actually fell off the stool and I was still cumming and jerking about when I landed on the floor. Fortunately, the carpet was a thick one, there was nothing there to hurt me and my orgasm took it’s natural course.

When it was over I saw that Sir Thomas was holding out a hand to help me up.

“Exquisite my dear. This is Ann, the seamstress, she will be making the dresses for you.”

I turned and smiled.

“Hello Daniella, we meet again, the Prendergast connection.”

“You 2 know each other then?” Sir Thomas said.

“Yes, Ethan got me to make some dresses and skirts for her.” Pointing to my dress that was still on one of the chairs, Ann continued, “I believe that Daniella was wearing one of the dresses when she arrived here. How are you enjoying your extra exposure Daniella?”

“It took a while to get used to it, but I like it, it keeps me aroused.”

“Good, I’m sure that the designs that Sir Thomas has in mind will also do that.”

“Okay you two, enough chit chat. Ann get on with your thing. You will be able to have at least the dress for this evening ready by 8 pm won’t you?”

“Yes Sir Thomas, I will concentrate on the dress for this evening and get it to you well before 8 pm. If I cannot get the other dress complete by then I will return in the morning with it. I already have a lot of Daniella measurements, may I take the others that I need?”

“Of course.”

“Will Daniella’s shoes be the ones that she will be wearing with the dresses?”

Sir Thomas looked down at my feet.

“Tonight yes, tomorrow night no, but they will be the same height.”

“Thank you sir. Daniella, please step over here.”

“No, measure her where she is, I want to watch.”

“Yes sir.”

Ann got on with measuring me – again, one of the measurements being my inside leg, and she did what she had done the last time, she made me cum. As she started rubbing my clit I looked and Sir Thomas and saw that he was smiling.

It was a good orgasm.

“Well done Ann, I see that you haven’t lost your touch. I can still visualise you doing that to my late wife.”

“A sad loss,” Ann replied. “I’ll leave and get on with my work.”

“Yes do. Daniella, come with me.”

I followed Sit Thomas to the bedroom where I was surprised to see ropes attached to each corner of the bed.”

“I’m sure that you can work out what to do Daniella.”

I could, he wanted to tie me spread eagle on the bed so I climbed on and spread my arms and legs.

I had another surprise, he didn’t want to fuck me. Instead he went to a drawer and pulled out what he called a ‘magic wand’. Over the next 3 or 4 hours he came into the room and brought me close to cumming then switched it off and left me about every 15 minutes.

I’m sure that you can imagine what state I was in when he finally released me – without giving me the relief that I craved.

I followed him into the main room where he told me that he’d ordered some light snacks to keep us going until the dinner that evening. I wasn’t surprised when he told me to go and let room service in, the young man only glancing at me as he brought the trolley in. He got a better look at me as he wheeled the trolley out.

“Eat.” Sir Thomas said.

I nibbled a few things but my mind was occupied by something more pressing.

When Sir Thomas was finished he turned to me and told me to get back on the bed. As he was tying my wrists and ankles again I pleaded with him to let me cum.

“Not yet dear, a girl looks her best when she is desperate to cum and I want you at your best when we arrive at the dinner.”

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “that’s hours away, I’ll be dead by then.”

Another 5 times I was brought close to having an orgasm only to be deprived by Sir Thomas removing the magic wand. Shortly after the fifth time he came back to me and untied me.

“Ann is here with your dress for this evening. Go and try it on; and don’t you dare finish yourself.”

“No sir.” and I walked out of the bedroom

I saw Ann and went over to her.

“You look wonderful Daniella.”

“I have prepared her so please don’t take her over the edge Ann.” I heard Sir Thomas say behind me.

Ann opened a box and I saw what looked like rags, all ripped up. Yo my amazement Ann lifted the pile and I could see the shape of a dress, the likes of which I have never seen before.

Ann showed me how to put it on and carefully moved bits of the fabric around.

I looked down at myself and saw the sleeveless and strapless dress. There was an elasticated band above my breasts. Below my breasts was another elasticated band that went from below my breasts to my waist. Between the 2 bands were dozens of strips of material all about 2 centimetres wide. Both my rock hard nipples were threatening to pop out between the strips. Below my waist were even more strips of material, again about 2 centimetres wide that went down to my ankles.

I did, and I didn’t like the dress. My first impression was that it looked horrible but all those strips of material were sure to move around as I moved around and I imagined them opening and my nipples, maybe even a whole tit becoming exposed. As for the skirt part, I was sure that my leg movements would cause the strips to part and expose my legs, maybe even right up to my waist.

“There, all ready. Sir Thomas,” Ann said, “does this meet with your approval?”

He came over and looked me over.

“She looks good. Daniella, walk over to the entrance door and look at yourself in the mirror then walk back here.”

I did, and I quickly confirmed my suspicions. By the time I got to the mirror both my nipples were visible. Looking at myself in the mirror I thought,

“This looks terrible.” but I actually said,

“It’s beautiful, amazing, a masterpiece.”

I moved a leg forward to partially simulate walking, and yes, the strips parted and I could see part of my stomach. I smiled to myself and thought,

“At least this should tease the men there.”

“Walk back my dear.” I heard Sir Thomas say.

I turned and did so, glancing down a couple of times as I did so. Each time I moved a leg forwards the strips opened up and I could see my bare leg right up to my waist.

“Wait until I sit down.” I thought.

“Excellent Ann, did you bring the dress for tomorrow evening?”

“Sorry Sir Thomas, those strips on material took longer than I thought, it will take me about another hour to finish it.”

“Very well, please bring it here at noon.”

“Certainly Sir Thomas.”

“Show her how to get in and out of it then you may go.”

“Thank you Sir Thomas.”

Ann did, and it wasn’t as easy as I thought. Those damn strips of material got everywhere.

“Well,” I thought, “I’ll only have to wear the thing once then he can do whatever he wants with the damn thing.”

Carefully folding the dress and putting it back in the big box, Ann left, leaving me stood there, still stark naked and still as horny as hell. After what he had said earlier I was expecting to get no relief for quite a few hours.

“Go and get some rest my dear. I’ll wake you an hour before we need to leave here.”

“Thank you Sir Thomas.” I replied.

“And don’t you dare finish yourself off.”

“No Sir Thomas.”

“Sleep,” I thought, “I’ve never ever managed to go to sleep when I’ve been even half as horny as this.”

I kicked my heels off and climbed onto the bed. Laying there, fighting the urge to just touch my clit, I looked around.

“Wow,” I thought, “I wonder how much this lot cost? I bet that I could buy a whole house for what someone paid for this lot.”

Time dragged and my frustration increased but I did manage to keep my hands off my pussy, and I was wide awake when Sir Thomas walked in.

“Feeling refreshed my dear?”

“Yes Sir Thomas.” I lied.

“You have one hour to get ready before we need to leave, Get yourself showered and whatever else you need to do then come and see me. And do not touch your clitoris.”

“No Sir.”

It doesn’t take me an hour to get ready, especially as I didn’t need to shave, and about 30 minutes later I was patiently trying to put the dress on without trapping some of the strips of material. Sir Thomas was watching me with an amused look on his face. He was ready to leave and I have to say that he look quite handsome for a man his age. He wore the tuxedo well.

“Come here my dear.”

I walked over to him and he helped straightened the last few strips. Then he told me to spread my legs and when I did I saw him get out a magic wand and he pushed some of the strips aside and put the wand to my clit.

I gasped and he told me to tell him when I was getting close to cumming.

I did and he withdrew the wand. He kept me standing there and when he thought my arousal had reduced enough he put it back on my clit.

Two minutes later I told him to stop. I knew that it would take quite a long time for my arousal to decrease significantly, especially if I’m moving around and my tits and pussy get exposed.

“You look splendid my dear. Just stay there for a minute.”

He walked away and when he returned he told me to lift my hair at the back. Then put a neckless on me.

“That is yours to keep my dear, as are the clothes that you are, and will be wearing.”

“Oh, thank you Sir Thomas, I wasn’t expecting anything, I am just doing what Ethan told me to do.”

“Yes, my son can be a bit abrupt and blunt, not like his younger brother. Time to leave.”

As we waked to the door I stopped at the mirror to look at myself. After confirming that the dress looked ridiculous I looked closer at the neckless.

“Wow, is that a real diamond?” I thought. “that must be worth a fortune.”

We went down to the ground floor in the lift then walked to one of the function rooms with me linking my arm on his. As we walked I looked down at myself. Both my areolas were showing and both my bare legs, right up to the top, were appearing as the leg went forwards. I wondered if anyone in front of me could see any of my bare pubes and stomach.

As we entered the room we stopped. I looked around and saw about 8 or 9 tables with about 6 or 8 places set at each table. Passed the tables I saw a little dance floor and a band’s instrument. The instruments led me to believe that it was an old time band. There wasn’t a guitar anywhere in sight but there was a piano and a violin.

A man came over to us and I saw his eyes going from Sir Thomas to my chest and back. I wondered if a nipple had escaped but I didn’t look.

“Good evening Sir Thomas, we’ve put you and your delightful guest on table one over here if you would care to follow me.”

We did, and at the table I saw 3 other couples. The 3 men stood as Sir Thomas approached and one of them pulled back the chair next to where he had been sat which was obviously for me.

I smile at him and stood close to the table for the man to put the chair behind me. When I sat I looked down at my dress. The strips of material at the front had parted. Some were between my legs and the rest were down either side of the chair. Apart from the few strips that were between my legs, my legs were exposed right up to my waist.

“Nice.” I thought, “this could be fun.”

Sir Thomas introduced me to everyone and it became apparent that one of each pair worked for him. The man sat next to me was called Tom, and his partner Janice. Pete had obviously seen my exposure because every time that he looked my way he looked down to my legs.

Sir Thomas introduced me as his son’s girlfriend who had graciously offered to accompany him for the evening.

The conversation soon continued with some of the people on both sides of me asking me questions. I had to turn to answer them and I thought about the top part of my dress but I didn’t dare look down. I suspected that one or both of my nipples had escaped but if I actually knew they had I would have found it difficult to say that I didn’t know if someone pointed it out.

Sir Thomas was also talking to me, and each time that he asked me something his right hand would rest on my bare thigh right at the top, and on some of the times that he did that I felt a little movement of my dress waist band. I figured that his fingers had snagged on the material of the strips that were hanging between my legs and the tug or movement was just him freeing his hand.

The conversations went on, even throughout the meal. No one told me that my nipples were exposed so I guessed that either I wasn’t exposed or people were too polite to say anything.

When the food started arriving I put a napkin over my lap, spoiling the view that Pete was getting, but not stopping Sir Thomas from putting his hand near my pussy each time that he spoke to me.

There was lots of wine with the meal and I decided to try the white. I took it slow at first and when I thought that I wasn’t going to pass out I had another glass of it. I started to feel a little happier than when I arrived although my arousal was still up there and I was sure that some of the strips that I’d managed to sit on were getting quite damp.

When the food was finished Janice excused herself saying that she needed to go to the powder room. I did the same and got up to follow her. It was only then that I looked down at my dress. Yes my nipples were showing, and yes, the strips of material were parting as I walked. I quickly adjusted my top just as we walked into the ladies room.

After a short time in the cubicles, Janice started talking to me as we stood in front of the mirrors.

“That dress of yours is lovely Daniella, did you choose it?”

“Heavens no, I couldn’t afford it, Sir Thomas got it for me, even paid a seamstress to come and fit it for me.”

“It’s a bit of a unique design isn’t it?”

“Yes, I’ve never seen anything like it before. As I was coming here I was very nervous, half expecting to have some sort of wardrobe malfunction but so far, everything has been good.”

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that Daniella, when you turn sideways one of your nipples escapes, you’ve been popping out all evening.”

“Oh my gawd, I’m sorry about that; and no one told me.”

“I shouldn’t worry about it, I’m sure that the men are enjoying your misfortune. The skirt seems to be giving you some problems as well.”

“It does when I sit down, most of these strips fall either sides of my legs, it’s a good job that there’s some in the middle that fall between my legs.”

“There doesn’t appear to be many of those.”

“What?” I replied as I smoothed my hand down my stomach and felt bits of skin.

“Oh my gawd,” I continued, “I’m sure that there were more strips of material there when I left Sir Thomas’ place. Some of them must have fallen out, but where, I haven’t see any on the floor. Look, my pussy is barely covered. I need to leave and go and find a decent dress.”

“Don’t worry my dear, I’’m sure that most of the men here have had too much to drink to notice.”

“Well if I stay I will have to stay sat at the table all night. I was looking forward to some dancing but I guess that I’ll have to sit then all out.”

“You’ll find that difficult being as beautiful as you are.”

“Thank you Janice but you are way too kind. I guess that we should be going back, do you mind if I follows you, I’ll feel less exposed that way.”

We walked back to the table with me behind, but to one side of Janice. As I walked I looked down at my dress. Both my nipples had escaped again, and my legs got exposed each time that a leg went forward. I also saw some of my stomach as I walked.

Sitting down I saw the strips of material fall down the outsides of my legs and I counted just 4 strips of material between my legs. I discretely got hold of 1 of the 4 and gently pulled. I wasn’t surprised to feel it come free. Then I opened my legs and looked at the floor in front of my chair and saw a little pile of strips of material.

I knew exactly what had happened. I looked at Sir Thomas and when I caught his eye I whispered,

“You naughty man, are you trying to get me naked in here?”

“He smiled and whispered back,

“What do you think?”

I smiled too. Then I decided to try to pull a couple of other strips of material from the sides of the dress, and they too came free. I did a quick, rough calculation of the number of strips of material and decided that the chances of me ending up bottomless were quite remote. I both relaxed and was disappointed.

Then I thought,

“If I can’t get bottomless maybe I can at least get my pussy exposed.”

I pulled out 1 more strip from near my belly button. I wanted to pull out more but it was early and I didn’t know if I was pulling then out even. I needed to stand and have another look but I couldn’t go to the rest room again.

Just then Pete asked me if I was okay.

“What? Oh yes, I’m fine thank you.”

As I answered him I looked at him and followed his eyes to my lap. I’d taken the napkin off my lap when I went to the rest room and not put it back.

“Janice tells me that you’re having some wardrobe malfunctions.”

“Yes, my dress is falling to bits.”

“Well I’m sure that no one here will complain.

“I hope not, I don’t want to have to leave early.”

“I’m sure that it won’t come to that. You are a very beautiful young woman and I can’t imaging anyone complaining about a bit of skin showing.”

“It may be more than a bit of skin if my dress keeps loosing these strips of material at the rate that it has so far and I’m not wearing any underwear.”

“So I noticed.”

My arousal level went up a notch rekindling my sexual frustration from earlier.

Then I had a brainwave, if the skirt part of the dress came apart that easily, would the top part do the same?

Someone asked me a question then and I had to turn to answer them. I guessed that my nipples were showing, but what if I could remove a couple of the strips of material right inline with each nipple, would the whole of my areolas be exposed as well.

I guessed that they probably would but how could I tug some strips on my chest without anyone seeing what I was doing? It was only minutes since I had gone to the toilet so that was out for now. My brain just couldn’t think of any way.

Then the band walked onto the stage and started playing. It was a waltz and I was happy that we had been taught some ballroom dancing at school. Sir Thomas turned to me and said,

“Come on my dear, we’re going to dance, you can do the waltz can’t you?”

“Yes Sir.”

Sir Thomas got up then pulled my chair back to make it easier for me to get up. I managed to get a quick look down my front, and yes, my nipples were exposed and there was only 3 the strips of material hanging from around my stomach. I figured that I was about to show some serious pussy.

And I did, as we danced I could feel my legs going through the strips of material and wondered just how much I was showing. When I was close to Sir Thomas I said,

“You knew that my dress would fall apart didn’t you?”

“Yes I did, not complaining are you?”

“No Sir, is the top liable to come apart as well?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t know how I can help it on it’s way.”

“Maybe I can help there.”

I didn’t see how, but when the dance changed to one where his arm was around my waist I kept feeling little tugs then I saw some strips of material on the floor, some long and some short. I smiled to myself and wondered if I was showing more. There were a few other couples dancing but none of them were looking at me.

When we were walking back to the table Sir Thomas said,

“Your dress is getting better by the minute my dear.”

“Thank you Sir.”

When I sat down I looked down to my lap and saw that there were only 2 strips of material between my legs and I could see part of my slit, and the man sat on my other side to Sir Thomas, Pete, had noticed as well. He had also noticed my tits, one of my areola was clearly exposed.

A couple of minutes later Pete asked me for a dance. As we walked to the dance floor he said,

“Your wardrobe malfunction appears to be getting worse, or should I say better. Would you like me to help it a little?”

When we got to the floor and facing each other, I looked up at his face and with a grin on my face I said,

“I just don’t know what you mean Pete, I would hate for me to be showing anything that I shouldn’t be.”

“You already are.” Pete replied as we started dancing.

“In that case I guess that a little more won’t make any difference.”

It was obvious that Pete had been watching Sir Thomas because on some of the occasions that his hands were on my waist I felt some tugs on the material and I spotted more strips of material on the floor.

When we walked back to the table I looked down and saw that more of me was exposed.

Other men as well as Sir Thomas took me dancing and by the time the evening was coming to an end I would estimate that at least half of the strips of material from the dress were on the floor somewhere. When I sat down the last time there was nothing between my legs and half of my tits were exposed.

As we were walking out of the function room Sir Thomas said,

“That dress gets better with time, I wonder what state it will be in by the time we get back to the penthouse.”

The answer to that was that the dress never made it back to the penthouse. What was left of it was on the floor in the lift because Sir Thomas ripped it off me as the lift went up. As the doors opened he bent over and put me over his shoulder before carrying me to the bedroom and throwing me on the bed.

I watched him strip off and I was pleasantly surprised. I’d been expecting him to be all wrinkly but he actually looked quite fit.

The next couple of hours were spent with him fucking me in my pussy and my mouth in lots of different positions, some of which I had never heard of. I managed to cum 3 times but he only came the once just before our session ended.

I’ve heard that men who take viagra can stay hard for hours without cumming and I wondered if Sir Thomas had taken it.

I woke up the next morning on my own on the bed. After showering I went to look for him and found him in the kitchen cooking omelettes.

“Good morning Daniella, I’m glad that you’re up, you have a busy day ahead of you.”

“Good morning Sir Thomas, what will I be doing?”

“Getting surprised.”

I accepted that everything was going to be a surprise and ate my omelette. I’d just cleaned my teeth and gone back to the living area, still totally naked, when I heard Ann’s voice. I looked around and saw her walking in carrying another dress box.

Ann got the dress out of the box, it was another black one. She bunched the material up and lifted it up for me to put my hands through. When it fell into place it went right down to my waist and for a second I thought that it was just a long skirt.

Then Ann lifted what was the front of the dress and tied it behind my neck. The end result was that the dress is backless. The front is 2 very long, quite narrow triangles that start at my waist and go up and barely cover my breasts then tie behind my neck. Where the 2 triangles attach to the skirt part the base of the triangles looks to be about 6 centimetres so you can imagine how little of my small tits were covered.

The skirt part is another of what I guess was s Sir Thomas’ idea. Ankle length rectangles, the biggest goes from one hip bone, and round my back to the other hip bone. To cover my stomach down to my ankles there are 2 more rectangles that go from hip bone to belly button meaning that there are 3 splits right up the front, right to my waist, one right in the middle. All the dress is made of some sort of very thin and soft material.

The strange thing was that, although the 2 triangles and the skirt part are exactly the same colour and material, the 2 triangles have some sort of very stiff piping up the sides. I guessed that it was to try to keep the material in place.

All this covers all my goodies when I’m just standing still with my feet together but as soon as I move a leg my pussy is on display. I thought that it was brilliant for formal events when a long dress is required.

Ann had got the measurements right and, apart from the obviously intended, inevitable exposure, the dress fitted nicely and I thought that I looked good in the mirror. I looked forward to exposing myself in it.

“You look wonderful Daniella, thank you Ann, send your bill to the usual place please. Daniella, take the dress off and put on the dress that you first arrived in, we are going out.”

I did, and 5 minutes later we were going down in the lift with me wearing the dress that barely covers my butt and doesn’t cover my slit.

Outside the hotel a Rolls Royce was waiting for us I felt like royalty as the chauffeur opened the door for me and got an eyeful of my pussy, although there was no reaction on his face.

We were driven to a small shop in town, a shoe shop. I’d walked passed it before and dismissed the place due to the absolutely ridiculous price of the shoes in the window.

Anyway, Sir Thomas led the way in and we were greeted by a man who looked to be in his late twenties. He was ever so polite as he asked Sir Thomas how he could help. He was told that I needed 2 pairs of heels, the same height as the ones that I was wearing, and that they were for a formal event where I would be wearing a black dress. I was told to sit on a lowish chair.

As I sat there I got a bit self-conscious about 2 things, firstly my cheap shoes, and secondly, the fact that my slit was visible. I felt that this just wasn’t the right place. Anyway, the man brought over a foot measuring device, got down on his knees and put the contraption in front of me.

Looking up he started to ask if he could take my shoes off but stopped mid sentence when he saw my slit. Then he blushed a little then continued. I smiled.

During the measuring and trying on of numerous pairs if shoes that man kept looking at my pussy and I did nothing to stop or discourage him. Sir Thomas stood in the background smiling.

Two astronomically priced pairs of shoes left that shop in my hands and we walked back to the Rolls Royce. The chauffeur again got an eyeful before driving us to a restaurant that also had a price list that was only for the rich. I felt out of place as I ate a Lunch that cost more than I would pay for a whole semester’s food.

Back at the penthouse I was told to get naked as soon as we arrived and then told to get on the bed on my back. What followed was another very frustrating time for me as Sir Thomas tortured me with the magic wand thing, again telling me that I must not cum. I could see where Ethan got his desire to torture women.

After a couple of hours Sir Thomas gave me a break from the magic wand, but not the frustration, when he ordered some room service snacks. I was still tied to the bed when it was delivered and the bedroom door was wide open. I’m sure that the waiter saw me. Anyway, I was released for 30 minutes for me to eat and go to the toilet.

After that it was back to the torture. I was so frustrated that when the wand was on my clit I could feel my pussy muscles contracting like they were trying to suck in wand. The head of it was quite big, bigger than anything that I’ve ever had in my vagina but during that torture I would have willingly taken even a football.

Finally, the physical torture of my clit was over, but the internal torture continued as Sir Thomas told me not to cum until he told me that I could. He did however tell me to go and shower and get myself ready to go out for the evening.

When I went to show Sir Thomas what I looked like, he complimented me then came over to me and adjusted the tie behind my neck so that it felt a lot loser. Then he told me to bend over slightly and when I did, the weight of the piping caused the 2 triangles to hang low meaning that anyone not directly in front to me would be able to see my tits.

“Nice” I thought.

Sir Thomas got me to try the dress with both pairs of my new shoes to see which he preferred, then he chose 1 pair. I would have been happy with either pair as they both looked fabulous. The thing was, as I walked around in them I found myself being very careful, I felt like I had to take great care of them.

Sir Thomas looked very swarve and handsome in his tuxedo and I happily took his arm for the lift down and the walk to a different function room.

I was wearing the necklace again and I felt like a million dollars as I walked along the corridor to the function room. At one point I caught glimpse of myself in a mirror and saw what I expected, the dress opening up at the front to reveal some of my stomach and slit.

This dinner / dance was different to the previous evening’s, a lot less formal. I didn’t ask what the occasion was, and Sir Thomas didn’t tell me but everyone was talking to each other like they were old friends, which I guess that some were, some even calling Sir Thomas, ‘Tom’ and ‘Tommy’.

As a result, people were talking in a more relaxed and open way and I got quite a few comments about my dress, most were similar to a nice, middle-aged woman who said,

“That’s quite some dress that you’re almost wearing Daniella, I’m assuming that you know how much you are showing just about all the time.”

“Yes, unfortunately, but Sir Thomas selected it, and paid for it and I don’t want to disappoint him.” I replied but in reality I was loving how much I was showing.

Not one of the comments was derogatory in any way which mainly pleased me but there is a part of me that likes to upset people by them seeing things that they don’t normally see.

The people at our table were very friendly and chatty and no one commented on the fact that I was only half Sir Thomas’ age.

I suppose that I could have moved the 2 narrow rectangles so that they were between my legs when I sat down, but I didn’t, I left them where they fell – outside my legs leaving my pubes and lower stomach visible to anyone who cared to look, and the man sitting next to me certainly noticed. I kept seeing his eyes look down at my lap whenever we spoke.

I acted as if there was nothing wrong, which in my mind there wasn’t. Although Sir Thomas’ orgasm denial had left me with a high arousal factor and each time that I saw the man looking my pussy had a little tingle.

Dancing was certainly fun. The music was more modern and there was a proper DJ but there were quite a few numbers that involved physical contact and the many men that asked me to dance took advantage of how much skin I was showing. Two men put their arms round me from behind and ‘accidentally’ went under my top and 2 other men put there hands between the rectangles and onto my bare stomach. Unfortunately neither of them had the courage to put their hands a bit lower.

Sir Thomas took the opportunity of me being asked to dance a lot to go round the tables talking to everyone, and him not being at our table was an excuse for some of the men to come and ask me to dance.

Anyway, I actually had a good time.

At the end of the evening I was one of the last on the dance floor and Sir Thomas came to get me. He carried me out of the room over his shoulder with the few people that were left laughing at me.

When we got to the lift I was happy that he didn’t rip the dress off me because I liked it and hoped that he would let me take it, and the shoes with me.

In the penthouse he first told me to strip, then took be out on the balcony. It wasn’t exactly warm but it certainly wasn’t freezing, and he told me to stand facing out over the city, hold the railings and step back a couple of steps.

He then gave me the first of the, probably viagra fuelled fucks of the night, the rest being in various positions and various locations around the penthouse before he finally shot his load into me and went to bed.

I woke up on the Sunday morning to find that he had left. After using the bathroom and sorting out my things and he still hadn’t returned I text Ethan and told him. His reply was for me to hang around and that he would come and pick me up at noon.

True to his word, Ethan walked in at noon. I put on my original dress and shoes ready to leave.

“Don’t you want to take the clothes and anything else that he gave you?”

“Can I Master?

“Of course you can, he’ll never need them again.”

I collected the dress and shoe boxes then picked up my bag. As I did so I saw that the bag was bulging and it hadn’t been when I arrived. I opened it and saw the neckless and a roll of £50 pound notes.

“I know that he said that I could keep the neckless and the dress’ but the neckless must be worth a fortune. And the money, I don’t know what to do Master?” I said to Ethan.

“If they were in your bag then my father must want you to have them. Take them.”

When I later counted them there 40 £50 notes.

Back at my room Ethan told me that I looked tired, which I was, to he told me to get some rest. When I emerged from my room that evening to get some food I found Tracey and Abby preparing some food. Both were naked and were eager to exchange experiences. Apparently they’d both showered in the boy’s shower on the third floor both the previous days.

Well that’s about all that has happened so far this semester and I’m hoping that the rest of it will be just as exciting. Ethan has told me that we’re going to be regulars at the leisure centre and that I will be naked for all the sports. I just hope that we don’t have a problem with the manager.

One thing that is concerning me a little is the weather, English winters can be really cold and wet and I’m hoping that all the mixed up seasons that we are getting these days will result in weather that I can get away with wearing my slit revealing skirts and dresses. Tracey tells me that she’s going home next weekend and will bring her sowing machine back with her and I’m looking forward to learning how to use it so that I can modify my other skirts and dresses.

I can’t wait to go home for Christmas wearing a skirt that shows my slit. My mum will be soo pissed.