

Exposed in the Sun

Part One

As ever if you leave comments and an email I will do my best to respond.

1.

You may wonder why a man of my position would have allowed this to happen. The stilettos, the stockings, the little black maid's dress. Why my hair is long and styled. Why my body is smooth and hairless. Why I wait on these men and women knowing that I will have to service each one to orgasm before the end of the night.

You may also wonder what she sees in me. Why she married me. I wasn't rich when we met. In fact I only set up my own company with her father's money.

But those who wonder will never know that the two elements are related. She is responsible for my present position.

It was the deal I struck before the wedding.

You see Kate is stunning. I mean film star gorgeous. The legs, the body, the hair, the eyes, a smile that could melt an iceberg.

Me? At five foot three, skinny and weedy you'd think I would be the last person she would even notice let alone date.

But she liked my unthreatening, feminine demeanour.

That was the deal. Marriage so long as once a month I would indulge her kinkiness.

As she put it, she desired 'a little cute lesbian lover with a little cute cock'.
Cue me.

So for most of the time I was Daniel the main man at our electrical components company. For three weeks I barked out orders and snarled. All in order to make up for my diminutive appearance. Then for a few days indulged her. I became her little cutie whose only purpose was to be pampered and seduced.

I blanked out the humiliation. I was a good actor in college, something I did not pursue too hard as some of the men made fun of my appearance: 'look here comes the gay boy, or is it gay girl?' Acting would have confirmed their view.

Until I married Kate. After the wedding no one said that again. They may have looked bewildered when we walked past with she towering over me but they never said it. The only words I heard were: 'look at that lucky bastard.' And 'how does he do it?'

This is how I did it.

'Just slip your foot into this little ankle boot. Isn't it adorable? Don't you just love what it does to your legs?'

I sat on the edge of the bed and nodded and pouted. This was expected of me. I was not allowed to argue or show my true feelings. This was the deal. I had to pretend to enjoy the degrading dress up game. I was to be her girl for a few a days and had to drown my own true feelings.

And it was a scheme that worked. Most of her schemes did work. That was why the business was so successful. They all thought it was me, but really it was she.

Yes it would have carried on like that forever had it not been for him.

We were on holiday. A two week vacation in the sun. Wonderful apartment. Great views. Good food. I knew I was expected to dress for a few days but once she had got her fill of that then everything would be

rosy. We could go back to being man and wife with me enjoying showing off my trophy wife.

We were in the bar on our first night. I was impatient. I wanted to get the demeaning dressing up game over and be done with. But first she was chatting away with the barman, and then with him. I hated him immediately. He was tall, much taller than she, let alone I. He was ruggedly good looking and so confident it made me feel sick. Worse he had that easygoing confidence that makes everyone, especially women fall over for him. Everything I lacked.

I kept tugging at her arm. She shook me away without even taking her eyes off of him.

Finally I whispered 'if you don't come up now then we don't do it.'

She threw me an ugly look but sighed before agreeing.

I knew she would not endanger the game she loved above all else.

She said her goodbyes and as soon as we got to her room I expected a row. Instead I got one of her cheeky little grins.

"Who is an eager little slut then?"

"Me," I played along stripping quickly. I had shaved myself baby smooth earlier. "Want do you want Becky to wear?"

"It's all in your room."

She gave me a smile and said she would fetch the wine while I changed. I suppose I should have seen there was something odd about that smile.

When we played these games I had my own room. Or rather Becky did. Kate would seduce me on my own bed and then 'go home' to her own bed.

So I did my hair. I was good at that now. I had had it lightened to a dark blond before we left. I knew about the minimal make up look she liked. Added the perfume. The sexy lingerie. The dress.

She joined me with a glass, her grin and a small box wrapped in a baby blue bow. "An extra present for the hot little slut who dragged me from my conversation with that hunky man."

I demurely played my part. "Oh goodee. Is it a necklace?" She liked my Becky voice.

"Better than a necklace."

I opened it and looked down at the odd contents. What looked like a small silver cylinder and a tiny chain and clasp.

A male chastity belt. If you haven't seen one before I can tell you that the perverted sods who made it had spent way too much time designing it. Not that I was to know that then. I put it on. She locked it around my scrotum and I felt a bit sick. I knew that it would be difficult to cut off. It was too tight to the flesh to get a blade inside.

That was when she showed me the ankle boots.

When I was dressed she stood me up and cuddled me. Holding me as she never held me as a man I was aroused immediately and submitted to a kiss.

It was then that I discovered how awful the chastity device was. My member swelled up and was painfully contained.

I winced and she laughed. "Come on drinks first!" I have omitted to mention that there is a little sadistic side to Kate that can be quite frightening. I try to forget about that side of her.

She led me down stairs to the first floor of our apartment. She was wearing a white sheer trouser suit and looked like a film star.

I played my coyish Becky part and she played the part of the seducer.

We had downed the first bottle and she was drunkenly opening another when the door was knocked.

I made to scamper away but she was pushed me back into my chair. "Stay

there slut. You're not escaping my clutches!"

She opened the door still laughing.

I sipped the remains of my wine. I could hear voices. Her's and a man's. Even with half a bottle of wine in my blood stream I felt nervous, wondering whether to dash upstairs and hide. She had told me to stay in the chair and in this dominant mood she could be a hell cat if I disobeyed her.

When he entered the room I had to fight to catch my breath. I stood up knocking my stockinged knee against the table.

"Oh this is my friend Becky."

I ran my hand through my hair to hide my face.

"Becky this is Tony. Say hello to Tony."

I stammered some words and Kate laughed. "She isn't usually so shy around men. Little tramp. Can you stay for a drink?"

My heart was thumping. Get rid of him. Get rid of him.

"If I'm not interrupting anything with you ladies." That awful cocky 'aren't I just great' smile.

"Na! This is our first night here. We had nothing planned. Could you open the bottle of wine for us? There's a beer in the fridge. I know how you men prefer a beer."

I noted the dig at me. I hated the bitter taste of beer.

"Sure. Great"

He padded off to the kitchen and I clip clopped awkwardly in my heels to whispering range of Kate. "What the hell are you playing at? Letting him in!"

He returned with our wine bottle and a tin of lager.

"Oh Tony is such a dear. Apparently I left my bag on the bar. And do you

know what? He saw the key number and brought it up. Wasn't that sweet?"

I looked as angrily as I could at her but my hair flopped across my face spoiling the affect.

The one time she ever forgets anything and that hunky jerk from the bar is there to rescue her!

He poured us our wine and we thanked him.

"Why don't we sit out on the balcony? Its so much cooler than here." Kate led the way and I saw the lust in mister 'I am so cool' Tony as he ogled her sensual walk.

The sea was gently washing the sand some ten floors below and music wandered up from the bar. The breeze was welcome in the heat.

Kate sat on the sofa swing and I sat in the shadows near the end of the balcony.

Tony took centre stage between us leaning against the rail.

"So that's Becky, what is your name?"

"Kate. I am such a bimbo not telling you my name."

Bimbo! If anyone had called her that she would have pulled their tongues out. She is no bimbo.

"It's the heat," laughed Tony. "We forget everything except sex."

Kate laughed as if 'I am so cool' Tony was the wittiest man on the planet. I tried to join them.

Tony sipped his drink from the can. "So who was that man you were with down stairs?"

No beating about the bush with Tony! Just wait until he hears it was her husband!

Kate waved her hand dismissively, "oh the man who drove us from the

airport?"

What!

"Impatient little prick wasn't he?" Tony sneered.

"Tell me about it. Wasn't he Becky? Couldn't wait to drop us off, get paid and get his tip."

"Little men are like that," Tony said.

Oh big social expert too! And big men are conceited bastards.

Jesus! I had to do something. I yawned theatrically. Stupidly I also stretched and his eyes popped out of his skull as he stared at my breast forms! Honestly!

"Maybe we should be going to bed Kate."

"Nonsense." Kate curled up her legs. "Our first night here. Lets go dancing."

Tony was in fast. "I know a great place near the beach. You'll love it."

"Settled. Take us!"

I tried to catch her eye with a cough. She drained her glass and put the cork back into the bottle.

I sat back, curling my legs up under the chair. "Kate don't forget we want to be up nice and early tomorrow."

"Why is that Becky?"

She rose, rested her hands on her hips smiling at the joke she was playing on me. She eyed me hard until I looked away.

"I don't know I just thought perhaps ..."

"You're welcome to join us," Tony added generously to me his eyes now on my legs.

The bastard!

I stood up to leave. "No I think we should have an early night. Don't you Kate?"

He approached me and I caught my breath. I was so slight and tiny next to him. He was so masculine.

"Listen Becky I have a friend. Honestly he is really nice ..."

"No!" I was immediately aware that I had shrieked it out loud.

He was taken aback at the ferocity of my reply. Kate grabbed my bare arm and led me back into the room. "Excuse us Tony. Girl talk."

She led me upstairs and into my room.

I turned on her. "Now listen ..."

The slap stopped me in my tracks. She had never slapped my face before.

"You listen Becky." She nastily spat out the word Becky. "You upset me down in the bar. For the first few days you are little submissive Becky my girlfriend. You are not some horrible husband staking ownership on his little wife. That's our arrangement. Remember?"

"Kate look I know that ..."

"You know nothing. He is the buyer for Stacey Jets. An order from him would be worth a fortune to us. That was why we were chatting in the bar. And if you had not got so stupidly jealous none of this would have happened."

What a jerk! "Sorry Kate I just did not realise."

"Dragging me away like that as if I were your daughter!"

"Sorry Kate, I ..."

"When have I ever left anything behind before?"

"Kate please I ..."

"I left my bag and key there on purpose!" She grinned and tapped my

crotch. "So I know that you will be a good girl don't I? If you don't want to come out with us then you get ready for bed. You stay here. But as Becky! That is our arrangement."

"Kate please I ..."

"When I get back I will want to shag that cute arse of yours senseless. So make sure you are wearing The Kit!"

"Kate!"

The door slammed with such finality that I did not dare move.

I heard them laughing. That stupid nervous laugh people do when they don't really know each other but want to be friends.

Didn't she realise that a brute like that would misunderstand her intentions. He would not have dancing on his mind!

Then the front door slammed shut. There was silence. I held my breath and listened. They were gone.

I opened the door and sneaked downstairs.

The lights were off. I went to the balcony and looked down.

The bay area at the front of the hotel was bathed in yellow lights. It was deserted. Tony emerged first and then Kate raced to catch him up. He opened the door of a big, swish white open top sports car.

She climbed in and then they were gone.

Gone into the night.

Lost in the world of music and laughing I could hear from around the bay. After a moment all I could hear was the waves and the music from the bar.

I was alone.

2

I didn't feel trapped immediately. It was not until I was getting ready for

bed. 'Full Kit' means sexy lingerie and stockings. So that was what I had to wear. She preferred black with a short lacy baby doll nightie.

I pulled the cool sheets over me and felt totally alone.

Worse I felt imprisoned. I mean she had said this was how she wanted me. Locked away, in bed, in Full Kit.

I had already upset her more than I had ever done in the past. If she could get a sale we would be really rich. Why had I been so stupid not to trust her downstairs?

But I was trapped in this disgusting lingerie with my cock locked away.

I lay in the bed waiting for them.

That was when the horrible thoughts started.

He would get her drunk and take advantage of her. He would use a date rape drug. He would over power her. Over power her with friends. A terrible gang bang.

I checked the clock often at first. For the first hour the hands barely moved. Then I drifted in and out of sleep, tortured by the feelings of dread as to what was happening to her.

When I awoke. The birds were chirping. Sunlight exploded through the room. There was a lot of shouting downstairs. Big splashes. My bedroom must have over-looked the swimming pool.

Kate!

I leaped out of bed and thundered down the hallway to her room. I crashed the door open.

"Kate!"

She mumbled something as if she was in pain and pulled the pillow over her head. "Go away." Her voice was slurred and sleepy.

"Are you alright?"

"No. I'm bloody awful. Leave me alone."

"Kate! What's the matter?"

"I am drunk. And I have got a hang over. And I feel sick. Got that? Now go away."

I sat on the edge of the bed stroking her blond hair.

"Oh Becky not now. I'll shag you later. Just fuck off back to your room for an hour or something."

It was rare for her to swear.

"Can I get you breakfast?"

"No! What is the matter with you! Oh my God!"

She sat up. Her mascara had rubbed panda like around her eyes. Her hair was a mess. Her mouth hung open.

"What's the matter Kate?"

"What time is it?"

I checked the clock. "Just gone nine. Are you ok?"

She leaped out of bed. And then stopped, swaying as she held her head. She shook herself and opened her eyes. "My God he'll be here soon."

"Who?"

I realised who as soon as I asked the question. The indignities of the previous night came flooding back.

"Get my stuff ready. The blue shorts and tee shirt."

She disappeared into the shower room.

I got them ready on the bed for her. Becky does domestic work for her. Another reason to hate being Becky.

Minutes later she was drying herself and checking her face in the mirror. "I look like shit." She turned to me and gave me a big wolfish grin. "You look

gorgeous."

"What time did you get back?" I demanded in a very unBecky like tone.

"Brush my hair!" She sat in a chair at the dressing table and worked on her face giving it colour and life.

"Kate you can't see him again."

"Think of the business."

"But what if he tries anything?"

"Once he's signed an order we'll change hotels. He'll never find us."

"Ah." I brushed her hair out. She always had a plan.

I felt her hand on my arse through the flimsy negligee and kickers. "Then it will be wham bam thank you ma'am."

She dressed in white knickers and bra.

"What about this?" I tried a gentle smile as I showed her the metal container around my prick.

"Pass me my shorts."

I did.

"I have been thinking about that and this situation. It seems to me that Tony expects Becky to be here."

"We'll think of a story."

She pulled on her tee shirt. "I already have. The story is that me and Becky are best friends on holiday. Just looking for a good time. He'll buy that."

There was a knock at the door.

"Just a sec," she shouted.

"For that reason I took Daniel's clothes downstairs to the safe. Just in case Tony ever found any men's clothes around here."

She marched to the door.

"But Kate ..."

"You agreed to be Becky for the first few days. It's just not quite how we imagined it to be." She reached for the handle. "And as I have the key to your little willy I don't think you'll be doing much about it."

She tore open the door and Tony stepped in.

She turned to me and smiled. "Unless you want to explain it to Tony."

Tony looked at me, "explain what? Jesus H Christ!"

I was standing before him displayed in the little negligee, tiny knickers and stockings. My breast forms held in place by a bra. I screamed and ran back upstairs to my bedroom.

I heard them both laughing.

"What a babe!"

"She's one hot bitch," I heard my wife say.

"Is she coming?" he asked eagerly.

I heard Kate laugh again. "No way Jose. I want your eyes on me." She shouted up to me: "see you later. Before you answer the door remember to put a dress on."

They thought that was hilarious.

The door closed.

I dashed downstairs and raced to the balcony.

Moments later they were climbing into his car and once again tore away.

'See you later' she had said. How much later?

I showered. Using the toilet involved me having to sit. The chastity belt pushed my prick unyieldingly between my legs. That would have pleased Kate.

I dressed in a tee shirt and shorts, the nearest to masculine apparel I was allowed. Though the tee shirt was thin to the point that the bra could clearly be seen and the shorts were so tight that they hugged me around the hips and buttocks.

I found some bread and cheese in the fridge, along with orange juice. That was the sum total of my breakfast.

I spent half an hour picking at the chastity belt. Sitting on the bed in front of the mirror, my knickers and shorts on the floor, my legs in the air. I twisted and turned trying to use a pin to pick the lock that was nestled at the head of the penis so that the padlock was lost between my thighs.

I did not have a clue what I was doing and became so frustrated I shouted out in anger.

This would be the last time we played this silly game of hers. That is what I felt then. Seems silly now.

So then I waited.

And waited and waited.

I had expected her home in an hour. Then thought she may return for lunch.

She didn't.

I read the few magazines Kate had brought with her but they were all girly stuff about clothes, homes and girl friends. More bread and cheese for lunch. I was a prisoner - in more ways than one.

It made it worse that everyone else seemed to be down by the pool laughing and shouting.

There were loads of gorgeous girls showing off their tans in their bikinis. My prick ached in its confines.

Still no Kate.

What were they doing. My haunting thoughts from last night reoccurred. From her being seduced to being raped.

I must have dozed off on my bed because the next thing I knew I was being shaken awake by a grinning Kate.

"Come on. Get your swim suit."

Dozily I pulled together my one piece.

She snatched it out of my hand. "Not that one. Remember you are a hot slut. This!"

She stuffed something pale blue into my hands. Silky with loads of long straps.

"Come on!"

She had a beach bag over her shoulder and slipped my feet into some sandals with a low heel. I followed sleepily.

We often went out with me as Becky. I am ashamed to say that I was convincing as a girl. Though I never got used to it. It always seemed degrading to walk around dressed as provocatively as Becky.

When we were in the lift I said, "wait Kate. What happened?"

"I'll tell you downstairs. We are going to have sooo, much fun. Really."

We emerged from the cool chill of the apartment block to the heat at the poolside. There was a cacophony of echoing voices. I hid behind Kate as she raced around the pool.

"Kate wait. There's something we must talk about."

"Girls talk later!" She grabbed my hand and jogged ahead of me.

"Look what the boys have shown me!" She led me to some steps that took us up through some trees to a quieter poolside. Far less busy, which suited me fine.

"No kids allowed up here."

"Kate listen ..."

"Now where are they?"

"Kate I ... who? Where are who?"

"There they are. Yoo hoo!" She leaped up and down like a little girl, her wrap falling open around her bikini. "Come on. They boys have kept us some beds."

Oh God! I would have fled but she gripped my hand and hauled me around to a group of men.

I recognized Tony straight away. He was with three other men. As soon as he saw her his face lit up and he raced to her.

I yanked her hand preventing him from embracing her. "Kate!" I said through clenched teeth.

He wrapped his arms around her and actually kissed her on the cheek! I was livid.

Kate broke off the embrace. "Oh sorry yes. Boys this is Becky. My flat mate."

Tony took my fingers and tugged me closer to them. "The one I told you about."

Everyone took me in with huge grins. I felt like I was a plate of meat. I blushed and looked down at the floor, trying to move behind Kate.

"Come here. Sit here." Two of the men had shifted off the sun beds and stood like guards either side of one of the beds.

Kate gave me a shove. "Don't be so shy."

I was propelled into one of the men's arms and was grateful he caught me before I fell over my heels.

"I'm Dave, this is Jim. That's Bob ..."

Jim took my hand but looked at Dave. "Dave! Don't tell her about the opposition. Hey babe I'm the only one you need to know about."

Oh God.

Kate grabbed me and dragged me away.

"Stop throwing yourself at the men honey," she laughed. "Come on. We have to get changed."

The changing rooms were neat, tidy and I was grateful for the cool. My cheeks were burning and my mind was whirling around. I needed to get back to the apartment. I had to make a stand.

"Now look!"

"Oh don't be such a kill joy and get your swim suit on."

"No way. What is going on?"

"Oh its so exciting. Tony has been looking for an electrical component supplier for years. We are talking mega bucks."

"Mega bucks?"

"Sure. We get the order. Build up the plant. Then we sell it. Millionaires within two years."

"Millionaires." I stared off into space as she undid my shorts and dragged them down.

"Sure." She giggled and prodded my crotch. "It does a great job of hiding your old self."

"Yes. It is held back between my legs. Look Kate. When will he sign?"

"Must not rush him. Don't lose the sale. Here is the plan."

She pulled of my tee shirt as if I were a child. As she undid by bra and removed my knickers, my breast forms remained glued to my chest. She

gushed: "you keep his friends happy and amused. Keep them away from us. I don't care how you do it. Flirt. Play. What ever it takes. I'll work on Tony. Then hey what do you know? Maybe he'll sign before dinner tonight. What do you think?"

"Great ... if it works."

"No silly. Look in the mirror. What do you think of the bikini I got you!"

My jaw dropped. The years of working on my body, narrowing the waist but maintaining fat around the hips and buttocks had left me with feminine curves. The tiny blue bikini revealed far too much around the lower part but the top half was full to hide the boob gels.

It was tied at the hips in two neat bows that made my hips look wider and the bra was secured with a bow at the back.

"Make sure you do a double knot," she said testing the bows on my hips.

"The boys will think it's a challenge to undo the ties." She patted my wobbly bottom. "Go get 'em tiger. Remember just keep them amused while I work on Tony."

With that she was gone. With the beach bag full of my shorts and tee shirt!

I could hear my heart thumping as I exited into the heat of the afternoon sun. My legs wobbled as I kept my eyes fixed on the sun bed.

The men held their breaths as I passed. I felt physically sick. Sick with fear, with humiliation with dread.

I sat on the sun bed, my breasts bouncing with every movement. I curled my legs up beneath me.

The three men sat on the beds surrounding me. I tried a smile but then panicked. I sat up suddenly to see where Kate had gone and the bed tumbled over.

I squealed as the men caught me and righted the bed.

There was much laughter as I was laid back on to the sun bed.

"Hey babe you need looking after," Dave laughed.

"Yes," I experimented with a giggle but was too hoarse with nerves to do it properly.

I knew they were taking in my smooth legs and body. Kate had always admired my girly legs. "Listen if you don't mind. I think I'll just go back to my room and ..."

I looked about. No beach bag. "Oh. I haven't got my keys."

They laughed. "Typical blond," Jim laughed, "loses her keys."

I desperately searched the pool for Kate and the beach bag.

"Never mind babe, we'll look after you till your friend gets back."

"Gets back?" My eyes were wide with terror. She had not said anything about going anywhere.

"Sure. Tony is showing her the sights," grinned Dave poking me in the ribs at a joke I had obviously missed. "Yeh? Showing your friend his sights?"

They all laughed and I giggled pretending I knew what they were talking about. "Oh. Yes his sights." Then I did understand. "Oh no!"

"But don't worry we'll take care of you."

"There is no need." I was desperately trying not to fall to pieces. I needed to keep sane. Calm. Keep thinking. Maybe I could get a spare key from the reception. But of course they would be expecting Kate or Daniel. Perhaps I could pretend to be Kate. But she was so stunning everyone always remembered her.

Needed to think. Needed time.

"Listen," Bob said carefully as if putting a jigsaw together. "Can I take it that you haven't got any other clothes but those."

"Yes," I tried a silly girl giggle.

He smiled. "And you have not even got a towel?"

"Uhm, no. Must have left it in my room."

"And you have not got the key to get back into your apartment."

"I suppose not," my smile was fixed. I performed a girly twitch of my shoulders.

He eyed my body up and down. "And you sure aren't hiding no purse anywhere!"

They all laughed and I tried to keep up with their jokes. Oh please come back Kate. Please.

"So I guess," Dave sniggered, "that you are in our power."

"I wouldn't say that," I said trying to catch my breath.

"Do you want a drink babe?" Dave suddenly asked standing up and fishing in his shorts pockets for some notes.

"Oh no. No thank you."

I did of course. It was roasting.

"Go on. Have a nice cool beer?"

How stupid could they be? "Well I haven't got any money I am afraid. Sorry." I waved my hands indicating that the bikini could not hide anything. Then I realised what Jim had meant about not having a purse anywhere. My nerves were turning me into a bimbo!

They all laughed at me again. I was getting sick of being the pool idiot. I had to sharpen my act. After all I was the head of a small company.

"Don't worry about money," Jim cried. "We'll look after you. Hey Dave. Get the lady a cold beer."

Dave went off looking really pleased with himself.

I awkwardly tapped my nails on the canvas sun bed looking at the deserted, welcoming pool. How I'd love a refreshing swim.

Bob sat on my sun bed. Had he never heard of respecting someone's space? "Hey Jim. Dave's getting the lady a beer. What about you? What you going to get her?"

Bob suddenly looked apologetic. "Oh babe I am so sorry. What do you want? Sandwich. Burger?"

"Oh really ..." I tried. But my stomach needed something other than cheese and bread.

"Sandwich yeh? A babe like you is going to look after her figure. Tuna?"

"Great. Yes. Please. Thank you."

For some reason Bob looked really pleased with himself as he raced off to get me a sandwich.

Jim edged closer and I squirmed away from him.

"I have something for you," he whispered.

Oh my God. "Really?" I stuttered.

"Shall I get it out and show you?"

My head swirled. "No please ..."

He suddenly plucked a bottle of sun tan lotion from his pocket and laughed like a drain. "Had you going there didn't I?"

I collapsed back onto the sun bed with relief. Bloody idiot!

He unscrewed the cap. "I'll rub it on for you."

I reached for the bottle. "No please don't trouble yourself I'll ..."

"It's no trouble really. Roll over babe."

His instruction was spoken so confidently that I complied. I rolled so that I was face down. Gratefully I didn't have to look at the fiend as he made the

most of rubbing the lotion of my back. Slow stroke after slow stroke.

Next the backs of my legs and my exposed buttocks. Jesus had he no sense of propriety?

It was then that I started to get excited. I had not had a wank since I got on the plane. Now here I was lying face down in the dreamy heat, having my body softly stroked. Fortunately the metal sheath kept guard on my hardening penis, keeping it locked and hidden between my legs.

Stroke, stroke. Gentle rub. All the way down the backs of my legs. An image of Kate in her basque and stockings came in to my mind. She lay back on our bed and spread her legs invitingly.

My breathing became shallower and shallower. Stroke, stroke. Dreamland. Kate's eyes. Kate's thighs. Ooooh.

Then I screamed. Screamed until my lungs were empty. I found myself standing upright on the wobbling sun bed, the men laughing at me. Everyone staring at me.

I must say that the older residents were giving me that look of: she's a slut. The younger men and women seemed to join in the men's amusement.

I looked at Dave to see him grinning sheepishly. "Sorry babe. Couldn't resist it. I just thought I'd dribble some cold beer on your back to get you to turn over for Jim."

The men laughed again.

I crouched down making myself as small as possible as the laughter continued around me.

I lay on my back and had a beer thrust into one hand and a plate of thick tuna sandwiches in to the other.

Jim took up the opportunity. With me helpless as I had nowhere to put down the food and drink, he continued his sensuous work on my front. My tummy, my legs. My face. He got to my boobs and I squealed. "I'll do that!"

They all laughed again. I was just some toy for them. Some afternoon amusement.

At last he had finished and I scooted to the edge of the sun bed to put the beer on the tiled floor. I hungrily ate the sandwich.

"You fancy coming dancing tonight?" Dave asked.

"No. No thank you. I'm staying in tonight."

Bob laughed. "Staying in where? Your friend has the key."

They all laughed at me again and I gamely joined them with a 'silly me' giggle.

"I think she'll be back by then."

"I don't know," Jim sniggered, "Tony has got an awful lot to show a lady."

They all bellowed at that.

I just became more flustered. The eating and drinking satisfied my appetite, but I needed to do something other than talk to these gorillas.

As Bob sat down the sun shone in my eyes. I put my hand up.

Dave was anxious. "You need sun glasses."

"Oh its all right. Please."

"Come on babe. Let's see what they got."

With that Dave took my hand and suddenly I was tiptoeing across the hot stone my hand being firmly held. The other men followed as if it were a game.

The supermarket's air-conditioning made me shiver prompting another hilarious witty original Bob jape: "hey babe do you want me to keep you warm?"

How they laughed. How I shrivelled up inside.

I tried on the ladies sun glasses and just to make a point chose the most

expensive. But it did not daunt any of them.

"Great," Dave said. "How about a towel. You're going to take a dip aren't you?"

"Well I ..." but a towel did seem like a good idea.

I chose a huge white fluffy one. Again the most expensive. Kate had asked me to keep them amused and all I had to do was ask for something and I was given it. It was like having three sugar daddies, all eager to out do the other.

"Anything else?" Jim asked.

I was aware that Jim had not bought me anything so I mused around the towelling robes. Suddenly I realised I could outwit Kate. I could get them to buy me clothes and then I would be fully dressed.

"Well if I am to go out tonight I'll need something to wear I suppose."

It was like igniting a flame. I was rushed to the clothes department. I plucked out a trouser suit and saw the men's faces collapse.

"You gotta be joking. A hot babe like you in trousers."

Oh God! I tried my pouty 'oh please' look, that Kate adored. "But I like it."

"What about this?" Bob had found a black PVC dress with zips everywhere.

I shook my head. If I was going to play my game I would have to play theirs. If they would not buy me a trouser suit then ...

I started down the dress rail. Every dress that fell anywhere near the knee was given the thumbs down. The shorter the better.

Eventually we all agreed on a white strappy number that rested half way to the knee.

"Of course I'll need shoes."

"Of course!"

And of course being a resort all the shoes were high heeled. Fortunately there was a white pair in my size with just a three inch stiletto. I put them on and they seemed comfortable enough.

As I took them off I looked at the price tag and caught my breath.

The shoes were snatched from me and thrown into a basket Dave was carrying. "Don't worry babe. Our present to you."

I was genuinely taken with their generosity and blushed a thank you.

Bob grinned. "Now the other stuff?"

I widened my eyes in innocence until he stepped back and waved a hand at the lingerie department.

I was blushing so hot my cheeks were on fire. "Oh please," I said, "it's all right."

"Hardly," Jim announced making is way to the aisle. "You can hardly wear a dress with a wet bikini underneath."

It took all my persuasion to prevent them buying me frilly black underwear. The argument that dark colours would show through the white dress just encouraged them.

Eventually we reached the check out and I absentmindedly picked up a man's straw hat. I usually wore a hat in the sun. The men looked askance and I quickly picked up a large, floppy, girly sun hat. So that too was thrown in to the basket.

We were soon heading back to the sun beds and I must say I was feeling quite pleased with myself. Fancy being able to trick these men into buying me anything I wanted. I stopped at the vendor near the pool.

"I would like an ice cream," I announced, not looking at any one of my sugar daddies in particular.

I don't know who bought it only that I was jauntily walking back over the hot tiles to my sun bed.

Ridiculously I felt superior to the gawping young girls who didn't have any men with them. Here I was with three generous ones.

I sat down on the bed and made a big tarty show of crossing my legs and licking my ice scream. Dave and Jim sat on the bed next to me and ogled.

I looked around them. "Where's Bob?"

"Oh," Jim waved a hand at the apartments. "He's taking your stuff up to our room so that it doesn't get wet."

"But I want them now!"

I almost stamped my foot. Being treated like a helpless bimbo is causing me to think like one.

Jim laughed. "Don't be silly. The clubs don't open yet."

Ha, the clubs! I licked my ice scream thoughtfully. "I was meaning to tell you"

Suddenly a football hit my head. I stood up in shock knocking the ice-cream all over myself.

Bob appeared and picked up the ball, laughing his head off. "How about that I hit you from thirty metres!"

This was too much! "Look what you've done," I squealed just increasing my voice pitch in time. I was sick of being the but of their every joke.

"Poor babe," Jim snapped. "She has got ice scream all down her lovely boobs."

Must he be so crude?

"Apologise to the lady," Dave barked at Bob.

Wow. Now Dave was my knight in shining armour.

I could see everyone's eyes falling on us for this vocal show. Yet again I was made to look brainless.

"Sorry Becky," and Bob did look remorseful.

I was about to take the opportunity to tell him off when my legs were hoisted in the air by Dave while Jim grabbed me under my arms. My ice-cream fell to the floor

I screamed and squealed.

"But we got a good way to clean you up," Bob announced. "Throw her in the pool!"

Everyone was laughing at me.

Except the oldies who I could tell did not approve.

I was carried kicking and squealing to the poolside.

They swung me back and fore counting:

"One"

"Oh please no, please."

I felt really frightened. I was wholly helpless. They would only put me down when they decided.

"Two"

I was aware of people clearing out of the pool. Surely they would not really chuck me in. That would be too cruel.

"And three"

There was an almighty swing I felt myself go high up into the air. For a moment all I could see was blue sky. I must have screamed the place down.

But no water. Instead I realised I was still dangling in their hands. They had not thrown me.

Phew.

More laughter at my expense.

"You didn't think we would be that nasty did you babe?" Jim asked.

"Well, I suppose not ..." were the only words I got out before I was swung high over the pool.

This time there were no hands on my arms or legs. I was free. Flying. High up. Helpless. Nothing I could do.

All I could hear was the swish of air, my shrieks and everyone's laughter.

The icy cold pool swallowed me up like a huge whale.

I glubbed under the water still trying to scream.

Struggling to the surface I gulped desperately for some air. As I spluttering appeared above the surface my hair fell around my face. I paddled as I pulled my hair aside.

I saw them on the poolside laughing their heads off.

"You bastards!" I was fuming.

I could see Bob bring something from behind his back. Oh no! Not that!

The ball hit my forehead, sending me drowning again.

The next thing I knew I was being hauled into the air and dropped back into the pool.

They were in with me. Laughing as they egged each other on.

"Pleesh ..." was all I could say as they threw me from one man to the other as if I were a ball.

I did the only thing I could do. Submitted. Just let it happen. If they were going to treat me like this then I could not fight them so I just let it happen.

It seemed an age before we were all panting against the side of the pool.

"Babe," Dave gasped. "You're a real laugh."

"You are really up for it." Jim agreed. "So many girls are stuck up these days. Its great to meet such a game chick."

I just let them talk. What could I say?

Yowl!

The force of the bottom pinch threw me forwards. I turned angrily on them trying to pull my hair back from eyes. They were all grinning so I had no idea which one had done it to me.

"Don't you fellas ever let up?"

They grew serious for a moment and shared a look of thought with each other.

Then as unison they cried: "no!" and swam towards me in a huge gush of water.

I screamed again.

3

I had sent Rob for another ice cream and Jim who had bought me a book, (a silly romance work!), was kicking the football with Dave.

It was the first time that afternoon that I had been left in peace. Not been pawed or embarrassed or ogled at. Not being made fun of or having a trick played on me.

I pulled the brim of the hat down. Being the centre of attention is tiring. I tried to reason this whole scenario through. Without a watch I had not idea of the time.

Kate had wanted me to keep the boys busy while she won the contract from Tony. I had certainly succeeded in doing that! Now the shadows were growing long, the sun was glowing orange and people were packing up and leaving the pool. Often they pointed at me and grinned. Apart, of course,

from the oldies who pointed at me for a whole different set of reasons.

So where was Kate?

The clothes the men had bought me were in their flat and I certainly did not fancy venturing into their web! Becky's clothes were locked in our apartment. Daniel's were locked in a safe. Becky's clothes, Daniel's clothes? Was I going mad? I was thinking of each person as being totally separate. I was both. I was Daniel the boring manager and Becky the centre of attention. Daniel the man Kate put up with and Becky the girl she adores.

I raised the brim of my hat and put the towel around me. I could see Rob being served with the ice-cream. Jim and Dave had disappeared onto the tennis court to continue some game of theirs. It was now or never. If I could hide until Kate got back then everything would be fine. I stood up and tiptoed around the edge of the pool.

My boobs jiggled even when I crept. I reached the stone steps down to the main area and started my descent.

"Hey babe!" Bob stood open mouthed at the vendors with my ice-cream.

"Where you going?"

I could not think of anything so I just ran.

Within seconds the three of them were chasing me down the steps. I knew my fat arse would be wriggling away at them like a flag but what could I do?

I reached the bottom and they were already half way down the steps. Laughing and shouting at me. They were so much faster and fitter than me.

Where to hide?

Nowhere! I dived into the concourse and flattened myself against the wall. I heard their heavy bare feet slapping passed. I held my breath. A few

voices from around the pool. A series of splashes from a lone swimmer.

I carefully leaned out through the door and looked around. No sign of them. Must be careful. I looked back and fore, back and fore. No sign. I listened for the sound of footsteps running.

Nothing.

The pinch propelled me out of the concourse and on to the pool side. My yelp roused everyone's attention. I rubbed my sore bottom in front of the remaining sun bathers.

I immediately reasoned that they must have ran around the building and saw me, or rather my bottom, from the doorway opposite.

Once again I was hoisted high in to the air but this time just submitted to the indignity of being thrown into the middle of the pool.

I think I said 'bastards!' before I went under.

After they pulled me out I shook my long wet hair from my face.

"Where were you going?" Jim smirked.

I bet it was him who pinched me. "Oh I was looking for the ladies." I made a play of crossing and uncrossing my legs. "I am desperate."

"Ah," Jim said. "Come with me." He led me to the ladies next to the pool.

I thanked him and disappeared inside.

Once out of view I rubbed my sore bottom. Why did they have to be so sadistic?

I found a cubical and undid the double knot of Kate's and hung my little knickers up on the hook on the door. As I sat there peeing through my chastity belt I looked at the tiny amount of material hanging before me, the long shreds of ribbon descending from each triangle. Did it really cover anything?

How long would Kate be? The sun was going down. Pretty soon I would

have no choice other than to go to the men's apartment. My head span with the heat of an afternoon's sunbathing and the fear of what was to come.

I did up the knickers and washed my hands. I could not remain in here forever. I knew that.

Perhaps I should get one of the boys to buy me a watch. Just a cheap one I'd say. For the beach. Then I could see what time it was.

I went out to face my tormentors and put on a girlish smile. "Hi boys." They raced over to me as if they had not seen me for days. I had to wriggle free to make sure they didn't kiss me. Yuk. Just the thought of contact with another man made me shiver.

We returned to the higher pool area and I resumed my place as the centre of their attention on my sun bed. I lay back with my eyes closed hoping that they would get the message.

"Fancy a beer?"

"No. Just a little siesta."

"It's getting chilly. How about a burger?"

"No. Just a little peace and quiet!"

"Come on in for a swim and a laugh."

"No."

I was quite firm with them this time but when I opened one eye I could see they were all grinning like monkeys.

Jim sat on my bed again. "Hey babe I bet you are in that pool within ten seconds."

I scooted up defensively pulling my legs beneath me. "You're not going to throw me in again are you?"

He patted my bare leg. "No babe. Of course not." He grinned at his mates

as if I wasn't there! "No I bet you'll jump in there of your own accord."

"No way! It's too cold!"

"Well how about a kiss?"

"No thank you Jim." Stupid man! Why would I jump in the swimming pool at this time of the evening?

"Come on. If you decide of your own volition to jump in to the water within ten seconds you give each of us a big kiss."

"And if I don't," I said as if playing their silly game, "you get me a nice watch!"

The men checked each other and nodded.

We shook on it. Their big paws squeezing my little hand.

"Who is going to do the counting?" Dave asked.

"Me! I said firmly. I wasn't going to have them count out ten seconds by taking half hour over it. "And I am starting now!"

The look on their faces should have told me I had stepped into a trap.

"One." I smiled confidently. "Two." I paused for effect. "Three."

Dave and Bob sat down behind me, on the other sun bed. Obviously they had given in. "Four. Still here boys!"

I don't know whether I actually said five. Their hands were quick flashes around the ties on my bikini bottoms. I was lucky in that I was quick to cover myself up when Jim snatched the knickers from under me. I gripped my crotch hard feeling the metal of the chastity belt.

They eyed me lasciviously. It was only a question of time until they saw the metal container and I would be exposed. I leaped into the swimming pool in a sharp single motion. They saw nothing.

I hauled myself up on the side of the pool, spitting out water at them. I grinned confidently. For once I had won. "Didn't see anything did you

boys!" I gloated and spewed some more water at them.

They sat on the sun beds grinning.

"I guess you are right," Dave conceded. "So we'll just wait for you to come and get these. He held up my knickers with the long ribbon strands dangling round his muscular arms.

"And to give us each the kiss you owe us," Jim said with a wink.

"Eh?" I kicked my legs under the water and looked about. Men on the other side of the pool had sat up to stare at my naked bottom. Oh no!

"Give me those!" I squealed.

"After the kiss," promised Jim. They then each sat on a separate sun beds, hands behind their heads taking in their victory.

I stood in the pool fuming one hand on my rear to try and cover it from the prying looks from the opposite side of the pool.

Despite the chill in the water my cheeks were burning. It was with great relief that I saw Kate's high heels near my hands. I looked up, she was grinning.

"Get on ok with the men Becky?"

"Yes thank you Kate," I smiled through clenched teeth. I did not want her to know how they had spent the afternoon tormenting me.

A man's trainers appeared with strong hairy legs rising above me. It was that idiot!

Tony threw his arm around her shoulders as he looked down at me.

"Lovely boobs," he commented.

I looked down to see my gel forms floating in the water like real breasts. I was running out of hands to hide myself.

I am please to say that Kate shook his arm clear. "You'd best come out now before you catch cold."

"Yes," agreed Jim, "come on. Out you get."

I bit my lip how could I tell her my humiliating circumstances. How would she ever respect me again?

Kate's smile waned. She was getting impatient. "Come on Becky. We have to get changed for tonight. We have matters to discuss. Remember?"

Dave joined her at the poolside. "Don't worry she asked us to get her some stuff. It's all in our room."

Her eyebrows knitted as if she could not understand what he had said.

"You know," he continued, "some shoes, dress," he leered as he added, "underwear".

"What?" Kate's face darkened as she glared down at me.

I swallowed fearing the worst.

"You made them buy you presents!"

"No, no. They insisted!" I said weakly.

She knelt down beside me and whispered. "You stupid whore. They'll think they can fuck you! Jesus!"

She stood up, scowling. "Get out Becky I think you and I need a little chat don't you!"

"Oh don't be angry with her," Bob said, "she's been a real laugh all day."

Thanks Bob! That really made her angrier than ever. "I bet she has! Get out! Now!"

"I can't." I said lamely.

"And why not?"

I swallowed. "I am not wearing my bikini bottoms."

She looked up at the other side of the pool where a group of about ten had gathered to point and laugh, including, I hate to add, girls! Why do girls

enjoy seeing their own humiliated?

Kate tapped her foot. "Where are they?"

I pointed angrily at Jim to let her know who was to blame. "Him. He's got them."

"You gave your knickers to a man!" Kate turned on her heels to look at Jim.

Jim held up the blue article letting the ribbons trail around his arm. He swung them around like a trophy.

"You are a whore!" Kate screamed and ran down the steps, shouting all the while. "And don't think you are sharing a bed in my room tonight!"

Tony chased after her. "Kate, Kate!"

Oh no! "Quickly," I shouted at Jim holding a hand, "give me my swimsuit."

"Sure," he replied.

He approached me and crouched down holding the bikini bottoms just out of my reach.

"Just the small matter of our wager." He puckered his lips.

Bob and Dave knelt beside him with huge grins.

"I love winning," announced Jim. "Come to daddy, babe."

Part Two

Surely Daniel's plight cannot worsen. Dressed as his Wife's girlfriend and trapped with a group of men whilst on holiday. Locked away in a chastity belt. The butt of the men's jokes. But it can get worse, and it does ...

1.

"Kate! Kate!"

I banged hard on our apartment door. Sopping wet in my bikini that now had a double knot safely tied at both sides. Kate always said I was a slow

learner. But that was a lesson I would never forget. How could they be so cruel?

My stomach turned over at the degrading forfeit I paid for losing the bet.

Each man took his turn. Even after that degradation I had to plead with that horrible Jim for my bikini bottoms.

It was then I acted in the only open to me: I fled in tears.

I ran down the steps to the now deserted lower pool and slumped on a sun bed.

I felt the sun bed wobble as I was soon joined by someone. I looked up smudging the tears around my face. It was Dave.

"Haven't you done enough?" I whined kicking back at him.

He rested his hand on my back, "it was only a bit of fun babe. Perhaps we did go a bit too far."

"Perhaps!" I shrieked. "You kept me trapped in the pool until I .."

I hated the thought of what I had to endure for my release.

"It was only a kiss."

"Only a kiss!" I looked at him and saw his big sensitive brown eyes. Of course he could not know why I was so upset. I patted his firm arm. His arms were so big next to mine. Trunks next to branches. "I'm sorry Dave. I'm just ..."

He grinned. "Just not yourself today."

I laughed at his unintended truth. He cuddled me. "I like you when you are laughing." He kissed the top of my head and I melted into his arms.

It was only when I saw Bob and Jim coming down the steps that I realised what I was doing. I squirmed out of his embrace and ran back into the apartment block.

I heard Dave remonstrate, "look you've frightened her off again!"

I reached our floor and banged hard on the door.

"Kate! Kate!"

No answer.

I felt the humiliation well up inside me.

No key, no clothes, no money. Totally helpless in a wet bikini.

I slumped to the carpeted floor squishing on my wet bikini bottoms pants and cried.

"Hey babe."

A gentle tap on my shoulder.

I looked up to see Jim. "I hope you don't think we went too far down there."

Even Jim seemed so big and sincere that I felt like crying again.

"Oh it's everything. I'm soaking. She's gone. I can't get in!"

Bob appeared out of the lift. "There you are. We've been waiting for you upstairs. Your friend has left some things for you at our place."

I squealed with delight and leaped to my feet. I knew Kate would not let me down!

I mopped the tears with my arm and Bob lent me his handkerchief. I gratefully blew my nose.

"Come on babe."

They led me into the lift and up to their floor.

Dave was waiting for me near the lift doors, looking just as concerned as he had been downstairs. He was kind to me. He held out his arms but I neatly side stepped him. That hurt him even more. Now I felt bad about myself. It wasn't their fault. They were trying to look after me. Be

protective in their own ham fisted way. Which was rather sweet.

I relaxed and gave them a smile that seemed to light up their lives. Gosh being a girl is far more powerful than being a man.

They led me into their apartment.

Kate had left me something! I rummaged through the beach bag but was disappointed. Just filmy nightwear, underwear and make up with a short note:

'If you wish to behave like a slut, as soon as my back is turned, then go ahead. So will I! Kate'

I scrunched up the note and stuffed it into the beach bag. What did she mean by 'So will I?'

"Everything ok?" Dave was apprehensive. He put his arm around my shoulder and I shook him off, more gently this time. I hated the touch of another man. Why did they have to continually paw me.

"Where's my dress?" I demanded.

Bob sheepishly handed me the white dress I had chosen earlier. I stomped in to the bathroom with the beach bag.

As I closed the door I heard a remark about 'maybe its her time of the month.' To which someone replied: 'just our luck'. A gorgeous babe and she is in a mood.'

I slumped on the loo my bikini now cold and clammy.

Had to think. I had to find Kate and explain everything to her. What one earth did she mean by 'her' behaving like a slut? Surely she would not throw herself at that horrible man Tony? One thing was for sure. I had to find her and my best way was to enlist the help of those dopes outside.

I removed my bikini and showered. I made another half-assed attempt to remove the chastity belt, but it remained unyielding. I dressed in the fresh clean underwear and slipped on the dress and heels the boys had bought

me.

I carefully made up my eyes and lips and brushed my hair. If they wanted to play sugar daddy then was just fine by me. They seemed more anxious to look after me since they had upset me - and quite right to.

I needed to take advantage of them in order to find Kate. I had a plan.

I emerged from the bathroom with a 'tra la.'

They studied me carefully to see if I was going to throw another fit. After a moment they approached me and I backed away.

"Hold it fellas," I said with my arms up. "Lets go out."

They cheered.

In no time at all they were dressed and dragged me away. I took the small shoulder bag Kate had left for my make up. I needed these goons, so I was going to have to look at my best.

I was starving, so as we descended in the lift I said: "So how about going somewhere to eat?"

They were dead pleased with that so I pushed on, "how about somewhere Tony goes?"

2.

We ended up at a wonderful fish restaurant overlooking the harbour. It had everything except Kate and Tony. I suggested we move on but they were all hungry so we settled around a table and dined.

The entire conversation was about me. How gorgeous I looked, what a laugh I was. They recounted all the stories from that afternoon and laughed some more. I guess I must have looked funny when they poured cold beer on my back and when they used me as a beach ball in the pool. Though I was still to see the funny side of having my bikini bottoms removed!

That part of the story was not helped by Jim winking at me and saying: "well I hope she's got her knickers on right now."

Time to change the subject. I rose to my heels. "Let's go dancing. Where would Tony go?"

It was now dark and the bay area was a cacophony of busy lights and sound. A jostle of people out on the town. I must say I felt rather good to have three big men around me. I know all the other girls eyed me jealously, while the men ogled me thinking: what has she got.

There was no sign of Tony or Kate in any of the bars. I was getting a little merry on the wine but the boys were getting howling drunk. We moved on to the clubs. Where was she?

By the time I had searched the third club and was suggesting moving on to a fourth of Tony's haunts the men had had enough of me.

"Listen babe what do you want? To dance or walk from club to club?" Jim demanded.

I didn't like it when he scolded me like that as if I were nothing more than an errant child. There was something a bit unpredictable and tough about Jim. But he was the one who made the decisions so I usually played up to him. By standing very close I was forced to look right up into his eyes and he down into mine. A move guaranteed to get what ever I wanted.

Until that moment. No way were they moving on. I batted my lids. I pouted. I sulked. But they were not for moving.

We were in the Exposure Club near the sea front. I know it was expensive and I know that they thought I was being a nuisance. After all, I suppose, they had paid for me to get into all these places.

I would have to play along with them. So I sat at the bar and above the noise asked Jim for a wine. It was easily the largest and most popular club we had found.

He ordered me a large white wine.

I made myself comfortable on the bar stool trying to tuck my legs away from them. Why do they keep ogling them, making me feel embarrassed? Kate said my legs were one of the reasons she married me so I should not blame them too much.

Then the dancing! No sooner had I gratefully sipped my wine than Dave hauled me off my stool dragging me onto the dance floor.

"Dave please! I don't feel like it."

"All girls love dancing!"

So for the benefit of keeping up with appearances I cavorted about for him. When you are curvy, attired in a little white dress on heels, every step you take is provocative. As the music built up I found my body developing a mind of its own. The attention I was getting from Bob and Jim at the bar was quite amusing. I wriggled my bottom in their direction a few times. Men are so easy to please!

Then Jim cut in. "Come on now Dave, don't hog her all night."

Jim was the dominant one. He always seemed to make the decisions. I saw Dave step back with a rueful smile. So then I performed for Jim. His eyes never met mine. They were on my boobs, my bottom, my legs, everywhere but my face.

Four songs later I was exhausted. My feet were stinging. "Jim," I shouted above the noise, "I need a rest. You can buy me another wine."

For some reason anytime I told them to buy me something their faces lit up. The ruse worked and Jim led me back to the bar, but then Bob was so drunk he now had the courage to take hold of my wrist.

"My turn babe," he proclaimed.

Oh no! So now I had to do the full performance for Bob. It only seemed fair. Like Jim he loved watching my body gyrating so I gave him a bit of a

show. Then I saw the bulge in his trousers. I giggled loudly. I had done that! I had created that. Me!

Three songs later with his tongue hanging out and the stiffness all too obvious in his pants Bob was distraught when I pleaded, "please Bob I need a rest."

He was too shy to argue which was rather sweet. This time I led a man back to the bar.

I hauled my self up onto a bar stool lifted my glass of wine but once again my wrist was grabbed by Jim. He hauled me around the dance floor.

"Jim, Jim," I shouted above the din but he could not hear me. It is scary when a man drags you like this. You have no choice but to comply.

I looked around to see Jim and Dave following. Dave was smiling and winking at me so I knew it was all right. I smiled back at Dave and gave him one of those cute girly waves with all the fingers flapping.

We were now at the front of the dance floor where there was a line of girls queuing nervously near the DJ.

"And Becky," Jim shouted to the D.J..

"What is it Jim?" I asked sweetly.

He still had hold of my wrist and gave a twist to bring me around him to join the queue of girls.

He patted my bottom and pushed me into the line up.

"You'll see," he laughed.

I think that was when I had my first feeling of dread. If there was a joke I was always the butt of it.

I stared anxiously at Dave who quickly pressed his way through the throng and approached me. "You're going to be great babe. Really."

"Thank you," I tried to return his smile. Great? Great at what? "Dave?" I

said lining up with the other girls.

"You stay there babe and win it for us."

I tried another smile as he deserted me. Jim, Bob and Dave were now forcing their way forward to the front of a cramped stage area near the DJ.

Now I did feel worried. I felt quite brave and outrageous when my boys were around me. I knew they would look after me. It is surprising how frail you feel in a little dress in a drunken sweaty atmosphere. My size had always attracted bullies and now as a small girl I was even more vulnerable. A lot of the men were eyeing us lasciviously.

"They love this, don't they?" A pretty young brunette next to me smiled shyly.

"Love what?" I was grateful to be speaking to someone. Helped still the nerves.

"You know. This," she nodded towards the DJ.

What was she talking about? She was pretty. Her hair cut sexily short. A pixie face blessed with a mischievous smile along with a fantastic body in tight tee shirt and short skirt.

She leaned in close to me. "Mind you, so do I! All those men ogling. Makes me go squishy down below."

Then she giggled.

"Really," I smiled trying to look as if I knew what she was talking about.

The music lowered for the DJ, some horrible fat sweating oik with a mic thrust to his mouth like he was sucking it appeared through the dry ice.

"Boys and girls. Now is the moment you have all been waiting for," he paused for a big cheer from everyone. The club was packed to the rafters.

"Put your hands together for our wonderful sluts, I mean girls ..."

Everyone laughed including the girls about me. I looked down the line up

at the nifty, excited girls, there must have been about 12 of us. They were all sexy in different ways.

There was huge applause and cheering as two black bouncers, who looked like heavy weight boxers, manhandled us on to the stage.

The music started thumping and the girls around me gyrated. Some really behaving like extrovert whores as they waved their arms above their heads.

"Don't forget now. When I point at a girl you cheer or boo!" The DJ stepped back from the front of the stage. I could see the sweat running river like down his forehead. Yuk.

I folded my arms self consciously as the girls around me went off in to the most erotic routines I have ever seen.

My prick immediately tightened as they cavorted around me. Claire gave me a nudge. "Come on or you'll be first off!"

The music was pounding and through the lights I could see Jim, Dave and Bob pressing close to the stage. They were urging me on. I shook my head. They looked so disappointed that I felt guilty. I shook my hips and they beamed. Well if it makes them happy I thought. I wriggled my body in time with the music.

It was like dancing with the boys on the dance floor only now I had the attention of everyone. Or rather I shared it with the other girls.

It was just as amusing to observe the reaction of the men and women, as it was to watch Bob, Dave or Jim. The men were clearly getting roused and the girls seemed to enjoy our gyrations as well.

I noticed how the girls were edging into my space blocking the audience's view of me. I could not let that happen and writhed even faster to grab the audience's attention. One little tramp in tiny denim cut offs and bra physically pushed me out of the way so that she could twist around and wriggle her arse at the crowd.

Everyone cheered, but I was not having any of that. As she bent towards me, arse towards the mob I turned around and 'accidentally' knocked my hips against her head. That sent her tripping over her heels into another girl. The crowd really liked that.

Dave shook his fist in the sky in triumph for me and I laughed.

I was warming to this! I had never been good at competitions. I was too small for any sports and my sporting coordination was pretty lousy. As Kate unkindly put it: 'you run like a girl, catch like a girl, throw like a girl.'"

I winked at my boys and they shook their fists for me, "go for it Becky. You show them!"

Why not? Now that I was here I might as well win.

The horrible tramp with the cut offs saw that I was the main attraction and again got between me and the audience. She arched her back and used some lewd hand movements between her legs to gain everyone's attention.

Further down the line that awful fat DJ had put his hand above the first girl's head. The crowd cheered and she blew kisses at them.

He came to the next one and tapped her head. There was more a mixture of boos and cheers. He motioned to her to get off the stage. She gave a game smile but I could see that she was cut up about being rejected.

Then surpassingly the next girl was booed too. And she was wearing just a halter top and short skirt. It just goes to show that you need more than a good body and a sexy outfit. She clambered down the steps in her heels, wiping a tear from her eye.

I needed to smarten up my act. Claire was really going for it, swirling her long hair about, as was the slut in the cut offs. I was in amongst the best girls. I was sure to get the boos.

The DJ was moving quickly. Four girls had been rejected and eight were still dancing. He reached 'miss slutty cut offs' and the cheer was huge.

Tramp! I thought.

Drastic measures were called for. I emulated 'miss cut offs' routine by turning my back on the audience and bending down to grin at them though my legs, my arse bouncing piston style.

Mister DJ put his hand above my backside and everyone cheered.

That was an easy trick I thought as I stood up and gave a bitchy pout to 'miss cut offs'. I must say I could see how pissed off she was. That made me cavort even more sexily.

We were down to seven of us. I was laughing like there was no tomorrow. I was really into it.

"Face front girls!" The fat DJ instructed us.

We turned to face front grinning and writhing. I winked at my boys at the front, my own personal fan squad

"Here we go!" the DJ shouted.

The water was cold. Petrifying. It froze me motionless. We all squealed and screamed.

The bouncers now had two empty buckets which had once contained the icy water. They gave us all a good leer.

I was about to complain when I saw Claire put both hands on her hips and throw out her boobs. In the wet t-shirt she might as well have been naked. Her breasts were perfectly outlined against the thin material.

Miss cut offs rubbed her hands over her halter top to enhance the image of her breasts. The men in the audience were going berserk.

Then I saw the sign. It was a banner draped over the dance floor. 'Exposed Miss Wet Tee Shirt Competition - big prizes.'

I glanced down at my front. Sure enough the lacy material of the bra showed up through the white dress. Ultraviolet lights flashed up making

my underwear glow and turning my already translucent white dress into an x ray.

"Go for it girls!" Commanded the DJ.

The girls really were getting hot now. Even I was totally turned on by it all despite part of me being desperate to get off the stage. I felt so ashamed. I slowed down, just dancing enough to appear a good sport but knowing that I would get the boot this time. This was totally degrading.

The DJ started down the line again. The first girl got a cheer, the next a mixture and was ejected from the line up. As was the next girl.

Oh my God this is tough. But at least I can get off the stage. The DJ approached miss cut offs a girl I personally hated. The slut did her bending over routine with her hand between her legs. Can you believe how slutty she is? The crowd roared for her, She was saved.

She gave me a really superior cow like smile. Right! I'd show her.

The DJ rounded on me. I swung into action. Frantic movements followed by twisting my back to the audience enabled me to bend right over. I gave a huge wriggle.

Just like before the audience went crazy and I knew I was saved.

Through my legs I could see Jim, Dave and Bob really egging me on. They were thrilled that 'their girl' was doing so well. I had made them so happy. Their laughing faces gave me a warm buzz in my gut.

Now there were just four of us: miss cut offs, Clair and a girl with a huge bust and nipples you could hang your hat on.

I was determined to get the edge on miss cut offs and whenever the crowd quietened I did my bending over and wriggling business to wake them up.

It always did the trick.

In fact on the next run we lost Miss Big Nipples, which surprised me. Just three of us now.

I so much wanted the nice Claire to win. "Good luck I whispered to her.

She giggled, "and the same to you except you don't need any luck with your moves."

My moves! I felt quite proud that it was referred to as 'my moves'. As if I were a seasoned professional dancer. No one in my life had complimented me for anything. Here was a competition I was good at.

If only Kate could see me! Or maybe not! I knew that she would be annoyed at me for showing off. I think she wanted to keep me just for herself. The thought of me turning all these people on would really needle her.

The DJ approached us again. Miss cut offs was first. What could she do that was more outrageous than her earlier moves?

Then the bitch pulled down her little cut offs revealing a tiny thong running between her legs. She gave me her superior cow sneer. I hated her! Bitch! The crowd yowled with excitement. Oh my god how could I top that!

The cut offs wriggled down her long legs to her ankles then joy! Her heels became caught up in the jeans material. She went arse over tit into the crowd.

There was a load of laughter including from Claire and myself.

The DJ shrugged and boomed into the mic. "Did you have to leave us so soon? Something I said darling?"

We all had a good laugh at that. Miss cut offs stared daggers at me, her lips pushed into a nasty vicious pout. The two bouncers helped her to her feet and I could see that they were friends of hers.

I poked my tongue out at them before twisting to wriggle my arse in their

direction. That taught them. You should have seen how irate they were!

Suddenly Claire grabbed me and rubbed up and down my body. The crowd went bananas.

Lipstick lesbians - doesn't everyone find that a turn on?

To be honest I really fancied her and gave her a big cuddle as she writhed around me. She kissed my nose and it was if it were just the two of us alone in the entire world because I gave her a big kiss back. Then she was rubbing her hands up and down my back. I was in another world, gabbing her gorgeous buttocks, licking her bare shoulders.

I opened my eyes and saw my boys licking their lips. They were beyond pleasure. Beyond anything. The noise was deafening.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the DJ announced. "We have a tie! Two sluts for the price of one!"

Everyone was delirious. Claire kissed me again and my prick stang from trying to explode inside its confines.

"Oh my god," she panted into my ear, "you are something else!"

We held hands as we were awarded the Miss Wet Tee shirt sashes.

I curtsied my thanks to the crowd and then leaped down in to the arms of my adoring boys.

"You were incredible. So hot!" Dave rushed me to the bar. "You need a big drink."

I heard a squeal from behind me and saw Jim hauling a giggling Claire form the stage.

We drank and laughed.

"Look!" Bob shouted pointing behind the bar to a large tv showing a blurred image. "Watch this babe."

He pressed me close to the bar by putting his hand into the small of my

back. Why did these men think that I had to be propelled into position all the time?

"What is it?" I asked Dave.

"Watch," he smiled.

The words Exposed Club appeared.

Dave whispered into my ear and I could just about make out what he said through the noise. "It's their web site. All you girls will be stored on it forever! Just think anyone in the world will be able to watch you win."

What! My mouth fell open. The images started. All the girls in their little outfits. The same piece of thumping rock music. Me standing out because of my white dress. I felt sick. If Kate ever saw this we would be truly finished.

"You have to ask them to take it off," I demanded.

Dave shrugged apologetically. "Sorry babe. The Exposed Club is famous. I thought you knew. All the girls for the past five years are stored on there."

"This is ridiculous!" I stamped my foot. "Take me home!"

Dave stepped back. "Hang on its only of you dancing. Will you cool down?"

"No I will not. I said take me home!"

He leaned on the bar and sipped his beer. "I'm all right here."

I turned to Jim and tried a smile, though I knew it wasn't convincing. "Jim take me home."

Jim had his arm around Claire. Oddly I felt a bit envious. After all I had brought these men to the bar and now he was showering his attentions on Claire.

"I'm busy."

He then turned his back on me to cavort with Claire.

Humph!

Bob! He was the easiest going. He was chatting up two bottle blonds who were only wearing bikinis.

I composed myself. Big smile, big eyes. "Excuse me Bob. Could you take me home?"

"Sorry babe, I'm a bit busy right now."

The two girls gave me bitchy, superior glances.

What was wrong with everyone? I had won hadn't I? Wasn't I the sexiest dancer here?

I tugged at Dave's arm. "Look I have asked you to take me home."

His eyes narrowed. "I think you are a spoiled little minx who thinks she can wag her tail at everyone and get her own way. If you want to go home then go."

He turned his back on me. "I hate you!" I shouted in his ear.

I pushed my way through the crowd upsetting everyone.

At the entrance I slipped passed the queues of people desperate to get in. I half wanted to announce that I was the sexiest dancer in the place but managed to keep my mouth shut.

I saw a taxi and walked up to the driver who was leaning against his cab. I stood as close to him as possible. I had learned that the more you have to look up to men the easier it is to wrap them around your little finger.

"Hi. I need a taxi."

He made no attempt to hide the fact that he was eyeing my legs. "Sure. Where?"

My mouth fell open. "Oh I don't know. It's a large apartment block near the beach."

He laughed at me the way the men had laughed at me all day. What was it

with the world? Why do they all laugh at me?

"Look, love, they are all large and most of them are near the beach. How far away is it?"

"I don't know."

"Which direction?"

"Well if I knew that I would ..." I could not think of a logical way to finish the sentence I had started. I turned on my heels.

Oh silly man! I turned and headed back to the club I would have to swallow my pride and ask Dave for the name of our apartments. Kate had done all the arranging, as per usual. All I ever do is turn up as instructed. Maybe he would relent and take me home.

I pushed my way through the queue to the front. Everyone complained.

Aaargh! The bouncers on the door were the two black men I had pulled a face at inside. The friends of Miss Cut offs! The ones I had shaken my bum at.

I did my trick of standing close and looking up at the first one but his face just growled down at me like that of an angry bears.

"Oh terribly sorry, " I said. "May I just go in?"

"Get in the queue."

I smiled playfully holding up my "Miss Wet Tee Shirt" sash. "But you know I was in there before."

"Get in the queue."

I appealed to his friend. "I only want to ask someone directions."

His friend sneered at me. "Get your cunt in the line up before I put it there!"

I gasped! How rude! I slunk away and I have to say that no one in the queue was too anxious to help me. All because I had pushed my way to the

front.

I joined the rear of the queue with a group of horrible scruffy young men.

The line moved slowly. My feet were killing me in the heels. If only the men had been nicer to me and taken me home when I asked. It was all their fault.

Fifteen minutes later the queue was trailing behind me and I was at the front. The two horrible bouncers let the scruffy young men enter but blocked me.

"Its my turn," I pointed out indignantly.

They gave each other a look.

"We're full."

"Look. Please. I know we don't get on but all I want is to"

"It'll cost you double."

"But I already have paid." Actually Jim had paid for me.

"Ticket?"

I looked through my bag. "Its in here somewhere," I muttered playing for time. Actually Jim had the tickets. I gave him my best smile. "I am sorry I haven't got it. I must have left it inside. And I don't have any money."

I don't think the ape was looking at me. He let his eyes wander up and down my body. I thought he should be taught a lesson. A lesson he would never forget. I stepped back and shouted so that everyone in the street could hear me: "how dare you ogle me like that! I will report you to the owner!"

I must say that I felt quite smug about putting him in his place. I bet few had ever dared do that to a man like him. I looked back at the line of people but they seemed irritated with me. Well that must have been because they did not know what these two apes were like.

A man and his girlfriend shook their heads at me.

"But didn't you see them staring at my legs and body?" I demanded.

The woman who was wearing a sarong narrowed her eyes, "and if you don't want men staring at you perhaps you should wear something a little more modest."

What! I could hear mutterings of agreement around me.

"Look!" how could I make these silly folk understand? I jabbed a thumb at the bouncers. "These people are animals. Apes!"

There was a gasp from the crowd. What had I said?

One of the bouncers raised his hands to them. "Please, we get used to this sort of racial abuse. Its no problem."

What? My mouth hung open. "I, er, no. That's not what I ..."

The sarong lady pushed passed me into the entrance, "I think you should be charged and locked up."

I could hear others agreeing. They were all too silly for words.

Oh this all too silly. I had my sash showing me to be the Miss Wet Tee Shirt so I should be allowed in.

Well if my mouth couldn't win them over I knew what would. I had been practising on my boys all day long. A bat of the eyelids, a wriggle of the hips followed by 'please fetch me this,' or 'get me that'. It had worked since Kate had dropped me off at the pool.

I sidled up to the first bouncer and tried my best smile and eye flutter. I made sure I was close so that he looked down at me. "I am sooo sorry. I can be such an airhead. I think you men do a wonderful job. Couldn't you please let little me in? Just this once."

He sneered down at me until his friend cut across us. "Hey Seth the little lady wants to get in. If she hasn't got a ticket maybe she can go in the back

way."

They looked at each other again and I saw the first one smile. Phew, they were going to let me in. My charms win again. Men are so easy.

A big paw hand grabbed my arm. He shouted inside. "Get Frank and his mate to do the door for a while. He turned to me and almost lifted me up off my heels. "Come on babe. You'll have to use the back entrance."

I was frog marched around the side of the club into a badly lit lane. I heard his friend follow.

I didn't like this. His hand was steel around my tiny limb.

"Look please, no it's alright."

"There's another entrance around here," Seth smirked, "Isn't there Ray."

Oh God. I have never felt so scared in my life. Even being bullied in school was not as bad as this.

"Uhm please Seth if I could just speak to the owner."

Seth grinned. "I am the owner."

"Oh, I thought you were just ..."

He gave a twist sending me spinning to the ground. MY knees fell to the dust. I pulled down the hem of my dress.

Seth and Ray stood towering above me. I could barely see passed them to the street. Behind me was a high wall. I was trapped. My heart was thumping.

I knelt in the dirt fighting back the tears. "Please sir. I didn't mean to upset you".

The music was faint around here. No voices. Quiet. Deserted. I felt sick.

"Please."

One of them grinned and opened a door to his right.

I felt total relief. They were just teaching me a lesson. I clambered to my heels, smoothing down my dress. I found myself jabbering nervously. "Oh thank you, thank you. I'll never assume that black men are not the bosses just because they look like you. Oh no I didn't mean it in that way." I tried a smile. "I mean.. "

The door flew open and miss cut offs stood in the doorway with a dreadful grin on her face. "Hello miss hoity toity. Miss my 'shit don't smell'."

Oh no. "Look I ..." I didn't know what to say. Tears filled my eyes.

"So you thought it was funny? Sabotaging me? Me being laughed at in there?"

"Oh no. Not me."

"We'll see how funny we can make you look."

"No please," I made to escape but she placed her hand on my shoulder and pushed me back to my knees.

"You stay there. I like you like that."

"I am so sorry if you thought I was .."

But she just disappeared back inside. I looked up at the two bouncers. Could I get past them in this narrow lane and make it back to the safety of the street?

The answer was no.

She reappeared with a long stick which she flashed about in the dim light from the open door.

"This is my cane." She said.

Seth and Ray laughed.

Ray adopted a southern states yawl. "Hey if the missie of the house ain't going to get her comeuppance!"

Miss cut offs prowled around me. "Now then I want you on all fours little

miss stuck up."

I went on to all fours. A tear dribbled down my cheek.

"That's a good girl. Now stay like that. Look at me and smile."

Eh? I looked up and the camera flash wiped out my vision for a moment.

"I do like to see my holiday snaps when I get home. Don't you? A nice reminder of the fun times on holiday."

She placed the camera on the lowest fire escape step pointing at me.

"It will take a picture every thirty seconds."

I swallowed. "I can see that I owe you an apology," I croaked.

The bouncers laughed at me.

Miss cut offs raised the back of my dress revealing my little knickers. She pushed the dress high up my back exposing me from just below my bra. I was shaking. She hooked her finger in my knickers and tugged.

"Oh please don't do this please!"

The camera flashed.

I felt my tight knickers stretching down my thighs before snapping together just above my knees.

I looked up at my tormentor. "I am so sorry I upset you."

She smiled angelically. "I know." And then giggled.

"Now this is your next competition." She manoeuvred the men forward so that they were inches from my face. "No. Just ease back a little. That's it. We don't want you blocking the view of the camera do we?"

A heard a deep grunt from a long way above me.

She then walked around to the other side of me. "Nor should I get in the way of the camera. Now do you want to know what this game is?"

I looked up at her. "Please let me go. You'll never see me again."

She laughed so loudly her voice echoed off the walls. "Don't be so silly. I'll see you every time I get out my holiday snaps to show my friends."

I swallowed. I could not speak. I was too terrified. The camera flashed.

"Now here are the rules, and you had better listen carefully. These two nice men are cross with you. You have to make them happy. They are only happy when their huge dicks are thick and erect. I am only happy when they are thick and erect. If I am unhappy I cane you like this."

I heard a swish, felt fire across my buttocks and cried out.

Seth spoke. "Look Bev, that's not necessary. Really. Just give her a few whacks and leave it at that."

So miss Cut offs was Beverly. "Please Beverly ..."

Whack!

"Ouch!"

Bev smiled at Seth. "You gentlemen might as well get something out of it. And perhaps I'll find a place for you to relieve your aches."

Seth and Ray shrugged a smile at each other. Seemed that they were happy with that offer.

I made to crawl away.

Whack!

"Ohhhh!"

"Ah, ah. No moving. Rule number one. Otherwise you'll get another straight away like this."

Crack.

"Yowl!"

"So keep your pretty arse stuck in the air. And make my friends happy."

What she was suggesting was disgusting.

"Ouch!"

The cane really stung. It left a long, white hot, line of pain across my bottom. I have never been very courageous. Tears blurred my vision.

Crack.

"Ow!"

The camera flashed.

"I think you are being very stupid for such a snooty cow. Three strokes and still my friends aren't happy. I wonder how many you'll take before you perform."

Swish. Crack.

"Ow!"

"Because believe me I won't stop until they are happy. And you can't make them happy until you have unzipped them."

Crack!

"Ohhhhh!"

I knew I was not going to be able to take much more of this.

I reached up to unzip their pants. I could see that they were already hard. This was the worst point of my life.

"Becky?"

I looked around and saw him standing near the wall. Was it a vision? Did he exist? "Dave! Oh Dave!"

I clambered up, tripped towards him before throwing myself into his arms, sobbing. His strong limbs wound around me. I felt down for my panties and pulled them up around my hips.

"Having problems babe?"

"Just take me away from here. Quickly."

He patted my bottom.

"I hope you have not been upsetting my friend here."

Bev waved the cane. "Your friend is a bitch of the first order and was getting what she deserved. Boys get her back on the floor. I haven't finished with her yet."

The bouncers moved menacingly close to us. Dave twisted me behind him and clenched his fists.

They stood there for a heart stopping ten, maybe fifteen, seconds. No one backing down. No one moving. I shivered behind Dave's broad shoulders.

Seth laughed. "She got what she deserved. Lets go."

Bev tugged at his sleeve. "No. I want more of her arse!"

Ray plucked her up into his arms. "She upset you and you got her back for it. She upset us and we saw her getting her medicine. Now if you aren't happy Seth and me know a little room upstairs"

He whispered something in her ear and she kicked her legs and squealed with giggles. What a slut!

They disappeared inside the doorway. Seth pausing for a moment before saying to Dave. "You need to keep your bitch on a tighter leash."

Then he was gone and the door closed and locked.

I felt my entire body relax. "Oh Dave they were so horrible to me."

Dave glared down at me. "From what I heard, you said some pretty nasty things to them to."

"Oh no. Not me. They misunderstood, that's all."

He pursed his lips in thought. "Seems an awful lot of people out the front misunderstood too. That's how I heard where you were." He didn't look very pleased with me. "As soon as I heard the description I knew it was

you. There couldn't be too, many mouthy tramps in a short white dress, who go around upsetting everyone."

Oh! I put my hand on his chest. "Dave? You don't think I am a mouthy tramp do you?"

He thought long and hard before he grinned. "Na. You're just a gorgeous airhead."

I giggled and let him take me by the hand and lead me back to a taxi.

3.

We sat in the back and he put his arm around me. For once I didn't mind. I liked feeling protected. He was my hero. My knight in shining armour.

I let him kiss me on the nose but recoiled when he tried my lips.

Once in the apartment I made him a coffee and sat on the sofa next to him with a glass of water. "What a night!" I said wriggling on the seat, fingering my Miss wet Tee Shirt sash. My first ever trophy!

"Bum sore?"

I nodded.

He pulled me off the sofa into his bedroom. "I have got some cream."

"Oh great."

"Lie face down on the bed."

"Oh its all right I'll rub it on."

"Face down on the bed!"

I climbed up onto all fours on his bed. Why did everyone have to boss me about like this?

He pulled a jar out of the drawer. "Should have kept it in the fridge," he smirked.

I giggled. "Look Dave you have been so sweet and kind to me tonight. But I

can put the cream on myself."

He put his hand on the small of my back and gave a little push. I flattened myself.

"Lets just say that I see it as my reward."

I giggled. What harm could it do? If it made him happy? "Ok," I said and made myself comfortable. He deserved his reward for being so nice.

He sat next to me, I looked up and smiled at him.

He raised my dress up to the small of my back and I felt my cheeks redden.

"Can I pull down you knickers?" he asked.

I giggled. "No. But you can move them around if you like .."

"Don't be shy!" He gave a sharp yank and pulled them down to my thighs.

I was about to protest when I heard him catch his breath and gasp.

"What's wrong?" Had he seen my chastity belt? I kept my legs locked tight together.

"She certainly gave you a beating tonight."

"The bitch!"

"Your bottom looks like a tiger's."

I giggled and play acted a growl.

"Lie still tiger!"

Lying still while he rubbed cream over my buttocks was impossible. I felt like squirming all over the bed. For such a strong man he was very gentle. The cool cream was so welcome. I felt better the moment he began gently stroking me.

I sighed and closed my eyes. He stroked my inflamed buttocks so sensuously that I was getting roused. I felt so hot. I felt my legs slipping apart.

He stroked down in to the crack of my bum and I found my hips pushing up to him. I was lost. Everything was involuntary. Automatic pilot. Like dancing with loud throbbing music pulsating inside you. Head swimming. Dick dribbling in the metal container.

His fingers pushed down deep between my thighs.

"You're getting damp," he whispered in my ear.

I caught my breath. I so badly wanted to cum. "Ooooooh yes."

"What the fuck!"

He caught hold of my thigh and hauled me painfully upwards his other hand feeling my groin.

"What is it?" I asked. And then remembered. "Oh no. Dave. I'm sorry!"

"You're a fucking queer!"

He stormed out of the room.

I threw my face into the pillow and cried. Why does everything always go wrong for me!

4.

I pulled my panties into place and crept out of the bedroom door. I could see Dave on the balcony looking over the sea.

I approached him and touched his back. "I'm sorry Dave really."

He looked angrily at me but I guess my remorse was self evident in my eyes. He softened and nodded.

I shrugged, "I don't know how it's got this far."

He wagged a finger at me, "because you let it. I should have left that bitch to hit the shit out of you!"

I touched his hand. "I'm glad you didn't. I'm really grateful that you rescued me. I thought you were dead brave and everything."

"What the hell is that thing between your legs?"

I folded my hands and blushed. "A chastity belt. Kate is my wife and she plays this stupid game. I have to pretend to be a girl. This time she put this horrible thing on me and has run off with the key." I looked up at him for sympathy. "I haven't cum for days. I am so randy!"

"Tough!" he spat unsympathetically. "So why lead me, I mean, us, on like that."

I told him the truth about how Kate had wanted the job order from their friend Tony and I was to keep them all distracted.

He thought it through for a moment and nodded. He seemed a little more relaxed so I tried another 'sorry'.

A flicker of a smile appeared on his lips. "You got an amazing body for a man."

"Kate has had me work on it for five years. I have to keep exercising the waist and stomach to keep the fat off." I pointed at my breasts. "They are false."

"Ha. Shame. You're a gorgeous babe."

"Thank you," I smiled.

We stood there for a moment, staring into each other's eyes.

"So you'll do anything for this Kate."

"Yes."

"You're a man's wet dream. I mean if you were a real girl. Being so submissive and girly. So compliant."

"Thank you." Did I mean 'thank you' for that?

He laughed at me and I giggled and blushed.

"You're just a blond feminine airhead who needs looking after."

I shrugged a grin. He did have a point. I was lost without Kate.

"And you have one hell of an arse."

I giggled. "Am I forgiven?"

"I'm still cross with you."

I nodded. "You have every right to be. Can I make it up to you in some way."

"Tiger," his eyes narrowed. "You need a spanking."

I squealed and put my hand up to my mouth.

He waved his arm at me. "Forget it. You don't want to make it up to me."

As he turned away I caught hold of his muscular arm. "No. No. It's just that it was a bit of a shock that's all."

"However many you got from that bitch wasn't enough."

"Would it hurt?"

"I hope so."

I bit my lip. Here was the man who had been looking after me, had given me such a good time and had rescued me. Now all he wanted was to slap my bottom a few times.

"I don't know."

"Well you better make up your mind. Quick."

"Would I be forgiven?"

"That would be your punishment and no more would be said."

"Would you tell anyone?"

He laughed. "Who the hell would I tell Tiger? Who would I want to know that I kissed and played around with a sissy like you?"

I could see his point. "How many?"

"Six," he raised his eyebrows. "No eight."

I let my knee fall in front of the other leg.

What a difficult choice. "is there no other way?"

"No other way."

"Oh. I don't know."

What should I do?

Exposed In The Sun

The third and final part.

Deborah Ford

Becky has to make the big decision. Won't someone make it for her?

1.

The next morning I slept in. I was shattered. I took a long, long shower and used more of Dave's cream on my bottom. Why Dave had to spank me so hard was beyond me. Even when I sat in his lap with him drying my tears he had this awful smug, pleased with himself grin. It made me so cross.

Despite his ministrations to my bottom, which I could still feel, I felt randier than ever. The steel chastity belt was unremitting. I chose my bikini, ensuring that the double knot would hold before pulling the white beach dress over the top of it. I slipped on my heeled sandals and checked myself in the mirror. Not bad I allowed myself. Trying not to feel too pleased with the reflection I went out to get some breakfast

I found Claire slumped on the balcony sipping coffee. She was wearing a man's shirt over her little tight white knickers. No bra.

"Coo-ee!" she waved at me.

I went over and kissed her on the cheek. I was so pleased to see her.

"What happened to you last night?" I gushed.

"Jim!" she whispered and winked. "What about you? Dave?"

I stood up and looked over the balcony ignoring the question. The main pool was already packed with sun bathers.

She tugged my hemline. "Come on you can tell me."

I blushed scarlet. "Its very busy down there."

"Hey babe!"

Whap. My bottom stang. Guess who! Without looking around I replied.

"Good morning Dave," in a bored tone of voice.

"Are you going to sit down for breakfast?" he asked, "I can always get you some extra cushions."

He thought that was dead funny. Humph! I even heard Claire giggle.

Dave disappeared into the kitchen and I looked daggers at his back.

Claire whispered, "oh men. They have such big mouths don't they." Then she laughed. "Thank goodness! Eh?"

I gingerly sat down determined not to use a cushion. "Yes."

Claire checked that Dave was still in the kitchen, "listen I heard about you and your tie up bikini." She giggled. "I do that as well. Keep it tied just in a light bow so that a man will tease me. Isn't it fun?"

Fun! "Well the boys seemed to enjoy it," I ventured.

"Exactly." She replied.

Dave placed a cup of coffee and some toast before me. "We'll go down and get something later, hey babe?"

"Yes Dave," I smiled sweetly but as soon as he turned his back to get a chair I poked my tongue out at him. "Dave I need to see Kate before I do anything. Put everything right."

"Sure."

I shuffled my legs under the chair squirming on my hot backside. "Will you come with me?"

I looked at him with my best pleading eyes and he agreed! It is so easy to manipulate men.

2.

"Thank you Dave. I really need some support."

He knocked her door. "No problem."

It did feel good having a big, dependable man next to me. I felt so vulnerable dressed in a little white dress and heels.

Tony answered in just a towel!

I was furious.

He looked at us sleepily. "Hi Dave. Oh hi Becky, you're looking cute."

Kate appeared behind him in her short silk kimono. "Oh its you! Come to apologise have you?"

I put my hands on my hips. Time to take control and reassert myself:
"Perhaps we should go inside before you make a big scene."

I saw Tony and Dave exchange a look and a smile. Why do two girls arguing make men laugh? Especially as Dave knows I am not a real girl.

We were all stood awkwardly in her room with the doors to the balcony open.

No one spoke.

Finally Kate folded her arms, "well?"

"Ok. I am sorry if I upset you. But it's not my fault as well you know!"

Tony coughed, "hey Kate, me and Dave will leave you two to your girl's talk."

She caught hold of his arm. "No you won't." She narrowed her eyes at me. "So where were you last night?"

Humph! I stamped my foot. "Where were you!"

Her mouth fell open. I thought I had her on that one until she replied: "Waiting in the restaurant for you and your entourage!"

What?

"So where were you Becky?"

"In the restaurant?" I swallowed. "Waiting for me?"

"Yes."

I glared at Dave.

He shrugged. "Nothing to do with me babe. It was you who wanted to go out on the town to all those bars and clubs. You insisted remember."

"Oh." I flushed pink.

Kate gripped Tony's arm, "little minx!"

Dave stepped closer to me, "don't be so hard on her she won Miss ..."

Yipes! "No," I squealed quickly. If Kate heard about me on stage we would be finished. "Please Kate I didn't know you were waiting for me. I was looking for you."

"In all the bars and clubs!" She snorted.

"Well yes!" I narrowed my eyes and nodded in the direction of the nervous Tony. "Who knows what you get up to when my back is turned."

"What I get up to!" her eyes grew wide and lips pursed.

"Yes. You and him!" I stabbed a finger at the hapless Tony who looked like he would rather be in Iraq than here.

"Well let me show you!" She shouted and grabbed Tony's cheeks before sucking his tongue into her mouth.

Oh really!

She turned on me, flushed and superior. "What do you think of that you little minx!"

I'll show you, you horrible bitch I thought. I threw my arms around Dave's neck and dragged his mouth to mine. I gave him a huge French kiss. I peeled away from his shocked face and turned on Kate. I poked my tongue out at her. "There!"

She nibbled her lips and then turned on Tony who looked dead scared. She grabbed him and French kissed him with her naked leg rubbing up and down his.

I squealed. No time to lose. Point to be made. I grabbed Dave, hauled down his head and kissed him hard whilst rubbing my leg up and down his hairy legs. I glanced out of the corner of my eye to see that she was horror struck. Great. I kissed him some more making guttural, petting sounds. "Oh Dave, oh Dave, " as I surfaced for air.

There!

Kate's mouth was hunting for words. When none came she grabbed Tony's hand and pushed it under her kimono against her breast. "Oh yes, oh yes." She exclaimed before glaring at me.

Really! I grabbed Dave's hand and pushed it up to my breast but then realised that I had best not follow that one through. I turned the move into a tugging motion pulling him towards the door.

I opened it and turned to a shocked Kate exclaiming, "if anyone wants me I'll be down by the pool with my boyfriend. And if anyone doesn't want me, I'll still be there!"

I slammed the door.

We stood in the corridor in silence. The air conditioning humming away. I looked at Dave.

He smiled wistfully, "didn't go too well did it babe?"

"Well, I ... er ..."

I burst into tears and threw myself into his arms.

3.

All I could think of were the events of this morning. I mean, it wasn't my fault was it! The boys should have told me what the arrangement was.

Dave was very apologetic: "but babe you seemed so happy, swanning around all those bars with us."

It wasn't his fault.

He had put his arm around me and consoled me. "I know you are only a sissy and not a real girl, but you do make me laugh."

Great I thought, he certainly knows how to console a girl, I mean a sissy ... It was so confusing. When would Kate come to her senses and rescue me?

We were back in our room. Claire and Jim had vanished to the pool.

Dave took hold of me by my bare arm and swung me around to face him.

"Jim and Bob have got girls, so you'll be mine now. Just make sure no one finds out about your secret!"

He wagged his finger at me and I nodded puppy dog style.

Kate had not left me with any money, so without Dave to get me things I was lost. I was getting to like him.

He looked down at the tiled floor choosing his words carefully. "Look, babe. I know you have problems with Kate. But it's got nothing to do with me. Yeh? That's what I want to say. It's got nothing to do with me."

I touched his arm. "Sorry Dave."

"Thing is I don't think you are sorry. I think you are a self indulgent thoughtless minx!"

He looked dead scary when he was getting cross. I backed away. "Dave.

You are right. I am so, so sorry I ..."

He grabbed my thin arm and pulled me down over his lap as he sat on a chair.

"Oh no! Dave Please. Not again!"

My bottom was still hot from the previous nights spanking.

He pulled up my dress and took hold of flaying arms in one hand. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't."

A good reason? I had to think. Think. "I promise I'll be good."

Slap.

"Yowl."

"You promised that last night."

"Oh yes. But really, when you think about it, my naughtiness this morning was a result of what I did before you spanked me last night. So I have already been punished for it."

He slapped me again this time more playfully and laughed. "I don't think you'd make a very good lawyer."

Think. Think. "Well Kate was just as naughty as I. In fact she was worse. She started it all."

"Yeh, well, that's Tony's problem."

I looked up over my shoulder, my blond hair falling about my face. My eyes were as big as I could make them. I pursed my pink lipsticked lips

"Pretty, pretty please, kind sir."

He caught his breath, staring at me with sheer lust. Then he smiled, stood, helping me to my feet.

I threw my arms about his neck and kissed his cheek. "Oh thank you Dave. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

He laughed and held me closely, my cheek against his chest. "I know you are only a sissy and not a real girl but you do make me laugh." He pulled me back to look me up and down. "I wish you were a real girl."

There was such longing in his voice that for a moment I wished it too. It was really good of him to let me off a spanking like that. I wished I could please him.

"From now on you are my girl. Bob and Jim and Tony have got their girls and I have got ..." he smiled, his eyes twinkling, "the best."

I felt a tear in my eye. I hit his chest. "Don't be silly. Oh Dave!" Then I cried again and he held me tightly.

4.

We went to the pool side. I bent over my sun bed and wriggled my bottom at him knowing it was a moving target but also knowing that he probably would not slap me in public. I sat on the bed shaking my boobs, one eye on his lustful expression. It was great having his undivided attention.

Then Kate appeared. My heart thumped. My darling Kate. Followed by that oaf Tony! Tony carried all their bags around the pool. She saw me. I waved but she turned away and marched Tony to a sun bed four beds away.

I watched as they laid out their stuff wondering if I should try another wave.

Kate peeled off her beach dress to reveal her skimpy orange bikini. My favourite of hers. She sat on the bed and took out the sun lotion.

I waved again. She saw me and I saw a cruel smile play on her lips. She handed the lotion to Tony and lay on the bed. Tony rubbed cream sensuously over her body. I was fuming with rage, jealousy and lust.

I rubbed my crotch. Then I saw her give me the horrible, cruellest, most smug laugh. Right!

"Dave, Dave!"

"What is it babe?"

It was as if he had been awoken from a deep sleep. Maybe in my excitement I had shouted a bit too loudly. "Rub some lotion over me and do it as slowly as you can."

I lay on my tummy staring at Kate.

The men rubbed the sun cream over us as our eyes locked. I felt so deliriously sensual. I rubbed my thighs in a pitiful attempt to get some relief.

My mind drifted into space.

I dreamed of being with Kate. She in a dark basque and stockings in bed with me in a flimsy baby doll set. As we kissed Dave joined us. I felt so, so hot. My daydream floated me away.

Slap!

"Ouch!" I knelt up look up at the grinning Dave. "Lunch babe."

I looked around and saw that Kate and Tony had already gone. I scampered after Dave pulling on my new robe and sandals.

We sat down in the pool-side restaurant and I realised we were sitting next to Tony and Kate. Tony and Dave shrugged at each other. Kate and ignored me, and I ignored her.

Dave gave me a menu.

"I'm happy with a hot dog," I smiled at Dave.

"Great," he said taking my menu.

Then I heard Kate. "I think I'll have the lobster please Tony."

What! I snatched back the menu and scoured the pages. The lobster was the most expensive dish! "No. Dave. I've changed my mind. I think I'll have the lobster."

I gave him the sweetest of smiles as I returned the menu to him. I took a sneaky glance at Kate. What did she think of that!

"Oh Tony. Why not a little cool champagne."

Tony was stunned. "If that's what you want darling."

I turned to Dave. "I want champagne!"

His eyes hardened and he leaned across the table to me. "Do you remember what happens to little madam's who keep saying I want this, I want that?"

I swallowed. "Yes Dave, sorry Dave."

I wondered if he would spank me here in the restaurant. Probably not I suppose. But I was not going to take the chance.

Dave and Tony went off to the bar together to sort out the food and drinks.

I tried a sheepish look at Kate.

I saw her smile sweetly. "He keeps you on a short leash."

I giggled. "Sometimes. But sometimes I can wrap him around my little finger."

Kate nodded. "Same with Tony."

We looked at each other and laughed. She took hold of my hand. "Oh Becky."

"Oh Kate." We hugged each other.

"We have been so foolish Becky."

"Especially I," I admitted.

"Both of us precious. Both of us."

"Am I forgiven?"

"Are you my Becky?"

I knew how much the answer meant to her. She could practically orgasm when I replied "I am your Becky."

I was about to reply when Dave crashed a tray down. "I got you a chilled white wine babe. Champagne!" he snorted

After lunch Kate gave me a peck on the cheek and whispered, "come down to our apartment this afternoon. Three o'clock. We'll make a run for it."

I hugged her and kissed her on both her cheeks.

Dave laughed. "I love lesbians."

I blushed and giggled, "cheeky boy!"

5.

It seems lesbians were an important part of Dave's existence. "Awe, come on babe. Just for me. No one else need to know."

He had moved his sun bed up close to mine and his fingers were tickling my navel. He had not stopped since lunch.

"You and that Kate tramp."

"She is not a tramp!"

He was lying face down and grinning at me. "Just for Dave."

"No!" I couldn't look at him or else I knew I would burst out laughing. His grin was so infectious.

Change the subject. "What time is it?"

"What's it worth?"

I put down my magazine and looked at him. "You have a one track mind."

"You'll have to get my watch."

"Why?"

"Because the thought of you and Kate has raised the flagpole."

"Eh?"

He nodded down to his groin.

"Oh."

"Do you want to take a look?"

"No!" But I did. I had created that erection. It was mine. I wondered what 'my erection' looked like.

I looked around me. I guessed it must have been nearing mid afternoon. Kate had wandered by with a wink about half an hour before.

"Maybe we should go up to our room," I suggested.

He sat up throwing a towel over his lap.

"Now you are talking babe."

I patted his thigh, "not for that. Er, just to get back into the shade."

"I like ogling you down here."

Humph! I pretended to be annoyed but raised the magazine over, my mouth so that he could not see me grinning.

I looked across at him and noted that he had that devilish, wolfish sparkle in his eyes. Dave was up to something.

He took hold of my hand and smiled.

Oh silly thing I told myself. Dave is so sweet. It is Jim who is mischievous. There again Dave has his 'silly boy' times as well.

Then I felt the downward pressure on my hand. I screamed alerting everyone around the pool to what was happening.

It just took him a moment to tie my thumb to the dangling string on the one side of my bikini briefs. "Oh no." I felt that icy dread of panic well up

inside me. He was already pushing my left hand down to my other hip. I could not defend myself when I had two free hands, with just one I was totally helpless.

He effortlessly secured my left thumb to the dangling strings of the other side of my bikini. Oh lord. I kicked my feet in frustration. I could hear a few laughs around me.

"Dave," I whispered through my teeth, "you must let me go. It's important."

He pushed my shoulders down until I was lying beneath him on the sun bed. His bulk and weight blocked out the sun and pushed down on my chest making it difficult to breathe.

I could feel him fiddling behind me.

"Oh no, Dave stop it!

He did stop, but only when he had finished tying the hanging strings of my bikini bra to either side of the sun bed.

I lay looking up at him totally immobile.

I was furious but my powerless fury only amused him. I got a grip and tried my big cow eyes. "Oh please kind sir, release me. I really have to go upstairs."

He sat down and picked up his book. "No you don't," was all he said before chuckling. "you are not going anywhere." He returned to his novel.

"Oh!" I kicked my feet in frustration.

Kate would be waiting for me. I knew what she would think. That I had deliberately not turned up - or worse had forgotten about our arrangement. She always called me an airhead and I can be a bit forgetful.

"Dave?"

"Yes my little well packaged parcel angel?"

"I do have to go upstairs. I need to go to the toilet."

He threw a towel over my lap. "Go where you are. No one will know."

"Dave!" Think, think, think. As Dave had said I am not lawyer. "I also need to get something."

He twisted around to smile helpfully, "would you like a gag?"

"Er no."

"Then don't disturb me."

Oh no! I kicked my legs again.

"Dave?"

"Right!" he sat up and I could see the long bulge pointing through his beach shorts. He rummaged through my bag.

"If you let me go I will let you spank me."

He pulled my knickers out of the bag and stuffed them into my mouth. He then used my scarf to secure them.

"Grruuuumph!"

He pulled the large white towel around me like a blanket with the top part covering my gag.

"Now that's better babe. A gorgeous girl all tied up and gagged." He grinned. "And she has even asked for a spanking."

He sat down and raised his book. "But all after I have finished this. And I am a slow reader."

"Gruuuuumph!"

6.

How long I lay fixed to the sun bed, my thumbs tied to my briefs and gagged I do not know. Once you know you are helpless and cannot move you have no alternative other than to surrender to the predicament. The

trouble was that I knew what Kate would be thinking.

Sure enough Kate appeared.

She was wearing a long flowery blue sun dress and sun hat. She stopped at the pools entrance and looked about. She saw Dave. I tried to squirm under the towel but could not move.

Her shadow passed over me.

She put her hands on her hips. "There you are. Sunning yourself! Have you forgotten?"

Dave stood up, his bulge a little smaller now - more of a mound than a pole. "Listen babe ..."

Kate gasped. "I am not your babe!"

"Yeh, sure, sure. Listen I ..."

"I will not listen to an oaf like you. Becky what is happening?"

"Gruuumph."

"What is that minx saying now?"

Dave chuckled. "If you'd let me explain I could..."

"If I want a word from you I'd be speaking to you."

Kate was really fuming.

Dave settled on to his sun bed, "ok babe, er, madam, I'll leave you to chat to her."

"Gruumph, gruuuumph."

I kicked my legs. If only I could move the towel down my face so that she could appreciate my quandary.

"If you are going to be silly!" She turned on her heels and trotted back to the entrance. "Tony!" she shouted, "Tony?"

I watched her disappear down the steps.

Dave leaned over me and eased the gag out of my mouth.

"Now then babe I reckon ..."

"You stupid, hairy arsed, over-testosteroned, stupid, little Stupid ...oh I don't know!" I ran out of words. "Stupid, hairy arsed ..."

He pushed the gag back into place. "I think that's enough from you for a while." He raised the towel over my mouth hiding the gag. "Say bye bye to the folks Becky."

"Gruuumph!" Men!

7.

I tried crying, kicking, everything I could. But Dave was perfectly happy with his 'wrapped parcel' as he put it.

In the end I snoozed

I woke to the evening cool.

"Come on sleepy head."

He had pulled out my gag and was untying my bra from the sun bed.

I rose stiffly, yawning. "What time is it?"

He refastened my bra behind my back tying it tightly into a bow. I remembered where I was and how he had tied me to the bed. "You bastard!" I kicked out at his leg but he was too quick for me and danced aside.

He put my knickers, which had been my gag, back into the bag.

"Untie my thumbs!"

He smiled as he pecked my nose. Still haven't learned any manners babe?
He patted my bottom very firmly.

I fluttered my eyelids. "Well I think you could untie me now don't you?" I

needed to find Kate and explain what had happened.

He put my towelling robe around me and tied the cord in a knot around my waist. He then put the empty long sleeves into the pockets. He chuckled. "No one would ever know that you are helpless. Helpless and mine." He gave out a loud cartoon evil laugh.

I smiled. I could not help it. He was impossible!

He put our bags over his shoulder and took my arm leading me away from the sun beds. Only the die hard sun bathers remained.

As we went down the steps to the lower pool the bags slipped from his shoulder. He released my arm in order to gather them. My opportunity! I ran in my bare feet with my hands secured within my robe around the large pool. I heard him laugh.

I reached the concourse and raced to the lift. I used my nose to call it. "Come on, come on."

The lift doors opened as he appeared at the entrance to the concourse. He peered into the dark. The doors opened and I leaped inside.

"Come on, come on." The lift doors closed.

I had escaped! Now for Kate.

The lift doors opened and Dave grabbed me and hauled me out.

He swatted my bottom as he led me out into the sun. "Honestly babe you are more trouble than a puppy. Maybe I should get you a collar and lead."

"Oh no!" I was racing in my bare feet to keep up with him. He took such big strides.

He led me into the huge hotel shop. Not a collar and lead, that would be too awful. "Please Dave. If you would only listen to me."

"Listen to you? You don't stop jabbering."

We were headed for the pet's aisle. "Dave please!" Collars with bells and

spikes loomed. Long and short leads. Bright colours, blacks and whites.
Ooooooh!

We shot past the collars and leads and I sighed with relief. We were back in the shoe department.

"Sit there!" he pushed me into a chair.

A middle aged lady appeared and tried a smile. She was not very good at smiling. "May I help you."

"Yeh," Dave replied for me. "We need heels."

"Really," she sighed. She turned to me. "And what sort of heels does madam require."

Dave interjected again. "Big ones. Tall ones. What's the biggest?"

The lady raised her eyebrows. "I am quite sure that in the twenty first century a lady may speak for herself."

"You'd be waiting all week for her to make up her mind. Now then shall I call the manager or are you going to get me tall heels?"

I wrinkled my nose at her to show how sorry I was. Dave could be a real oaf at times.

"Would four inches be adequate?"

Dave rounded on her. "I don't know. Are they the tallest? Do I need your boss out here?"

"Well the tallest are five and a half inches but they are for photographic models really."

"Great."

She folded her arms. "Madam would barely be able to walk in them!"

"Exactly what I want." Dave fished my three inch heeled sandals from the bag and looked inside. "She's a size five."

She went off in a huff and returned with a strappy pair of sandals with the tallest heel I had ever seen.

"Great," Dave grinned. "Put them on her, she'll wear them home."

8.

So that was why I was leaning so heavily into Dave as we entered his apartment.

There is something strangely exciting about being so helpless. He had to open all the doors for me, which made me feel like a lady. He had to push the lift and door buttons.

By the time we stumbled in I was giggling like a school girl.

I stopped giggling when I saw the case open on the table with girl's clothes tumbling out of it.

"Kate!" She had come to rescue me.

I dashed into the bedroom.

It wasn't Kate.

Claire was naked on all fours over the prostrate Jim. I had to look away.

"Sorry."

Jim was his usual gentlemanly self. "Want to watch?"

"No thank you," I said turning on my heels. How uncouth.

Dave grabbed me as I passed. "How about a dance show for us. Like you and Claire did at the exposure club?"

I looked at Claire and we shared a knowing smile. It would be good fun to turn these brutes on. I sort of shrugged as if I was indifferent but smiled secretly at Claire.

Claire squealed as she leaped from the bed. "You got it boys!"

We dashed in to the bedroom in which I had slept. She brought in her case

and closed the doors.

"Aren't they a laugh?"

"I suppose so. Can you take my robe off please?"

"Sure. Sure. Now what should I wear. I've got this little skirt and bra set. No matching knickers though." She giggled. "Aren't I naughty?"

She pulled the robe from my shoulders and saw my pickle. My thumbs were still tied to my hips. She played with the knots. "Gosh Dave is really inventive isn't he? No one has done that to me."

"Can you untie me please?" She seemed to give up on the knots and rifled through her clothes.

She pulled up a short skirt that hung around her hips and hardly covered her private areas. "No Becky. I think they'll love that."

I turned my thumbs in their ties. "Do you think so?"

She pulled on the matching bra. "Yes of course. Men love that sort of thing." She kissed my cheek. "And so do I".

I laughed. "Honestly!" I liked Claire. She and I were so much alike. Then she twirled herself around sending her little flared skirt flying parallel to the floor. I realised that we were definitely unlike in one very important area!

"Shouldn't you wear some underwear?"

"No, it's not that cold."

How we laughed. I wished I had met her years ago. I have never had a real friend before. Men were always interested in football and computers. Girls never talked to me the way Claire did.

"What about my shoes?" I asked showing her the ludicrous heels.

"Great!"

"No silly. Take them off."

"No way. Come on."

We went out into the lounge area of the apartment. Jim and Dave had sprawled over the sofas. Needless to say they held bottled beer in their huge hands.

They whistled and cheered and we reacted by wriggling, though I did blush a little. I felt my cheeks glowing.

Dave rose. "One extra touch."

He draped the two "Miss Wet Tee shirt" sash's over our shoulders.

He put on some thumping rock music and we both gyrated.

I remembered from the club how the boys appreciated me turning my back to them and bending forward. I did this a few times with a huge wriggling motion. It was always my best move. It always got a reaction.

The boys poured beer into our mouths as we danced. Claire became incredibly wanton, kneeling at the feet of her man as he poured beer down her throat.

Dave indicated I should do the same. I desperately wanted to make Dave look good and keep him happy. I danced over and fell to my knees and looked up at him.

I could see the effect I had on him and giggled. His lap had a tent pole!

He tilted back my head and poured the beer. It was so cool and welcome. It dribbled around my mouth and down my body.

Dave was now incredibly hot. His eyes had glazed over. He reached for me. Despite the heels and my bondage I wriggled back to my feet and danced with more fervour.

As you have realised Kate would always show up at the most inopportune moment.

I should have known. Of course the music was loud. The alcohol had put a zing into my brain.

I was getting hotter and hotter. My penis was actually dribbling into my bikini bottoms.

I don't know how long she and Tony stood there at the door.

I do know that Claire was close to orgasm. She was rubbing herself up and down me, teasing me with little kisses. I opened my eyes, saw them and screamed.

9.

I sat on the bed with the tears running down my face. "Please Kate I ..."

She lifted up the sash. "And what on earth is this?"

I could hear the music still being played in the lounge. I guess Claire would still be strutting her stuff for Jim. But hopefully not for Dave as well!

"I won a competition."

"What a tramp! You always complain when we play our Becky game at home! But here you are the biggest whore on the coast."

"That's not fair!" I tried to rise onto my heels but the bed was too springy and I fell backwards my legs flapping wide apart.

"What is that?"

I slammed my legs together but with my thumbs bound to my hips she was easily able to prise my thighs apart. She ran a finger between my legs.

"You are actually wet. Like a little slut."

The evidence was incontrovertible. I was about to cry even harder when I saw her mellow. A smile emerged. "Becky. What am I to make of all this?"

"I don't know," I sniffled.

She sat on the chair near the vanity dresser and adopted her thoughtful

countenance.

"Is Dave your boyfriend?"

"No!" I humphed. "Of course not!"

She raised her eyebrows and her eyes became hard. I wriggled under gaze. I looked away and added, "well not exactly."

It was her to turn to humph. This time more thoughtfully. I had the impression that she was not overly concerned. "Do you love him?"

"No. I love you!"

"Really?" She raised her eyebrows.

"You know I do."

"Say it then."

"I love you."

She smiled and ran her hand through her hair. "No. The other thing."

I feigned ignorance.

"Who do you belong to Becky?"

I blushed red. "I think you should untie me first!"

Everyone bullied me.

"Well I don't. And that tramp out there, Claire, do you like her?"

I crossed my legs. "I suppose so. A good girl friend."

I pouted. I didn't like being linked to Claire because I knew what Kate thought of her.

"So 'Miss Slutty Wet Tee Shirt,'" she laughed. Her eyes sparkled when she was happy.

I giggled. "I couldn't help it if I won. It wasn't my fault."

"Maybe you and your new friends should join Tony and me in the clubs

and I can watch your moves!"

I felt my face light up. Did she mean it?

She turned to the full length mirror and swept her long dress back and fore. "I'll go like this."

The long dress did nothing for her lovely figure and legs.

She saw my reflection in the mirror and turned to me. "Don't you like it?"

I glanced over the pretty blue flowery ankle length dress. "It's very appealing," I paused, "on some levels."

"Oh?"

I stood up I didn't want to upset her. "But please Kate don't you think something a bit more flattering would be better? I mean you can hardly see your body through that."

She turned to the mirror and perused her appearance. "Like what?"

"That cream number."

"Don't you think it's a bit too short?"

I giggled. "It only comes to your knee!"

She nodded and sat down on the bed. "You know I have never had a girl friend to talk these things over with. Tony would prefer the cream dress wouldn't he."

I nodded.

She held my chin, "tell me what I want to hear."

My face blushed red hot. "I think you should untie me first."

"Do you," she laughed and stood up. "I am going to change into the cream dress at your suggestion."

"Er Kate?"

"Yes Becky?"

I nodded down to my groin. "Now that we are friends again can you please unlock me?"

She pursed her lips. "No. If you are not mine then I can't."

She left the door open as she raced out.

10.

That night was the most exhausting I can ever remember. We went out as a big group. I wore my little white dress from the previous night with the new heels that everyone liked. I could always lean into Dave if I lost my balance. Of course I lost my balance a lot - sometimes unintentionally!

In the past I had always hated social events. Never knowing what to do, what to say. But that night it all came so easy. Becky always knew what to say.

I have never been able to chat up girls. Never. Their eyes glaze over as soon as I start. And that's the nice ones. 'Fuck off creep,' has been uttered on more than one occasion.

But here everyone wants to know me.

Needless to say we ended up at the Exposure Club.

Needless to say Claire and I were volunteered for the Miss Wet Tee Shirt competition.

Needless to say we needed little coaxing.

I would like to say that we won jointly again but we had to be content with third and second place. Big heels look good but you can hardly cavort around a big stage. But it didn't matter. Jim, the oaf, even argued with the judges that Claire and me were the best dancers but the black owners had remembered me so you can guess who won. She was even wearing her little hot pants and halter neck top.

Claire and I did a little private dance for the boys and Kate near the corner, which turned into a big show for everyone else! I noticed that Kate seemed happy enough sitting with the men encouraging us on with lewd remarks. She seemed quite at home cajoling and teasing us.

In the grey early hours Dave walked me home along the promenade. Kate and Tony were hugging closely some way ahead of us. She did look good in her cream dress. Sexy but sort of sophisticated. In control. Like a confident businesswoman. I knew I looked like a girly bimbo. But why shouldn't you show yourself off if everyone likes what they see?

My heart fell into my stomach as I watched Kate and Tony disappear into the apartment block. Dave and I sat on a park bench looking down at the pool area.

He put his arm around me and I snuggled into him. I was thinking of someone else though.

"You know Babe, in another world, in another place, another time maybe you and me could have worked out."

I nodded.

"Some things are not meant to be. Maybe I'll find a real girl as sexy and as much fun as you."

I smiled and kissed his cheek. "You will."

Gripping me tightly with one arm he stroked the hair from face. "I suppose so. It just won't be easy."

Poor Dave. I put my finger to his lips and he kissed it. My eyes stang and I sniffled.

"Tears for me?" he laughed that over loud laugh of his. "I get tears?"

I prodded his tummy. "You got tears when you spanked my bottom if you remember!"

He held my face in his hands and kissed both cheeks. "Don't cry babe. I'll

kiss away the tears and leave you go."

He stood up stiffly. And I mean stiffly in lots of places.

"If you're still in a dress tomorrow I'll see you at the pool."

I nodded and watched my hero walk away. Oh he is so impossibly sweet and strong.

I looked up at the apartment block. There were no lights on in Kate's room. I guess Tony and she were ... I didn't like to think about it.

I stood up on my silly heels and walked slowly along the pavement. In the distance I could hear waves, music and laughter. I didn't feel like laughing.

Then I saw her.

"Kate!"

She was standing on the sand, her sandals in her hands letting the sea wash over her feet.

She was quite alone.

I took off my heels and raced along the warm sand.

"Where's Tony?"

She smiled down at me. Without the heels I was once again shorter than she. "Where's big Dave?"

I shrugged. "Gone to bed."

"Same as Tony."

We giggled.

Kate pursed her lips. "Poor boys."

I laughed and snuggled under her arm. "So what happens now?"

She led me along the shore, kicking through the lapping wash, which cooled and massaged my aching feet.

"Well. That's up to you."

"Me?" I hated making decisions.

"Yes. Tonight," she patted my groin, "I will release you."

"Goodee," I giggled.

"Goodee for both of us you little tramp. Then you have to make the only decision you will ever have to make."

"Oh?" I felt a tingle of butterflies in my tummy. Suppose I made the wrong decision? I hope she was just joking.

"You can leave the chastity belt off, pack away the bikini and dress and those heels. Forget about the Miss Wet tee shirt triumph."

I didn't like the sound of that.

"Becky would return, but just every weekend or so. The rest of the time you wear trousers. You manage our company and you have to make decisions."

I stopped feeling the water suck through my toes. "I expect Becky could also come around on some evenings in the week," I suggested.

"That would be difficult."

"Oh. Is there an alternative?" I asked not daring to catch her eyes.

"You tell me what I want to hear. No kidding about. You say it. You never forget it." The moon lit up the ripples making them glisten like silver. A warm wind picked up. "I have you and then I put you back into your chastity belt."

"But I ..."

She placed her finger on my lips. "Hush now. There will not be any answering back. You get put back in it and locked away until I say you are to be released."

I watched a group of girls trying to run in their heels down the road. They

were pursued by some boys playing the fool. They had on lovely little dresses. They were having the time of their lives.

"I don't know."

"We pack off Daniel on a safari to Africa. I don't care if anyone believes it or not. I take over the running of the company."

"And I? If Daniel is in Africa where would Becky be?"

"As I say, it's up to you. As I see it Becky could stay and live with me."

"Yes!" I jumped up and down in the water splashing us both.

Kate laughed. "It isn't that easy. Two women living together would arouse gossip. Gossip is no good for a woman in my position. You could be my secretary but if we do make a fortune from selling to Tony's company then I will retire and won't need a secretary."

"Oh." I bit my lip.

"You could be an au pair. But who has heard of an au pair in a house without children."

Oh dear. I nibbled my bottom lip. "Oh Kate what do you suggest."

"There is only one position Becky could occupy in my home without arousing any suspicion."

I put my arms around her neck and pleaded. "Tell me, tell me."

She smiled and leaned back so that I could not kiss her.

I knew what she wanted.

I used my big eyes routine that went down so well with the men, looking up at her, lips pouting. "I want to be yours," I whispered the words hoarsely. They felt religious, as if they could not be spoken out loud.

She raised an eyebrow. "And?"

I pouted. "I am your Becky."

She didn't move for a heartbreaking eternity. She loves teasing me. Then she threw her arms around me. "My Becky. All mine. All mine!"

11.

This is where you met me at the start of my story, if you can remember that far back.

Kate's idea was foolproof - of course. Her ideas always were.

Daniel went on tour of European architecture some three years ago. He still has not returned.

Becky moved in a few days after he left.

It has not been all sunshine and roses. Of course she always has the upper hand. Once she kept me locked away for two whole weeks. That is much worse than the cannings, the spankings or being made to stand in the corner - a trick she loves to play in front of guests.

That is why at the start of the story I was on my best behaviour.

I am serving Jim, Bob, Dave and Claire at our annual get together. The boys have married in the last few years and Claire is now living with a man in the city - as well as seeing three other men and a woman on the side! You know Claire!

Once a year we get together for a memorable perverted night of lust, dirty dancing, bondage, spankings and for me to say yet again, "I am yours Kate, totally yours."

Of course she knows that I have a long running affair with Claire (yes the girl is me!), and a soft spot for Dave but so long as she operates the video camera and records my activities she does not mind.

Two last thoughts. My room is a little small, though I do have an ensuite bathroom all to myself. But if you ever visited me in my quarters you would see, pride of place, on my wall, a sash that reads: "Miss Wet Tee Shirt - Exposure club." Sometimes I just sit on the bed and stare and stare

at a piece of cloth that means so much to me. I even cry at times. What would have happened if we had not met the boys, if we had not gone to the club?

I would be sitting in my office in a horrible rough suit worried to death about running a business.

Secondly if you want to be loved, I mean totally loved, then you should be yourself. It took Kate and me a few years to learn that simple truth.

But now the bell is tingling. The boys have arrived. I can here Dave's big booming laugh. I am giggling already.

The End.