**Emily’s First Solo Holiday**

by Vanessa Evans

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

**Part 09**

**DAY 15 and Back Home Day 01**

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After an early breakfast I just had time pack my bags before the coach was due to pick me up. I was feeling quite depressed as I went down and checked-out at reception. I wore the same skater skirt that I’d arrived in and a tube top that wasn’t see-through but the material is very thin and it hugs my tits like a second skin. My nipples were doing their best to bore holes in it.

I’d had the bullet on charge all night and when I was getting dressed to leave I eased in up my vagina, giggling at the thought of being stopped by security at the airport and have to have a strip and cavity search.

That didn’t happen. All that did happen was that the bullet triggered an alarm and an over-weight female security guard had me stick my arms out while she waved the overgrown lollipop stick all over my body, then she waved me on.

On the plane I started to worry about Oliver and Jack, my apartmentmates. I tried to think of what I could say to them to explain the naked photos of me, particularly the spreadies and the 3 hole gang-bang. They’d never even seen me in my underwear before, never mind my little tits or pussy. How the hell could I explain the very explicit photographs that the guys had sent them. I couldn’t deny that they were of me because my face was very clear in most of them.

I worried about it for most of the flight and finally decided that I’d put it down to holiday madness and hope that they’d delete them from their phones and forget about them. After all, they are professional young men with lots of integrity.

The trip across London on the underground was ‘interesting’. It was early afternoon and the underground trains weren’t that busy. I managed to get seats and when I spotted men looking at me my desire to show my body to men came back. All thoughts of explanations to my apartmentmates went out of the window. I started looking at my phone to catch up with things but that was an excuse to let my knees drift apart to let the man opposite see my pussy.

I laughed to myself at the term ‘manspreading’ as my knees drifted apart letting the man see my smooth, but wet pussy.

When I changed trains and went up an escalator I was selective as to who I went up in front of and took the opportunity of no one looking at my front to tweak both my nipples. They were hard already but I wanted to make sure that they were at their best, and to send a tingle down to my pussy.

On the next underground train I was either lucky or unlucky in that a group of football supporters got on at the station after I’d got on. Some were standing in front of me (I was sat with my back to the side of the train), and talking to their mates about my short skirt and nipples. There wasn’t much that I could do except shuffle about in my seat to try to make my skirt go higher than it already was. Unfortunately, they got off before I managed to get it to the height that I wanted and it was an opportunity missed.

It was the middle of the afternoon when I got back to the apartment and Oliver and Jack were still at work. I knew that I still had a couple of hours before either of them got back so I unpacked and loaded the washing machine. As I put the last of my packed clothes in I decided to add the clothes that I was wearing so I took them off and put them in.

I’d been naked in the apartment, other than my bedroom and the bathroom, a few times before when Oliver and Jack were out so it wasn’t a big deal, just practical.

When I started the washing machine I went for a shower and when I finished I dried myself then wrapped the towel around my hair and went to go to my bedroom.

When I opened the door to the bathroom I screamed as I saw Oliver standing there. Before either of us could say anything I was back in the bathroom and wrapping another towel around my body.

Oliver was still there when I opened the door again. He was still looking surprised.

“Sorry,” I said, “I didn’t expect either of you to be home yet.”

“I managed to get away early Emily; did you have a good holiday? Silly question, the photos told us that you did.”

“About that.” I started to say but Oliver stopped me.

“Can we talk about that later, Jack’s bringing some takeaway, he’ll be here in a few minutes, there’ll be enough for the 3 of us.”

“Err yes, thank you.”

I went into my bedroom wondering if Jack was about to tell me to find alternative accommodation. Jack actually owns the place and having Oliver and me there helps him pay the mortgage.

I quickly dried my hair then put one of my English skirts on (just above the knee), and a top that has thick material, then went out to see that Jack was just arriving.

All my English clothes are your typical English young woman’s type, nothing daring at all. The only exception being that I rarely wear a bra, my tit’s don’t need one for support and I find them uncomfortable. My tops are all thick to compensate for the lack of a bra, hiding my pokey nipples.

Over the food Jack and Oliver gave me the fortnight’s news and I gave them the very basics of my holiday.

After we’d cleared away I transferred my washing to the dryer then Oliver said,

“Emily, from the photos that you sent us it looked like you were having a great time and that you were with those guy’s for quite some time.” Oliver said.

“That’s right, 3 great guys.”

“You and 3 young men at the same time. By the looks of it you were more than just friends.”

“I guess that we were.”

“So Emily,” Jack said, “3 guys and more than just friends, friends with benefits?”

“If you must know, yes we were.”

“I, we never realised that you were that sort of a girl, not that there’s anything wrong with a girl enjoying more than 1 man.”

“Good, for 1 minute I thought that you were going to say that I was a slut or a whore.”

“Grief no Emily, just a girl who likes to enjoy herself, a girl who lets men have fun with her. Absolutely nothing wrong with that, in fact I like to see a girl having fun.”

“What Jack’s trying to say Emily, is that if you liked having sex with 3 guys at once on holiday then perhaps you’d like to have sex with 2 guys at once back here.”

“Who said that I had sex with 3 guys at once?”

“The photos that you sent us Emily.”

“Sorry guys, you weren’t meant to see those, but that was while I was on holiday, You know, ‘what happens in Ibiza stays in Ibiza’, holiday madness, letting your hair down.”

“I guess not in this case Emily.”

By that time I was feeling quite uneasy and expecting Jack to tell me to find somewhere else to live.

“Well Emily,” Jack said, “we’ve been wondering if you would like to continue your fun life now that you are back in England?”

“I’ve told you, people go on holiday to do things that they wouldn’t normally do back home, and I would never dream of doing things like that here.”

“Are you sure Emily?” Oliver asked.

“Yes, of course.”

“Are you really sure Emily, I mean we’ve got lots of photographs, and possibly videos of you doing some really wild things, you wouldn’t want some of them to go to all the people on your contacts list would you?”

“Are you trying to blackmail me Oliver?”

“Let’s not call it blackmail, more like saving you from total embarrassment and humiliation.”

“You wouldn’t do that would you, there’s my parents and work colleagues there, even my boss and his boss. Surely you’ve got more integrity than to do something like that, you two wouldn’t stoop that low, would you.”

“Well, as well as saving you, lets call it you extending your holiday adventures to your time back in the apartment. You wouldn’t want your fun to end so quickly and end up losing a lot of friends, family and employment would you?”

“No, please don’t do this to me guys, can’t we just go back to how we were before I went away, we were happy then.”

“I don’t think so Emily, those photos changed things forever, I don’t see how we can go back, do you Jack?”

“No I don’t, we have a completely different girl sharing the apartment with us now. Maybe the new Emily should start by taking her clothes off so that she is how she was on holiday most of the time.”

“Noooo.”

“Emily, it’s your choice, and besides, you may have only sent us a few photos, but while we were eating, your phone was uploading all of your photos library to Jack’s cloud drive.” Oliver said.

“Hey, those are personal.”

“Not any more, I think that we’ll look at all of them later, a slide show of your holiday. Shall we invite some of your family over to watch as well?”

“You know what,” Oliver said, “I think that you actually want to be our little plaything but you are too embarrassed to admit it Emily.”

“Emily,” Jack said, “Admit it.”

“Noooo.”

“Pass me my laptop please Oliver.”

Oliver did and Jack opened it and started to type.

“Stop.” I shouted. “Okay, I’ll be your plaything, just as long as you don’t send the photos, it would ruin my life, and my career.”

“Oh I’m not so sure about that, your boss may even promote you, but yes, your family and friend is a totally different story. So, you will become our plaything, you will do anything that we tell you.”

“Yes, yes, please don’t send the photos.”

“Well we’ll have to sort out a few rules and a contract for you to sign. That will take a few days, but for now we’ll just start with you taking your clothes off. Rule number 1 will be that whenever it is just the 3 of us in the apartment you will be completely naked.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll do it.”

I stood up and slowly started to take my top off. When it was off and my tits were exposed, Jack said,

“Nice, I always knew that you were hiding a nice rack.”

“Those are beautiful Emily, I can easily see why those guys in Ibiza liked you.” Oliver added.

When I dropped my skirt Jack said,

“I told you that she didn’t wear knickers sometimes.”

“And that she kept it shaved.” Oliver added.

“How did you know that? Have you 2 been spying on me?”

“No,” Jack said, “but you can be a little careless at times Emily.”

I actually blushed, although I wasn’t feeling embarrassed at being naked in front of them. Whilst I was on the plane one of the things that made the journey shorter was me daydreaming about me becoming Jack and Oliver’s slave. I had left a wet patch on the seat just dreaming about them doing the same things to me that Luke, Harry and Will had done to me.

“Come and sit between us Emily, we have a slide show to watch and it would be nice to have the star of the show right next to us.”

“Can I sort out my washing first please?”

“Hmm, thinking about your washing when you’ve just stripped naked in front of us. You must be comfortable with being naked. Go on then but don’t take all night, Oliver and I are looking forward to the slide show.”

Jack was right, being naked in front of them wasn’t bothering me even a little bit. As I emptied the drier, I thought back to before my holiday and even back to being a little girl. It had never bothered me being naked, I often got told off by my mother for taking my clothes off when she said that I shouldn’t. From puberty I took every opportunity to be naked at home when no one else was there, I even started sleeping naked. And when it came to wearing a bra it was a constant battle with my mother and I was pleased when I went off to university, I haven’t worn one since.

Washing sorted, I went and stood in front of Jack and Oliver letting them get a good look at my body.

“Very nice Emily, now sit and we’ll all watch the slide show.”

“Oliver pressed ‘play’ on the remote and the large screen tv came to life with an image of me stood on my hotel room balcony, totally naked.

“Very nice.” Jack said.

“The naked girl looks good as well.” Oliver added.

I gave a little laugh and said,

“You’re looking at the scenery Jack!”

“All I have to do is turn my head and I can see the real thing, besides, I’m going to see a lot of the real thing from now on.”

The image changed and the guys started to concentrate on the screen giving the odd comment as the images changed.

When my first spreadie appeared on the screen I smiled to myself thinking how good I looked. Then an image of my spread pussy filled the screen, I guessed that 1 of the girls who had been taking photos on my phone has zoomed right in on my pussy.

“Wow,” Jack said, “you were wet, had one of the guys just fucked you?”

“No.” I quickly replied.

“Have you had FGM done on you Emily,” Oliver said, “or perhaps labiaplasty surgery done?”

“No, I just never grew any inner labia.”

“I like it.” Jack said.

“Yeah.” Oliver added.

The images kept changing and I began to wonder if I took any photos of anything other than me. I couldn’t remember doing so.

Then a video started playing, it was of Luke fucking me. After in ended Oliver said,

“I always thought that you’d be a good fuck Emily, I’m looking forward to the first and many more times as well.”

I tried to imaging Oliver fucking me and I got an image in my mind of Will fucking my butt.

More photos, then more photos and the odd little video. Then, the one that one of the guys had sent to Jack and Oliver that I wasn’t sure if I was happy about. It was the video of me on my bed getting taken by all 3 guys at once.

I actually liked the video and didn’t even realise that my right hand had moved to my pussy and was slowly rubbing my clit with Jack and Oliver either side of me.

When the video clip stopped there were quite a few photos of the 3 guys taking me. It was obvious that the guys were rotating round my 3 holes.

The images changed to one of me rubbing my pussy on a beach. I couldn’t work out which beach, not that it mattered.

“Well Emily”, Oliver said, “you obviously like taking 3 guys at once but there’s only 2 of us. Maybe we should invite someone else over, maybe your boss?”

“No, no, please don’t, I’ll do anything.”

“I know that you will Emily.” Jack replied.

I wasn’t sure what Jack was referring to, was it that I’d do anything to avoid my boss being brought into the situation, or was it that I’d do whatever they told me to do.

Then there was a video of me licking my own pussy.

“Jeez Emily,” Jack said, “I never thought that you’d be able to do that.”

“Yes I obviously can, I used to do Karate and gymnastics.”

“Maybe you should take up sports again Emily,” Jack said, “we don’t want you to loose your flexibility, yo never know when we might need it. Maybe you should start coming to the gym with me, and come jogging with me. I can just see you using the thigh abductor wearing a tiny little skirt with nothing underneath.”

“You wouldn’t make me do that, would you? It would be soo embarrassing letting all those people see my pussy.”

“It didn’t seem to bother you in Ibiza.”

“That was different.”

“Not really. Do you have a tennis skirt Emily?”

“Yes, I’ve still got the one that I had at school.”

“I think that it’s time for you to shorten it so that it only just covers your butt.”

“You expect me to go for a workout at a gym or go running the streets in a skirt that short without knickers, are you crazy?”

“Probably, but judging by your displays in Ibiza I think that you’d really enjoy flashing your goodies in a skirt like that.”

I said nothing, but I was certainly imagining me doing just that. My pussy got a bit wetter and my clit rubbing got a little faster.

It was about 30 minutes later when the last spreadie appeared on the screen and Jack tuned to look at me. My nipples were rock hard and my right hand had done a good job, I was about to cum. I’d reached the point of no return with Jack looking at me and the orgasm exploded out of me.

Both Jack and Oliver stared at me as the waves got higher, then higher, then reduced to no more than a trickle.

“I guess that rule number 2 will have to be that you sit on a towel every time that you are sitting on any kind of fabric.” Jack said when I got up telling them that I had to go to the bathroom.

As I sat on the toilet I contemplated my situation. Was I happy with the latest turn of events? Did I need to start looking for somewhere else to live? Could I trust these 2 to not send photos of the naked me to any of my family or work colleagues? Could I really spend all of my time in the apartment naked with these 2 guys watching my every move?

My mind was in turmoil, part of me wanted to go and pack my bags but the other part of me wanted me to comply with everything that Jack and Oliver had told me. My brain was seriously being influenced by my pussy, and I was sure that it was because of my pussy that I decided to do what they were telling me. It was telling me that agreeing to be their nearly a slave would satisfy all my suppressed desires and cravings.

Besides, hadn’t I already agreed to their demands? Stripping for them and then making myself cum in front of them, surely that told them that I would comply with their demands.

I was just about to get off the toilet and go and tell them that I’d do anything that they asked when the bathroom door opened and Oliver said,

“Leave the bathroom door open all the time from now on as well.”

When I got back to the sofa Jack said,

“So you’ve come to the conclusion that doing whatever we say is the right thing to do, and that by doing so you will turn all your hidden fantasies in to reality?”

“Yes.” I quietly replied.

“I didn’t hear you Emily, speak up.”

“Damn you, both of you. YES I WILL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY. And yes, it will make some of my fantasies come true.”

“There you are girl, that wasn’t so bad was it?”

“Yes it was.” I Lied.

“Okay Emily,” Jack said, “I think that that’s enough for today, I’m sure that you’re quite tired and you have a lot to think about. Off you go to bed and remember, no pyjamas or nighties, It’s naked in the apartment from now on.”

“I haven’t got any pyjamas or nighties, I’ve gone to bed naked since I became a teenager.”

“Good. Emily, I seem to remember you saying that you’re not back to work until next week, is that right?” Jack said.

“Yes, why?”

“Well there’s a delivery tomorrow and as you will be here there’s no need for me to ask one of the neighbours.”

“Sure, no problem. What will it be?”

“A rectangular, oak table and 4 chairs.”

“Nice. I like oak furniture.”

“Just one thing though Emily.”

“What’s that?”

“You have to stay naked all day, remember.”

“Even when the table arrives?”

“Especially when the table arrives.”

“Oh, I don’t know that I’m ready to be seen naked by outsiders?”

“That obviously didn’t bother you on holiday.” Oliver said.

“That was different, I knew that I’d never see those people again.”

“You’ll never see the delivery guys again.”

“I suppose so.”

“And over the weekend we’ll go through your clothes and see what we can get rid of. We’ll split your wardrobe into 2 halves, the work half and the Jack and Oliver part.”

“Will there be anything in that half?”

“Oh yes, most of your holiday clothes judging by what we’ve seen in the photos. Besides, we will be taking you to pubs and parties and we need you to wear revealing outfits.”

“I can’t wear those net dresses and skirts in England, I’d get arrested.”

“That depends on where we take you. If you haven’t got a coat that you can wear over the top of your ‘next to nothing’ outfits, we’ll get you one. We’ll sort all that out later. Off you go, Oliver and I have a set of rules to compile.”

I had been standing in front of them, not trying to hide anything and I just turned and returned to the bathroom. If I was going to bed I had things to do first.

In bed I tried to relax but my brain was in overload. What a day I’d had, what a holiday I’d had. And now my life was about to change forever. I was now Jack and Oliver’s slave, their naked slave. I was grateful that Jack had agreed to not send the photos and videos to anyone and I trust Jack but I have slight doubt about Oliver. He reminds me of Will. Would Oliver fuck me in a butt like Will did?

I was also grateful that my parents and siblings live far enough away not to just pop round all the time. They have always phoned me before coming to see me and I hoped that that would continue.

Work? At least there would be no photos going there. Oh shit, would Luke and the others post any to the internet. I forgot to ask them not to. Luke’s a good guy, I’m sure that he would tell the other 2 to keep them to themselves.

Knickers and bras. Well knickers, the only bras that I have are those bralettes but I would only ever wear them to the swimming pool or the beach. As for knickers, I only have a couple of pairs of proper knickers and I can’t remember when I last wore those, so nothing to worry about knickers and bras.

Jack had promised to not effect my work, I hope that that includes my work clothes. Okay, my skirts could be a little shorter. If Jack and Oliver do tell me to shorten them I hope that it’s not by too much, I have to stay professional.

Sports, it’s probably a good thing that Jack has told me that he might take me to the gym and out jogging, but in a very short skirt? I like the idea and I don’t like the idea, some of these places have strict rules about clothing and it would be soo embarrassing spreading my legs in the gym. All those men looking at me. I guess that it would be nice but what if any of them complain, or what if there are other women there and they complain or are jealous? I guess that I’ll have to blame it all on Jake and tell people, or the cops, that Jack was making me expose myself like that.

Being naked in the apartment, that idea I liked, but would Jack or Oliver get me to do things here? They haven’t fucked me yet but I guess that that’s just a matter of time. Will they want to do other things to me, things like spanking me or tying me down to the new table and torturing me with my dildos and vibrators? Would they get me some more toys? I hope that they don’t make me go to work with a vibrator inside me. That would be horrible.

I thought back to how I was before the break-up with John. I wore knickers quite often and when I went out with John without any, I would ‘accidentally’ flash not only John but other people that were around. Instead of the thick tops that I wore most of the time, when I was with John I wore thin summer dresses or tops and John liked my headlights.

Now, apart from work, I wanted to wear as little as possible and show everyone what my natural body looked like. What had changed me? Okay, I’d let myself go on holiday, but that’s what holidays are for. Now I was back home I just wanted to continue all the fun that I was having, and Jack and Oliver’s blackmail was like a dream come true. Then my thoughts changed to Jack and Oliver’s conditions.

If they are making a set of rules that I have to comply with, can I make a set of rules that stops then doing anything that would interfere with my job, my career, and my family?

I decided that that last bit was something that I just had to discuss with them so I jumped out of bed and went to see them. Jack was busy typing on his laptop and Oliver was obviously telling him what to type.

“I told you to go to bed Emily, get some sleep.” Jack said.

“I couldn’t sleep, too much to think about. Guys, you’re making a list of things that I have to do, can I make a list of limits, red lines that you 2 won’t cross?”

“Hmm, I can see some sense in that. Our relationship has to be a 2 way thing so it makes sense, we want you to be happy. Tell you what, make a list tomorrow and we’ll sit down and discuss both lists.”

“Thank you guys.”

“Now off you go to bed. Make yourself cum to relax you. Use 1 of your vibrators to speed it up.”

“Oops, I forgot, the guys on holiday bought me a little remote controlled bullet and I put it in me this morning, it’s still there.”

“Well switch it on and make yourself cum. We’ll talk about toys this weekend as well. GO.”

I did, and I did. I felt more relaxed after I’d cum and I soon went to sleep.

**Back Home Day 02**

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I woke to see Jack sat on the side of my bed reminding me about the delivery, I’d pushed the duvet off me during my sleep so he was looking down at my naked body.

“I haven’t forgotten.” I replied, then added, “will you wake me up by fucking me sometimes Jack, it’s an amazing feeling.”

Jack put a hand on my wet pussy then replied,

“Wow, I hadn’t thought about doing that but I like the idea, just so long as you agree to it beforehand, I don’t want to be accused of rape. Do you always wake up with at wet pussy?”

“These days I do; I thought that I was going to have to sign my body over to you and Oliver this weekend so as far as I’m concerned, me signing is my agreement for you to do whatever you want to me.”

“It’s not that bad Emily, we’ll only get you to do the things that you subconsciously really want to do.”

“That’s probably true. I’m assuming that Oliver has already left for work.”

“Yes, he’s still got the same job.” (Oliver’s place of work is the other side of London so he always leaves about an hour before Jack and I).

“So it will be just you and me at this time each morning?”

“Yes, I guess that it will. See you tonight Emily.”

Jack moved his hand up to one of my exposed tits, squeezed it a little then pulled and twisted the nipple before getting up and leaving.

I just lay there for a while contemplating how my life had changed and how exciting it promised to be. I was all alone in the apartment for the day and 1 of the things that I wanted to do was to get reacquainted with each of my dildos and vibrators. Then I remembered that my bullet was still inside me. I reached for my bag to get the control and see if the bullet still had some power in it.

Surprisingly, it did, and a few minutes later I was climbing to my first orgasm of the day.

I got up and went for a shower and the rest of my morning bathroom routine. I was just brushing my hair when the doorbell rang.

“Jeez,” I thought as I put the brush down and headed to the door, “I wasn’t expecting them this early.”

Almost forgetting that I was totally naked, I flung open the door to see the postman.

“Shit, sorry, I was expecting, oh never mind, sorry.”

“That’s quite alright madam, you’re certainly not the first gorgeous, naked young lady that’s opened a door for me. I need you to sign for this package.”

I stared for a couple of seconds then took his little clipboard and signed where he indicated. After I’d signed he took the clipboard back, gave me the package then turned and said,

“Enjoy the rest of your day.”

“I will, you too.”

“You’ve just made my day.” I heard him say just before he turned the corner.

I smiled and looked at the package. It was addressed to Jack so I put it on the kitchen table and went back to my room to get started on sorting my things.

When I got to my vibrator drawer I got all 4 of them out and looked at them.

“Not a brilliant collection.” I thought, “perhaps the guys will get me some more, maybe one of those remote controlled vibrators that can be controlled over the internet. Maybe Jack could start it going from his workplace whilst I was at work? No, I’d never have it inside me at work, way too risky.

Anyway, I stuck my fingers up my vagina and pulled the bullet out. As I was trying to get a good hold on it I decided that I’d have to start kegel exercises so that I can use my pussy muscles to squeeze it out. They might help with my gaping vagina as well.

After it was out I went and washed it then put it on the charging pad. Looking at my little collection I grabbed 1 dildo and 1 vibrator the lay back on my bed. Fifteen minutes later my second orgasm arrived with the dildo still deep inside me.

I decided to leave the reacquainting of the other dildo and vibrator to later on. I had work to do. I took a deep breath, got to my feet and started the task of sorting my clothes. I ended up with a black bin bag of clothes, including 3 pairs of knickers, that I was sure that I’d never wear again. That bag could go to the charity shop the next time that one of those envelopes comes through the door. I’d got rid of most of my boring knickers just after I’d kicked John into touch.

It was late morning when the doorbell rang again. This time it was the table and chairs. The 2 elderly men looked exhausted, even when they saw me.

“Too big for the lift then.” I stupidly said, as the table was obviously too big for the small lift.

“Yes.”

“Can I get either of you a cup of tea?” I asked, “you look like you need one.”

“We do.”

I turned to go and put the kettle on and didn’t hear them start moving the table again until I was in the kitchen.

“Like my butt do you guys?” I thought as I got the mugs out then went back to see how they were getting on.

“I think that we’ll want it there.” I said pointing to the place where the old one had been.

The old men moved it then said that they were going back down for the chairs. As they turned and headed for the door I said,

“I’ll be ready for you when you get back.”

As soon as I said that I realised that maybe I should have said,

“The tea will be ready for you when you get back.”

I smiled to myself and wondered what it would be like to be fucked by a man old enough to be my grandfather.

The table was still covered in cardboard wrappings but I was sat on one edge with 3 mugs of tea beside me when the old men re-appeared carrying 2 chairs each. They put them down and separated them in front of me then I passed them their mugs of tea.

“Sit down and drink it.” I said. “I’m sure that your boss won’t begrudge you few minutes break after carrying all this lout up those stairs.”

The 2 old codgers sat in front of me and with mugs in their hands they stared at my naked body. I leant over sideways to get my tea, and in doing so I let my knees drift apart giving them a better view of my pussy.

I like my tea hot and as I drank it I started asking them question about where they came from, what company did they work for, all sorts of questions that I didn’t really want to know the answers to. All the time I was quickly drinking my tea (I like my tea and coffee hot). I put my mug down and then asked them if they often made deliveries to a naked girl. When I said that I leaned back and rested on my elbows giving them a great view of all of my pussy.

As I spread my knees some more and one of them started to answer me, I was thinking,

“What the fuck am I doing they’re ancient, they should have retired before I was even born.”

I just caught the end of 1 of them saying,

“and she played with herself and made herself cum, right in front of us.”

That was a get out for what I think I had intended to let them do to me so I said,

“Would you like me to do that for you?”

“We sure would, such a pretty little thing, it would be the best treat that I’ve had in years.”

“Me too.” The other grandad added.

I smiled and moved my right hand to my pussy.

Ten minutes later, 2 smiling grandads left the apartment and I was coming down from a nice high. I got off the table and looked where I had been sat. There was a wet patch of cardboard and I hoped that it would dry before Jack got home.

I’d finished sorting out my bedroom, even working out what I was going to wear back to work on the Monday, and it didn’t include a bra or knickers, So I busied myself cleaning the apartment and in particular the kitchen. The fridge was nearly empty but there was some bread and some ham that had only just passed its sell by date so I made myself a sandwich. Then I thought about the evening meal. I couldn’t find anything so I sent a text message to Jack suggesting that I order a couple of pizzas. He replied telling me to order the usual and for the usual time. Yes, we’d had pizza for our evening meal a few times.

Then I went back to my room and reacquainted myself with the other vibrator and dildo. I had plenty of time so I took my time, long slow insertions of the dildo with the vibrator set on low speed.

Then I had an idea. Will had fucked me in my butt and I suspected that Oliver was going to do the same, I needed to get my butt used to having a cock rammed into it so I removed the dildo from my vagina and slowly eased it into my butt. That dildo just happened to be my biggest and was quite a bit bigger than your average cock so I reckoned that if I pushed that dildo into my butt a few times my butt would get used to it and when Oliver did it, it wouldn’t hurt as much.

I removed it from my butt, waited a few seconds then pushed it in as fast as I could. I screamed as it hurt like hell and I figured that I’d got the angle wrong. I thought about it for a couple of seconds and decided that I needed to get into the licking my own pussy position then I’d be able to see as I rammed it into me.

I was right, I could easily see what I was doing and also see how deep it was going into me. I persevered and got to the stage where I could ram it in quite fast and not hurt myself.

I was pleased with myself, and with the dildo still in my butt and the vibrator deep inside my vagina, I licked my pussy to a wonderful orgasm.

When the orgasm started to subside I just lay there and had a funny thought, what if Jack or Oliver walked in right then? How could I explain what I was doing? Then my brain went to wondering if they had installed any cameras in my room whilst I was away. My eyes scanned the room, then I unlocked my legs and got up to look even more.

Reasonably satisfied that there were no cameras, I took all my toys to the bathroom and gave them a good wash, and washed my pussy and butt area.

I checked the time and saw that I still had about an hour before I needed to order the pizzas. I turned to the windows and suddenly thought about the neighbours. Jack didn’t have any net curtains or blinds on any windows and if anyone got up that high they would be able to see right in to any room that didn’t have the curtains closed.

I’d looked out of my bedroom window before and not worried about peeping-toms because they would have needed a telescope to see me. Out of the lounge window was different, there were other blocks of apartments nearby and I could see into some rooms so they would be able to see into our apartment. There was nothing that I could do, and maybe didn’t want to do, so I decided to ignore the problem.

I looked back to the new table and chairs and decided to unwrap them. As I did so, I piled the cardboard and ties to one side thinking that Jack and Oliver could take them down to the big bins after they’d eaten.

I stood back and admired the big oak table, it looked good, a bit narrow, but very solid. I decided to christen it and I climbed onto it and lay lengthways on my back. I guess that I shouldn’t have been surprised that neither my head nor my feet were hanging off the ends, and my brain started the what ifs. What if I was tied to that table and spanked, What if I was tied down and the guys fucked my brains out. What if I was tied down and they mercilessly used toys on me making me cum and cum and cum.

Then I had another idea, I spun round and lay across it sideways. Of course it was a lot narrower than it was long and I discovered that it was just about the same width and my torso is long. Then my brain started on the crazy ideas again, what if the tied me on it like I was laying, one of them could fuck my pussy or butt while the other one fucks my throat. My fingers got busy again and a short while later I had to go to the bathroom to clean up again.

After I was done I got out a couple of clean towels and went and spread them on the sofa and the chair opposite, I didn’t want to be responsible for any stains that might appear. I often sit on that chair and I wondered if I’d been a bit careless sitting there and that’s how the guys knew that I sometimes didn’t wear knickers and that I shaved my pussy. My pussy got a wet rush as I thought about my genuine accidental exposure.

Then I got my phone and set an alarm for when I needed to order the pizzas.

Laying on the sofa I soon went to sleep.

The alarm went off and I phoned the pizza place then went and got the plates out. It was Jack who arrived home first (I’m usually the first, then Jack then Oliver).

As soon as I heard the key in the door I went and stood where he would see the naked me as soon as he entered.

“Hey,” he said, “glad to see that you have done as you were told, or have you just stripped off Emily?”

“No, no, I’ve been naked all day, ask the postman or the table delivery men.”

“The postman, I wasn’t expecting him until tomorrow, did you give him nice surprise?”

“I think so.”

“The table looks good doesn’t it Emily?”

“Yes, I like oak furniture.”

“When I saw it in the shop I liked it but thought that it was maybe a bit narrow.”

”No, no, it’s just the right width.”

“Right width for what Emily?”

“For me, sorry, I tried laying across it and both my butt and head hung off the sides.”

“Very good Emily, I had to guess at the width but it looks like I got it right. Did you unwrap it or did you ask the delivery guys to do it, maybe give them a little something for a tip?”

“I did it, I thought that you and Oliver could take the cardboard down to the bins later. Yes I did sort of give the delivery guys a tip.”

“Did you let them fuck you?”

“Jeez no, if I had they would both have left here in body bags, they were ancient, I don’t know how they managed to get that up here.”

“So what tip did you give them, did you give them blowjobs?”

“No, I err masturbated for them.”

“Good girl, I’d hate to have come home to a couple of stiffs.”

“I giggled and thought about Jack’s stiff cock, which I hadn’t seen yet.”

Just then the doorbell rang.

“That will be the pizzas, go and get them Emily.”

Without even thinking about being naked I went and opened the front door. Two male eyes suddenly opened the widest they had probably been for years.

I let him stand there for a few seconds then asked him if they were for Emily.

“Err, yes, err £26.30 please.”

“Hang on a minute.” I replied then turned and walked over to Jack who had moved so that there was an unobstructed line of sight from him to the door just a few metres away. He had 3 tens in his hand. Just as I got to him he dropped the money expecting me to pick it up. I smiled at him knowing exactly why he had dropped it.

“Thanks Jack,” I said, “now LOOK what I’ve got to do.” I said quite loudly, hoping that the pizza delivery guy was watching me.

I stopped in front of Jack with my feet well apart and bent at the waist keeping my knees straight. For some strange reason I had real trouble picking up those 3 pieces of paper, well plastic. I managed to sneak a quick look back through my legs and saw the guy looking at my butt and pussy.

Finally standing up, I smiled at Jack then turned and walked back to the door.

I watched as the guy fumbled for the change then just as he looked like he had got it I told him to keep the change. He gave me 1 more look up and down then turned and walked away.

“I think that maybe you’re going to like being our little plaything.” Jack said, “maybe it’s you that actually needs us, to stop you getting into some serious trouble.”

I didn’t say anything but I thought that maybe he was right, I’d changed so much in the last few weeks that I hardly recognised myself. But I was happy with the changes.

I was just sorting out the pizzas when Oliver arrived home.

“Still naked I see Emily, glad to see that you’re learning.” Oliver said as he plonked himself down on the sofa.

“Bad day.” I asked.

“Just busy.”

I gave Oliver and Jake a plate, put the pizza boxes on the coffee table then sat in the chair opposite them and lent forward to get a slice of pizza.

“You’ve got nice tits.”

“Thank you Oliver.”

I sat back on the chair, my knees manspreading.

“Nice pussy as well, I like the lack of lips.”

“Thank you Oliver, I seem to remember you saying something similar last night..”

“Seen the new table Oliver?” Jack asked.

“Yeah, looks good.”

“I know what you need Oliver,” Jack said, “after we’ve finished this we’ll christen the new table.”

I smiled and felt my pussy get even wetter.

Jack and Oliver talked whilst they ate and when we were finished Jack said,

“On the table girl.”

I did, sideways with my head and butt hanging over the sides.

Jack came to my head and Oliver to between my legs. He just stared at my pussy for ages before dropping his trousers and fucking my pussy. I didn’t actually see him drop his trousers because Jack’s cock had invaded my mouth and throat.

Five minutes later, after they had both cum inside me, they pulled out leaving me close, but not there. I hoped that it wasn’t going to be like that every time.

“Right, that’s better, just hang on a minute while I get changed and I’ll take the rubbish out.” Oliver said.

“That’s okay Oliver.” Jack said, “Emily will do that when she’s calmed down a bit.”

“You want me to take all that cardboard down to the bins, there must be at least 2 trips there. Can I at least put some clothes on, or does my nudity cover the whole of the apartment block.”

“The whole block of course. You’re not afraid to go down there like that are you?”

“I don’t know, I might bump into one of the neighbours.”

“And?”

“So you’re happy with the neighbours seeing me naked?”

“They’re all young (ish) people so I reckon that they will appreciate the sight.”

“I hope so.”

I was quite nervous, but excited, as I grabbed the first arm full of cardboard and opened the door. Stupidly, I looked left and right before stepping out.

“Bare it and share it.” Jack shouted after me.

It was a nervous smile that came to my face as I walked towards the stairs, part of me hoped that anyone arriving would use the lift but part of me wanted people to see me.

I made it down to the ground floor and stuck my head outside. Seeing no one I quickly walked over to the bins and threw the cardboard in the recycling bin and ran back to the door. Within a minute I had run up the stairs and was walking into the apartment.

I leant against the wall getting my breath back with both Jack and Oliver watching and grinning.

I grabbed another arm full and set off again. I have to say that I went a little slower that time but I again made it back to the apartment without seeing anyone.

The third and last time I wasn’t so lucky. I got down okay and dumped the cardboard then just as I started back up the stairs I saw that Ben bloke coming down straight to me. My heart skipped a beat and my pussy got wetter and I tried to act as if I was fully dressed.

As we got closer I looked up at his face, he was grinning and then he said,

“Hi Emily isn’t it, just out for an evening stroll, it is still warm outside, have you been to the park?”

“No, no, just the rubbish bins.”

“Oh right, well have a good evening.”

“Thanks.” I said as we passed.

As I turned at the top of the flight of stairs I looked down and Ben was stood looking up at my butt. I cursed myself for not talking to him some more. When I got back to the apartment I told the guys what had happened and they just laughed the Jack said,

“Ben saw you naked?”

“Yes.”

“Did he say anything?”

“Only hello.”

“I bet that he had a good look at you.”

“I guess that he must have.”

“I know what we’ll do.” Oliver said, “We’ll have a party and invite all the neighbours. Emily can be the naked host and everyone will get used to seeing her naked. Then she’ll be able to go all over the building without any clothes on.”

“Sounds like a winner.” Jack said. “What do you think Emily?”

“I sort of like the idea, but do I have any say in it?”

“No you don’t.” Oliver added. “That fixed then, 1 week tomorrow, I’ll go knocking on doors tomorrow and invite everyone.”

I was nervously happy with the plan.

Jack picked up the package that the postman had brought telling Oliver that I had flashed the postman when it arrived.

“Good girl.” Oliver said as Jack opened the package.

“I ordered this just after we decided that you’d want to be our play thing Emily, I guess that I’ve got you weighed up right girl.”

“What is it?” I asked as I realised that maybe Jack had got me weighed up. I wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Jack finished opening the package and 2 things almost fell out. The one I saw first was a magic wand vibrator. A smile appeared on my face. Then I looked at the other box but had to ask what it was.

“It’s a vibrator, a remote controlled vibrator that can be controlled over the internet by anyone anywhere in the world.”

I’d heard of those and wondered what it would be like to be controlled by a faceless Japanese man or an American or an Eskimo.

I needed a drink because my pussy was leaking so much fluid.

“When are we going to try these?” Oliver asked. “We haven’t got any rope to tie her down yet.”

“I’ll try not to move.” I said.

“Jeez,” Oliver said, “There was me thinking that we’d almost have to force you onto the table and here you are volunteering to let us do whatever we want to you.”

“I thought that that was basically our agreement.” I replied.

“You haven’t signed it yet.”

“I haven’t read it yet.”

“Okay.” Jack interrupted, “Oliver and I will work on the agreement while you use this on yourself Emily.”

That sounded good so I took the wand from Jack and went and sat on the chair facing the sofa while Jack and Oliver sat on the sofa and talked while Jack typed.

Just after I’d gasped as the wand started vibrating on my clit, I looked over to the guys and wondered why an agreement that just basically says that I will do whatever they tell me to, would take so long to get ready.

That wand lived up to it’s common name of ‘magic wand’. I really did wish that I’d bought one years ago.

Jack and Oliver were still working on the list after my orgasm had subsided, them not having made much progress because they were watching me.

About 30 minutes later I asked to see their list of rules for me and Jack said that it wasn’t ready yet.

“Tell you what guys, I have a few Red Lines that I will not cross, why don’t I go to my room and write them down, then in the morning (Saturday) we can get together round your wonderful new oak table and discuss both lists. Once we have agreed all items I will combine the 2 lists and we can all sign the end product. After that I am all yours guys.”

Both Jack and Oliver agreed and I went to my room. About an hour later Jack came into my room. I was sat on a chair at my little desk with my laptop in front of me. He stood behind me and fondled my breasts as he read my list of Red Lines.

“I can’t see any problems with those,” he said, “See you in the morning sex slave.”

I smiled, finished my list then went to bed. Before I drifted off to sleep I decided that I was really pleased how things had turned out. I’d half expected to be new apartment hunting by now, but here I was looking forward to a truly awesome new life, excluding my work which should only change in that I will no longer wear any knickers (my choice).

Below is the 2 lists that were produced: -

**Agreement Rules: -**

When in the apartment with just Jack and Oliver, you will be naked all the time unless one of us tells you otherwise. You will have 2 minutes to get naked after you have returned from going out anywhere.

When sitting on any fabric in the apartment you will make sure that you have a towel between your pussy and the fabric.

Anything to do with your employment is your decision, we will not interfere.

Apart from anything employment related you will wear, or not wear whatever we tell you where ever we take you and whenever we take you.

You will leave the bathroom door and your bedroom door open at all times.

At least 1 of us must be in attendance if you go clothes shopping for any none work clothing and you will not buy any clothing that we think are inappropriate.

You will shave all your body below your neck every day.

Jack and Oliver will not take you to get any tattoos.

Jack and Oliver will take you get get piercings in your nipples and clitoris but nowhere else.

You will not try to hide in your room if we have any guests over and you will be the perfect, naked host to all guests.

You will answer the doorbell every time that it rings.

You will continue doing your previously agreed share of the household chores.

By signing this agreement you authorise Jack and Oliver to do perform any sex act on you whilst you are conscious, unconscious or asleep.

This agreement can be terminated at anytime by any of the 3 parties but if this is invoked you will have to move out of the apartment within 7 days unless Jack and Oliver say otherwise.

**My Red Lines: -**

No tattoos.

No piercings other than nipples and clitoris hood – not my clitoris.

No permanent damage to any part of my body, internal or external.

No hair dyeing.

I will decide on my hair style.

No showing of photographs or videos of me to any member of my family or work colleagues.

You will take full responsibility if I get into trouble doing anything that you have told me to do, i.e. you will explain that you have ordered me to do whatever.

I will provide you with 2 ‘safe’ words. If I say the first word I am VERY seriously begging you to stop doing to me whatever it is that you are doing to me. If I say the second word then you MUST stop doing to me whatever it is that you are doing to me and our agreement is terminated. I will then move out of the apartment within 10 days.