

The Best Costume at The Party

Part 1



"We should go out this weekend," my girlfriend said, sipping some wine after dinner. "Would you like that? Getting out of the house?"

I gulped, washing dishes at the sink. "Yeah, that sounds fun."

Aubrey crossed her legs at the table, letting her bare foot dangle in space. She smiled and took another sip of wine. "You're just agreeing because you think that means I'll let you wear clothes this weekend."

I blushed and continued doing all the after dinner clean-up, nude as the day I was born. I had also done all the pre-dinner preparation nude as well.

As usual, Aubrey had doffed her suit jacket and high heels when she had gotten home from work, relaxing in a white silk blouse and probably too-short business skirt.

As usual, I had stripped of every bit of my clothes in the foyer, and would stay that way, until about 5 minutes before I had to leave for work tomorrow.

“Maybe we could compromise,” Aubrey laughed, rotating her slim foot because she knew peeking at her high arches kept me at least half hard while cleaning. “How can we get out of the house, but still follow the no-clothes-for-Davey rule, hmm?”

She licked a drop of wine from her top lip with a quick flick of her tongue. She had done the same on our very first date together, and it made me ache to kiss those lips then. It still did now.

“Maybe a nude beach?” she asked. “Do they have even those around here?”

“Not close.”

“Well, you'd know, wouldn't you?” she laughed, then crossed her legs to dangle her other foot. “Maybe I'll take you to a normal beach that accidentally becomes a nude beach for you...”

I shivered and my cock hardened a little bit, a second before there was a knock on our apartment door.

Without hesitating, Aubrey called “Come in!” and I froze, soapy plate in hand.

Aubrey wasn't even looking to see who it was- she was grinning at me instead.

She loved watching my reaction when she played “Russian Roulette” with my nudity and our friends, because only a third of her friends knew about she 'kept' me. So far.

A tall blonde breezed in the door and I relaxed, or relaxed as much as a nude man trapped with two fully dressed, attractive women could get.

“Oh Aubrey, that looks divine, thank you,” the blonde said, taking my girlfriend's wine glass right from her hands, kissing her on the cheek European style, then dropping into my chair at the table and draining half the glass in one go. She saw me looking at her, then giggled.

“Hey Dave. Looking good!”

“Hey Katrina,” I gulped, spinning back to my dishes. I blushed as I could just feel her gaze on my nude backside. My half hard cock got harder and I heard her giggle again.

“Rough day at work?” Aubrey asked, taking a clean glass and pouring wine for herself, again.

“You have no idea,” the blonde sighed, taking another deep draw from Aubrey's former glass then holding it out for more. “Some PA forgot to break in the chastity belts we're shooting this week, so how am I supposed to look helpless and alluring and sexy when I've got two new stiff leather bands cutting my kidneys in half?! Look, they practically left a mark!”

Katrina worked as a fetish model. The tall, willowy blonde with perfect skin and long dancer's legs was a godsend for any adult website looking to boost clicks or sell new toys. If you've ever masturbated to pictures of hot girls 'trapped' in chastity or fiendish sexual restraints, you've probably masturbated to Katrina.

She didn't use the products in her personal life (Katrina was hardly a submissive, even if she was definitely an exhibitionist) but she liked the work because it paid well, was mostly non-nude, and fed her ego well. It also probably explained why she was one of the first people in Aubrey's life who was cool with her best friend keeping a naked, sexually tormented man at her apartment.

Right now, Katrina was pulling up her shirt to show Aubrey some faint, faint, pink marks across her perfectly flat stomach. When she caught me peeking, she pulled her t-shirt higher to expose the top of her perky tits in their demi-bra as well.

“Go ahead and take a closer look Davey,” she giggled. “I don't mind.”

Aubrey had me masturbate to Katrina's fetish images at least once a week (always under Aubrey's strict supervision, and never, ever to completion) just so I'd much more trouble controlling my erections around her best friend.

It worked like a charm.

I heard both Aubrey and Katrina laugh as my cock surged to full hardness in just a few heartbeats, while I was standing in full view at the sink. I spun away and tried to focus on getting the pasta sauce out of the corners of the pan, and not on how good Katrina looked hogtied and ball-gagged on a bed.

“So I was just telling Dave I wanted to get out this weekend. Do something different.”

“Like a club?” Kat said, pulling her shirt down to normal and picking up her wine again.

“No, I'd rather not get groped by five frat boys again on the dance floor all night,” Aubrey

laughed, swirling her wine. "Although that muscular one did have a way with his fingers under the table..."

We had agreed that Aubrey could flirt with other men if she wanted.

While my definition of flirting was a shared joke or slight touch of the hand on a leg, hers was anything that two people could possibly do, short of actual or oral sex.

"I let him slip my panties off and then he sold them on eBay the next day!" Aubrey finished. "No, Kat, let's do something more classy this weekend."

Katrina considered this for a moment. "It's almost Halloween- doesn't your company hold some sort of fancy shareholder dinner this time every year?"

I could almost hear Aubrey rolling her eyes. "That stupid thing? I've worked there three years and I've never gone to it once. It's a costume party."

"So?"

"So what are we, ten years old?"

"You never dressed up for a college costume party?" Kat laughed. "Junior year I dressed up as 'Little Blow Peep', with just a shepherd's staff, two pasties over my nipples, and a short lace skirt that blew up to show my bare pussy and ass every third step. God, that outfit helped me get so much oral sex that night!"

I grunted in pain as my penis filled past design capacity, imagining Katrina dressed like that and getting eaten out by a long line of suitors. Both women chuckled before going back to their conversation.

"Of course I did stuff like that. Back then," Aubrey sighed. "But we're not those young, carefree girls anymore. I'm twenty-six now, and I work in an office. It's hard enough getting away with my required daily dose of cock teasing with HR reps on every other floor. If I tried to pull something like that at a shareholder meeting, I'd get fired!" Aubrey took another sip of her wine, then said, "Although..."

Katrina seized on it right away. "Although what?"

"The owner of the company, Hank Youngman, when he goes around every year announcing the costume party, he does this thing, where he winks at all the cute women and says, 'And remember, ladies... costumes are always optional'. Someone told me that back in the

seventies, Hank pressured some of the young secretaries and got them to show up to the shareholder costume party basically nude, and so he says that every year to us, trying to get it to happen again.”

“Pig,” Kat spat. “You should report this guy to HR!”

“He's the owner of the company, Kat. You can't report him to HR.”

“Still, you should teach him a lesson!”

My girlfriend swished her wine around in her glass again.

“Meh. He's older now, so it's kind of cute in a way. It's not like he's asking for blow jobs in our yearly reviews.” She giggled. Maybe the wine was getting to her. “Now, if I brought YOU to the party as 'Nude Cinderella' in nothing but glass slippers and a tiara, THAT would definitely get me a promotion! He really likes blondes.”

My cock was aching so hard, imagining Katrina in that outfit, that I almost missed what my girlfriend's friend said next.

“Davey's blond,” Kat giggled. “You should take him to the party nude instead.”

Drying dishes, I waited for Aubrey's uproarious laughter in response to Katrina's obvious joke.

It didn't come.

I spun around and Aubrey had her 'thoughtful' face on. Which was slowly turning into a wicked grin. “You know...”

“You can't be serious!” I cried.

Aubrey laughed and drained her drink. “Hank does always say, 'costumes were optional'!”

Katrina giggled, eyeing my rock hard cock. “And Davey's definitely used to being naked.”

I blushed and held a dish towel over my cock and balls. “Aubrey, come on! Not in public! We AGREED that-”

“Take our glasses, Dave,” Aubrey said in a low, commanding voice, one that I had learned to never, ever talk over. “We're done with them. And lose that towel. Now.”

Heart pounding, I did, hanging the dish towel up and walking totally nude to the table where they sat. When I leaned past Katrina to pick up her glass, my erection could feel the heat coming off her face.

“Well... I should go,” Katrina giggled, watching my stiff cock bounce just inches from her lips, then blew a puff of air over my tip as if she was blowing out a birthday candle. My knees almost buckled.

“Bye Davey,” she laughed, deftly avoiding touching me in any way as she leaned forward to air-kiss both of Aubrey's cheeks. “And let me know if this costume party becomes a thing- I can totally borrow some stuff from work for my outfit!”

“Oh, we're going,” Aubrey chuckled as Katrina breezed to the door. My girlfriend was looking right at me as I took her empty glass. “You can count on that.”

Two hours later we were getting ready for sleep, meaning Aubrey was wearing a sleep-shirt and sitting on the edge of the bed, and I was kneeling on the carpet with her legs over my shoulders, licking her pussy in exactly the ways she had trained me.

When Aubrey had gotten her orgasms for the night, she let her thighs stop squeezing my ears so much, but didn't move her legs from my shoulders. She looked down at me and tousled my hair, messing it up on purpose.

“We're going to this party, you know.”

“Yes Mistress, but I'd like to wear a normal costume! Not be nude!”

After 9 PM, I always had to call her Mistress, no matter where we were.

“Katrina and I will pick out your costume, you don't have to worry your little head about that. We'll make sure to pick something that will make quite the splash.”

“Please Mistress! I don't WANT to be naked in public-”

“As Katrina can tell you from her line of work, there's a big difference between being naked in public...” - Aubrey grinned- “...and being practically naked in public. There's going to be stuffy bankers and their trophy wives and all the people I work with coming to this thing. I can't have you prancing around there totally buck naked, now can I?”

Somehow, I felt that was a victory, even if not a total one, and I exhaled in relief.
“Thank you Mistress.”

She laughed and messed up my hair again, pushing it against the grain. “So, pet, are you excited about the idea of being practically naked around hundreds of people in just a few days from now?”

I swallowed. “I don't know, Mistress!”

She laughed. “Don't you? I saw you sneak in a few strokes of that naughty cock while you were licking me. You're really horned up by this idea, aren't you?”

I blushed. “Maybe.”

Aubrey slid one of her smooth feet along my back, making one of her even smoother thighs rub the side of my face. “Isn't it your biggest fantasy?”

I blushed even harder. “Maybe! But the line between having a fantasy and doing it in reality-”

“Is a thin one,” she laughed. “If you're lucky.”

She unhooked her legs off my shoulders and looked down at my hard, heavy cock, dripping untouched below her. “Now, tomorrow's your release day, isn't it?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“But you've been such a good boy, agreeing to go to my big office party practically naked... you deserve a treat. Would you like help relieving that tension so you can get to sleep tonight?”

I exhaled in a rush. “Yes Mistress! Thank you Mistress!”

“Stand up.”

I did, my dripping cock right in her face. And with a smile, Aubrey reached into her nightstand to get my steel chastity belt.

“Here we go,” she laughed, enjoying watching my face fall as she slipped the steel ring behind my bursting blue balls. “The perfect way to remove my pet's tension so he doesn't

have to think about his naughty cock or its naughty needs all night.”

She used her fingernails on my cock and balls, hard enough to leave faint marks, giggling as the pain made me deflate enough to fit into the small steel cage. Then she shut the lock and kissed my cheek before turning off the light.

“I left your key at work, pet, so anticipate wearing the belt until the night of the party, at the very least.”

Of course I was useless at work all week, distracted thinking of all the horrible 'barely-legal' costume ideas Aubrey and Katrina might invent for me and struggling with caged erections whenever a moderately attractive woman walked by. At home wasn't much better, as Aubrey usually dressed a little cuter and more cheerleader/preppy during my extended chastity periods, because she knew me so well.

About two nights before the party, Katrina came over again.

“Cute jewelry, Davey,” she giggled, as my shiny cage bounced around my straining cock, while I brought her and Aubrey some drinks in the living room. “Glad to see you're still getting so much use out of it!”

She had bought the steel chastity cage for Aubrey, using her 20% employee discount on the website. Without Katrina, Aubrey would have probably gotten a plastic one. Kat slipped off her ballet flats and tucked her slim feet where I could see them, making my small cage even tighter.

I blushed, then looked up at Aubrey.

“Why don't you go to bed, pet? The adults are going to talk about our costumes for this Friday and it's nearly your beddy bye time already.”

It was 7:30.

I blushed again and walked off, as I heard Katrina giggling behind me.

In bed I tossed and turned, nude with a caged hard-on, imagining what the girls might be laughing so loudly about in the living room. And then, around 10 PM, Aubrey rushed in without a word and pulled up her sleep shirt to straddle my face.

She was soaking wet and came in under fifteen seconds from my tongue.

That was a very bad sign.

Friday night, the day of the party, I was stripping in the foyer after work when Aubrey came in, and gave me gentle kiss and my own glass of wine. That was different.

“Shower and shave everything,” she giggled, unlocking my chastity belt and pushing me towards the bathroom, taking the wine glass from my hand on the way.

I had barely been able to steal a sip.

I took my time on my cock and balls, making myself totally bare as Aubrey enjoyed, then paused with the razor below my underarms.

What did everything mean?

Underarms, okay.

Chest? There wasn't much there to begin with, but I did anyway.

Legs? She couldn't really mean...

I gulped. It was better just to do it; I was a few days past my scheduled release already; no reason to risk Aubrey's anger in any way!

I blushed, then took the extra time to make myself smooth and hairless from my ankles to my ears.

When my shaved legs slid against each other, it felt like two woman's legs and the electric shiver almost made me cum right then. I shut the shower off at once, before I was tempted to stroke any more than I had while shaving.

I dried myself roughly with the towel just to get farther from the edge, and I was less than half hard when I walked out of the bathroom, to see Aubrey and Katrina laying out their costumes on the bed.

“Oh, hey Davey,” the tall blonde giggled, then gasped as she looked me over. “Wow! You look so smooth! I just want to get naked, dip myself in baby oil and slide my body all over

you!”

Both women laughed as the erection I had struggled to lose came roaring back with a vengeance.

“Hey Kat,” I gulped, blushing as my dick saluted her yet again.

Aubrey was in a bathrobe, doing her make-up. “I just meant shave your face and crotch!” she laughed, feeling my hairless ass. “Now you're REALLY going to have some questions to answer when everyone sees you tonight!” I just groaned and she laughed again. “Now help me get into my dress.”

It wasn't so much of a dress as it was a... semi-sheer white curtain with a gold fringe. And it didn't hug her body like stitched clothing, but instead was draped around her shoulders and arms and waist like an Indian sari. Katrina added some exotic-looking gold earrings, bracelets and anklets to go with the fringe and the end effect was an outfit that looked regal and imperious, while still letting Aubrey definitively demonstrate that she wasn't wearing a single thing under it, if she moved in just the right way.

“I love how it shows off the side of your hip and chest!” Katrina giggled, tracing the bare line that ran from my girlfriend's ankle to her armpit. “Side boob is so sexy!”

“I can't believe I'll be going to a fancy office party not even wearing a bra or panties,” Aubrey laughed, doing a few turns in front of the mirror. She used the mirror to catch my eye. “I'll just feel so... naked!”

The girls laughed as I blushed again, my cock throbbing.

“So what are you supposed to be again?” I asked, fighting the urge not to touch myself.

“I am Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile!” she boomed, stepping into some stiletto heels that an Egyptian living in 40 A.D. probably wouldn't have worn. Then Katrina added a little tiara/headband thing that had a two inch blue and gold snake rising up from above Aubrey's forehead and I had to admit, Aubrey made a pretty decent Cleopatra.

“Can Davey help me put on my outfit now?” Katrina giggled, unbuttoning her shirt to reveal a Victoria Secret's push up bra holding two very perky handful-sized tits.

My hands were shaking as she then unbuttoned her tight jeans and started to shimmy out of them, revealing a tiny purple thong and ass cheeks that could start a war.

“What, um, do you want me to-”

“As if!” Aubrey laughed, and slid her sleeping mask over my eyes, blinding me.

Aubrey had me sit in a chair, sleeping mask still on, and handcuffed my hands behind the chair as Katrina dressed. Even without sight, the conversation was enough to keep my dick at its previous level of hardness.

“Oh god Kat, that's all you're going to wear!? There won't be a soft cock in the house!”

“That's the plan!” the blond giggled. “Should be good advertising for the new line, don't you think? Maybe a lot of the women have young daughters that they want to keep pure?”

Oh god, she was going to wear one of her chastity belts to the party! Was she going to wear it with jeans, so the top peeked out? Or maybe with a short skirt, flashing everyone the steel between her legs as she danced-

“Okay, Davey, it's time to put on your bronzer now,” Aubrey said, somewhere off to my right.

“What?” I pulled against the handcuffs, but of course Aubrey held the only key. “I... I don't think I need that!”

“I'm Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile! I can't have a slave with pasty skin!” she laughed, and a hand slapped some sort of liquid onto my right pec and started rubbing it in. “Help me with this, Kat, or it'll take all night.”

I jerked as a second set of hands started applying the liquid to my left pec and shoulders, rubbing it in lovingly.

“You sure he needs this?” Katrina asked. “Maybe he could be a house slave.”

“Egyptians still have darker skin than this, Kat.”

“Okay.”

I swallowed as both sets of hands disappeared, then returned to rub my feet, with more liquid in their palms.

“Wow- his legs are smoother than half the girls I model with!” Kat giggled. “Instead of a

barely dressed slave boy, why don't we make him a sexy schoolgirl in panties and stockings instead?"

"Maybe next year," Aubrey chuckled, as both sets of hands worked their way past my knees.

I was tense, blind, not daring to move. They were rubbing my thighs now! It felt so good! How long until-

A slippery set of hands started applying bronzer to my cock and balls, stroking my length up and down with soft, practiced skill.

"Oh fuccck!"

"I think he likes this," Katrina giggled from in front of me.

"Who wouldn't," Aubrey laughed back. Her hands on my cock were stroking, stroking, stroking me from root to tip, while her other hand lovingly caressed my heavy balls. "Don't cum now Davey. I would be SO fucking pissed if you did."

I grunted, trying to hold back. She always knew how to stroke me!

Aubrey's hands had been my main sexual release for years. My cock inside her was only for special occasions, and her dildos inside me never made me cum, even though she kept trying. So the vast majority of my spurts with Aubrey had been at the mercy of her skilled fingers, and she had me trained to respond to them like a drooling dog.

The other set of hands, Katrina's, moved to rubbing bronzer on my left arm.

"Do you think the other girls will laugh at the size of Davey's penis?" she giggled, as the hands on my cock continued their slippery erotic torture. I was breathing like I had just run a mile, trying so hard not to cum.

"Probably," Aubrey laughed. "But that will just make him harder." The set of hands on my arm disappeared. "You finish up here, Kat. I've got to check on something."

My worldview shattered into a thousand pieces as I heard Aubrey's high heeled steps click away on our hardwood floors, while the two slippery hands stroking my desperate penis remained.

"I told her you wouldn't be able to tell," Kat giggled, her soft voice coming from right in front of me. "She tells me the way she strokes you often enough, and well, I get a lot of

practice with men on my own.”

Every nerve in my cock was alive. My girlfriend was letting her hot best friend stroke my cock! I tried to remember every sensation, storing it in my mind forever!

“I think she's a little pissed that you couldn't tell though,” Kat whispered to me, her strokes getting as soft as her voice. “You better be extra good to her tonight. A perfect little slave for Cleopatra while you're at the party. A practically nude slave, in front of everyone there...”

“Oh god, Kat, please! I'm going to cum!”

The hands disappeared at once, and I throbbed, right on the edge, but safe.

“You're such a good boyfriend,” Katrina giggled. “Most men would have just cum in my hands. I would have kept stroking.” I heard a rustle off to my right. “The bottle says we have to wait fifteen minutes. Hang tight, Davey.”

I heard her bare feet pad out of the room, and I was sure the thought of what had just happened would keep me hard until she came back.

Some unknowable amount of time later, I heard soft female footsteps pad back into the room with me. Slippery female hands gripped and stroked my half hard cock again, pulling me to hardness and making me squirm in the chair. I felt manicured fingernails lightly pressing into my full shaved balls.

“Aubrey,” I panted.

“Good boy,” she chuckled, increasing the pressure of her nails into my nuts. “Guessed wrong again, I would have had you in your cage until New Year's and beyond.”

My stomach flip-flopped even as her hands worked their magic. With Aubrey, that was no idle threat.

“Now that all of you is the right color,” she laughed, bringing my cock back to the edge of orgasm again, “would you like to put on the rest of your costume?”

“Yes, please!”

The sleep mask came off and I blinked at the sudden light.

Katrina was standing behind Aubrey wearing furry gray knee-high boots, a steel female chastity belt with fur-trimmed panties underneath, and metal cups and fur strips over her chest and breasts.

“Wha-?”

“I am Zoradak, Warrior Queen from the Northern Ice!” she laughed, standing tall in her boots. “Here to abduct the men of your country for breeding!”

Aubrey had been right; if Katrina worked it right, there wasn't going to be a soft cock in the house!

“Um...” I forced myself to look away, to the waiting Aubrey, who was going to inspire a lot of tight pants and wet panties herself. “You were saying, about the rest of my costume?”

Aubrey undid my handcuffs, put a slave collar and leash around my neck, holding the thin leather lead in her hand.

“Do we even need to give him the loincloth, Kat, or do you think this is enough?”

“Aubrey!” I cried, my face turning red.

When they stopped giggling and my face was fully red, she waved at the other girl.

“Show him, Kat.”

The tall blond pulled what looked like a rack of blue and gold beads out of her purse.

“What is that?” I demanded.

“Your loincloth!” she chirped, starting to tie it around my waist. “I sewed it today between shoots!” She arranged the scandalously skimpy garment over my half-hard boner and bare butt.

Just like Aubrey, I was bare at the hips, just the string of the loincloth stretching between front and back. A front which was ten bead strips wide, barely two hand widths wide, and the back was only five marble-sized beads across, about a hand width itself.

“I can't wear this outside!” I cried, turning in the mirror to see that most of my buttocks were still bare. “I'd be-”

I stopped when I realized.

“Practically naked!” the girls sang in unison, and I shivered, fearing what was going to happen tonight.

Best Costume at the Party

Part 2

Robin Wilde and Karijuspets will have to let me know if the story they suggested is going the way they wanted...

The party was happening in the rented ballroom of a five-star hotel. The girls cased the joint like they were planning to rob a Vegas casino.

"It's too bright in the lobby to walk him past," Aubrey said, driving her SUV sloooooooooowly past the row of clear glass entrance doors. "Security cameras in the corners- see them?"

"And I don't like the looks of that doorman," Katrina agreed, eyeing up the scowling older man guarding the entrance. "He doesn't look cool enough to let Davey past him dressed like this."

I was in the back seat, still wearing the beaded loin cloth, Aubrey's slave collar, and nothing else. Well, Katrina had lashed my wrists together and to Aubrey's headrest using a pair of thin leather cuffs she had 'found' in her purse, but I didn't really count that.

"We can still go back home!" I said, pulling at my trapped wrists. The butterflies of fear I had felt in my stomach leaving the house had been replaced by eagles of fear, almost making me throw up. "Please?"

Aubrey parked the car near one of the hotel's locked side entrances and turned the engine off. "Davey, if you don't want to come to the party with us, you can stay right here in the car."

Oh good.

"But you'll be wearing this instead of that little loincloth," she said, placing my steel chastity belt onto the SUV's dashboard, "and I'll leave your hands tied and all the interior lights on!"

Oh fuck. Nude, wearing a chastity belt, with my hands tied and in a lit car, right next to one of the hotel's entrances?

"Aubrey, please!" I begged, pulling at the headrest. "I can't even get inside like this! I'll get arrested for indecency!"

"No you won't. Wait here. Keep him company, Kat."

"Will do," the blond model laughed, kicking her booted feet up on the dash as my girlfriend got out of the car and strode towards the hotel's main entrance, in a fashion befitting an Egyptian Queen. As Aubrey walked, the slits in the sides of her outfit showed off smooth skin from her ankle to her shoulder.

Katrina chuckled, as we both watched her disappear into the building.

"She's going to find a way to sneak you in, you know."

I gulped. "I know."

"When Aubrey gets her mind set on an idea, she's as unstoppable as a hurricane."

I remembered the tidal wave of wetness between Audrey's thighs Wednesday night, when she and Kat had planned this outfit for me; I had almost drowned.

I gulped again. "I know."

The relaxing model turned back to me, her feet up on the dash giving me an unsurpassed view of her long, bare legs. They looked like a pro beach volleyball player's- tanned, smooth, and each sexy muscle defined.

"Are you getting nervous?" she giggled, as I stared at her legs. "Of being seen like that in public?"

"A little."

That was bullshit- my stomach was doing backflips.

"Too nervous to get hard?"

And Katrina reached over with her long arms and plucked the front of my loincloth off my penis, draping the beads over my thigh instead. I tried to stop her, but with my wrists tied to Aubrey's headrest, all I could do was struggle as she exposed me!

"Katrina! Put that back!"

She was laughing, her hand over her mouth. "You ARE nervous! Your little guy's shriveled up into an itty bitty acorn!"

My face was turning red as I still struggled to free my wrists from the headrest.

Katrina had seen me totally nude; more times than I had imagined any friend of my significant other ever would. But I had always been partially, or usually, fully hard around

her. It was embarrassing, being that nude and aroused around a dressed woman, but this was worse, having her giggle at the size of my shy, scared soft dick!

“You won't impress any of Aubrey's friends that way,” Kat said, digging for something in her purse. “You don't want them to think she's dating someone with a little two inch baby penis, do you?”

“If you put the loincloth back no one will see it!”

“Oh honey, they're going to see it,” she giggled, still rooting around in her purse. “Never believe the Director when he promises your outfit will keep you covered the entire shoot. 'The glue on those fig leaves definitely won't come off while you're doing the splits, Katrina.' Or 'No, that body paint is definitely water-proof, Katrina'.”

She sighed and shook her head. “I've learned it's better to just show the whole crew everything you've got right up front. Let them get all their giggles out of the way, stare at all the holes they want, and then you can get down to business without worrying about a stagehand dropping a light on your head because he was distracted by seeing your rosebud for the first time. Ah, here we go!”

Katrina was holding her palm out to me, a tiny blue pill in the center of it.

I pulled my head back. “Why... why do you have Viagra?”

“I'm a modern girl, living in the modern world,” she giggled. “Now go on.”

“I can't be... hard at the party! Not wearing this!”

“With your nerves, it will only be taking half a pill. It will just keep you a little chubbed up, so you look good when Aubrey's friends catch a glimpse from the side. It's no different than make up for women.”

“I don't know, Kat. It seems really risk-”

She shoved the pill into my mouth as I was talking then held my mouth and nose closed until I swallowed.

When she let go, I was red-faced and furious, gasping for breath.

“KAT!”

And she was laughing her supermodel ass off.

“Happy Birthday Davey! I'm going to look forward to this!” She spotted something coming our way, then smiled. “Oh, looks like Aubrey's brought the cavalry.”

I craned my neck to see out the window, the Viagra pill I had just dry swallowed feeling like a rock in my stomach, and saw that she was right.

Aubrey was striding back our way, her imperial Cleopatra dress flowing with each step. And behind her was coming a sexy Spiderwoman, a sexy Disney princess, and a sexy girl wearing some sort of burlap party dress.

"Katrina!" I screamed. "Cover me up! Hurry!"

"Remember what I said about getting the nudity out of the way early? You've got to do it fast, just like ripping off a band-aid."

"No! I don't want that! Cover me!"

She sighed. "You're just drawing out the pain, Davey."

"I don't care!" I begged, almost yanking Aubrey's seat out of the floor. "Cover me!"

Katrina thought about it for a moment, all while Aubrey's army of hotties got ever closer.

"Maybe. But you've got to agree to do a naked dance for me sometime later. Sometime when Aubrey's not around." She giggled. "Which means you'll probably need to be wearing this..."

Just seeing her manicured finger stroking the chastity cage Aubrey had left on the dash had blood starting to flow to my cock. Her soft, feminine fingers rubbed and played with the head, just like they had played with mine earlier in the night...

"Fine!" I finally blurted out, when the girls were only feet away. "Hurry!"

"Okay, Davey..."

Katrina was still giggling when the rear door opened to reveal Aubrey, a big grin on her face.

"Just like I said, girls. Meet my boyfriend, Dave."

That's when I realized that Katrina's pill had just doomed me.

The sexy Spiderwoman was even sexier up close, her tight, shiny outfit practically painted on and showing she was nude underneath it; I could even see the outline of her lower lips if I stared.

The Disney Princess's ruffled skirt stopped halfway down her thighs, high enough to show

the garters holding her smooth, white stockings up on her slim, sexy legs.

And the other girl... it looked like ALL she was wearing was the burlap sack and high heels, the sack frayed at the top and sticking to her ample cleavage by some magical force, and frayed at the bottom where it rounded around her bottom with barely an inch to spare.

Unless I swallowed some alcohol to whiskey dick me fast, I was going to be rock hard around these girls all night.

“Holy shit Aubrey, you weren't kidding!” Spidergirl laughed. “He's practically naked!”

“And hot,” the Disney girl giggled. Her eyes ran me up and down, then tried to bore through my half-see-through loincloth.

“Yes, I guess I do forget sometimes how sexy Davey's body can be,” Aubrey sighed, smiling at me. “Since I see it all the time.” I caught her double meaning, even if the girls didn't. “Let him go, Kat, we've got to get inside before people see.”

Katrina reached over and, with a pull of one string, undid the knot holding my wrists to the head rest that I had been struggling with for the past fifteen minutes. She must have been a sailor in a past life, I guess.

I still had Kat's leather bracers on each wrist, and I quickly held my hands over my loincloth, before the Disney princess stared a hole right through it.

“Aubrey, please,” I begged again, rubbing my wrists. “I can't get out of the car! Everyone will see me!”

She smiled. “Not with my friends to help. Beach protocol, ladies!”

Aubrey grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the car- she was much stronger than she looked, all women were- and onto the cold parking lot concrete. The other girls, Katrina included, formed up around me, a phalanx of women, blocking the view of my lower half from every side.

“This is what we do when one of us has to change outfits on the beach,” Aubrey explained, grabbing my leash and pulling me forward. All the girls kept pace, their bodies forming a sexy wall around me as we walked.

Why did I have to take that damn Viagra?

Oh yeah, because Katrina forced it down my throat. I looked at the blond, towering over me in her boots to my left, and she just smirked.

“A leash too?” the Disney girl laughed. “You guys ARE kinky! I'm Angela, by the way,” she

giggled, extending an opera-gloved hand across the formation to me.

I blushed, holding up my wrists which were still cuffed before me. "Sorry, my hands are..."

Now her hand was covering her mouth as she laughed. "Ooops! I forgot! I mean, I don't usually meet naked and handcuffed men every day!"

"You should come by my place more often," Aubrey laughed.

"Hell Aubrey, we've worked together two years, and I didn't have any idea you were into..." Pressed against my right side, Snow White looked me up and down, then broke into giggles again. "...something like this!"

My whole face and chest felt flush, being totally nude this close to a girl I had never met!

And every few steps her white stockings would rub against my shaved leg, sending electric shivers right to my cock.

"God, Aubrey, I can like, totally see his butt through these beads back here!" Spidergirl asked, from behind me. "Did he lose a bet or something?"

"Something like that," Aubrey said, smiling over her shoulder at me, still holding the leash to the collar around my neck. "The original plan was for Davey to have to be totally naked around my friends at a dinner party where he was the waiter, but he chickened out and choose this instead."

"Awwwww!" Aubrey's three new friends laughed, and I blushed again. Did that mean ALL of them wanted to see me wearing even LESS than I was right now?!

We walked this way right past the doorman and through the main lobby, the girls pressed close against me from all sides, giggling as they shielded my near-nudity, and my face red, as I tried my hardest not to get an erection.

Since there was free booze at the party, there was a check in table to keep out kids and uninvited guests. A mid-forties-ish woman dressed as a 1920's flapper manned that table, her face lighting up when she saw us heading towards her.

"Good to see you came this year Aubrey!" she said, handing my girlfriend two drink tickets. "And you're... Cleopatra! Oh, I love it!" She leaned forward to stage whisper. "Just keep everything... covered up, if Mister Youngman or his wife come by your table? I'm supposed to enforce the costume rules tonight."

"Costume rules?" Aubrey laughed, sliding the drink tickets in her headband. She of course,

didn't have any pockets or even a bra or panties to tuck them into!

The older woman looked a little embarrassed. "Well, Last year, a couple of girls from Accounting thought they could get a bigger Christmas bonus from Hank if they made their costumes 'Wet T-Shirt' contest. It was embarrassing for Hank's wife, so Deborah made a rule this year... you know, just keep it decent." She threw a worried glance at Katrina, and her steel female chastity belt, which was her only cover on bottom.

"Well, um, miss, I don't know I can let you inside, since your, um... metal *bikini bottom* doesn't have much of a back..."

"It does too have a back!" Katrina protested, as more than a few wandering men stopped to stare at the barely dressed model showing her butt to the check-in desk. "There's a metal strip between my butt-cheeks, to make sure I can't get any sex at all, even through the back door! It's the most secure chastity belt that-"

"I'll make sure she stays away from Mr. Youngman," Aubrey interrupted. "She's my best friend, and I'd hate to have her sitting out here. With you. All night."

"Well, if Hank doesn't see her, I don't think Deborah will care," the woman said, crossing off Kat's name and handing her two drink tickets as well. "It's pretty crowded in there, you can't see most costumes more than twenty feet away, so just... stay away from the center tables, okay?"

"Will do!" Katrina giggled, and when she saluted the older woman, her breasts bounced in their barely-restrained metal cups while the rest of her outfit jingled.

The woman shook her head, looked over the rest of the girls from behind the table- how she had a problem with Katrina and not the girl wearing nothing but a burlap sack I don't know- and then waved us all in.

"And this is my boyfriend Dave," Aubrey said, taking my drink tickets as well, since my hands were still cuffed. "He's Cleopatra's Egyptian slave for tonight."

The flapper's eyes got big as Aubrey, Katrina and the Disney girl parted so that she could see my lower half for the first time.

Her jaw dropped, and I think she and I were blushing the same amount as the cool hotel air hit my nearly-nude body. "Oh my! Hold on!"

Aubrey stopped pulling on the leash attached to my cuffs, halfway into the ballroom. "What's wrong?"

"He can't... um, Deborah's rules! And he's..." I could see her eyes drop to my swinging, mostly soft cock, which was barely, barely, barely concealed by the ten strings of beads

Katrina had made. "He's..."

"Cleopatra's loyal slave!" Aubrey said, showing how the bead colors of my loincloth matched the serpent on her tiara. "They didn't let slaves wear three piece suits back then, you know."

"Yes, but Deborah said..."

"Libby, come on," Aubrey laughed. "Deborah won't care if Hank gets to see this. Davey's costume doesn't show Hank anything he hasn't seen before, right?"

"I suppose, but..."

"And after all these years of scantily clad female costumes, isn't it time for us girls to get a little *peek* ourselves?"

Aubrey had turned me to the side with a firm hand on my shoulder, and with my hands cuffed in front of me, I couldn't stop her from lifting my rear beads and showing my naked butt to a woman I had never seen before in my life!

"Our secret, Libby?" Aubrey giggled, as Spidergirl, Cinderella and Sack girl laughed out loud.

"Well!" the woman laughed, then looking from my butt to my face and back again, fanning herself. "You are a lucky girl, Aubrey! Go on in, hurry, before Deborah comes out here!"

Aubrey pulled my leash and I stumbled forward into the crowded ballroom, the pack of giggling girls right behind me.

It was a fancy party. Only a third of the people were in costume, mostly the younger crowd. Most of the older men were wearing tuxedos or suits and ties, their cougar wives wearing Vera Wang evening dresses, diamond necklaces, and high heels that probably cost more than my beat up car.

I suddenly started feeling very out of place.

"Aubrey," I hissed. "I don't think this was a good idea!"

"Hush," she laughed, yanking on my leash, pulling me forward as she looked around. Katrina had already disappeared off towards the drink table. "Don't worry, Davey, there are a lot of people in costume! Look, there's a zombie, there's a... football player zombie and there's a... ice cream man zombie?" She shook her head. "Some people have no imagination!"

But each step forward brought more air over my fully exposed body, more swings of my free hanging cock and balls under the beads, and more stares from fully dressed people around me. I saw one girl dressed as a cheerleader openly laugh as I walked by and her friend, a catgirl, spit out a drink and point.

“Aubrey!”

“Beach protocol, girls!” she laughed, and the giggling girls formed up around me again.

The center of the room was more well lit, obviously the more expensive tables of the night, with older folks in them, and the outside of the ball room was much darker, containing most of the people our age.

Aubrey led the group around the edges of the room to some of the less occupied tables. Along the way I jumped as a soft feminine hand reached under my loincloth to pinch my buttock, and both the Disney girl and the sack-wearing girl giggled.

“How can I get my boyfriend to do something like this?” the sack girl asked. “He's such a prude.”

“This?” Aubrey laughed. “It's more than I let Davey wear at home.”

The girls laughed, thinking she was joking. I just blushed and let myself be led around by my collar.

She led us to an empty round table in the darkest corner of the room, then sat down. My protective shield of women fell away and I scrambled to sit as well before someone saw me.

I was as nervous as a rabbit under a field of hawks, looking around constantly. And my loincloth had flipped up in the back when I sat- my bare butt was touching the seat!

Aubrey was watching me with a smile, her beautiful bare legs crossed and pointing at me, her dress showing them off from foot to hip. “How do you feel?”

“Exposed!” I whispered to her. “And helpless! Please Aubrey, let's just-”

She had pulled my face forward for a deep French kiss.

Her tongue darted around in my mouth and her fingernails scratched my thigh, making me shiver and pull at my bound wrists.

“I love it when you're like this,” she giggled in my ear, after breaking the kiss. “Guys get hard over a damsel in distress, but I get wet seeing my boyfriend the same way.” Her whisper was hot and urgent in my ear. “I'm already dripping. I might need you to lick me in

the bathroom soon!”

“Oh god Aubrey!” I cried, as the beads in my lap started to shift.

“I don't think it's a good idea to get an erection in that little outfit of yours,” she giggled. “Katrina promised to make it so short that everyone would see your goods the second you popped a boner.”

“Then please stop talking like that!” I begged, my face red. With my hands bound, it was hard to adjust the loincloth to keep myself covered, if that was even possible to begin with!

She giggled and leaned back, turning her attention to her friends and talking about work issues.

I couldn't really contribute to that, and so I just sat in a nervous ball, bare shirted, barefoot, my bare butt touching the cold hotel chair, and my legs crossed to keep the fickle loincloth over my cock and balls!

At least the break let the erection she had started to create with her kissing go down, although my skin still felt warm and flushed, my blood vessels dilated because of stupid Katrina's pill! How long did Viagra last, anyway- thirty minutes?

“Ugh,” Aubrey spat, as one of friends pointed something out along the wall. “There's Ken Humphries, at it again.”

I looked over and saw a rugged, handsome man dressed as an Ebola doctor laughing, with a girl dressed as a College Cheerleader under one arm and another, dressed in a skin-tight Black Widow outfit under his other.

The day Ken Humphries had smoozed his way to the promotion that had been promised to Aubrey had been one of my few scheduled orgasms for that month, but she had been so livid she had canceled it and instead had paddled my ass over the dining room table until she was finally calm enough to talk about it.

It was safe to say we both hated Ken Humphries.

As I watched, Ken's right hand drifted down the cheerleader's back and under her short skirt, to grab a confident handful of her silky, pantied ass. The girl just giggled and leaned closer to him.

“I can't believe they let him get away with sleeping with every intern that comes through here,” Aubrey growled, grinding her teeth. “If they had made me division lead, I wouldn't allow any of that shit!”

“The company's a boy's club, there's no doubt about that. Women don't get any respect

around here," the sack-wearing girl agreed, then saw me staring at her.

The petite girl looked like she was literally nude underneath that sack, the tops of it taped just above the nipples of her firm, high breasts. Which, from the look of their size, shape and how proudly they stood on her chest even when obviously unsupported, were probably implants. Expensive ones.

"Hi, I'm Kikki," she giggled, and I shook her soft, tiny female hand.

"Dave," I gulped, then pulling back my bound wrists. "And I was trying to figure out... you're a....?"

"Sexy hobo!" she giggled, smoothing her burlap sack around her. "You know, like those guys on old cartoons who would go around wearing nothing but a barrel? Well, I didn't have any barrels at home, so...."

Katrina plopped down at our table, panting but with two drinks in her hands.

"Whew! It's a jungle out there!" she laughed, handing one of the dirty martinis to Aubrey. "I got my ass pinched three times waiting in line for a drink and two propositions on the way back!" She bumped shoulders with me and gave me a wink. "Good thing I'm wearing a chastity belt, huh?"

Aubrey smiled and sipped her drink. "You didn't really lock that thing, right Kat?"

"Oh gods no! Can you imagine, having the most pleasurable, parts of your body locked away behind hard steel, unable to get to them whenever you wanted to?" she laughed, crossing her long, bare legs and scanning the room. "That'd be torture!"

"Torture indeed," my girlfriend giggled, as I just blushed more. She pulled two drink tickets from her Cleopatra headband and handed them to me. "Get us two more martinis, won't you babe?"

I looked for the drink table- across the crowded ballroom, it looked a mile away!

"Aubrey! I can't!" I whispered to her, shrinking behind the partial cover of the tablecloth. "I'm... I'm practically naked!"

She raised her nose into the air. "What good is having a bound slave if he's not serving me hand and foot?" she laughed, loud enough for all her friends to hear. They instantly chimed in.

"Yeah slave! Get her a drink!" Spidergirl laughed.

"And you better look hot doing it!" Disney girl agreed.

I shook my head, blushing. "Aubrey, please- not tonight! Just let me sit here until we go

home!”

She just grinned. “Katrina, do you want to show him?”

“Sure!”

My girlfriend pinned my bound wrists to the table with one hand, and then she and Katrina both reached for the front of my loincloth, with me unable to stop them.

They each grabbed a vertical string of beads from my front and pulled. There was a sharp SNAP, and now I had only eight strings of beads covering my front instead of ten.

“Aubrey!” I shrieked, and all her friends were giggling as Katrina held up the beads they had stripped from me.

“Katrina made your loincloth so that each string was separate,” she told me. “And every time you disobey my commands tonight... I'm taking a string. If you're good, you can go home with something still covering you. Bad boys go home naked.”

I was shivering, terrified, blushing, as her friends were dying of laughter. But I was also getting a little hard. Aubrey saw the look in my eyes and laughed.

“Now go on, get us our drinks.”

And Katrina snapped off one of the strings covering my butt as I was hurrying away.

The path to the drink table was just as rough as Katrina had described, but I didn't get my butt pinched, probably because I was a man.

That is, until I got up to the bar itself.

Leaning over the bar, trying to get the bartender's attention, I heard female laughter behind me.

“Well now! What are YOU supposed to be?”

I turned to see two older women, dressed in elegant black evening gowns, pearls around their necks and wrists, smiling, their eyes fixed at my waist. I realized my rear loincloth must have ridden up while I was leaning, but I had no way to fix it with my hands tied, so I spun to put my butt to the bar.

“I'm uh... Egyptian slave boy!” I stammered, showing her my bound hands.

“Mmmm, you make me want to legalize slavery again,” she purred. She was quite a attractive blond, barely forty, with a sunny bright disposition and a slight southern accent. “Get these topped off, won't you, sugar?”

I handed the two glasses I was given over to the bartender, and as we waited for their refill, the sunny woman couldn't stop looking me up and down.

“Good gosh, you're barely covered, aren't you honey?” she laughed. “Look at the abs on him, Teresa. He's better than my last pool-boy!”

Her friend purred in agreement, and I felt like meat on display.

The older woman ran a perfectly manicured finger down the center of my chest. “You know, sugar, if I wasn't married, I'd pull you into a dark coatroom, flip up that little beaded curtain and give you a nice hand job, just to thank you for showing up in that little getup and making our lives brighter tonight!”

Her friend laughed, looking at my beads and the outline of my growing cock. “You still can! Boys his age pop in ten seconds and we'd be back to our husbands before they even missed us.”

“And then I could do it to him again ten minutes later,” the first woman laughed, accepting her drink from the bartender. “Ahh, the pleasures of young lovers.”

As she leaned forward to reach her drink, the side of her soft gown rubbed against my bare, shaved arm and leg. These women were dressed like they were attending a White house dinner and I was just trying to keep my cock from erecting and moving my loincloth!

She placed a hand on my bare back, just above my butt, and whispered in my ear.

“How about it, sugar? I bet my hands can make you explode so hard you'll pass out.”

“Please, ma'am- I have a girlfriend!”

“You have a girlfriend?” she laughed. “And she lets you dress like that?”

“She's the one who made me dress this way!” I said. “She's over there!”

“Then I'll have to thank her later as well,” the older woman said. “Pity. Why are all the good nude men taken, Teresa?” she laughed.

And as her and her friend walked back on their expensive high heels towards the center tables, holding the drinks I had handed to the bartender empty and returned full for them, I felt the bartender tap my shoulder hard.

“That'll be two drink tickets, Kimosabe,” he said, holding out his hand expectantly. Oh shit.

The Best Costume at the Party

Part 3

Each step back to our table increased the dread building in my stomach. Not just for the lost tickets, but because Katrina's Viagra was definitely kicking in. Instead of keeping me slightly chubbed up, I could feel a tightness building at the base of my cock. When this erection came, it was going to be unstoppable.

I dug my fingernails into my palms until it hurt to hold back the inevitable just a few minutes more, and practically jogged back to our dark corner of the huge room, holding my loincloth down; the exertion seemed to keep my erection at bay and gave me less chance to notice the snickers I was getting as well.

Aubrey and the girls were laughing at something she said, but Disney Princess pointed out when I was approaching and they all turned with shining eyes to watch.

"You'll see, girls," Aubrey was saying with a smile, then her expression turned to disbelief when she saw me. "Where are our drinks?"

My mouth was cotton, I couldn't talk.

"There were... two older women... and they, they wanted drinks! And all I did was hand their glasses to the bartender! And I was trying to tell them I didn't want a handjob, when the bartender charged me for the drinks, and I didn't have any more tickets and-"

Her face turned dark. "Why were you trying to get a handjob from strange women?"

"I wasn't! They just offered and-"

"So you just gave away two of my drink tickets?"

She reached for my beads, and my heart almost stopped.

I tried to stop her, but Katrina caught my bound arms and held them out of the way.

"One string for losing my drink," Aubrey said, yanking one-eighth of my loincloth's front away as I stood in front of her friends. "And one string for losing Katrina's!"

I was struggling, almost crying. "Aubrey! Don't!"

“And one on the back as well!”

“No!”

Down to just five strings of beads on the front, my loincloth was now little wider than my palm held in front of my cock and balls! And I had only two strings left on the back!

Katrina let go of my bound wrists and I dove into a seat at the table, covering myself with the tablecloth as all of Aubrey's friends howled in laughter.

“Oh my god!” Spider-Woman said. “You just stripped your boyfriend at the table!”

“Not yet,” Aubrey said, grinning at me. “He's still got a few strings left.”

“Hardly!” the Disney Princess laughed, peeking over the edge of the table at me. “His thighs are totally bare, and his front barely covers more than my bikinis do!”

“And he's totally bare at the back!” the hot girl wearing just a burlap sack giggled.

“It's more like a G-string in the back, I'd say,” my girlfriend laughed, patting my red upper cheeks. “I've made Dave wear a sexy little G-string on the beach before. He liked it so much he got a little boner right there in public!”

The Sack Girl had a hand over her mouth, her shining eyes looking right at while she laughed. “How do you do it, Aubrey? I'm always trying to get my boyfriend to show more skin, especially at the beach! He'd NEVER let me put him in a little getup like this!”

My girlfriend just leaned back and crossed her shapely legs, looking very much like the Queen of all she surveyed. “Just don't let him shoot his load for two weeks. Then he'll let you do anything you want to him.”

All the girls laughed again as my face burned. But Sack Girl still thought she was joking.

“Seriously! I mean it! How do you do it?”

I was begging Aubrey with my eyes. Begging.

My girlfriend just grinned at me, then spoke to her friends.

“Seriously. Two weeks.”

There was a hush around the table, as all the girls were processing the idea that she might not be joking, and my stomach was falling to the center of the Earth.

“Oh my god!” Disney Princess finally blurted out. “I want to make you, like, the President of Women or something!”

“You don't even know the half of it,” Aubrey said, standing up to tower over me. “And I guess since my slave couldn't even do a simple task right, I'll have to go do it myself. Come on Kat, let's go get some more drinks.”

My eyes got huge. She couldn't leave me alone like this!

I wanted to grab her wrist, force her to stay, but that would just make things worse!

Aubrey gave me a wink as she turned away. “I'll punish you for this failing soon, slave.” She finally untied my wrists and took off the bracers so my hands were free and the girls giggled as she and Katrina walked away.

And then I was on my own.

The Princess didn't wait even a five seconds. “You really haven't busted a nut in two weeks?” she asked, looking right at me.

I blushed, but I couldn't lie. If I flatly contradicted something Aubrey had said in public, forget two weeks, she would keep me denied for two months!

“Yes,” I said, my face burning. I used my newly freed hands to fidget with the centerpiece on the table.

“He means they haven't had sex in two weeks,” Sack Girl clarified, then leaned towards me and I was almost looking between her bare tits all the way down to her belly button. “But you've totally like, jacked it in the shower a few times, right?”

I couldn't even look at her. She had a little bit of baby fat still on her, in her cheeks and arms, but that just made her look younger and more innocent than her friends. And her bare legs were shaved and lotioned so well, they practically shone, even in the low light! On a normal day I would get hard just looking at her. And now, with her sitting right next to me, nude under a thin sack, my erection was fast approaching!

I bit my lip, squeezed my nails into my palms again. The girls were all looking at me- they

wanted an answer.

“No. Not that either.”

“There's no way a man could resist masturbating for that long,” SpiderGirl laughed, challenging me to deny it.

Not unless your girlfriend locked you into a steel chastity belt most nights.

And weekends.

And whenever she just wanted to see you squirm.

“How do you do it?” Sack Girl giggled, adjusting her top where it had almost fallen to expose her nipples to me.

I gulped. I couldn't tell them about the chastity belts- I wasn't ready to expose THAT much of myself to strangers!

I shrugged. “I take a lot of cold showers.” That part was true, at least.

The girls laughed and I stopped trying to look up Sack Girl's dress, even though her careless leg crosses seemed determined to show her regions to me. I suddenly noticed that all the other girls had drink tickets in front of them but she didn't. She looked nineteen- could she really be that young?

“Wow. You must be SO horny all the time,” the Disney Princess giggled. “WHY do you do it?”

Her short skirt had ridden up so that I could see her garters stretching over bare thighs, and a little peek of her powder blue panties above those.

That's always been the way to get me to tell the truth- flash a little panty peek at me.

I gulped. “Because Aubrey asks me to.”

“Awwwwwww!” all three girls said again, and this time it was a cute sound, like they had just seen a box full of puppies.

Disney Princess jumped out of her seat to hug me from the left, her silk stockings and silk panties rubbing against my bare, shaved leg, and Sack Girl jumped up to hug me from my right, the top of her bare tits sliding against my arm and her bare something- I didn't dare

think about- sliding against my thigh as she straddled it.

“Isn't that the most ROMANTIC thing you've ever heard?!” Sack Girl squealed to the others.

“It is!” the Princess agreed. “I wish ALL boyfriends were like you!”

I, meanwhile, was getting the hardest, longest, thickest erection of my entire life under my loincloth.

“Let's go dancing!” Sack Girl laughed, bouncing up and down. She tugged on my arm. “All of us!”

“Sounds good to me,” Snow White said, putting down her purse and pulling on my other arm.

“No!” I resisted, gripping the table. “I can't! I'm-”

I was too embarrassed to say it. But a quick look down from the Princess revealed the problem anyway.

“So you got a little boner,” she giggled. “I'd expect you would, if you're really as backed up as Aubrey says. It's okay, we don't mind!”

I was fully blushing, my heart pounding as one shaking hand tried to hold the scant beads of my loincloth over my hard cock and the other anchored me to the table. I was at least partially exposed to everyone now- they could see my balls, if not my erect shaft!

“I can't go out there- people will see!”

“We'll protect you,” Sack Girl laughed. “Beach Protocol!”

The three girls gathered very closely around my chair again, close enough that their skin touched my shoulders and arms. This did not help my Viagra boner go down in any way.

“No! I can't!” I gulped, looking up at their smiling faces. “Aubrey wouldn't want me to-”

“Aubrey said that we could take you dancing if we wanted to!” Sack Girl said, stamping her foot. “Well, now we want to!”

The other girls were nodding, and I felt sick to my stomach.

On the one hand, Aubrey would be pissed if she came back to find me erect and happily

dancing with three scantily clad women, beach protocol or no. On the other, if she had said that I should dance with them, refusing would be like refusing a direct order from her, and she would be even more furious about that!

Oh god- which was the right choice?

I let go of my death grip on the table. "Aubrey really said it was okay?"

SpiderGirl laughed and picked me up from behind, her hands under my arms- her strength truly was amazing.

And then the three girls dragged me out onto the crowded dance floor.

The Beach Protocol worked again; at least, I didn't hear any of the high society wives cry out as me and my mostly exposed boner left our table, even if we did stay closer to the outlying shadows than the well-lit center of the dance floor. But it also meant that the girls had to dance very, very close to me.

"Come on, dance!" Sack Girl laughed over the house music, swaying in front of me while I stood in near-frozen shock. "You're barely moving!"

"I'm barely moving because each inch I move my hips doubles the chances of my costume falling off me!" I hissed back, trying to hold my loincloth somewhat over my hard dick.

"I know, right?" she laughed, pulling up the top of her sack just a second before it would have dropped down to show her firm young breasts to me. But she kept energetically swaying and bopping to the beat even so. "We're like, the same, you and me!"

I gulped. She was nude under that sack, after all. "I guess."

I looked over her shoulder and saw two guys at the edge of dance floor, eyeing us both up. Well, probably more her than me, although I could see them cocking their head, trying to figure out exactly how dressed I was.

"Ugggh! Are those two creeps trying to look at my ass again?" Sack Girl giggled, noticing where I was looking.

"Yeah," I gulped.

“The things we do to look hot, am I right?” she giggled, still dancing away.

My dick got even harder as I blushed.

Her outfit, which barely covered her butt when she was standing still, had ridden up to expose the bottom half of her tight, smooth ass. I got her attention over the music. “I think, if you just stop dancing-”

“I can't do that!” she laughed, and I almost fell over as she turned around, and ground her ass into my crotch while wagging a finger at the two peepers. They blushed and turned away as I still stood frozen in shock. She looked back over her shoulder at me. “I bet THIS gets you to dance!”

And then she ground her ass into me harder.

Her lively hip thrusts pulled my loincloth right off my cock, exposing me and made her short burlap sack ride up, exposing more of her. And my hard, naked dick slid between her buttocks into a very smooth, very warm, space.

“Oh god! Oh fuck!” I yelped.

“Sammi, I don't think that's the best idea!” the Disney Princess laughed, pulling my hips back so my erection was no longer sliding between the globes of her friend's nude ass.

The Sack Girl pouted and pulled her dress back down, still dancing to the beat, as Snow White turned me around by my shoulders to face her instead, pulling me close enough so that my dick was safely hidden under the ruffles of her skirt.

“Dancing is about moving with your partner,” she told the younger girl, as her prim and proper opera gloves slid down my back to cup my bare ass. She didn't even bother moving the two strings of beads I had 'covering' my asscrack now, just slid her hands right onto my bare cheeks and used them to make my hips to move exactly how she wanted. Which was a regular, steady circular motion that made my dick slowly grind right against the mound of her silky, virginal panties.

Disney girl laughed at my tormented expression as the head of my erection slid against the opening to her silky, panty-covered pussy with every combined rock of our hips, driving me insane. “See? Doesn't it feel better if we move together?”

Oh fuck, she was a good cocktease, this one. Almost as good as Aubrey.

Now SpiderGirl felt left out, and after a minute she pulled me away from the cocktease to dance face to face with her instead.

Her skin-tight suit didn't do anything to hide my bouncing erection unless we were pressed intimately close, which she realized after a few moments. She pulled me to her until we were cheek-to-cheek and navel-to-navel in a very close Tango embrace.

I had never understood bodysuit fetishes until that very moment, when SpiderGirl pressed her skin-tight costumed body against my nude one, sandwiching my erection between our stomachs as we danced. No matter where I put my hands on her soft, thin suit, I could feel her muscles working underneath my palms as if she was naked.

She used one hand on my ass to make my resisting body sway to the beat just like Disney Princess had, but this time I could feel her bare palm gripping my nude cheek and it was so intimate I blushed, unable to look her in the eye even though we were practically kissing.

"Maybe you were telling the truth and you DO never do jack off," she chuckled into my ear as we did a modified Tango. "You're as nervous as a teenaged virgin at his first dance."

Maybe more teenage boys would be nervous at their first dance too, if they were naked and all the girls were clothed.

"Aubrey DOES keep you from masturbating, doesn't she?" she whispered, just barely audible over the music. "She controls when you do it?"

My face was red as I nodded. "Yes."

She had a knowing look in her eyes. "And you're not just her slave for tonight, are you?"

My desperate erection ached as her lithe body pressed it against mine. "No."

She smiled and her hand started caressing my bare bottom, much more intimately than before. Sack Girl and Snow White danced with each other right behind me, covering what SpiderGirl was doing to my naked rear.

"I've read about men like you," she chuckled right into my ear, her breath hot and electrifying. "What do they call you? Bottoms?"

One of her manicured fingernails teasingly scratched my nude ass as she said it.

I swallowed hard. "Sometimes."

“Submissives, then?”

My dick twitching against her intimate parts like a tuning fork when she said the word was impossible to deny.

“Yes,” I admitted.

SpiderGirl was grinning at me under her mask. “Let's really dance,” she said, then switched the position of our arms. I had only taken a few Tango classes with Aubrey so it took a minute to recognize what she was doing, and SpiderGirl laughed when it finally registered on my face.

She had put herself in the lead position and me in the female stance.

“But-”

“Just go loose and stay with me,” she chuckled. “Submissive.”

My heart pounded in my chest from humiliation as the strong, quick SpiderGirl forced my body to move and twirl and dip much more than I wanted. I was exposed in this costume already. The last thing I needed to do was draw attention to myself with flamboyant dancing!

Her strong, confident lead forced me in a feminine spin and my loincloth flew up as I twirled, exposing my shaved cock, balls, and ass to everyone who was looking.

“That's it!” she laughed, pulling me close to her after the twirl. “Flash the rest of the dancers- show them what they're missing!”

She was moving me so quickly I couldn't think about anything besides where to put my feet. And I had to stay up on my toes, just like a woman in high heels, or risk stepping on her fast feet! As bad as being a showy, practically nude dancer for all to see might be, it would be worse to stumble to the floor or knock my partner down. That would really get everyone looking this direction!

Spider-Woman smiled and twirled me three times in a row, and as my beaded loincloth went full horizontal, I just closed my eyes, blushing deeply.

For a few, brief seconds, I felt nothing but air on my cock, balls, and ass.

I would never be able to look any of Audrey's friends in the eyes again!

The song drew to a close and Spider-Woman pulled me close to her and held me there, my body pressed against hers like it was painted on.

With her in heels and me barefoot, she was taller than I was, and I looked up as she held me, making my back arch slightly, just like I was the female partner.

"That was really hot," she giggled, both our chests heaving. "You got any brothers that are nudie submissives too?"

I couldn't answer, I was so embarrassed!

There was a laugh and suddenly my Beach Protocol force field parted, to reveal Aubrey and Katrina standing there, to see me flushed, erect, and in the arms of another woman.

"And just what the hell," my girlfriend said, raising an eyebrow at me, "is going on HERE?"

I jumped out of the Spider-Woman's arms.

"I was... we were... dancing!" I blurted out.

"I see that," Aubrey said, setting down her half-empty drink. "You put on quite the little show." She stepped into the center of the circle of girls. "So now dance for me."

I couldn't read the smile on her face; was she happy, or really pissed off? I gulped and came forward to hold her in the same Tango embrace. She pushed me away.

"No, dance FOR me! If my sexy man is dancing, I want to see it!"

I blushed and started doing a generic white-guy shuffle to the music.

"No, dance sexy!" she said, still giving me that unreadable smirk. "Like you were doing with Jessica."

I gulped. "Aubrey, she was making me-"

"I said dance, slave!" And then my girlfriend pulled another string of beads off the front of my loincloth.

I jumped as if electrocuted and started dancing more vigorously, waving my hands up near my shoulders.

"You're not trying hard enough!" she laughed, and then pulled another string from my front.

"Aubrey!" I begged.

There wasn't any point of the loincloth now- I was naked! The few remaining beads slapped against the side of my hard cock, looking ridiculous.

"You wanted to dance- so dance!" she laughed, then smacked my hard cock downward with her fingers.

As stiff as I was, it didn't hurt, it just made my cock waggle up and down like a diving board. Spider-Woman, Sack Girl, and the Disney Princess all laughed as I danced faster, trying to please my girlfriend.

Aubrey smacked my steel hard cock again and then started dancing in front of me, a vision of swirling cloth and peek-a-boo flesh. "You look so sexy when you dance," she giggled. "Lose your inhibitions, slave- make me proud!"

Now I could finally read her expression.

It was her hunting smile.

I fearfully raised my hands over my head, really trying to match the beat.

She snapped another string off my front.

Katrina snapped one off my back.

Aubrey slapped my cock again, this time in time to the music. "Go slave, go slave!" she sang, dancing in front of me as her friends almost fell down, laughing.

Katrina pulled the final bead string off my back- now I was truly bare-assed!

That did it- Aubrey reached for my loincloth again- the waistband this time- and tossed the entire thing away to a nearby table.

I was on the crowded dance floor of my girlfriend's fancy corporate Halloween party.

I was surrounded on all sides by her sexy, scantily clad, giggling friends.

I had a rock hard Viagra erection.

And now I was wearing nothing but a slave collar.

Aubrey's four friends cheered at the top of their lungs, the DJ chose that moment to turn the house music way UP, and the next ten minutes of my life became a blur.

I had to dance- every time I slowed down, Aubrey would slap my cock or Katrina would slap my ass. The other girls pressed against me from all sides, rubbing their breasts against my back or their thighs up between my legs, laughing as I moaned in obvious sexual need.

Katrina loved dancing up against my back, biting my neck and rolling my nipples from behind, which always made me whimper. Spider-Woman's hand never left my butt the entire length of the song, and once, a set of prim opera gloves covered my eyes while a quick hand gave my cock a few fast strokes and then left me hanging. I never found out if that was Sack Girl or Aubrey.

The girls used my collar to make me face them when they wanted attention, and in the fight to dance with me, they spun me around so much I got dizzy.

When I was facing Aubrey she would sometimes kiss me or stroke my cock, and even under the flashing disco lights I could see her mega-watt smile of total and complete victory over me.

Eventually the song ended and the DJ came back on mike.

"Alright folks, we're going to start the boring speeches and awards now, so I'm going to turn up the house lights so we can all see what's going on."

"Oh shit! Girls, form up!" Aubrey giggled, and I was in the middle of a giggling group of females again. My girlfriend grabbed the lead from my collar and they hustled me back to our table in the corner of the room, someone's hand on my ass, someone's hand on my cock, and all of them giggling the entire time.

When we got close I dove into my chair, covering my crotch with the table cloth just as the lights started getting brighter.

And brighter.

And brighter.

Aubrey and I looked at each other in shock as it became nearly as well-lit as a normal office.

“Oh shit!” I gasped, turning red. “Aubrey!”

She held up the tablecloth. “Under the table Dave! Hurry!”

I didn't have a choice- someone was going to see my bare chest, and probably bare ass, any moment now!

I dove under the tablecloth, going to my hands and knees, nude, in the middle of a crowded ballroom. But at least I was covered, for the first time that night; the table cloth was thick and reached almost to ankle level. And then the girls started sitting down.

Aubrey first, crossing her legs in her Cleopatra dress so that she showed skin from her upper thigh to the sexy heel she was letting dangle off her painted toes. And then Katrina, with her long toned legs, her bare knees practically poking my ribs. The Disney Princess's smooth stockings and garters were in my face too, as were her panties until she crossed her legs a second later. SpiderGirl skin-tight legs were at my rear, and her knee bumped my ass as I started running out of room down there. And Sack Girl apparently totally forgot I was down there and sat with her legs uncrossed. Her knees were sort of pressed together, but not tightly enough for me not to be able to look at her bare, completely shaved, nineteen-year-old pussy as long as I wanted.

My heart started racing as my dick became a painful lead pipe between my legs. I had to get out of here- a few more minutes of this view and I'd wouldn't be able to help but start touching myself!

“Alright folks, grab your last drinks,” the DJ said on the speakers. “Mr. Youngman's coming to the stage and he's told me he's got about an hour of speeches and awards to go through before we can get back to dancing again.”

The Best Costume at the Party

Conclusion

The girls were awash in whispered giggles as the boring business speeches started.

“OMG! I can't believe Aubrey actually did that! Dave was dancing totally nude out on the dance floor!” Sack Girl giggled, her bare legs bouncing under the table, right in my face.

“It's not a big deal,” my girlfriend laughed. “He's nude at home all the time anyway.”

Disney Princess's ankle started rolling excitedly. “You're not kidding, are you? Your boyfriend just walks around naked at home, all day?”

“Not 'walks around',” Aubrey corrected. “I strip him. He really wants to wear clothes, especially when my friends come around.” I could just feel her grin from above the table. “I just don't let him.”

I blushed as all the girls squealed again, their excitement showing in their legs and feet.

My dick got even harder and I gave myself a quick stroke.

The questions started coming fast and furious.

“Why he doesn't he have any hair down there?”

“Because I don't let him,” Aubrey would reply. “I like his dick and balls better smooth.”

“Is that why he shaved his arms and legs too?”

“No, that was Davey's idea,” she chuckled. “But maybe I'll keep it.”

“My boyfriend would freak if I tried this- how come Dave got so hard, in front of everyone?!”

“Because he likes being shown off. Back when we were dating in college-”

In a panic, I grabbed one of Aubrey ankles and squeezed, hoping she would get the message.

No! Not this story!

Aubrey just used the flat of her other high heel to grind my fingers against the floor until I let go, not missing a beat.

“-two of my sorority sisters walked in on Dave masturbating in our shower. He was really going at it, apparently, and they took pictures and told everyone. He pretended to be so embarrassed about it, but later, he secretly told me how much it turned him on and how hard it made him cum thinking about it later, just hoping it would happen again!”

All the girls giggled as I died a slow death.

“And so I helped set that up,” she continued. “Every single girl in my pledge class 'caught' Dave nude and going at his dick, usually in a predicament where it was hard for him to quickly cover up before they got a real good look.”

The table practically shook with female laughter.

“Oh my god!” Sack Girl giggled, finally crossing her legs to hide her pussy from me.

“Pervert!” Disney girl laughed.

“I bet he loved it,” Spider-Woman laughed, her skin-suited shin tapping my ass from behind.

“He did,” Aubrey laughed, crossing her legs imperiously in my face again. “After that, we moved in together, and the first time I took away his clothes for a whole weekend, he loved that too. That was also the first time he met my mother. Davey was so polite and respectful to her, even if he was blushing and erect the whole time!”

I squirmed, feeling like the lowest form of life, literally kneeling nude under a table unable to stop her from revealing my worst secrets to her friends!

My aching dick was also dripping onto the floor.

“The first time I met Davey, he was nude as well,” Katrina giggled. “He cooked us dinner, we talked about all sorts of interesting things over the meal, and before I left, Aubrey made him rub and kiss of my feet in thanks. It was a very nice night.”

“It was,” Aubrey agreed. “And Dave loved it too. He's got such foot fetish- he's probably touching himself under the table right now.”

With a blush I let go of my throbbing dick.

The volume on the main speakers came up for a moment. "And now, folks we'll be starting our silent auction for charity. As always, please make your way to the tables in the rear, to place your bids on a fine array of company embroidered clothing and stationary..."

"Ugh, I hate this part," Sack Girl said, her crossed ankle rolling. "We should be auctioning off something fun at this costume party- like seeing Aubrey's boyfriend nude again!"

"Or as our nude butler for a night!" Disney Princess laughed.

"Psssh," Spider Girl laughed. "Make it a week and I'm in."

"Okay," Aubrey said, and my heart stopped.

"What do you mean, okay?" Katrina laughed.

"I agree, to auction Davey off to do whatever dare you girls want. But only one dare per woman. And to make it fair, we have to give Davey a chance to bid to defend himself."

"Bid with what?" Sack Girl laughed. "I didn't see him bringing a wallet in that outfit!"

Yes, I was wondering this too.

"Something that makes it fair," Aubrey laughed. "On his salary, he can't put up money against all four of you. It's got to be something that everyone has an equal supply of... okay, we'll bid with orgasms."

"What!" I squeaked from under the table, and not just because Katrina had slipped her a bare foot out of her boot and was rubbing my side with it.

"Each of us will propose a prize for Davey to do, and then that person and Davey will start bidding against each other, using days of denying themselves orgasms as their bid," Aubrey explained. "If the girl wins, Davey has to do the task and she goes without orgasms for that long. If Davey wins, he doesn't have to do the task, but he has to agree not to cum for that much longer." My girlfriend laughed. "Starting from today."

"But how can we pay a bet like that?" Sack girl laughed, and Katrina answered right away.

"My company can get any of you brand new chastity belts that will make sure you can't cheat!" Her teasing foot slipped below my ribs, to bat at my heavy, swinging cock. "Davey

already has his- he was wearing it earlier today!"

The girls gasped and there was a flurry of discussion and clarification about what exactly chastity belts were, during which my blushing only got deeper.

Now they knew about that part of my life too!

"Alright, let the dares begin," Aubrey declared, and I was shaking. "Who's first?"

"I'll go," Katrina laughed, her foot still batting at my stiff cock, driving me insane. I later learned that she had done it just to make sure I wasn't beating off. "I dare Davey to... be a male model at the next fetish shoot I do. November is butt plug month!"

I shuddered and I almost came right then, and Katrina's foot stopped just in time.

"Kat, I agree to that dare on Davey's behalf," Aubrey giggled. "Let the bidding begin!"

"Let's see, I really like cumming, but I really really want to see Davey with his cute bottom blushing and plugged," the model giggled. "So... I bid three days!"

The other girls giggled as I felt my stomach clench. Aubrey knocked on the top of the table.

"And what do you bid, slave?"

I felt a tightness in my chest. I had really been looking forward to cumming tonight! But I couldn't pose for butt plug pictures for the internet!

"Four days," I squeaked, hating myself as I did.

"But you would look SO cute on our site!" Kat laughed. "And you're already shaved and ready! I hate to do this, I wanted to cum so badly this week but... six days!"

I was running out of oxygen under the table. Literally, I couldn't breathe.

"Davey?" Aubrey giggled when I stayed silent. "Speak now, or forever be on the internet with your butt spanked and plugged!"

Spanked!?

"Seven days!" I gasped. "I'll go seven days!"

“Whew, too rich for my blood!” Katrina giggled. “You win, Davey. I guess I'll just have to be content with giving myself nice, hot, bathtub orgasms twice every day this week... And I think you have to be in the union to model for our site anyway.”

I groaned, pounding the floor with my fist.

Kat had never wanted to win the bet- she had just raised me to trick me into staying in the belt for another week! And Aubrey would honor my bid, I was sure!

“Who's next?” Aubrey said, as the girls laughed at the outcome and Kat's foot went back to batting at my dripping penis.

“I'll go!” Sack Girl giggled. “So my bestie's 18th birthday party is coming up in 2 weeks at my house, and I dare Davey to... be our stripper for the night!”

There were whistles and catcalls above the table as I just blushed more.

“I'll allow it,” Aubrey said. “On one condition: Davey's strip show has to be near the first part of the night, and you can't let him get dressed at all after it!”

“Mister Steel Boner walking around a nude all night?” Spider-Woman laughed. “I might go to this kiddie party myself!”

The women laughed again, but I could see indecision in Sack-Girl's nude legs.

“Well... but my BFF, she's never even SEEN a nude man before... if Dave's going to be naked the whole time... could we play those stripper games where she licks whipped cream off his penis or something?”

Finally, I thought, the condition that would make Aubrey reject the dare. There's no way she'd let me get eager blow-jobs from a group of young, playful-

“Sure,” Aubrey laughed. “You can stick his dick in a slice of birthday cake and have the birthday girl lick it clean for all I care! But if any of you girls make my Davey accidentally pop off during the night, you have to collect all his cum and make him eat it right away. You can't even wait for him to stop cumming before you start feeding him his sperm- that's always his penalty for unauthorized orgasms.”

My jaw dropped as the girls cackled above me, their bare or stockinged legs sliding against my skin.

Aubrey had NEVER made me do that- she was lying!

“Deal!” Sack Girl giggled, and I saw her hips shift as she and Aubrey shook hands. “I start the bidding at... three days!”

I groaned. Three days, on top of the week I had just gotten for beating Katrina? That was going to be hell!

“Four days,” I gulped.

Sack Girl squeezed her perfectly smooth thighs together, in indecision.

“Oh man! I was going to spend the weekend fucking my boyfriend... and I'm kinda horny already....” She whimpered, pressing her thighs together tightly. “I hope my BFF appreciates the gift I'm getting her.... five days!”

My balls ached as the women laughed.

That would be almost another two weeks- on top of the two weeks I was already backed up!

“Davey?” my girlfriend sang. “What do you say?”

I swallowed on a dry throat, but couldn't make myself speak.

“Going once,” she giggled. “Going twice... SOLD to Sammi! One stripper for your friend's birthday party, who agrees to be groped, spanked, licked and sucked as much as the birthday girl wants, as long as she makes him eat any loads he accidentally spills!”

I shivered, even as my cock threatened to cum on the spot.

I was going to be nude at a party full of giggling young girls, some of them eager to grab or lick whipped cream and cake off my dick as a party game, and I'd have to somehow resist their advances or do the most humiliating thing a man could do with his load, in front of all of them?

Aubrey had really done it- she had sold me into hell!

“My turn next,” Spider-Woman chuckled, and I felt the top of her foot swing up to give me a soft but shocking tap right in my balls. She kept idly swinging her foot between my thighs, as I was in all-fours, unable to really move, slapping my nuts with her soft foot as she spoke.

"I want my dare to be something permanent, so Dave will always remember me... So I dare him to... let me take him to a tattoo parlor and have the artist ink "Aubrey's Bitch" right on his shaved ass tonight!"

This brought the loudest cheers yet from the girls, even as I felt like I might throw up.

"Mmmm, 'Bitch' is a such harsh word," Aubrey said, twirling her ankle in thought. "I don't know if want to see that on Davey's ass every morning, forever..."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Make it... 'Aubrey's Slave' and we've got a deal!"

"Deal!" Spider-Woman laughed, and when she leaned over to shake Aubrey's hand, she kicked my balls the hardest she had yet.

Under the table, I squeezed my knees together and her next lazy kick glanced off my bare butt.

She laughed. "I start the bidding at... oh hell, how about where Kat left off- one week!" I gasped as the women laughed.

I already had an extra week in the cage from Katrina! But I couldn't get tattooed- that was permanent!

"Eight days," I panted, hating myself.

"Nine."

"Te... ten days," I said.

"Eleven."

There wasn't even the hint of hesitation in her voice.

When I paused, feeling the walls close in on me again, Aubrey said, "Going once..."

"Twelve days!" I blurted out, and all the women above the table laughed again.

"He really doesn't want to get tattooed!" the Disney Princess laughed.

"Sure he does, he's a submissive," Spider-Woman laughed. Not finding any nuts to kick, she reached out and rested the flat of her heel on my ass. I could feel a little grit grinding between the sole of her shoe and my bare skin, and the tip of her stiletto came dangerously close to penetrating my exposed asshole.

"Davey just wants it to look like he put up a fight before giving in," she laughed. "Thirteen days!"

She was going to outbid me, I could just hear the certainty in her voice. But I didn't want to be slave branded! I couldn't!

"Four.... four... fourteen days."

Before Spider-Woman could match my bid, Katrina spoke up. "You know you have to serve those chastity days sequentially if you win, right?" she asked the other woman.

"I'm going to supply the belt- it's one made for long term female wear."

"Yeah?" my tormenter asked. "So?"

"So you really think that you can go fifteen straight days with a cold, hard metal plate pressed tightly against your vaginal lips?" Katrina asked. "The long term belts all have dual insertable plugs and clitoral guards. You'll have a hard, slippery dildo stuffing your pussy, a smaller one in your rear, all day, and the guards will keep your clit from touching absolutely anything at all, even though it's just right there, just below your fingertips."

Katrina was stroking the front of her own steel chastity belt as she talked, right where her clit would normally be. Spider-Girl couldn't see it, but I could.

"Do you really think you could take that?" Kat continued. "For fifteen days? There'll be no free time, I promise. I'll come over with Davey each night to conduct your bowel movements and cleaning and shaving under the belt, but your hands are going to be tied behind your back while Davey and I do it. We may even give you a little teasing with your vibrator to make you slippery enough to slide the plugs back in before we lock you up each night. For fifteen straight days."

Spider-Girl's heel came off my ass. "That... that's not very long." But now her voice was unsure. "It's just two weeks plus."

"Honey, I've only been in this thing for two hours now and my clit's already on fire," Katrina laughed. "After two weeks you'll be a mindless zombie, I promise."

“Your bid?” Aubrey asked SpiderGirl, after she didn't speak. “Davey's bid fourteen days... going once...”

Spider Woman's voice wavered. “I... um...”

I held my breath.

“...going twice...”

Oh god.

“Sold to Davey!” Aubrey laughed. “He doesn't have to get a tattoo, but he does win two more straight weeks in chastity! Yea!” She turned to her left. “Sorry, Sammi, but it looks like your stripper's going to show up at your party in two weeks with his cock still wrapped in steel!”

Her nude legs stamped on the floor. “That's not fair! I paid for a fully functioning stripper!”

“We'll work something out,” Aubrey laughed. “Only two of us left to bid? Chloe?”

“Yeah I'll go!” the Disney Princess giggled. “I want to dare Dave to... clean my house from top to bottom fully nude!”

After my near permanent slave-branding, that was almost a relief.

“That's boring,” Spider-Woman pouted, crossing her arms.

“My house is pretty dirty,” Disney girl laughed, then her hips turned towards Aubrey. “And I want him OUT of his cage while doing it! I want to see his little cock aching and bobbing as he hand washes my floors!”

I blushed. Little?!

“Fine, I'll let Davey out of chastity for your cleaning and Sammi's party,” Aubrey agreed. “But then those days don't count towards the bids he's made to win the other dares. We have to extend his chastity time by however long it takes to clean your house. Deal?”

“Deal!”

Of course, no one asked me. I just hoped her house wasn't too dirty, or I'd be in the belt forever!

"I start the bidding at one day," Snow White giggled.

I gulped. "Two days."

"Three," she laughed, and I was torn in two directions again.

Looking down the barrel of three straight weeks in chastity, I didn't want to add ANY more days! I closed my eyes.

Hopefully she wouldn't make me wash the windows when people could see in...

"Going once?" Aubrey laughed. "Going twice..."

Or mow the lawn...

"Sold to Wendy," my girlfriend chuckled. "One nude house cleaner, to make her place shine! And the same rules as Sammi: if Davey 'accidentally' starts cumming during the dare, you have to make him eat it, starting even before he's done cumming."

"I can work with that," she giggled, and I groaned.

Did that mean she would try to make me cum a lot during her time, or just tease me silly?

"Boring," Spider-Girl said, still pouting.

"At least I won what I was bidding on," Wendy laughed, and when she uncrossed her legs, I noticed her virginal Snow White panties had soaked through.

Was that from thinking about winning my services, or from anticipating Katrina holding the key to her sex for three days?

The girls, all except Spider-Woman, laughed, and I exhaled. I had made it through the gauntlet with one nude birthday party and one nude housecleaning added to my schedule, but had avoided being a nude butt plug model or a branded slave for eternity. That was better than I could have hoped for, and hey, the birthday party might even be a little fun-

"And now it's MY turn to propose a dare," Aubrey giggled, and my head hit the bottom of the table.

"What?!"

All the girls chuckled as Aubrey slid her bare, crossed legs against one another. "Now what should I ask for...?"

She already was my mistress- what more could she want from me?

"I mean, I already control Davey's nudity... and his orgasms... and what goes in his mouth and in his butt," she giggled, as my last shreds of dignity died, "so what more could I really ask of him? Maybe I don't need to propose a dare after all."

I exhaled.

"Or maybe," she giggled, "I'm going to dare Davey to... let me fuck the shit out of Ken Humpries."

The top of my head hit the table again.

"Him?" Katrina asked for me. "You HATE him. And Davey hates him. You BOTH hate him."

My girlfriend just laughed. "Well it wouldn't be much of a dare if Davey wanted me to fuck him, would it? I might as well dare Davey to let me fuck you."

My cock surged at that last thought, then remembered what we were really talking about. I grabbed her slim ankle again. "Aubrey- please!"

"I start the bidding at... three days."

"No! I'm not going to let you sleep with Ken Humpries!" I cried. Anyone but him! "Four days!"

"Ohhh, I knew this was a good dare," she giggled, her other ankle bobbing in anticipation. "Five days!"

"Six!"

But she just laughed. "That's right Davey, bid me up higher! I want you to. That way my pussy will be aching and slippery with need when I finally let Ken take off my chastity belt and slide his huge cock into me. If you get me into double digits, I'll probably cum four or five times with Ken just from penetration!"

She had never cum from just penetration during sex. At least, never with me!

"I bid ten days!" she laughed, and then uncrossed her legs so that I could see up her dress, and how the anticipation was making her wet already.

Aubrey, my loving Aubrey, slid one manicured hand under the table and ran her painted fingernail around the edge of her shaved, dampening pussy, right in front of my face where I could see.

"Going once.... going twice..." she giggled as her finger made its circuit around her sex. "Come on Davey, speak up or you might lose this forever!"

But I knew I had already lost it.

Aubrey would have to outbid me in this test of wills or lose face in front of all of her girlfriends in public. She would go into the hundreds of days if she needed; her pride was that strong. And each day I added would just make her that much hornier for Ken's cock.

I did the only thing I could.

Closing my eyes, I lowered my head until my lips touched the top of her sexy, bare, high-heeled foot, and I kissed her arch. When a tear squeezed out of my shut eyes and landed on her skin, I licked it up and then kissed her foot again.

"Did he bid?" Sack Girl asked. "I couldn't hear anything."

Aubrey put her second high-heeled foot next to her first, and, still blushing in shame, I kissed that one as well.

"Oh, he's bidding," she laughed, turning her feet so I could kiss all sides of it. "In his own special Davey way. He just gave me his blessing."

I started crying.

"Sold to me!" she giggled. "Ten days in a tight chastity belt and then one WILD night of sex with Ken Humpries. Now Kat, I want you to tease the shit out of me every night I'm in the belt- vibrators, nipple play, spankings- Davey can help to," she laughed. "I want you to get me so fucking ready to orgasm with Ken that I give him the best night of sex in his life."

"But why?" Kat asked, again being my voice.

"So I can finally get that damn promotion!" Aubrey said. "I'm tired of bimbos making

regional manager before me. If anyone's going to use the power of sex to get ahead in this company, it might as well be me!"

A soft pat on my head told me I could stop kissing Aubrey's feet and that everything was going to be okay.

But I didn't see how it could be.

"Wow," Sack Girl giggled, crossing her bare, nineteen year-old legs. "That was a crazy auction. It really went places I didn't expect!"

I agreed with her, my heart broken but my balls painfully full.

I heard the sound of confident high heels approaching our table, then stopping very close.

"Excuse me, but are you Aubrey Gellar?" the heels asked. They belonged to woman older than Aubrey, but one who had taken great care of herself and her feet.

"Yes ma'am- I am!"

Ma'am? Aubrey never called anyone Ma'am!

"I have gotten quite a few reports tonight," the older woman said, "that you were seen dancing with a nearly nude man out on the dance floor, inside a circle of a Spider Woman, a Snow White and a Barbarian Queen with a metal bikini."

"And a sexy hobo!" Sack Girl protested.

"Sammi!" Disney Girl hissed. "Shut up!"

I saw the nerves from the way Aubrey uncrossed her legs. "Yes ma'am. That was me."

"I figured it might be. Since I had previously seen Cleopatra's nearly nude slave myself, when I ran into him at the bar."

That's where I had heard this voice before! The older woman who had offered me a hand-job!

"Yes ma'am. I sent him to fetch our drinks."

"And where is your little footman now?"

Aubrey chuckled. "Well, in that case, I guess you could say he's exactly where he should be. Under the table."

Suddenly the edge of the tablecloth flipped up and I found myself looking at the face of same elegant trophy wife from before,

"Well," she chuckled, looking my nude form over. "You're wearing even less clothes than when we met before, young man." Her eyes dropped lower. "And you're much happier to see me."

I couldn't answer, as my nude, hard cock just bobbed before her eyes. Would this night of humiliation never end?

She flipped the tablecloth back down and took a seat next to Aubrey. Now I was looking at her slim, sexy legs right next to my girlfriend's.

"You were the one who made him dress this way to the party?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And you were the one who stripped him nude, right out on the dance floor?"

Aubrey giggled. I guessed the older woman was smiling. "Yes ma'am."

"I could hear you girls giggling all throughout our silent auction. It seemed you were having much more fun here than we were at the expensive tables!"

"Probably," Aubrey laughed. "We were taking dares on things that my boyfriend Dave had to do while nude. He could bid days of not um, pleasuring himself against the dare-giver's days, and whomever bid the highest got to say if the dare got done or not."

The older woman purred, thoughtfully crossing her legs.

"Well in that case, I dare your boyfriend to be my pool boy for the next summer season. I kept making my old pool boy's outfit smaller and smaller until he quit, but I guess I won't have to worry about the size of your slave's Speedos if he's just going to work in my backyard all summer nude as the day he was born! I start the bidding at one year."

The words hit me like a punch to the gut.

I was gasping for breath, but I didn't dare make a peep- I didn't want anyone to think I was trying to match THAT bid!

"Mrs. Youngman, I don't think you understand," Disney Princess said. "The bid you're making is how long you'll go without orgasm if you win the dare."

"I know that young lady. I understand game theory, you know; I have an MBA."

I was still gasping for breath- one year! Or be nude all Summer for the owner's wife!

"Well," Aubrey laughed nervously. "Dave? Do you have anything to say to that?"

I was still shaking under the table. This was just supposed to be a fun one-night party, not change my whole life! This couldn't be happening!

"Going once, twice, sold to Mrs. Youngman," Aubrey chuckled. "One nude pool boy, for the entire next summer season, I guess."

I couldn't understand- what did this mean? Were Katrina and I going to keep the wife of my girlfriend's boss's boss's boss in a chastity belt for a whole year?

"Excellent," Mrs. Youngman said, her legs disappearing from under the table as she got to her feet. "The pool opens in March, young man. I expect you at my house at least two afternoons a week, all season long."

"Um... Mrs. Youngman," Aubrey said. "About your bid..."

"Hank has an alternative heart medication he doesn't like taking," the older woman said, now only visible to me from her calves down, "because it keeps his penis soft as a noodle, even if he takes a double dose of Viagra afterwards. If I lean on his doctor, and then both of us lean on Hank, we can get him back on that medication as soon as next week. And I promise to keep him on it for 365 straight days, no matter how much he bellyaches about the pain in his testicles."

She chuckled. "The medication doesn't stop his sperm production, you see," she explained to the girls, "just the delivery mechanism. And with the way he leers at you poor women in the office, I've just been looking for an excuse to put him back on the stuff. My poor hubby's going to have a VERY frustrating year, I'm afraid."

The girls were just as shocked as I, hearing this. Even Aubrey seemed a little flustered.

"But--"

"I'm a rich millionaire's wife, my dear. I ALWAYS pay my debts using HIS account," Mrs. Youngman laughed, and after a moment, the girls did as well.

I saw her expensive high heels turn away, then turn back after a step. "Oh, and you girls are free to come by our pool any time you want next summer. I plan on holding many clothing-optional parties just outside Hank's office during the season. And having you five, beautiful young girls tanning in nothing but your sunglasses right below his window while he's horribly horny but his penis refuses to respond seems like the best justice for my lookie-loo husband."

And as I watched those attractive feet walk away, I could only imagine how I would be serving them in the coming months.

"Well!" Aubrey laughed, crossing her legs in my face again. "Looks like we got Davey a summer job!"

Her friends giggled above me and I felt more than a few female knees and feet nudge me suggestively, one high-heeled foot even slipping between my legs to check if I was still hard.

Suddenly Aubrey's legs disappeared from under the table as well. "And now it's time to get my own," she stated.

I grasped for her ankle, found nothing but air. "Where are you going?"

"I've still got to sleep with Ken Humpries to get that promotion. I was going to wait until after my locked period, but I think I'm horny enough now!"

"Aubrey!" I hissed. "You can't!"

She laughed, and I saw those beautiful, slim feet that I had pampered so often take two large steps away from the table. "Well, I'm right here Davey. Come out and stop me."

The lights were still fully on! And I was nude and hard! I couldn't leave the safety of the under table!

"Aubrey!"

Her feet took another large step back, now halfway to the next table. "Last chance Davey. If I take another step, I'm letting Ken have me in the back of our SUV. I'll do everything for him, be his perfect little whore, unless you stop me!"

The fear was shrinking my dick again. She was really going to do it! "Aubrey!" I begged.

"Bye Davey!" she giggled, and I watched those perfect feet skip out of my life.

Katrina's boot kicked me in the side. "Go after her, you idiot."

"That's easy for you to say!" I shot back, looking at her from under the tablecloth. "You're still wearing clothes!"

Sack Girl's soft foot prodded me from the other side. "It's obvious she wanted you to stop her, duh."

"Stop her how?" I hissed. "Wrestle her to the ground? Have a huge fight in front of everyone while I'm buck naked?" I was fully blushing from head to toe, as I considered those options. "I can't stop her!"

The girls groaned.

"It's a big sacrifice she's looking for!" Disney girl laughed. "She wants a knight in shining armor!"

"But I'm her... slave!" I whispered the last word.

"Go get her Davey!" Katrina said, and her boot prodded me again. "Be a man!"

"Yeah- save her!"

"Do it Davey!"

"Show her you've got the balls!"

But it was showing everyone else that I was worried about.

Katrina stuck her head under the table, looking in my eyes. "After ALL you've been through tonight... you want to lose Aubrey over THIS little thing?" she said, reaching in and shaking my half-hard cock with her hand. "You'll let your best relationship end because you don't want anyone seeing these four inches?"

Disney Princess snickered, looking at me from the other side. "More like three inches."

I blushed, but Katrina was right! I took a deep exhale, then another one, psyching myself up.

“Oh god, oh god...” I turned to Kat hopefully. “Beach Protocol?”

“Go! Hurry!” she said, pointing at the exit. “Before Aubrey gets a taste of that normal sized cock!”

I blushed even more, then screamed and rushed out.

I heard many gasps and cries as I ran past table after table of fully dressed, conservative men and women. Aubrey's friends were cheering far behind me, but I could barely hear them for the blood pounding in my ears.

I ran past the owner's table, hearing Mrs. Youngman laugh “Look! There goes my new poolboy!”

I ran past the check-in table, making the 1920's flapper gasp.

I ran past the doorman at the door, dodging his attempted tackle as he cursed and yelled that he was calling the police.

Heart about to explode, I scanned the parking lot- there was Aubrey's SUV!

And it was already rocking back and forth.

Sprinting closer, the pavement cold under my bare feet, I heard the worst sound in the world, timed perfectly with the thrusts that were rocking the SUV.

Aubrey's moans of pleasure.

I raced to the passenger door and flung it open to find Aubrey on her back, her nude legs lewdly spread as far apart as they could go, her bare, shoe-less feet curling in pleasure as her open pussy got pounded over and over again by...

...her own three fingers.

“I was hoping... you'd come...” she laughed, still masturbating herself and bucking against the car seats and ceiling, writhing in pleasure.

I scanned the front seat, the trunk, all around the car. “But... Ken?” I cried, confused.

Her chest was flush from pleasure, her mouth half open as she reached so close to the

ultimate pleasure. "I'd never cheat... on my slave..." She smiled. "At least... not with a man! I just wanted you to... show me you cared!"

"I do!"

"Did you run... past everyone... naked like that?"

"Yes!"

Aubrey arched her back and came, her cries ringing out clear and sharp across the whole parking lot.

There is no more beautiful sight, all men can agree, than a desperately horny woman orgasming with in long, earth-shaking pleasure. The way her legs shook, the way her back arched, the look of victory on my Aubrey's face- if she had asked me right then, to give up ALL my future orgasms for the right to see her cum like that whenever I wanted to... I would have been sorely tempted.

Fortunately, she only asked me to give up some of them.

"Hand me your belt," she panted as she came down, waving at the chastity cage still sitting on the car's dash. "Hurry, before the afterglow fades."

I got in, closed the door, and reached between the front seats to get that cursed steel. "Good, you're already kind of soft," she giggled, pulling me to her by my balls and starting to thread my genitals into the metal even as she breathed hard, trying to recover. "I'd hate to have trouble as I locked you away for the next three weeks."

Panic set my heart racing. I had been hoping for at least a little relief before starting my bid terms!

"Aubrey! You can't be serious!"

"Deadly serious," she giggled, squeezing my balls to make me softer. It worked and then I was almost in. If I didn't stop her now-

"Aubrey!"

She looked me right in the eyes, then clicked the lock shut. "I LOVE being the one in charge," she laughed, and then took me in her mouth. She sucked on the outside of my cage with her warm wet mouth, making my cage a vise! "I LOVE being able to do this to you!"

I pounded the car's roof in frustration. "No! NO!"

A loud banging of fists on the SUV's windows pulled us out of our faux oral sex. "What the-?"

"Get in, get in!" Katrina was laughing, as she pulled the passenger door open and jumped inside. The back door, where my nude ass was, opened as well, and a sexy Disney Princess, sexy Spider-Woman and a sexy Hobo all piled into the crowded car.

"They're coming Aubrey! The hotel security guards!" Snow White laughed. "We've got to go! Now!"

"Shit!" My girlfriend crawled into the driver's seat, pushing me back. I fell into the arms of Snow White, my nude skin rubbing against her soft dress and stockings in amazing ways.

Aubrey started the car and we peeled out of there, me and her friends piled in the back of the SUV like disorganized clowns, just seconds before three guys waving flashlights ran up to our parking spot.

The girls were cheering as we sped down the roads, high-fiving themselves and laughing. But all I could think about was how I was laying across the lap of Snow White, my face buried in the lap of the sexy Hobo, with my legs tangled up with the sexy Spider-Woman's.

I cried out in pain and grabbed my tight cage, which made the three girls laugh even more.

"Oh shit! Is this that metal penis cage thingy you were telling us about?" Snow White laughed. "Hey Aubrey- can I touch it?"

"Do whatever you want with it!" my girlfriend called back from the front, still taking corners like a getaway driver. "His dick can't get hard- so what ever you do to Davey back there- it's not cheating in my book!"

The three women cheered again and fell on me, kissing my face and body, rubbing my bare chest and ass as they giggled, and pulling, sucking and squeezing on my chastity cage and balls, just to see what interesting noises they could get me to make as Aubrey drove us home after our night out.

*****THE END*****