

The background features a central globe with a rainbow-colored band across it. Several books are scattered around the globe, some with titles like 'Library' and 'Works' visible. To the right of the globe are three interlocking gears in green, blue, and red. The bottom half of the image is filled with a grid of small, faint icons representing various subjects like science, history, and nature.

OVERDRIVE®

# ReaderWorks

Standard 2.0

# **DADDY DEAREST**

**Argus**

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# Chapter One

The black silk bra pulled up firmly against the undersides of my breasts as I drew it on, then reached behind me to fasten it. The soft material tightened around the lower part and outsides of my breasts, squeezing them gently up and together. I reached down and slipped my thumbs into the thin elastic waistband of my matching thong, feeling the material tug up between my buttocks a little, then lifted up my white shirt and slipped my arms through the short sleeves.

After I'd buttoned up the blouse I stepped into my tartan skirt and pulled that up my hips, fastening it at the side. Then sat on the edge of my bed to pull on my socks – keeping an eye on the clock as I did. I wanted to be almost late, but not really late. Breakfast was already served but I had no interest in it.

I pulled on my shoes and tied them, then stood up and slipped on my blazer and stepped to the dresser. I ran the brush through my hair and examined myself in the mirror. Everything seemed to be in place. My chestnut hair gleamed glossily, my blouse was clean, my green blazer neatly pressed. The checked tartan skirt was in two shades of green mixed with white, and hung midway to my knees. Below it I wore white socks and black shoes.

I made a face and shook my hair minutely. I didn't like school uniforms, but I really hadn't been asked my opinion. It did save time wondering what to wear, of course, but at least in six more months I was nineteen and done – permanently.

I checked the clock on my nightstand. I was running late – deliberately so, as I said. I would not have time for breakfast, and would have to leave quickly in order to get the bus – well, it was a black SUV, actually, a special one which picked me and a few others up to take to school.

I took a deep breath, then picked up my bag and hurried out the door. I tried to walk softly but it was difficult in these shoes on the wooden floors. I eased down the stairs as lightly as I could, reached the bottom, and headed for the door.

“Wait a minute.”

I froze, and turned towards the dining room, my features blank.

“Where you going? No breakfast?”

“I'm late,” I said.

“What?” He glowered.

I felt the tension increase.

“I'm late for school, father,” I said, keeping my voice as toneless as possible.

“Come here.”

“But I'm late,” I protested.

His voice hardened. “Come here.”

I repressed a sigh and walked up the hall and into the dining room. My father was sitting at the long, polished mahogany table, his meal mostly finished, the newspaper folded to one side where Jerome would have placed it first thing this morning.

“Come here,” he growled.

I walked closer, within reach. His big hand thrust up between my legs immediately, going under my skirt, cupping my sex, squeezing uncomfortably hard as I gasped and rose on the balls of my feet.

“If you showed a little discipline, a little care, you wouldn't be late and you'd show up for breakfast on time. Molly has made you breakfast and you're going to eat it.

“But –“

He squeezed harder and I gasped in pain.

“Are you arguing with me?”

“N-No, father!” I gulped.

He pulled his hand back and glowered at me.

He ran the bell on the table, and Jerome appeared at the door. Tall and broad shouldered, he wore a spotless and perfectly creased black suit with vest, and his black face was expressionless.

“My daughter appears to be so unappreciative of the cost and effort which we put into feeding her that she would have us throw it out after it’s already been made,” my father said.

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said tonelessly.

I licked my lips nervously, eyes flicking back and forth between my father and Jerome.

“I think that level of inconsideration and arrogance bespeaks indiscipline,” my father said. “Is it not your task to discipline my daughter?”

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said, his deep voice a low rumble.

“But father – .”

His hand slapped down hard against the table. He glowered at me, then picked up his knife and fork, cut a piece of sausage, and put it into his mouth as he looked at me. He swallowed, and then began to cut another piece.

“Beat her,” he said.

I took a half step back but Jerome was there almost before I had thought, his hand gripping the back of my neck and thrusting me forward against the side of the table, then forcing me to bend over it. I grunted as the top of a chair which was pushed into the side of the table jammed up into my abdomen as Jerome forced my face down hard against the gleaming wooden table top.

He lifted my skirt up to bare my bottom, and then, holding a hand on the back of my neck, reached under his jacket, undid his belt, and slid it out from the loops of his trousers.

“I-I’m sorry I’m late, father!” I gasped.

My father was chewing on a piece of sausage. He leaned slightly to the side and frowned. “A thong? Sluttish piece of clothing. Take it off her.”

Jerome tore my thong off and my face reddened as he brought his arm back, then whipped it forward. I cried out as the belt cut across my buttocks with stinging pain. It struck again, and my bottom began to burn. It slashed down again and I cried out weakly. Again and my fingers dug into the palms of my hands. Again and I gave a broken sob, gulping in air, trying to control myself.

My father speared another bit of sausage with his fork and examined me from a few feet away, his face cold and unemotional as he slipped the sausage into his mouth.

Oh God how I hated him!

Jerome was behind me, massive and overwhelming in his strength. He wasn’t bothering to hold me down now. He knew and I knew that if I dared to resist my father would only demand a worse beating.

But that meant he could step back a little and work the strap more freely. It meant the blows hurt more, and it meant he had a better view of me bent over and pantiless. I squirmed in humiliation as he looked at my shaven, naked sex and bare buttocks. But a part of me squirmed in something like glee, that dark, horrid side of my I had recently discovered, that side of me my father had roused, that side of me I called, The Beast.

I didn’t know where the Beast came from, or when it had first appeared, but it hated me, and reveled in my pain and shame. The more shamed and hurt I was the more excited, the more aroused the Beast seemed to become. Even now, as I gasped and winced and flinched at each stinging blow across my upraised backside, I could feel the beast pulsing with life, could feel that slow, dark, cruel heat spreading into my body, and into my mind.

God I was a whore! And it was hard to tell myself that as a cheap, stinking whore I didn’t deserve

to be beaten, didn't deserve to be humiliated. I let out short, sharp pained cries each time the belt slashed across my buttocks, and with my cheek against the table, I could see my father eating, looking at me sourly.

The beast grew along with my pain, and I began to take a masochistic pleasure in the beating. Crack! I jerked violently, gasping, but felt a defiant sense of rightness.

Beat me, I wanted to cry. Whip me! Go ahead! Do it!

I turned my head slightly, gasping as the belt slashed down across my upraised bottom again, and my father and I stared at each other.

Crack! I gasped as the belt lashed my bottom, my groin flaring with heat, as well, my pussy throbbing, feeling the emptiness. I could feel myself growing more and more wet as the belt struck, as my shame was ground into me.

Crack! I shuddered, fighting to keep my hands from thrusting down between my legs.

Crack!

My father cut another piece of sausage, looking down briefly to spear it with his fork, then looking up again as the belt swept down to lash my bottom again.

I felt tears begin to fill my eyes as my heart pounded and the pain mounted, and the intensity of the dark hunger grew.

"Spread her legs," my father said, cutting another piece.

I gulped in air as Jerome spread my legs wide. My father nodded at him and he stepped back a bit, then brought the strap swishing in to strike my bare pussy mound.

I cried out at that, giving a broken sob of shocked pain and helpless carnal need.

Crack! The belt struck my pussy again, and then again, and I clawed at the table, twisting and writhing.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I flinched and shook and cried out with each blow, my abdomen grinding against the top of the chair back, my breasts hot, swollen, rolling beneath my chest against the table top, the nipples aching and hard. Why was I like this!? Why was I so disgustingly perverted!? I deserved pain! I was a filthy whore! And then it was too much for me and I rammed my hand back between my legs, thrusting four fingers up into my pussy, gasping and sobbing as I thrust them violently in and out and stroked my thumb across my clit.

My father looked on expressionlessly, and Jerome paused in the whipping, then swept the belt down across my bottom again.

The orgasm howled through me like a hurricane, and I cried out in a long, glorious, animal scream of wanton sexual pleasure. My hips bucked back violently, rocking the chair under me, and my head shook and thrashed on the table as I thrust up into my pussy as hard and fast as I could and gurgled in animal heat.

Jerome continued to slash the belt down across my bottom until I went limp, then my father shook his head.

"She's certainly a whore, isn't she, Jerome."

Jerome offered no opinion, but I whimpered in humiliation and self loathing. How could I have done that with the two of them looking! Oh my God, I was so ashamed! I was so disgusting and perverted!

"Do you think the little whore was trying to entice you to mount her, Jerome, by shoving her fingers into herself and exposing her heat? Do you think she wanted to be raped?"

Jerome said nothing.

"I don't think she should entice you like that and then be a little cock tease and not follow through. You may have her if you want. Go ahead, mount her."

I whimpered weakly, my hands pushing feebly against the table as I tried to get enough strength to

rise, to stand up. But then Jerome gripped the back of my neck again and forced me down hard. I sobbed weakly as he unzipped, and as I felt his thick black cock rubbing up and down my shaven sex, felt it hardening as he pushed it between my sex lips.

“N-No!” I whimpered. “No, daddy!”

“Whore,” he said as he cut another piece of sausage, and Jerome pushed himself into the mouth of my sex.

I closed my eyes and groaned as his cock thickened more, and he forced himself deeper. He pulled back and slapped my bottom sharply, the sound of flesh on flesh echoing in the room. He thrust into me again, driving himself deep, his hands sliding up under my blazer, down along my ribs, and under my chest to roughly cup and grope my breasts. He began to work his cock in and out harder, faster, deeper, as I gasped and moaned and spread my arms to try and brace myself against the hard thrusting of his big black cock.

Daddy had never had Jerome do me before, nor any of the others. This was something new and shocking, and I whimpered and moaned in dazed disbelief even as the beast squirmed in delight at this new shame and humiliation.

The heavy table shuddered a little with the movement as he rode me hard, his hips cracking against mine, his big cock punching deep into my aching pussy.

I cried out as I felt his fist in my hair yanking my head up and back, then he was atop me, bending over me, biting at the nape of my neck. “Whore,” daddy said as Jerome rutted against me, as his cock pistoned inside me.

He eased back, releasing my hair and I groaned and stared ahead of me, hoping he would be done soon. For I could feel the beast getting worse. That ugly, nasty, vicious, masochistic lusty side of me had wakened to life now, and was being made more and more powerful with every passing second. I felt shamed by its presence, felt like the whore he called me, because when it was roused I was an unbelievable slut, reveling in every nasty, dirty thing daddy did to me or had done to me.

Jerome gripped my hips, then my waist, thrusting, thrusting, hard, violent, pounding into me. The table rocked a little, my body shuddered under the blows. I let out little gasps and moans of pain and – and something more as he ran his hands over my taut buttocks, then down to force my legs wider still, forcing them so far apart only the tips of my toes touched the floor, and his cock punched deeper.

“Ohg! Ungh! Please!” I gasped.

He gripped a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back cruelly, then turned me to face my father, forcing me to look at him as he ate his sausage, as he looked back with a little scowl of disapproval.

“Are you enjoying yourself, whore?” he asked. “A certain segment of white women seem to have a fascination for Black cock. I just knew you’d be one of them, slut that you are. Are you enjoying that black cock inside you, whore?”

Bastard, I wanted to say, but dared not.

My pussy began to throb and pulse, and my nipples hardened within the cups of my bra.

I was a fucking whore. He was right. I deserved whatever he did to me. I deserved the punishment and pain, the raping and abuse.

Fuck me harder, I thought in vicious need. Fuck me! Hurt me! Ram it into me! Rape me! I deserve it! Do it hard! Hurt me!

Jerome rode me hard and fast while my father looked on, his stiff black cock ramming deep into my pussy with every stroke, his hands sliding over my body, gripping and squeezing my breasts inside the cups.

“Go ahead, Jerome, you don’t have to hold back. The little whore needs a good rutting. She won’t concentrate in school, otherwise. Give it to her. Ride the bitch,” my father said as he ate a bit of egg.

Jerome gripped my breasts, then undid the buttons down the front of my blouse, his hips thrusting

harder, painfully hard. He pulled my blouse open and yanked my bra down to spill my breasts free in front of my father. His black hands enveloped them, then, squeezing hard, black fingers digging deep into the soft, pale white flesh as he rammed his cock up into me with hard, powerful strokes.

“UngH! Ungh! Ohh! Unggh! Ahhh!” I gasped with every hard, violent thrust.

It hurt, it hurt, it hurt! But it hurt so good! I fought not to come again, fought the beast with a despair which did nothing to ease the powerful crackling sexual heat inside me.

The beast overwhelmed me and I shuddered, my eyes rolling back in my head, my bottom jerking up and back as I gurgled in helpless pleasure. It was a complete meltdown, my muscles spasming, my body shaking and thrashing as I gurgled and moaned and cried out in pleasure. Jerome’s cock rammed in and out of me, in and out, in and out. Then he gave a final hard flurry that rocked me up and down against the top of the chair and halted, deep inside me.

He took in a deep slow breath, then his grip on my breasts eased and he drew slowly back as his cock softened.

“Make sure you leave everything inside her, Jerome,” my father said. “The little whore should have a lot of Black come in her when she goes to school.”

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said unemotionally, doing up his trousers.

“Rory will have breakfast now,” my father said.

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said again, turning away and leaving the room.

I was folded weakly across the table, jaw slack, drooling, eyes glassy. I moaned weakly, and then very slowly began to move.

My father continued to eat, not looking at me now.

“Now sit down and have something to eat,” he said as he cut another piece of sausage. “Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and Molly didn’t go to all that trouble for nothing.”

He glowered at me and I slowly stood up, pushing myself off the table. The skirt fell down to cover my aching bottom. I pulled my bra back into place and did up my buttons, straightened my clothes, combed my fingers through my hair, and pulled out a chair to sit down, wincing as my sore bottom made contact with the chair.

My father continued on his breakfast as I sat still, hands in my lap, staring at the table. Jerome returned with my breakfast, and I ate it, quickly, though I had no taste for it. I didn’t complain about missing the bus. He knew it. I would wait until I was finished and see what he intended. Most likely he would have Bernard drive me to school. The beast liked that. I didn’t. But again, I had no choice.

I finished and set my knife and fork on the plate. He noticed at once though he hadn’t seemed to be paying any more attention to me than I had been to him.

He rang the bell again. After a moment, Jerome appeared.

“Summon Bernard to drive our tardy student to school,” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said.

“Perhaps tomorrow morning you’ll be on time,” he said.

“Yes, father,” I replied, my stomach churning.

I walked out front and took a deep breath of fresh air. Before me was a broad grassy field. There were two perfect rows of tall poplars running into the distance, with the driveway between them. Off to the left was the coral, garage and barn. To the right was the start of the cotton fields.

The black Buick pulled up and I walked down to it. Bernard got quickly out of the drivers seat and came around to the side, opening the door. He was as black as Jerome, but taller and broader in the shoulder. He smiled thinly and his hand cupped my bottom as I moved to get into the car. I said nothing, letting him knead my buttocks as I climbed quickly in and sat down.

He moved around to the other side and got into the drivers seat, and the car started smoothly forward. I looked out the window, knowing his eyes were on me in the rear view mirror. He would do

whatever he had been told to do, and there was nothing I could do about it. What kind of mood had my father been in this morning? Not particularly bad, I had thought.

My thighs rubbed together, and I was aware of my lack of underwear. I should have gone back upstairs but then I would have had to come back and go past my father a second time.

The Buick drove down the long driveway towards the gate, then slowed and turned off a dirt drive which led to the garage. My stomach muscles tightened, and I looked at Bernard in the rear view mirror. He smiled at me and the beast growled and began to grow.

“I’m going to be late for school,” I said.

He said nothing. He stopped and got out of the car, then came around the rear and opened the door. My heart thumped as he reached in for me. I took his hand and he eased me out of the car, then shifted his grip to my arm. “You ain’t oughto try holding out on your daddy in the morning,” he drawled. “You think pretending to be late will make him leave you be? Dumb little girl.”

He pushed down on my shoulder as he spoke, his other hand unzipping his trousers. I sank down to my knees on the dirt road and he pulled his thick black cock free and rubbed it over my face. I opened my mouth and he slid into me, forcing my lips wider. I began to suck and lick immediately while he slowly pumped in and out. Then his hands slid behind my head and he pushed forward, forcing the fat head into my throat.

I gurgled weakly, choking a little as the fat shaft followed, and his big cock slid smoothly down my throat all the way, until my face was jammed into his groin. He sighed in pleasure and drew himself slowly back out once again, letting me suck and lick on his head. His hands combed my long hair up into a mass above my head and held it in his left fist, his right hand sliding behind my head as he drew me forward and forced his cock down my throat again.

He drove it deep and then pumped it slowly in and out, but using short strokes that kept it buried inside me the whole time. I didn’t try to fight him. I let my hands drop to my side as he used my mouth and throat, trying to find a way to breathe. I couldn’t. Sometimes I could, but his cock was just too thick, and my chest began to burn, my head began to ache, and it became increasingly difficult to not raise my hands and push against him.

He pulled back again and I gasped and gulped in air as he held his cock in front of me, squeezing it, pumping it, actually. Then he came – in my face. Bernard was one of those men who produced a lot of semen when he came and it splattered my face in thick white wads as he pumped again and again. He sighed happily and chuckled, rubbing his softening cock over my face, smearing the come into my skin.

He rubbed his cock all over my face, my forehead, nose, cheeks, mouth and chin, rubbing and smearing the come into my skin.

“Your daddy he say, you go to school with a black man’s come on your face,” Bernard said, teeth gleaming.

Then he released my hair and guided me back into the car. We pulled out and headed up the drive, then out onto the highway. I made no effort to rub his come off my face. He would have told my father, and my father would have seen that as disobedience.

The Buick picked up speed on the highway, edging over a hundred, passing the other cars as it headed towards the Edgeworth Academy, the small, expensive, Christian school I was attending. There was no danger of Bernard getting a speeding ticket, not in Baron County. The Sheriff was owned, lock stock and tin badge by my father, just like the mayor was. My father’s plantation was the biggest in the county, pretty much the biggest in the state of Alabama. It was a large operation which employed a lot of people, and needed a lot of supplies from local businesses.

The car pulled up to the school and I got out. I was on time, though barely. I hurried up the steps and into the school, then walked as quickly as I could to my first class. To be late was to collect demerits, and the school had corporal punishment which it applied ruthlessly.

I was hardly aware of my sore bottom. A strapping was not that big a deal to me. I'd had lots of them, after all. The cane the school used was considerably worse, and of course, my father had many different instruments of "discipline".

I rubbed my hand over my face, making sure there were no obvious dollops of come left over to betray me. I wished I had time to run to the bathroom and wash my face but I daren't risk it. So I would have to spend first class with come all over my face. It was nicely dried now, so pretty much invisible, but that didn't make it any easier to take – except to the beast, which was purring throatily, excited by this morning's events, but not having been satisfied.

Yes, I was aroused. My nipples were still hard within my bra. Fortunately, the blazer would cover that. I entered the classroom just before the teacher closed the door and took my seat, then rose again almost immediately.

First came the pledge of allegiance, which we all did, hands on hearts, then the morning prayer was read over the loudspeaker by the principal. We were able to sit after that, for morning announcements, and then we got to work.

Math. I hated math. Every problem required a long, complex, multi-part formula, and if you missed even one part, or got even one part a little wrong, then you got it all wrong.

I don't need to tell you, do I, how my father reacted to anything other than perfect grades?

\* \* \* \*

"You got a B in English."

I stood before him, heart thumping as he examined the report card.

"Is it your intention to live life as a field hand picking cotton?" he demanded, his voice, as always low, but cold.

"No, father," I said.

"And yet you can not be bothered to apply yourself to your education."

"I-I did my best but – ."

"Are you saying you're too stupid to get decent grades?"

"No, father but – ."

"Because if you're too stupid or too lazy to get decent grades then maybe life as a field hand is all you're good for."

"It's not that it was just that the test – ."

"Jerome!"

Jerome showed up quickly, as always.

"Summon Albert."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

He turned and faded away.

"You were saying the test was too hard for you?" he said coldly.

"No, father, it was just that one of the pages, the last page, had questions on both sides and none of the others had, so when I finished the last page – what I thought was the last page – I didn't notice there were more on the other side."

"So you were careless, thoughtless. The others noticed the questions?"

"I – most of them," I confessed.

"So you're simply not as smart or observant as they are? Or perhaps the teacher explained there were questions on the last page and you weren't paying attention?"

"I-I don't know," I gulped.

"Field hands don't need to know very much. All they need is a strong back and obedience. Do you

think you have a strong back and obedience, Rory?"

"I - yes but - ."

Albert showed up. He was a beefy black man with balding head. He wore denim overalls and heavy boots, and seemed uneasy being in the main house.

"Albert," my father said. "You will take Rory out to the barn and show her what is done to teach recalcitrant field hands the necessity of hard work and obedience."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas," he said in his low, throaty voice.

I felt my stomach twisting and wanted to protest, but he had already turned away from me. I walked past him to join Albert, and followed him down the corridor to the rear of the house, then into the servant's area and out the rear door. We walked up the path and around the bend to where the barn was hidden from the main house by a row of evergreens.

I was wearing sneakers, jeans and top when we came to the barn, and stopped.

"Take off your clothes, Miss Thomas" Albert said.

His voice was firm, and I felt the beast stirring, felt the hunger spreading. My stomach churned violently and my chest tightened at the same time. And my face began to redden.

"Best to get this over with quickly," he said stolidly.

My fingers went to the buttons down the front of my shirt, and I undid them, then pulled the shirt off. I looked around for someplace to put them, and Albert took the shirt. I toed off my sneakers, then undid my jeans, face flaming now, humiliated by having to strip in front of him. I skinned down my jeans and he took them too. He kept his face expressionless, but his eyes were in motion, scanning me the way a man will.

I reached back and undid my bra, and my shame deepened. I turned half away from him, trying to cover my bare breasts with my hand and arm, and kind of squatted as I slipped my thong down and off.

He took my underwear and moved it over to a low bench, setting them there, then guided me up against a seven foot high post. It was old and weathered, about as thick around as me. He gently but firmly took my wrists and raised them up above my head, then took leather straps which were bound to a ring overhead and wrapped them around firmly around my wrists.

I felt the hard, uneven wood of the post against my bare breasts as Albert stepped back. Then he went to the fence and pulled a long, single-tailed whip off the corner post and let it unfurl. I braced myself as best I could, fear and shame swirling through my mind as he moved into place behind me.

I waited, the tension mounting, my back already aching, my face burning with shame. I was standing in loose dirt, forced up onto the balls of my feet by the pull of the leather around my wrists. I was trying to control my breathing, waiting for the first blow to fall.

"They don't like waiting for it," he said. "The field hands. They don't like being there, waiting. They can feel the pain clawing at them even before the first touch of the whip. They wants to get it over with, but I just let them stand and wait a spell and think about what they done."

He swung his arm and shoulder and the whip flew through the air, long and thin, making a soft cutting sound as it flew through the air. Then it landed across the center of my back and I cried out in pain, thrown forward against the post by the shock of the stinging blow. God it hurt!

I gasped weakly, shuddering, almost thrown off my feet by the cutting force of the whip. Then he swung again and the whip sliced across my back just below my shoulder blades. Again I cried out, my breasts crushed against the aged post, thrown off my feet this time to sag weakly, gasping, fighting to catch my breath. My feet found purchase and I felt my eyes fill with tears as the whip flew again.

It cut across my back on a diagonal, and lay a line of fire from my right shoulder to my left hip, again throwing me forward against the post and off my feet. I sobbed weakly, groaning aloud, staring up at my bound wrists as I hung from them.

The next blow sliced into the soft flesh of my bottom and I cried out, my hips bucking violently

forward, head thrown back, swinging sharply on my arms, my feet finding purchase again.

“The first flew strokes is the hardest,” he said. “The hardest to take. The whip stings and burns, and you think maybe you can’t take it no more. But it gets easier cause you become a little numb to the pain.”

The whip sliced into my bottom again and again I screamed and bucked forward against the post, thrown forward so that, in effect, my thighs swung past it on either side and I wound up grinding my abdomen and pussy against it before I could find my feet again.

“The next few blows feel easier, cause you’re used to the pain,” he said as the whip slashed diagonally across my back again.

“I let them get used to it a little.”

The whip sliced into my bottom and again I cried out, bucking my hips forward, grinding against the post.

The beast wakened with delight, unfurling its hunger and spreading out within me. But I welcomed it this time, for it seemed to absorb much of the pain into its spreading heat.

“They starts to think it ain’t so bad,” Albert said as he slashed the whip across the center of my back.

“That maybe they can take this sort of thing and go on doing what they want.”

The whip cut across my upper back and I was flung forward again, my breasts hot and swollen, my nipples throbbing as they were ground against the wood.

“But then I just draw my arm back and put my shoulder into it and the whip bites deeper,” Albert said as the whip cracked viciously across my buttocks and hurled my hips forward against the post.

“It don’t take long to make a strong man cry,” he said, lashing my back. “It don’t take too long before they decide they don’t want no more of this.”

The whip sliced into my buttocks again, and I shuddered, my pussy on fire. The beast growled, and I almost unconsciously ground my tender breasts into the rough, pitted wood of the post.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I shuddered, hanging by my wrists, legs rubber, whimpering weakly as I gulped in breath. I was swearing profusely, gasping for air in the hot sun, my back and buttocks on fire as Albert walked up behind me.

“And if they still feel like maybe they is tough men and got their pride, well what I do is take that pride away from them so they don’t never want to come back here,” Albert said behind me.

He turned the whip around and pressed the bottom of the handle against my anus. It was a thick wooden, leather covered whip, rough and time worn, and I lurched forward and up, as if trying to climb away from the pressure as he forced it up into my ass. I gurgled and sobbed and cried out as he forced the whip firmly up into me, inch after inch, his powerful muscles accepting no resistance until the whip was all-but buried in my ass, and the long leather tail hung down below.

“Then I gives them a little time to think about the wrongness of their ways,” he said, turning and walking past me into the barn.

I was alone, practically hanging by my wrists, too weak to stand, but the beast wanted more, and I got my feet under me, pushing my groin forward. My right leg rose weakly, curling a little around the post, and I began to grind my pussy against the rough wood, to but my breasts against it, gasping and whimpering with the intensity of my need until with a roar, the beast exploded and the orgasm hammered into me.

I twisted and flopped and jerked against the post, grinding my pussy, my aching breasts rubbing and mashing against the wood, my insides spinning and twisting until with a gasp I collapsed, jaw slack, eyes slitted, hanging by my wrists again.

The beast was satisfied, purring contentedly. I moaned in my pain, my back on fire, sobbing

weakly. I got my feet under me again, and managed to stand against the post, trembling, groaning, helpless.

One of the field hands came around the corner then, passing me by, his eyes bugging out as he stared. I turned my face away, pressing my front against the post to hide it better from his staring eyes. He passed me by and went into the barn, then came back out, again staring, looking over his shoulder at me as he walked away.

A little while later another of them came by, staring just as much, then two more. They left together as another came along, staring at me, licking his lips, eyes hungry.

I continued to hide my face and my front against the post as the field hands came up to the barn, then turned and went away again, mortified to be so exposed, so degraded before them.

Finally Albert came out of the barn and gripped my hair, pulling my head back, and looked into my glassy eyes.

“Now you got a taste of it, like your daddy wanted,” he said.

He pulled the handle of the whip slowly out of my ass, then reached up and undid the straps from my wrists. I would have fallen but he caught my arm and held me until I got my balance.

“Your clothes is over there. Go put em on and then go back up to the big house.”

\* \* \* \* \*

No, I definitely didn't want to get any more bad marks. So I worked hard, paid attention, and did nothing which would have distracted me from whatever the teacher was doing or saying.

It was hard, though, with come on my face, and my bottom smarting.



# Chapter Two

“And lust,” the preacher cried, his voice rising with passion, “Is the worst of the deadly sins! For nothing good flows from it!”

He strode back and forth at the front of the church, greatly animated, his voice rising with passion and fervor.

“Lust is more terrible than you think!” he exclaimed. “Lust is not the mere desire of a man for his wife or she for her husband. Oh no, my friends! Lust is the devil come to call! Lust causes unnatural desires! Lust causes dangerous passion! Lust causes men to look upon women not their wives with evil desire! It causes women to think of doing things the Lord cursed Eve for ever revealing! Lust is the wickedest of sins for it convinces you to lie to yourself! It convinces you to do things you know are wrong! It convinces you that a few moments of pleasure are worth an eternity in the hellfire of damnation!”

I sat next to my father, of course, near the front of the church. I was wearing a green flower print sundress, with a broad brimmed white hat and white shoes. My hands were in my lap, clutching a small purse.

“What is the whore but the woman who has given herself to lust!?” he cried. “And does she suffer this lust alone? Oh no! Like the carrier of an infectious disease she inspires lust in others! She infects them with lust! She poisons their minds and makes them vulnerable to wicked thoughts! Even a goodly man can find himself weakened in his dedication to the lord by a whore!”

I sat primly, properly, legs crossed, staring straight ahead. My hair was a mess, but it didn’t show as I kept the hat on.

It hadn’t been a mess when I’d come down the stairs.

Daddy had looked at me in the dress and frowned. That made me nervous, of course. I looked down at myself, making sure it was long enough – it was well past my knees, and not low cut at all.

“Turn around,” he barked.

Swallowing uneasily, I had done so.

“This is the dress you choose to wear to the house of the lord?”

“What’s wrong with it?”

His open hand cracked down on the table like a gunshot and I jumped.

“What’s wrong with it, father?” I asked quickly.

“Are you proud of your breasts, Rory?”

I had excellent breasts, firm and full, and not the least big saggy.

“No.”

“Yet you want them to thrust out like that so that every man will stare at them!”

They didn’t seem to be thrusting out to me. The dress was reasonably form fitting in front, but it was supposed to be.

“I can’t help having breasts,” I said in rebellious moment.

His eyes narrowed.

“Breasts push out in front of a girl, father!” I said helplessly. “I can’t help that!”

“Can’t you?”

He grabbed my arm and yanked me after him as he left the room. He dragged me through the servant’s area and out back, then down to the barn. I felt my stomach lurch as we approached the post where Albert had whipped me, but he dragged me right past it and into the barn.

Albert was there, and he smiled ingratiatingly at my father as he dragged me up to him.

“Albert, get me a heavy needle and thread for repairing leather,” he barked.

“Yassir, Mr. Thomas!” he exclaimed, hurriedly turning and going to a work table filled with tools and boxes.

My father reached up to my neck in back and undid the strap of the sun dress. I gasped, reaching up to cross my hands over my chest as the dress fell in front, for the dress had built in cups and I wore no bra.

But there would be no hiding my breasts from Albert as my father bent me back across the work table and had Albert hold my wrists in place. Then he took the needle and squeezed my left breast. My chest was heaving as he dug his fingers into the flesh just behind my nipple, and then thrust the thick needle through the side of my nipple.

I cried out in pain, body thrashing, but Albert held me easily.

My father pulled the thick leather thread through my pierced nipple and then pinched my other breast and thrust the needle through that as well. My nipples burned as I bit back a sob of pain, and my father tugged on the long leather thread, pulling it sliding through my pierced nipples. He motioned to Albert and they lifted me off the table, though Albert continued to hold my wrists aloft.

My father drew the leather thread around behind my back, around my ribs, and back out front again. The thread was long, and he pulled more and more of it through my nipples, then pressed the leather tight around me, letting it dig deep into my soft flesh, looping it around behind me, then back in front again, and again pulling it tight into my soft breasts, squeezing the flesh, looping it around me again, and again and again, until it was digging into my breasts in a half dozen places, squeezing them in against my ribs.

He tied it off and then let me pull my top back up.

And so, as I sat there in the church, the front of my dress much looser than it had been, my breasts ached, my nipples burned, and I had to breath in slow, shallow breaths for the loops of leather thread encircling my upper chest was crushing my breasts and ribs tightly.

“But that goodly man can protect himself! He need only call out to the Lord for protection, think of the Lord’s eternal love, and put the sinful, wicked whore away from his mind!”

“Praise the Lord!” the audience cried.

“But what of the whore, who has forsaken God’s gentle embrace in favour of her own unnatural, carnal desires!?” he demanded. “What of the whore, who seeks to draw others away from the Lord’s light and into the dark, burning fires of her own lust and desire?!”

“She too can be drawn into the Lord’s embrace! But her perverse desires blind her to His mercy! She must be shown the way! She must be dragged kicking and screaming into the Lord’s presence! She must throw herself on her knees and beg His forgiveness for her sinful, wicked ways! And then, He will forgive her, and allow her back into the House of Light!”

“Praise the Lord!” the audience cried.

My father spoke the words aloud, firmly.

After the service, I accompanied him back to the Cadillac, where Bernard opened the door and saw us both into the rear before hurrying around and climbing into the driver’s seat. The car moved smoothly forward onto the road, accelerating past slower moving vehicles, heading for the highway.

I stared out my window. My breasts ached, and I was feeling a bit light-headed from having to breathe so shallowly.

My father reached out for me, then, gripping my hair and yanking me sideways. He edged into the middle of the back seat, then dragged me across his lap. With a word he tugged up the skirt to expose my backside, then tore off my panties. I knew Bernard was watching in the rear view mirror, and gasped and moaned as my father’s hand began to crack down across my upraised bottom.

He spanked me a dozen times, then another dozen, his hand cracking down firmly, painfully, stingingly onto my bottom as it flared with more and more heat and fire. He stopped and I gasped weakly

for breath.

“The whore,” he said, “Must be properly dealt with, must be shown how unnatural and evil are her lusts and her affect on decent Christian men.”

He slapped my bottom again, sharply, stingingly.

“Yet I wonder if reverend John has any idea just how difficult it is to draw a true whore back onto the path of righteousness.”

As he spoke his hand pushed between my thighs, and his fingers began to stroke across my clit. His thumb pushed into my sex, and his fingers stroked again and again.

The beast had already wakened because of the humiliating spanking in front of Bernard, and now it purred and twisted in cruel delight as my father’s fingers stroked across my clit.

“I think the true whore is so committed to her lust that she will never forsake it, not even for God,” he said. “That is what makes her a true whore.”

I could not, despite my best efforts, keep my hips motionless, keep from grinding my ass back at him, keep from gasping and moaning as he stroked my clit and pumped his thumb in and out of my pussy.

I was soon squirming and writhing as he manipulated my throbbing pussy, the beast rousing into greater and greater power. He pulled his hand back and resumed his spanking, then shifted his target, his open hand cracking down against my venus mound instead of my bottom. At first the blows ached and hurt, but then the beast spread its arm and enveloped the pain, drawing it into itself and letting the raw heat build.

My father’s hand cracked down against my pussy again and again and again, and all I felt were wild blasts of sensation which drove the beast wild. An orgasm flooded me and my hips bucked and jerked as I gurgled in helpless, wanton pleasure.

“The true whore,” my father said. “Is irredeemable.”

He flung me off his lap and I lay on the floor, gasping, moaning, the come slowly draining away.

I curled up on the floor, shuddering, moaning, gulping in air. We didn’t speak for the rest of the drive.

The car stopped and Bernard hurried out and around to the back. He opened my father’s door and he stepped out. I followed more slowly. I went up to my room and eased out of the dress, then gazed at my bound breasts in the mirror, uncertain what to do.

A moment later Jerome entered, carrying a bottle of disinfectant and cotton batting. He set the bottle on the dresser and looked at me. I was wearing nothing but a thong, but I didn’t try to hide myself. He had seen me many times.

“Put your hands behind your neck and arch your back,” he said.

I obeyed, wincing as the leather thread dug into my breasts even more tightly. He pulled out a sharp knife and sliced through the thread, then eased it out of my nipples. He picked up the disinfectant and cotton and poured the first onto the second. Then he dabbed and rubbed lightly at my nipples. I winced and gasped in pain as he did so, but held my position.

He took a small clear plastic bag from his blazer pocket and extracted a pair of perfectly circular stainless steel rings, the size of quarters, then as I held my position, he opened the first. The ring bent open slightly, with a kind of V-shaped catch on one end, fitting into a narrow opening on the other.

“These are not normal rings,” he said.

He held the ring up for me to examine. “You see how this pushes into this opening? The sides squeeze in, and then snap out to lock it in place once it’s inside.”

He looked up at me.

“But there’s no way of opening it again. There is no button, no hook. Once these are pressed together, the only way to remove them is with a saw.”

I stared at him, watching, trying to understand what he meant, to grasp the import, even as he

pushed the end of one of the rings through my pierced nipple, fit it to the opposite side, and pressed it firmly together. It snapped locked, and he took the second and thrust that through my other nipple. They hung thick and heavy against my breasts, and the beast purred in pleasure.

Without another word he turned and left the room, and I stared at myself in the mirror, examining the rings, wondering why, and to what purpose. I fingered the rings, turning them slowly, looking for a catch, something to open them with. They were perfectly smooth, perfectly circular, with no sign of an opening. Looking very, very closely I could just make out the tiny line where one side had fit into the other.

But there was no way of removing them.

I felt a sense of anguish, plucking at one of the rings in dismay.

“That bastard!” I whispered.

Angrily, I threw myself on the bed, glaring at the ceiling. It wasn't fair, the way he treated me, the contempt he lavished upon me. The beatings weren't fair, and it was wrong the way he used my body.

I thought about running away, but had no idea where to go or what I would do. I had no car, had never learned to drive. My father hadn't allowed it. Why would I need a car when there were people to drive me wherever I was to go? And if I ran off somehow, who would take care of me? I surely couldn't take care of myself.

And yet, I felt a growing sense that if I didn't go I would become something awful. My father called me a whore, and I was a whore, but he had turned me into one. He had turned me into his whore, and cursed me for it, the bastard. And he was growing worse, treating me worse, the beatings getting worse, the humiliation worse. He was putting less effort into hiding what he did to me. Even the servants knew I was his whore.

How long till everyone did, and I was sneered at in public. Certainly no one would ever sneer at him, or call him to account.

It wasn't fair! Life wasn't fair! I got up and got a magazine, then lay sullenly on my bed, leafing through the pictures.

I paused at a particularly attractive man, shirtless, and I felt the beast rouse lazily. I let my mind wander, thinking of him and me, imagining those soft lips against mine.

Slowly, I slid my hand down between my legs and into my thong, stroking at my shaven sex, rubbing lightly, tracing the lips of my pussy, then easing inside. I felt my heat growing as I stared at him, my mind spinning out a fantasy. My knees pulled in and I raised my bottom up, grunting as I stabbed my fingers into my pussy and stroked my thumb along my clit.

The sexual heat began to shimmer around me and I felt my pussy starting to suck and squeeze on my fingers.

Then a noise startled me. I snatched my fingers out and lay flat on the bed, turning to stare at the closed door.

It opened, and he was there. I turned my head back to the magazine, feeling a dark thrill sweep through me even as anger, frustration and fear resurfaced. Bastard! I hated him!





# Chapter Three

I felt his hand sliding up my leg, up my thigh, and my stomach fluttered with anxiety and excitement. I hated him for touching me this way, and hated myself for letting him. My breathing became more rapid as his hand slid slowly up the back of my leg, as his fingers began to stroke lightly against the inside of my thigh just below the crotch of my thong. I felt myself trembling slightly as my groin filled with heat and tension.

I was lying on my bed on my belly, reading. It was hot, and I was wearing nothing but the thong. I had not heard him enter, at first, and when I realized he was there I started, my hand reaching out for the sheet, then settled back onto my belly. There was no point. He would only have removed it.

His hand caressed my buttocks, gliding over the round, taut, soft flesh, stroking and touching, pressing lightly as I continued to pretend to read, to ignore him. His hand gently eased in between my buttocks, and his fingers slid down along the narrow silken strip of my thong. I inhaled sharply, unable to hide my response as his fingers pushed in between my buttocks, slid down over my pussy and squeezed me there through the thong.

My anxiety grew deeper, and my anger, and my self-loathing as I continued to stare down at the magazine, as if I felt nothing. He rubbed lightly against my pussy through the thong, and I felt a shimmering heat bubbling up into my belly. He leaned over, then, and I felt his lips against my bare bottom. I tightened my fingers in the palms of my hands as his tongue pushed out and slid slowly, sinuously up and down across my bare buttocks.

I continued to ignore him, my body stiff and tight, my legs together. I felt his fingers sliding up along my hips to where the straps of the thong clung tightly, then felt his fingers slide under the straps and tug them slowly down. I bit my lip, closing my eyes as I felt the straps sliding slowly down my hips, felt them pulling the narrow V of fabric out and down, felt the thin strip between my buttocks tugged free. Still I didn't react.

He drew back, pulling harder on the thong to yank it out from under my hips, then pulling it down my legs. I felt him shifting on the bed, climbing into it now instead of sitting on it. I felt his large, strong hands on my legs just behind the knees, and though I tried to keep my legs closed he slowly pried them apart, farther and farther, spreading me open as he shifted into place now between my legs.

He spread my legs so far my feet were over the sides of the bed. Then he bent once more, his fingers kneading my buttocks with more pressure. He brought his body down, his arms pressed against the backs of my legs as he traced his tongue gently up and down that narrow bit of silky smooth skin between my buttocks, right at the top, then down further.

His fingers squeezed my buttocks apart and his tongue circled my puckered little opening. My eyes widened, and my breathing became more ragged. I wanted to scramble away, to turn and claw at him, to scream at him. But I knew none of that would accomplish anything. He was twice my size and even stronger than that. I hated him. I despised him, and I feared him.

And I felt my insides squirm and twist as his tongue circled my anal opening, as the exquisite soft slickness of his tongue pressed against me there, pushing and squirming, pumping in and out. I closed my eyes again, shuddering, hating him and hating myself. I bit my lip until I tasted blood but the distraction was only momentary. His tongue pushed deeper into my body, and the feel of its movement sent shudders through my body.

He eased back, and his big hands slid under my hips, pulling them upwards. I didn't want to obey, but it was as though I weighed nothing. He raised my hips up, pulling my lower torso up so that I was propped on my knees. My chest was still pressed into the bed, and I still attempted to pretend I was ignoring him. He caressed my buttocks and thighs, and his tongue slid into my anus again, causing me to

whimper weakly.

I tried to fight off the feelings, to ignore the sensations. My body was growing hotter on the inside than on the outside. I was perspiring more and more because of the tension inside me, because of my internal struggle, and the speeding of my heart. His fingers kneaded my buttocks and his tongue thrust deep into my bottom, and I felt my jaw go slack as I gulped in air.

I did not sense him rising up behind me. My eyes were closed and I was trembling, fighting to keep myself still, cursing my body and my weakness, feeling ashamed of the lewd position I was in, my hips raised high, my legs spread as he knelt behind me, staring at me there, touching me there, licking me there.

His hands slid slowly up my back and then back down again. Then I felt his finger pushing slowly into me. It sank into my anus easily. I was loose and slick, and I groaned helplessly as he pushed it slowly inside all the way to the knuckle. I felt tears fill my eyes and wanted to cover my face with my hands. I felt my shame rising, even as my own hunger and lust were drawn upwards from me, ignoring my resistance.

Like a bitch in heat I lay there, ass raised, legs spread, waiting to be mounted. I felt his fingers sinking into me, pulling back, sinking in, pulling back. I could feel the tight slickness of my anus clasp his finger, pulling at it, squeezing it as it moved. A second finger pushed into me and felt my pussy throbbing powerfully. I desperately wanted him to touch me there, and knew I would lose all control if he did.

His fingers pulled out, and I felt the soft, blunt nose of his cock pushing forward. It was much thicker, and my anus fought its entry at first. His fingers dug into my hips and he pulled me backwards as he pushed his cock forward. It ached, but his cock forced my anus apart and pushed into me.

The feeling was – indescribable. I felt revolted, disgusted, ashamed, degraded. And yet the physical sensation was delicious, the warm, soft slickness of him sinking slowly into my body. It was eroticism, heated, carnal delight. I exulted in the thickness of him despite how much it made me ache. I gasped as he slapped my bottom sharply, then again, and each time he did he thrust forward a little, driving his prick deeper.

I could feel the thickness of his cock inside me, felt the fullness of him, felt how he spread my sphincter open as the shaft pushed deeper. He held still inside me. I didn't know how deep, and his hands slid slowly up and down my bare back, caressing me. Then they settled on my shoulders, his fingers curling slowly over the top as if to hold me in place.

He pushed forward. I groaned aloud at the pain, for he was relentless now, insistent, ignoring my body's resistance. He was gentle, but firm, and I felt his hardness forcing its way slowly down into my ass. It ached, and the deeper he pushed the more it ached. I felt cramps inside me, wanted to cry out, to beg him to stop, to tell him he was too big. But I knew that would be pointless.

I gulped in air as the pain and aching and cramps grew worse. But my groin was aflame now, and it was almost as if it fed off the pain, fed off the shame. I felt a terrible and wonderful sense of fullness as he jammed his cock deep into my slim body, and my breasts were hot and swollen against my ribs as I writhed slowly atop them. Oh God it hurt! But it hurt so good!

“UnnggghhhHH!” I groaned as he forced the last few inches into my body.

At last I felt his pubic hair jammed in between my buttocks, felt his balls against my pussy, felt his hips pressing firmly against my upraised buttocks. I felt – impaled. I ached deep within me, and whimpered as I tried to bear the pain. He did not ease back, did not withdraw. Instead he ground his big, hairy hips against my soft, smooth buttocks, ground his thick cock around inside my belly.

The fingers on my shoulders tightened, as if to hold me in place, and he drew me back onto his cock, forcing me firmly and completely against him.

His cock seemed to pulse inside me.

He drew back then, and the ease of pressure and pain was instant and enormous. I groaned with relief, and with heat as well, for the feel of his thick shaft caressing my anus as it slid slowly back out

was – exquisite. He slid himself half way out, then slowly drove himself fully into me once more. I groaned again at the resumption of the cramps and pain, but it wasn't as bad this time.

He eased back again, further, held for a moment, then pushed deep once more, and again there was pain and cramping, but again, less than before. Or perhaps it was the rising tide of my heat shielding me from the pain.

He fucked slowly in and out, taking his time, and giving my anal muscles time to relax. Then his fingers slid off my shoulders. I felt him grip my hair, pulling it back into a single thick mass. He pulled on it, slowly, insistently, and I felt my head forced up and back. I gasped weakly, forced to push myself up onto my elbows, then onto my hands, my head tilted painfully back.

His other hand came around in front of my face, the ball gag in it, pushing against my open mouth. I gasped and groaned as the pliable rubber pushed against my teeth, and I forced my mouth wider, not wanting him to harm my teeth. His fingers pushed into the pliable rubber, squeezing it together, slowly forcing it past my teeth, into my mouth. It filled my mouth, jamming my tongue down while simultaneously pressing up firmly against the roof of my mouth.

He pulled the strap around behind my head, and buckled it in place.

Then he began to thrust. His cock had been sliding slowly in and out, but now it moved more quickly, more firmly. He continued to hold my hair in his fist but his other hand slid down over my ribs, down beneath. My breasts hung below me, and he groped them, squeezing hard, repeatedly, kneading them as he worked his hips in and out in sharper, faster movements.

I did not try to oppose him. I did not try to fight. I did not try to resist. I knew better. I moaned into the gag, gasping and grunting as his hips began to strike my bottom with more force.

He released my hair, and my upper torso collapsed to the bed, gasping, whimpering as he gripped my hips. He was thrusting harder, faster, deeper, his hips bouncing off my buttocks now, the bed jerking and shaking continuously, the soft slapping of skin against skin filling the air as he rammed his cock deep into my belly again and again.

My chin was pressed heavily into the bed, my head jammed up and back. I stared sightlessly at the headboard before me as he sodomised me, as his cock fucked me, fucked me in the ass.

Fucked me in the ass.

I grunted and gasped and moaned, in only a little pain now, but with shame and humiliation clutching me tightly. I hated him. I hated him! I hated myself.

My belly churned with anger and dismay, with misery and self hate. And my pussy throbbed and pulsed and burned with lust and hunger and need and desire. My body gloried in the hard thrusting, the bruising impact of his hips against me, the stroking of his cock deep inside me, the aching fullness each time he jammed himself fully into me.

I wanted to scream in frustration at the betrayal of my own body. But in my mind I felt a dazed pleasure instead. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I groaned each time his cock rammed deep. Oh God yes! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Fuck my ass! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh

I realized belatedly that I was not merely crying out those words in my mind. I was crying them out in reality. The gag was not there because he feared I would call out for help. It was there so my own betraying lust would not waken others with my screams of passion and lust.

The muffled cries filled my ears as his hips pounded against my buttocks. The orgasm began to rise above me like a living thing, swirling and dark, angry and powerful, with glittering, evil eyes. It built up and up like a tidal wave building in the shallows, rising ever higher and more threatening.

I felt his hands sliding in beneath my chest, squeezing my breasts, lifting my upper torso, raising it off the bed, pulling me upright on my knees, and then more. His hands were on my breasts, his arms under mine. Now his hands slid upwards, up over my shoulders, and then in behind my neck, forcing my own arms up and out to the sides, bowing my back, my head falling back.

And then he really began to pound me. He had said before that a teenage girl like me needed to be reamed out to show her what a cheap little whore she was. And that was what he was doing, he was reaming me out. His big prick was ramming up into me with furious speed as I knelt before him shuddering and gurgling and crying out in pain and pleasure, drunk on the heat, mind swamped by the sexual hunger and desire until finally that terrible wave crashed down upon me.

The orgasm lashed my senses like a hurricane and I screamed into the gag, screamed without thought, screamed without restraint, my mind tumbling and turning in the floodwaters of the flood of sensory bliss swamping me. My head was flung back, my arms up and out, my ass thrust back against him bouncing violently against his churning hips as he reamed me out hard, fast and deep.

The pleasure was intoxicating, mind blowing, the orgasm shattering and all-encompassing. And then he released my right arm, his hand darting down between my thighs, his hard, rough fingers plunging unerringly down to my seeping pussy and finding my throbbing, swollen clit. He rubbed furiously at it, and the orgasm exploded into something else again, something even more shockingly powerful. I screamed in wanton pleasure, eyes rolled back in my head as he bit into the nape of my neck and continued to pound his cock into me.

He released my hair and head and I fell to the bed, gasping, sobbing, dazed. He spread my legs painfully wide, and leaned his body into me, over me. His big hands came down onto my back, crushing me into the bed as he thrust violently into my ass. His hips struck my buttocks violently, his cock spearing me, plunging balls-deep into my anal tunnel with every hard stroke.

I was flat on the bed now, and he settled atop me, slowing his thrusting. His heavy body crushed mine into the bed. His left hand slid under me to fill itself with my breast, while his right pushed down between my legs, fingers stroking against my clit. He ground his hips in a slow, circular motion, twisting his hardness inside me, and then began to thrust again in slow, shallow strokes.

I was lost, completely lost. I hardly even know my name, or what I was. I gurgled dazedly, moaning and gasping and whimpering drunkenly as he rode me further, as he fingered my clit, and fucked my ass, and forced another orgasm on me, then another, then another, biting and chewing at the nape of my neck.

He drew back again, and I lay limp, gasping. I felt his hands on my legs, my hips, and he rolled me onto my back. I stared up at the ceiling, my eyes glassy. I felt his hands on my legs, sliding up to grip them behind the knees, lifting my legs upwards and pressing them back. I felt his cock pushing into my opening again, sliding deep into my ass while he forced my legs back.

His hands shifted further down my legs to grip my ankles, and he forced my legs back straight, spread them, then began to speed up his thrusts once more. He used longer strokes, harder strokes, and I could only grunt dazedly as his heavy hips slammed down against my crushed, bent body.

And then, finally, he gave a grimace I had come to know, pounded especially hard down into me, and then sank himself in me and was still, panting for breath, going weak in the knees, easing back. He stayed in place, then his softening cock slowly withdrew from me as he pulled away.

I stared up at him, and he smiled, then slapped my face, hard, throwing my head to the side. He slapped it again, on the other side, with the other hand, and I moaned dazedly.

He rolled me onto my belly, then, and pulled away. He grunted as he got out of bed, then sat down on the edge.

“Whore,” he said.

He got up, and I could hear his heavy breathing. He pulled open the drawer of my night table and drew out the two big dildos there, dildos he had bought for me, insisted I use, insisted he watch while I used them.

He didn't speak, but sat on the edge of the bed once more. I felt something pressing against my anus, and I had been right. It was still open. He slid a long, thick dildo into me, deep into me. It was not as deep as his cock, not deep enough to really ache, but it was deep. I groaned, my legs shifting on the bed.

He raised my hips a little, and the other dildo pushed into my pussy. It had no difficulty. I was sopping wet, and I felt a new wave of shame at this very obvious evidence. He pushed it deep, and I groaned as the palm of his hand pressed hard against the base, forcing the head painfully hard into my cervix.

He got up, then, and I saw him reach to a pair of jeans I had left laying across the back of a chair. He slid a thin leather belt out of the loops and turned back to me, doubling it in his hands. I stared at him for a moment, cheek against the bed, and whimpered as he stood over me.

His arm swung down and the belt cracked down across my buttocks. The pain was hot, sharp, stinging. I cried out into the gag, my head turning away from him. I clutched my hands together and cried out as the belt sliced into my bottom a second time, then a third. I cried out louder as it cut across the center of my back with a hard, sharp, stinging crack of noise.

It sliced into my shoulders, and then my buttocks again, and I writhed and moaned and sobbed, my arms and legs twisting, writhing. Yet I still did not try to stop him, knowing the futility.

And not wanting to.

I deserved the beating. I was a filthy slut. I had come like the cheapest of whores with his cock raping me, raping me in the ass.

I deserved the beating. I wanted it. It would make me feel clean again.

The belt slashed down across my lower back, then my shoulders. I gurgled and moaned, writhing, twisting. I raised my buttocks, pushing them out, and the whip darted down to cut across them again, and again and again, then a blow so hard it threw me forward and off my knees.

I sobbed, tears filling my eyes as the belt cut down on my upper thighs, the pain stinging, burning. But there was more than pain, much more. My mind was going into that other place, that dark place. I twisted and writhed, and rolled onto my back, and the belt slashed down across my breasts.

I screamed, arching my back, twisting, legs flailing. The belt lashed down across my stomach. My arms drew back behind my head, and I arched my back sharply.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt whipped down across my straining breasts, and each blow made me scream in hot animal passion. Oh God it hurt so good!

I spread my legs and the belt found my inner thighs, found my pussy. I rolled and twisted slowly, sensuously, writhing and twisting, pushing out my bottom, my breasts, my groin, each sharp blow a startling starburst of hot, terrible pleasure as he beat me again and again.

My entire body felt bruised and hot, and the belt fell faster and faster as he became almost uncontrollable.

Then he flung down the belt and grasped at my hair. He yanked my head back and undid the strap behind it, his hands shaking as he yanked the ball gag out of my mouth.

I was on my belly, twisting, trembling, whimpering, sobbing, and he yanked me back by the hair and rammed his hard cock into my mouth, then shoved it straight down my throat. He rammed it into me so hard my nose smashed into his pubic bone and I saw stars. Then both his big hands came behind my head, holding me there for long moments before he began to thrust, thrust hard and furiously, raping my throat.

It only took seconds, then he came, pouring his cream into my belly. He softened at once, this time, and pulled out, then, as I lay there limply, drooling, he shoved the ball gag back into my mouth again and left the room.

I wanted to move, but my body felt too battered. And then I gasped as the door opened again and Jerome came in. He showed no surprise or even interest in my well-stripped body. He quietly drew my arms back behind my back, and then I felt a smooth, thin leather strap cinched around one wrist, then the other, then pulling tight and fastened in place.

He pulled my ankles together, strapped them that way, then lifted them up and back. I felt pressure

pulling at the leather straps around my wrists, felt them pulling my upper torso upwards into a bow. I groaned into the gag as he pulled harder, tightening the pull, bending my legs up and back, pulling my shoulders back.

He rolled me onto my side and I lay there, staring at him through glazed eyes, moaning softly into the gag. He checked the straps, nodded in a workmanlike fashion, turned and left.

I did not know why my father had me tied me like this. He had already finished with me. My insides felt like mush and my throat ached fiercely. Yet it was not possible to question him, only to cope with what he had done. I felt the growing pressure against my shoulders, the growing strain to my back. My insides were full, and ached.

It wasn't fair! Damn it! It wasn't right and it wasn't fair!

I moaned weakly as the pain mounted, for my misery mounted alongside it. What a whore I was, what a cheap, filthy, vile, disgusting whore to come like that while being beaten. How sick I was!

If I didn't get out of this place, I thought, I would become worse and worse.





# Chapter Four

I spent some time trying to puzzle out why father had me hog tied, then gave up. There was nothing I could do about it anyway but cope with the discomfort, the pain, the cramps in my limbs, and the terrible growing ache in my back. I kept thinking this was a temporary punishment, kept listening, waiting for him to come back, or to send Jerome back to untie me so I could go to sleep.

It didn't happen. The moon rose outside my window, and the moved slowly across the sky. I remained hog tied on my bed, groaning weakly, back arched painfully as the night wore on. I began to weep in misery at one point because of the agonizing, frustrating pain to my back and shoulders, but that too passed and I became numb.

The light grew outside my window, the day brightening, the sun rising. At last I heard a sound, the door of my bedroom opening. My eyes fluttered weakly, and I rolled them upward as the light snapped on. My father walked into the room, his face calm, almost expressionless as he bent over me.

He undid the strap behind my neck and worked the gag out of my mouth I gasped weakly, my throat dry, my mouth dry. I licked my lips and tried to say something, but he unzipped his trousers, put a knee on the bed, and thrust his cock into my mouth, then straight down my throat. He held my hair in a tight grip as he drove his cock all the way into me to the balls, then began to pump it violently in and out.

I gurgled and choked and gagged as he raped my throat. He plunged in and out relentlessly, his hand grasping my breast, squeezing it, his fingers tugging and twisting at the ring there as he pumped in and out with long, deep fast strokes that jammed my nose against his thigh again and again and again.

He pulled out at last and came in my face. He didn't come as heavily as Bernard, but he spattered my face with droplets from my chin to my forehead, then rubbed himself on my hair, released it, turned and walked out of the room.

A few minutes later Jerome came in and undid the straps. I gasped and groaned as my body finally unfolded on the bed, wincing and moaning at the pain to my back.

"Your father would like to remind you that he wants you on time for school today, Miss Thomas," he said.

Then he turned and walked out of the room.

It took me a little while to be able to move freely. Then I slumped into the bathroom and took a quick shower. I got downstairs in time to eat. My father did not look at me. I did not look at him. I walked up the long driveway to the highway, and the bus picked me up and drove me to school.

Just in time for an important Science test. A test I had intended to study for the previous evening. Not only had I not studied, I had not slept at all, but instead had spent an agonizing, exhausting evening and night hog-tied in my bed. I did my best, but there were a lot of things I only vaguely remembered, and the more of them I encountered the more stressed out I felt about the thought of failing. If I failed the test the most I could get in this course was a B.

I did not want to get a B.

But two days later I was standing in the den, white faced, as my father examined the test. By arrangement with the school, he had to sign every scored test, and he scowled at it, then at me.

"It's not my fault!" I exclaimed.

His eyes widened, then narrowed.

"I was going to study all evening! You tied me up and left me that way all night! Not only couldn't I study but I got no sleep at all!"

"Are you giving me excuses?" he asked coldly.

"Excuses?! You – you miserable bastard! Fuck you! I hate you! Go ahead and have Albert whip me! It's better than standing here looking at you!"

He pressed a button his desk, and Jerome entered the room, bland faced as always.

“Then we’ll have to make it worse,” my father said.

Jerome took me upstairs to the attic and ordered me to strip. For the first time, I refused. He called Bernard, and the two of them tore my clothes off, despite my resistance, ignoring my curses and screams. I succeeded in scratching Bernard, but that was all I could do before they had my wrists pinned and tied together.

They slipped a rope through the leather straps binding my wrists, and then threw it up overhead across one of the beams. Both men pulled and I gasped as I was lifted off my feet, to dangle freely from my wrists. They tied off the rope and then left me like that, hanging.

My body felt – stretched – straining outward, downward. My wrists burned, of course, but my arms and shoulders ached too, and, surprisingly, my chest muscles. I looked down the long length of my body and it looked like my toes were almost touching the floor. I tried to strain just a little, and managed to scratch a toenail across the floor. It was frustratingly close, but of no use.

I hung sullenly, glowering across the room. I wondered how long they’d leave me like this. Was this daddy’s new idea of punishment? Just tying me up in an uncomfortable position and leaving me like that?

It was hot in the attic, though, very hot. I was soon sweating freely as I hung there. My exertions were making me sweat even more. What exertions, you wonder? It’s odd, or at least, I thought it odd, but hanging by my wrists was exhausting. I couldn’t just – just hang – if you know what I mean, not hang like a sack of potatoes. I had to kind of pull on my arms, work the muscles in my arms to raise myself up – just a tiny bit – every time I breathed.

It was just a very little, and just long enough to inhale. But how many times do you inhale in a minute – in an hour?

Sweat was dripping down my forehead, trickling slowly down my breasts and belly and back, my hair was matted against my skull. My mouth was wide and I was gasping for air.

My father appeared at my side, and I groaned as he yanked my head up and back by the hair.

“Is this worse?” he asked.

“N-No,” I croaked.

He smiled thinly, then produced a dildo, a very large, very thick one, and showed it to me. Then suddenly he shoved it into my mouth. I gurgled and gasped as he forced it down my throat, his fingers pulling my hair back even more sharply as he forced it deep into my throat. I thrashed and twisted and kicked at him but he moved behind me and folded his arm around me as he pushed the dildo even deeper.

“Suck on that, whore,” he growled into my ear. “And while you’re doing that...”

He had another dildo, and while I was choking and gagging on the first he pushed it into my pussy, jammed it in, slapping at the base, then abandoned his hold on the one in my throat and mouth to grip the shaft of the new one in both hands and thrust it up into my pussy.

He pulled the other one out of my mouth and throat and I coughed violently, gasping for breath, red faced, light-headed from lack of air. Sweet air, precious air. I gulped it in as he pushed the spit-wet latex cock against my anus and rammed it up into me. The pain made me scream, but only briefly. I was too busy gulping in air.

I hung limp again, trembling weakly, gasping, sweating, moaning. In the normal course of events the two dildos would have slipped out of me, but he had jammed them in deep. They were both a good foot long, and thick around as coke cans, and he had jammed all but the last two inches into me. My pussy and anus were strained terribly and clutched at them so tightly neither moved.

I heard footsteps on the floor across the attic, and I raised my head wearily and saw my Jerome take off his jacket and loosen his collar in the heat. He picked up a long, thin single-tailed whip, a thin one, and move behind me.

The big dildo sticking out of my bottom was so thick it prevented my legs from closing completely. It pressed heavily against the insides of my buttocks as I hung, swaying slowly, panting weakly.

The whip Jerome had was not the same as the one Albert had used. This one was much longer and thinner. It seemed very light weight as I looked anxiously over my shoulder.

Then Jerome swung his arm far back and then forward. The whip flew across the room and instead of simply striking me it wrapped itself around my belly, the last foot or so striking with a stinging crack that made me cry out softly. Then he pulled, and my body spun around as the whip was yanked back, spun around like a top with its cord pulled.

I gasped and the world twirled around me dizzily. The spinning eased and the whip wrapped itself around me again, this time the first foot or so cut into my belly with painful force.

Again he yanked it back and I spun dizzily. The whip curled around my upper torso and bit into my breasts and I cried out, legs kicking feebly even as Jerome pulled back and I spun again.

Again and again and again the whip curled around me, biting into my soft flesh, leaving stinging welts behind as I spun and turned, spun and turned, swayed and twisted. Jerome didn't speak. He just kept whipping his arm back and forward in a workmanlike fashion, painting red lines up and down my body on both sides.

It was so – disorienting, the way I kept spinning and turning, and the sharp stinging blows landing anywhere and everywhere. I was dazed and whimpering, then sobbing as it seemed to go on and on and on. I don't know how long it lasted. I hung limply, barely conscious, and noticed at some point that I was alone. I don't know if I actually lost consciousness or not.

I groaned as my hair was yanked back. Then a hand slid up to caress my taut breast and pull at the nipple ring.

“Is it worse – whore?” he whispered.

Then he eased my hand forward and I saw there was another person in the attic. I didn't know her. I had never seen her before. It was a tall black woman, her skin very dark. She had very short hair closely cropped, a slender body, and a small mouth with full lips. She wore a long, loose skirt and a loose matching top.

“This is Nyala,” my father said. “I decided you needed female companionship. She's going to be your new tutor.”

Nyala moved up before me, her eyes flicking up and down my body, then her hand slid between my trembling thighs, gripped the base of the dildo still protruding from between my sex lips.

And thrust up – hard.

My eyes bulged and I let out a choked cry of pain as she somehow forced the last two inches of the dildo up inside me. My legs kicked frantically and my back arched as the pain tore at my belly. My father stepped back, and Nyala examined me, ran a hand up and down my chest, caressing my breasts, then fingered my clit.

“Is it worse yet?” my father asked blandly.

Nyala moved to the wall, where the rope was tied, and gave it a sharp tug. The knot unfurled and I was dropped to the floor. The drop was only a couple of inches, but I tumbled bonelessly to the floor in a heap, gasping in pain. I groaned as I lay on my belly, and then gurgled in pain as someone – Nyala – gripped my hair and forced me up onto my knees, then flung me forward onto my belly again.

She moved up behind me and then put her foot on the base of the dildo protruding from my ass and brought her weight down on it. I cried out again, my hands clawing at the floor, my head jerking up and back, then cried out more loudly, my insides aching as she forced the dildo deeper into my anus. I sobbed in pain as she put more and more weight on the base and forced the entire twelve inches up my ass.

She undid her wraparound skirt and let it fall to the floor, then flipped me onto my back and

straddled my chest. She spread her knees wide, slid upwards, until her sex was directly over my mouth, then she sank her pussy down against my face. I bucked weakly, but my wrists were still bound, my arms exhausted from the strain. She leaned forward, one hand pinning my arms, the other gripping my hair and pulling harshly.

I screamed in pain and she ground her sex against my mouth and nose.

“You better do as she wants. She’s not entirely civilized,” my father said. “She’s an African, you know. They’re a violent and backward people.”

“Please me,” Nyala growled in a deep, gravelly voice.

She yanked at my hair cruelly and I sobbed as she rubbed her naked sex against my mouth.

“Lick me,” she purred.

I whimpered and thrust my tongue up, and she jammed her sex against my mouth, grinding slowly as she looked down at me with cold eyes.

My father opened a folding chair and sat down to watch, his face filled with a cold satisfaction as Nyala forced me to perform oral sex on her, grinding her wet pussy back and forth across my face, my lips and nose and cheeks.

I had never, of course, done anything with a female before. In fact, the only female I had much acquaintance with was Molly, the cook, who glowered at me whenever she saw me. And it was Molly I felt the most shame around, too. Bad enough when the men saw what my father did, or when they knew about it, or when they hurt me or used me at his instructions. But they were men. They only felt lust when they saw me. A woman, though, would feel contempt at my weakness, my sluttishness, and worst of all for what a whore I was with everyone who abused me.

I was horrified to even have her there as a witness to my humiliation and abuse. To have her forcing herself on me was so mortifying I could hardly think straight. But the pain guided me into what I had to do, overriding everything else. Sobbing, I stuffed my tongue up into her pink pussy, revolted by the slow, warm trickle of cream spilling forward onto my face and into my mouth.

She began to laugh slowly, deeply, knees spread wide, leaning forward above me, grinding her hips rhythmically against my face, against my mouth.

“Yes, little whore! Show mama your tongue!” she cooed. “Let mama feel your tongue!”

She reared back suddenly, lips drawn wide, grinding, grinding. “Let mama show you the way,” she groaned.

She rolled off me, moving like a cat, twisting around. And then she was between my legs, lifting my trembling legs up and spreading them wide as her lips moved in against my pussy. The dildo she had forced into me was almost flat with my pussy lips, but still held them spread wide. It didn’t get in the way of her tongue, however, as she began to lap at my clitoris.

Knowing it was a woman doing it sickened me, but the beast was in its glory. The beast loved it when I was humiliated, when I was shamed, and Nyala was an expert at oral sex. Her lips pressed against my swollen clit and she sucked furiously, licked, sucked and drove me into slow, gradually building stages of helpless insanity.

The fact I knew my father was sitting back watching made it even worse. I wanted to resist but it was hopeless. My hips began to grind and roll, to buck upwards. My legs jerked and flopped on the floor, and I began to arch and twist and shudder as the sexual fever spread over my body.

She slid up my body. She was naked now, and her breasts slid slickly along my sweaty skin, up over my own aching breasts. She looked into my eyes from inches away.

“Beg,” she whispered. “Beg me to fuck you.”

She held my clit between her thumb and forefinger, rubbing ever so lightly.

“Beg me,” she breathed.

“Please,” I whimpered dazedly.

“Beg me,” she breathed again.

“Please,” I half sobbed.

“Please what?”

“P-please fuck me,” I gasped.

“Again.”

“Please f-fuck me, Nyala,” I sobbed.

“Louder!” she demanded, giving my clit a sharp squeeze.

“Please fuck me, Nyala!” I cried. “Please fuck me, Nyala!”

She twisted my lower torso and shoved my leg wide, then maneuvered her own sex in against mine. Holding my upper leg back she began to grind her pussy furiously against my own. The beast roared and I flashed into orgasm, bucking and shaking and screaming weakly in pleasure as she rode me through the climax.

I lay gasping dazedly as she slid away, then back. She licked and sucked at my breasts and nipples, rubbing her body against mine, then crawled up and straddled my face again, forcing me to tongue her to another orgasm. At some point my father left, but I don’t remember when. Nyala untied my wrists and led me back downstairs, then to my room.

“Tomorrow we will begin your studies in Science,” she said as she turned away.

I lay on my back, soaked in sweat, my face covered in the scent of her, in the cream from her pussy, my own pussy and anus still aching and distended with the dildos, and sobbed weakly.





# Chapter Five

Nyala was to tutor me in more than Science. My father had contacted the school and gotten the lesson plan. Every afternoon when I came home Nyala would go over what had been done that day in school, and then I would do my homework – twice as much homework as before.

My father had a desk set up in my room for this purpose. It was an actual school desk, the kind with the seat which was attached to it by a bar. But there was a difference. This “seat” consisted of a round cone-shaped piece of wood., though the tip was not pointy. The top was shaped like the head of a cock, to be exact, a fat one. The first inch or so slid into me easily enough. But it grew rapidly wider, like a football. The second inch had my pussy straining. Yet it grew so much wider then that I did not slide down on it – at least, not quickly.

This was done in my school uniform, by the way, though without panties, and with the skirt pulled aside so my bare pussy was jammed against the polished wood. The “seat” was placed at such a height that I had to “sit” on it, with my legs bent at a ninety degree angle, just as for a real seat. Thus my legs could offer me some support, but not much. I could also lean a little forward on the desk, and that helped, too.

But the longer I was sitting on it the more it hurt. Because despite how wide it was, my weight would slowly sink my pussy down onto it, forcing my pussy lips wider and wider.

And wider.

I could not see beneath my skirt to see how much wider as I sat there, desperately trying to answer Miss Nyala’s questions, to do the sums she put on my desk, and to keep myself from being impaled on the fat “seat”.

The first day, we were at it for over an hour. When we finished, Nyala undid my skirt and pulled it away. I stared down, gasping to see my sex lips spread aching wide, so wide I think you could have slid a wine bottle up inside me and barely touched the sides of my pussy.

Nyala gripped my hair and slowly pulled me up and forward. My legs were so weak by that point they were trembling, and cried out in relief as she forced me up and then forward across the desk. I lay there, gasping, moaning, reaching back between my legs to cup my aching pussy.

Nyala slapped my hands aside, then thrust her fingers into my pussy. It still gaped, the muscles strained. She ran her fingers along the insides of my sex lips, then thrust them forward, one, two, four, jamming them against my sex as she held me by the hair. I shuddered and moaned as I felt the heel of her hand passing through my pussy lips.

She had her entire hand up inside me!

She chuckled throatily as she slowly wormed her hand deeper, burrowing through the soft, aching flesh of my pussy. I was moist. I had been moist the entire time, the beast pleased at my humiliation. Yet it hurt and I felt a fresh wave of shocked humiliation as the woman forced her hand deep into my sex. I could feel my pussy lips closed tightly around her wrist, and yet it felt wonderful! Clamping around her wrist was far less painful than jammed down on the ever widening cone.

“Bad little girl,” she purred, her fingers wriggling inside my belly. “I should spank you for being so naughty.”

She slapped my bottom, and wriggled her hand deeper. Then she curled her fingers in one by one, drawing them into a ball inside me, into a fist.

And pushed it forward, deeper. I groaned helplessly as her wrist slid into me and my pussy lips spread wider around her forearm.

She eased down to her knees and I felt her tongue lapping at me there. I shuddered and trembled, gasping like a fish, moaning insensibly as my aching clit – crushed against the wood for over an hour, sent

gushing waves of heat through me at the gentle caress of her tongue.

I grunted and moaned and my bottom began to grind back against her. She drew her fist slowly back, then pushed it forward, drew it back, and pushed it forward, pumping it slowly inside me, fisting me, fist-fucking me as her tongue lapped at my clit.

I sobbed in miserable pleasure, in ecstatic pain, the sex heat rising and twisting its way through my mind so I lost my senses and began to grunt and moan and gasp and gurgle in carnal heat. Her fist moved faster within me, twisting and turning, pumping in and out.

Then I felt her gripping my hair, yanking my head up and back. And through my glassy eyes I saw my father standing before us watching intently.

“Ask daddy if you can come, little girl,” Nyala purred.

I sobbed brokenly.

“Beg daddy to let you come, little girl,” Nyala insisted, stroking her thumb across my clit.

“P-please,” I croaked.

“Beg for it, little girl.”

“Please let me come, daddy,” I sobbed.

“Father,” he said, glaring.

“Please let me come, father! Please let me come!” I sobbed.

He smiled. “Make her come, But make it hurt.”

Nyala rammed her fist forward into me and ground her knuckles against my cervix. I screamed in pain, then in orgasm as she sucked furiously at my clit. My hips bucked violently up and down as Nyala practically punched her fist into my cervix again and again while she sucked and licked at my swollen, burning clit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nyala became my nemesis. Nothing ever satisfied her, and she was ever ready to use the short quirt or flog she kept on her belt. Our tutoring sessions were torture sessions in all but name. And pain was not even her main function. It seemed to me that daddy had actually hired her to shame me, to shame me so deep and horribly that I had no pride and no sense of independence left whatsoever.

My father didn't show up for every tutoring session. But whenever he did it was to observe some new shame on my part. On the second afternoon I had to tell Nyala – Miss Nyala – that I was a bad girl and needed to be spanked, whereupon I had to lay myself across her lap while she lifted up my schoolgirl skirt, spanked my bare bottom, made me cry, then made me come while daddy looked on.

She had several strap-on dildos, all of them huge, with bulbous heads. Some seemed actually designed to hurt, having many sharp angles which clawed at my insides as she rutted into me. They hurt horribly, but more humiliating was that somehow that dark beast within me reveled in that sort of awful pain, right there, in the center of what made me a whore.

On the fourth day she had been forcing progressively thicker dildos up into my pussy during our “lessons”. And, of course, there was already a thick, fat butt-plug jammed deep into my anus, making me ache and groan.

My hair was in pig-tails and weights hung from my nipple rings when my father came in to visit. I was on the floor, my bottom raised, and Nyala had just finished switching my buttocks and pussy so they both glowed with the heat of pain and dark hunger. The big dildo and butt-plug were very visibly protruding from behind me as daddy smiled at Nyala and told her he appreciated the hard work she was doing to teach me my lessons.

“She needs discipline,” Nyala said.

“Then by all means, beat her as often and as thoroughly as you feel is appropriate,” my father said.

Nyala smirked at me, kneeling there, flushed, trembling. “I have better than beating for a slut like this.”

And then, of course, she put on her strap-on. The dildo attached to it was a new one, with a fat, round head, then spikes sticking out around the shaft beneath, then another fat round bulbous section, then more spikes and then another fat bulbous section. The thing was as thick around as a coke can, and she gleefully knelt behind me and pulled the dildo already stretching my pussy out, then thrust in the new one.

Despite how stretched out I was the new dildo didn't go in easily, and I shuddered and groaned and cried out as the first bulbous sections slid through the tight grip of my pussy lips. Then I cried out again as the spikes followed, clawing at my sensitive insides. The next bulbous section spread my sex lips achingly wide, then the next set of clawed spikes pushed into my body.

Then came the last bulbous section, and I was trembling and gulping in air, by now, feeling like I was being impaled. The head of the thing was already jammed so deep inside me I thought it might be trying to force its way up through my stomach. She slapped at my already aching bottom, then at the sides of my breasts, making them sting and swing.

Then she gripped my hips with her strong hands and began to ride me with that horrible dildo, forcing it up and down my tight, silky pussy tunnel as my father looked on approvingly.

My eyes were bulging wide as I gasped and sobbed and gulped in air, the pain incredible inside me. My hands were claws pawing at the floor as Nyala ground the thing in and out of me.

“Maybe with enough rides like that the little slut wouldn't crave being ridden so much,” my father said.

Nyala slapped my breast in disdain. “She is a whore. She will always want something big inside her hungry little pussy.”

She began to ride me harder, then, riding my mind into oblivion. She gripped my pigtails, pulling back on them like the reins of a horse, ramming the awful dildo into me again and again and again. It clawed at my insides even as it punched at my cervix and the base of my tunnel, and that last bulbous section kept sliding in and out of the entrance to my sex, forcing my sex lips to stretch wide, then narrow then wide again and again in a way which was driving the beast insane.

And so the beast began to ride me, too, and I could do nothing to resist as my body was gripped by the insatiable lust of what my father had created in me. I sobbed in misery even as I thrust my aching sex back helplessly, gasping, squealing, crying out in pain as crackling sexual electricity ripped through me like sheet lightning.

I came – of course, came violently, then more violently, gurgling and then screaming in wanton pleasure as the terrible orgasms roared through my body and mind and turned me into a crazed sexual animal while my father looked on in contempt.

I was so sore afterwards! Yet I knew if she rode me again I would come just as hard. I knew that my ability to resist was now down to almost nothing, and that even what was left was fading.

What finally convinced me to risk everything and run away, though, was when she played “Puppet” with me. All schoolgirls love puppets, she said.

The puppet was me, of course, stripped naked, arms bound together behind my back while “Miss Nyala” held a stick overhead – a stick with strings attached to my nipple rings. While my father looked on and smiled Nyala made me “dance” across the room on the tips of my toes while I sang “I'm a filthy little whore and I love black cock”.

Then she bent me over and fist-fucked me again. It hurt horribly, but I came anyway. While daddy smirked.

Afterwards, I lay in my room, whimpering, trembling, holding myself, lost. I couldn't go on. I hated what I was becoming even more than I hated what they were doing to me. Nothing could be as bad as this. Even being a prostitute in the city would be better. And so I decided I would have to run away.

You might wonder why that would be difficult for someone who was, after all, an adult. But my father owned this county, and virtually everyone in it. I had no money, no car or drivers license, and not even very much of an idea of how to get out. There was a bus that stopped in town, but I knew that if I was seen waiting for it my father would find out and the bus would likely be stopped by the police.

Besides, how could I even get there except during one of the rare shopping excursions Daddy allowed – driven by Bernard, who would hold my purchases for me and never leave my side.

I would have to sneak away somehow, either from here or from school. I thought school was the better prospect, for it was in the north end of the county, and if I could get away and hitch a ride to Morgan County I might be able to get a bus there.

I planned as carefully as I could, including stealing a few of my late mother's jewels so I could sell them – though I was rather naïve about just where I could do that. I also managed to get my hands on a few bills, mostly just ones and twos picked up here and there from daddy's pockets or dresser without him noticing. I figured I could pay for the bus with that.

I started paying more attention to the road when we were driving, and looked up the county on the internet to check out maps. I had my route planned well, and the next day I went to my last morning class, then went to the bathroom, changed into shorts and a tank top, then took off.

I went through the woods, then out onto the road, and then sort of half walked, half jogged in the general direction of the highway. It was taking too long, though, so I finally braced myself and stuck my thumb out to hitchhike.

The shorts I was wearing were very short, and very low on my hips. The tank top I was wearing hugged me like a second skin, cupping and squeezing my breasts up and out. Pretty much all the clothes I owned were provocative in some way, and showed my body off to its best – though that hadn't been my decision.

The man who stopped the car didn't seem to know me. He was a middle aged farmer type with a beer belly, and he greeted me jovially, though his eyes drunk me in like he was seeing paradise. I got in anyway, sitting down anxiously, knees tight together, hands in my lap.

"Where you goin' darlin'?" He asked as he accelerated.

"Morgan County," I said. "To Stanleyville."

"Well that's not very far at all," he said in the same jovial voice. "What's a pretty girl like you doing out on her own?"

"Just uhm, visiting my grandma," I said.

"Why that's right nice. I like to see young people respectin' their elders proper like," he said.

He put his sweaty hand on my bare knee and rubbed it up and down.

I smiled uncomfortably, checking my watch to see how much time had elapsed, wondering when they would miss me at school and call my father. I looked out the window and watched the trees zip past as we headed onto the highway, and didn't do anything to discourage the man as his hand slid higher on my leg, rubbing at my inner thigh.

I squirmed a little, keeping my hands in my lap.

"You're a real pretty girl," he said. "Do you got a boyfriend?"

"No," I said.

"Why that's a right shame. Pretty girl like you sure should have a boyfriend to do things for her."

His teeth were yellowy as he smiled at me. His hand tried to work up past mine, tried to slide in against my pussy but I kept my hands in the way. He grinned and pulled his hand back, then he suddenly pulled off the highway and into a truck stop.

"Thought maybe we'd get something to eat," he said.

He drove past the trucks, past the gas pumps, and then in around behind the building, and I frowned as we stopped with the wheels almost into the grass. When I turned back to him from looking out my

window he was turning in to me.

“Why don’t you give me a little kiss,” he said.

“No, please,” I gasped as his arm slid behind me and he pulled me towards him.

His other hand pushed against my breast, squeezing and kneading it as he jammed his greasy mouth against mine and thrust his tongue into me.

I twisted and wriggled and tried to push back but he only laughed and pulled down my tank top, then bent and bit my breast, making me cry out in pain. He too the center of my breast into his mouth, sucking and chewing and licking at my nipple as his fingers roughly groped and fondled my breasts.

“Don’t! Please! Mister! Don’t! Stop it!” I gasped.

He reached down and the back of my seat dropped back, then he grabbed at my shorts and pulled them roughly down. I squealed in embarrassment, trying to cover myself, twisting and squirming away – but that just led me into the back seat, and he let his own back seat back, laughing, and tumbled after me.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like it, bitch,” he panted. “Tempting a man in those tight little shorts and you gots to expect to make him crazy!”

He spread my legs and forced himself into me. I was dry and it hurt. The beast stirred a little, but wasn’t particularly thrilled by this greasy redneck raping me. I cried out and pushed against him and he slapped my face, then thrust deeper.

“Spread `em, baby,” he growled.

He drove himself into me, his fingers digging into my buttocks, and then rutted wildly for a long minute or two a I moaned and whimpered and trembled under the harsh physical battering of his heavy body.

He tore off my bra and tank top, then began growling and chewing and sucking on my breasts, his tongue licking hungrily at my nipples. Then he cried out and drove himself into me, balls deep, shuddering as he came. He all-but collapsed atop me, crushing me under his heavy body, and gasped for breath for a long minute before rolling off.

He grunted and did up his pants, and then opened the door.

“Get out.”

“But – but please I – ”

He grabbed me by the hair and forced me out of the car, naked onto the cracked and broken pavement.

“M-my clothes!” I gasped.

He shut the door, then backed up. He halted, opened a window, and threw out my shorts and tank top, then the tires squealed as he drove away. I quickly pulled on my shorts and tank top, though I had no bra now and the tank top was torn down the middle. I had to kind of pull the fabric together and then tie it in a knot between my breasts. That served to keep my breasts covered, well, some of them anyway. I mean, there was a lot of cleavage, and even where the thin cotton covered it was super tight and my nipples were clearly outlined against it.

I made my way back around front of the truck stop, combing my fingers through my tangled hair. I moved around the big rigs, looking for a trucker, and found one. He didn’t seem too bad looking, and maybe wasn’t as mean as the man who had raped me. He looked at me as I walked up to him, his eyes dropping to my cleavage right away.

Well, I probably couldn’t blame him for that given what I was wearing.

“Excuse me, sir, but you wouldn’t be driving to Stanleyville, would you?” I asked.

“Going near there,” he said. “But I’m not allowed to pick up riders.”

“Oh please,” I whined. “I – I really need to get to Stanleyville right away!”

“Yeah? How bad you need it?”

I gulped weakly. “Pretty bad,” I said in a small voice.

He was a tall, blonde man, maybe thirty or thirty five. He brought his hands up suddenly to cup my breasts. "How badly?"

I swallowed and my face turned red.

"What do I get if I drive you to Stanleyville?"

"Wh-whatever you want," I said weakly.

"Really? I could want a lot."

He tugged down the tank top and I gasped in embarrassment, my head whipping from side to side, looking for watchers. But we were between trucks, so there was no one to see as he cupped my bare breasts and stroked his thumbs across the nipples.

"C-Can we go in your truck?" I gulped.

"Pay first," he said, grinning lewdly.

He unzipped his jeans and drew his cock out, then gripped my shoulder and forced me down onto my knees on the pavement. I looked anxiously around again, but then he guided my head against him, holding my hair and I took his cock into my mouth, sucking and licking energetically, hoping to make him come quickly so we could get into his truck and start driving.

I guess I was pretty good, cause he acted like he was really enjoying himself as I bobbed up and down on his stiff white cock. He pulled me in hard and I let his cock punch into my throat, sliding my lips down to his balls as he groaned aloud, grinding my face into his groin.

"Oh yeah! Oh yeah, baby!" he groaned.

He let me ease back before I had any trouble breathing, and I bobbed up and down his shaft again, sucking and slurping and licking as he gripped my hair and pumped slowly in and out. Thankfully, It didn't take long for him to come. And he didn't even try to come in my face, but was content to pour his silvery seed into my mouth and throat.

He released my hair and I got to my feet, my legs rubbery. I checked back and forth both directions as he groped my breasts a little more and pulled my top right off.

"Please? Can we get in your truck now?" I begged.

"Sure, baby," he said with a lazy drawl.

He led me to the door and climbed up, opening it, then guided me up as well, But as I was climbing past him he grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down. I squealed and reached for them but he just laughed and slapped my bottom.

"Go ahead, get on in there," he said.

I had to climbed out of my shorts and then into the big cab naked. I climbed in over the seat and then in the back, to where there was a sort of big bed behind the seats. He climbed in as well, closed the door, and started the engine. I felt a surge of relief as we pulled out onto the highway.

"Can I have my shorts and top?" I asked meekly.

"I like you the way you are," he said, turning and grinning at me.

He drove for a little while as I kind of sat in the back, naked, looking over his seat, watching the road. Then he pulled off onto another truck stop and climbed in back. I didn't resist as he pushed me back. I spread my legs and let him do me, his hips thrusting, his cock stabbing, his lips and hands racing over me.

Then we started moving again. I asked for my clothes again but he just grinned again and said he liked me better naked. I tried to see around, to find out where he'd put them but didn't see them.

"Relax," he said. "Here, have a drink."

I took the thermos from him. The liquid was very strong and I gurgled weakly, but I'd never had alcohol and figured this was as good a time as any.

By the time we stopped, an hour or so later, I was feeling no pain, swaying groggily there, giggling stupidly. I was feeling tired, too, and kind of lay back on the bed, sighing sleepily as he got out of the cab.

When he came back, though, he wasn't alone.





# Chapter Six

I gasped and drew back behind the seat, my face heating, as a grinning, gap-toothed man of about forty climbed up into the cab. He wore a green baseball cap and had straw-coloured hair sticking out around the rim.

“Well hey there, baby,” he said, climbing further in, clearly intending to come into the rear of the cab.

“Don’t!” I gasped, having nowhere to hide now as he came into the rear with me.

I tried to cover myself with my arms but he chuckled lazily, drawing my arms up and away to expose my breasts, letting his weight carry me back onto my back on the bed.

“Please!” I moaned, even as another strange man came in, and crowded into the rear.

“You don’t gotta beg, baby,” the first man said as he forced my legs apart.

He chuckled, pinning my wrists with one hand while the other man pushed his way in beside his and ran his hands eagerly over my bare breasts.

“Har, har! She’s got rings in her nipples!” the second man exclaimed, plucking at them so that I yelped in pain.

The engine started, and the truck began to move forward as the first man forced his cock into me. I moaned, my knees spread wide as he began to thrust in and out.

“Tight little pussy on her,” he grunted, his cock moving in and out with strong, sure strokes.

He let his body settle atop me and crushed my lips with his, rolling his hips from side to side and fucking up and down lazily.

“Yeah, she’s a hot little number,” I heard the first trucker – Dan – call from the driver’s seat.

“Lemmie have some of that,” the other trucker growled, looking on.

“I bet she’s got an even tighter ass,” straw hair said. “You want the bitch’s ass?”

He rolled over, taking me with him, and I gasped as I felt the second man’s hands immediately go to my bottom, squeezing and kneading my buttocks.

He moved around behind us and I tried to twist free, but the first man, now below me, gripped my hair and held me down, groping my breast with one hand as he thrust his tongue into my mouth.

The second man was spitting on his cock to get it slippery, and now began to push it against my anus. It hurt, kind of stinging as he impatiently thrust and jammed himself into me. I was revolted by the thought of him spitting on his cock and pushing it into my body, and crushed between their heavy bodies as their hands mauled and groped me.

The man behind grunted as he drove himself deeper. “I can feel yer prick inside her, Yancy!” he laughed.

“Just don’t feel it too close now, boy!” Yancy guffawed.

“Ungggh!” I cried as the man behind drove himself in deep with a painfully hard thrust.

I realized the truck was no longer moving, and now the original trucker, Dan, climbed into the back.

“Got room for one more, boys?” he asked.

“Bitch still has a hole free,” Yancy said.

They all laughed, and Dan moved in against the side, near my head. He gripped my hair and casually twisted my head to the side, then thrust his cock through my open mouth.

“Suck that prick again, baby,” he said. “You boys gotta see this bitch suck. She swallows it whole.”

The harsh thrusting into my pussy and ass slowed as the men watched him force his cock down my throat and made excited noises. They shifted around, moving my body as though it were weightless, and

positioning Dan beneath me now. They sank me down on his cock while Yancy eagerly shoved his cock into my mouth, yanking on my hair and ordering me to swallow him.

Al, the guy behind, kept ramming his cock up my ass in hard, deep thrusts, grunting and cursing continually as he worked his hips in and out. Dan gripped my buttocks, lifting me up and down on his cock. My breasts were mauled and squeezed continually, but with my head forced up and to the side I couldn't even see who was doing it. Nor did it really matter. The three men were pounding their cocks into me with harsh, violent motions that had me gurgling and whimpering and moaning helplessly, with no control over any of it.

They shifted positions again and again, laughing and jostling for position as they used me repeatedly. Then the two new guys got out of the cab and Dan, without a word to me, climbed back into the cab and started the engine. I just lay in the back, staring up at the roof, moaning softly, bruised and battered inside and out. When the truck slowed again and I heard Dan speaking to someone out the window I bit my lip, thinking it was someone else he had recruited to come and rape me.

"Come on, you. Git out of there!" a harsh male voice ordered.

I looked up, sat up, trying to cover myself as I saw a man with sunglasses and a police hat glaring at me over the top of the seat.

"Come on. Let's go," he growled.

Blushing, I had to climb out between the seats, and then down out of the cab onto the side of the road. We were next to a small diner, and there was a sheriff's car parked there.

The deputy took my arm harshly and turned me around, then drew my wrists behind me and handcuffed them together. Then he took my arm again and marched me, naked, across the parking lot. There were several people looking on, the men sniggering, the women scowling and shaking their heads disdainfully. I flushed beet red, unable to hide my nudity at all as the deputy walked me to his police car and put me in the back seat.

Then he pulled out of the diner and headed back up the highway.

"We don't take to prostitutes hanging around the truck stops," he said, staring at me in the rear view mirror.

"I'm not a prostitute!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Yeah, sure," he sneered.

"I just wanted a ride!"

"So you were exchanging a ride for sex, is that it?"

I dropped my eyes, embarrassed.

"There are other ways to pay for rides, you know," he said.

"I didn't have much money."

And I didn't have those rings either. Not any more. They'd been in my shorts pocket and I was beginning to think Dan had just left them on the road by the truck stop.

I wasn't even surprised when the deputy pulled over by the side of the road in a quiet area and came around to the rear. He opened the door and ordered me out, and then I was on my knees sucking his cock as he leered down at me.

"Hot little slut, an't ya," he said. "I bet you charge a pretty penny for that soft, wet little mouth of yours."

After I swallowed his come he put me back in the car and drove me to the sheriff's office. He parked out front and just as at the diner, simply took my arm and led me, naked, up the walk, past startled bystanders and in through the front. There were several people waiting at the desk, and their eyes went wide as he led me past them and in behind the desk, then into the back and down a flight of stairs.

The deputies we passed leered at me and joked with him as they ran their eyes over me.

"Can't you find something for me to wear?" I whined.

“You look fine the way you are, girl,” he said with a chuckle.

He fingerprinted me, took my name – I made one up - and then gave me to another deputy, who brought me back and put me in a cell, still naked and handcuffed.

After an hour or so an older man came back, along with one of the deputies. I recognized the older man as the sheriff, though I didn't think he recognized me. He'd never been close to me. The deputy grabbed my arm and brought me out of the cell and the sheriff glared at me.

“What's your name, girl?” he demanded.

“Melissa Stuart,” I said, giving my made up name.

“Where do you live?”

I hesitated. “In Atlanta,” I said, knowing I couldn't get away with giving any local address for long.”

“What's your address?” he demanded.

I made one up.

“Your phone number and area code?”

I bit my lip. What the heck was the area code in Atlanta?

“Yer lying to me, girl,” he growled. “No fingerprints show up for you, and you got no identification. I want to know who you are right now.”

“I-I told you,” I gulped.

He spun me around and undid my handcuffs, or rather one of them, then drew my arms up above my head as he turned me and pushed me against the bars of the cell. He reached up and put my arms through the bars just above a crossbar, then handcuffed them together again so I was on the balls of my feet.

Then he took off his belt, smirking, and aimed it at my bottom.

“You gonna tell me yer name?” he demanded.

“I-I did!” I exclaimed fearfully.

The belt snapped across my bottom with stinging force and I cried out in pain, thrown forward against the bars. It stung, but I had been beaten far harder, and the idea of my father finding me here in jail naked, and the punishment he would deal me because of it caused me to keep my silence. The belt snapped across my bottom again and again and again and though it stung and my bottom burned, I didn't give him my real name.

He growled in irritation, then put the belt down and took his billy club off his belt. He pulled my hair back and then pushed the knob of the billy club against my anus, forcing it into me. It hurt – a lot – and I squirmed and cried out in pain, twisting and pulling against the metal cuffs around my wrists as he shoved it deeper and deeper.

“Yer gonna tell me yer real name and address, girl,” he said, “One way or another.”

I'd been sodomised many times, of course, but this was different. The hard wood pushed deep into my ass, until I was feeling cramps and that somewhat familiar aching sensation. Then he shoved it in hard. The pain was incredible and I screamed and twisted as he ground the nose of the hard baton up into my belly.

“Yer name, slut,” he growled.

He pulled back and thrust hard and I screamed again as the hard wood impaled me, jamming horribly deep and hard into the depths of my anus. He chuckled low in his thrust, and then gripped the billy club with both hands, shoving it up hard, actually lifting me off my feet. I howled in agony as he held me in place for long seconds before letting my feet down to the floor.

Sobbing, my voice breaking, I told him then who I was.

I think he was afraid then, as was the deputy. They took off the handcuffs and found a sort of coverall for me, then left me alone for a while. The sheriff came back for me, then, and without a word took me from the cell, brought me out to his car, and drove me back to my father's plantation.

He was clearly nervous as he approached the house, about what my father would do to him if he found out what he'd done to me. I took some satisfaction in that, but I knew my father wouldn't punish anyone for abusing me.

Jerome answered the door, and led the sheriff and I through the house and into the den, then stood to one side as my father came out from behind his desk to greet the sheriff warmly.

There was no warmth in the look he turned on me, however.

“So, coming back wearing a jail coverall, are you?”

“I'm right sorry about that, Mr. Thomas,” the Sheriff said, “But she weren't wearing no clothes when she was handed over to the deputy and there wasn't nothing else available.”

“You should have left her naked then, Sheriff,” my father said, looking at me coldly. “The slut looks better in her skin anyway. Rory, give the sheriff back his coverall,” he growled.

Flushing, I unzipped the coverall and shrugged it over my shoulders, then pushed it down my hips and bent over to strip it off. I stood up, naked, the three of them looking at me, and handed the coverall to the sheriff. The sheriff was wide-eyed at this, but clearly didn't dream of saying anything.

“What do you think, sheriff? Is this a good looking female?” my father asked.

“Uh, her, oh yes, sir!” the sheriff exclaimed. “Your daughter is quite uhm, beautiful!”

“Yes, she has all the right parts in all the right places,” my father said. “I think we'll have to put a collar on her to keep her in her place. Thank you for bringing her back, Sheriff.”

“Oh any time, sir! Any time at all!” the sheriff said, clearly eager to be out of there.

Jerome showed him to the door as my father came up close to me, his face filled with fury.

“Filthy little bitch,” he growled. “You don't get enough cock you have to go running to truck stops to find me to fill your needs!?”

“I-I didn't – !”

He backhanded me so hard I spun around and fell against the wall.

Bernard appeared, then, and my father nodded curtly towards me. Bernard came to me, carrying a thick leather studded collar in his hands. He fastened it around my throat and locked it in place, then took a leash out of his pocket and snapped it to the front of the collar before pushing me down onto all fours.

“Like a bitch in heat is the true whore,” my father said coldly. “With as much of a sense of morals as an alley cat.”

“Take her to the kennels,” he said. “That's where a bitch in heat belongs.”

“Yessir, Mr. Thomas,” Bernard said.

My father left, and Bernard tugged on the leash. “Crawl, bitch,” he ordered with a little smirk.

The word startled me, for the help always spoke to me with respect. They were required to. Even Jerome, when he beat me and raped me under daddy's orders, didn't call me names. Yet he hadn't used the word as a pejorative, but rather as if it were my name.

Dazed, I crawled after him through the corridor, then out through a side door and down along a dirt path. There was a split rail fence around the corner of the shack by the car, and two Black children, a boy and a girl about ten, were sitting on it, chatting. They snickered and giggled as they saw Bernard lead me crawling past them, and stared, goggle eyed, as he made me crawl to an empty cage and then crawl inside.

With the door locked, Bernard turned to them.

“You chillen you be off! This ain't no place for you! Git!”

They jumped down and ran off, and then another black man, tall and thin, came out from around the shack. His name escaped me, but he took care of the dogs.

“Mr. Thomas said to treat this bitch like any other,” Bernard told him.

The man blinked at me in surprise, then shook his head from side to side.

“White folks sure is odd,” he said.

“Shut yer mouth!” Bernard snapped.

The man bobbed his head a little, and then shrugged. He got a bowl and filled it with water, then came to the cage where I knelt, opened it, and slid the bowl inside. He got an eyeful before he closed it, and I burned with humiliation as his eyes devoured me. Then he drew back and closed the cage, locking it.

I lay down uneasily in the cage, looking around me. There was a Doberman in the cage next to mine, and a German shepherd on the other side. My father’s dogs were working dogs, guard dogs, dogs, not family pets to be played with. The Doberman eyed me distrustfully, growling a little low in its throat.

After about half an hour or so Bernard returned. He had a dozen large Black men with him, all young men, all with broad shoulders, wearing dirty coveralls. They were field hands, and I flamed red, mortified, as the thin man opened the cage door and led me, crawling, out before them.

They gaped and their eyes got big as Bernard turned to them.

“Mr. Thomas, he say this is a bitch in heat, and the thing to do with a bitch in heat is breed em. He say to me, get some young black bucks to satisfy that bitch in heat, and tell them to not hold back nothing, to give it all they gots.”

I cringed in horror and shame as they all looked at me with hunger and lust. The thin man tied my leash to a metal post and then he walked up and put a foot on my hip, pushing me to the side, forcing me to kneel sideways to the group of men even as the first one stripped off his coveralls and padded forward, naked, his cock thrusting up and out, stiff and thick.

The thin man bent behind me and I gasped as he took a thin rod, dipped it into an oily substance and then slid it into my pussy, pushing it deep. It was no thicker than a pencil, and he pumped it in and out, then nodded to the first man.

He leered and dropped to his knees behind me, his big hands on my back, on my hips. He forced my legs wider and then took his swollen cock and jabbed it against my entrance. I whimpered dazedly, hardly believing even my father would do something like this to me. The big cock jammed into the mouth of my sex, then the slippery lubricant allowed it to slowly push deeper, forcing my pussy lips wider, wider still, achingly wide so that I groaned in pain.

He laughed and slapped my bottom, then thrust forward and I cried out in pain as his big cock slid slowly through my taut opening and ploughed through the tight flesh of my sex, forcing it to stretch wide, to let it burrow deeper and deeper.

His big hands completely encircled my waist just above the hips as he held me in place and then drove himself in deeper. I cried out again, trying to pull free, but he held me easily in place, then jerked me back to meet his next thrust. It felt like a hot iron spike deep inside me, and I threw back my head and cried out in pain as he buried his mighty shaft in my taut, straining pussy.

He groaned in pleasure, grinding his pelvis against my bottom, and his hands slid slowly off my waist, easing up along my ribs and then underneath to cup and fondle my breasts. He squeezed his fingers deep into the soft, aching flesh, drawing me back as he began to thrust in and out.

“Don’t be shy there,” Bernard said. “Rise that bitch.”

The big field hand began to pump faster and harder, and my body jerked and shuddered to the powerful blows of his heavy body. I wallowed in shame and humiliation as the field hands looked on, grinning and staring and whispering amongst themselves as they watched. Some of them looked worried. Fucking a white woman was still cause for a lynching in parts of Alabama, to say nothing of doing it to the daughter of Phillip Thomas.

But the one thrusting into me showed no restraint or doubts. He was pounding into me violently, his big cock tearing up and down in my aching, burning pussy as he rode me. I shook and shuddered and gasped and groaned with his wild rutting, dazed by the enormity of the shame, mortified beyond anything I could have imagined.

But of course, the beast was rising, purring, thrilled at the degradation, at the pain, at the humiliation. I tried to will it away, but the beast grew and spread and I felt my pussy beginning to throb and burn around the big cock inside it, felt my clitoris swell, my nipples harden. I whimpered and moaned as the field hand pulled and twisted at my nipple rings, then cried out as he yanked back on my long hair and thrust even harder.

A few front in front of me was a cage, and just inside it a German Shepard lay on its belly, watching, staring, its long tongue hanging out as it panted in the heat.

The big field hand continued to ride me, its stiff cock punching into my belly, punching me up deep inside me, punching into the back wall of my pussy with an awful, wonderful pain and pleasure that sent a thrill through my dark beast and made me want to sob in horror and pain.

I fought desperately to hold it off, to cling to some small fragment, some tiny shred of pride, and I succeeded – barely. The field hand finished with me, and I sagged exhaustedly, trembling from the battle with the beast, and from the pain of his mounting.

But of course, the next field hand moved in then, stripping off, dropping to his knees behind me, thrusting his own cock into my aching pussy.

I was shocked to feel he was as big as the first one. But then perhaps that had been a part of Bernard's selection process.

I grunted and groaned and moaned and shuddered under another hard, savage rutting. Like the first field hand he groped and pawed and crushed my breasts as his cock pounded into me with unrestrained force. The beat writhed in dark, carnal lust wallowing in my shame and degradation.

It's exactly what I deserve, a part of me thought viciously. Dirty, stinking whore! This is exactly what you deserve! They should rape you to death! Rape you to death!

He pounded into me and finished, and the next man moved forward.

I whimpered exhaustedly, still trying to fight the beast, but failing, minute by minute. Another thick cock was rammed into me as the crowd of field hands looked on, and I shuddered at the wonderful feel of it plunging up and down inside me, at the hard hammering impact of his hips against my upraised buttocks, at the glorious crushing feel of his fingers digging into my breasts.

And the beast overwhelmed me and took control. I fell screaming away, sobbing in misery and new shame as the orgasm swept over me, a powerful, massive orgasm under the eyes of all of them, an orgasm that had me rutting back, jamming my pussy back onto his hard, thrusting cock, throwing my head back and crying out again and again, in passionate, mindless pleasure.

“Ungh! Yes! Yes! Ungh! Ohh! Yes! Yes! Ungggh! Ohhh God! Oh God! Oh yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Rape me! Fuck me! Yes! Ungggh!” I cried as he pounded his big cock into me and rode me through the violent, scalding heat of my orgasm.

He finished with me and I sagged weakly, exhausted, dazed. I eased down onto my elbows, but could go no further as the next field hand mounted me and plunged his own massive cock deep into my throbbing pussy.

I whimpered weakly, but the beast was in full glory and I was soon rutting back to meet his thrusts, grunting and gasping and moaning and whimpering in pleasure until the next orgasm swept over me.

Again, and again and again they mounted me, ramming their thick hard black cocks into me, riding me savagely as I sobbed and moaned in shame and pleasure, wantonly thrusting myself onto their cocks, gurgling in wild, animal passion as orgasm after orgasm swept through me.

Sweating like a pig, exhausted, I sagged to the ground, jaw slack, drooling, but they continued to mount me, strong hands keeping my hips aloft as they drove their black cocks into me again and again. I grunted weakly, barely conscious, sheeted in sweat, as the last of them took me – for the second time. Then the thin man tugged on my leash and slapped my bottom and got me crawling weakly back to the cage. He closed it and locked the door, and I weakly pushed my mouth into the bowl of water and lapped

like a dog, then curled up and fell into sleep.





# Chapter Seven

I woke to the cage door opening and looked up drowsily. I was sore and ached all over, but the beast was still there, purring hungrily. I felt feral, like an animal, and looked at the thin black man as he set down a bowl of some sort of food. I sniffed at it suspiciously, wondering if it were dog food, but it smelled too good for that. I reached into the bowl to pull out a piece of meat and he slapped the back of my hand.

“Bitches don’t use their paws to eat,” he said.

I flushed with embarrassment, hesitated, then extended my head, leaning in and eating directly from the bowl while he looked on. The beast growled and my pussy flared at the demeaning, degrading way I was to eat. I used teeth and tongue to pull the cut pieces into my mouth, and then lapped at the water in the bowl.

The thin man looked down at me, his eyes skimming over my body, and I could see the lust in his eyes.

“You need to go?” he asked.

Again I hesitated, not wanting to admit it but – but I was in a cage. I nodded weakly, and he snapped the leash to my collar and drew me out of the cage. He led me, still crawling up along the line of cages and then over to some bushes. I realized abruptly that there was to be no toilet, and my face burned as he looked down at me expectantly. I considered not going, but the beast wanted to, for it knew how shameful and degrading it would be. More importantly, perhaps, I was going back in the cage and had no way to go there.

I spread my knees wider, and urinated into the ground as the man looked down and watched. When I was done, my face still hot, I reached for some leafs and snatched them from the bush, intending to wipe myself, but he stopped me again.

“Bitches don’t use their paws to wipe themselves,” he said. “But you can wipe yourself on the grass if’n ya like.”

I crawled forward, then spread my knees even wider, straining the tendons in my thighs, lowering myself until I could rub my pussy against the grass a few times. He tugged on the leash and I rose to all fours and crawled back to the cage.

I was in there for several hours, and I should have been bored, but was not. The beast was in its glory. I was gripped by a dark hunger the entire time, a kind of crackling sexual electricity hovering around me, setting my skin flaring with energy. Several times, when the black man wasn’t nearby I slid my fingers between my legs and rubbed myself feverishly, gasping and moaning quietly as the sexual energy blossomed within me.

But he never left me alone long enough to finish. He kept wandering back and forth, feeding the dogs, watering them, cleaning their cages, and then taking them out one at a time to wash or brush them.

Then Bernard showed up once more, accompanied by a dozen more big, strapping black field hands. I felt my stomach lurch, and felt a shock of horror. But the beast exulted in what was to come. I whimpered in denial as the black man pulled me out of the cage and then tied me in place.

Then they started again, mounting me, riding me, pounding against me, rutting wildly, their big hands pawing and groping, squeezing, twisting, slapping as they used me, as they raped me. Again I tried to fight the beast, and again I failed.

I had my tail raised high, legs spread wide, both hands stretched out in front of me to brace me in the dirt, my breasts pressed against the ground as a particularly savage field hand hammered himself into me. My orgasm swept over me and I grunted in dazed pleasure, gurgling and moaning, eyes closed, thrusting back at him, yelping with pleasure as the orgasm churned up my mind.

He finished, and all-but collapsed, gasping, moaning weakly. I looked up to see my father standing there watching, his face without expression. Then he turned to walk away as the next field hand mounted me.

After the dozen or so men had taken me – most twice – I was put in the cage to rest a little. Then the thin man whose name I still did not know took me out and had me kneel in place. He took a short hose and sprayed me down – just as he had the dogs – I realized, soaking me. He soaped me up, particularly my hair, then began to rub at me with the soap, spending an inordinate amount of time soaping my breasts and bottom and pussy before finally stopping and rinsing me off.

He brushed out my hair, then had me crawl back to the cage and get in. He set in a fresh bowl of water and food, and closed the door behind me.

The next morning I expected the same, and was looking forward to it with dread, shame and excitement, despite how sore I was. But instead Bernard showed up alone, took my leash, and led me crawling, to the house. We reached the door and Bernard led me through into the kitchen, past the cook, Molly, who looked at me and scowled, then up into the front part of the house.

He stopped at the entrance to the den, where my father sat reading the paper, and put his foot down on my back, forcing me flat on the floor.

“You daddy, he say you crawl on your belly you want to come back live in the house,” he said.

I moaned as the beast purred, and fresh shame flared within me. But I obeyed, crawling slowly across the floor on my belly, my sore nipples rubbing against the floor, the metal rings making little clicking sounds. My father looked at me sourly, watching as I crawled forward, as I reached the chair where he sat.

He raised his foot and brought it down on my head, and I gasped as he jammed my face against the floor.

“Whore,” he said. “Have you grown tired of being a bitch in heat? Would you like to live like a human again?”

“Yes, father,” I croaked weakly.

He let his shoe slide across my head to my cheek, then down against my mouth. I whimpered and moaned, and then rolled my eyes up at him. I pushed my tongue out and licked at his shoe, and he eased it back further. Whimpering, I reached trembling hands out and grasped his ankle, then began to lick at his shoe with more desperation – and with a dark hunger that the beast was causing. I ran my tongue passionately over his shoe, over his foot, rolling my eyes up at him as I lapped at his heel, at the toe, and especially at the bottom of his shoe.

“You may return to the house, Rory,” he said.

He reached for his zipper and drew it down. “Now show me how appreciative you are for my good nature.”

I pulled myself up his legs, panting, then licked at his cock and took it into my mouth. Bernard looked on as I bobbed up and down his pink and white shaft, taking him deeper and deeper, then plunging all the way down, taking him into my throat. He reached down and fondled my breasts, squeezing and kneading them, then hooked fingers through the rings and tugged them again and again, making me moan and gasp in pain.

He came in my mouth and I swallowed it dutifully, licking him clean. He nodded as if I had completed a simple job, and then pushed me back, doing up his trousers.

“Jerome,” he called.

Jerome appeared quickly.

“Take Miss Rory upstairs and bathe her, then show her to her room.”

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” Jerome said.

He strode forward without hesitation, then reached down and grasped a fistful of my hair. I cried

out weakly as he forced me to my feet, then, shifting his grip to my upper arm, he marched me out of the room and up the stairs.

I obeyed meekly, too frightened of what else daddy might do if I wasn't completely submissive, and, to tell you the truth, kind of shell-shocked over what had been done to me since being brought back. I could still hardly believe daddy had let the field hands have me like that. The house staff might be tight-lipped, at least around outsiders, but the field hands were different, and word would get out. Of course, most wouldn't believe, for the story was too absurd.

Jerome first made me bend over the sink, and then he oiled up an enema hose and thrust it inside my bottom. He attached an enema bag filled with warm, soapy water, and then released the water to gurgle up into my body. I blushed as I felt myself filling, and blushed even more as I had to sit on the toilet to expel it. But then he did it again, this time with still hotter water and soap, and again I had to feel my abdomen distended with the pressure of the water before he would let me sit and expel it.

And then came the douche, three times, followed by such a scrubbing as my body had never felt before, a triple shampoo, and then, to my surprise, he even brushed my teeth for me, and then made me gargle in mouthwash several times. Only afterwards, when I was as clean as I had been in a long time, did he introduce the two metal shackles.

They were like bracelets, really, made of smooth, glistening stainless steel. At three inches they were wider than most, and had a little metal ring set into each. Like the nipple rings, however, there were holes in one side of the open bracelets, and bolts in the other. Once Jerome placed them around my wrists, and then my ankles, and thrust the locking bolts into the other side, the bracelets became shackles, locked tight, with no way of ever removing them.

I just looked down at the floor as they were placed on me, and didn't protest. Jerome then drew my wrists together behind my back and locked the shackles together before marching me up the hall to my bedroom. There he put me into the bed, then locked my ankle restraints together, pulled a sheet over me, and left, closing the door.

I shouldn't have been able to, but since I hadn't slept in two days I fell almost instantly to sleep.

The sleep did not last, however. I wakened groggy and confused to find Nyala standing over me, glowering. She had already ripped off the sheet, and now stared at me as my eyes fluttered in confusion.

"So, you have returned," she said in deeply accented English. "And have you any idea how much school you have missed and how much work there is now to do to bring you back up to in your studies?"

"Uhm, no, Miss Nyala" I gulped.

And then she shot me – and I cried out in pain as two tiny darts stabbed into my belly, both attached to thin wires which trailed back to the thing in her hands and – the world disappeared in a shockwave of crackling electricity that robbed me of voice and breath and mind. I writhed and thrashed and gurgled helplessly as the electricity ripped through my nervous system, my muscles spasming and my body wracked by convulsions.

I screamed in a high-pitched animal voice as I bucked and arched and gnashed my teeth, the electricity going on and on and on until I thought my brain would fry, until my black dots danced before my eyes, then grew to the point I began to fade out. Only then did the electricity stop, and only then could I breath, gasping helplessly, my heart thumping and pulse racing.

"Your father, he give you black cock to punish you," she said with disdain. "That be no punishment for girl like you. You love black cock. Your punishment is pleasure. Nyala knows how to punish white whore girl like you."

And then she pressed the button in the stun gun thing and the electricity surged through me once more. Again I howled and twisted and thrashed, rolling and arching and convulsing back and forth on the bed, my bound ankles kicking violently up and down as the electricity tore through my body and mind.

She laughed as I writhed and screamed, and then when she halted, she climbed into the bed and

straddled me. She hiked up her long skirt to show her naked sex, then sat atop my face, grinding and rubbing and actually bouncing atop my face. I was too dazed to even lick her, but she simply used my face as a masturbatory tool, rubbing her pussy back and forth over my nose and mouth until she came and soaked me in her pussy cream.

By then I had recovered my breath and senses somewhat. Nyala grabbed me by the hair and literally dragged me out of bed, letting me tumble onto the floor.

“You will begin your studies at once,” she snapped. “Move! Move, slut!”

To reinforce her order she shot me again, this time in the buttocks, and pressed the button to send a brief shocking spark of electricity down the wires and get me lurching into motion. She walked behind me as I writhed across the floor, gasping and panting and moaning, pressing the button every few seconds to send brief, painful little shocks into my body.

We were leaving my room, and the desk which I now noticed was no longer there. I had no idea where we were going until Nyala directed me into one of the spare bedrooms. There was a strange metal and wooden framework set up there, and she halted me and then bent and unhooked my ankle restraints from each other, then dragged me to my feet by the hair.

The frame consisted of four metal poles in a row screwed into a base. Three of the poles were at about waist height, while the fourth was about two feet higher. The three poles supported a polished wooden beam about four feet long and perhaps three inches wide on the bottom. The beam was triangular, however, narrowing at the top. Nyala dragged me up and ordered me to straddle the post and then sit upon it so the triangular top pushed up between the lips of my sex and jammed against my tailbone.

There were two, foot-long wooden posts sticking out from the rear of the beam at right angles. Nyala lifted my ankles up and back behind me and locked my ankle restraints to these two posts. Then she unlocked my wrist restraints and ordered me to raise them in the air. Then she bent me back, pulling my arms up and then back and locking the restraints to the higher post behind me, thus forcing my back to arch strongly.

She gathered my hair in a tight loose braid, wrapped cord around it, and then raised it upwards, harshly, forcing me to keep looking forward even though my back was arched so strongly back.

Then she picked up a short flog and twisted the leather thongs in her hands.

“We are going to have a review. We shall start with social science, as you have an exam next week. You will listen attentively as I recite the material. There will then be a short test to see how attentive you have been.”

Her arm whipped forward and down and the short leather laces of the flog cut across my breasts with painful, stinging force.

“Do you understand, slut?!”

“Yes, Miss Nyala!” I cried.

She began reading from the book as I sat astride the narrow beam, moaning softly at my discomfort. Of course, the longer I was in that position the more it hurt. My back was already aching and growing more and more stiff, and the pressure on the soft flesh of my pussy was really starting to hurt. I could only shift my weight slightly, and that brought it down on my tailbone – with no real flesh between it and the sharp wood, and soon that was hurting even more than my pussy, though in a different way. The pain in my pussy was dull and throbbing, the pain in my tailbone sharp and stinging.

The flog slashed across my breasts, which were thrust out tautly because of my position. “Are you listening, whore?”

“Yes, Miss Nyala!” I cried.

She glared at me, and then ran the flog up and down under my back.

“You seem to be losing your position, slut. I shall try to make sure you maintain the disciplined position I have put you in.”

She put down the book and found a pair of cords, which she bound to my nipple rings, then fed up and forward so that my nipples stretched out, then my areolas puffed and pushed out, then the tops of my breasts began to distend a little, though in truth my breasts were so firm and taut and round because of how badly my back was arched that they could not really change their shape much.

“Now we will resume,” she said, picking up the book and continuing her reading.

I groaned helplessly, my nipples now aching and stinging, the sensations joining the other aches and pains afflicting my body, all of them getting worse.

The beast within me began to rise, the stinging pull on my nipples starting to heat up my mind and body despite how much pain and discomfort I was in. My pussy began to throb and pulse with hunger, even as my own weight ground it down painfully against the sharp beam underneath.

The flog lashed down across my taut belly and I cried out in pain.

“Are you paying attention, whore?” she demanded.

“Yes, Miss Nyala!” I cried.

My nipples were soon on fire, and my back hurt even more, for I had to arch myself even more sharply to try to ease the pain to my nipples. And the movements of my body were grinding my pussy down on the sharp edge of the beam beneath me so as to inflame my already burning, aching pussy.

“Now then, the first question in your test,” she said. “One social effect of the large migration of African Americans to US industrial centers between 1940 and 1950 was what?”

I gulped in air as the pain throbbed and beat at me. “I-increased racial tensions!” I gasped.

The flog slashed down sharply, painfully across my breasts and I cried out in pain.

“Wrong.”

“B-but I know that was one of the – !”

The flog cut down into my breasts again and again I cried out in pain. “Are you calling me a liar, slut?”

“N-No, Miss Nyala!” I gasped.

“One social effect would be that prissy little white bitches got lots more black cock for their whore bodies,” she said with a sneer, “And their lazy bitch mothers got more cheap servants to do their work for them. Or one social effect might be that dirty white rednecks got more Blacks to beat up and lynch. Or that dumb white rednecks got someone they could think they were better than.”

“Now next question: Why is the myth of white superiority so important to ignorant white crackers?”

That didn't seem like a question likely to be on the test, and not one I had studied anyway. “I-I don't know,” I gulped.

The flog sliced cruelly into the soft flesh of my belly and I cried out in pain.

“Because of how ignorant and backward and stupid white crackers are,” she exclaimed.

“Next question: W.E.B. Du Bois was one of the founders of the NAACP, an organization dedicated to what?”

“To achieving racial equality for African Americans!” I gulped.

The flog slashed down across my taut, outthrust breasts again and I sobbed in pain.

“Wrong. An organization that tries to defend Black people from ignorant white rednecks!”

“Next question! The Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion, or national origin. The act also established what?”

“I uh... uh... legal consequences for dis-discrimination,” I panted.

“Wrong answer!” she exclaimed, slashing the flog down across my bowed chest.

I cried out in pain. “It was not!” I sobbed. “You bitch!”

“Wrong – !” Crack! “Fucking – !” Crack! “Answer!” she exclaimed, slashing the flog down viciously across my breasts to punctuate every word.

## Chapter Eight

I went back to school. But things had changed. There were whispers and giggles and snickers among the students, and even the staff wherever I went. I tried to ignore them, tried to pretend I heard nothing, that words like “whore and “nigger lover” and “slut” weren’t being talked about around me. I was still wearing my school uniform, but the skirt was six inches shorter, for Jerome had altered all my school uniforms on daddy’s orders. The skirt was now almost a miniskirt, but none of the teachers called me on it.

The first place I went was the vice principle’s office, where he bent me over his desk and used a birch rod across my bottom as punishment for leaving school without permission.

I wore my blazer over the metal bracelets, and my white socks were pulled up over the ones on my ankles. I don’t think anyone noticed, but everyone had heard stuff, and my short, short skirt certainly raised eyebrows since the school usually watched that sort of thing very carefully. Everyone was afraid of my father, though, so there were only whispers, at first, but after a while they became louder, so they’d know I’d hear.

No one talked to me, though, not directly. I was picked up by Bernard and taken home that afternoon, and changed into a short, tight, thin slip dress which daddy now wanted me to wear to a garden party he was throwing. The hem barely covered my bottom, the waist tight around my belly, and the top low cut, with two thin spaghetti straps running up across my bare shoulders.

The metal shackle things had a kind of attachment which covered the rings, a kind of artistic metal plaque which made the shackles seem more like bracelets. Which was necessary since the slip dress left my arms bare.

Everyone looked at me oddly as I stood around, the men with smirks and leers, the women with scowls of disapproval. I was dressed in a very revealing dress, after all, far more revealing than the good folk of Baron County would allow their young women to be seen in.

But no one was going to say anything to my father about it.

I mostly just stood around being gawked at, and occasionally fetching drinks for my father, or, at his direction, for guests. But then he motioned me over and introduced me to a businessman from Tennessee. “This here is Donald Carruthers. Show Mr. Carruthers the library,” he said curtly.

It seemed an odd request but of course I obeyed. I led him into the house, feeling his eyes on my bottom as I moved ahead of him. When we got to the library he closed the door behind him. I looked at him in surprise, and tried to back up as he came close, but he slid his arms around me and his hands down onto my butt.

“Your daddy said you was going to show me a good time,” he said before crushing my lips with his.

I stood there, frozen. He wouldn’t have dared touch me unless daddy had said pretty much that exact thing. So as he kneaded my buttocks and pulled the slip dress up to get his hands on my bare bottom I just stood there, a little dazed. Daddy had never given me to anyone before, other than to the servants, as punishment.

He soon had my top down and was feasting on my breasts, chewing and sucking and licking them. Then he bent me over the desk and rode me hard and fast for a few minutes before finishing up.

Daddy had me show five more men the library during the party.

Afterwards, Nyala came and took my dress away and put me in the cage for the remainder of the day.

Within a few days word of my new status as county slut had spread wider and gotten more belief. At school now I was groped and fondled wherever I moved in the hall. I just tried to ignore them and push past them, as the guys laughed and thrust their hands under my skirt and blazer while the girls sneered at me with disdain.

I went to the bathroom and a guy forced his way into the stall and made me blow him. Then I was ordered to the vice principles office again, bent over and birched. But this time he spread my legs and raped me too. Later that afternoon a half dozen of the football players hemmed me in in a corner of the hall, and forced me to my knees. Then I had to blow all of them one at a time as they leered down at me.

My Math teacher held me back after class, talking to me about my marks while his hand slid up under my short skirt and fondled me. Then I was driven home by Bernard, who halted the car long enough to climb in the back and spread my legs and do me. I don't think he had instructions to do so this time. I think he had just taken the same message everyone else had – that I was available to anyone who wanted me.

Daddy often had visitors, and I was always around in a tiny slip dress to distract them. Often, he would give me to them, and I would then have to make my body available, and do whatever they wanted. Daddy just wasn't making any secret of what a whore I was any more, as if he wanted everyone to know it.

He had a little gathering out by the barn where he and a dozen other men were admiring the new horse he'd bought. The men all wore suits and held glasses in their hands while several servants in black vests stood about. I was in a tiny black and purple slip dress that hugged me like a second skin.

"Let me show you what I mean," he said, motioning me over.

I walked closer, chest tightening, and he turned me and bent me forward a little, then lifted my skirt up to show my bare bottom.

"You see, now is that not a good looking bottom?" he said. "You can tell the breeding of a filly by examining its withers."

He slapped my bottom sharply. "This shows a good bloodline," he said with a laugh, "Just like Ice Dancer!"

The men chuckled appreciatively.

"Of course, a good bloodline doesn't mean anything if you don't train your filly properly. You've got to break her to your will so she turns when you want without question, without fighting. You've got to break her the way you do a woman."

"And is this little filly broke?" one of the men asked with a grin.

"This little filly will turn where I want and when I want without question. It don't matter what I tell her to jump or how far to run. Ain't nothing she won't do."

He turned and motioned Jerome over.

"Stay in that position," he ordered me.

He turned to Jerome. "Jerome, you got a big black cock in those trousers, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas," Jerome said stolidly.

"You think this butt here is an attractive one?" he asked, stroking my bottom.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas," he said.

"Maybe you could show us just how hard a Black cock gets when it sees a piece of white tail like this."

I felt my insides churning as the men stood around, moving closer, grinning, leering. My face was on fire as I bent over a little, and as Jerome took out his black cock and fisted it.

"Something about white girls like this gets the black bucks real roused," my father said. "Go ahead and do her, Jerome."

Jerome moved in against me and pushed his hard cock against my ass. I gasped and moaned and

winned as he slowly forced it into me.

One of the closer men chuckled. "He's putting that up her ass," he said.

"That's a big cock to get up that little hole," another said.

"You see how well broke she is?" My father said. "You know any other white woman would let herself be done up the backside by some nigger buck while she just stood there like she was ordered?"

I gasped and shuddered, my feet lurching forward as Jerome forced his big cock even deeper into my ass. He worked his cock all the way up inside me, his hands sliding up beneath my breasts, squeezing and kneading them through the tissue-thin slip dress as he pumped up and down. The men all looked on excitedly as Jerome sodomised me. When he finished my father just sent me to get more drinks.

He came to like doing that sort of thing. He said it distracted the men he was doing business with and threw them off their game plan while they were negotiating. And to throw them off further and extract more concessions he would promise the ones who bent the most my body – and give it to them.

The most humiliating thing he did to me, though, was make me put on a lesbian performance with Nyala, or rather, had Nyala grope, fondle and then strip me in front of a dozen leering businessmen. She then forced me to the grass, and slid her naked body atop me, writhing and kissing and groping me, then licking me to the edge of orgasm before turning around and riding my face to her own come.

I ran away again after that, stealing the car when Bernard wasn't looking. I wasn't a very good driver, but I had the basic idea of how it worked, and wasn't very worried about getting scratches and dings on the bumper anyway.

I made it to the county line before the sheriff ran me off the road and brought me back, naked and in handcuffs, as per daddy's orders.

He glared at me when I was thrown to my knees in front of him.

"Jerome!"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

"Hang her."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

I wasn't sure what he meant. But then the thick rope of a noose went over my head and went tight around my throat. My wrists were still cuffed together behind my back as Jerome threw the rope over an overhanging beam, then he and Bernard slowly pulled it up. I gurgled weakly as the rope tightened around my throat, my wrists pulling desperately against the handcuffs.

I was forced upwards, onto the balls of my feet, then onto my toes, and then I gurgled, my head pulsing, my eyes bulging as I was pulled off my feet and hung trembling and shaking, by the throat. My chest was hot, my skull pounding as fear clawed at me.

Jerome and Bernard tied off the rope and I dangled there by the throat, gasping frantically for breath while daddy glared at me.

"Do you think you can humiliate me by running off every time you feel in the mood?" he demanded. "You belong to me, you little whore, and I won't have it! I'll break you if it's the last thing I do! And if I can't, well, I brought you into this world and I can take you out of it! Your whore mother learned what happened to bitches who don't obey me! And you will too, if it's the last thing you learn!"

I was desperately gasping for breath, surprised to still be alive. I twisted slowly on the end of the rope, feet twitching and trembling, legs dancing feebly. I had already learned, however, that the more I moved the more it hurt, and was trying to keep as still as possible, despite my terror and inability to breath.

I could breath – a little – with great, great effort and concentration. Daddy looked at me, as did Jerome and Bernard, and my eyes bulged as if they would come out of my head as the rope squeezed my slender throat.

"I think we have to teach this little bitch not to be running off any more," my father said, glaring at

me. "I think we need to teach this little bitch just what happens to women who defy me!"

He ordered Jerome to get him a drink, and Bernard to get him a chair. They did so, and he sat down, watching me, sipping his drink as I twisted slowly, gasping and gurgling for every desperate breath.

"Jerome," he barked.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

"I want you to punish the little whore for running off. I think sore feet will make that a little more difficult."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

Jerome and Bernard moved in and lifted my ankles up and back, tying them to the backs of my thighs. Then they used thin crops to beat the soles and balls of my feet raw. The pain was incredible, and I would have screamed the place down if I could have spared any breath for it. I just kept twisting and turning on the end of the rope, breathing getting more and more difficult to the point that I finally passed out.

I wakened to find I could breath again, and that my feet were on fire. The pain was horrible, and I sobbed miserably, unable to even touch and hold them with my hands cuffed behind my back.

"Nyala," my father barked.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas," she said.

"I want her beaten."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

"I want her whipped."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

"Whip her unconscious. Then give her to the field hands."

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

"Then give her to the dogs."

I lurched weakly. What had he said?

"Yes, Mr. Thomas."

Nyala hung me upside down by the ankles, legs spread wide, and then took a great deal of pleasure in flogging every inch of my body, starting with my back, working her way around to my front, turning my breasts a bright, burning red. Then she started in on my pussy, swinging strongly overhand.

She whipped me again and again and again, until there wasn't a square inch of skin which hadn't felt the sharp, stinging snap of the whip. Then she had me crawl on my belly through the house and out back, into the bunkhouse where the field hands were. They didn't care that my body was covered in whip marks. They gathered around me like a feral pack of dogs and raped me in all three holes all that day and deep into the night.

Then I was made to crawl to the kennels, and you don't really want to know what was done to me there.

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Daddy put the collar around my throat himself. It matched the ones around my ankles and wrists, and the nipple rings. Once it was locked in place you would need a blow torch or a power saw to get it off. Another ring went into my pussy, through my pussy lips, a big one, and my tongue and clit were pierced too.

It was days before I could walk again, and was forced to crawl around on all fours like – like the dogs. After I was properly cleaned daddy took me to his bed, and I spent each night there now, properly chained of course, my wrists locked behind my back. I would wake him each morning by gently sucking his cock and drawing it deep into my throat. Then I would go into the shower with him and use my soft body to scrub his with soap. Then I would help him dress and crawl at his feet downstairs to the breakfast table and eat my breakfast from plates on the floor.

After a few weeks daddy had a man come to the mansion with a special laser device for hair removal. I spent days of hot, burning pain under the laser as it removed every hair from my legs and groin, and then moved further up my body. My head was shaved and the laser hair removal was used on my head to make it shine.

My arms were pulled tight behind my back, all the way back so my elbows ground together, then a new set of shackles went around them, permanently locking my arms together at the elbows. Daddy had my tongue stretched by making me stand for hours with my head back and a chain pulling on it. And had a small incision made in my throat to rob me of my voice.

My lips were tattooed with red to make them a permanent glowing, deep, puffy red. And my eyes were similarly treated. I was branded with the same brand as he had put on his horses, and given a new “uniform” which consisted of thigh high black stockings, six inch stiletto heels and nothing else. I was put in a cage when I wasn’t being used by daddy or Nyala or Jerome or whoever daddy gave me to. Whenever I was let out it was to be led by a chain leash by one of the servants. The leash was sometimes attached to my collar, but more often to my pussy ring.

Daddy gave me to the field hands several more times, mockingly telling me he was going to have a nigger baby bred in me. In fact, he succeeded, and I became pregnant, but he had it aborted. Instead he had a very, very handsome blonde man brought to the house, a kind of male model, and told me he was going to have me “bred”. I was given drugs to make me more fertile, and daddy and everyone else confined themselves to using me anally or orally for a while. The man rode me hard and deep several times a day until I became pregnant.

I gave birth to five children, one girl and four boys. Daddy was very pleased. They were lovely babies, and he said that he would adopt the four boys as his sons, to inherit the plantation. The girl, he said, would be their whore, to service their needs until he found proper wives for them.

The boys were given proper Christian names, but the girl was only allowed to be called “slut” even though she was too young to understand.

After I recovered, daddy had me sent out to the field. He had an old fashioned plow lashed to my body and I walked up and down the field pulling the plough while one of the black overseers whipped me. Then it was back to the bunk house with the field hands to be fucked again and again all evening and night.

Daddy had said he wanted to breed a nigger child with me, and did so. With the aid of continual fertility drugs I was constantly pregnant, and over the following years gave birth to over thirty children who would become daddy’s new field hands when they grew up.

After many years, though, as the first of my children began to grow up, he had me sent away so as to avoid disturbing questions. He sold me to a bordello in Mexico which specialized in serving the needs of sadists with the assurance I would never be freed. In fact, the pimp who owned it got a blacksmith to remove the shackles from my wrists and arms because they wanted to put me in different positions, and especially, to hang me by my wrists for whipping.

I had felt the touch of the whip many times in my life, but the sadists at the bordello were especially cruel. I might not have survived had there not been a big fire. The fire department rescued me, and the police, not knowing what to do with a silent, bald white woman with collar, shackles, and permanent rings in her nipples and pussy, gave me to the church. I made no real effort to communicate with them, so I was eventually sent to a nunnery to pray and work at menial tasks. I didn’t mind, however. It was the best treatment I had been given since my childhood.

The nuns had the shackles and collar cut free, and removed the rings from my nipples and pussy. But they left the ring in my tongue.

It gets boring here in the nunnery in the late evening, after all the prayers have been said, and a silent girl who can lick her own chin has many uses for the older nuns.

End