



DADDY'S SLUT JOHN ARGUS

Chapter One

"This is really - nice of you," Hannah said, a trifle awkwardly.

Her father grinned and shook his head. "It's no big deal. And it's the only way you could afford to go to school. Just remember our bargain," he said, eyes narrowing a little.

Hannah nodded quickly. She hated being beholden to anyone, especially someone she knew so slightly - like her father.

It wasn't his fault, she told herself. The divorce had been nasty, and she'd been just a little girl then. Her mother had fought and won custody, and then fought all his attempts at visitation, even moving halfway across the country to a small town that was little more than a flyspeck on the map so he could have nothing to do with his daughter. Her mother had never given her a good reason for that, and now she was dead, and beyond questioning.

There was a little insurance money - not much, but enough to put her through school. Just. Just barely. But there wasn't enough to pay for room and board, for meals and all the other things one needed at home. She had anguished about calling her father. Her mother had always said he had money, though not how much.

He wasn't rich, but he certainly wasn't poor either. The house was a big one, with a large back yard with pool surrounded by a high hedge and fence. Inside, the main room was large and lavishly furnished, with a beautiful fireplace. There were several bedrooms upstairs, one of which her father used for a gym.

She would have the use of one of the spare bedrooms. And he would pay for the food, of course. She had told him she would get a part-time job in order to pay for all the other necessities of life, but instead he had offered her an allowance in exchange for chores. It was better than a job, he said. And she could hardly argue, nor deny his generosity.

The room was a nice one, much better than any dorm room, or any room she'd have been able to rent, with a large, four poster bed, glossy, polished antique dresser and armoire, and an old fashioned writing desk she could use for her homework.

She felt nervous around her father, though, and not only because he was a virtual stranger. He was a large man, with broad shoulders and big, calloused hands. Hannah had grown up around her mother, with no brothers or uncles, and there had never been an adult male presence in her life. Her father was - big - and masculine. The entire house reeked of masculinity. The furniture was heavy, solid leather. The curtains, the colours, the rugs, even the knick knacks were all male oriented. She'd never been in a place so - male.

And yet her father was very friendly, and, though that didn't matter of course, very handsome, in the strong, square jawed, broad shouldered, macho sort of way her mother had always hated. His presence, in fact, was a bit overwhelming to Hannah. He was good-humoured, however, and chatted easily about his life and the house and her school, which he knew well.

They spent most of the first evening on the sofa together, chatting about their lives, and Hannah quickly developed a great deal of respect for her father's keen intelligence, his quiet confidence and strength, and the success he had made for himself in life.

The next day he drove her to the campus in his big black Explorer, showing her around the different buildings, then as he headed home, he diverted to a nearby riding stable. They had talked about horses the other evening, and she had talked about how she'd never been on one. Their town had been poor, they had been poor, and there had never been an opportunity. A keen horseman himself he now insisted on selecting one for her, then teaching her how to mount and ride, riding alongside her a ways to reassure her until she got the hang of things.

Hannah felt delightfully - daughterish - with her father there beside her for the first time, teaching her how to do things, fussing over her, and making her feel wanted. And they rode around the area together, chatting comfortably.

When they got home they were both a little hot and sweaty.

"Last one into the pool is a dude," he teased. "Or more likely dudette."

Grinning, Hannah stuck her tongue out at him. "That's not fair," she said. "I have no bathing suit."

He blinked in surprise. "You don't? You came to California without a suit!?"

She sighed. "I lived in a grubby little town in Idaho. We had no pools, nor swimming holes."

"Well you should have said so. We could have picked one up on the way home."

"Oh that's okay," she said.

"Balls. Anyway, I've got a spare you can use."

She raised her eyes in surprise and he laughed. "Not one of mine. An old girlfriend who was just about your size."

"I'm not wearing someone else's suit!" she protested, making a face.

"It was never worn," he said. "She bought it just for this pool. Then when she came over there was a thunderstorm and she never wound up going in. She left the suit, but then we had an argument and broke up a few days later."

"Well - it probably won't fit," she said.

"You're not in a fashion show, Hannah," he said, laughing. "It'll cover your nasty parts, right?" She flushed a little and laughed.

"It's in the little cabin out at the edge of the pool."

He went upstairs and Hannah walked outside. The sun beat down on her and she loved the look and smell of the pool as she walked along its edge. The cabin was a little untidy, but there were shelves with towels, suntan oil, and pool supplies fairly well displayed. The suit was hung on a hanger, a white bikini.

She licked her lips, just a trifle nervous. Then closed the door and stripped.

Her father was right. It didn't really matter if it fitted that well, so long as it covered her. But she didn't want to look - ugly - in front of him. She wanted to look, well, not sexy, but at least, pretty.

It was a string bikini, and she found the cups a trifle small. They were half cups, and were only meant to cover half her breasts, of course. They did a reasonable job of it, but the outsides of her breasts were left a little exposed near the chest, for the straps wouldn't quite spread wide enough. Still, it wasn't exactly - revealing. And a part of her, a girlish, flirty part, didn't mind showing off a little to a handsome older man, especially one who was safe. Like her father.

The bottoms were also tight, but that only really showed in the rear, where the bottom would pull up fairly easily to bare the lower and outer edges of her buttocks.

There was a mirror on the inside of the door and she turned and positioned herself repeatedly, more nervous than she ought to have been, tugging on the cups a little, worried she was showing too much cleavage.

But she wanted him to be proud of how pretty she was. And she was pretty. She was on the short side at five three, but she had a great body, with full, firm breasts, a narrow waist, and lovely, well sculpted legs. She had a great ass, she thought, grinning. And her hair fell in luscious waves of shining chestnut down around her slender shoulders.

Her face was a small, narrow oval, with bright green eyes, and a small, yet full lipped mouth. Her nose was a tiny button, but her cheeks were high and delicate. She was beautiful, she thought, even while chastising herself for immodesty. And she looked - sexy - in the suit. Her father would see how pretty she was and be proud.

She did not think consciously of anything else. Yet she was a young woman proud of her body, and had seldom had the opportunity to show it off to men like this. She had had two lovers as a teenager, but their liaisons had, for the most part, been hurried, furtive things, in the backs of cars at night, in bushes and closets and under the stairs at school.

She had never been swimming, and never had a swimsuit. And her father was a very attractive man. Safe, of course. But a handsome, macho man. And how else did young women measure their beauty but through the eyes and appreciation of handsome men?

She turned and bent over, then straightened, biting her lower lip a little as she reached back to tug on the rear of the bikini bottom. Yes, she would definitely have to watch out for that. The suit had tugged upwards and showed half her bottom! She would not bend over around him, or make sure to face him until she had tugged it back into place.

She opened the door and stepped nervously out into the sun. Her father was already there, and grinned cheerily as he tossed a towel onto the ground.

Hannah swallowed nervously, her face a little flushed as she walked across the grass. It wasn't merely that she felt half naked, but it was that her father was - gorgeous. He had an extremely well-toned body. He wasn't bulky in the way weight lifters were, but his muscles stood out, and were well defined. He had a slim waist, and huge shoulders. His arms and legs were thick and firm, and - he wore a speedo, a tiny thing pulled up tightly across his groin. It was black, so things were not as - blatant - as they otherwise might have been, but she averted her eyes nonetheless.

She felt awkward as she approached, as she felt his eyes on her. He looked pleased, and she flushed a little in pleasure.

"Well, sexy girl," he teased. "Too bad we're not at the beach. The boys would be coming from all around to stare."

"Oh please," she said, grinning but embarrassed.

He gave her a wolf whistle, then to her shock, bent and grabbed her around the waist, heaved her up over his shoulder, and ran towards the pool.

"No! I'm not ready! Put me down!" she cried.

He leapt into the pool and she held her breath as they plunged beneath the water.

He let her go and they both surfaced quickly, but she sputtered and coughed and paddled awkwardly, starting to sink again before he pulled her up.

"I can't swim!" she cried.

He pulled her easily to the edge of the pool.

"Sorry, honey. I should have thought. Stupid guy that I am I just... well, we can't have this. I'm going to teach you to swim."

He pulled her to the shallow end, and then demonstrated swimming techniques for her, insisting on her mirroring his movements. Hannah was not a natural, however, and it took time. Yet she found that she rather liked his arms around her as he held her up and let her arms and legs kick.

But then he stood behind her and took her wrists in his huge hands, lifting her up somewhat so she was dangling, feet well above the bottom of the pool, her body pressed back against him.

"Now pay attention to my arm movements," he said, bending forward into the water.

Of course she bent forward, as well, their arms extending out before them as he guided her arms back and forth. She understood, but quickly lost track of what he was doing. She felt the bulge of his groin against her bottom as they bent, felt it grinding against her as she bent, felt the soft, firm male flesh all across her body. A sudden flare of unfamiliar heat rushed through her belly, and she gasped at the thought which came to mind.

"Let me try! Let me try!" she cried, fighting to pull away.

He let her go at once, and she paddled wildly away, kicking and thrashing, deeply embarrassed and confused. Yick! Yick! Yick! She had felt his thing against her! And yet, she was more embarrassed about her own body's reaction. Was she some kind of pervert?

They got out of the pool, and her father put suntan oil on. Hannah tried not to look, not to notice how his body glistened in the sunlight. She took the lotion from him nervously and spread it over her own body, glad to be lying next to him rather than having to look at him.

They chatted again, and she felt her nervousness and embarrassment fading. Then he got up and began to dive into the pool, and she watched, swallowing. He looked so - masculine as he raised his arms high and poised on the board.

"Come on and try, chicken," he called.

She drew in a deep breath and joined him, yet her first dive was awkward, to say the least. He insisted on showing her how, and she tensed up, wondering

if he could feel the butterflies fluttering in her belly as he rested his hand on it. He stood behind her, positioning her body, then he raised her arms high above her head, and Hannah felt the tight pressure of the bikini top squeezing against her breasts.

She dove, and it was a little better, but still needed improvement.

Again she stood in front of him on the board. This time he put a big hand on the back of her neck, and the other on her belly, as he bent her in the proper way. She felt his groin brush against her bottom and flushed red as a wave of heat ran up her spine. She lunged forward and dove into the water.

Again and again he helped her, sometimes just showing her how he did it, sometimes standing behind her, his big male body pressed against her, his big male arms around her, and Hannah felt her heart pounding with a strange sense of lust and excitement. Yet it was a kind of safe lust, for she had no thought of doing anything, and was quite certain her father was entirely unaware of it.

They chatted as they dove, and he offered to buy her a car to drive to campus with.

"No way! You're doing enough."

"Daughters obey fathers. I realize you haven't learned that yet, but learn it now," he said loftily. "Not this daughter," she snorted, turning to dive again.

"Especially this daughter," he said.

And he slapped her bottom so that she yelped and leapt forward into the water. He was laughing as she rose, sputtering to the surface.

"You bastard!" she laughed.

"Show more respect for your father, girl," he said, a mock scowl on his face. "Or I'll turn you across my knee and teach you manners."

A strange little shiver ran up her spine at the words, and her groin throbbed heavily. She only laughed, however, and swam to the edge of the pool, where he took her slender wrists and lifted her bodily out of the water, setting her easily on the edge.

"Yes, daddy dearest," she said.

"Then it's settled."

"Yes, I'm taking the car."

And she slapped his bottom and ran for the diving board. He quickly caught her and Hannah squealed in delight as he tackled her, both of them falling into the water. She tried to swim away, but he caught her ankle, and dragged her backwards as he reached the edge.

"Let me go! You big brute! Let go!" she cried, slapping and thrashing at the water as he climbed out.

But instead he held her ankle tightly and lifted her up out of the water so she dangled, wriggling. He was so strong!

"Dad!" she laughed.

"Are you going to obey your daddy?"

"No!"

He lowered her and her head and shoulders plunged into the water. She thrashed and slapped and twisted to no avail, but he pulled her up soon enough, to let her dangle and drip water again.

"Are you going to obey your daddy?"

"Okay! Yes! I'll take the car!"

"Say yes daddy."

"Yes, daddy!"

He dropped her and she splashed in the pool, twisted, and came up, scowling, not unhappily. "Big bully."

"You better believe it, babe."

"But I don't have a licence."

"Then I'll teach you."

He reached down and she reached up. He took her hand and lifted her out of the water again, dropping her in front of him. Right in front of them. She had to cock her head back to look up at his grinning face, panting for breath as she grinned back. And her body was a spare inch away from his own.

His hands were suddenly on her back, his arms around her, and she felt her heart pounding within her chest. He smiled and stroked his hands up and down her back, and for no reason she could understand, Hannah laid her

head against his big chest and put her arms around him. She felt deeply comforted. Yet, at the same time, she felt a wicked little sense of arousal with her warm breasts pressed against his lower chest. And now she could feel his groin pressed into her belly as well.

She didn't pull away, this time, but closed her eyes as his big hand stroked up and down along her back.

She was falling in love with her own father, she thought. Yet was it a bad thing?

School did not start for a week. She spent most of that week around her father. She cooked for him, did the cleaning, and spent time by the pool with him. He was always - touching her, and she found she liked it. He would squeeze her hand or put his arms around her. He would caress her hair or even pat her bottom. She found herself revelling in the physical contact, both as a sign of affection from her long lost father, and with a strange, heady little sense of sexual heat.

She had fantasies, some of them uncomfortably sexual, and she tried to ignore them, to brush them off. Yet they kept recurring, and she wondered several times if she was sick, becoming worried she would reveal herself to him and he would hate her.

And then, a few evenings later, she came to wonder, in a heavy, breathless way, if he did not have the same kinds of fantasies. She was doing the dishes, and he came up behind her, and, as was his wont, put his arms around her. Yet his hands stayed in safe territory as he chatted lightly. And even when he leaned forward to kiss the back of her neck, even when a hot little jolt of sexual electricity ran down her spine, she did not suspect his motivations.

But then she felt his groin pressed into her rear, and she felt with a sudden wild surge of shock, that he was hard. His erection was pressing in between her buttocks, and her heart pounded. The blood raced so loudly in her ears she could not hear him. Then he turned and walked away.

The next evening it was worse. He casually snatched her wrist as she passed his chair and pulled her down onto his lap. She felt flushed and awkward as he put his arm around her, and though she returned his light-hearted chatting, she was anxiously aware of how the thin nightshirt she wore had pulled up to bare most of her legs, how the hem only barely covered her groin, and that she wore no panties beneath.

Yet she sat across his lap, smiling wanly, resting against his shoulder, trying to give no sign of her racing heart as he talked about the first car he owned, and what kind of car would be right for her. His left hand was on her hip and the right stroked her thigh, not dangerously high, but not quite chastely either.

She felt the same strange contradiction of deep comfort as she lay in his arm, on his lap, and a soaring sexual heat as the closeness of this big, powerful, attractive male made her body burn with lust.

And then he got hard, and she felt it, and it became almost impossible to breath. Yet he continued to talk as if nothing had happened, and she tried to do the same, even as she felt his hardness pressing against her buttocks.

"You shouldn't," she gulped, her voice a croak. "It's too expensive."

"But they're safe cars," he said.

"I-I can use something smaller, older," she said breathlessly, hardly even thinking or caring about the car he wanted to get her.

"My daughter isn't riding around in some crappy old rust bucket," he said, scowling.

His big hand came up from her leg and delicately stroked her left cheek. His fingers brushed the bangs back from her forehead, and then his index finger gently traced a line along her lower lip.

Heart pounding, and almost light headed, Hannah kissed it, and when it stopped, licked lightly at it, once, then twice. Her face reddened, and she felt a sudden terrible fear and embarrassment. But then he pressed his finger more firmly against her lip, and she let her lips part. He slid it slowly into her mouth, and she licked at it, sucking lightly, her eyes enormous as she looked up at him from under her full lashes.

His finger pushed fully into her mouth, and she felt it running along her tongue as she licked lightly and sucked. Her heart continued to pound, the blood racing through her body. He eased the finger back, leaned in, and delicately pressed his lips against hers.

Hanna moaned and melted against his body, feeling like a child, deeply comforted by his large male presence. Yet another part of her felt nothing like a child. And she gasped, her head jerking back as his moist index finger slipped beneath the bottom of her nightshirt and pressed against her lightly furred sex.

She jerked, and her legs snapped closed, but his hand was already between. Her own hands shot down to grasp his heavy wrist, but his finger was resting between the lips of her sex, which were warm and swollen and moist themselves. Hannah began to tremble, and stared up at him, paralysed, feeling his finger stroke upwards as he smiled gently down.

Her hips bucked and she came, shuddering, trembling wildly, her father's finger rubbing lightly at her clitoris.

He pressed her back, his lips now firm against her own as he kissed her fully. His tongue slipped between her lips, and as she was bent back her legs came apart. His hand cupped her sex gently and squeezed lightly as his thumb stroked up along her pulsing little clitoris.

Raw, animal heat swept up through Hannah's body, and her nipples crackled like live electrical contacts as her father fingered her, as his tongue twirled within her mouth, as her own body shook with lust.

His other hand tugged up the nightshirt without her even realizing it. Then it was under her arms, and she was staring down stupidly, panting, gasping, wide eyed and flushed, not understanding what was happening as he pulled his lips from hers. He pulled the nightshirt up over her head, then threw it off. She blushed, and tried to cross her arms across her chest, but he gripped her wrists firmly and lifted them up and back behind her head, pinning them there with a single big hand.

He bent her back and let his left hand roam over her body. Hannah was dazed, shocked, embarrassed, and at the same time wildly, helplessly aroused.

"Oh!" she cried, repeatedly, as his fingers prodded and touched, caressed and stroked.

Her body twisted, her back arching. Her breasts throbbed as he kneaded them. And then he bent and she felt his warm lips around her nipple. She shuddered as he sucked, as he licked at the rigid little pink button, drawing blood to the surface, making it throb more and more powerfully.

His finger slipped inside her, then, no, two fingers, and pumped slowly in and out. Hannah squirmed as he brought his thumb up against her clitoris again, stroking expertly.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

She writhed on his lap as the heat washed over her, and another orgasm blossomed, boiling up out of nowhere to swamp her mind and nervous system. She cried out, twisting and writhing, her legs flailing mindlessly as she ground herself against his fingers.

"My beautiful little slut," he whispered lovingly.

He turned her over, and his big hand slipped between her legs. Still holding her wrists behind her neck with the other hand, he lifted her and set her on the floor, then knelt behind her.

She heard his zipper going down, and thought her skull would explode as the pressure and confusion and excitement swirled within her mind. Then she felt his cock pressing against her sex, rubbing lightly up and down at first, then thrusting firmly into her body.

He was - thick. No, he wasn't just thick, he was thick! She gasped as her sex lips were pushed wider and wider. Her knees shifted instinctively further apart, and she gasped as she felt the head passing into her.

"Oh! Oh! Oh God!" she gasped, her voice raw and shaken.

He slid into her, pushing deeper and deeper, inch after inch sliding through her sex lips as if there was no end to him.

He let go of her wrists, then gripped her chest instead, yanking her up so that she was on all fours. He transferred his hands to her hips, and she closed her eyes and let her head drop as he pushed ever deeper, then pulled on her hips, forcing her sex back more firmly on his massive prong. She wanted to protest. He was too big! Her sex was straining! She ached.

"I-I - oh!"

He was buried in her, and she felt a hot gush of heat as he pressed against her buttocks. He ground himself against her, then slid his hands up her body to her shoulders. He pulled back gently, then, as he began to stroke, rhythmically. She felt his heavy body lowering atop her back, his warm breath soft against her ear. He licked at her earlobe, and nibbled lightly as he began to pump, and she groaned helplessly as his thick cock slid in and out of her aching, burning sex.

"My beautiful little slut daughter," he whispered.

His lips trailed down, and he bit into the nape of her neck.

Heat burned through her mind, and she shuddered, her hips bucking back to meet his powerful cock as he began to stroke.

"Oh! Oh God! Oh yes! Yes!" she gasped, as his cock pumped faster, harder.

His tongue and lips and teeth were feasting on the nape of her neck, and Hannah's head rolled to the side, her eyes wide, her jaw slack as the sexual heat, the emotions, the sensual desire flooded her mind and body.

Her father's cock pumped more firmly inside her, and his hips began to slap against her upraised bottom.

He backed up, and his hands encircled her waist as he began to yank her to and fro, his hips thrusting more violently, impaling her on his rigid cock. Hannah gasped and grunted and moaned excitedly as her father rode her, as her insides throbbed and pulsed and burned around his hard cock. He was using her more and more roughly, and she was glorying in it.

He abandoned her hips, his left hand tangling in her thick brown hair, twisting it around his fist. He yanked it back and she cried out, then again as he slapped her bottom.

"Come for me," he growled. "Come for me, you hot little slut!"

His big cock pounded into her, and Hannah could barely keep her senses from being overwhelmed by the intensity of the heat and excitement swirling within her.

"Come!" he growled, slapping her bottom again. "Come for daddy! Come for daddy, my little slut!"

And Hannah did, crying out, dazed, mind blasted by the force of her sexual climax, grinding and jamming her sex back onto his powerful tool, glorying in the deep, even painful thrusts of his mighty lance, bucking back violently, impaling herself on his tool as her eyes rolled back in her head and wave after wave of ecstasy rolled over her.

She sagged, drained, dazed, moaning. Yet his powerful hands gripped her, lifted her, carried her up the stairs in his arms. She lay nearly limp, arms and shoulders hanging back and down, mouth open, hair streaming below her as her father carried her into his bedroom and set her down on the centre of his bed.

He threw off the pillows, but she hardly noticed. He knelt between her legs and lifted her wrists up and apart, pressing them against the top corners of the bed. Then he reached past her, and Hannah felt something soft, and cool wrapped around her right wrist. She moaned, not working up the energy to even look until the same thing happened to her left and her father had moved back.

Leather straps - thick leather straps were wrapped around her wrists, buckled in place. Dazed, chest heaving, she dropped her chin, staring down at her father as he spread her ankles wide apart, and then drew out more straps from the bottom corners of the bed. She watched, eyes blinking, body gripped by the languorous heat of the afterglow of climax. He strapped her ankles in place, and climbed into bed between them.

Now as he lay down upon her she felt the first stirrings of guilt and embarrassment, of shame and regret. She tugged weakly at the straps, and

tried to speak even as his mouth closed upon hers.

But his eyes bored into hers, filled with hunger and determination, and his tongue pushed into her mouth to silence her as he let his hand glide over her straining body. She gasped as he fingered her nipple, as he rolled and twisted and pinched it, then moaned as his hand caressed her lower belly and slipped between her legs.

She felt embarrassment and uncertainty rising again, yet his finger was stroking along her sex again, and the sex heat rose like a wall around her to shut away all uncertainties. She felt them sink into the background as her father's fingers stroked up and down along her sex, pierced her, pumped inside her, and rubbed across her clitoris.

"I-I - w-we - we shouldn't - oh! - we - it's n-not r-right - oh! - you c-can't - ungh!"

Her father's lips moved beneath her ear and along the nape of her neck, and Hannah's mind turned to mush as the sex heat swirled up within her once again.

He eased his movements, and she found her eyes were tightly clenched. She opened them, and stared up into his soft eyes.

"Do you like being masturbated?" he asked gently.

Embarrassment bloomed within her, and brought with it a flood of uncertainty and guilt, and even shame. Then her father's fingers began stroking again, and she shuddered and writhed against the straps, straining against them, oddly reassured, oddly comforted by their presence.

"Please! Please! Oh! Oh! Oh God!"

He halted again and she arched her back, her pelvis straining up towards where his fingers hovered.

"Please!"

"Do you want me to masturbate you, Hannah?"

Again she felt embarrassment and shame surge through the corridors of her mind.

He bent and bit lightly at her nipple, sucking it into his mouth, flicking his tongue against it before pulling his head up.

"Do you want me to masturbate you?"

"P-Please!" she gasped.

"Say it."

"I-I can't!"

"Yes, you can. You're daddy's little slut. Aren't you?"

Again she felt a wash of heat and shame and guilt, and her head moved jerkily.

His fingers stroked lightly over her swollen clitoris, and a surge of raw heat moved through her nervous system. She arched her back again, her head rolling from side to side. "Say it," he whispered. "Daddy's little slut. Say it, Hannah."

"D-D-Daddy's little s-slut!" she said, her voice a raw croak.

"Again, my love."

"Daddy's little slut!" she gasped.

He caught her clitoris between thumb and forefinger and rolled it lightly. Hannah cried out this time, arching her back yet again, straining against the straps.

"Are you daddy's little slut?"

"Yes! Yes!" she gasped.

"Say it."

"I'm daddy's little slut! Oh please! Please!"

"Would daddy's little slut like to be masturbated?"

"Please! Yes! Yes! Oh God!"

His fingers thrust up into her with painful force, and his thumb stroked roughly across her clitoris. Hannah screamed as the orgasm swamped her mind and body. Convulsions ripped through her nervous system, and her muscles strained and jerked, her nerve endings spasming and burning as the climax ripped through her.

Her father chuckled lightly, sucking and biting at her nipple as he masturbated her to the come, then easing his caresses, letting his fingers stroke

ever so lightly across her body as she went limp.

"Beautiful little slut," he whispered.

Shame flooded her.

"My gorgeous little slut of a daughter," he breathed, bending to bring his teeth against her breast.

She gasped as he bit into the centre of her breast. She felt his lips close as he sucked, and then his tongue moved against her straining nipple.

His fingers kneaded both breasts as he bit and sucked and fed from one, then the other, rousing both nipples into a raw kind of aching sensitivity. His teeth bit down, clamping together around her throbbing nipples, grinding against them with delicate force so that they burned with pain. Then his lips would close and his tongue would slip soothingly across them until they burned with pleasure.

She was on the edge of another come when he rolled fully atop her and drove himself home inside her aching pussy, then began to thrust hard and fast. He rode her into the orgasm, through it, and out the other side, his hips rising and falling with furious energy, his cock spiking deep into her belly again and again.

Chapter Two

"...Isn't as bad as Rawlins. I'd hate to be in one of her classes."

"Wait until next year and you have to take Eastern Mythology. That's Greenberg. He makes Rawlins look like a pussycat."

"That's an elective. I'm not taking it. What about you, Hannah?"

Hannah shook herself out of her reverie. "Hmm? What?"

Peter grinned. "Are you taking Eastern Mythology next year?"

"Uhm, I don't know. I'll have to see what else is available and what time it is," she said.

Even the cafeteria had seemed exciting when her father had shown her around the campus. And the idea of sitting around, chatting with other college students, perhaps sipping a laté had made her feel excited and very

mature and intellectual. But now that she was here it all seemed so artificial and unimportant. Her classes were dull and lifeless and boring. What did they matter? And what did these other students matter, even the boys?

For a girl caught up in the thrill and excitement and steamy heat of her first adult love affair, college was little more than a distraction. It made her squirm occasionally that her lover was her father. But after all, it wasn't as if he had raised her. And it wasn't as if she were a child. Who could blame him for being aroused by a beautiful college girl suddenly thrown into his arms? And she was beautiful, she thought with a heady sense of joy. He kept telling her she was, and the excitement and pleasure in his eyes when he looked at her was certainly not feigned.

She tossed her head, making her hair spill over her shoulders. She knew Peter, and Mark, and David, the other boys at the table, thought she was hot. They had been flirting with her since they'd met. But they were just boys. Why would she want anything to do with boys when she had a strong, mature, intelligent man?

She was still a little sore down there. Her father was big, and he used her strongly, showing her how aroused, how excited, how uncontrollable she made him. And it had only been a few days, after all, since he'd first taken her and - and - mounted her. Yes, he'd taken her like a bull in heat, like a wolf taking his bitch! Her father was the most handsome, virile male she had ever imagined.

And yet he was also her father. For the love she had begun to feel for him, the confidence in his presence, the comfort and feeling of safety had soared since he had taken her into his bed. He had already shown her so much, taught her so much, and given her so much!

She felt very much more mature than the other students sitting around the table, for they had surely never experienced the incredible erotic heat and passion she did daily - and nightly. Andrea, sitting in the corner, elbow propped on the table, leafing through a magazine, with her red hair spilling down her back, had probably had no more sexual experiences than Hannah had when she was a girl, a few grunting, groping sessions in the backs of cars, or in her boyfriend's basement. What did she know of sex, of passion?

"We're all going out to the Lone Star after school, Hannah? Want to come?"

She shook her head and smiled. "I think these first few weeks are important. I want to get off on the right foot, and study really hard."

"It's ages till mid-terms," Andrea groaned.

"And when they come you'll all be scurrying around desperately trying to

make up for the work I'm doing now," she said. "Besides, my father insists I study every night."

There was much rolling of eyes and sympathetic noises at this, but she shivered a little in excitement, for they had no idea just how firm, how deliciously stern her father was in his insistence on her studying.

For somehow he had known she had not done her homework a few nights ago, had known she had not bothered to read the chapter for her Literature class. How? She couldn't image, except that her father seemed to know everything.

Just two days earlier she had trotted down the steps before school wearing a white blouse, louse blue cardigan and grey skirt, and been surprised at her father's stern face.

"All ready for school?" he'd asked.

"Yes," she said.

"And your homework? All done?"

She nodded wordlessly, thinking a little guiltily of the Lit reading she hadn't done. "Including your Literature?"

She gaped at him. "Uhm, well - ."

"You haven't read the chapter you were assigned, have you?"

"No but-."

"Do you remember our agreement?"

She stared at him blankly.

"You agreed to do all of your homework promptly, to study hard to get good grades."

"I will, dad but - ."

"But you didn't study your chapter assignment."

"Uhm, I was a little busy," she said with a small grin.

And of course, he knew exactly what she had been busy doing, for he'd been doing it with her. "That's not acceptable," he said, sternly folding his arms across his chest.

She bit her lip slightly, shifting her weight from foot to foot. Was he going to be tiresome about homework? It wasn't as if he should take this father stuff that serious. After all, he hadn't acted like much of a father the other night. "I'll read it later on."

"You'll have more homework to do."

"But I-."

He took her arm and stepped to the side, to where a hard backed chair stood against the wall near the door, then sat and pulled her forward across his lap.

"Dad!"

"I think you need to learn a little discipline, young lady."

He tugged her skirt up and then tugged down her panties as she gasped and stared at the floor below. "I have to go to school," she gasped, wriggling awkwardly as her father positioned her properly.

"And you will. And when you get homework assignments you'll study properly."

"I will!"

And then he slapped her bottom. She yelped at the sudden stinging impact. "Dad!"

She jerked in pain, reaching back and trying to block his hand with hers. But he seized her wrists and pinned them together at the small of her back, then slapped her bottom again. Hard.

"Ow! Don't!"

Another slap, and she yelped and squirmed.

Another slap, and another, the sharp sting making her twist and writhe. "Don't! Dad! That hurts!"

"You will get a spanking every time you fail to obey your father's orders. Any time you fail to live up to your agreements. Or any time I feel you need to be punished," he said.

Crack! "Ow!" Crack! "Ouch!" Crack! "Ow!" Crack! "Ahg!" Crack! "I'm sorry! Crack! Please!" Crack! "Dad!"

It hurt! His big hand was slapping down across her bottom with stinging force, so that her buttocks burned and ached, growing hotter with every painful blow. Tears came to Hannah's eyes as she squirmed and whimpered and twisted in her father's arms.

He halted, and his fingers caressed her warm bottom.

"Are you sorry for being a bad girl, Hannah?" he asked.

"Y-yes," she sniffled, fighting to keep from crying.

"You know you have to obey your daddy," he said.

And his fingers slid down between her buttocks, down between her legs, and stroked lightly across her sex.

"I-I know," she gulped, blinking, confused.

His fingers eased within her sex lips, and another began to gently rub against her clitoris. He had fucked her so long and so hard the other night she was still sore, her lips slightly flushed with heat and a little swollen. Hannah moaned, grinding her hips, gulping in air as her father massaged her oh so sensitive flesh.

"D-dad," she moaned.

Another sharp slap to her bottom made her yelp in pain. "Quiet girl."

She was growing moist very quickly, and a sudden thrill of sexual hunger swept through her body. He was such a strong man, so in control, so capable and powerful, and she felt like putty in his hands, like a child, like a foolish, adolescent girl with no strength of will at all.

She drew in a sharp breath as he thrust two fingers deep into her sex.

"You've been a bad girl, haven't you, Hannah?"

"Y-Yes," she gulped, starting to feel a seductive, wicked excitement now at being bent over his lap and spanked like a naughty girl.

"And bad girls get spanked by their daddy's don't they?"

"Yes," she groaned as he slapped her bottom again.

"Say yes daddy," he ordered.

"Yes, daddy," she said in a moaning voice.

His fingers twisted slowly about within her snug sheath, then pumped in and out, massaging the insides of her sex lips as his thumb rolled across her clitoris.

"You'll be daddy's good little girl, won't you?"

"Yes, daddy," she groaned.

"Daddy's good little slutty girl."

She groaned and closed her eyes, her head rolling in mid-air as her father slowly worked a third finger down into her pussy.

Crack! "Oh!" Crack! "Ow!" Crack! "Ungh!" Crack! "Ow!" Crack! "Ungh!"

Hannah felt deliciously wicked, and wonderfully kinky. She had been slow to understand, at first, but now she felt the thrill of possession as her powerful father spanked and fondled her. Her bottom still burned, still stung, but the stinging and heat did nothing to hinder the wild, exhilarating excitement pumping through her body and mind.

Her father's fingers twisted within her warm sex, and then she gasped as she felt his thumb pressing against her anus.

Crack! "Ow!"

He let go of her wrists, and her arms fell away, her hands striking the floors. His left hand moved over her bottom, caressing and kneading her warm, throbbing flesh as his right pumped slowly in and out of her sore, sensitive pussy. His thumb prodded again at her anus, and now pushed through the tight, wrinkled opening.

"Daddy! No!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Oww!"

Now his thumb slid fully into her rectum, and pinched in as the fingers in her sex pinched up against it. She gasped as she felt him pulling at her, his hand twisting so that her entire bottom twisted and rolled with it.

"Will daddy's little slut be a good girl?" he asked. "Y-Yes!" she panted.

"Say it, little slut."

"I-I'll be good," Hannah gasped.

"No, no. Say daddy's little slut will be a good girl."

"D-Daddy's little slut will be a good girl!"

The hand stroking her bottom slid in beneath her abdomen, and she felt fingers reaching for her clitoris, then stroking across it. She gasped and her bottom jerked up, then again, as pleasure flared within her. Her father's finger stroked back and forth across her clitoris and the climax burst over her like a rushing wave.

"I'm sorry, what?"

Hannah looked at Peter, blushing a little at the memory of her first spanking. "I said you need to have a little fun in your life. College isn't all studying."

"Oh I'll have fun," she said. "Don't worry about that."

She felt a little smug about that. If only he knew!

For her father had found reason to spank her three more times since then, and each time he had brought her to an intense orgasm even as he had smacked his big, rough hand down on her soft, stinging bottom.

And what would these children gathered around her think if they knew a big, strong, handsome older man was doing such things to her? Would they be jealous or shocked? Well, probably shocked, because it was her father. But really, there was nothing wrong with what they were doing, she thought, a trifle guiltily. They were simple two adults pleasing each other, and in love with each other. No doubt if she had grown up with him things would be different, but as it stood she didn't really think it was such a terrible thing.

They drifted away as next class beckoned. Hannah wished she could skip it, for it was her last, but her father would not be happy. And besides, he wouldn't be home yet anyway. A thrill of sexual anticipation ran through her belly and chest as she thought of what her father and she might do that night. She tried to push it away, for she must concentrate on her next class. And it wouldn't do to get poor marks.

She was reading in her room when she heard the front door close. Her heart skipped a beat, then she jumped out of bed and hurried downstairs. "Hi daddy!"

"Hello, princess. Have you been a good little girl today?" he asked, engulfing her in a bear hug.

"Yes, daddy!"

She wore only a lacy pink thong and silk chemise, and now as her father's arms slid down onto her bottom and squeezed it they pulled back up, sliding up inside her chemise, lifting it up her body and off over her shoulders as she gladly raised her arms.

"I think you should stay naked around here, my pretty little slut," he said with a wolfish grin. "I like it better."

He gripped the front of her lacy thong and yanked. Hannah's hips jerked forward and she half stumbled at the pull, but then the tiny string was torn and the thong pulled away, leaving her nude.

"Yes, daddy!" she croaked, her pulse racing.

He grinned down at her, his eyes roaming her body. "Have you been getting proper exercise, my little slut?"

She shrugged helplessly.

"It's exercise night. We want to keep that fine little slutty body of yours firm for daddy."

"Yes, daddy!"

She squealed as he lifted her up and dropped her over his shoulder, then carried her up the stairs. His hand kneaded her bottom and caressed her leg as he moved, and Hannah let her arms drop, her heart pounding with anticipation.

He set her down in the bedroom he used as a gym, and ran his hand through her hair. "Let's make it interesting, hmm?"

His face took on that playful look and she knew something exciting would happen. He walked away, and returned with an odd little chain and a pair of handcuffs.

"Turn around."

She obeyed at once.

"Pull your wrists behind your back, slut."

Her chest tightened with excitement, and she obeyed. She felt the cool steel cuffs locked around her wrists. Her father then turned her to face him and grinned as he held up the chain. It was about two feet long, and its end split

into two, each ending in a clip.

"This will sting a little," he warned.

Then he opened the clips and placed them around her already erect nipples. Hannah stared down, fascinated, anxious, nervous, looking at the thin metal clips as they framed her nipples. Then her father let the clips close and stinging pain beat at her. She gasped and moaned and grit her teeth, then began to dance from foot to foot as the burning, stinging pain continued to burn.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! It hurts! Ow!"

"It'll get better in a minute," he said.

He took the end of the chain and pulled it away, and Hannah yelped again as she was forced to follow along. Her father pulled on the chain, forcing her up onto the treadmill, then fastened the end of the chain to the bar at the front of the machine.

"Now you're going to get in some solid exercise," he said.

He turned the machine on and Hannah yelped as she slid backwards and the chain bit into her nipples. She started to walk, then jog, gasping and panting as the treadmill moved beneath her, forced to jog awkwardly along with her wrists cuffed together behind her back as they were.

Unbound, her breasts wobbled and shook and bounced as she jogged. She stayed close enough to the front that there was no tension on the chain. But that merely left it free to dangle, and thus to bounce and tug at her nipples as her breasts bounced. That stung even more. Yet the stinging was now acquiring a hot sexual haze, and her father stood to one side, reaching out and fondling her breasts and bottom as she jogged.

"I-I'm t-t-tired!" she gasped, getting breathless.

"Keep running, slut."

She had little choice, for to slow meant the tug on her nipples would become unbearable, and so she kept running, gasping, panting, sweating freely now, chest heaving as her bare feet slapped on the rubber treadmill.

Her father stopped the treadmill and she all but fell into his arms as he removed the chain from the front bar. He chuckled and dragged her off the machine.

"Sit down and rest.No, on the floor. Kneel here," he said, settling her down.

"Sit on your heels. That's my girl. Spread your legs apart so I can see that pretty little pussy. Wider, sweetie. That's it."

He sat next to her on the polished hardwood floor and let his fingers pull the damp hair away from her face, then slipped a hand between her legs, gently cupping and squeezing her pussy.

"Did you like that, little slut?" he asked with a gentle smile.

"Yes, daddy," he panted. "But my nipples are sore."

"That's all right. When I get my mouth on them they'll feel much better."

He grinned suddenly and stood up, then walked out of the room, leaving Hannah to recover. He returned quickly, however, and her eyes widened as she saw him holding a long, thick black dildo. She'd never seen a dildo before, and this one looked exactly like a big hard cock, except it was black - which for some reason was quite exciting. It was also very long, even long than her father's cock. It had a wide base attached to it, and she wondered why.

"Let's see if we can give those thigh muscles a little exercise," her father said with a smile.

He knelt beside her and slid the dildo underneath her body.

"Up. Up."

He tugged on her arm and she rose on her knees. Then he slid the dildo beneath her so that it was upright, the base flat on the floor.

"Down."

"But-but-."

"Down."

She gasped as he felt her anal opening press against the fat head of the dildo. "Ohh!"

Her father moved to the corner and returned with a pair of straps, which he slipped around her legs just above the knees and buckled in place. He attached these two strong rubber exercise bands. Then he pulled on Hannah's legs, shifting them further apart. Her body lowered, and the pressure against her anus grew greater, slowly forcing the fat head up through the tight anal ring.

"Don't let that head come out," he ordered.

He pulled the rubber bands so that Hannah felt the pressure pulling at her legs, trying to force them wider. But the pressure was easy to resist. He attached one to the base of the weight machine, and the other to the treadmill. Then he returned and, with a chuckle, gripped her left leg, lifting it very slightly, then poured baby oil onto his hand and massaged it into her knee before setting it down again. He did the same with her other knee, and then both feet. Then he stood back and laughed as she gasped and moaned, fighting to keep the rubber bands from pulling them further apart.

He stood up, and then gripped the chain still dangling from her nipples, pulling it straight up so that Hannah let out a soft cry of pain, arching her back towards the direction of the pull. He attached the end of the chain to one of the bars sticking out from the weight machine, and then stripped and sat on the bench, watching her. "I'm going to do some weights. You can watch and admire me," he said.

He began to pump the horizontal bar above the weight bench, the big muscles in his arms bunching again and again as he worked the weights.

Meanwhile Hannah was arched back, gasping, her nipples stinging, the fat black dildo sliding deeper into her already aching anus.

"D-dad! Daddy!"

"You've got a gorgeous little ass, Hannah," he said, still pumping the bar. "You need to get something big and fat up inside it. So get used to it."

Her knees kept sliding on the floor. They were already well apart, and the pressure of the rubber bands was a continuous pull which was not nearly so easy to resist now that she had no firm contact with the floor beneath. Her legs kept slipping out, and each time they did the pressure pushed her downwards on the fat dildo.

"Oh! Oh! Daddy!"

Her knees slid apart, and she groaned as her body pushed down on the fat black cock, which drove deeper inside her. She forced her knees further back together, and the pressure eased. She was able to come up a little ways off the thing. But then her knees slipped again and she grunted as it punched up into her belly.

Her thighs ached from the pressure. Her knees were much further apart now, and that made it even harder to resist both the pull of the rubber bands and the natural gravity which wanted to pull her torso downwards.

In front of her, her father had a fine sheen of sweat on his face and chest now

as he pumped the weight machine. He stopped and sat up, panting, smiling. "Looks like you've got about half of it up your ass, honey. It's a thirteen inch cock. Let's see how much you can take."

"I-it hurts!"

He knelt before her and his hand slid between her legs, his fingers massaging her clitoris.

"Oh! Oh!"

She seemed to be even more sensitive down there than usual, and a wild thrill of sexual heat rolled through her body, then another, then another as her father stroked and rubbed at her clitoris.

Now the ache in her bottom did not seem nearly as bad. In fact, it seemed rather - exciting, and she grunted as more weight brought her lower, and more of the fat dildo slid up into her rectum.

Her father moved to the treadmill now and began to run. Hannah moaned and jerked feebly at her knees, pulling them back again and again, only to have them slide wider.

"Unngh!" she groaned as she shifted her pelvis and several inches of fat black rubber cock slid up into her bottom.

The tendons in her thighs ached and burned now, for she was almost doing the splits, her knees pulled straight out in either direction. She slid a little lower, and then lower still and cramps rippled through her belly as the head of the fat cock drove ever deeper. Then with a groan she slid fully down and felt the slightly rounded base against her buttocks. She felt absolutely stuffed inside, impaled on the fat black cock.

But at least now she could rest, for with her bottom down fully she could just sit there, panting, legs spread, feeling the strange sensation of fullness in her belly.

"Well, you've taken it all up your ass, have you, slut?"

"Y-yes, daddy," she gasped, feeling thrilled and excited.

"But you're getting no exercise like that."

He left the room and returned with a second black dildo, this one even fatter. "This one's only twelve inches, though," he said.

He reached for the chain clipped to her nipples and pulled.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Hannah was forced to rise on her knees, leant energy by the stinging pull on her throbbing pink nipples. She managed to pull her slippery knees and feet back closer together as her father knelt, still holding the chain high, and slipped the second dildo beneath her.

"D-Daddy!" she moaned.

He lifted harder and she slid higher, gasping, her nipples on fire. But now only the base of the dildo was in her bottom, and the rest of her anus felt oddly vacant.

He attached it to the wide base, and she felt the head against her pussy, her very moist pussy. "Now sink down, slut."

"Oh! Oh!"

The head was very wide, and the pressure against her pussy was crushing, painful, yet not sharply so, not like her nipples. It was a dull, throbbing, stretching ache. And given her inner heat the pressure was exciting and sent hot, throbbing, sensual pressure through her body. It was a - a delicious ache, she thought dazedly.

And then the head forced her sex lips wide enough that it slid into her.

Hannah groaned, her eyes fluttering as the first inch of the dildo pushed into her sex.

Her father moved to the bicycle and began to pedal, and slowly, Hannah's legs were pulled apart. She did not fight it so much now, except when the pain in her pussy grew too powerful. Then she would ease off for a time, gasping, moaning, panting, letting her sex adjust, letting the pressure down again until the rubber cock was able to push deeper.

By the time her father had finished with the bicycle she was sitting firmly on the base again, thirteen inches of black rubber cock driven up into her bottom, and twelve inches impaling her through her pussy. She moaned headily, head back now, hair brushing against her buttocks as she stared up at the ceiling.

"How is my little slut doing?" her father asked.

"H-Hurts," she gasped.

He chuckled, and reached for her head, pulling her face forward where she

could see his hard erection.

"Make daddy's cock happy," he said, thrusting it into her mouth.

Her lips were forced wider, and she choked slightly, gasping around the big shaft as it slid across her tongue. She rolled her eyes up at him, trying to suck as he pumped it slowly in and out. His fingers tightened in her hair, and he pulled thick bunches of it out to the sides of her head, using it as handles to hold her head in place.

"Ahh, my beautiful daughter," he groaned.

Hannah felt a pulse of excitement, of heady joy.

"My lovely, gorgeous, hot little cock sucking daughter."

He thrust in and she choked as the head pushed against the entrance to her throat, then pumped in and out, in and out, in and out. Hannah did her best to lick and suck at his shaft and head as they slid up and down.

"Your mother was never a very good cock sucker," he said. "I don't think she really put much effort into it, never really cared. I think she thought just going through the motions was good enough."

"I'll be a good cock sucker, daddy!" she said, panting.

"I know you will, my beautiful little slut. Would you like me to teach you?"

"Yes, daddy!"

"Lick my balls, honey. That's my girl. Push that beautiful slut tongue of yours out and lick. Now kiss them, suck on them. Take them into your mouth and make love to them. Wrap that gorgeous slut mouth around each of them and massage it with your tongue. Ah, my pretty girl, my beautiful slut. Suck on them, baby. Suck.Ahh."

She alternated between licking and sucking on the shaft and taking his balls into her mouth and working on them. All the while the clips bit into her nipples, the chain pulling them up and forward. And her belly throbbed and ached, stuffed with rubber cock. Her sex lips were slip wide, and her swollen clitoris glistened, pushing out from beneath its protective hood.

"Try and deep throat me, Hannah. Your mother never could. I was always disappointed in that. All it takes is strength of will. If you convince yourself it won't hurt you and you can take it then you can, just like a sword-swallower. Suck my cock, baby. Suck it all the way down to the root you lovely little piece of slut meat."

She pushed forward, aided by her father's pull on her hair. She felt a sudden sharp pressure and gagged, but she could not pull back as her father's fingers tightened in her hair. He pushed his cock forward, and it slid down her throat.

For the first few seconds it was terrible. Her eyes teared and she choked and gagged. But then she got used to it. It ached a little, and felt very odd and uncomfortable. But the intense sexual arousal gripping her like a fever allowed her to fight her way through it. She stared at her father's groin as her lips slid further and further down his shaft. Then her nose was jammed into his crinkly pubic hair and his groin was pressed firmly against her straining lips.

She choked again, weakly, and gagged slightly, but she felt wildly excited at her victory, at having been able to please her father by deep throating his cock where her mother had not. Her mother was a selfish bitch to have taken her away from him. No wonder she wouldn't do as she should to please her handsome father.

"Ah, you beautiful little whore," her father groaned.

He pulled back, and she choked once more at the feel of his slick shaft sliding up her throat. It popped free, and she coughed violently as he rubbed the spit wet head across her face, but she soon caught her breath as he showered praise on her, and her heart pounded with excitement at the pleasure she had given him.

"You're a perfect little fuck toy, Hannah," he said admiringly.

He thrust it back into her mouth and she gulped it down with hardly a pause, thrilling to the sight and feel of his cock shaft sliding relentlessly through her lips, inch after inch of it.

"My friends would be so jealous if they knew," he panted. "If they saw a beautiful little slut like you deep throating me, letting me fuck her throat, fuck her face, they'd be green with envy. Every one of them. They'd do anything to have a gorgeous little fuck toy like you kneeling at their feet."

He pumped his cock in and out of her mouth and throat as he spoke, and Hannah concentrated on controlling herself, hardly paying attention to his words.

He began to pump faster, and her eyes rolled and fluttered as she choked and gagged. Then he suddenly pulled back, and come filled her mouth as his cock popped out of her throat. She swallowed repeatedly, and licked at the head as he pulled free.

"My hot, horny little fuck machine," he said with a loving smile.

He bent and kissed her, then bit and chewed at her throat. He forced her head back even farther, pulling on her hair, then pulled the clips from her nipples. There was a sudden fierce pain, and she shuddered and cried out as her nipples burned terribly. But after a few seconds the pain faded, and they took on the sensation of pins and needles. And when her father slid his lips over them and began to suck small orgasms rippled through her chest and belly one after the other. He chuckled at his writhing, bucking gasping daughter, then thrust his hand between her legs, his fingers stroking wildly over her engorged clitoris until, with a wild cry of pleasure, a massive come rolled over her.

Chapter Three

Her father brought her into the big tub with him, filled it with soap suds, and let her lay back against him as they relaxed in the bubbling water. "How was school today. "

"Fine," she said.

"Tell me about it."

Her hands were still handcuffed behind her. She leaned back against his big body and related the events of the day, as boring as they seemed. He questioned her about each class, and each teacher, and what she had learned.

"And you did your homework?"

"Yes, daddy. I was even doing extra when you got home."

"That's my good girl."

He kissed her behind the ear, and his hands slid up from her belly, kneading her breasts. He stroked across her nipples and she winced.

"Are your little nipples sore, baby?"

"Uh huh," she said shyly.

"Maybe we should pierce them. What do you think?"

She stared down at her nipples in surprise, then both excitement and anxiety filled her mind.

"Would you do it?"

"No, someone I know. I'd be there, though."

"Would it hurt?"

"A little, just for a second. Then you'd have two beautiful gold rings dangling from your nipples."

It sounded deliciously exciting and thrilling.

"Okay," she said.

His right hand slid between her legs, his middle fingers sinking between her sex lips and stroking up and down.

"After we get rid of this hair I'm going to show you how I used to drive your mother wild," he said.

She looked down into the water. "What hair? I only have a little hair."

"It's still too much. I want you bear naked down there, with nothing between your pussy and my tongue."

She inhaled sharply. He had not licked her yet. His fingers had been more than sufficient to make her come, and so she had not even mentioned it. Boys did not really enjoy that anyway, she thought, from her own limited experiences. And it didn't really feel that great. But her father would be wonderful at it, because he was wonderful at everything.

Soon she was sitting on the edge of the tub, legs spread wide. Her father sat in the tub shaving her pussy. This involved soaping it up, of course, and his fingers spent a goodly amount of time tracing the line of her sex, or pushing inside to squeeze her labia, to stretch the skin for the razor. But then she was completely nude, and she blushed to look down and see her bare little slit so lewdly displayed.

But then her father sat back and gripped her bottom, pulling her forward in the water. And the moment she felt his mouth against her pussy she knew she was in for a new experience.

Orgasm after orgasm followed in quick succession as her father held her against his mouth and simply devoured her. Hannah's head thrashed and rolled wildly. Her hips bucked, her back arched again and again. She let out long gurgling moans of dazed sexual heat. Her wrists twisted and jerked against the handcuffs.

And her father kept licking, kept massaging, kept stroking, kept sucking and

nibbling and driving her mad with the intensity of the sensory overload he was forcing upon her young body. Her belly ached from orgasms, and she could hardly catch her breath.

"Oh! Oh God! Oh please! Oh! Oh no! Oh yes! OH!"

He chuckled finally and lifted her in his arms. She was dazed, trembling, eyes nearly closed, jaw slack as she gulped in air.

"Now it's time for daddy to get his," he said.

He turned her around and bent her over the side of the tub. Hannah groaned, laying limply, gasping, eyes closed as she felt her legs pulled apart. Her father's hand moved against her bottom, rubbing at it, and she knew he was soaping her up, but not why. Nor did she care.

And then she felt the pressure against her anal opening. She groaned weakly, and a soft denial issued from her mouth, almost a whisper. But then his cock slid into her smoothly and she groaned in pleasure.

"Ah, yes. You have such a gorgeous little ass, Hannah. I wanted to fuck it the first day you got here. Every man who sees this fine little ass of yours must dream about driving his prick between your buttocks and up into your tight little hole."

Hannah only groaned as her father forced his cock deeper, pulling then pushing, pulling back, then thrusting forward, riding a slippery layer of soap as he worked her anus open. Soon he was pumping evenly, and Hannah moaned in pleasure at the deep penetration, at the jarring impact of her father's hips against her upraised bottom.

There was no pain for Hannah, only a weary pleasure as her father thrust in and out of her bottom with growing speed. His hands moved over her body, kneading her breasts, then stroking at her clitoris.

She cried out suddenly as he yanked back on her hair. And then his teeth were at her earlobe and his growl was in her ear.

"All the boys want to fuck your ass, Hannah. All the men want to bend you over and ram their cocks into your backside. You can fuck them all, but your tight little ass belongs to me. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, daddy!" she gasped as her body shuddered to the hard thrusting from behind.

After the bath was done her father dried her, then dried her hair, using the blow dryer, while she sat before him. She did not ask for the handcuffs to be

removed, for some reason. She enjoyed the sense of dependency, the fact that her father would take care of her, do everything for her.

Afterwards, he led her to his bedroom, and he found a studded leather collar which he buckled around her slender throat. Then he removed the handcuffs, but had her cross her wrists together behind her back. He produced a length of soft black rope, and very carefully looped it around each wrist. He did it quite tidily, laying one loop alongside the next; five loops for each wrist. Then he brought two more loops around between her wrists.

The ropes were firm, but not tight, and Hannah followed her father downstairs. "Would you like something to eat?" he asked.

"Yes, daddy."

Hannah experimented with her wrists a little, enjoying the sensation of being bound. She was quite tired from their long sexual play, yet her body still pulsed with sex heat. Without being told, she knelt on the floor with her legs spread as her father made dinner, and felt a wave of excitement and pleasure every time her father turned and smiled at her.

"You're such a sexy little bitch, Hannah. I can hardly concentrate on my cooking."

"I'm sorry, daddy," she said, smiling coyly.

When he finished he sat at the kitchen table. Hannah knelt beside his chair, and he fed her, bite by bite. He would take a bite, then let her have one. For the most part, he let her eat off his fork, but then towards the end he cut off pieces of meat and let her eat them from his fingers and out of the palm of his hand.

Hannah felt wonderfully slutty and kinky doing so.

Her father brushed her teeth for her, and wiped her mouth. But then she had to go to the bathroom. She blushed and tried to hint at it. But he seemed to take no notice. He was sitting on the sofa watching the news on TV, and only smiled down at her when she tried to suggest she should be untied briefly.

"I need to go," she finally said, blushing.

"Well you should have said so," he replied.

He stood up and lifted her to her feet, then took her to the bathroom and sat her on the toilet. She stared up at him, slightly stricken, her blush growing worse.

"Aren't you going to go?" she asked. "Aren't you?"

"But-but I can't go while you're there!"

"Of course you can. And you will."

"Daddy!"

"Now, my sweet little slut, or I'll take you back to the living room and for punishment you won't be allowed to go for another two hours."

She moaned indecisively, but then he knelt and gripped her hair, forcing her head back across the top of the toilet tank, forcing her back to arch. His hand pressed against her abdomen in short, rhythmic movements, bringing pain against her bladder.

"Go for daddy," he whispered.

And she did, releasing her bladder. She gasped as her father's lips came down on hers, moaning in relief as her urine streamed out into the toilet tank and her father kneaded her taut breasts. Then his finger pushed down between her legs and began to rub at her clit as she peed, and a wild charge of sexual electricity burned through her body.

She came, even while she was peeing.

She spent the rest of the evening with her wrists bound behind her back, either laying across her father's lap as he stroked her bottom and fingered her pussy, or sitting across it as he nibbled at her ears and the nape of her neck, and sucked and licked at her breasts, or simply draped across it as his hands moved casually along her torso, driving her mad with excitement.

They watched videos, as well. Her father had a large screen television, and as she lay across his lap Hannah watched the beautiful nude women on the videos being bound and mock tormented, being stretched out, their bodies writhing as candle wax was dripped on their breasts, and luscious lesbians pretended to whip them.

She was laying across his lap as a scene played out showing a beautiful young girl hung by her wrists. Another lovely girl knelt before her, licking at her pussy, driving her wild while a man in a leather mask pretended to whip her back. Hannah gasped as her father gripped a fistful of her hair behind her head, and forced her head up and back.

"Should I do that to you, my pretty little slut? Should I hang you from your wrists and find a beautiful girl to eat you out while I whip you?"

"Yes, daddy," she groaned as his fingers rubbed at her pussy.

He took her to his bed that night, laying her gently in the centre and then climbing atop her. He spent long hours tonguing and teasing her nipples and clitoris, making her cry out with pleasure again and again. Then he lifted her legs up and back and thrust himself home in her warm, silky sheath, pounding almost violently against her until he filled her with his come.

Afterwards she lay on her side, bottom pressed against him, her arms still bound, nuzzled contentedly in his arms as her exhaustion sent her into a deep sleep.

When she got home from school the next day her father was already home. She squealed and threw herself into his arms, and he hugged her against him, kissing her deeply before chuckling and tousling her hair.

"I brought you something," he said.

"What, daddy?" she asked eagerly.

"Strip."

She took her clothes out quickly as her father set a narrow case on the table and undid the lid. "I ordered these for you from a place I know."

The shoes were beautiful, and Hannah gasped as he brought them out. They were sexy black high heels, stilettos, and higher than any she'd ever worn.

"Six inch heels," he said with a grin.

He bent and put them on, buckling each shoe in place as she stood before him.

"Walk around."

She did, though she felt a trifle awkward, and higher than usual. She felt very sexy walking in the spiky shoes, especially nude.

Her father reached into the case and drew out a heavy black leather collar. It was three inches wide, and had a large metal ring set into the front and back. Just beneath the front ring was a silver plaque which said "Hannah". The collar did not have a buckle. Instead, one end had a tongue which fit into the other, and required a key to open. She stood excitedly as her father placed it around her throat and locked it.

"And now these."

Four similar leather restraints went around her wrists and ankles, and Hannah's breathing began to grow ragged as she felt the now familiar thrum of sexual arousal moving through her body.

Her father brought her into the main bedroom, and she posed before the large mirror, feeling deliciously wicked and slutty. Her father took her back downstairs, and she noticed for the first time a pair of chains hanging from two central posts which divided the living room from the dining room. Her heart began to beat more quickly as her father stood her between them and ordered her to raise her arms.

She obeyed, of course, and watched as he clipped the chains to her wrist restraints, locking her in place. Two more chains were attached to the lower part of the posts, and he pulled her feet apart until the pressure on her wrists grew quite taut, then locked them in place.

Hannah's chest was already heaving as she waited with anxious anticipation, wondering what her wonderful, handsome, sexy father would do to her next. He winked at her as she approached, holding what she first thought was another collar. It was thicker, however, and had a fat rubber ball attached to the inside.

"Open your lovely little slut mouth, Hannah," he ordered.

She opened wide, and he pushed the ball against her mouth. She grunted, forced to strain her jaw, to open even wider, and the ball sort of oozed through, filling her mouth. It squeezed down against her tongue and pushed up against the roof of her mouth. Yet she was able to close her teeth a little behind it as it narrowed. Then her father pulled the collar part, or belt or strap, or whatever it was around her mouth and buckled it behind her head.

"Now you can't scream when I torture you," he said with a mock little cackle.

Hannah shuddered excitedly.

Her father produced a strange looking little plastic device. It was narrow at the tip, widened abruptly for several inches, then narrowed even more abruptly, and flared out again into a flat base.

"This is a butt plug," her father said. "I'm going to stick it into your hot little butt to get it all ready for when I ram my cock up into your ass."

He winked, then rubbed some oil on it until it glistened, and moved behind her. With her legs spread her wrinkled anal opening was deliciously vulnerable, and she gasped and panted as she felt the thing pressing against her, forcing her anus in and open, then sliding through. It was quite thick, but not so thick as the dildo she had impaled herself on the other day. And

nowhere near as long. It slid up and then her anus nearly closed behind it.

Her father slapped her bottom and she squealed and jerked against the chains.

"You can't escape me now, slut," he growled, gripping her hair and jerking it back as he made a grotesque face. "I'm going to torture you and rape you! And I'm going to whip you!"

Again Hannah felt a wild thrill of excitement, and moaned as her father forced her head back and then bent to suck and lick and chew on her rigid, straining nipples.

He stepped back with a small chuckle, then brought out two small clips. Hannah moaned and shook her head, remembering the pain of her nipples the other day, but her father only winked. These clips were attached to an odd little hollow rod with something inside them.

Her father placed his thumb and forefinger against her left nipple and pinched it, then twisted it from side to side. He let his fingers slide back to press against the flesh of her breast just behind her areola, then squeezed, forcing her nipple to strain out. He then framed the nipple with the two sides of the clip, and let them snap closed.

It stung horribly, but not as bad as the clips had the other day. Hannah yelped and twisted and pulled at the chains to no avail, her head jerking from side to side as she bit into the leather gag filling her mouth. Her father chuckled and stroked her other nipple, and soon it too had a tight little clip attached. Yet again, though it stung, it was bearable, and after the first dozen seconds of stinging pain began to recede she felt her sexual heat growing more powerful.

"Now another clip, my nasty little slut."

This one was similar to the two attached to her nipples, but somewhat smaller.

Her father knelt between her legs, and Hannah dropped her chin, looking down at him as he let his fingers spread the lips of her sex and push up the hood over her clitoris. He licked at her exposed clitoris, and she gasped as he placed the jaws of the clips around it. She moaned a protest, but then the clip closed and she hissed, her head jerking up and back as pain flared within her groin.

Yet the clip was not so strong as the ones biting into her nipples. She gasped and bit into the gag and moaned and shook her head from side to side, but the pain faded quickly into a sharp little stinging sensation.

Her father gripped her hair, yanking her head back.

"Soon the motorcycle gang I talked with will be here," he said in his growling voice. "They'll all want to whip you and then gang rape you, my nasty little slut. Won't you love that, being gang raped by a hoard of big, rough, sweaty, hairy bikers?"

No, she wouldn't like it, Hannah thought, but the fantasy of it was making her pussy pulse and throb with hunger and need.

Her father showed her a long, multi tailed whip and let the long, thin strips caress her straining breasts. "Now you're going to be whipped, my filthy little slut. And you're going to love it!"

Hannah gasped, staring at the whip. It looked so - cruel, and yet erotic. Her stomach trembled as her father let the thin leather strips slide through his palm, then moved around behind her.

"You'll be whipped a lot, Hannah, now that you're my sex slave," he said, again using what she thought of as his growly voice. "And I'll give you too many men so you can be gang raped again and again."

He swung the whip, and she gasped, straining against the chains as the strips of leather hit her back. The pain was minimal, however. The strips were very light, and they spread out through the air before hitting, so as to spread the weight of the blow across much of her upper back. It stung, though, but not quite as much as a hard slap to her bottom. She thrilled to the sensual excitement, however, and arched her back dramatically.

"Slut!" her father cried.

Again he brought the whip down across her back. And again it stung, though not terribly. She gasped and twisted, moaning into the gag.

A third blow struck, and this one stung more, as bad as hard slap to her bottom. She jerked against the chains more, and then gasped anew as new sensations struck her from several directions. The little rods attached to the lips had tiny weighted balls in them. As her body jerked to the blow the rods swung out, and the balls rolled up, then dropped back. The effect was to sharply tug on her nipples and clitoris, giving them a brief spark, a little sting, a sharp pinpoint of sensory heat.

"I know what sluts like you are good for," her father growled, bringing the whip down across her back again. "They're for raping and sodomizing and using as sex slaves!"

Again she jerked to the stinging blow, and again the clamps tugged on her nipples and clitoris. Hannah moaned, her body now burning with erotically

charged sensations as she tried to pant and gulp in air through her nose. Another blow, and another, and she was physically trembling with sexual excitement, awash in heady sensual steam.

"I'll keep you chained and crawling at my feet, you filthy little slut!"

Another blow across her lower back, and Hannah moaned, her head thrashing, hair swinging. She arched her back, letting her head fall back, and moaned as she strained against the chains. She felt wild and raw, and her body flared with sexual heat that was so intense it was almost painful.

The blows from the whip were stinging more now. Her entire back was warm, almost hot, pulsing with every heartbeat. Yet the pain was a dull thing compared to the flaring of her body's sexual hunger, and was quickly absorbed by it.

Again and again the whip came down across the moaning, wriggling, straining girl's back, and the pain mounted. Yet she gloried in the lewd sexual fantasy her father had created for her, and the pain was as nothing as her body pumped out endorphins and her pussy throbbed with wild, carnal sex heat.

She cried out as he gripped her hair and yanked her head back. His body was pressed against hers from behind and she felt his erection squeezed against her buttocks.

"I'm going to rape your tight little ass, you filthy bitch."

He undid the strap holding the gag in place, and then gently worked the fat gag out of her mouth. Hannah gasped deeply, her chest heaving.

"Do you want it, bitch?" he demanded, still gripping her hair. "Do you want my cock rammed up your ass?"

"Yes! Yes! Oh God! Oh please!"

"Beg for it, slut!"

"Please rape my ass, daddy! Rape my slutty little ass!"

She felt his fingers at the butt plug, twisting and pulling at it. Then it slid out, widening her anal opening, and popped free. Almost before her anal ring could close her father's cock was inside it, and thrusting deep into her rectum. The first several inches went through quickly and easily, but the next several ached a little. Still, the sudden hard thrust made her mind scream in pleasure and excitement even as pain flared deep in her anus.

"Dirty bitch," he growled, biting at the nape of her neck. "Filthy little slave girl."

He grunted and eased back, then thrust up again, working his cock deeper, forcing it high into Hannah's belly.

She shuddered and moaned, her body flaring with wildfire sensual heat. Her father's cock pumped higher, deeper, and faster, and he was soon thrusting up freely into her bottom even as his teeth bit into her earlobe. He kept pulling at her hair, while with his other hand he reached around her and gripped the clip attached to her clitoris, tugging rhythmically.

Pain and pleasure twisted within her, and Hannah cried out again and again, caught up fiery storm of overloaded nerve endings. An orgasm howled through her, and she howled with it, the intensity rising higher and higher as she bucked wildly against her father's stiff cock.

"Bitch! Whore! Slut!" her father cried. "I'm going to bring all my friends over to rape you!"

The come seemed to go on forever, tearing at her fraying mind, and Hannah forgot to even breathe as she was tossed about in the sensory storm like a cork in a tidal pool. Black dots danced before her eyes before she finally remembered to inhale, and then the orgasm at last began to ease.

She went nearly limp, though the restraints kept her standing. Her father's hips were still slapping at her bottom, his cock still thrusting up deep into her anus. But then he too stopped, gasping into her ear, groaning in pleasure as he pumped his seed into her spasming anal tube.

"Sit!"

Hannah sat back on her heels, knees sliding well apart.

"Beg!"

She rose to her knees and held her hands out in front of her, the chain dangling between her wrist restraints.

"Lay back!"

Immediately, Hannah sat back and then lay back on the floor, her knees rising and then spreading wide apart, her chained wrists dropping onto the floor above her head.

"Belly!"

She rolled over and pulled her knees in, raising her bottom high, keeping her knees widely spaced. Her head and chest remained on the floor, her arms stretched out before her.

She gasped as her father brought the thin quirt down across her upraised rump. "Get that ass higher, slut!"

She jerked her bottom up an inch as her father walked around her.

"Sit!"

She sat up quickly, panting, excited, kneeling and sitting back on her heels.

"Arch!"

She brought her hands behind her back, against her collar, and arched her back sharply. Her father let the thin quirt stroke against her swollen left nipple.

"Are you sorry for being a filthy slut, Hannah?"

"Yes, daddy!" she said, breathing hard. "I'm sorry for being a filthy slut!"

He snapped the quirt against her breast and she gasped at the stinging pain, but kept her position. "Are you sorry for being a miserable little whore?"

"Yes, daddy! I'm sorry for being a miserable little whore!"

Again the quirt snapped down across her breast, and she let out a little gasp of pain.

"Are you sorry for being a disgusting little fuck toy!?"

"Yes, daddy!" she moaned. "I'm sorry for being a disgusting little fuck toy!"

Again the quirt snapped down, this time across her other breast, and Hannah let out a little cry of pain at the flare of stinging heat. Yet her body was throbbing and roiling and burning with sexual hunger, and the stings were as nothing.

"Tell me what a dirty girl you are, Hannah."

"I'm a filthy little slut," she moaned.

Crack!

"Ungh! I'm a low, dirty whore who - ." Crack! "Ow! Who should be gang

raped by the football team and - ." Crack! "Ungh! Gang banged by bikers and - ." Crack! "Ungh! Beaten and tortured and raped and sodomised and -." Crack! "Ahhh! Kept chained and naked and, and locked in a cage like a -." Crack! "Aagh! Like the filthy fuck animal I am!"

Hannah's breasts throbbed hotly, her nipples sparkling with pain and a wild, sexual crackling electricity. Yet she kept her position, back arched tautly, gasping for breath, moaning as her pussy throbbed and spasmed. She was on the verge of coming, though, and didn't know how much longer she could keep from moving.

"Back!"

She groaned in relief, dropping back onto her back, drawing her knees up and spreading them wide. Her father put down the quirt and picked up a thin little leather instrument. It was two feet long, made of flexible leather and wood. On the end was a flat leather tip four inches long and one and a half inches wide.

Her father stood over her and brought the leather tip in between her legs, then rubbed at her sopping pussy, letting the leather slide across her swollen clitoris.

"Do you want to come, my beautiful little whore?"

"Yes!" she groaned.

He smiled and let the flat leather rub back and forth across her quivering clit.

"Beg for it, pretty slut."

"Please!" she moaned. "Please let me come, daddy! Please let me come!"

He slapped the leather against her clit and she gasped, her hips jerking upwards. "Come then. You gorgeous little slut. Come, my perfect slut daughter. Come for daddy."

He began slapping the leather tip against her clitoris with short sharp little movements. Hannah gasped and moaned, her hips jerking up again and again. The stinging little bursts of sensory explosions sending a whiplashing overload through her mind.

"Oh! Ow! Oh! Oh God!"

"Come for daddy, Hannah. Show daddy what a hot little whore his baby is! Come!"

He slapped faster, and harder, the leather swinging back and forth in quick, blurring motion, cracking against her glistening, swollen clitoris as starbursts went off behind her eyes. Hannah cried out again and again, her bottom raising off the floor, her feet pushing it upwards, grinding her pelvis up towards the crackling little blasts of sexual pain/pleasure which ripped through her groin.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ahh! Ahhh! Aunngggh!" she cried as her head rolled and thrashed against the floor and fire burned through her mind.

Chapter Four

"Stop tugging at your hem. It's long enough."

"I know," Hannah said nervously, "but I -."

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Then stop tugging at your hem."

"Yes, daddy."

Hannah did trust him, and she had seen herself in the mirror, and she knew the dress covered her bottom. It was just that she'd never worn a dress that short before, and felt quite nervous as they moved through the crowd of people. Especially because many a male head turned and many a male eye zeroed in on her, and many lips were licked in appreciation as her father led her up the sidewalk towards the restaurant.

The dress was pink, made of a soft, tight, form fitting elastic material which looked much like velvet. It was actually several inches lower than her buttocks, but it made her quite nervous to wear, especially since her father had forbidden her to wear any underwear. Moreover, there were small clips running down both sides of the dress from the bottom of her chest all the way to the hem. Just then all but the lowest one on her left hip were closed, but she suspected her father would have her open them before the evening was finished.

She had always been quite shy about exposing herself, and while her experiences with her father had given her a powerful degree of pride and almost smug confidence in her body she was still quite nervous about showing herself to strangers.

It was mercifully dark within, with pounding music and flashing lights. Her

father took her hand and led her off to one side, then to a low round table. She sat down, grateful for the dim light as the skirt pulled up even higher along her thigh. He sat beside her and smiled, then ran his hand up and down her leg. He caressed her inner thigh, then ran his hand along the top of her leg and along the outside of her hip. Then he smiled and unbuttoned the second clip. There were six clips along both sides, and Hannah's pulsed beat faster as he unbuttoned the third, then let his hand slide in between. She gasped, straightening and looking around as his fingers ran along the soft, moist line of her sex.

A waitress arrived and he ordered drinks for them; a scotch for himself and a double whisky straight for her. They arrived and he took his own drink and she picked hers up slowly.

"Drink it down," he said, his voice loud to rise above the pounding music.

She sipped, but he gripped the bottom of the glass and tilted it.

"Keep drinking."

She swallowed, and the whisky burned its way down her throat. Her father kept tilting it, and she kept swallowing, then gasped and coughed as she finished it.

"Let's dance," he said, rising and taking her hand.

He pulled her from her chair and out into the crowd of people gyrating on the dance floor. They danced apart in a quick dance, and again Hannah was grateful for the darkness. With three buttons undone on her left side her thigh was flashing into view every time she moved. The music slowed, and her father gathered her into his arms, his hand running up and down her back. Then his fingers squeezed her bottom before his hand moved along to her left hip and unbuttoned the next button.

"Daddy!" she gasped.

The fifth snap was about at the height of her belly button, and he undid that too, then, chuckling, undid the sixth, just about at the bottom of her rib cage. The entire left side of her was bare now, well past her hip, and she was exquisitely aware of wearing no panties.

The music picked up, and now her movements were, of necessity, more energetic. Her leg flashed into sight again and again, and the skirt flew open repeatedly to anyone in position to see.

"People will see my pussy!" she gasped.

"So what?It's a lovely little pussy."

He led her back to the table after another dance, and ordered a second double for her, then forced her to drink it all at once. Her head was getting a little buzzed, and she felt hot as she drew in deep breaths to cool her burning throat.

"May I sit here?"

The man was perhaps fifty, but not bad looking, in a sleek, oily sort of way. Hannah felt herself frown with disapproval,then blushed as she caught his eyes flicking downwards at her exposed thighs.

"My name is Brad," he said.

His jacket was open, as was the black shirt beneath. A dozen gold chains hung over his hairy chest and he smirked at Hannah as if she should be impressed. She made a face and turned to her father, expecting him to tell the man to leave.

"Please to meet you, Brad. I'm Jimmy," he said with a broad smile, extending his hand across the table in front of her.

"This is a sweet little girl you have here," Brad said.

"She's a beauty, she is," her father replied, stroking a hand along her thigh beneath her short skirt.

Hannah blushed even more deeply, for surely the man could see. And yes, she noticed his eyes flicking downwards, and a dark heat in his eyes.

"What's your name, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I call her slut," her father said.

Hannah blushed even more deeply.

"Is that true," the man said with a leer. "And is she?"

"Oh she's a fine slut; beautiful, obedient, and very responsive to the touch." He pinched one of her pubic lips and Hannah gasped and jerked.

Brad chuckled lightly. "You're a very lucky man there, Jimmy."

"Any man who gets to sample this fine body is lucky."

"And so many men get to do that?"

"Not so far. I'm just breaking her in, in a manner of speaking."

"She does look a bit skittish. Does she take well to the bridle?"

"Like every young filly she gives a wild ride but she knows when to come to heel."

"I wish I was so lucky a man as to get a chance at a ride like that."

"Got a dollar?"

Brad looked surprised, but nodded.

"Give it to me and you can have a quick ride."

Hannah turned and gaped at her father, and he smiled darkly at her, giving her a look that froze the breath in her chest.

Brad handed her father a dollar and he closed his fingers on it. "You go with Brad out to the parking lot and let him use your tight little pussy."

"But - ."

He pressed his index finger against her lips. "Are you going to obey me?"

"I-but-but-."

"Now!"

Brad took her arm and pulled her to her feet. Hannah stared at her father, still finding it almost impossible to believe he had told her to let this - this - man use her like that. Her stomach twisted with alarm and fear and her chest was tight with anxiety as Brad tugged on her arm, leading her towards the entrance. Her father, she saw with some relief, rose and followed them, but that was only a little comfort.

Surely he wouldn't - . Surely her father was just pretending, just - ."

"I'm gonna fuck you till it comes out your ears," Brad whispered to her as he led her through the door out onto the dark street.

He held tightly to her arm and led her around to the darkened parking lot. Hannah walked in a daze, flushed and fearful until the man suddenly swung her around and shoved her against the bumper of a car. His hand gripped the back of her head and he pushed hard, forcing her to bend over. His other hand flipped up her short skirt and she cringed as he made an appreciative

noise at seeing her exposed bottom and sex.

"Nice, ain't it?" she heard her father say.

"That's a fine lookin' ass."

The hand at the back of her neck kept her pinned to the hood of the car, but Hannah made no effort to rise, or to turn and see him. She moaned, closing her eyes as a foot kicked her legs further apart. And then a hand slipped between her thighs, palming her warm sex. The middle finger pressed against her slit, sinking between her sex lips and sawing up and down.

"Nice and warm and moist," she heard Brad say.

Then a zipper jerked down.

She started to rise but the hand gripped her hair and shoved her back down firmly, so that her cheek was pressed against the cool metal. She saw her father wander around to stand across from her, then lean back on a car to watch. She shuddered, feeling a sudden heat creep into her body. It was so lewd, so crude, so wicked and - and nasty to have some strange man use her like this right out in a parking lot!

The man was hateful, disgusting, but her father was there watching, and she knew she was safe. She knew her father was aroused, as well. She could tell by the way his eyes stared unblinkingly, the way his tongue flicked across his lips. He was going to watch this strange man use her. It would be like watching the sex movies, but live, with she as the star. She thought about that for only an instant, but as she did the heat in her loins grew warmer.

She felt Brad's cock sliding up and down her furrow, then pressing in. It sank smoothly through the lips of her sex, and she moaned, closing her eyes briefly. She was both revolted and aroused, embarrassed and excited, angry and yet fiercely proud that her father was so excited at the show she was putting on.

"Ungh!" she gasped as the man thrust sharply into her belly.

"Don't be gentle. This little slut needs to be ridden hard. Pound her tight little pussy for her."

Brad responded, sinking himself balls deep in her silk sheath, and despite her growing excitement Hannah groaned as he filled her so quickly, her pussy aching at the hard penetration. It faded quickly, however, and the man was soon thrusting hard into her, his hips slapping against her buttocks as her father looked on.

His hands moved up and down her body, often reaching underneath to

roughly fondle and knead her breasts through the thin dress. His hips slapped against her with hard, fast strokes as his cock pumped in and out of her belly, and her father folded his arms across his chest and watched as Hannah gasped and moaned and grunted to the hard pounding.

"You're selling this bitch too cheap," Brad said, a little breathless. "This is a tight, hot little pussy here. And great tits too! You could make a lot of money off this one."

"Think she should turn pro, eh?"

"Oh man. She's a nice ride."

He slapped her bottom and Hannah gasped.

Her father stepped forward and reached down, gripping her hair and twisting it sharply. Hannah cried out softly, but made no effort to resist as he turned her face slightly up towards him, his knuckles jamming down against the side of her head to hold it tightly against the trunk.

"Think we should do that, baby?" he asked softly. "Think we should put your little ass out on the street corners to make money for me?"

The idea was - frightening, and yet oddly thrilling. Hannah said nothing, however, merely gasped and moaned as Brad thrust into her harder and faster, making the car rock slightly.

Her father pulled out his own cock, and she was not surprised to see how stiff and thick it was. He thrust it into her mouth and she sucked almost instinctively, moaning around it as Brad continued to hammer himself into her.

She heard voices nearby as a couple made their way back to their car. They did not seem to notice anything.

Then Brad finished with a gasp. "Nice," he said, his voice shaky. "Real nice."

"Keep sucking, bitch," her father said, his voice not unkind.

They returned to the club, but now both sides of her dress were wide open. She felt flushed with sexual heat, though, for she had not come, and her father had not let her come. More eyes found her as her father led her in, and she burned with both embarrassment and pride. They were all staring at her! She was practically half naked! But she was hot!

They moved into the crowd and were lost to the staring eyes, but as they danced she could feel the dress flaring wide with each swing of her hips. She

blushed deeply, cringing a little, especially when men looked downwards, but her father forced her to dance and she obeyed.

They returned to their seats, but then her father stopped her when she started to sit. "Go get us another couple of drinks," he said. "I'm going to the can." Then he caught her hand and put a ten dollar bill into it. "Don't speak to anyone for any reason except the bartender. And don't be afraid to flaunt what you've got. And if someone wants a sample, well." He smiled and shrugged, then turned and sauntered off.

Hannah blanched as she looked towards the bar, so far away, right through crowds of people. With all the clips undone on both sides the sides of her body were exposed even standing still, all the way up to her ribs. She was embarrassed with her father there, but without him she felt small and exposed.

She started forward, moving quietly through the crowd. She gasped as a hand ran along her bare bottom, but made no protest, merely twisting away. Another hand came at her from another directly, squeezing her buttock before she pulled free. Fingers skimmed along her exposed hip, then a pinch to her left buttock made her wince.

The bar was crowded, but she managed, not without difficulty, to work her way to the edge, where she waited for one of the bartenders to notice her. Another hand slid through the open side of the dress and squeezed her bottom, and she clenched her teeth, heart pounding. She was not afraid, exactly, for she knew her father was nearby and would let nothing happen to her, but it was embarrassing and aggravating.

She was surrounded by perverts! No, it wasn't that. The way she was dressed she wasn't surprised men were groping her. They must think she was an awful slut. Which she was. Her eyes widened as a hand slid in and cupped her pussy, squeezing quickly before withdrawing. It hurt a little, but her pussy was warm and wet and throbbing, and suddenly being nearly naked in the midst of lusty perverts struck her as darkly exciting.

The hand returned, cupping her pussy again, rubbing up and down. She couldn't see who it was for bodies were pressed in all around her and she was jammed against the bar. The finger pushed against her sex lips and slowly forced its way up into her pussy as she squirmed a little and went red. "What'll you have?" the bartender asked briskly.

"D-double whisky dry and - and Scotch," she stuttered.

The bartender turned away, and now the finger was sliding even deeper into her pussy, and a man with an erection was grinding himself against her bottom. His other hand came around her and cupped her breast, squeezing

repeatedly as his finger pumped into her sex. And she felt hot breath on the back of her neck, then a tongue sliding along her bare skin.

She felt her skirt pulled completely aside in back, and then a hot, stiff cock rubbed up between her buttocks. She tried weakly to pull free, but his hand tightened on her breast, and the other squeezed her pussy. He was grinding against her, his erection trapped against her bottom, rubbing and grinding against her as he bit lightly at the back of her neck. His finger was pumping forcefully in her sex hole. It hurt, but she was now on a razor's edge, all her senses now seemingly heightened.

The music pounded in her ear along with the loud babble of hundreds of voices trying to be heard over it. The crowd pressed in on all sides, all of them taller than her. The cock was moist with pre-cum, and now it rubbed up along her slit, sawing back and forth between her sex lips. She felt a sudden shocked alarm. He could not take her here! Not in the middle of all these people!

She relaxed slightly. No. He couldn't. He would have to bend her over, and the man jammed in around them would certainly notice. But then she felt the head of his cock prodding at her anus, pushing against it with growing force. She felt her anal ring pushing in and then slowly opening. Her eyes widened, and again she tried to twist aside, putting more effort into it this time.

But she didn't want to make a scene. She cringed at the thought of all these people staring at her. She tried to close her legs, but found a knee between them. Then a finger pinched her pussy lip and she gasped. The cock thrust up into her suddenly, and her eyes bulged.

The hand came away from her breast suddenly as the bartender returned. "Seven fifty," he growled, snatching the ten off the bar where she had placed it and hardly looking at her.

The cock in her anus was jabbing repeatedly, trying to force its way deeper, and succeeding. It moved higher with every little jab, and her moan was lost to the pounding music as his hand returned, roughly fondling her breast.

"Rum and coke," a man beside her called, paying her no attention.

The cock thrust deep and she squeaked and jerked. Then it eased back before thrusting up again. Hannah was in a daze, hardly able to believe what was happening, reeling from shock at being sodomised in the middle of a crowd. She had no idea what to do. She knew she couldn't make a fuss, and knew her father didn't want her to. Yet without fighting, without crying out, she could do nothing but stand there as the cock in her anus moved deeper and began to pump rather than jab, to make longer strokes as the man thrust himself up into her bottom.

She had just been fucked by one stranger out in the parking lot. Now she was beingsodomised by another right there in the bar! Did everyone know somehow that she was a slut? Could men somehow sense how she had changed in the last few weeks, how she had become nothing but a sex toy as her father called her?

She felt the head lodge high in her abdomen, and grunted a little at the way her belly cramped. His finger was pumped roughly in and out of her sex hole now, and she was wet. She could feel how wet she was by how slick the finger moved. His other hand was stroking across her clitoris with more force than knowledge. It hurt but the pain was a throbbing thing which seemed to give rise to more heat, to more heady sexual hunger.

She was wearing stilettos, which pushed her bottom up, but his thrusts were forcing her up higher still. And then suddenly he jammed himself into her and held himself in place. She felt his body shuddering, then his cock seemed to deflate within her. In seconds he was gone, and she stood on trembling legs staring at the row of bottles on the other side of the bar and trying to understand what had happened.

She picked up the drinks and moved back through the crowd, almost dropping them as someone cupped her bottom and another hand squeezed her breast. Then she was through them and moving shakily along towards her father's table.

"Took you long enough," he said grumpily.

She sat down heavily, dazed, and without being told to swallowed the whole glass in one long gulp that left her coughing and gasping for breath.

Then someone sat next to her, and she jerked her head, expecting either Brad, or the anonymous man who had sodomised her. Yet it was neither.

"You don't mind if I sit here, do you?"

The woman did not wait for an answer, but slid into the seat and gave her a feral grin. "My name is Nicole," she said.

She was perhaps in her mid thirties, tall and blonde, with a slender, well built body. She was wearing a silverminidress with matching shoes.

"You two make a beautiful couple," she said to her father.

"Thanks. You're very beautiful yourself."

She smiled coyly. "And what is your name, my dear?" she asked, smiling at

Hannah.

"This is Hannah. I'm Jimmy."

"This is a lovely dress," she said, running her fingers down the side of Hannah's hip, across her bare skin.

She smiled at Jimmy. "I bet you picked it out."

"How did you guess?" he replied with a matching grin.

"She looks very uncomfortable in it. She is afraid of showing off her assets."

"She's shy."

"So I see."

"It's made more for those who want to see her and touch her than for her comfort," her father said, laying his hand on her bare hip and stroking his fingers along her skin.

Hannah blushed deeply, but did not try to move his hand away. "Lucky you," Nicole said, smiling across Hannah at her father.

"She has lovely skin. Would you like to feel?"

"You're so kind," she said, reaching down to caress her skin. Hannah gasped and reached down to push the woman's hand away. "Hannah," her father said.

She jerked as if struck, then reluctantly eased her hand back. Nicole, still smiling, stroked her thigh,

"You have very soft skin, my dear," she said with a purr, sliding her hand along Hannah's hip. "Th-Thank you," Hannah gulped.

"Very soft indeed. The soft resilience of youth."

Her hand slipped in beneath what was now, with both sides open, the flap over her groin, and caressed the inside of her thigh. Hannah stared desperately at her father, but he only smiled, and his hand moved deeper beneath her left side, stroking the inside of her thigh there.

She gasped as she felt the woman's finger trace the line of her sex.

"Don't!" she gasped, pushing the hand away.

"Hannah." Her father's voice was stern this time, and she winced and dropped her eyes.

The woman slipped her hand back under her skirt and rubbed her finger more firmly along her bare sex, then screwed it from side to side and forced it within her soft lips.

"She's sopping wet," the woman said with a smile.

"I call her my little slut," her father said.

Nicole smiled and leaned in against her. "Are you a little slut, Hannah?" she whispered. Hannah blushed. "Y-Yes," she breathed.

"Do you like to suck cocks, Hannah?" she asked in another whisper, her fingers sliding up deeply into her pussy.

"I - I - y-yes," she moaned.

"Do you like to take big fat cocks into your pussy?"

"Yes," she whispered, squirming, embarrassed, yet helplessly aroused. "My place is nearby," her father said.

"How lovely," Nicole replied with a dark, heated smile.

They rose, and her father pulled Hannah to her feet, taking her arm and leading her to the door. Nicole followed on her otherside, and Hannah cringed as she tried to take very small steps. Her father pulled her along more briskly, however, and with every step she took her leg pushed out through the opening at the side of the dress all the way up past the hip.

They took a cab, and Hannah had to sit between them. Almost as soon as the car started forward she felt hands on her hips, sliding in beneath the front panel, cupping and caressing her pussy. Sometimes they rubbed across one another, Nicole's hand stroking her father's as it cupped her sex, then her father's hand caressing Nicole's as it rubbed and squeezed her pussy.

The cab driver apparently saw nothing as he watched the road, and Hannah fought desperately to keep some semblance of control over her body even as her father and Nicole tried to slide their fingers into her pussy.

They reached her father's house, and led her inside.

"Nicole, would you like a drink?"

"White wine, if you please."

"Hannah. White wine for Nicole. Scotch for me, a double whisky for yourself."

She nodded jerkily, not sure she should admit to him being her father in front of this strange woman.

She went and got the drinks, considered stinting on the whisky for her own drink, but then decided to obey lest her father taste it. She carried the three drinks back on a tray, already swaying a bit because of the two doubles she'd had in such a short time. Her father was sitting on the large chair while Nicole sat across from him on the sofa.

"Sit next to Nicole, Hannah," her father ordered.

Nervously, she obeyed, and Nicole immediately put her arm around her waist. Hannah stiffened, then looked to her father. He frowned and she dropped her eyes.

"She's such a pretty girl," Nicole said. "I can see the family resemblance."

"Yes, I'm very proud of my little girl," her father said.

Hannah looked at him in surprise. Wouldn't the woman think it odd she was his daughter and yet he had been openly fondling her?

Apparently not, for the woman's arm tightened around her waist, and her hand caressed her hip, then slid in beneath the open panel and cupped her pussy.

"D-don't," she gulped, taking Nicole's wrist.

"Hannah!" her father growled. "Sit still."

She obeyed, and Nicole smiled, her fingers caressing the line of her sex. She turned in towards Hannah, bringing her lips against her shoulder, then the nape of her neck.

"May I use her body as I choose?" Nicole asked her father.

"Do anything you want to her," her father replied with a grin.

Hannah blanched, then gasped as the woman slid her hand up behind her head and jerked back on her hair.

"Ohhww!"

The woman's other hand slipped beneath the panel, and two fingers pushed

firmly through the swollen lips of her sex as she bit down on the nape of her neck.

Hannah struggled to pull the woman's hands off her hair and twist away and the woman sat back.

Her father glowered at her. "Go upstairs and strip off that dress. Put on your leather bands and come back here."

"But daddy!"

"Go! You have two minutes!"

Hannah bit her lip, then, flushing red, got up and hurried up the stairs. She removed the dress easily enough, then put on her collar and leather wrist and ankle restraints. She stared at herself in the mirror, blushing more deeply now as she contemplated going down to see Nicole dressed as she was. Anxiety and embarrassment gnawed at her belly. She did not want to have sex with a woman! Especially one she barely knew.

But she had little choice. Her father was already impatient with her. She drew a shaky breath, then unlocked the door to her room and went out into the hall. She stopped at the top of the stairs, then, heart racing, she walked down slowly until she reached the bottom. She turned and saw her father and Nicole looking at her, and, blushing red to the roots of her hair, she walked forward to stand next to her father.

He turned her around, then pulled her wrists up and back behind her head, holding them there as he pushed against her lower back to force her back to arch.

"She has lovely breasts," Nicole said.

Her father clipped her wrist restraints to the ring in the back of her collar. "Go and sit next to Nicole."

Deeply embarrassed, keeping her eyes down as far as she could, Hannah rose and then sat down near the other woman. Nicole smiled and slid further over, then put her hand between Hannah's thighs and began to caress her pussy slit. Her other hand squeezed and kneaded her breasts as she licked and bit lightly at the side of her throat.

Hannah was trying to keep her head down. She felt both arousal and embarrassment deepening, and bit her tongue, hating that the arrogant older woman was forcing her body to respond to her.

"Arch," her father ordered.

Gulping, she jerked her head up and back, arching her back, and Nicole chuckled throatily as her lips moved down onto her breasts and she began to lick and suckle at her nipples.

She did not want to have sex with the woman, and resented her, but her father was watching, and Nicole's fingers were working very deftly at her sex, and the woman was sucking very expertly at her nipples, and her head was buzzing from the liquor. She gasped as three slim fingers slipped between the lips of her sex and began to stroke in and out.

"She's very tight, your daughter."

"I've been doing my part to open her up," her father replied.

Nicole's tongue trailed lazily down Hannah's belly, and she eased off the sofa and onto the floor. She spread Hannah's legs wider, then licked lightly along her inner thighs. She lifted her legs further, sliding Hannah's bottom to the edge of the sofa. Hannah lay back, eyes closed, trying to ignore the sensations the woman's tongue was raising in her body. But it was growing very rapidly impossible, for Nicole was even more talented with her tongue than her father was, and her clitoris was soon throbbing and pulsing with tension.

She moaned helplessly, and her hips rolled up against Nicole's mouth as the woman sucked at her clitoris. Three long fingers stroked in and out of her pussy, and she felt the approach of what she knew would be a massive climax.

But Nicole eased back, licking lightly along her inner thighs, along her lower belly, letting her calm, backing her away from the climax. She bit and suckled at her nipples and then slid back down again, rousing her to the edge of climax a second time. Again she backed off, and Hannah groaned unhappily, clenching her teeth.

"The little slut wants to come," her father said.

"I know," Nicole replied smugly. "But she's going to beg for it before I let her."

Hannah clenched her teeth at a burst of anger and resentment, and tried to fight off the heat the woman forced into her body. But it was useless, for as her mouth returned to her pussy Hannah felt her entire groin throbbing and burning, felt waves of pleasure coursing through her bone and blood and sinew, and trembled as she tried to keep from moving, to keep her body from responding. Her body soared upwards towards climax, and then was jerked abruptly back as Nicole stopped her gentle stroking and rubbing and instead slapped her sex hard with her open hand, not once, not twice, but four times.

She gasped and yelped at the four sharp little blows, forced out of her sexual

haze which had engulfed her.

"I did not say you could come yet, little slut," Nicole cooed.

Hannah moaned in denial and pain. Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!

She was sweating heavily now, her chest fluttering like a little bird. Again she tried to deny her body, and again Nicole easily washed her resistance away in wave after wave of sensory pleasure. Again, just as it seemed she must reach the peak, Nicole drew back and pinched her left nipple painfully, then sharply slapped her breasts several times

"Fucking bitch!" she half sobbed, her voice breathless and barely heard. But it had been heard.

"Such a bad girl," Nicole said with a purr.

"That was very rude, Hannah," her father growled.

"She should be punished," Nicole said piously.

"Since she cursed at you I think you should punish her."

Hannah wanted to cry out. No! But she bit her tongue, moaning.

"She does not like me," Nicole said with a superior look. "She wants something big and hard inside her little pussy."

She gripped Hannah's hair suddenly and yanked her forward and across her lap.

"Perhaps I will give her something big and hard," she said.

She slapped her bottom, chuckling as the smaller girl squirmed, positioning her with her bottom raised high. Then she proceeded to spank her - hard. The stinging blows made Hannah yelped and jerk and twist as they warmed, then heated her bottom. The spanking was sharp, hard, and quick, not the slow, taunting, teasing build-up her father used when he spanked her.

She halted, but only to shift hands, and began to spank her once again, this time, however, adding a finger in her moist pussy as she spanked. Hannah had tears in her eyes, and fought desperately to keep from crying, or from crying out. Yet she failed as the sharp blows made her bottom burn like fire. She gasped and moaned and yelped repeatedly as Nicole's hand cracked down across her flaming bottom.

"Are you sorry for being so rude to Nicole, hmmm?" the woman purred.

Hannah moaned, gulping in breaths. She was aware that Nicole had thrust three fingers into her pussy now, and was stroking them in and out. The pain from her spanking had pushed her arousal back, but had not eased it completely, and as the woman added a fourth finger and reached beneath her to knead her breast, she found her groin throbbing with need again.

Four long fingers pushed into her pussy and she groaned aloud, shaming herself.

"She likes it, you see, the little slut," Nicole laughed.

She slapped her bottom again, and then pressed her fingers forward. Hannah felt a growing pressure against her sex lips, felt them spreading wider apart, straining. They began to ache, and the ache deepened, and she squirmed across the woman's lap, trying to close her legs and failing.

"So tight," Nicole murmured, "but not tight enough to stop me."

"Here," she heard her father say.

"Ah, so kind of you."

The fingers withdrew, and a moment later pushed against her sex once again. Now they felt slippery and slick. Hannah shuddered at the rising excitement in her body as they jammed against her, and now realized the pressure was coming from the woman's knuckles. For she was trying to force not only her four fingers through her pussy lips but her thumb as well. The idea frightened her for some reason.

"N-no!" she gasped, writhing and twisting.

"Yes!" Nicole growled.

Her hand twisted from side to side, jabbing and pushing, and Hannah cried out in pain as her sex lips were spread even wider. Then the knuckles slid through, and then the heel of Nicole's hand passed through, and she felt a relief of pressure and pain as the stress on her sex lips eased. She felt Nicole's fingers deep within her, fluttering against the soft walls of her sex. Yet her hand was a huge lump in her pussy tube, and her sex lips were closed around her wrist.

She felt amazement, and gaped like a fish, her mouth opening and closing as the hand twisted slowly about inside her belly. She gasped and writhed as fingers twisted and prodded, and the hand turned inside her. Then it pushed forward, and she groaned anew as those fingers slid deeper.

She tried to push away, her knees pawing at the sofa, her head pulling upwards, but Nicole gripped her hair, wound it around her fist, and shoved her face down into the edge of the sofa.

"No, my little bitch," she growled. "You wanted something big and hard and you'll get it."

Her fingers continued to twist and prod as they inched deeper. More and more of the woman's arm slid through her sex lips, which began to strain again as her forearm began to enter the whimpering young girl.

She yanked on Hannah's hair, forcing her head back. "Do you like that, little slut?" she demanded. "P-P-Please!" Hannah gasped.

"Please more? Please deeper? Please harder?"

"Unggh!"

Nicole thrust her hand deeper, then slapped her other hand against Hannah's bottom. "You find this exciting?" Nicole asked.

But she wasn't talking to Hannah, and her father replied.

"Oh yes. You're the first person to fist fuck my little girl."

"But surely not the last. This little slut should be fist fucked often."

"Ungh!" Hannah cried as the woman's hand jerked back, then thrust forward.

She felt the fingers scratching along the taut walls of her pussy sheath, one by one turning inwards until only a hard, fast fist remained like a solid lump high in her belly. Then the first began to push deeper.

She could do nothing to resist, could only lay across the woman's hips, whimpering and moaning as the fist turned from side to side and began to pump. It moved only slowly at first, but as it persisted, it was able to move more fully along her pussy tube, battering down the muscles which sought to hold it. The fist pushed ever deeper, until the hard, bony knuckles ground against her clitoris and Hannah shuddered and made a low cry of pain.

"I will give you the fucking you desire, little bitch," Nicole said.

Her fist began to pump in and out, so tight it jerked Hannah's hips in and out with each stroke. Yet she kept a fist in the girl's hair to hold her in place, and so her fist began to slide up and down her tight pussy tube.

As she picked up speed she abandoned Hannah's hair, her other hand

slapping against her bottom, then squeezing her breast, then sliding in beneath her belly to finger her clitoris. Hannah, dazed, battered, could not withstand the sudden raw heat which rolled through her, and closed her eyes, buckling beneath its pressure.

"Come, little bitch," Nicole laughed, her voice crowing with arrogant superiority. "Come for Nicole, little bitch."

Even sweltering in the flames of a raw, terrible sexual hunger Hannah tried to resist, but could not, and cried out, first softly, hopelessly, then with a louder and louder voice as the orgasm poured over her, raging through her belly with a burning intensity which threatened to make her insane. Her cries turned to screams of pleasure as Nicole drove her fist deep into her belly again and again and again, and her fingers stroked furiously across her burning, sizzling clitoris.

Chapter Five

She felt shamed, but more than that she felt conquered. She lay across the woman's lap trying to catch her breath, knowing she had been pounded into a violent orgasm against her will, knowing she was helpless before the woman.

She sensed movement behind her, but didn't care. "Here you go," she heard her father say.

"Ah, thank you. We must make our little girl happy."

Her hand was still jammed deep inside Hannah's belly, but now she began to ease it back, opening her fist and sliding it back up her aching pussy sheath. She groaned as she felt her sex lips spreading wider and wider, then shuddered and let out a soft cry, her bottom jerking up as the hand came free.

But she was not vacant for very long. For almost instantly she felt something hard and rounded pushing against her warm sex lips, something cold and fat that spread her pussy lips wide once more, then wider still, until they ached under the strain. She tried to raise her head but was too weary, and then the slippery thing twisted from side to side, and she felt it pushing into her body. It felt even wider than Nicole's wrist, though perhaps not as wide as her fist. It was solid and smooth and oddly cold.

It drove ever deeper, twisting from side to side in Nicole's hand, and Hannah began to feel the fullness and weight of it, her body shifting, her wrists pulling against the back of her collar. She groaned weakly, and got a sharp slap on the bottom in return.

"Now the other."

She felt the woman's finger push into her anus, slick with lubrication, pushing deep, then pulling back, twisting and turning inside her. A second finger pushed into her, then a third, twisting and pumping. It withdrew, and Hannah felt something hard and cold push against her wrinkled hole, pushing in hard. It was much fatter, and she felt her anus spreading under the pressure, then spreading too far.

"Wha- s-stop," she panted, trying to twist her head up and around. "Hold still, pretty girl," Nicole said.

"What ar.. - are you doing?" she moaned.

"I'm giving you something long and fat, pretty girl."

"Oh. I-it's t-too big!" she groaned.

"Nonsense."

Hannah gasped as the thing forced her anus even wider, and then began to slide into her body. "You see, you could take it after all," Hannah said.

"Unggh!" Hannah groaned.

It was much wider than her father's cock, and her anal opening strained as it pushed through. She felt a long round, smooth shaft cold to her skin, moving deeper into her belly. Another slap to her bottom, and another, and another, as the thing twisted and turned, pulled back and pushed forward. And then cramps rippled through her belly as it was driven ever so deep.

"Ahh, almost fully inside her," Nicole said.

"I didn't think you'd get so much into her," Hannah heard her father say.

Hannah laughed gaily. "You'd be surprised how much you can get into a girl. Especially a girl like your daughter who was made for big hard cocks."

"Speaking of big hard cocks," her father growled.

Again Nicole laughed lightly. "Yes, I think perhaps I can make use of that."

"And my little slut?"

"She could watch. I'm sure she'll learn quite a bit."

She was abruptly pulled up and off, and then lifted over her father's shoulder. He carried her to the stairs, and she groaned and gasped, raising her head,

staring at Nicole, who followed behind and smiled at her. The woman reached for her and took her hair, lifting her head higher.

"I'm going to fuck your daddy," she said in a mock whisper.

Her father laughed.

They went up the stairs to the master bedroom and her father set her on her shaky feet, then held her as she would have fallen. He stood her before the foot of his bed, then unlocked her wrist restraints from the ring in the back of her collar. He lifted them up and apart, and Nicole clipped them to chains fastened to the high corner posts.

But Hannah wasn't looking. She dropped her chin to her chest, staring down at her pussy, and seeing the rounded green tip of the cucumber Nicole had driven up into her belly, twin, she knew, of the one she'd forced up into her anus. They spread her legs wide so that she was on the balls of her feet - almost on her toes, and chained them to the bedposts next to the floor. Then her father pushed a ball gag into her mouth.

Nicole was undressing, as was her father. But then he moved past her and went into the bathroom, closing the door. Nicole, nude, crossed to stand behind Hannah and whisper in her ear.

"Now your father is going to find out what it's like to make love with a real woman," she sneered, gripping the base of the cucumber protruding from her anus, "And not a little girl."

And with that she thrust up hard and Hannah felt a sharp, terrible pain deep inside her body. She cried out, her back arching, and Nicole chuckled throatily and left her, going to the bed, turning back the covers, and laying across it, her body posed artfully as her father returned.

"Come to bed," Nicole purred.

"You don't have to ask twice," her father growled.

And then he was sliding into bed atop the woman, and Hannah could only watch, moaning weakly from the pain in her belly, her legs and arms starting to cramp as her father and Nicole brought their lips together, and their bodies began to writhe and roll and twist on the bed.

For long, long minutes her father lay between Nicole's legs, his hands caressing her body, their lips moving moistly together, her hands stroking his back and kneading his buttocks. They rolled and twisted from side to side, groaning and gasping and panting. Then her father licked his way down the woman's body and began to tongue her. Nicole began groaning and rolling

her hips up to meet him.

She smirked at Hannah, her eyes smugly superior as she sneered at the girl bound at the foot of the bed. Then she began to arch her back and groan. "Oh yes! Oh, you lovely man! You're so good to me! Ohhh!"

Her father slid up and thrust into her, and began a long ride that had the two of them bucking and pumping and moving together as their lips and hands were in constant motion.

Hannah, ignored, stood shackled in place. She tried to avert her eyes, but it was very hard, with them being right in front of her. The pain in her belly eased considerably, becoming little more than a heavy kind of throbbing ache. She was very full with the two cucumbers. And, in fact, liked the sensation of fullness. It felt very sensual, very exciting. But she hated that the blonde woman had shoved them up into her body, and was filled with angry resentment and jealousy that her father was spending such time and effort on Nicole's sexual pleasure. Why? When he had her?!

She watched her father's firm buttocks as his bottom rose and fell, rose and fell, and he continued to thrust into Nicole's pussy. She could hardly see the woman beneath him save for her legs thrust out to either side, knees drawn back, rising and falling with her father's movements.

Nicole let out a long, undulating wail of pleasure as she came - or, Hannah thought angrily, pretended to come. Shortly after that her father increased his pace, and then he collapsed atop her. The two continued to kiss and stroke for a time before her father rolled over.

"Did you like the show, little girl?" Nicole asked with a smug smile directed at Hannah. "It's not finished, you know. That was only act one."

And sure enough she was soon between her father's legs, licking and sucking and massaging his cock until it rose full and thick and hard again. Then she mounted him, facing Hannah, riding his cock as she leered at the helpless girl. She blew her kisses and preened, running her fingers through her hair and arching her back as she rode slowly up and down. Then she turned around, leaned over, and began to ride him harder, ignoring the miserable girl.

"Only Act Two," she said tiredly as she lay on her back once again beside him and grinned at

Hannah.

They had been at it for well over an hour then, and Hannah glared back angrily.

"I've had your pussy and your mouth. It's time to have your other hole," her father said with a grin.

Nicole tossed her head and sniffed. "I don't like it up the ass," she said. "My pussy is more than good enough for any man."

"But I like a girl's tight bottom," her father said, kneading her buttocks. "Then take your slut daughter up the ass, like that man did in the bar." He froze, and turned to stare at Hannah. "What?"

"You didn't notice her being done right there at the bar? Jesus, Jimmy, were you blind? Of course, there were a lot of men around her, but still, it was hard not to notice that skinny fellow with his cock jammed against her rump grinding away."

Hannah dropped her eyes anxiously, then gasped as her father appeared behind her, yanking back on her hair.

"You know your ass belongs to me!" he growled. "I told you any man could have your pussy or mouth but your ass hole belonged to me!"

"She's such a slut, darling," Nicole said.

She slid forward on the bed, crawling down to the foot, and then reached up to finger Hannah's clitoris. "Such a nasty little slut," she purred. "She should be punished for disobeying you, sweetheart."

Hannah glared at her father defiantly. She was jealous and angry that he had taken another woman to bed. So what if she'd broken his stupid rule!

Besides, he was paying attention to her now, instead of Nicole, and punishment held no fear for her. Quite the contrary.

He undid the buckle on the gag and worked it out of her mouth, and even as he did so Nicole leaned in and began to lick at her clitoris.

"Tell me," he demanded.

"What?" she said resentfully.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped.

"Did you let someone stick his cock up your ass?"

"I didn't ask for it!" she said rebelliously. "I was at the bar getting drinks and he started putting his hands under my skirt. You told me not to make a fuss if someone did that."

"I didn't tell you to let a man stick his cock up your ass, you little slut!"

"You only care about sticking your own cock up that whore's ass anyway," she said sulkily.

Again she got a slap on the bottom. "Apologise to Nicole."

"No!"

Another slap made her yelp. "Apologise!"

"I won't! She's a filthy whore bitch slut!"

Her father jammed the ball gag back into her mouth again and Hannah glowered down at the woman licking idly at her clitoris.

"You're going to learn some obedience, Hannah," he growled. "I'm not going to put up with any of your sulking."

"Oooo, whip her, Jimmy, Nicole purred. She deserves to be whipped!"

"Yes, she does!"

Hannah bit anxiously into the ball gag, but her chest was suddenly tight. And despite how much she was trying to ignore Nicole's tongue on her clitoris her insides were already thrumming with a sexual heat which had never really left her. She had been whipped before, of course, and had a tremendous climax. But she was wary it would hurt more now that her father was really punishing her. Still, she was defiant and almost exultant that his attentions were now directed at her again.

Her father left the room, and Nicole chuckled. "Daddy's going to whip you, little girl."

She licked lightly at Hannah's clitoris, and her hands pushed and prodded at the fat cucumbers jammed into the younger woman's body. Ripples of pain and pleasure twisted within her body, and Hannah bit at the gag and fought to ignore the woman's touch.

Then her father was back, carrying the whip, and she braced herself, feeling a kind of pins and needles like anticipation across the entire surface of her back.

"Whip her, Jimmy! Whip her good!" Nicole purred.

The whip flew out, the long thin leather laces spreading apart, then cracking

against Hannah's back with stinging force. She yelped and jerked against the shackles, her back arching violently. The lace stung! Yet despite the pain she felt a mounting heat. She gulped in air, moaning, and then cried out again as the flog cracked against her back a second time.

"You're a naughty, nasty, foul mouthed, disobedient, sulky little slut," her father growled. "And you're going to learn respect for your betters."

Another blow, and Hannah bit into the gag, her body jerking, flung forward against the shackles. The pain mounted, a terrible burning sensation all across her back. She began to pull and strain against the shackles, for it hurt more than when he had whipped her before, and the pain was beginning to push away the sexual heat.

Another sharp blow flung her body forward and she cried out into the gag, the pain sharp, stinging, burning. Her head thrashed wildly in denial, the sexual heat ebbing. Yet the pain was as bad as it was going to get, and the endorphins her body was releasing were already beginning to soften its edge. The pain from the next blow met a wall of heat which was already gripping her back, and she felt much less of a sting. The next was the same. And now Nicole was licking avidly at her clitoris as her fingers pushed at the cucumber jammed up her pussy, and the sex heat began to rise once again.

"Foul, filthy little slut," her father said as he drew his arm back and let the whip fly again.

This time it cut across her bottom, and her hips were flung forward against Nicole's mouth. It stung terribly, but she was already on a sexual high once more, and after several more blows the pain once more began to fade into the burning heat enveloping her bottom.

Her father continued to whip her, harder now, the laces cutting into her soft skin from thighs to shoulders, up and down and back again. Her entire back and bottom were aflame, and yet the heat was twisted and melding with the heat of desire and sexual hunger roaring through her body and mind.

It was still there, and it was tiring, draining, and at the same time almost exhilarating, in a dark, dazed kind of way.

And then her father gripped the dildo protruding from her anus. It had already eased out somewhat. Now he yanked it free, and thrust his own cock up into her anus in one long, hard, furious lunging motion that impaled the dazed girl.

"Slut!" he growled, his body pressed against hers, "Your ass hole belongs to me!"

And as Nicole continued to lick at her pussy her father began to hammer his pelvis against her bottom, his hands roughly twisting and squeezing and kneading her breasts, his teeth biting into the nape of her neck and her earlobe.

"She's a dirty girl, Jimmy," Nicole moaned. "Rape her ass for her! Ram your beautiful cock up her ass until she bleeds!"

Hannah groaned, her body shaking violently now as her father rammed his cock up into her again and again and again. His hands were almost mauling her breasts, his big fingers pinching and squeezing and crushing the soft, sensitive flesh again and again. Then his right hand dropped down her belly and pressed against the end of the cucumber protruding from her straining pussy lips.

And pulled.

Hannah cried out, her body trembling violently as her father pulled and prodded at the cucumber. Her head fell back and she cried out, then again, yet somehow her father forced it deeper. And Nicole continued to lick and suck at her clitoris as her father's hips slapped violently against her buttocks.

Then Nicole scrambled away, and around and then back again, eyes alight with lust and cruel design. She knelt on the bed and drew her armband, the whip stretched out behind her, and locked eyes with Jimmy as he stood behind the girl, sodomizing her. He growled, his face tightening, then yanked on the girl's hair, forcing her head back, arching her back. He continued to thrust up into her anus, but drew both arms back behind her.

The thin leather laces spread wide as it flew, then cut across the moaning girl's taut young breasts with stinging force. Hannah screamed, but the sound barely penetrated the fat ball gag. Her eyes bulged, and she jerked violently against the shackles, staring, wide eyed at Nicole as her arm drew back for another blow.

The whip cut across her breasts a second time, this time two strips, by luck or design, striking her rigid little pink nipples directly. Stinging pain flared wildly and she screamed anew, pulling against her restraints, pulling against her father, staring wildly at the whip as it flew forward again.

Again that stinging, terrible pain, but with it came a sense of resignation, and a sense of martyrdom, and a sense of dark sexual hunger. She felt victimized, cruelly punished, but in a warped sexual way which triggered more sexual heat. Visions of the girls she had watched in those porno videos her father had shown her played before her eyes, and she thought of herself as one of them.

Sex heat flared higher, burning at her mind, and another blow landed, and another, and another, and her breasts were on fire even as her father's cock continued to thrust up violently into her backside. Her mind was tossed about like a leaf in a windstorm, blown this way and that by wild pleasure and terrible pain. The whip cut across her lower chest, and her belly, and then her breasts again, as her father yanked back cruelly on her hair and drove his cock savagely up into her anus.

She came, screaming, convulsions wracking her aching body. Dark, hungry fantasy gripped her and she howled into the gag, all inhibitions shattered, all pride crushed, nothing remaining but a wicked, warped sexual need that hungered on her own abuse. The orgasm screamed along her nervous system, rising and falling and rising again as one orgasm turned into a second and a third. For the first time in her life she felt multiple orgasms parading through her dazed, shell shocked mind and body.

Droplets of sweat fell away from her trembling, convulsing body as she continued to thrash and twist, her body hammered from behind by her father, the whip slashing in across her bared breasts and straining belly.

She stopped breathing, dared not breath or do anything which might lessen the intensity of the raw, animal pleasure tearing through her. Nothing mattered but the pleasure, the ecstasy, the all encompassing, feverish sexual release that seemed to never end. And then she fell limp, her body so drained, her mind so overwhelmed, her eyes rolled back in her head and she lost consciousness altogether.

"Aren't you warm in that?"

"No, I'm fine," Hannah said with a brief smile.

She was a little warm, but the black turtleneck would hide the lines at the back of her neck where the whip had crept too high, and the bite marks and hickeys on both sides of her throat from idle eyes.

She had wakened lying on her side on the floor, hog tied, her back aching from the pressure. She had lain there for a time, listening to her father and Nicole making love, then fallen into exhausted sleep again. Beneath the thin black sweater and long gray skirt her pale skin was covered in thick network of interlacing red lines the whip had left. Her breasts were sore, and stung within the cups of her small lace bra. But she had taken some aspirin and the stinging was tolerable.

She was tired, however, and sore all over. But she opened her notebook and took out a pen, ready to copy whatever the professor had to say which might show up in coming tests. Andrea sat beside her, her full breasts pushing tautly against a tank top, her red hair streaming like silk over her shoulders.

What would Andrea look like straining to the whip, she wondered. Would Nicole have her writhing in helpless pleasure as she'd had Hannah?

The girl smiled at her through her slim frameless glasses, then took out her own notebook. "So what'd you do last night?" she asked.

"Uhm, well, me and my boyfriend uhm, stayed in," she said a little uncertainly.

Andrea grinned. "And?" she stretched the word out.

"And we uh, watched TV and stuff."

"And stuff, huh?" She laughed as Hannah blushed.

"You're lucky. I haven't had a boyfriend in way too long."

"Well it's not like there aren't a lot of boys competing for the honour." Hannah said. Andrea sniffed. "Loser boys, you mean. Arrogant weasels and sex starved idiots."

"You were sounding a little sex starved a minute ago," Hannah said with a smile.

"Yeah, well, there's sex and then there's sex." She looked around and lowered her voice as she leaned in closer to Hannah. "After all, most of these guys think sex is two minutes of huffing and puffing and then time for a cigarette."

Hannah nodded understandingly.

"What about your boyfriend."

Hannah giggled a little. "You don't want to know. He's very uhm, well - he takes his time."

"Yeah?" Andrea grinned. "That's good."

"He's also very - . Hannah searched for a word."Very determined. No, that's not right. He's very dominant." She blushed. "I mean - ."

"You mean that bondage stuff?" Andrea whispered in delight. "Shhh!"

"Does he tie you up?" she asked eagerly.

"Uhm, sometimes." Hannah was blushing more now.

"Ooh, kinky!"

"Lots of people do it," she said defensively.

"Hey, I wouldn't mind some kinky stuff occasionally myself. But my boyfriends have been so horribly vanilla, you know, so dull and ordinary."

"You don't look like the kinky kind," Hannah said.

"And you do? I thought you were a virgin when I first saw you, so pure and innocent."

"Hardly innocent," she said.

"I guess not." Andrea giggled.

The professor came in and the class began to quiet, but before he started speaking Andrea leaned in even further. "So does he spank you?" she asked teasingly.

Hannah blushed and gave her a reproving look, and Andrea giggled again.

After class they had a coffee at one of the school's cafés and Andrea kept prodding her for wicked stories. Hannah refused to give her any, despite the other girl's outrageous teasing, and in the end they parted ways for their next class.

"Get those clothes off, slut."

Hannah frowned resentfully even as she closed the front door behind her. Through the doorway she saw Nicole lounging back on the leather sofa, wearing a pair of tight jeans and a long, loose blue shirt.

"I don't have to do what you tell me," she said, hating how sulky her voice sounded.

Nicole chuckled in amusement.

"Your father said you did," she reminded her. "And he's given me specific instructions on what you're to do until he gets home."

"I know my chores," Hannah said, scowling. "Are you going to disobey your father?" Hannah bit her lip. "No," she said in irritation.

Then she turned away, peeling her sweater up and over her head and undoing the skirt so it could slide to the floor. She stepped out of it, reaching behind her for her bra clasp, and in a moment was nude. She opened the

drawer in the front hall's table and quickly donned the collar, wrist, and ankle restraints, snapping them in place so they locked together. She had no key, but it was not up to her when they should come off anyway.

Nicole was leaning against the doorway when she finished, and she blushed a little, feeling very naked under the woman's eyes, very vulnerable, and resenting the woman's assumption that she had the right to tell her what to do.

"Put on the belt in there too. Daddy's orders," Nicole said.

There was a belt inside, made of an identical look as the restraints and collars. Shrugging, Hannah slid it around her waist and snapped it in place, turning with a frown to see Nicole's coy smile. "And this," Nicole said, holding up a soft, thumb thick line of black rope.

"What's that?" Hannah asked suspiciously.

"As I said, your daddy left specific instructions."

She pulled a long, thick black dildo from behind her back. "This is to remind you your ass hole belongs to him. Guess where it goes."

Hannah blushed and reached for it but Nicole pulled her hand back. "I'm to put it in."

"I don't need your help," Hannah said nervously.

"Going to disobey daddy? The marks have barely started to fade from your last whipping. Want another one tonight?"

Part of Hannah said Yes!,for the rush had been intense, the pleasure incredible. But it had been a painful rush and though the thought of herself being whipped again gave her a heady little thrum of sex heat she shook her head. She was not anxious to endure the pain.

"Then bent over, little slut."

Resentfully, Hannah bent over the nearby table as Nicole came in behind her. "If you want lubrication you'll have to provide it yourself," she said.

She pushed the fat nose against Hannah's mouth and before the younger girl knew it was there it was inside. At first she reached for it, but then the woman's words penetrated and she resignedly began to lick on it, working it around in her mouth, covering it in saliva.

Nicole pulled it out and pressed it against her anus, twisting it from side to

side as she pushed. "Notice how warm and tasty it was? I had it in my pussy half the afternoon."

Hannah's eyes glared at the table top as the woman thrust the dildo deeper. She was not simply ramming it up, but she was not being as slow and gentle as Hannah's father had been - when he wasn't mad anyway - and Hannah winced as the dildo thrust and jerked higher and deeper with painful force.

"N-Not so hard!" she gasped.

"But you like it hard, slut."

She thrust and Hannah gasped.

"You like it hard so much you seduced your own father. What a filthy little whore."

"I-It wasn't like that," Hannah gasped. "Oh! Ow! It's high enough!"

"Not yet."

"It won't go any higher! Oww! You're hurting me!"

She began to struggle and Nicole let go of the dildo, but then pulled the girl's wrists back behind her and locked the wrist restraints together. She then returned to the dildo, thrusting, twisting, pulling back, and shoving it deep again, ignoring Hannah's gasps and moans of pain.

"I guess that's as deep as it will go," she said, with the nose lodged deep in Hannah's abdomen and the base barely protruding at all.

She tied the rope to a ring set in the front of the belt, then dropped it down, reached through and pulled it between her thighs and up between her buttocks, slipping it through the ring in the back of the belt. Then she pulled. Hard. Hannah's eyes bulged and she cried out. She jerked bolt upright as the rope dug up hard into her pussy crack.

"Oww! Shit! That hurts!"

Nicole pulled the rope back down between her buttocks, between her thighs, and up her abdomen again, then fed it through the ring. And pulled. Hard. A second loop jammed up against Hannah's pussy lips and was forced inside. A third loop dropped back down her abdomen, and was pulled between her legs and yanked up hard before being tied off at the small of her back. The loops pulled the rope down hard against her hips, and jammed up hard against the inch or so of dildo which stuck out of her anus. It also cut deeply into her soft pussy flesh.

"Ow! You bitch!"

Nicole slapped her breast and Hannah cried out again. She tried to kick the woman only to have her hair pulled and then be forced roughly to her knees.

"You'll be punished for that, naughty girl."

The punishment was to have nipple clips snapped against her sensitive nipples. They had still not recovered from the whipping, and were already sore and sensitive. Having nipple clamps biting into the soft pink flesh made Hannah want to scream. But instead she gnashed her teeth and her head twisted from side to side as she fought to not cry out in front of the older woman.

Heat filled her face and she blinked back tears as the worst of the pain began to ease.

"You will show proper respect to me or you'll get worse. The next one goes on your clit," Nicole said. "Now are you going to be a good girl?"

Hannah moaned softly.

"I asked a question, little girl. Answer or you get the other clip."

"I-I-I'll be g-good," she panted.

"Say 'I'll be a good little girl,'" she taunted, holding up another clip.

Hannah bit her lip. "I'll be a good little girl," she forced out in a gasp.

"You will call me 'mistress' from now on. Do you understand? Every time you fail you will be punished."

A small flicker of sexual heat penetrated her pain and resentment. "Yes..." she paused, hating to say the word "...Mistress."

Nicole smiled, then her hands went to her jeans, popping the catch and lowering the zipper. "Now you will show me what you learned last night."

"I don't want - ."

Nicole slapped her face, and Hannah rocked back on her knees.

"No one cares what you want, slut."

Nicole peeled off her jeans. She was naked beneath, and caressed her pussy

as she reached for the girl's hair and forced her face in against her groin.

"Please me or that clip goes right on your clitty. You'll how then, little slut."

Her nipples burned, and Hannah had no desire to have the cruel woman put another clamp on her sensitive clitoris. She was sore enough down there as the ropes dug into her soft pussy flesh and kept the dildo jammed deep in her anus.

She began to lick but her hair was yanked back. "Say yes mistress," Nicole demanded with a haughty sneer.

"Yes, mistress," Hannah replied, gasping in pain.

She had no desire to lick the woman's pussy, but had little choice, running her tongue up and down Nicole's slit as the woman twisted her fingers in her hair and sneered down at her. In truth, though, she was starting to feel that low sexual heat building, starting to feel the fullness of the dildo buried in her anus, and the hot, wickedness of what she was doing.

The wooden floor was hard on her bare knees as she knelt before Nicole, but she did her best to please the woman, who tugged and twisted at her hair, raining insults on her head, slapping her face and breasts whenever she was dissatisfied with her performance. Hannah thrust her tongue deep into the woman's musky sex, grinding her face against her moist pussy lips and mound. Nicole pulled on her hair, roughly yanking her head up and back.

"Am I your mistress?" she purred, twisting her fingers in Hannah's hair. "Yes!" Hannah gasped.

Nicole slapped her face. "Yes mistress," she corrected.

"Yes, mistress!"

Nicole smiled and jammed her face back against her sex, letting her lick for a long minute before yanking back on her hair again.

"Does my pussy taste good, little slut?"

"Yes, mistress," Hannah groaned.

Again Nicole jammed her face down into her groin, rubbing it against her slick sex, rolling her hips up. Again she pulled her back by the hair.

"Do you love your mistress, little slut?"

"Yes, mistress!" Hannah said in choked voice.

Nicole pushed her face down, forcing her mouth upwards where she could lick at her clitoris, taking long, fast laps with her tongue, then letting her lips massage the swelling pink button.

Again Nicole yanked back on her hair.

"I think that from now on your name will be... slut. Yes, Slut. That's a fine name for you. Don't you think so, Slut?"

"Y-yes, mistress," Hannah panted.

Nicole jammed her face back against her sex. "Very well. From now on Slut is your name."

When her father came home Hannah was still kneeling between Nicole's legs, having licked her to three orgasms, but not yet satisfied her.

"I see you're keeping my little girl busy," he said with a smile.

"Yes, and I have rewarded her with a new name."

"A new name, hmm?"

He moved over and sat beside her, his hand running up and down Hannah's back, then over her rounded bottom.

"Her new name is Slut. I think we should only use this name from now on."

"Well, it is short and sweet."

"And it is time to get her pierced. Long since time."

They removed the dildo from Hannah's bottom so that her father could sodomize her. She was given a feathery light blue dress to wear which was nearly sheer, with a frilly short skirt which barely covered her bottom. Then the nervous girl was driven into the darkness.

Chapter Six

Hannah blushed deeply as they entered the shop, her heart fluttering wildly as the huge, beefy man turned to look at her. She longed to jerk her hands up to cover her virtually bare breasts, but knew her father would be upset and would order them down.

"Hi, I'm Jimmy," he said, holding out his hand.

The strange man shook it, his eyes taking in Hannah's barely covered body. "I'm Chopper. This must be our victim," he said with a lazy grin.

He was bald, but with a bushy black beard. He was well over six feet high with broad shoulders and heavily tattooed arms. His belly pushed out against the thin blue tank top he wore, and his dark eyes were filled with lust as he stared at Hannah.

"This is Slut," Nicole said, grasping a handful of Hannah's hair behind her head and forcing her head back. "Say hello, Slut."

"H-Hello!" she gasped.

The man snorted. "Kinky little bitch, huh? That's okay. We get a lot like you here. Come over here."

He led them through a curtained doorway and into a small back room where a kind of dentist's chair sat in the middle of the floor.

"You want nipples and - ?"

"Lower labia, both sides," Nicole said.

He nodded casually.

"Strip," her father told her.

Tense, chest tight, gulping in air as the big man stared at her, Hannah's face felt hot as she peeled the light dress up and off and stood naked but for her shoes under the bright overhead light.

Her father and Nicole picked out three rings, two for her nipples, and a larger, much thicker one for her labia.

"Lay back on the chair, Slut," the man said with a grin.

Her father helped her in the chair, then pulled her wrists up and back behind her head, then underneath the chair, locking her restraints together.

"Do you mind? She likes it this way."

"Hell no. Do whatever you want to her," Chopper said.

"No, you do whatever you want to her," Nicole said. "We're going to have something to eat. "We'll be back in an hour or so."

Hannah's eyes widened and she wanted to protest as Nicole took her father's arm and led him back through the curtain. Her heart skipped a beat as they disappeared, and she jerked her eyes around to the leering face of Chopper as he moved over beside her.

"Now don't you worry. This won't hurt that much, not for long anyway."

He sat down next to her chair and ran his big hand slowly up and down her trembling body from breasts to groin, rubbing at her sex and dipping his fingers through her tight pussy lips.

"You're a hot little sex toy," he said, kneading her breast. He got up and went out into the front room, then returned and unzipped.

Hannah gasped as his zipper came down, then, trembling, turned her eyes away.

He moved to base of the chair then did something to it which dropped half it downwards, allowing Hannah's legs to drop. Now her bottom was barely on the edge of the padded chair, and she gasped anew as he slid his hands up and down her thighs, lifting them up and apart.

"Spread `em, baby."

She could hardly believe her father had left her here with this - this - man, left her to be used by him while he went off with that - whore! Yet despite the shame and embarrassment she felt as the big man ran his hands over her body, despite the fear and anxiety coursing through her veins, she felt a dark hunger rising through her mind. She pulled against her restraints and groaned as the man's big cock rubbed up and down her slit, her masochistic fantasies flaring up wildly as he roughly jerked her legs apart and then thrust himself into her.

The big man pulled her legs up onto his shoulders as he drove himself deeper and deeper, then started to pump in and out with hard, deep strokes. His hands slid up and down her torso, roughly groping and fondling her breasts, pinching and twisting her nipples.

"Hot little bitch," he panted, thrusting harder and faster.

His hips slammed against her bottom and Hannah's body jerked again and again under the impact. His cock pumped in and out of her straining sex lips and drove deep into her quivering belly as she stared up at him, now becoming more and more filled by masochistic hunger. She was being raped, she thought excitedly, raped by a big, ugly monster of a man. She gasped and moaned as his big cock pounded into her, as his hips slapped against her bottom, as his hands groped her breasts.

He leered down at her, and his big hand drifted down to her groin, his thumb grinding against her clitoris.

Hannah shuddered and her hips rolled and bucked up against him. "Yeah. You like that, don't you, baby!"

He continued to thrust into her, the chair shaking under the force of the impact with her body, his big cock slicing in and out of her soft, warm pussy tunnel. Hannah moaned and her head rolled from side to side. Her back arched again and again, and her mind was filled with dark, feverish sexual heat.

He paused suddenly, breathing hard. He turned to the tray beside him and drew on a pair of surgical gloves, then picked up a small sterile pad and poured alcohol on it. He rubbed it against her breasts, against her nipples, as he slowed his strokes down, his hips moving in and out steadily but lightly.

Then he picked up a long needle and bent over her.

Hannah swallowed, her heart beating faster. She stared at the needle as the man pressed his fingers into the centre of her breast and squeezed the rigid nipple out. The needle pressed against the side of her nipple and held there as he began to thrust faster and harder. Again her body shuddered to the impact of his hips and she jerked her eyes up from the needle to his hungry eyes.

He thrust the needle through her nipple, and she cried out in pain.

He chuckled, slowing his movements, and pulled the needle back, then replaced it with a round, stainless steel ring almost an inch in diameter. He let it lay on her breast, then turned his attention to her other breast. Again he resumed his hard pumping, making her body shudder, and now she felt a renewed anxiety mixed with an even greater heat. She whimpered as he pinched her breast, as he pressed her nipple out, and brought the needle against it. This time she watched, crying out in both pain and excitement as the needle pierced her.

He gripped both legs now, spreading them wide and thrusting harder and faster, grunting with the effort as he speared his cock deep into her aching belly. The chair shuddered for a long minute as Hannah's head rolled from side to side, gripped by a rising sexual heat. And when she felt him come her own orgasm washed over her so that she cried out again and again, arching her back and twisting her head from side to side.

Her legs fell heavily as he dropped them with a grunt and turned away. He put his cock back into his pants then pulled his chair over again and sat

between her spread legs. He rubbed at her pussy with a cloth, then ran his gloved fingers along her sex lips.

"It'll hurt to get fucked for a while, but I don't suppose that'll bother you," he said.

He pinched her pussy lip and pulled it open then thrust the needle through it. Hannah cried out, back arching.

"Keep your legs spread," he ordered.

The pain was worse, but Hannah clenched her teeth and moaned, her fingers clasped into fists beneath the chair.

"We'll have to widen this. Your mistress wants a pretty thick ring down there," he said.

She felt another pain in the same area, and moaned weakly.

Then he turned his attention to the other side, rubbing and stroking it before piercing it. Again she gasped and moaned and writhed, but he paid her little attention, his mind on his work now.

To her surprise, Nicole returned alone to admire his handiwork. "Very nice," she said, fingering the ring piercing her labia. "She's a hot little babe," Chopper said.

"So she is. And how would you like to do a little tattoo."

"Sure. What kind?"

"Just two words. How long will it take?"

He snorted. "No time at all. Where and what?"

Nicole smiled and undid Hannah's wrist restraints.

"Stand up, Slut," she ordered.

She helped pull Hannah off the chair by pulling on her hair, then turned her and bent her over once again. "Spread your legs," she snapped, slapping her bottom.

She rubbed her finger against Hannah's wrinkled anal opening, then against the soft section of flesh between anus and pussy.

"Right here on the perineum."

He chuckled."And the words?"

Nicole whispered to him and he chuckled again. "Sure. Easy."

Hannah gasped as the tattoo needle began dig into her soft skin, and both Nicole and Chopper forced her thighs wider, Nicole jamming her face down against the chair.

"Hold still, Slut," she barked.

It was painful and terribly uncomfortable. It was very hard not to squirm as the needle moved over her sensitive skin. What kind of tattoo were they putting there? It could not be very large since there was less than an inch of skin between her pussy and anus.

It hurt, though, and she ground her teeth together as they worked on her. "Done," Chopper said.

"Excellent. It's very easy to read, too."

"Yup."

"All right, Slut. Stand and get dressed," Nicole ordered, pulling back on her hair.

Nicole would not tell her what the tattoo said, and slapped her bottom for asking. They met her father again and drove back home, though she gasped in pain and tried to lie back when she felt the pressure against her sex. Nicole, however, ordered her to sit up straight, and her pussy throbbed with pain all the way home.

Once there they stripped off the dress, and Nicole made her bend over while her father inspected her from behind. He laughed at the sight of the tattoo, running his finger gently along it. "How lovely," he said.

"But what does it say?" Hannah whined.

"Don't tell her," Nicole said. "She'll find out eventually." Her father chuckled again.

In the meantime, she should keep her legs apart - ."

"Won't be hard for her," her father laughed.

"And keep from touching her rings."

"Oh I think we can arrange that."

For the rest of the evening Hannah stood in the front room, a spreader bar locked to the restraints around her ankles to keep them wide. Her wrists were locked together behind her back, then raised up high, forcing her to bend over so that her breasts hung heavily below. Then her wrist restraints were locked to a chain above her. Nicole bound her hair into a long braid behind her and bound it to a hook she thrust into her anus. The hook hooked over her tailbone and so kept the girl's head up and back despite the pain to her scalp. Small weights were hung from her nipple and pussy rings, despite the added pain, and a penis gag was forced into her mouth.

Occasionally Nicole or her father would stop by to fondle or grope her, to slap her bottom or squeeze her breasts. But they spent most of the evening sitting together on the sofa, their backs to her, watching TV and chatting in a low voice.

It was terribly uncomfortable for Hannah, but at least the discomfort helped take her mind off the throbbing pain of her pierced nipples and pussy.

Towards the end of the evening they started looking at her more as they spoke, but she still couldn't hear what they said. She was exhausted, drained, her head aching and making it hard to think. Nicole got up and casually moved past her, slapping her bottom before disappearing upstairs. A few minutes later her father followed, and Hannah thought for several anxious minutes that they might be planning to leave her as she was for the night.

But then Nicole came downstairs again, and Hannah moaned as she saw her. The woman was dressed in black PVC leather, with high stiletto heeled boots and a leather bra which raised and supported her breasts while hiding virtually nothing. She wore a long, thick, black strap-on dildo which curved gently upwards and had fat rings running down the shaft. She smiled at Hannah as she stood over her, then reached behind her head and unbuckled the strap which held the penis gag in place, pulling it out.

Before Hannah could do more than take a single breath the woman had thrust the dildo through her open lips and deep into her mouth. She choked and gagged, her aching shoulders twisting and pulling at the chain overhead.

Nicole smiled in a feral way and thrust the dildo deeper. Hannah gagged as the head pushed into her throat. The shaft followed, and each ring scraped at her throat as it went down.

"Swallow my lovely cock, little slut," she purred.

Hannah had little choice. She could neither raise nor lower her head, nor turn her body away, and any movement made her arms and shoulders burn

painfully. She could only stare down the length of the dildo as it slid deep into her throat and her face was jammed against Nicole's groin.

Nicole reached below her, squeezing her breasts and chuckling cruelly.

"Nasty little slut. Bet you wish this was daddy's cock. Don't worry, you'll get it soon."

She pumped the dildo slowly in and out, then pulled it roughly free, tearing at Hannah's throat, and strolled around behind her as the younger woman gasped and moaned.

"Now that it's all lubed," she said.

She slid the head into Hannah's pussy and then gripped her hips tightly in gloved hands and thrust the rubber cock home.

Hannah cried out weakly as the dildo was driven into her, but then her father was there, and his cock was in her mouth, and then down her throat. He and Nicole leaned in towards each other, their mouths and lips moving wetly together as they thrust into the hapless girl between them. Their hips moved freely, using long, even strokes, pumping the full length of their cocks into the wriggling, moaning Hannah.

They pumped for several minutes, long enough for Hannah to adjust, and for her body and mind to begin to thrum with masochistic sexual heat. They exchanged places several times, and Hannah groaned exhaustedly as they continued to hammer her from either direction. Dazed, she gave in to the pull of the sex heat, her mind falling away as she let herself fall into the roll of mindless sex toy.

"And how was your day at school, Slut?"

"Fine, Mistress," Hannah said.

She had stripped just inside the front door and now wore the collar and shackles which was always her uniform at home as she knelt before the sofa.

"You see I'm all dressed up today," Nicole purred. "We're going out. Isn't that nice?"

"Yes, mistress," Hannah said, her stomach starting to quiver.

Nicole was dressed in a long blue dress, with long black stiletto boots.

"Oooh, look, there's dirt on my boot," she said in a pouty voice, holding the shoe up towards Hannah.

Hannah bent in and took the boot in her hands, then began to lick slowly up along the toe and sides, her pink tongue making long, wet licks along the gleaming leather as Nicole looked down at her.

"We'll dress you and get going," she said.

Hannah nodded obediently, her chest tightening, wondering what Nicole had in store for her. She had been given to a number of people now, both men and women, but had not gotten used to the sudden rush of shocked shame and excitement each time she was presented naked to a stranger.

Nicole dressed her in six inch stiletto heeled black shoes with straps which wound all the way up her legs to the thighs. Thick black dildos were driven deep into her bald pussy and anus, with an inch or so left protruding. Tiny chains were attached to the base of each dildo, running up between her buttocks in back and up her belly in front to the thin leather belt around her waist. Her arms were locked behind her back with leather cuffs around her wrist, and a second pair just above her elbows. Then a leather blindfold was placed over her eyes and a thick ball gag forced into her mouth.

The small rings she normally wore in her nipples were replaced by larger ones, and the stud then in place at the base of her slit was replaced by an even larger, thicker stainless steel ring to which she attached a leash. Then she carefully braided Hannah's hair into a long, single braid behind her and led her out to the car.

She had to lay face down on the back seat as Nicole drove, and moaned quietly to herself, wondering what was going to happen. She was filled with anxiety and anticipation, her heart pounding, her pussy thrumming and squeezing down on the dildo. The car stopped, and Nicole got out. She did not speak to Hannah, but Hannah felt her pulling at her hair, pulling at her arms, manoeuvring her out of the car.

Then a pull on her pussy ring caused her to lurch awkwardly forward. She followed the pull, having no idea where she was or where she was going, trying to take small steps on the high heels but forced to hurry along by the harsh pull on her sex.

Their heels click-clacked on a tile floor as they walked, and she became more and more anxious the longer they walked. On other occasions Nicole had taken her to other people's homes, but this hall was too long for that, surely. Where were they?!

She heard the creak of a door, then the room temperature rose. She heard murmuring, and her hair stood on end. Her breath was tight in her chest, and her head moved from side to side, as if she could somehow see through the

blindfold. The pull on her pussy ring eased, and she moved much more slowly. A hand squeezed her left breast briefly. Then a hand squeezed her right. A hand squeezed her bottom, pushing against the dildo protruding from her anus. Another hand squeezed her bottom, and another squeezed her breast.

She moaned into the gag, heart pounding. Were they the same hands? How many people were here?!

The pull on her pussy ring stopped, and so did she. Nicole's fingers prodded at the strap behind her head and she worked the gag out of her mouth.

"Bend," she ordered in a stern voice.

Hannah bent over, then further over as Nicole's hand pressed against her head.

She felt a cock pressed against her mouth and opened, taking it inside, sucking and licking at it as its owner pumped it slowly in and out. She felt a hand prodding at the dildos in her pussy and anus, another hand squeezing one of her breasts. She didn't know whose.

Then the cock in her mouth slid down her throat and she felt her nose crushed against someone with thick, crinkly pubic hair. The cock inside pumped harder, faster, and a hand gripped her braided hair, tugging on it.

Hannah moaned, her excitement rising to heady levels, yet still held in check by anxiety and uncertainty about what was going on, where she was, and who was with her.

The cock in her mouth softened as it spilled its load down her throat, then withdrew. She felt a pull on her braid which straightened her, then fingers behind her head, undoing the blindfold. It fell away, and she looked around her, eyes wide, stunned, embarrassment rippling through her body.

She had feared there were many people, perhaps five or six or seven. There weren't. There were dozens, scores. The room was very large, with a high ceiling. There were mirrors all along the walls to make it seem even larger, and which made it hard to see just how many people were present. The lights were soft, but the room was well lit nevertheless. Everyone in the room was dressed save her. All the men had black tuxedos. The women were all in long dresses and gowns. And all of them were staring at her, some gleefully, some excitedly, some in amusement or contempt.

Hannah was not gagged, but was speechless, appalled.

Nicole tugged on her leash and she gasped in pain, lurching forward. A grey

haired, moustachioed man in a tuxedo sat in the centre of an open space on the floor. He grinned up at her and undid his fly, then drew his cock out.

"On your knees and attend to him, Slut," Nicole growled.

Mind still stunned, Hannah stumbled to her knees, then as the man gripped her head and pulled it forward, slipped her lips over his cock and began to suck. Music rose from somewhere, and conversation began among the crowd surrounding them, conversation and laughter.

She felt hands at her back, on her bottom. The chains locking her dildos in place were unfastened and the dildos drawn out of her body. Then a pull on her braid raised her to her feet and pulled her forward. The seated man gripped her hips, directing her to straddle him, and then sat her down as he held his cock in place.

It pierced her slick sex lips and she sat down heavily, gasping as it impaled her.

"Move, Slut!" Nicole barked.

A slap to her bottom made her lurch into motion. She began to ride the man's cock, her mind and eyes filled with the faces that surrounded her, still astonished, still flushed, almost white with shock.

Another man moved up alongside the one she rode, and unzipped. He grinned down at her as he gripped her hair and fed his cock into her mouth. She rose and fell, rose and fell, moaning as the man she rode sucked and chewed at her nipples. She was bent over further, and felt a cock being driven into her anus, punching deep.

The shock began to wear off, a dazed sexual excitement gushing through her body and mind. She was overwhelmed with what was happening, with the hands running over her body, the lips and teeth and tongue on her breast, the cocks sliding into her, the crowd surrounding them, watching, laughing.

The man she was sucking came, and was replaced by another. The man she was riding came, and they dragged her off him, placing her on a low padded bench. A man thrust into her, letting her shoulders and head fall over the opposite side. Another man seized her hair and thrust himself into her mouth and throat.

One came, and another, and another. They turned her over, had her kneeling as she was taken from behind. Another cock was thrust into her mouth. Hands moved everywhere on her body, squeezing, fondling, caressing, groping.

They turned her and twisted her, flipped her and rolled her. Cock after cock

slid into her body, one, two and three at once. She was turned onto her side. Her right leg was yanked up and pushed back. Men knelt at her groin, front and back, and cocks slid into her pussy and anus. A man forced her head back and thrust himself down her throat. She felt hands on her breasts, squeezing them around another cock as it pumped into her cleavage.

The evening wore on into morning, and still they used her, cocks thrusting deep, pumping fast and hard. Somewhere in the midst of it her hair was pulled and her face guided against a pussy, rubbed there. She began to lick. Some of the cocks were replaced by dildos, then the dildos by cocks, then by dildos again. Her lips were guided to cocks, to pussies, to nipples as laughter and conversation moved around her.

Then she was lifted into the air by many eager hands and held belly down. She felt her ankles lifted higher and higher, and the hands fell away as she dropped to swing back and forth upside down, held by the ankles, which were spread wide apart. Her ankle restraints were held by chains.

Then her upper body was lifted, raised. She felt pressure drawing back against her wrist restraints, bowing her body up and back. More pressure pulled on her braid, and she cried out as her head was forced back. The hands pulled back and she hung alone, ankles high, body bowed up and back, head forced up so that she was looking straight ahead. Her breasts hung below her, taut and glistening with sweat.

And there was her father at last, holding a flog, grinning as he moved forward to fondle her breasts. He moved to her feet, then, and turned, facing her open groin. Hannah shuddered as her eyes rolled to the sides to take in the people eagerly crowding in to watch.

The flog swung up and forward and lashed her pussy. She cried out, eyes bulging, as the leather hit her sweating, sopping pussy mound. And a man stepped forward and thrust his cock down her throat.

Again and again and again the leather cracked against her pussy and bottom as the man pumped his cock slowly in her mouth and throat, pain and masochistic pleasure twisted within her mind as she gagged and moaned and her cries were muffled or blocked.

The cock pulled back and sprayed into her face, and the pull on her arms and hair was released. She fell, swinging down from the ankles, swaying from side to side as hands unfastened the restraints around her arms and wrists, then pulled her arms down and out to lock into place in rings set in the floor.

Her father stepped forward again and the flog swung sideways, lashing across her belly, her breasts, her back, and again overhand to slash down across her pussy and bottom.

Hannah was gripped by a crackling wall of sexual electricity which held the pain at bay. Masochistic fever burned through her mind as her father stepped back, then returned carrying a long, single tailed whip. She mewled anxiously, the fear swept away almost at once by sexual anticipation. They had never used a single tail whip on her before. It had always been flogs with their long, thin leather laces. The single tailed whip was much heavier.

She moaned, the blood rushing to her head now as she hung upside down, straining against the restraints as she stared out dazedly at the crowd gathered around. Her father moved behind her and she braced herself, then screamed as the crack of the whip announced contact with her body. The blow was heavy and painful, an explosion of razor sharp pain followed by a terrible burning and throbbing that her writhing and sobbing.

The next blow made her scream a second time as another line of fire crossed her lower back. Some of her sex heat faded, replaced by pain and anxiety. Another blow struck her mid back, wrapped around her waist, and bit into her belly. Again she screamed, twisting and thrashing, the pain clawing at her mind.

Another blow had her straining and pulling, breathless, shuddering. Another blow struck her back fully and dazed her. Another blow curled around her belly so that she felt as though she were being sliced in half. Then the pheromones rose and the throbbing pain surrounded her like a protective wall. The severity of the next blow was less, and the next and the following.

Her father strolled around in front of her, and the whip drew back and then sliced forward, cutting across her body diagonally, slicing into the soft flesh of her left breast. She screamed anew, but the sex heat was rising along her body once again. The next blow caught both breasts, the weight of the whip sinking through her malleable flesh to the ribs another blow bit into her belly so that she howled and writhed. Then he sent the tip of the whip flying down along, expertly setting it to bite and snap at her breasts, her nipples, then her belly.

Sweat poured off her and pain wrapped her in its tight embrace, yet her mind and body crackled with sexual electricity. When the whip curled around her back she came, and came violently, writhing and howling and twisting even as the whip bit into her flesh again and again and again.

The orgasm eased, leaving her exhausted, yet the whipping continued. Her father moved behind her and the whip swung overhand and sliced down into the soft flesh of her throbbing, swollen sex mound. Again she screamed, the pain briefly overwhelming, almost causing her to go mad. Another blow, and another, and another across her pussy left her dazed and breathless. Another caused her to come.

They dropped her to the floor, and she lay, gasping, panting, her sweating, whip marked body afire with pain. Her hair had come loose and now fell in a tangled, matted mess around her face. A fist gripped it and yanked.

"Crawl, slut!" a voice barked, pulling at her hair.

A snap of pain at her bottom jerked her to her hands and knees, where she swayed weakly, dazedly. The hand pulled at her hair and she crawled. Another crack across the bottom leant her energy. They had her halt, and a dildo was rammed into her anus again, even deeper than before, making her insides ache.

"Move, slut."

She crawled forward, moaning, gasping for breath, droplets of sweat running off her body as she moved across the floor.

They stopped her, and long, thin switches guided her mouth to feet, to boots and shoes and bare toes, to lick and suckle as laughter rained down on her. Then she was prodded onwards.

They guided her into an alcove, atop a low but raised platform. The alcove had mirrored walls, and she stared dazedly at herself in the mirror before her, then past herself to the mirror behind her. With two mirrors and her body bent as it was, she could finally read the tattoo which had been inked into her body between her pussy and anus.

Daddy's Slut.

There was a dildo protruding from the wall behind her. At the touch of a button it pushed out further, and further. A similar dildo stuck out of the wall before her, and her lips were guided around it. Then it slid forward and down her throat. The one behind pushed into her pussy, going deep. Her wrists chained down, her nipple rings were removed. Small suction cups were placed around her nipples and began to rhythmically suck. Another was placed over her clitoris.

The dildos began to move, to pump. The crowd moved past her, back and forth. Voices rose in conversation. People arrived people left, people went off to refresh their drinks or for fresh air. Hannah remained in place, dazed, sweating, and being driven slowly mad as the sexual heat baked her with unrelenting force.

Chapter Seven

It was many days before the whip marks faded from her body. But the experience never faded from her mind. She remained in the house, in chains, for Nicole had persuaded her father that further education was pointless. They emptied out a closet and replaced the door with bars, and this became Hannah's cage, where she slept at night and where she stayed in the daytime when neither was home.

She was used sexually by her father and Nicole every evening, and one or both invariably found cause to switch, spank or whip her. She lived in a haze of sexual servitude, without need or cause to think or make decisions. Occasionally others would be brought into the house to use her or beat her. More rarely she would be taken out to others' homes, or to larger gatherings where many people would use her body and delight in her punishment.

And then one day a Japanese man arrived to inspect her. He examined her, gave her orders, and used her, then left. Two days later he arrived again, this time with a - girl in tow.

Hannah's eyes widened as she saw the girl, for she had never seen anything quite like her before.

Her hair had been fluffed and puffed up into a thick, full lion's mane which fell around her head and face, thick bangs almost spilling over her eyes. There was something dreadfully wrong with her face, and at first Hannah thought she wore a kind of mask, yet it looked so very real. After long moments of staring she realized that it was indeed real. The woman had had plastic surgery on her face to reshape it.

Her eyes had been changed, narrowed, her nose flattened, her chin rounded, her jaw built up. Her face now looked very much like a - muzzle - like the muzzle of a cat. In fact, what could have been whiskers protruded out from beneath her snub of a nose, and the Japanese man ran his fingers along them and spoke to her father, telling him how they had been implanted beneath the skin.

The girl's hair was a kind of taffy brown mixed with orange, and her body was the same colour, for she had been tattooed from forehead to chin, and from neck to toe so that she looked furred. She knelt placidly at the man's feet as he explained the features of the body sculpting and tattooing which she had undergone.

And then a leash was clipped to her pussy ring and Nicole gave it to the Japanese man. "I'll leave you this as a loner until yours is ready," the man said. "It will take some months."

"Just do a good job," Nicole said with a reassuring smile.

Hannah stared at the girl, who had been made into a beautiful sexual animal, and then up at her father. He put his arms around her and hugged her tightly. "My beautiful little slut," he said warmly. "You're going to look even more beautiful when Mr. Takihishi is finished with you."

He turned to the Japanese man. "But blonde, Takihishi, a lovely golden blonde colour all over."

"Of course," the man said, bobbing his head.

Her father turned back to Hannah. "We'll miss you, but when you get back we'll be simply thrilled with the changes."

"Yes, daddy," she said breathlessly.

She was simultaneously appalled and fascinated by the cat girl, and the thought of being made into something like her filled her with excitement. She would indeed be a sexual creature then, her father's special pet forever.

Wrists locked behind her, she walked away with the Japanese man leading her leash, her pussy already burning at the thought of what she was to become.

Behind her, Nicole and her father fussed over their new pet, exploring her lithe young body as Hannah was led away.

END