**I was his Sex Slave – He Shared me and I loved it.**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

The other shop that Blade took me to was a sex toys shop. When we walked in I saw 4 men in there, one behind the sales counter and 2 browsing the shelves. Blade immediately told me to take my dress off which surprised me but I wasn’t about to disobey him.

I guessed that it was okay for girls to be naked in there because no one said anything, but almost immediately all 4 men turned to look at me and I felt a tingling in my pussy.

Blade led me over to a shelf where there were a variety of dildos and vibrators. As we were getting there I was amazed by what they sold there. Okay, I’d see some porn DVDs that my father and brother had left in the DVD player but this was for real and totally amazing. There was hundreds of DVD lined up in rows along the wall.

There were also dozens of dildos and vibrators when we got there, all in different shapes and sizes, and there sure was some humongous ones there. My pussy clenched at the thought of some of those trying to get inside me.

The shop also had some that weren’t wrapped and I guessed that it was for the girls to get a feel of them. In their hands I mean, I doubted very much that they were there for girls to actually try them in their vaginas.

I picked up one of the huge, flesh coloured ones and held the base with one hand and pretended to wank it with the other hand. Blade looked at me and said,

“Do you fancy one that big Jenna?”

“Fuck no, I could never get that in my hole.”

“You’d be surprised at what will go in there Jenna.”

I felt my vaginal muscles contract, again, and felt it get a bit wetter.

Blade picked up a vibrating egg complete with a little black control box, a dildo that had a bit on the side that looked like it was supposed to touch my clit, and a package with what looked like 2 steel balls in it.

“What are those for Blade?” I asked.

“To help you exercise your pussy muscles.”

I didn’t understand that but said nothing.

From that part of the store we wandered around with me totally gobsmacked at what they were selling, it looked like there was everything for a torture dungeon.

“Might get some of those things for you in a year or so Jenna, depends on who we bump into and how you cope with pain. What did you feel like when Wolf spanked you in the pub?”

“It hurt, well at first it did, but he made me cum and that was nice.”

“So you wouldn’t mind getting spanked again?”

“Blade, my body is now yours to do with as you please. If that means you spanking me then so be it.”

“And someone else spanking you?”

“If that’s what you want, then yes.”

“What about with one of those?” Blade said pointing to something with the name Paddle on it.”

“If that’s what you want, then yes.”

“Or that?” Blade said pointing to a cane.

“If that’s what you want, then yes.”

“Or that?” Blade said pointing to a whip.

“If that’s what you want, then yes.” I replied, cringing at the thought of me being whipped.

“Has you pussy just got wetter Jenna?”

“Yes Blade.”

“Then I think that you would like to be whipped Jenna.”

“If that’s what you want.”

“Jenna, you don’t have to always say what think I want to hear, you are allowed to have an opinion of your own. I may not take any notice of what you say but it’s good to know what you are really thinking.”

“Yes sir.”

Blade led me over to the sales counter and as the 2 men were talking I turned and saw that the other men were still watching me.

“Jump up on the counter.” Blade said.

I did.

“Lay back and spread your legs.”

I did.

“Now Jenna, these nice men are going to put these steel balls up your pussy and I want you to squeeze them out.”

“I don’t know that I can do that sir, I’ve never done anything like that before.”

The man behind the counter came round and unwrapped the 2 steel balls. Then he held up one of the golf ball sized balls and pressed it against my vaginal entrance. There was plenty of natural lubrication as I felt the ball start to go in.

Then, without me, or him, doing anything, I felt the ball go deep inside me. I looked to the man and he said,

“I didn’t do that, you did, all I did was start it going in.”

“Did my pussy really suck that thing in?” I asked Blade.

“Yes it did, it’s desperate for something to be in there.”

Well I knew that the second part of his statement was true, but the first bit was all new to me.

“Now squeeze it out Jenna.”

I tried and I tried and I tried. It wasn’t until about the fifth time that I tried that Blade said,

“That’s it Jenna, keep doing that.”

I did and out it came and dropped onto the floor.

“Well done Jenna, now each of these men will push one back in and you have to squeeze it out.”

They did, and I did, each time me finding it easier. Then Blade said,

“Now these men will push both balls into you and you have to squeeze both of them out.”

That sounded easy, but it turned out that I needed to use my muscles in a slightly different way, but I did it and was feeling pleased with myself.

“Right girl, that will do for now, get off there and get dressed, we’re leaving.”

I was a little disappointed as we left there, and a little proud of myself for have done what I was told to do, especially as it was such an intimate order.

From there we headed back to Blade’s flat but there was a stop on the way. We had to pass a small park on the way. It’s not much but it does have a few bushes and trees, and a couple of seats on next it to a grassy area.

It was a sunny day, not too warm but warm enough for me to be out wearing just a dress. Flesh led me to the grassy area and we sat on the grass. I lifted my dress up so that it was my bare butt that sat on the grass. It was cold and a bit damp.

“Lay back Jenna and open your legs a bit.”

We were right next to the path and my feet were nearest to the path so I knew that if anyone walked by they would be able to see my pussy. I had a quick look around to see if anyone was walking our way. I was disappointed.

“A bit more Jenna.”

I smiled and did so.

“What does it feel like to be exposed like that?”

“Nice, and the sun on my pussy is nice. Can’t you see that I’m getting wetter?”

Blade laughed and replied,

“Where has the little girl that I thought I was going to have a battle with gone? And who are you?”

“Sorry to disappoint you sir.”

“Oh you’ve done the opposite to disappoint me Jenna. I’m having to rethink all my plans for you now.”

“Sorry sir.”

Blade leant over and ran a finger up my slit. I gasped as he replied,

“Don’t be my little star, I’m thinking about big things for you.”

With that his 2 middle fingers entered my vagina and bent upwards, pressed against my G-spot and I orgasmed. As I did so he lifted me up using the hand that was half inside me and I moaned then said,

“Oh fuck, that’s soo good, please don’t stop.”

“You like that slut?”

“Yes sir.” I finally managed to say.

“I once saw a video of a guy doing that to a girl and her orgasm went on for ages after he’d let go of her, I might try that with you sometime.”

“Yes please sir.”

Blade sat there for ages, with me still on my back with my legs anything but closed. I was on my back with my head on the grass and my eyes closed so I couldn’t see if anyone was walking along the path but I did hear a few voices a couple of times.

“Who’s that Blade?” I asked both times.

“Nothing to worry about girl, keep your eyes closed.”

Was the reply I got both times. When I asked the second time I felt something cold pressing on my vaginal entrance.

“Relax girl, it’s nothing that hasn’t been in there before.”

I soon relaxed as I realised that it was one of the steel balls. My pussy sucked it in then I felt the second one going in. My pussy soon sucked that one in as well.

Shortly after that Blade told me that it was time to leave. I was grateful as the cold and damp grass was starting to get to me.

When I got up I saw 2 boys not far away. I wondered, hoped, that they had had a good look at my pussy and seen the balls going in. When I looked closer at the 2 boys I said.

“Fuck, those 2 are in year 10 at school. Everyone in school will know what you did to me by lunchtime on Monday.”

“Does that worry you Jenna?”

“I guess not.”

“Maybe you should take the balls to school with you and let the kids put them inside you.”

“Can I? On second thoughts it might cause a riot if I let some of the boys do it and not all of them.”

“That I’d like to see.”

As we started to walk back to the flat I soon found that keeping those balls inside me isn’t as easy as it sounds. Of course Blade was laughing at me each time that one dropped out and I had to clean it on my dress then put it back in without drawing any attention to me.

“Talking about school Jenna, are those double desks with wooden chairs still there?”

“Some of the chairs have been replaced with plastic chairs, they really stick to my butt, but the desks are still there, why”

“And where do you sit in the room, are there any fixed places or can you sit anywhere?”

“Anywhere but I’ve started sitting at the front so that I can let the teachers see my pussy.”

“That’s good, but sometimes, sit further back and make sure that you are next to a boy, and when you sit down pull your dress up to your waist before you sit down. Then lay back in the seat and tell them that they can touch you if they want to. Lets see how many of them want to finger fuck you in class.”

“Ouch, that could be fun.”

Over the next few weeks and months up to the school summer holiday I had a lot of new experiences and quite a few repeats of ones that Blade thought were worth doing again. There was also quite a few gang get meetings where I had to be naked and other things. All of them involved my body in one way or another.

\*\*\*

For starters, my body developed quite a bit. My tits grew to be a solid A cup. I say ‘solid’ A cup because there is absolutely no wobble in them when Blade has me doing jumping jacks or other exercises. What I hadn’t really expected, but liked, was that my tits grew like traffic cones, small at the base and growing straight out to a point with my nipples on top, with no sag, and from high up on my chest where my nipples already were. I like having tits that are different to most girls.

My hips got a bit wider and I’m sure my waist shrank, my butt is still small, cute and bubbly but it seems to stick out a bit more, and the bit that I like the most is my pussy. It’s still just a slit with no inner lips to talk about but it’s got just a bit fleshier.

My prized possession is my clitoris. It grew to be nearly as long as my pinky finger’s nail but the hood didn’t grow so I now have what Blade calls a little boy’s bell-end sticking out from my slit. It’s reasonably hard most of the time but gets even harder when I get aroused, which these days is most of the time, and it’s VERY sensitive to contact of any sort and it’s a good job that my legs have a bit if a gap between them all the way up to my pussy.

With me not wearing knickers and my skirts usually not covering my butt when I sit down my bigger clit is often in contact with the chair and Blade has told me to stop squirming in my seat a few times as I often move around to get some pleasure for the contact.

Just after Blade told me that my tits were starting to grow he brought a mate round. He had a camera with him and Blade told me that he was going to make a photo diary of my body’s development progress. He told me that the guy would come over every Saturday and take a dozen photos of me from all angles and positions, and that included my pussy development so the photos would include me holding my pussy lips as far apart as I could and sticking a ruler into my pussy until it hit my cervix so that they could see if my vagina was getting longer.

Blade now has hundreds of photos of my body and most intimate parts as the grew. He says that he’s going to take them to the next gang meeting and do a slide show for everyone to watch and I’m guessing / hoping that they’ll all want to see the product as it is that night. I must remember to take the ruler.

\*\*\*

On the school front, Blade has been sending me to school wearing one of my remote controlled vibrators. Sometimes the tadpole one and sometimes the egg. I still don’t know which one I like the best, I can control the egg from the little black box in my bag and the tadpole one can only be controlled from a mobile phone. Blade still hasn’t got me a phone and therefore not worked out how he could control the tadpole over the internet. He keeps promising to sort it but …. I also believe that there is more to the tadpole than I’ve seen so far and I hope that Blade gets reading soon.

My PE skirt seems to have got smaller in length and I’ve been half expecting a teacher to tell me to either get a new, longer skirt or start wearing knickers but it hasn’t happened yet even though the number of times that my pussy gets exposed, even to the PE teachers, male and female has increased quite a lot. I’m starting to think that the teachers enjoy seeing my pussy and much as the boys do.

Being an inner city school filled with poor kids means that the standards for the kids and the quality of teachers isn’t as good as it could be, and a lot, if not all of the teachers don’t care what the kids do or don’t wear, and the male ones probably hope that the girls fall into the category of ‘don’t wear’. I haven’t heard of one girl who’s got into trouble for wearing a skirt too short or for not wearing a bra or knickers, and I’m not the only girl who falls into that category.

With the warmer weather, some of the PE activities moved to the outside playground and that’s next to the street with a big wire fence between the two. When the girls are doing PE outdoors there’s often a couple of men at the fence watching and the girls wearing PE skirt sometimes lift their skirts to tease the men, and that included the knickerless girls.

I’ve lost count of the number of times that I’ve done it and I always try to get close to the fence to do it. Or we just to bend over with knees straight. If a teacher sees us bending we just them them that we’re doing stretching exercises. We do that when we’re near to boys as well.

With most of the PE lessons being outside in the playground, the teachers left the gym setup as an obstacle course and when it was raining it’s obstacle course time again. I’m sure that it’s just an easy option for the teachers but it’s a great opportunity for the girls to flaunt their bodies in front of the boys, especially the girls who wear PE skirts and no knickers like me.

When my tits started growing I swapped my tight T-shirt for a loose fitting one that I got out of the lost and found basket. It must have belonged to a fat little girl because, as I said, it’s a baggy fit on me and the length doesn’t quite reach the waist of my PE skirt. I picked that T-shirt knowing that there was a good chance that sometimes it would go up round my neck leaving my new tits on display.

After one knickerless girl had an orgasm while sliding down a rope, lost her grip and fell to the floor spraining her wrist, the teachers decided that it would be a good idea to have a couple of boys standing at the bottom of each rope to catch anyone who fell off. Well the knickerless girls in skirts liked that idea too and all of a sudden it took me twice as long to climb up the ropes and I slide down with my legs out straight and the rope sliding against my pussy.

The boys also like watching the girls sitting at the bottom of the rope whilst their orgasms finished.

\*\*\*

I did what Blade told me to do in classes, that is to say lift my dress as I sit and tell the boy next to me that he can touch my bare legs as high up as he likes. Unfortunately not many take me up on the offer as I think that they are too scared. Most of those that did slid their hands right up to my pussy and I’ve had my clit touched a couple of times, but that’s all. I just wish that I had lessons with the year 11 or 12 boys.

If any of the teachers saw what was going on they just ignored it.

\*\*\*

One of the windows in the girls changing room got broken. It’s only a small window, not big enough for anyone to get through, and the glass in it is thick and frosted so that no one can see through it.

Two weeks before the summer shutdown we went in to get changed for PE and someone saw it. The girl told the teacher who said that because it was so high up no one would be able to see in and that it would get fixed when the school shutdown for the summer.

After that everyone ignored it but I thought about it. On the other side of the window is a bit of an open area where kids sometimes kick a ball around, and when Blade met me after school I told him and we walked round that way so that he could see it.

When we got to it we stopped and Blade was obviously thinking. There were half a dozen boys there kicking a ball about and after a couple of minutes Blade called them over and said,

“On the other side of that wall is the girl’s changing room. If you were to skip school you’d be able to come here and look through that hole and see them taking their clothes off.”

“We’re not tall enough.” One of the boys said.

“There’s a way round that boys,” Blade said, “round that corner is a mountain of empty pallets, if you drag them round and stack them under the window you’ll be able to get to the right height.”

With that the boys ran off and Blade sat on the grass waiting. I sat too, knowing that anyone passing by could look over and see up my dress to my pussy. A few minutes later the boys were back, slowly dragging half a dozen pallets. As they stacked them one of them said,

“How do we know that it isn’t the boy’s changing room, we’re not pufftas.”

“Good point, when the stack is built Jenna here will climb up and look through the hole in the window. She was in the girl’s changing room earlier today so she knows what the insides look like.”

I thought,

“That’s true, but there’s only one window with a hole in it so it must be the girls.”

But I didn’t say that because I knew that if I climbed up the stack of pallets the boys would be able to see up my dress.

When the stack was complete the boys turned to me expecting me to go and climb the stack. I didn’t rush to get up because the boys were silently looking at my pussy already. When I did get up I walked over and smiling I said,

“Will you nice men stand round the pallets to catch me if I fall.”

My feet were on about the third pallet from the ground when one of the boys said,

“Fucking hell, lo.”

He stopped mid sentence realising that he would let me know that he was looking up my dress. I slowly climbed up to the top, taking every opportunity to spread my legs as I went.

When I got to the top I got to my feet and turned to face them with my feet still well apart.

“You can see a lot more from up here than you can from on the ground.” I said.

“I don’t think so.” One of the 6 faces that were looking up at my spread pussy quietly said.

Realising that I’d got a captive audience, and looking down at Blade who was smiling, I said,

“It’s a bit scary up here, could one of you climb up and hold me so that I don’t fall?”

All 6 of them started to climb but it was the tallest who got to the top first and the others gave up.

“Have a look through the hole.” The boy said.

“Which hole?” I said closing my legs and wondering if the boys would understand.

I saw a couple of grins on the faces of the boys then turned and looked through the hole in the window. Then I turned back and said,

“Yep, that’s the girl’s changing room, I could see where I was stood totally naked just a few hours ago. Now can you help me get down please?”

I stepped over to the other side of the pallet where the other boys heads were and spread my feet. Then I turned to look at the boy that had climbed up and said,

“Will you put your arms round me and lower me to your friends please?”

“Sure.”

As he stepped over to me I put both my arms straight up in the air and as he put his arms round my waist I said,

“Hold me tight.”

He did and I felt his arms round the bottom of my ribs then lift me up. He stepped to where I was then started to lower me. Yes, it worked, as I slowly went down his arms slowly slid up my body taking my dress with them. I felt his arms slide over my tits, trying to compress, and failing, them with the pressure.

The boys below were too stunned by the sight of my pussy so close to them to even try to grab me to stop me from falling.

Down I went and up went my dress. As my feet touched the ground I bent my knees and said,

“A bit further, don’t let go of me.”

As my knees touched the ground I felt my hands come free of my dress. I was totally naked with 5 gobsmacked boys staring at me from the ground and one staring at me from on the pallets, holding my dress.

I made my body limp and I dropped to the ground, on my back with my legs open.

By that time my tits were traffic cones and the boys were getting a good look at them, and my pussy.

I let them look for a few seconds then got up and lied to them saying,

“Oops, that shouldn’t have happened. Can I have my dress please?”

It took another couple of seconds for the boy up top to come out of his trance then he dropped my dress to my waiting hands. I slowly turned it right side out then slipped it on. Walking over to Blade I said to the boys,

“I have PE Monday just before lunch and again Thursday last thing on an afternoon. Maybe you’ll see me again then, and don’t forget you cameras.”

Both Blade and I were grinning as we walked away, Blade finally saying,

“You are priceless Jenna.”

I replied saying,

“I might be late home on Thursday, I might just have to stay late after PE and the teacher has left for home.”

“The teacher leaves you girls to finish and go home?”

“Yeah, she’s as keen to get away from the place as the rest of us.”

“You do that Jenna, and teach them how a girl wanks.”

“Yes sir.”

I did that after each PE lesson to the end of the school year. I couldn’t see boys watching all of the time but when I did I gave them a good show.

\*\*\*

I’ve worn the denim skirt that doesn’t cover my slit quite a few times, even to school a few times. The sad thing is that hardly anyone notices and I’m left screaming to myself wanting to shout to tell people to look at my pussy.

\*\*\*

Blade has taken me to quite a few places and if it’s a place where I have to keep my clothes on Blade always tells me to wear something see-through (more stolen clothes). If it was somewhere where other gang members were, or his mates were, I have to get naked straight away. Sometimes he’d get some duck tape and tape my calves to my thighs then tape the ends of a stick that he often carried to the same duck tape, leaving my legs spread wide and Blade would let the boys play with my body. Blade’s only restriction that he put on the boys was that they couldn’t put their cocks into my vagina without his permission.

\*\*\*

One place that Blade took me to quite often was the gang meetings. These are held in all sorts of places, almost anywhere where about 20 people could get together and talk about gang business. I’d been going to them for a couple of years and I’d seen what happened to the girls after they’d been initiated so I wasn’t surprised to have to be naked at them and to have my body used by the other boys and girls.

When I’d seen it happen to older girls before there was never a rush to get the fucking started, it usually didn’t start until after Thor had finished the gang business but after my initiation my fucking started as soon as I got there and I was getting fucked in all 3 holes even before Thor started talking. Thankfully they were using condoms to fuck my lower 2 holes.

And all this was in front of the other gang members, older and younger than me, and I knew that it would continue until another younger girl had her first period which I guessed would be at least a year.

After one of the guys had fucked my ass I heard him tell Blade that he needed to fuck my ass more often because it was tighter than the other girls in the gang.

Blade had fucked my butt a couple of times but I knew that he prefers fucking my pussy, and I prefer being fucked in my pussy, but Blade is a good gang member and started fucking my ass more often, and if any of his mates asked to fuck me he’d tell them to fuck my ass.

Back to that meeting, I was happy when Thor complimented me on my enthusiasm, telling everyone that he’d heard a few good things about me.

\*\*\*

After my body started developing nicely Blade decided that I should have a full gyno examination just to make sure that I was okay inside. What he didn’t tell me was what the doctor would do to me. Not that I was complaining. It was nice having my clit played with and brought to an orgasm in the doctor’s surgery by a man that I’d only known for a few minutes.

I wondered if all girls going on the pill had a similar examination or if Blade had found a not very professional doctor to send me to. I didn’t ask.

I did learn something at that examination, how to properly examine my tits for unwanted lumps although at the moment they are just conical lumps of hard something or other.

\*\*\*

Once my breasts started growing Blade started tweaking my nipples. He told me that if I did it often enough there was a reasonable chance that I could have an orgasm just by playing with my nipples.

So, as well as him tweaking my nipples he’s got me into the habit of doing it. I have to do it every time that I take a dress or top off, every time that I notice someone looking at me, and, of course, every time that I want my nipples to look at their proudest, which when I’m naked is all the time. He’s also got me doing it when I’m wearing a thin or see-through top. If I can easily get my hands up my top to my bare nipples it’s on my bare nipples, if not, it’s through the material.

Picking up this habit has proven to be very easy, probably because it feels good and I do it all the time now, even when I’m out shopping or in the pub and when I’m at school, even when I’m just walking along. I’ve had a few strange looks from teachers when I’ve done it in class and they’ve seen me.

I haven’t had an orgasm from doing it yet but sometimes when I, or Blade, do it for a long time I feel like I could get there. The problem is that my nipples start to get a bit sore.

\*\*\*

Talking about tits, Blade thought that it would be good to get my nipples pierced. One evening when I got home from school he told me to change my dress then he took me into town and to a tattoo shop.

“Am I getting tattooed?” I asked.

“No, I don’t want to spoil a beautiful body but I would like to see things hanging from those traffic cones of yours.”

“You’re getting my nipples pierced?”

“Yes Jenna.”

“I thought that you had to be 18 to get pierced.”

“Don’t know, don’t care, and the bloke in here doesn’t care either.”

I soon found out why Blade had told me to wear a dress, to bare my tits to get them pierced I had to take my dress off. Okay, the guy who did me had probably pierced hundreds of tits and seen hundreds of pussies but he was looking at MY naked body while he was stabbing me with those needles.

The actual procedure, as the man called it, was over in seconds and didn’t hurt much at all and before I knew it my nipples were the proud owner of rings through them. Blade also bought some nipple barbells and stirrups for me.

The only real problem with them, at that time, was that I’d got into the habit of tweaking my nipples and when I unconsciously did it whilst they were healing it hurt real bad and I’d usually curse out loud.

\*\*\*

One Saturday evening. I think it was in the June, but after my tits got to be something that boys liked to look at, Blade took me to another pub, one that we don’t go to very often. After one drink during which Blade told me to sit with my knees well apart, he got a blindfold out of his pocket and put it on me.

Then he led me up some stairs and into a room. I’d heard a lot of men talking as we approached the room and when we went in the talking started to include lots of cheering.

When the noise died down Blade said,

“Here she is guys, she’s yours for an hour. Don’t forget to use the condoms.”

“Fucking hell,” I thought, “I’m going to be gang-banged”

With that I felt Blade, presumably, push the spaghetti straps off my shoulders and my dress fell to the floor leaving me totally naked. He lifted me out of the circle of my dress and when my feet landed on the floor I felt hands on my bare body.

I was gang-banged in all 3 holes and I got man cum all over my face, chest and hair. It sounds crazy but I actually enjoyed the experience, the only way that it could have been better was if I could have seen all the cocks, but the anonymity of it did add something to the excitement.

When the hour was up Blade came and ‘rescued’ me and put my dress back on me. Then he led me out of the room, down the stairs and out onto the street where he took the blindfold off.

He walked me home with my face and hair still covered in man cum. He also refused to tell me who had taken part in the gang-bang saying,

“You enjoyed it didn’t you?”

“Yes I did.”

“Then what does in matter who they were?”

I knew it was pointless trying to get more information out of him so I gave up and walked, head held high, as one or two people stared at me as we walked. I was also pleased that nothing was leaking out of my pussy as we walked, telling me that whoever it was had used the condoms.

It was straight into the shower when I got back to Blade’s place with my dress still on, I needed to get the sperms off my dress as much as off me.

I still have no idea how many cocks entered me or who those men were, for all I know they could have been people that I know or see most days, maybe even my teachers. For weeks afterwards whenever I talked to a man I wondered if he was one of the ones who fucked me, and it always made my pussy tingle.

\*\*\*

After Wolf spanked me in the pub that first time, Blade decided that I should have regular spankings to get me used to them and what can go along with them. Personally I didn’t see the point because I’d been spanked enough times by my family, but what Blade wants, Blade gets.

It was decided that Sunday evenings were to be my regular spanking night with Blade telling me that if my butt was still red when I went to school on the Monday I would have to tell anyone who asked that I had been naughty and been spanked.

Unsurprisingly, Wolf volunteered to administer the spanking with anyone who wanted to watch coming to Blade’s flat with a few cans of beer.

That first Sunday evening there were 4 of the older male gang members there to watch. Of course there was no skirt to flip up or knickers to pull down and I lay over Wolf’s lap when he told me to do so.

Then he told me to spread my legs as wide as they would go and added that I was always to spread them when I was being spanked.

After the first swat I was told that I had to count the swats and say the number out loud followed by “Thank you sir.”

“One, thank you sir.” I said.

After “Two, thank you sir,” one of the guys suggested that each spank should be followed by either 30 seconds of one of them finger fucking me, or 30 seconds of one of them rubbing my clit. Unsurprisingly, they all agreed and they alternated between finger fucking me and rubbing my clit.

Fifty swats took a lot longer than I expected and I’m sure that I got my counting mixed up, especially when I had the 3 orgasms, but no one said that I had to start counting from one again.

Those orgasms did distract me from the pain until it was all over then my butt hurt like hell. Blade told me to put some cold water in the bath and sit in it. That sort of helped for a while then I looked at my butt in a mirror and decided that things weren’t as bad as they looked and I went to bed, but that hurt when Blade lay on me to fuck me.

My butt was still red in the morning and still hurt a bit. Where Wolf’s hand had hit me on the tops of my legs was visible below my dress and a few people at school asked me if I’d been spanked. When I said that I had some of the kids, particularly the boys asked me to show them my red butt and I usually flipped the back of my dress up to show them. I also discovered that spanking girls is still popular round where I live because a few admitted that they got spanked too.

By the time that I’m writing this everyone at school knows that Sunday is my spanking night and it’s not a novelty for them anymore.

After that first spanking a couple of the girls started coming along some times and they took their turn finger fucking and rubbing my clit.

\*\*\*

At the start of every summer in our city the Caribbean community puts on a carnival with a parade from a park near where I live, round part of the city, then back to the park, then they put on all sorts of side shows and music for the rest of the day. I’ve always gone to these and followed them round the city and got to really like the Caribbean Steel Band music.

A few weeks before it was due happen we saw a flyer and Blade told me that I was going to the carnival and going to dance along the streets with other girls. That was a sort of dream come true as I’d always admired those girls. I hugged Blade and thanked him.

Then he told me that I would be with the girls who got their bodies painted in wonderful patterns and colours. I remembered that some of those painted girls were topless and had their tits painted so I felt even better.

Blade had it all arranged and just before we left the flat he called me over and told me to spread my legs. I did, and he inserted my remote controlled egg into my vagina.

“Am I going to keep this in all day?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Will it be switched on all the time?”

“Unfortunately not, the batteries won’t last all day.”

“That’s a shame,” I thought.

Blade took me to the park a couple of hours before the parade was due to start with the egg switched off. We went to a marque where the girls were getting painted and saw girls in all states of undress.

Most girls were wearing just knickers, G strings or bikini bottoms and either already painted, getting painted or waiting to get painted. I remembered noticing at previous years parades that the girls wearing painted G strings looked better since there was a lot less to look ugly.

“Have you got a G string that I can wear Blade?” I asked.

“You won’t need one Jenna, you’ll be naked under the paint.”

“Oh, okay, won’t my clit sticking out draw attention to me being naked, or is that what you want.”

“That’s what I want Jenna.”

“Okay, I’ll like that, but what about the police?”

“They’ll be too busy looking out for trouble makers, they arrested 60 odd people with drugs last year.”

“Good, I don’t want to end up in jail.”

“You won’t, get that dress and shoes off, it will be your turn soon.”

“I did, tweaking my nipples after I put the dress down, and was aware that I was the only totally naked person there.”

When it was my turn to get painted I walked up to the young woman who was going to paint me, she looked me up and down and said,

“Wow young lady, I haven’t seen a pair of breasts like that for years, I wish mine were like yours.”

I looked at her chest and thought,

“I hope I never have tits like yours, they’re huge, how the hell do you carry them around.”

Then the woman looked over to Blade and said,

“Like we discussed?”

“Yes.” Blade replied.

“Are you sure, it will be a bit risky.”

“I’m sure.”

I hadn’t a clue what they were talking about and it wasn’t until about 30 minutes later that I found out. I hadn’t really been taking much notice of where the paint was going until the woman said that she was finished and pointed over to where there were some large mirrors.

“But you haven’t painted my pussy and my tits aren’t finished. I said as I tweaked my nipples.”

“Yes they are, I’ve done exactly what I was asked to do.”

I turned to look at Blade who waved me over to the mirrors.

Apart from my tits and pussy I looked great, even my back and butt. But the woman had painted alternate white and orange circles round each tit and left my areola and nipples unpainted. And I had my barbells in each nipple’s piercing. The gold coloured barbells jumped out at me when I looked in the mirror.

When I looked down to my pussy I couldn’t see even a drop of body paint on my whole vulva. The paint that was there framed my vulva drawing my attention to my slit and poking out clit.

I felt great but I didn’t see how I could dance along the streets like that, I was sure to get arrested.

“You want me to dance down the streets round half of the city and then parade around the park afterwards, like this?” I asked Blade.

“Yes Jenna, don’t you?”

“Well yes, but.”

“You’ll be fine Jenna, I won’t be far away.”

We walked out of the marque with a nervous me wanting to, and not wanting to put my hands over my tits and pussy.

“Is this paint waterproof?” I asked Blade, “because my pussy is going to be like a turned on tap all day.”

“I’d better make sure that you drink a lot then.” Blade replied.

It was a sort of unreal sensation wearing only paint but not on my pussy or nipples, I was half expecting someone to remind me of what wasn’t covered at any moment, but no one did. I was just another of the 20 or so painted girls that were wandering around.

We started walking towards where we saw a couple of other painted girls going and saw where we assumed was where the painted girls would be starting the parade from.

All the girls that I could see had some signs of having something on under the paint, except for me and I wondered if I was the only one who was actually naked under their paint, and the only girl in the whole parade who had her pussy and nipples truly on display.

I felt good and nervous as Blade told me to go and join the group.

As I got closer I saw a couple of faces that I knew from school, both girls being in year 12, and both girls showing evidence of a G string under their paint.

Then I saw one girl who was wearing just a G string under her paint but she must have cut the material out of the G string because I could clearly see her painted slit and clit hood. I looked at her and she looked at me, well my tits and pussy.

“You’re a brave one aren’t you?” The girl said.

“Not my idea but I have to say that I like it, or I will do when my nerves settle down.” I replied.

“You look a little young to be naked out on the streets, how old are you?”

“Thirteen and it’s not the first time that I’ve been naked on the streets but the other times were at night with hardly anyone else around.”

“I was 15 when I first did this, but I had a full G string on then, I’m not as brave as you obviously are. If you see the pigs looking at you just turn your back and dance away, you’ll be fine. Most of them would like to get a good close-up look at you anyway, and you’re not breaking the law unless someone complains or you start fingering yourself. I’m Naomi by the way.”

“Jenna, I’ve been wanting to do that ever since I walked out of that marque.”

“Me too. Just hang in there girl, you’ll settle down once we get moving.”

“I hope so, if not all the paint on my inner thighs will start to run.”

“You’ll be okay, the paint will stick to your skin for a couple of days if you don’t put any soap on it. Last year I went home after the parade without putting my clothes on and the paint was still good when I got home.”

“Wow, I wonder if I’ll be walking home like this?”

“Looking at you Jenna, I’ll guess that you will be.”

I like what they’ve done with your tits and it’s a shame that your barbells don’t Blade, that would make them look even more like traffic cones. I wish that my tits were like yours.

I smiled wondering if Blade would walk me home like I was, and wondering how many people that I know would see me, and would they see that my pussy and nipples weren’t painted..

The next few minutes were spent with me looking at the other painted girls to see I saw any evidence, or lack of, that the girl was naked under her paint. I never saw such a girl so I guessed that my only girl there categories were right.

The music from the float in front of us started and I got reminded that my egg was inside me. I looked around for Blade but couldn’t see him and hoped that he’s turn it off soon.

The float in front of us started moving and some of the painted girls started dancing along and some, like me, just walked for a while with me looking at all the people on both sides of the road to see any indication that they’d realised that my bald pussy and nipples were not covered. Happily, and unhappily I saw none.

I started to relax and started swaying my hips from side to side as I walked then started dancing like the other girls. I was soon quite relaxed and enjoying myself so much so that I Kept looking at people on the footpaths to see if they were looking at me. I didn’t see any ‘Oh my gawd, that girl is naked’ looks.

For the first about half mile I’d been dancing down the middle of the road but just after that I realised that I was right on the outside of the group, sometimes only centimetres from the public. I realised that my confidence level had gone through the roof, I was invincible. I felt like I could go up to a policeman and kiss his cheek and he would either not notice what I was displaying of he’d enjoy the view.

I also saw Blade walking along behind the people watching us girls. That sort of gave me a little boost as well. My dancing got a little bit more animated but I felt the vibrations from the egg stop.

Occasionally the procession would stop and the girls would stand around talking, and occasionally someone would come round handing out small bottles of water. I saw one girl drop her bottle of water and bend over to pick it up. She bent with straight knees and I smiled at the thought of what she was showing to the crowd.

That gave me an idea and I worked my way over to where a group of boys were standing, then with my back to them I dropped my water bottle and bent over to pick it up. I just about heard one of the boys say,

“Fucking hell, look at at that.”

I stayed bent over for a few seconds then stood up and took a drink before turning to to take a closer look at the boys.

“Fuck, they’re in year 12.” I thought, then I smiled at them.

I also felt my pussy tingle.

Along the way I saw a few people that I know, kids from school, teachers and even the odd friend of my parents. None of them really looked at me, I think that they concentrated on the girls with bigger tits or just the girls bodies, their eyes never getting above their shoulders. My tits would have been instantly recognisable but none of the people that I saw that I knew had seen my tits since they’d grown.

The parade seemed to be going on for ever and I was starting to get tired. I found myself near Naomi when the parade stopped again, and she asked me how I was enjoying myself.

“It’s awesome. Here I am naked in the middle of town and no one cares. They should have these carnivals every weekend.” I replied.

“Well in the summer time, “ Naomi replied, “My tits would freeze and drop off in the winter.”

“Point taken, but in the summer time.”

“Next time I’m getting painted like you Jenna, I’m jealous. If I’d known that you’d be here like that I’d have done the same.”

“How much further is it?” I asked not seeing anything that I recognised.

“Only about half a mile, are you getting tired?”

“A bit.”

“Me too. We’ll be able to get a rest when we get back to the park. If you sit down don’t move your butt about, keep it still or you might damage the paint job.”

As the parade started again I realised that I hadn’t thought about when we get back to the park. I hoped that Blade wasn’t hoping to get away quickly, I wanted to be seen and I had a vision of coming face to face with one of my teacher. That made me smile a bit more than I had been doing so ever since I walked out of that marque.

Soon the parade was entering the park then the music and the dancing stopped. I knew that Blade was nearby because I felt the egg start vibrating again. Blade came over to me and told me to follow him. He led me to the marque and I feared that I’d be putting my dress on and leaving. He told me to find my dress which I did, then he pleased me by taking of from me and stuffing it into a plastic carrier bag that he got out of his pocket.

“Come on girl, I’m hungry.” Blade said.

I followed him out into the crowds and my pussy started tingling again, and so did my nipples, they were almost aching. A crowded park, a sunny day, me naked where it really counted, what more could a girl ask for. Well Blade could have fucked me right there but that would be just a bit too much if I didn’t want to go to jail.