**Making friends**

by Emma   
  
Spent the last weekend up in York, catching up with an old friend from college. She dropped out in our first year, and has a variety of jobs since. At the moment she lives in York, working by day at a top visitor attraction, designed to explain the darker, more frightening history of the city, as one of the live actors, and by night as a barmaid in a city pub.   
  
Had a good time looking round York with Zoe before she started her shift, and she also gave me complimentary tickets to the attraction, so I could see her in action. Boy, was she scary! For the rest of the afternoon I helped her at the attraction, playing the part of a 'plant' on each tour - I was the one dragged out to be embarrassed in front of the rest of the tour. Usually, I was the 'witch' selected to be burned at the stake! Great fun, helping scare the other people!   
  
Got to get to know some of the other live actors as well, and straight away hit it off with a guy called Steve. Certainly a spark there! Same sense of humour, serious flirting, ended up making a date for the next evening, when Zoe had to work.   
  
He picked me up from the hotel, and we went round some of the historic pubs in the city, even took in a ghost walk. There was a strong sexual tension between us, a mutual attraction, and I think we both knew where the evening was heading.... We ended up near the attraction late in the evening. Stupidly, I thought it was a coincidence, until he produced a key...... He wanted to take me round the dungeon in the dark, show me how scary it really could be in there......   
  
He was right! What was a laugh during the day was an entirely different prospect with the lights off in the dead of night. Frightening and exciting, and suprisingly sexy! All that clinging on for dear life! When he suggested acting out some of the scenes, I was well up for it. We did the witch at the stake, but this time I stripped down to my undies - much more of a thrill. Tied to the stake, helpless, having my bra removed, his fingers lightly searching my near naked body in search of the mark of the witch, my third nipple! Never found it, but examined the other two pretty well!   
  
We moved on next to the torture chamber, me still topless. Found some handcuffs, attached me to some bars, arms spread out, legs apart. Gripped my panties and ripped! Naked, defenceless and wet, so very wet. Wanting him to take me, have me there, naked against the bars. But he teased me, teased my naked body for ages, tickled, prodded, probed - used some of the torture devices (gently) on my private parts. Made me sqirm, made me hot, made me beg him to stop, to have me, to let me go, keep me cuffed, to touch my red hot puss. Finally he dropped his pants, drove himself straight in. Oh! the relief, the pleasure, the building heat, I couldn't last very long - came almost straight away, came with a long loud scream. Steve lasted slightly longer, before he came as well.   
  
We spent much of the night experimenting with some of the devices, had a lot of fun, such a turn on, the dark, the tools, his tool.....   
  
As it was starting to get light he pointed out the 'rack'. Fastened me naked to it, arms stretched out straight above my head, legs straight out and fixed as well. Then he turned the wheel, stretched me a little more, made me scream a little, stuffed my torn panties in my mouth. Then he turned to leave, with me still stretched out naked there. I started to struggle, tried to speak, didn't make any difference. All I could do was lay there, while he told me what he was doing. Told me they did some special adult only tours for hen and stag parties, before they opened to the general public, and if I was very lucky, and kept very still they might not realise I was real. Not realise I was real! - I knew it was dark in there , but I was stark naked, stretched out as far as I could go, eveything on display - how could they not notice!   
  
OMG!!! I was so right! They couldn't fail to notice, and they didn't. They only had two parties come through, thank goodness. The first group, a mixed group, had a little fun at my expense, touching, prodding and trying to make me speak. The second group, a hen party, and of course, all girls, were far, far worse. They 'made' me straight away, fingers straight to my sex, first running their fingers down my slit, then finding it so wet, easily sliding them in. I really couldn't help myself, pushing back at their fingers, wanting them in deeper, not caring what they must of thought of me, being paid to do this as a job. Then one of them turned the wheel a little more, felt like my arms were being pulled out - so much pain, but so much pleasure, heat in my arms/ankles/wrists from the burning pain, heat in my pussy from my desire. So humiliating to be brought off by this laughing gang of girls, just coming for their amusement. They laughed so loudly when I came, made me want to cry with shame. They saw the mess running down my thighs, tried to clean it up, took the gag that was my torn panties from my mouth, wiped my come up with them, and pushed them back in my mouth. Made me drink my come.   
  
Steve came and released me when they'd gone, he'd also found it funny. Gave me time to dress, then presented me with a DVD. A DVD of me - they have hidden cameras everywhere there and they'd made a film of me. A naked film of me.