**Getting Married Set Me Free**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 8**

**Day 22 – Sunday**

For the first time since our honeymoon I didn’t wake up to the feeling of a cock sliding in and out of my pussy. Instead Dylan’s cock was sliding in and out of Lucy’s pussy. I turned to face Lucy and started kissing her as my hands drifted to her tits and her clit. Dylan and I made her cum twice before Tom arrived and got into the bed behind me. It took him only seconds for his cock to start sliding in and out of my pussy.

It seemed a bit strange being fucked by Tom whilst I watched my husband fuck Lucy, but I was sure that I was as happy as the other 3 looked.

It was nearly lunchtime when we got off the bed and after some coffee Lucy and Tom left leaving Dylan and I to tidy and clean the place.

That evening I got a phone call from Bethany asking if I was still interested in helping out at the shop. I said that I was but it depends on when because I was now committed to some things on some days of the week.

“How about Mondays?” Bethany asked.

“I’m free on Mondays.” I replied.

“That’s good,”Bethany said, “Monday is usually a quiet day and I was thinking of shutting the shop so that I could have one day off each week. Tell you what, talk it over with Dylan and come in in the morning if you are still interested.”

I quickly had a word with Dylan and then phoned Bethany back and told her that I’d be there in the morning. After I’d terminated the call Dylan said,

“That’s good Esther, it will keep you busy on a Monday and you can travel in on the Underground with me.”

“Not too close to me on the trains I hope, I don’t want you to put off any pervy gropers.”

Dylan laughed the replied,

“I could come up behind you and grab your bare butt under your skirt.”

“Hmm, that would be nice, especially if I don’t know that it’s you.”

Dylan grabbed one of my tits with one hand and my pussy with the other.

We had an early night and we both managed to catch up on the sleep that we lost the previous night.

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**Day 23 – Monday**

Dylan woke me the usual way and early enough for us to have a shower together before getting ready to leave. It looked chilly outside so I wore a denim jacket over the thin cotton micro skirt and thin tank top. My legs, right up to my waist felt the chilly air as we walked to the Underground station.

As we approached the crowded platform Dylan stood behind me and I pretended to ignore him but it was a little difficult as he kept lifting the back of my skirt and grabbing my bare butt. I kept looking from side to side pretending to look for the hand’s owner and saw a couple of youngish men looking at what Dylan was doing and I hoped that they were getting some ideas.

The train arrived and just as I hoped, it was quite full before we got on. I felt like the proverbial sardine in a tin with men in business suites all around me. I couldn’t see Dylan but I knew that he wasn’t far away.

It didn’t take long for a hand to start exploring my butt, firstly over the thin cotton, then under it. As that hand explored my butt I felt another hand on my front top of one thigh. Both hands were slowly moving towards my pussy, I wanted them to move quicker but I guessed that they were taking things in stages to see if I was going to scream and make a scene.

Then I felt a hand come from my other side, much higher, and it found its way into my jacket that I had unfastened when we arrived at the station.

By the time the density of people in that carriage reduced I’d had had my nipples squeezed and rolled, my clit rubbed and my vagina penetrated by a finger from behind. All by unknown men. I had got quite aroused and was disappointed that the train journey didn’t take longer.

Back on the platform, I felt another hand go up that back of my skirt then a split second later I heard Dylan say,

“Enjoy that did you Esther?”

“Yes I did, I’m looking forward to going to work at the shop every Monday. I wonder what time Bethany will want me to close the shop and what the trains will be like on my way home.”

“Don’t build up your hopes Esther, people tend to leave work at different times so the trains don’t get that crowded.”

There were too many people going up the escalators for anyone to see up my skirt and on the street Dylan and I kissed before we parted.

Bethany welcomed me and as we sipped mugs of coffee, she explained everything that she thought that I needed to know. Then about 30 minutes later a young man came in and Bethany introduced Lucas, her boyfriend.

“Well Hi there Esther,” Lucas said, “you look even more amazing than you do in the videos.”

I suddenly remembered the finger fucking that Tim had given me in the back of the shop.

Then Lucas continued,

“Esther, Bethany tells me that you got spanked at a barbecue, how do you fancy making a spanking video right here in this shop?”

“What, here, now?”

“Here yes, now no. I’ve this idea of a girl pretending to be a shoplifter, us catching her then spanking her over this sales counter as an example to the lots of shoppers that were here at the time. What do you think?”

“Can my husband come and watch?”

“Of course he can, he can be in on it if you want.”

I didn’t need to think about it and I replied,

“I’m in, when?”

“How about this Saturday, that will give me time to set things up.”

I was happy and after Bethany and Lucas had left my imagination went wild as I went through the possible ways that it could work.

It was late morning before the first customer came in, a girl a guy. It was obvious that they’d shopped there before because the girl didn’t hesitate when she found a dress that she liked. She gave it to her guy to hold as she stripped naked then put the dress on, right near the front of the shop.

She tried on 3 more dresses before deciding on the one that she wanted, then she put her own clothes back on and came over to the sales counter.

As I was nervously processing her credit card the girl told me that she was going to meet her boyfriends father for the first time and she wanted to make a good impression. I smiled at her and noted that the fabric of the dress was slightly see-through. As I looked at the fabric the girl saw what I was looking at and said,

“Oh, I won’t be wearing any underwear under it.”

I smiled and finished the transaction.

Bethany was right about Mondays being quiet and I soon got bored so I started trying on the clothes. After taking mine off at the sales counter I started browsing the racks totally naked. I think that it was after I’d taken off the fourth dress that I’d tried on, and found one that I really liked, and thought that Dylan would like it, the doorbell rang and I looked over to the door and saw a man who looked to be in his thirties and he was wearing a suit.

Not caring that I was naked in front of an unknown man I asked,

“Good morning sir, how can I help you?”

The man did a double-take when he saw that I was naked then replied,

“Yes, I’m looking for a dress for my girlfriend, I’m going to take her to a surprise diner and dance at a posh hotel tonight but she only came to London with jeans.”

“Will you be wanting a long dress then sir?”

“Yes, oh, and she’s a size 8.”

“That was going to be my next question sir.”

I led the man over to the appropriate racks and said,

“These are what we have in size 8 sir, I hope that you can find one that you think she will like.”

I left the man to it and decided to go back to trying on clothes. About 5 minutes later I saw the man holding up 2 dresses and looking from one to the other and back.

“Those are both nice dresses sir, I’m sure that she will like either of them.”

“Yes,” the man replied as he continued to look at both dresses.

Then he looked at me and I saw his eyes go up and down my naked front as he asked,

“I don’t suppose there’s any chance that you could try them on for me so that I can see what they are like on a real live girl?”

“We’re not very busy at the moment so I guess that I could do that for you sir.”

I put out a hand for one of the dresses then put it on and modelled it for him, imagining that he was a mirror.

“Very nice,” the man said, “could you try the other one on please?”

I was soon naked again and putting on the second dress. As I modelled it for him he said,

“That one’s very nice as well.”

“You have good taste sir, I’m sure that she will like either of them.”

“You’re right young lady, and I’m sure that I can talk her into wearing nothing underneath either of them just like you, I hate being able to see straps and underwear through such thin fabric, it’s a good job that she’s had her pussy lasered. Hmm. I think that I’ll take the first one please.”

I took off the second dress, put it back on the rack and took the first dress to the sales counter. As I was folding and bagging it the man asked,

“Is it normal for the sales assistants to work naked in this shop?”

“No sir, as you may have noticed, we have no changing rooms and the customers try clothes on out in the main part of the shop. Mondays are quiet so I was just filling the time by trying on some of the garments.”

“Well that’s certainly a good way to draw in the customers, I shall have to let my mates know about this shop.”

“I think that word of mouth is the way the owner has managed to build the business, it’s quite busy in here on a weekend.”

“I can see why, you don’t cater for the larger sized girls do you?”

“No sir, the owner doesn’t think that her designs would look so good on larger girls.”

“I can see why. Thank you young lady, I may just bring my girlfriend back here.”

“Thank you sir,”

The man left and I was feeling quite pleased with myself.

The rest of the day was quite quiet and I only got caught naked once more, but it was by 2 girls who said that they’d just popped out of the office to get a new skirt that one of them had seen the previous time that she’d been there. It was a very short skirt and I wondered if she’d be wearing it in the office, me smiling at the thought of working in an office and accidentally flashing the guys there.

Anyway, the day actually went quite quickly and Bethany and Lucas re-appeared late afternoon, Bethany telling me that it was great to have a few hours off with her boyfriend.

I left the shop telling Bethany and Lucas that I’d definitely be back on the Saturday to do a bit of shoplifting.

As I walked to the Underground station I phoned Dylan and arranged to meet him outside the station so that we could travel home together.

As I stood outside the station a group of rowdy young men came along. I turned my back to them, not wanting to risk making eye contact, and when they got right up to me I suddenly felt my skirt being pulled down. The thin cotton micro skirt was of the skater design with an elasticated waist so the young man had no problem pulling it down to my feet.

I wore no underwear so I was bottomless, on the street outside a busy London Underground station. I screamed and instantly realised that that maybe wasn’t such a good idea because at least a dozen people tuned and looked at me. My brain may have been working but my body wasn’t as I physically froze.

The rest of the rowdy young men quickly saw what one of their mates had done and started cheering and shouting comments about my butt and bald pussy. Within a minute Dylan appeared in front of me, squat down and pulled my skirt up.

“Oh my gawd,” I said, “what just happened?”

“You got sharked Esther, for an exhibitionist like you it shouldn’t be a big deal.”

“It wasn’t a big deal, just a shock, it’s never happened to me before. The next time I get, was it sharked you called it, I’ll ask the guy to take my top off as well.”

“That’s my girl, now let’s get home so that I can ravish that cute, little body of yours.”

The train wasn’t that busy and I sat next to Dylan on the long bench seat down the side of the carriage holding onto his arm and looking up at him as I told him about my day. It was only as the train pulled into our stop that I looked at the people on the bench seat opposite and saw the thirty something man that was smiling as he looked at my bare legs right up to my bare pubis. I had subconsciously sat with my knees a good few centimetres apart.

As we went up the escalator with Dylan in front of me I realised that I was very horny and couldn’t wait to get home to jump on Dylan. Our evening meal was a bit late that evening.

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**Day 24 – Tuesday**

After our usual weekday routine of Dylan fucking me from behind to wake me up and then another quickie in the shower, Dylan left to go to work and I thought about what I was going to do that day. It was my first day with James, my personal trainer, at the local leisure centre and I was a little nervous. Okay, James had seen me naked at my naked yoga class when he’d stood-in for Amber, but would he expect me to wear clothes for my training session, or would he expect me to be naked again.

This room that he said that he had at the leisure centre, would it be private or would there be other people there? Would it have windows that people could watch us through? And finally, could I go for a swim afterwards and what should I wear to go swimming. I guessed that the leisure centre wouldn’t allow skinny dipping.

All those questions and no answers. In the end I packed a bag with my shower things and got out the yellow, thong bikini that Dylan gave me on the first day of our honeymoon. Then I got out my white tennis style skirt, a white tank top and a jacket to keep me warm. It wasn’t time to leave to I went and cleaned-up the kitchen and did a bit of housework until it was time to leave..

As I got dressed I looked at myself in the mirror as saw that my nipples were tenting the top and that the hem of the skirt was just below my pussy. Satisfied that I might turn some heads I put the jacket on, picked up my bag and left the house for the short walk to the leisure centre.

James was waiting for me in the reception area and after saying hello, he led me to the room that he used. It was only about 4 metres square, had no windows, a huge mirror on one wall with a sponge mat in front of it and just 2 exercise machines.

“Okay Esther, today’s session will be exploratory for me to find out more about your current fitness and what you hope to achieve.”

I’d taken my jacket off when I’d entered the room and I saw James looking at the tents in my top. The chilly air outside had made my nipples erect and James looking at my chest had kept them that way.

“Esther, apart from the yoga that I know about, please tell me what other exercise you do and if you have any area of concern.”

When James mentioned the naked yoga my nipples and clit tingled a little at the thought that he’d seen me doing all those revealing poses at the naked yoga.

I answered all James’ questions then told me that he needed to check my muscles each time that I did any stretching or exercising. This was all new to me, but there again I had lived a pretty sheltered life until I got married, so I agreed, wondering just exactly what he meant.

Next he told me that he just had to make a quick visit to the reception desk and he asked me to get changed into my workout gear whilst he was away, telling me that next time I should get changed in the ladies changing room ready to get on with my workout as soon as I got to that room.

As James left I was wondering if I should have bought some proper workout clothes but it was too late. Anyway, I didn’t own anyway, so I took off my skirt, top and trainers and just stood there waiting, totally naked. As I stood there I felt my nipples and clit tingle a little, and my vagina leaking a little.

After a minute or so James returned and when he saw me he said,

“Just because you do naked yoga doesn’t mean that have to do these workouts naked Esther, you could have worn workout clothes if you had wanted to. The ancient Greeks may have done all their sport naked but it isn’t compulsory here. But having said that it is better that you are naked because it means that I can see and feel you muscles easier. Now, lets start with some stretching exercise, stand in front of the mirror and do each exercise as I tell you.”

I went over to the mirror and stood facing it with my feet about shoulder width apart. I looked at myself and saw that my nipples were as big as I’d ever seen them and my clit was in a similar state, clearly visible to James who was looking at me in the mirror.

James then talked me through quite a few exercises and as I did each one I felt his hands were feeling the muscles that were being stretched.

One exercise that he got me to do was the standing splits. As I lifted one leg high in the air I felt James’ hands sliding up my leg that was still in the standing position. His hands slowly went up and I gasped a little as they got to the top of that leg and touched my spread and very wet pussy. James’ hands lingered there for a couple of seconds, the side of one hand sliding along my slit and over my clit causing me to gasp again.

Without either of us saying anything, James’ hands slowly started sliding up my raised leg until he held my foot.

In an unexpected way I was pleased that James was lightly holding that leg as it helped me to balance which meant that his hands were on me for longer, but only a few seconds they started slowly sliding down.

As James’ hands again found my slit he again slid the side of one hand along my slit and over my clit, but this time he moved his hand back and forth 3 or 4 times causing my whole body to shudder.

“You have good muscle tone Esther. You should take up jogging to build your leg muscles.”

As James’ hands slid down I gave him a brief summary of my adventure jogging in the park but leaving out the fact that I’d done some of it naked.

By that time James’ hand were on my ankle. He had squat down in front of me which meant that his face was quite close to my pussy which he was definitely looking at. Of course that made it tingle a lot more and get even wetter.

After a couple of seconds I was pleased that James told me to lower my leg because I was starting sway a little and I knew that if I didn’t drop my leg soon I’d end up in a pile on the ground.

“That was good,” I said, “but if you’d kept me there for much longer I’d have fallen over.”

“Yes it was good Esther, as I said, you have good muscle tone, they felt quite firm. Okay, moving on, please lay on that bench please, we’ll see how strong your arm muscles are.”

I went and got on the bench with my shoulders under the supported bar, and looked down my body. My little tits had nearly vanished but my nipples were stood erect and proud pointing to the ceiling. Lower down my body I could see my bald pubis sticking up, then my legs. Not only were my feet on the floor but I’d instinctively placed them about 20 centimetres from the bench, my pussy was spread open.

There were no weights on the bar but when James told me to lift it I realised that it was a little heavier than a broom handle.

“Hold it there please Esther.”

I did and I felt James’ hands slowly slide down one of my arms and to my armpits.

“Did you know that your arm muscles are linked to you chest muscles Esther, when you use your arm muscles you are actually using some of your chest muscles as well.”

I didn’t answer James because his hands had found their way to my chest, and more specifically, my tits. I moaned as his hands lightly slid over the tops of my hard nipples. My eyes were closed and I was imagining that it was Dylan’s hands on my tits. He loves to tease me by lightly rubbing his hands over the tips of my nipples.

James put his fingers round the base of my little tits and gently squeezed them back into their normal conical shape before letting go and telling me that he was going to put some weights on the bar. As he was doing that I enjoyed the tingling in my nipples and clit, and the deep feeling of arousal in my nether regions. I was also looking at the bulge in James’ shorts and trying to imagine what his cock looked like.

Weights locked on the bar, James told me to lift the bar and I was surprised that I could easily manage to do it. With my arms extended James’ hands started wandering all over my chest again as he said,

“I can feel the difference Esther, this exercise will be good for you.”

I smiled and thought,

“Yes, and you groping my tits is good for me as well.”

James changed the weights to slightly more heavier ones and as he again groped my tits, my arms were straining and starting to wobble a little.

James spotted the wobble and his hands moved from my tits to the bar and told me to lower it.

“Good Esther, that’s given me a good idea of your arm strength and where there is room for improvement.”

“I don’t want to end up one of these muscle girls with muscles trying to escape their clothes.” I said as I looked and his bulging shorts with is hard cock trying to escape.

“Don’t you worry about that Esther, now, whilst you are on this bench let’s see how wide you can stretch your legs and how far back over your head you can get them. Shuffle down the bench a little please.”

“Didn’t me doing the standing splits do that James?” I asked.

“Partially, but doing it whilst laid on your back uses muscles differently.”

Even if I’d known that was true or not, I wouldn’t have challenged James as I was looking forward to spreading my legs wide for him again so that he’d get another great view of my swollen wet pussy.

“Okay Esther,” James said after he’d moved to near my feet, “spread your legs as wide apart as you can.”

I did, getting them about 90 degrees to my torso. As soon as they were there James’ hands went to my left ankle then slowly slid up my leg. I managed to bite my lip and stifle a moan when the fingers on his left hand stopped moving as they touched my pussy.

After a couple of seconds during which I wondered if he was going to finger me, his hands moved to my right ankle where I felt his wet fingers touch my skin. Then his hands slowly slid up my right leg.

Again I bit my lip when his fingers reached my pussy. I so wanted those fingers to slide inside me but they didn’t and James said,

Your muscles feel perfectly normal Esther, now can you lift your legs and try to touch the ceiling with your toes, still keeping your feet as wide apart as you can.”

As I did so, James removed his hands and I thought,

“If you’d those hands there much longer mate, I’d have cum all over them.”

“Now lower your legs and see if you can get your feet as low as your head please Esther.”

I tried, but didn’t managed to get them as low as I thought that Dylan had wanted.

James hands went to the back of my thighs and slowly slid up to my butt. The fingers of his 2 hands meeting as they met, right at my entrance.

“Keep going.” I thought, but after a couple of seconds James withdrew his hands.

“Very good Esther, now let’s see how strong your abductor muscles are, shuffle further down the bench so that your butt is at the end and spread your legs wide.”

I did, and then I watched James kneel between my knees and put his hands on the inside of my knees.

“Okay Esther, what I’d like you to do now is to try to close your knees whilst I hold them apart.”

I wanted to wrap my legs around James’ waist but his hands were too strong. I tried with all my might but I just couldn’t do it.

“Very good Esther, now we’ll try the reverse.”

I relaxed, James got to his feet and stepped back.

“Close your knees please Esther.”

I did, and James bent over and put his hands on the outside of my lower thighs.

“Now try to spread your knees please Esther.”

I did try, but James’ arms were just too strong and by the time he told me to stop I was getting a little frustrated with myself. At least it took my mind off my throbbing pussy.

“Very good Esther, now can you move to the other bench and get on your hands and knees along it.”

The other bench was wider and padded just as much as the first one and as I got into position I wondered if James was going to fuck me doggy style.

Again I was disappointed when James told me to straighten just my left leg.

As I did so I felt James’ hands slide up the back of my raised leg right to my butt where his fingers from one hand rested at my entrance again whilst his other hand went under my chest and fondled my hanging (not very much) tits. I resisted a naughty urge to push my butt back.

“Hold it there Esther.”

I did, and I felt James’ hand move down and up my slit then my butt crack.

Again I bit my lip but didn’t managed to completely stifle my moan.

After a few second James told me to change legs. I did, and James did the same as with my other leg.

“I’m gonna cum if you keep doing that James.” I though as I bit my lip again.

“Okay Esther, leg down and drop your lower arms so that you are on knees and elbows.”

I did, and smiled to myself as I looked over to the big mirror and saw my butt stuck up in the air.

“Now raise your leg like you just did please Esther.”

I did, and James repeated his hands sliding up the back of my thighs. I had another moan to stifle when his fingers met my entrance again.

James told me to change legs and I don’t know how I didn’t cum when James’ finger found my entrance again. I was getting quite sure that James was doing that just to tease me.

At last my being teased ordeal (ha) was over as James told me to go and lay on the mat. However James did go and stand at my feet which had naturally fallen a few centimetres apart.

“Right Esther, just 2 more exercises then we’ll call it a day. First I’d like you to do 20 press-ups.”

As I rolled over and started I thought back and the only time that I could remember doing press-ups was when I was laying on Dylan’s stomach impaled on his cock. That thought reduced the rapidly increasing aches in my arms. What also helped was that James was knelt beside me and one of his hands was fondling one of my tits that got squashed each time that I lowered myself.

The last few were not very impressive press-ups and when I collapsed on the mat James said,

“Well done Esther. Last of all, can you do 30 sit-ups for me please? Put your hands behind your head and start whenever you are ready.”

As I started James came and knelt beside me then started smoothing his hands over my stomach. After I’d pulled myself up 4 times one of his hands moved down and cupped my pussy. It didn’t stay just cupping my pussy, the next time that I strained to pull myself up I felt a finger invade my vagina.

It stayed like that for 2 more sit-ups then the next time that I strained to get my upper half up I felt the finger bend and press on my G-spot.

Well that was it, after James had been caressing nearly all my body for so long I just couldn’t stop myself from cumming. My upper half fell back onto the mat, I started swearing and my body started shaking.

The orgasm went on for ages, possibly because James kept his finger inside me and pressing on my G-spot.

It was a long and satisfying one and when it finally started to recede, James withdrew his fingers and got to his feet.

“Bloody hell James,” I finally said, “do you do that to all your clients?”

“Only the pretty, young ladies like you Esther.”

He helped me get onto my feet then said,

“You did well Esther, your body is in a very reasonable state so you must have been doing something right. Keep up the jogging and the yoga and I’ll soon have you at your peak performance, assuming that you want to continue these sessions. I’ll also draw-up a workout schedule for you to follow if you want to do any at home.”

“Yes, Dylan can afford this session and I certainly enjoyed it so I will it be here at the same time each week?”

“Unless you want me to come to your house, and yes, I’m pleased that you enjoyed yourself.”

“I think that I’ll stick to coming her for now.”

As we each got our things together and I put my clothes on I said,

“I think that I’ll go for a swim.”

“Good idea Esther, swimming is also good exercise.”

We left that room together then parted, me heading to the ladies changing room. As I put on the little, yellow bikini that Dylan bought me I wondered if it would be too brief for the staff there. I remembered the first time that I put it on and thought that it was obscenely brief, but this time I thought the complete opposite. I decided that if I didn’t get asked to leave I would go shopping for an even smaller one.

I felt pleased with myself as I walked out of the changing room and to the pool. A male staff member saw me but all he did was do a double-take and I soon dived into the pool.

Diving in I started swimming lengths and after doing around a dozen I stood up in the shallow end.

It was only when I saw a middle-aged man staring at me that I looked down at my chest and saw that my bikini top was no longer covering my tits.

“Oops.” I said as I moved it back into place.

Then I lay back and floated for a while as I recovered the energy that I had lost swimming fast, then I swam to the side, climbed out and walked to the changing room. As I walked in I looked at myself in a big mirror and instantly remembered that the thin, yellow fabric gets totally see-through when wet. I could clearly see my slit, my areolae and dark, very hard nipples.

Liking what I could see, and suddenly getting a boost of confidence from my exhibitionism, I turned around and walked back out to the pool. Instead of diving back in I decided to go for a walk around the leisure centre to see what facilities they had.

I got a few double-takes from the guys that were around, which made me feel a little more horny, and one woman shook her head, obviously not believing what she had seen, but I did what Dylan had told me and confidently walked as if I were doing no wrong. I wasn’t even sure if I was dressed inappropriately for the place but I just pretended that I wasn’t.

I discovered a sauna and plunge pool but the sauna was cold. I also discovered another pool that was more of a play pool for kids and a couple of slides, neither of which were as big as the ones that I’d seen on my honeymoon.

As I walked back to the changing room I was a little disappointed that there weren’t more people around, especially young men. I had wanted to be seen but hadn’t been very lucky.

My shower and getting dressed was uneventful and I walked back home pleased with how my morning had gone.

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The rest of my week involved nothing new although I did have a number of wardrobe malfunction at my Wednesday evenings self defence class. I’d worn similar clothes to the first time that I went and Caleb did get me to help him with his demonstrations which frequently left me with my top open or my skirt up around my waist. Oh. There was another nerdy young man in the class who also couldn’t take his eyes off me whenever I had a wardrobe malfunction.

Amber was back for the naked yoga class and she gave me that knowing look when she asked me how my personal training had gone. I guessed that she knew what James got up to with his young female clients.

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**Day 28 - Saturday**

This started in the usual way and as we were showering I reminded Dylan that it was my shoplifting day.

“Oh yes Esther, you still want to go through with it then?”

“Yeah, I do, are you going to come with me? Maybe you could play the part of a security guard or something Dylan.”

“I think that I’d rather just stand at the back and watch to make sure that whoever spanks you doesn’t get too enthusiastic and harm you.”

“My hero. I hope that Bethany is going to get Tim to video it for Bethany’s website. Did you see that Bethany has deposited some money in my bank account from the first videos?”

“I did, and judging by the amount I guess that the public like seeing you get finger fucked.”

“I think that it’s all down to Tim’s technique, there’s nothing special about a girl getting finger fucked.”

“There is when that girl is a gorgeous as you Esther.”

“You always say the nicest things Dylan even if they aren’t true.”

“But they are true Esther, you are the perfect woman.”

“Have we got time for me to give you another blowjob Dylan?”

“We’ll make time.”

Dylan’s cock was already getting hard. He was probably imagining me bent over Bethany’s sales counter, so I easily managed to get my second breakfast entrée of the day.

I had to think from a different point of view about what I was going to wear that day and Dylan looked a little disappointed when I put on a mid thigh and with log sleeved dress. I wanted to be able to wear ‘stolen’ tops and skirts under it without them being visible

My dress didn’t stop Dylan from caressing my bare butt under the dress when we were standing in the Underground trains carriage but there weren’t enough people for someone else to get close to me and do it.

We got to the shop and Bethany and Lucas both gave me the thumbs up sign. Dylan went to talk to Lucas who was on the till. Shortly after we got there I saw Tim come out from the back and fasten 3 boxes to 3 different racks. I could see a small hole in the box nearest to me, the hole being on the sales counter side. Tim ignored me and I ignored him. As I got naked and started trying clothes on.

At that time there was only 6 guys Including Dylan, Lucas and Tim in the shop and 5 girls including Bethany and me. Four of the girls being in various states of undress as they tried on clothes and none of them looked as if they cared that 6 guys were in the same room as them.

Bethany came over and asked if there was anything that she could help me with, then she whispered,

“Wait until there are more customers in.”

I did, hanging around mostly naked as I tried more clothes on. It was around 45 minutes before there were enough customers for Bethany to give me a discreet nod which prompted me to go back to the racks with skimpy tops and ultra short skirts on. I took 2 of each then went to stand in front of one of Tim’s boxes, hoping that my guess at them being cameras was right.

Starting with the briefest of the garments I put one layer on, then the second on top of the first layer before going back to where I had left my dress and put that on. I got a funny look from one guy who was half watching his girl and half watching the other girls in the shop.

Adjusting my dress so that none of the fabric of the clothes below was showing, I picked up my bag and headed for the door.

No sooner than I was outside I felt Lucas whizz passed me then turn and stop right in front of me.

“Excuse me young lady, please come back into the shop. I have reason to believe that you are concealing clothes that you haven’t paid for.”

“That’s not true, where would put any clothes, look, my bag is too small to contain any clothes.”

“Madam, I can see that you are wearing something under that dress, please come back into the shop.”

As I protested, saying that I only had underwear under my dress, Lucas grabbed my arm and almost forcibly dragged me back into the shop and to the sales counter. As he was doing that I looked around and saw that we had attracted the attention of most of the people in the shop.

“What have we got here Lucas?” Bethany asked.

“I have reason to believe that this young lady was trying to steal some of the stock.” Lucas replied.

“No I wasn’t, I haven’t stolen anything, let me go.” I said.

Lucas held onto my arm as Bethany came round in front of me and pulled aside one of the lapels of my dress revealing the strap of one of the tops that I had ‘stolen’.

“Hmm, this looks very much like a strap that I made.”

“No, no, it’s mine, I was wearing it when I came in.”

“I don’t think so young lady, take that dress off and we’ll see if there is a sales tag on it.”

“No I won’t, you can’t make me take my dress off.”

“I could call the police.” Bethany replied.

“Like they care, shoplifting is a crime that they don’t care about these days. Call them but I doubt very much that they’ll send anyone.”

“Sadly you are right young lady so we have our own method of dealing with shoplifters, so are you going to take that dress off or are we going to have to cut it off. If we do you won’t have anything to wear or go home. I can just see you streaking around the streets of London.”

“No please, you can’t.”

“Lucas, it looks like you are going to have to cut it off, but be careful, I don’t want the garments underneath damaged.”

“Hey boss, I’ve only damaged one top out the 7 or is it 8 girls that I’ve had to cut clothes off, and that was only because she was struggling.”

“No please don’t, I haven’t stolen anything.”

“Excuse me sir,” Bethany said as she turned to face Dylan, “would you mind holding this girl’s arms whilst my security guard cuts her dress off?”

Dylan stepped forwards us and went behind me and held both my arms behind my back then Lucas picked up a pair of scissors and started cutting up the front of my dress. As the first skirt came into view Bethany said,

“That skirt is definitely shop stock, I only got those in yesterday and I haven’t sold any yet.”

By then, the scissors had reached the top of the dress and I decided to come clean. I looked around and saw that everyone in the shop was looking at me.

“Okay, okay, I don’t have the money to pay for this skirt and top but I really like them and I need something nice to wear when I go out with my boyfriend tonight.”

“Take them off young lady.” Bethany said,

“Have you got the money to pay for them?”

“No.”

“Take them off young lady.”

“No, please, how will I get home?”

“Not my problem, take them off. If you don’t my guard will have to cut them off and your punishment will be doubled.”

“No, please.”

“Last chance.”

“Okay, okay.”

Dylan let go of my arms and I started to take the top skirt off revealing the one underneath.

“You stole 2 skirts!” Bethany said, “you really are going to regret being so stupid. Take that one off as well.”

I unfastened it and let it drop to the floor leaving me bottomless.

“Now the top.” Bethany said.

I slowly took the top off revealing the last ‘stolen’ item.

“That’s quadruple the punishment.” Bethany said as the final item went up over my head,

Bethany turned to face all the customers and said,

“This girl was right, the police these days just don’t care about shoplifters so the shop owners have to come up with their own way of dealing with thieves. This girl is now going to experience my way of dealing with the problem. Young lady, bend over the sales counter and make sure that those tiny tits are touching the counter. Lucas, go and get the strap.”

Turning to Dylan Bethany continued,

“Sir, please can I ask you to do one more thing for me, please go round the other side of the counter and hold this thieves hands.”

“No please, I won’t try to steal anything again ever again, please don’t do this.” I pleaded.

“Too late young lady, you did the crime so now you pay for your stupidity.”

“No, please, don’t do this.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if you put handcuffs on her?” Dylan asked.

“And excellent idea sir, would you mind getting a pair off the display please?”

Dylan did, then he handed them to Bethany before going back to my head side of the sales counter and moving my hands behind my back.

As Bethany cuffed my wrists together she said,

“I have a feeling that this girl is going to struggle. Would you mind holding her shoulders down please sir?”

“It will be my pleasure, I hate thieves.” Dylan replied as I felt his hands on my shoulder blades.

I looked up at Dylan and saw his straight face. He didn’t smile when I winked at him.

“Spread those legs girl.” Bethany said.

I did.

“Wider girl, let everyone see the thieves pussy.”

I did, but at the same time I pleaded,

“Please don’t do this, I’ll do anything you want.”

Seconds later I heard a swish of air then felt the strap hit my butt. I instantly screamed then said,

“Stop, please don’t do that again, it hurts.”

“It’s supposed to hurt young lady.” Bethany said. “Continue please Lucas.”

“Owwwwwww.” I said and I tried to get up.

Dylan pressed on my shoulder blades.

“Don’t make this hard work girl,” Bethany said, “or I’ll have to restrain you even more. Lucas.”

The third swat landed and I again tried to struggle free, lifting one foot into the air.

“Okay, that’s it,” Bethany said, “hold her there.”

There was silence in the shop apart from Bethany’s heels as she walked somewhere. There was a short pause then I heard her walking back. Next I felt something on my left ankle then the same on my right ankle. Then a clicking sound followed by my left foot being moved so that my legs were further apart. Then the clicking sound again.

“That will keep you in place young lady.” Bethany said.

I tried to close my legs a bit but it was impossible, something was keeping my feet spread far apart.

“Lucas, continue please.” Bethany said and within a second my butt felt another swat landing.

“Owwwwwww.” I said and I tried to get up again, but my feet were going nowhere.

The next swat landed, then the next and I was soon feeling my eyes tear up.

A few more swats landed and my tears were dripping onto the counter. My butt was really hurting, but strangely, not as much as when I had been spanked at Dylan’s boss’ barbecue.

That didn’t last as more and more swats landed on my butt.

Finally, my butt went numb then a few swats later the tingling started and I hoped that Lucas was going to keep going. He did, and as each swat landed my arousal increased. I knew that I was going to cum but I tried to hold back, I guessed that I was hoping that if I held it until I couldn’t, then it would explode out of me in a very intense public display.

I was right, and after another swat I shouted,

“NO, NO, YES, OH SHIT, YEEEEEEEES.”

My body started shaking and jerking and I was sure that my spread and very wet pussy was leaking like a tap.

I don’t know how many times Bethany said it but I finally heard her say,

“Thief, stand up and turn around.”

Dylan had already removed his hands from my shoulder blades and I somehow managed to lift my torso so that I was stood on my very spread feet. Turning around was a bit more difficult because of the spreader bar but I managed to shuffle my way around, then I looked up at all the people who were looking at me and I nearly orgasmed again.

“Look at her everyone,” Bethany said, “embarrass and humiliate her as much as you want, come and get a closer look at her, study her dripping pussy, tell her that her tits are nearly non-existent, take as many photographs as you want. I’ll leave her there for 30 minutes then set her free.

Bethany did leave me standing near the sales counter but at first no one moved towards me, then finally one guy did, standing in front of me he said,

“Such a naughty girl, you deserved everything that you got.”

Then one of his hands groped my tits and the other my pussy. I gasped then said,

“Please don’t do that, I’ve suffered enough already.”

“That’s not for you to decide little girl.”

I felt a finger slide into my hole and just as it started to finger fuck me I heard a girl’s voice say,

“Leave her alone Tony, you can do that to me when we get home.”

The guy moved away and I felt disappointed, but not for long. It was definitely less than 30 minutes when I heard Bethany say.

“Sir, thank you for helping us punish this girl but I think that you should be rewarded in some way, how would you like to fuck this girl over the sales counter? I’m sure that the indignity of being fucked by a stranger, in public, will be a great deterrent to her.”

“No, please don’t. I’ll never steal anything again.” I said.

“Too late little girl, you did the crime now you’ll take the rest of the punishment.”

“This is rape, I’ll tell the police.”

“No you won’t, because if you do all the security videos will get posted online. Think how that would affect you for the rest of your life.” Bethany replied.

By then Lucas had bent me over the sales counter again. I guessed that Dylan was going along with Bethany’s idea because he knows that one of my fantasies is getting fucked in public. I’d imagined it happening on a stage with hundreds of people watching but a dozen or so in a shop was a great start. I wondered if Bethany could arrange for it to happen on a stage as well.

“No, please don’t do this.” I again pleaded, but in reality I was eagerly waiting for Dylan’s cock to penetrate me.

Then I felt it.

“Oooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

I managed to stop myself from adding.

“that’s nice.”

My husband rammed his cock deep inside me then started properly fucking me hard.

It didn’t take long for me to loudly cum and then for Dylan to cum as well, and way too quickly Dylan’s cock was sliding out of me.

“Let that be a lesson to you thief.” I heard Dylan say, then Bethany say,

“Right young lady, I trust that you will think twice before trying to steal anything from me, and to everyone else here, you now know how we deal with thieves. I’ve always believed that public humiliation is more of a deterrent than locking someone up in a box for a while.”

Then turning to the customers Bethany continued,

“I’m sorry that all of you had to witness that but shoplifting has got to be a major problem and the police are absolutely useless. They won’t even go to a shop when you dial 999 and tell them that you’ve caught a shoplifter. It’s costing us shopkeepers, and indirectly, you the customer, a fortune so we shopkeepers have to do something.”

Bethany then turned to me and continued,

“Stop your snivelling girl and think about how you are going to get home. If you don’t think of a way you might just end up in a police cell, the police seem to care more about public indecency than thieving. Oh, just one more thing, Lucas, please help the thief to her feet.”

Lucas did, then Bethany got a marker pen and wrote in big letters on my chest and my back, the word ‘THIEF’. Then she said,

“That should stay on for about a week. Lucas, please take her into the back and dry that pussy, I can’t have her dripping all over the shop floor.”

Lucas helped me up then also to waddle to the back of the shop. I never imagined how hard it would be to walk with my feet a metre apart.

As I waddled I looked around and saw that number of customer had increased, and nearly all of them were watching me waddle along.

Once I was out of sight of the customers Lucas started to free me and I quietly thanked him for his help. Then as soon as I was free I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him all over his face.

Tim came to the back carrying all the camera boxes and said,

“Esther, you were amazing. I know that you weren’t expecting for Dylan to fuck you but it just sort of felt right at the time. I’m sure that the video will be amazing and sell thousands of copies.”

“That’s okay Tim.” I replied, “getting fucked in public has been a fantasy of mine since Dylan took me to a nude beach.”

“Esther,” Tim said, “I hear that you have a friend that is interested in having one of my famous finger fucks. Is that right?”

“It is, Lucy, I told her about you and showed her the video of you doing me.”

“Is she as good looking as you Esther?”

“Yes, she has slightly bigger tits than me but apart from that she is beautiful. Why, are you interested in giving her one, so to speak?”

“Do you think that she’d be willing to have it videoed and put on Bethany’s website?”

“Probably. but I’d have to check that with her.”

“You do that Esther, give me your phone and I’ll put my number in it. Call me if she’s agreeable.”

“If she is would you give me another one at the same time? The last time was totally out of this world. It took me hours to fully recover.”

“Sure, but I’d need a rest in between you, my arm gets a bit tired.”

“That doesn’t surprise me, it was going so fast that all I could see was a blur. I’m sure that we can find some way to repay you whilst you’re resting.”

Tim gave me my phone back then got on with packing his video equipment.

It was a while before Dylan came to see me and I was starting to wonder how I was going to get home. I had no clothes and the word ‘THIEF’ written on my chest and back. As I waited I got images in my head of me streaking down the streets of London and a policeman chasing me.

Eventually, Dylan came back to me, hugged me and said,

“It’s okay Esther, all the customers who saw you get spanked and fucked have left now. You can come out.”

“Err, what about the marker pen writing on me?”

“That wasn’t a permanent marker pen, Bethany tells me that it will wash off.”

“Good, but Lucas cut my dress off, you’ll have to buy be something to wear.”

Lucas was obviously listening because he said,

“Sorry about that Esther but it had to look realistic. I’m sure that Bethany will let you choose anything that you want for free. Have a look through those boxes, they’re stock that is ready to go out on the racks.”

“Thanks Lucas, I’ve never had any clothes cut off me before and as much as I like the idea of streaking along the streets, home is a bit too far to go, the chances of getting home without being caught by the cops are way too slim. Bethany was right, the cops really have got their priorities all wrong.”

Dylan and I kissed again then I started going through the boxes until I found a dress that I liked, and that covered the writing on my chest and back.

On the way out I went and had a quick word with Bethany who was quite excited. We left with the promise that I’d see her on the Monday.

“So you liked being tied-up, spanked and fucked do you Esther?” Dylan asked as we walked to the nearby shopping centre. “Have you ever seen the movie ‘Fifty Shades of Grey Esther, you’d make a great Anastasia Steele a.k.a. Dakota Johnson.”

“Who? And no I have never even heard of that movie. What’s it got to do with me being tied-up?”

“We’ll watch the movie and all will all become clear. You didn’t answer my question, did you like being tied-up, spanked and fucked Esther?”

“Yes, you know that I did, and the little audience made it so much better. I want something like that to happen on a stage in front of hundreds of people.”

“Your fantasy Esther?”

“Yep, still got it.”

“It sounds like I’ve got a challenge to make that happen. Tell you what, why don’t you make a bucket list of all your fantasies then we’ll see if we can make some of them happen.”

“I like that idea Dylan. Can we buy some warm clothes for me please, it’s starting to get a bit too chilly to go out wearing just a thin, very short dress.”

“That’s already on my shopping list. Maybe you could go out wearing just a warm coat then you can flash people.”

“Way ahead of you lover. I just need the right coats.”

We spent a couple of hours shopping, during which I didn’t deliberately flash any parts of my body, but wearing such a short dress I could have without realising it, and Dylan wouldn’t have told me unless there was an opportunity for me to turn it into a more revealing experience.

Dylan is getting very good at helping me to expose myself to people by telling me to bend over, or unfasten a couple of buttons, or whatever that would leave my butt, pussy or little tits exposed.

The stinging in my butt had just about gone when we decided that it was time to get something to eat and as my mother never let me go to fast food places I was still enjoying the food and the other experiences that I can have in places like that. The nearby McDonald’s offered such and experience and we went in and ordered at one of the machines.

My butt still stung a little when I sat on the cold, plastic seat but that soon disappeared when I saw the opportunities of people looking under the table. I sat lazily with my knees around 25 centimetres apart and with Dylan sat beside me I was offering a great view of my pussy to anyone who cared to look.

I didn’t look for any voyeurs but Dylan was scanning the area whilst we talked and ate. Each time that he told me someone was looking I put a hand to my clit and rubbed it a little. All whilst still looking at and talking to Dylan.

A couple of times, instead of telling me, Dylan put his hand to my pussy and flicked and rubbed my clit.

By the time we left there I was very eager for us to get home for Dylan to give me the relief that I needed.

We hit another couple of shops then headed to the Underground station laden with bags of shopping,

Again, our journey coincided with groups of youths going to a football match and I lazily sat on the bench seat, but with Dylan sat next to me. It didn’t take long for one of the youths to realise what he could see, but with Dylan sat next to me he restricted himself to nudging the youths around him and nodding my way.

Again, I wasn’t looking and it was Dylan who told me whenever someone was looking at my bare legs right up to my pubis. All this added to my arousal and when we got to our station I almost dragged Dylan quickly back home.

The bags and clothes stayed behind the front door and we fucked with me leaning back on the inside of the front door.

We didn’t do much that was interesting for the rest of the day other than me phoning Lucy then Tim to tell him that Lucy really wanted a finger fucking and asking if it could be on the Friday afternoon when she would be leaving work at the lunchtime.

I phoned Tim back and arranged for him to come to my house on the Friday afternoon.

The only other thing that we did was to watch the movie Fifty Shades of Grey. Wow, that really was an eye opener, so romantic, so sexy, the sexual tension was off the scale. By the time Anastasia was tied up I had decided that I wanted a Games Room filled with equipment that Dylan could spank me with and do all sorts to me. I liked the butt plugs and decided to wear mine more often. I wondered if I dared wear it for my personal training or the naked yoga.

As soon as the movie finished Dylan and I started making plans as to how we were going to change one of the spare bedroom into a Games Room. We also fleetingly discussed having a contract like Christian and Anastasia had but quickly dismissed it when I told Dylan that I loved him so much, that I totally trusted him, and that he could do absolutely anything that he wanted to me.

Then we went online and ordered the first things that we wanted in there.

After that it was bed for another amazing lovemaking session culminating in me falling asleep with Dylan’s cock still inside me.

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**Day 29 - Sunday**

Dylan was slowly sliding in and out of my pussy when I woke up, and after another amazing lovemaking session that finished with a shared shower I put some coffee and toast on.

Dylan and I sat eating, drinking and making small talk with me totally naked, just as normal.

Then it was housework. Amazingly, I’d neglected that task a bit and I knew that I was going to be busy for quite a while. Dylan told me that I’d been naughty and that I should be punished. I giggled and asked him if he was going to spank me and I was pleased when he said that he was.

Dylan got me to kneel at the end of the coffee table and then bend over it. Then he inspected my butt and told me that it was still a bit red from the previous day’s spanking but not red enough to postpone my punishment.

I giggled a bit again as I felt my pussy get wet and that wonderful tingling in my clit and nipples start again.

“I seem to remember that Anastasia had her hands tied to that rack thing Dylan, shouldn’t you tie my hands as well?” I said.

“Spread your knees Esther and stay right there whilst I go and get a couple of things.”

I did and the tingling got stronger as the seconds ticked by. It seemed like forever until Dylan came back and when he did I saw that he’d found some bits of rope and he proceeded to tie my wrists and thighs to the legs of the coffee table.

“Ouch.” I said when Dylan landed the first swat from his belt.

“Forgetting something are you Esther?”

I thought for a second then said,

“One, thank you Dylan.”

The next 4 swats landed and I counted each one.

“Are you okay Esther, do you want me to stop?”

“Keep going Dylan, I’m just starting to warm up.”

Fifteen more swats and I’d gone through the pain barrier and the pleasure was really taking hold. I knew that it would only take a couple more to push me over the edge.

Then it happened, the doorbell rang.

“I’ll get rid of them.” Dylan said as he lay his belt over my back and headed to the door.

I felt so disappointed and also a little nervous,

“What if it’s Dylan’s mother and father, or his brother, or a neighbour and Dylan invites them in.” I thought.

I didn’t have long to wait and I got even more nervous when I heard Dylan say,

“Come on in, I’m sure that Esther won’t mind.”

I turned my head away from the door, not wanting to see who Dylan had invited to see me naked and tied to the coffee table and with a very red butt.

“Woah there, sorry, I didn’t know that I was interrupting something, I’ll go.”

I recognised the voice and stopped panicking. It was Oscar, Dylan’s rugby team captain.

“No need mate, I’m sure that Esther won’t mind, did you want to talk in private or can Esther listen?” Dylan replied.

I relaxed and tried to remember the times that Oscar had finger fucked me, eaten my pussy and had a blowjob from me, all with Dylan watching.

“Here will do, have a seat mate, just ignore Esther, she’s been a bit naughty and she wanted me to punish her.”

“Riiiiiiiight, no, what it is is that I wanted a private chat about my idea of making the Christmas Dinner a CMNF do. I know that I was half pissed when I suggested it but I’ve been thinking about it and I wondered what you thought about the idea.”

“I like the idea,” Dylan replied, “but maybe we should ask Esther, she’d be one of the naked girls. Esther, what do you think?”

“Great idea,” I replied, “and I’m sure that all the girls that were at our party will agree but maybe there are some partners who don’t like the idea. What does Ellie think about it?”

“Ellie’s up for it.” Oscar replied.

“Dylan,” I said, “can you untie me please? It’s rude to talk to someone when you back is turned. Besides, the moment has gone now.”

“Sorry about that Esther,” Oscar replied, “I rather like the view from here.”

“Well perhaps you’ll like the view from the front as well Oscar?” I replied after Dylan had freed me and I’d turned and sat on the edge of the coffee table with my knees about shoulder width apart, me facing Oscar and his eyes looking at my pussy.

“Yep, sure do Esther, you certainly are one lucky bastard Dylan.”

“Doesn’t Ellie show herself to you Oscar?” Dylan asked.

“She certainly does, but it’s always good to see another woman’s goodies.

“Would you believe that Esther was a virgin when we got married Oscar?”

“Having met her mother, yes, I can believe that, but I can also believe that she is doing her best to catch up with other girls her age who didn’t have a mother like that.”

“I am.” I replied, and as I was saying that an idea came into my head,

“Guys, after the Christmas meal, what do you think about having a clit rubbing contest? Guys doing the rubbing that is.”

“Oh I like that,” Oscar replied, “thanks Esther, I’ll definitely add that to the plan. It sounds like both of you think that we should we go ahead with the CMNF do?”

“What about the catering?” I asked.

“We always get a catering company in to do that for us?” Oscar replied, “I guess that I should phone them and see if having a dozen or so naked girls there would be a problem.”

“I’m sure that we can find a firm that will do it.” Dylan added.

“I think that you should sound out all the guys before you commit. I’m sure that the guys will know if their girlfriends will be happy to flaunt their bits.” I said. “Maybe get the guys to remind their girls that it’s okay for them to be naked in front of all guys, that it’s also such a turn-on for them.”

“Good idea Esther,” Dylan said, “we’ll do it discretely in the next couple of weeks.”

“Right,” Oscar said, “just one more thing then you 2 can get back to your err fun. TC’s Stag night and Daisy’s Hen night this next Saturday, you 2 are both coming aren’t you?”

“Yes we are.” Dylan replied.

“I don’t know what I’ll wear,” I replied, “I’ve never been on a Hen night before, what happens at these events?”

“I’ve not been on a Hen do,” Oscar replied, “but from what Ellie tells me is that they are great fun, lots of booze and the girls sometimes loosing their clothes.”

“I’m definitely going.” I said.

“Okay guys, I’m off, sorry for spoiling your fun.”

“I’m sure that we’ll have plenty more.” Dylan replied as he led Oscar to the door.

“Now, where were we?” Dylan said when he got back to me.

“Forget the spanking for now Dylan, just fuck my brains out and make me cum a hundred times.”

“Your wish is my command young lady.” Dylan replied as he dropped his jeans, pushed me flat on the table and lifted my legs high in the air.

After about 45 minutes Dylan was feeling a little tired so I asked him to go and get the magic wand. He did, then he brought me to 4 more orgasms before slapping my butt and telling me to get on with the housework.

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