

HER MOTHER'S SEX SLAVEby Argus

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ONE

She rolled her hips slowly and casually as she looked at herself in the mirror. Her fingers slid through her long chestnut hair, pushing it up around her head as she examined the possibilities. The music played softly on the stereo sitting on a side table, playing a slow blues song.

Megan wore a small white, silky thong, the soft fabric pulled up tightly between her firm round buttocks and snug along her hips.

She let her fingers brush her hair back over one shoulder, all the while, slowly rolling her hips in time to the music. The mirror was wide, but not very high, and so to lower herself she had shifted her legs well apart. Her long hair fell down across her shoulder and covered one full, round breast before she pushed it back out of the way and tried another style.

She bent forward, sliding her tongue along her lower lip, then reached for a clip and slipped it up into her hair. She felt the cool breeze from the air conditioner brush across her bare breasts, and her nipples, chilled, were erect: long, thin dimples in the centre of her small pink areolas.

Megan Cooper was a lucky girl, and knew it. She had been delighted with her new body when it began to develop, delighted in how soft and nubile and beautiful it was, and how it aroused interest and lust in boys and men.

She was proud, even arrogant about how good looking she was, at how men and boys licked their lips appreciatively whenever she passed by, how they stared at her behind and her legs and her breasts wishing they could see them unclothed, wishing they could get their hands and lips on them.

She wore stylish clothes, ensured they accentuated her lush young figure. Short pleated skirts which showed off her nicely sculpted legs were a favorite, as were midriff baring tops. She had a trim, flat belly which taunted the men beneath her short tops. She had lately taken an interest in hip hugging trousers which let the thin strings of her thongs peek out above the waistbands, further arousing watching male eyes.

She tossed her head and let her loosely braided hair swing aside, giving herself an innocent look through her wide, soft brown eyes. She wrinkled her button nose and formed her pouting lips into a kiss, then slid her tongue along her lower lip again as her hips rolled slowly and now began to grind in tune to the music.

Megan loved the affect she had on men and boys, and loved to make use of that to get what she

wanted from them. She rarely had to pay for anything. There was always some guy willing to foot the bill just to be in her company.

But the guy she most needed to influence, the guy who could give her the things she wanted, who could satisfy her greed for new clothes and CDs and money...was her father, and for a long time she didn't know quite how to handle him.

She acted like daddy's girl; pouty and sweet and smiling and giggly, anything to make daddy pat her head and kiss her and give her whatever new thing it was she wanted this week. That worked reasonably well, after a fashion.

But now that she was older that worked less well, or at least, it worked less well on the big items she wanted: the expensive CD players, or TVs or VCRs or two hundred dollar jeans. Her father seemed less willing to please his pretty daughter when it was that expensive. Worse, he began to suggest she make her own money by getting a job - a job which would detract greatly from her enjoyment of life.

She shook her head sadly and examined her nails. Her hands, she knew, were not made for tapping words on a keyboard, working cash registers, or carrying plates of food to ungrateful diners. She had no intention of wasting her summer on such dull, fundraising efforts. Not when there was so much fun to have with boys.

Megan was not a virgin. She had had sex a few times, just to see if she might like it. She had been disappointed in the results. Sex had not lived up to her imagination or the stories she had read, being generally dirty, short, and less than exciting.

Still, she did continue to have sex on occasion, usually in order to get men to do things she wanted, or as the ultimate reward for those who had done something which especially pleased her. She did not think of this as particularly immoral, much less cheap. To the contrary. It amused her that males would go to such great lengths for what amounted to ten or twenty minutes of her time.

She began thinking of this more and more often after she became an adult, tempted to look into jobs which paid quite well for displaying her beauty, jobs such as "dancing" in expensive clubs where she might remove articles of clothing.

She let her legs move closer together in order to roll her hips more energetically, imagining a crowd of men looking up at her and lusting, becoming mildly aroused as she thought of herself naked, prancing across a brightly lit stage, the men all lusting after her, wanting her.

The problem with becoming a stripper, though, was that people would look down at her, as well, and think of her as cheap and slutty. Megan had an immense amount of pride, and so this was troubling. Still, there would be an opportunity to tease and taunt men and wheedle them out of their money, and she rather suspected she would be very, very good at that.

Still, that was merely a fantasy. And so, for lack of any other way of getting money she turned her mind more and more to how she might persuade her father to part with more of his, and thus make her life even more pleasant than it already was.

And as if her thoughts had drawn him to her he suddenly appeared at her door, which had not been completely closed. He pushed it open and froze, jaw dropping as he stared.

The door was a few feet to her left and a few feet behind her, and so she didn't, at first, notice

him. She continued to examine her hair as her fingers pushed it up and aside, and continued to roll her thong clad bottom in time to the music.

And then her eyes were drawn to one side and she saw him in the mirror just as he yanked the door closed. She froze for a moment, then smiled to herself and resumed her movements. It did not particularly bother her that her father had seen her topless, for she was quite proud of her looks and not at all a shy girl.

He would have had a perfect view, she thought to herself as she reached for another clip. He would have seen her thong clad bottom, the lovely silhouette of her breasts thrusting out from her chest, and then, in the mirror, the full view of both breasts from in front.

And then she considered, for the first time, the possibility that what had worked with so many other boys and men might have some influence with her own father. She had seen him looking at girls on the television, after all. And she had a better body than most of them. So why wouldn't he?

How long had it been since he'd had any? Her mother certainly wasn't putting out, and she found it amazing she ever had, even the once necessary to bring Megan into the world. Her mother, though neither of them had ever said a thing about it, was clearly a lesbian. Why they had ever married was beyond her, as was why they did not divorce.

She smiled poutily at herself, and then considered that somewhere there were girls like her who could do the same with her father as she did with all the other men (she no longer had anything to do with mere boys, even those in her class at school). And if they could, well, who had a better right than Megan?

Of course, he was old, but so was her Math teacher, and he had moved her grade from an F to an A after she let him fondle and paw her.

The idea of having sex with him did not, oddly, bother her. She didn't mind the sex really, except for the kissing part, and she kissed her father all the time anyway. Of course, he might not want to have sex with her. She was his daughter after all.

Still and all, it was worth a try to get what she wanted, which was a new and expensive portable CD. It would also be a challenge. She didn't want him to think she was a slut, after all, unless she was going to get something out of it.

Being daddy's little girl worked fairly well for small things, and even for normal, every day persuasion. She had no desire to sacrifice that if she wasn't reasonably sure that being daddy's little slut would result in a bigger payoff.

It occurred to her, from time to time, that she was quite a mercenary girl. However, she lived in a mercenary society, and so seldom considered that this might be an unattractive quality.

She put her ideas into practice that very evening. She considered her extensive wardrobe, wondering what to wear to seduce her father. She slipped off her thong, and, as always, admired herself in front of her mirror, sliding her fingers through her long, silky hair and pushing out her already firm breasts.

She tweaked her small, pink nipples, and that gave her an idea and made her giggle. She dug in the back of her closet and yanked out an old baby doll nightie she used to wear when she was younger.

It was quite thin, and too small. Her ample breasts pressed tautly against the fabric, and her nipples were quite visible, and got more visible as she pinched and tweaked them. Soon they were pushing out through the fabric in a way Megan knew would drive most men crazy.

She pulled on the panties. They too were small for her, the back kind of pulling up between her buttocks, and the front digging into her pussy. The nightie itself barely covered her bottom.

She turned to the side and licked her lips in amusement. The baby doll nightie had large armholes, and was not designed with the idea that large breasts would thrust the front out as far as hers did. As such, all she had to do was move her arm aside and whoever was there would get a very nice look at soft, creamy smooth flesh of her breast, for almost the entire side of her breasts were visible through the holes.

It was, she thought, perfect.

She went downstairs and pranced into the living room.

"Daddyyyyy," she said, in that particular, questioning voice that she always used when she wanted him to do something.

Robert Cooper sat back in his chair and looked at her, knowing what was coming, at least knowing she wanted something.

This time, however, instead of sitting down next to him and snuggling up against him the beautiful teenager crawled into his lap. This surprised him as she hadn't done that in years.

She pressed herself against him and kissed his cheek, and he couldn't help but notice, as he sometimes did, to his shame, the feel of her ample young bosom as it pressed against his chest. What surprised him this time was when he glanced down he could see her breasts pushing out tightly against the very thin top she wore, the nipples painfully visible.

And when Megan lay back a little and raised her arm he saw right into her top through the armhole, and saw the soft, beautiful, inviting flesh laying there. He gasped in surprise, but tore his eyes away, fighting the perverted interest he felt within himself.

"Daddy, my old walkman is broken."

"That's too bad, baby," he said.

"I need a new one...please, please, please!"

"Well uh, how much do they cost?"

She turned her body, drawing his eyes to that beautiful, creamy soft flesh at the side of her chest.

"I was wondering if I could get a portable CD player instead. Nobody uses tapes anymore. They're so old fashioned."

She ground her soft round bottom down a little against his groin, and was sure, from the way he licked his lips and turned his head away, that he felt it.

"About two hundred dollars," she said in her special, wheedling voice.

"That's far too much money," he said.

"Daddyyyyyyy," she whined, grinding her bottom a little more and turning so her breast pressed against his side.

"That's too much money, Megan. I just bought you a new pair of jeans last week, along with a new CD and a pair of boots."

"But this is differeeeent," she whined.

"If you didn't need so much money for clothes I'd have some left to spend on a CD player," he said.

"But I don't buy that much clothes," she whined. "It's just that I keep growing so my old stuff is too small."

He snorted in disbelief.

"Look at my nightie," she said. "It's so tight I can hardly breathe in it. Here, feel how tight it is."

She took his hand and pressed it against her chest between her breasts so he could feel how the fabric was straining outwards.

"This isn't your nightie," he said, pulling his hand away slowly. "You have newer nighties."

"No I don't," she whined. "They're all too small for me. My boobs have grown too big. See?"

She turned now, and raised her left arm, inviting him to look right into the side at how her breast was exposed. He did, then yanked his eyes away, pulling her arm down.

"You shouldn't wear things that are this small, Megan," he chided.

"Why? I can't help it if my boobs are big."

"You can wear clothes that don't expose them."

"But everyone likes to see them," she giggled.

"I'm sure they do, but a nice young lady doesn't show herself off like that."

"Oh, but it doesn't matter here," she said. "You're my daddy."

"Well...well yes but..."

"You're like a doctor. You don't care even if I'm naked."

"That's right but..."

"See? Look how big they are now," she said, pulling her nightie up and exposing her breasts.

He stared at them in shock for several seconds. They were so beautiful! So firm and round and soft looking, the nipples so pink and hard...

He tore his eyes away and gripped her top, yanking it down.

"Your face is turning all red, daddy," Megan giggled. "Are you embarrassed?"

"Yes! I mean, no! I mean, you shouldn't expose yourself like that, Megan! It isn't proper!"

"But it doesn't embarrass me," she protested. "I have great looking breasts. They're really beautiful. Don't you think so?"

She pulled her top up again and again he caught a tantalizing look at her beautiful bosom before his conscience made him yank her top down again.

"Megan! Stop doing that!" he ordered.

She giggled and rubbed her bottom against his groin again. He felt himself starting to harden and tried to grab her and push her off. She felt it too, and giggled, fighting to stay where she was.

But he was much stronger and pushed her off.

"Stop acting like this, Megan," he ordered, sweating.

"Like what?" she asked, pouting. "I'm not doing anything."

She got up and then lifted her top, laughing and sticking her tongue out as her father stared at them, red-faced.

"Megan! You stop that or I'll...I'll..."

"What?" she teased.

She turned and bent over to expose her panty covered behind, giggling and laughing as he wagged it at him. "Are you gonna spank me daddy?"

He could not help noticing the perfect roundness of his daughter's shapely behind, nor the way the tight, thin fabric was digging up into her little pussy slit.

"Gonna pull down my panties and spank my bare bottom?" she taunted.

"Megan!" he protested weakly.

"Come on, daddyyyy," she whined, crawling into his lap again. "All I want is a little portable CD player."

"No," he said.

She rubbed her face against his chest, rubbing her breasts at the same time. She put her arms

around him and kissed his neck repeatedly as he tried to pull her off.

"Please, daddy? Please? Please? Please?" she whined after every kiss.

"No! Meg...Meg...Megan!" he gulped, finally seizing her upper arms and pushing her back. "You can't have a new CD player! Now go to your room!"

"Oh puhllleeeaaazze," she whined.

"No! And if you don't stop acting like this I'll...I will spank you!"

"You wouldn't dare," she said in her patented challenging voice.

"Don't you count on it, young lady!"

"All I want is a portable CD player," she whined.

"I said go to your room now!"

"No! I want a CD player!"

"And I said no! Now get or I'll tan your behind!"

She stuck her tongue out at him and, frustrated at both her behavior and his response to it, he angrily twisted her around and positioned her around so her behind was staring up at him.

"I want a CD!" she yelled, kicking her feet.

"You're a little brat!" he said.

Bob licked his lips, desperately keeping his eyes from straying to that tight little place between her thighs where her panties were digging up into her pussy.

He brought his hand down lightly on her behind, slapping it gently.

"You call that a spanking?" she laughed.

"Brat!"

He slapped his hand down harder, but still she laughed.

"Didn't hurt at all," she crowed.

"I'm warning you, Megan!"

She turned halfway around to stick her tongue out at him and he brought his hand down hard against her behind. She yelped in pain as it hit her, squirming now as he held her in place. Her short panties dug up into her behind and pussy even more, and the bottom of her buttocks became ever more visible.

"Owww!" she protested in surprise.

Again he slapped his hand down, half on panty, half on bare skin. Again she yelped, and squirmed.

"Lemmie go! Bastard!"

Surprised at the language, he slapped his hand down again, and again, and again, cracking his hand against his daughter's luscious behind as she yelled and cursed and whined in pain and protest.

"Fucking bastard! Ooowww! Oohhh! Stop it! Fuck! OOoww!"

Megan was shocked at the actual pain, for nobody had ever hit her before, and it had been many years since her last spanking. She hadn't realized how sharp the pain could be.

But then, after about a minute, a funny kind of thing seemed to happen. Her behind was really hot then, almost flaming, but the hard, sudden crack of his hand against her behind was no longer sending the sharp, stinging pain into her mind.

Somehow the heat in her behind was now diffusing the fresh pain, almost absorbing it. It still hurt...a little, but not much, not more than a little discomfort. In fact, oddly, she began to feel a tingling between her legs each time his hand came down hard against her behind.

And, now that she realized that, she also realized that taunting her father had gotten her more than a little excited. Showing him her breasts had not been part of her initial plan, and yet her ability to do so - because he was her father - lent her a sense of freedom from what restraints normally governed her.

It was quite exciting to show off her boobs to a man, even her father, and it made her feel hot and nasty and sexy as his eyes were drawn to her proud young breasts.

She had no idea why, but as her father continued to spank her she found that the excitement and sexual heat which were building up within her easily outweighed the pain. She squeezed her thighs together, gasping in pleasure as heat spread out from her pussy and enveloped her body and her chest grew tight as her nipples throbbed in arousal.

"Now are you going to be good?" her father demanded, halting his spanking.

But Megan didn't want the spanking to stop. She wanted it to carry on. She reached back and slapped at him. "You're a cheap asshole," she said, delighted with herself for being so cheeky.

"Why you little bitch!" he said, catching her hand.

He pinned both her slim wrists together behind her back, then, to Megan's shock and excitement, she felt him tugging down her panties, baring her bottom. As always, she felt a sense of deep sexual heat as a man gazed upon her naked flesh - even if it was her father - and moaned to hide it.

His hand cracked down against her bare behind and she cried out, but more in pleasure than pain. She continued to struggle, pulling against his hold, but found her wrists were tightly locked together.

This excited her even more. She fantasized that she was a slave girl being tortured by the brutal sheik, that she would soon be raped and abused by the big nasty Arab. Her pussy burned higher and hotter as her father's hand cracked down against her beet red buttocks.

For his part, her father could not keep his eyes off her beautiful flesh. He tried. He tried desperately, but his eyes kept being drawn back to her lovely flesh and tight, lightly furred sex. He could see her little crack, see how tight it looked, and he fought the deep, gnawing desire to put his hands on it, to finger it, to bend her over and...and - .

No! He couldn't! What was he thinking of!? This was his sweet daughter, even if she wasn't acting very sweet just then. She was his innocent, virginal little girl. He couldn't do something so evil to her.

Yet he was getting hard. He couldn't stop it, couldn't help it. As his hand slapped down on his daughter's beautiful little bottom and he felt the heat and softness of it against his fingers, his cock pressed up against her lower belly, and ground against her as she wriggled and twisted atop him.

Megan gasped as she felt his hand shift and grab her leg, high up just below her sex. She longed for him to grasp her pussy, to squeeze it, but he didn't. He repositioned her firmly across his lap, then resumed his spanking.

She was grinding and rubbing herself furiously now, only partly disguised by her supposed struggles to escape. She felt the heat flowing through her veins, felt her entire body charged with sexual electricity. She was rubbing her breasts against the chair, rubbing her super-sensitive nipples against the rough fabric as she ground herself downwards.

She felt incredibly lewd and wanton, so excited and sexual. She rubbed her thighs together as she kicked her legs in supposed protest, and then - came, the wind knocked out of her, her body trembling and shaking as she gurgled in mindless glee, fiery sexual heat roaring through her.

It was the musky scent of pussy in heat that caught Bob's attention. He could see how her pussy glistened now as she rubbed her thighs together, and the odd gurgling coming from her young throat could only be interpreted as terrible pain - which made little sense as he was only lightly spanking her or - .

No. Surely it couldn't.

His cock, rock hard against her belly, started to pulse, to throb with need, and a terrible hunger. His hand moved towards her pussy as he shifted her on his lap then - .

He dumped her off and fled, going upstairs to his room. He slammed the door and shuddered, taking out his cock and squeezing it. It spewed out, a thick string of semen shooting out against the wall as he trembled and slid to his knees.

Downstairs Megan waited only until he had gone out of the room to jam her fingers down against her pussy and rub herself furiously. The orgasm had passed by then, but she groaned in pleasure anyway,

lying on her belly on the floor, grinding herself against her fingers.

Though the first time hadn't gotten her what she wanted, Megan was pleased. First, she knew her father was definitely interested in her lovely body. He had a definite hard-on when he left, and that hadn't come from watching the TV.

Second, she had felt - some kind of - well, she wasn't sure what. It had felt so - erotic and sexual and hot as she lay across him being spanked. She didn't know why exactly. It was something about her wrists being pinned, about her being helpless, under his control, his to do with as he chose.

She wasn't sure why that had made her so hot, but since pleasure was her main desire out of life she was more than eager to see if she could get a repeat from him, and maybe even make it hotter and more pleasurable.

She wasn't sure how, of course. That took some thinking. Her father was obviously very reluctant to do anything sexual, even though his cock just as obviously wasn't.

He spent little time near her that evening, preferring to go into other rooms whenever she approached. Then her mother came home, which made the idea of doing anything sexual decidedly impractical.

She had never understood the relationship between her mother and father. Her father was kind okay looking. He was a nice, easy-going, average guy. Her mother, on the other hand, was a knockout, and a bitch.

This was not just the normal, rebellious teenage daughter's opinion of her mother. Alexandra Cooper was tall and blonde and statuesque. She spent an hour every morning using the exercise machine her father had bought, and was, Megan was sure, stronger than he was.

She had big shoulders, and powerful arms. Her hair was cut short, and her stomach was washboard strong. She spoke very firmly and would not allow any question of her orders - at least not from Megan. This bothered Megan to no end. She could wheedle her way around almost anyone, but her mother showed almost no interest in anything she did or said.

In fact, she was hardly ever home. Megan wasn't sure what she did. She didn't have a job, but was always out somewhere. She didn't even sleep in the same room as her father. She had her own room, and often locked it when she was out of the house.

The one time Megan had wandered in and she'd caught her there she'd slapped her so hard her ears rang for hours. A part of Megan admired and was proud of her, for her mother was beautiful and strong, and got her way. But another part was wary and suspicious and painfully certain that she was a great disappointment to the woman.

The idea of seducing her father was not only exciting because it was kinky, and because she hoped to get things from him. She wanted to seduce him to have a victory over her mother. She loved seducing other girl's boyfriends just to rub the girls' noses in the fact that their boyfriends were hot for her more than them.

Having sex with her father would really rub her mother's nose in the dirt. She was old, after all,

deep in her thirties, while Megan was young and prettier.

So that night, after both had gone to bed, Megan put on the loose shirt she normally wore as a nightshirt, and crept across the hall to her father's room. She slipped inside and moved quietly over to his bed where he slept.

She waited for her eyes to adjust to the dark, then unbuttoned her shirt and took it off. Right away she felt immensely excited, for she was doing something forbidden and lewd and carnal and nasty.

She gently slid the sheet aside and gazed at her father's groin. He was wearing boxer shorts, but just lifting up one of the loose legs let her see the tip of his cock. She gazed up at him, watching his eyes as she listened to his steady breathing.

Then she pulled the leg hole wider, pushed it back, and leaned over him, bending and putting her mouth near his cock. She licked at the head gently, moistening it. She turned it over with the tip of her finger and licked at the underside of the head.

Soon she was delighted to find it getting hard. She licked a little harder, and his cock grew, pushing out further through the leg hole. She was able to gently lift it upwards off his thigh and licked all around it. Her father moaned a little, and she halted, then resumed a few seconds later, slipping her lips over him and caressing his cock with them.

She licked carefully at the underside of the head as she slid her lips slowly up and down the top of his shaft. She sucked gently, rhythmically, wondering if she could actually get him to come in her mouth without waking him up.

"Wha...what....What the hell!!!"

She was a little disappointed, but only a little, for the real fun could now begin.

He reached over and snapped on the light as she sat back, pushing her chest out.

"Megan!!!"

He snatched the covers and pulled them over his bulging erection.

She smiled coyly.

"Are you out of your mind!!!"

"No, daddy. I just want a portable CD player."

"What!?"

"I know you got all hot before, daddy," she said in an innocent voice. "I felt your thing all hard against my belly. I was just trying to make it feel better."

"You can't do that! Y-you - you don't know what you're doing!"

"Of course I do, daddy. I've fucked plenty of guys."

"What?"

He stared at her in shock, his jaw dropping.

"I've been fucking guys for years. It's no big deal," she said.

"Y-You - I - "

"Come oooooon, daddyyyy," she whined, climbing into the bed and pressing her breasts up against him. "I'll let you do whatever you want if you buy me a portable CD player."

"I don't want to do anything with you!" he gasped.

"Liar," she giggled, nibbling at his throat as she reached for his crotch.

He grabbed her hand and forced it away.

"Go back to your room! Right now!"

"Or what? You gonna spank me again, daddy?" she taunted.

He grabbed her hand as she tried to put it around him, and she pulled it back, pressing his hand against her chest. He gasped and yanked it back, but she laughed and giggled and fell atop him, pressing her breasts against his face.

"Fuck me," she sighed. "I'm all hot and wet inside. I want you in me, daddy. You can spank me later for being a bad girl. Just stick your cock inside me and make yourself feel better."

"Y - You - slut!" he gasped.

"Yes, daddy," she whined. "I'm a slut. I'm daddy's slut. Fuck your slutty girl, daddy. Give me a good hard fucking to show me who's boss."

She slipped her hand inside the sheets and gripped his still stiff prick. He gasped and shoved her back hard. She giggled and grabbed at the sheet, yanking it back from him. He gasped and hid his cock, or tried to, in his hands.

"Come on, daddy," she said in a throaty voice.

She got to all fours and raised her bottom, pushing it back at him.

"Ride me, daddy. Stick your thing inside me and fuck your little girl good and hard. Give me a fucking like I've never had it before."

Bob moaned and stared at her finely furred sex, at her perfect round bottom. How much could a man take, he thought to himself in despair. She wasn't a virgin anyway. The little slut had been out spreading her legs for all those snotty, pimply faced schoolboys. Why the hell shouldn't he give it to her?

He threw the sheets aside and climbed to his knees, moving behind her.

TWO

Megan was feverishly hot, her skin almost radiating the heat within her as she panted lightly. She'd never, ever been this blatant, this slutty before. She'd never had to. Guys were always drooling to get into her pants. It was all she could do to slow them down.

But this was her father, and he had given every indication that he would resist, even with his cock bulging and wet with her saliva. She just couldn't have born that. She found that the more she whined the hotter she got. She needed him now, needed him inside her.

She'd never felt like this before. She was almost trembling with heat, and when he moved and got to his knees behind her she felt her heart skip a beat, felt her insides quiver and roil as she moaned in anticipation.

His hand came down on her bottom, trembling.

"You - slut," he gasped, his voice raw and his breathing ragged.

"Yessss," she moaned. "Yes, daddy. I'm a slut. I'm a filthy slut for you, daddy. Do it to me, daddy! Fuck me! Fuck your dirty little slut like she needs it, daddy!"

He slapped her bottom, and she cried out as heat and pleasure flared inside her.

"I should fuck the hell out of you, you little whore," he growled.

"Yess," she whimpered. "Fuck me, daddy! Fuck me hard like I deserve! Then you can spank me to punish me!"

His hand shot between her firm young thighs and cupped her pussy mound. He felt the soft lips of her sex, the moisture between, and the fine pubic hairs which surrounded them. He squeezed, and she groaned in bliss, her body now shaking with heat as he dug his fingers into her burning flesh.

"You like that, you baby?"

"Oh God! Oh please! Oh daddy! Ohhh! OOhh pleeease! OOohhh!"

"You want it, you Megan?"

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me, daddy! I need it so baaaad!"

His cock pressed against her opening, rubbing up and down the slick sex. Then she felt her pussy lips forced aside as it pushed into her. He felt a sense of amazement that he was violating his own

daughter this way, a sense of amazement that his little girl was this much of a woman, this much of a slut.

Of course she had a woman's body. Of course he'd known that for some time, but never before had it struck him with such intensity as he felt her lips being pushed aside by the firm thrust of his cock, as he felt them slide along the head of his cock, and then felt her pink insides as his head slipped inside.

"Fuck, you're tight," he gasped.

He pushed deeper, feeling her insides parting before his thrust, feeling her pussy lips clamp down around his shaft as it slid between them. His hands moved slowly up her slender young body and beneath to cup her full, firm breasts, felt his fingers sink into the soft meat, and groaned as he drove himself home.

Megan held her breath and trembled as his big prong jammed into her and slid up into her pussy tunnel.

She clenched her teeth and shook, raising her bottom, pushing it back against him. She gasped and groaned, almost sobbing in hysterical lust and need as her father's big cock filled her and drove deeper and deeper into her belly.

She had never felt like this, never. The sex she had had before had always been routine, boring, with eager, hurried men and boys who had been finished before she had even really begun.

"DO it! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

He seized her hips and thrust in hard and deep. She cried out, as did he, and her body started to rock and sway as her pussy snapped and chewed and spasmed around his cock.

It had been years since he'd gotten his cock into a woman, eighteen years in fact, and Bob couldn't help himself. He jerked his slim-hipped young teenage daughter against him and jammed himself into her all the way to the balls.

He groaned as he felt her soft buttocks against his hips and lower belly. His cock was being sucked and chewed up inside her without him even moving, and to his shock and considerable self-satisfaction, he realized Megan was coming, coming on his cock!

He ripped himself backwards and thrust in again, making her gurgle in wondrous pleasure. He thrust hard and fast, knowing he would soon blast off himself, wanting to do it in the midst of a hard riding of his slutty daughter.

She humped back at him, slapping her round bottom against him as his cock pounded up her pussy tunnel. She could feel every vein and hair on his cock as it slammed up her tight, moistly elastic sheath. Never before had she felt like this, not during the greatest masturbatory session she had ever had, and certainly not during the boring, grunting fucks she'd had before.

She was afire inside; body and mind and soul. Even the orgasm couldn't quench it. She

whimpered and moaned, throwing herself back at him as his cock pistoned inside her.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! fuck me!" she whimpered in dazed heat.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" he grunted as his cock rammed into his daughter's tight sex.

He felt his orgasm sweep over him and cursed, digging his fingers into her flanks as he rutted wildly. His semen spewed out, what felt like gallons of it, flowing down into his own daughter's womb, filling her with her father's own seed, the seed that had made her.

For the first time in a dozen years he stayed hard. He was too aroused, too excited. This was the most heated, exciting sexual experience he had ever had, and his cock was not nearly ready to give up on it.

He continued to pound himself into the teenager's tight pussy. His hand moved up her body, then under her, cupping her breasts, squeezing hard, tight, desperately. His fingers sank through the malleable meat, making it ooze out between them. She gasped and groaned, but continued slamming her hips back to meet him as he rode her wildly.

They were both crazed with lust, maddened by it. Megan came again, grunting and gurgling in ecstasy as the pleasure rolled over her in waves. She shook and trembled and fell onto her face on the bed, her bottom held high as her father continued to ram his cock up into her belly.

Her bottom hurt, it felt bruised and beaten, yet she didn't care. She loved the hurt, loved the hard, bruising pounding she was getting as her father's hips struck her repeatedly. His cock was still slicing in and out between her taut pussy lips, rasping across her clitty like a buzz saw as her insides heaved and churned.

The bed was shaking, the mattress bouncing as he leaned into her, over her, pounding down as hard as he could, gasping for breath as his cock raced up and down in her tight little pussy. Her insides spasmed and sucked again, and he moaned and picked up the pace just a notch, knowing he was going to come.

Then he did, his cock blasting like a firehose, thick waves of foaming semen pouring into his baby's soft young body, gushing down into her tight wet little crack. He emptied his balls inside the moaning girl, then slowed, his cock finally softening.

He pulled back and then swayed and fell back on the bed. He panted for breath as he saw Megan's upturned bottom tilt then fall to the side. She groaned weakly then rolled onto her back, her leg flopping wide.

They stared at each other for long seconds, both exhausted and weary.

Bob started to feel the guilt and remorse within seconds. What had he done?! He had fucked his own daughter! How could he have done that!? How could he have taken advantage of her like that!?

Megan saw the guilt and smiled, then turned her face into a pout.

"You fucked me, daddyyy," she whined. "You fucked me so haaaard."

"I...I..."

"It - hurts," she pouted, squeezing her dripping pussy.

"You pumped your semen into me, daddy," she pouted. "Will that make a baby now?"

"I_ I don't - don't - don't you use - something?" he gulped.

She shook her head slowly. "I've never had sex before," she lied.

"You said you did it with lots of guys!"

"I just said that," she said. "I knew you wanted to do it to me so I said that."

"I didn't want to do it to you!"

"Maybe I should ask Mommy if I should take something," she said thoughtfully.

"No!"

"But I - ."

"Look, uhm, I'll - I'll get you that portable CD player you wanted. Okay?"

"Really?"

"I promise."

"Okay," she said, her voice sounding more cheerful.

She spread her legs a little wider and pushed her fingers into herself.

Bob stared, transfixed.

"Boy, daddy, you sure pumped a lot inside me," she said. "I'm just - filled with it."

"I..I'm sorry," he gulped.

"My pussy feels sore, daddy," she pouted. "But if you feel better I don't mind."

"I-I feel - much better," he gulped.

"Good," she smiled.

She sat up then crawled towards him. She threw her arms around him and kissed the side of his face, rubbing her breasts against his chest as he held her awkwardly.

"I love you daddy!" she sighed.

Then she rolled off and snatched up her top, pulling it on and buttoning it up. She smiled and waved at him from the door, then slipped outside.

Bob lay back, staring at the roof, wondering what in hell he'd done.

Megan was grinning smugly as she stepped out of her father's room. Her mother was at the other end of the hall having come back from the kitchen. She spotted Megan coming out of her father's room about the same time Megan spotted her.

Megan stiffened, then did the best she could to pretend she had done nothing at all wrong. She walked casually to her room as her mother looked at her.

"What were you doing in there?" she asked quietly, her voice suspicious.

"Nothing," Megan said. "I-I just remembered I had to get some money for tomorrow."

"Were you going through your father's pockets?" her mother demanded.

"No!" she snapped. "I asked him."

Her mother stared at her for a moment and snorted.

"You woke him up to get money. You're a selfish little bitch, do you know that?"

"Look who's talking," Megan said resentfully. "Like you work for a living."

She opened her door and rushed inside as her mother stepped towards her, then closed and locked it, pressing her back against it for long seconds as she waited for the woman to demand she open it. There was nothing, though, and she sighed in relief and went back to bed.

Alexandra scowled at the door, wondering whether she should knock it open, but then shrugged and went back to her room. What did she care what the little slut did? It had been obvious for some time now that she was just another little cock lover.

Alexandra herself was a lesbian. She had married Bob for only one reason, and that was so he would pay all the bills. She'd chosen him out of all the men she could find because he was weak, and because she knew he would never in a million years want to admit to his family or friends that his wife was gay.

She had endured the honeymoon, letting him put his greasy hands on her and fuck her, because she didn't want to take any chance of him getting an annulment. She had shocked that, despite her precautions that night, she had become pregnant.

She would have had an abortion, but her doctor had told him, and he had been adamant that she had to carry it to term. She didn't have her own money then, and so couldn't afford to go off somewhere else and have it aborted. She'd had no choice but to bear the brat - as she thought of her.

She had soon afterwards had herself sterilized, and made sure she persuaded him to give her access to his bank accounts. She had also made sure that he hired nannies to look after the kid from the

time she was born.

Alex herself had never changed so much as a single diaper, nor fed her daughter. Hugs and kisses were for show in front of visitors. Alex spent as little time with the brat as possible. She wasn't sure why this was so. She simply had no maternal instinct. The brat was an intrusion on her perfect world, a yowling, whiny, smelly little thing which kept demanding her attention, and which made her feel at least a little guilty for denying her.

She supposed it might have been different had she decided to have a child, but was honest enough to acknowledge she never would have made such a decision on her own. Getting fat and awkward, ruining her perfect body, and throwing up all the time were simply not things she had ever aspired to. If she'd actually wanted to be a mother she supposed she could have endured them, but as it was her pregnancy had been one of anger, misery and frustration.

She resented her idiot husband for it, but had been unable to suppress her resentment towards the child, though she knew that was unfair. And as the child had continued to demand her attention she had grown even more resentful.

Inevitably, the brat had gotten closer to her father, and had returned Alex's resentment with her own, so that the two tended to snarl and snap at each other when in the same room.

The brat knew of her attraction towards women, and Alex often thought the girl's own slutish behavior was a response to that, as if to prove to Alex that she was entirely different, or perhaps to rub her nose in her heterosexual behavior.

And if that were the case Alex ruefully admitted to herself that the brat had finally found a way to really irritate her. For seeing her daughter pawed and groped by ugly little pimply faced males infuriated her. She was, after all, Alex's flesh and blood, and knowing she was giving herself to drooling male pigs almost made Alex feel dirty herself.

Her skin crawled at the thought of letting a man between her legs. Obviously the brat was sick, along with all other women who enjoyed having men stick their dirty little things inside them.

She hadn't slept with Bob since the honeymoon. And he knew perfectly well why. There wasn't a thing he could do about it, however, unless he wanted to come out publicly and say his wife was gay. And that he would never do.

And Megan, of course, rubbed her slutish, boy toy ways in Alex's face at every opportunity, sneering at her mother's lesbian inclinations and hiding behind her father whenever Alex tried to punish her.

Of course this had again colored her image of her daughter. She was unable to see her, to think about her, without thinking about what a whorish slut she was. And this made her acutely aware of her daughter's sexuality, of Megan's full breasts, narrow waist and tight bottom.

When Megan came in late, long hair tousled and face flushed, Alex thought of her daughter naked, laying on her back, legs spread, as a grunting male thrust his dripping cock into her pussy. When Megan walked into a room in tight trousers and bent over a table Alex thought of her on all fours, some filthy male animal mounting her.

Her daughter was the antithesis of what Alex believed a female should be, and she found that

infuriating.

Now, as Alex watched the brat retreat she, as always, thought of her daughter as a walking boy toy, a sex machine, and her suspicions were immediately aroused as to what she had been doing in her father's bedroom. More, Alex had engaged in sex with women many, many times, and knew that what she had briefly scented was the familiar musk of a female in heat.

Surely that old sick bastard, unable to stick his cock into Alex, had not taken to abusing his daughter? No, he wouldn't have the courage to abuse anyone. More likely, if the two were up to something, it was that mercenary little slut who'd instigated it.

The little bitch was always after him for something. She had him so twisted around her finger even Alex was impressed. Of course, Alex didn't have to persuade him of anything. She had the power in their relationship, and used it well.

Oh well, what if she was fucking him. Who cared? Aside from an instinctive disgust at a good looking young woman - and she was willing to admit to herself that the brat was good looking - letting some ugly, hairy, dirty man stick his cock in her and root around in her belly, it was no business of hers. The kid was an adult, after all.

But it irritated her nonetheless. The thought of her daughter, HER daughter letting filthy males mount her, even that pathetic creature who lived with them, made her want to retch.

She had often thought about the things she would like to do to the brat, to punish her for her insolence, her snottiness, and her rebellious ways. And since Alex had long been involved with the city's leather and bdsm scene some of those images had inevitably involved punishments she had long delivered to impudent young females at the clubs and private gatherings of like minded women.

But she had never before really thought of them in a sexual way. Yes, she'd have loved to strap the brat down and take a riding crop to her bottom, but that image had not previously given her the kind of sexual thrum she got from such fantasies involving other women.

And yet now her mind seemed to have broken through a barrier. If her pathetic husband could have sex with the brat, well, perhaps Alex could teach the girl a thing or two her way. She had disciplined plenty of recalcitrant little sluts in her time. All of them had been lesbians, of course, but perhaps Megan could be brought over somehow.

She toyed with the idea of Megan bound naked to her bed, squirming and writhing, and to her surprise, she felt a familiar heat rising between her legs. The girl was her daughter, which caught at her sense of the forbidden, and so deeply aroused her.

I'm a kinky slut, she admitted to herself.

And the thought of using her daughter sexually was so kinky she found it quite exciting. Better, the thought of getting her revenge on years of taunting and impudence from the miserable little troll filled her with an incredible thrill.

She thought of Megan bound, bent over, naked, the crop slicing into her fine young bottom, the girl howling and begging, and her hand went instinctively to her groin, squeezing herself. Oh how she would make the little whore scream for the years of snotty remarks she had had to put up with! For the agony of being fat and ugly during her pregnancy! For the years of putting up with her wailing and

whining!

So if Megan was diddling her father, there was the possibility of Alex finally punishing her, finally getting her own back, and better still, finally freeing herself from the both of them. For if she could prove they were having sex she could get out of her marriage with virtually everything her husband owned.

God, how she hated the prenuptial agreement! It had been his brother's idea, the lousy bastard! And all the lawyers she'd consulted claimed it was perfect and couldn't be negated.

But if she could prove he was fucking the little whore that would change things dramatically. Hell, she could just tell him what terms she wanted!

And she could punish the brat, too.

Megan was delighted with her new CD player, and showed it off to everyone with a smug grin at how her father was willing to buy her anything.

She didn't even hint at how she'd gotten it, of course. Though she thought about it a lot. Not only had it worked, but it had been so - Rad! It had been better than any kind of sex she'd ever had. It had been almost like she'd heard sex was supposed to be, all stars and ecstasy and wonder.

Why hadn't it ever been like that before? Her father hadn't done anything different to her than a lot of other guys had. But it had never felt like that before. Maybe because it was so forbidden, and because she had had to work at it so hard.

She'd never had to - to throw herself at someone like that, to make herself out a total whore, to almost beg him. No. She had begged him. She had begged him to fuck her! She had degraded herself for him!

She quivered, partly in embarrassment, partly in lewd excitement at the things she'd said. How could she!? How could she talk like that?!!

And yet, she wanted to do it again. She wanted to get her daddy to use her like he had before. It had been too good not to do it again.

Of course, she had to get something out of it. It just wasn't in her nature to let him do things he wanted with her without her getting something out of it. It had to be something big, too. It was time for a new car.

And, since she knew her Dad, she knew that she couldn't ask for something else that week. In fact, since she'd gotten something unnecessary, she really should wait a few weeks for the best chance of success.

Unfortunately, she was so eager to feel her daddy's cock inside her again that she just couldn't. Maybe she could still persuade her to buy something else. Or, well, she could build up credit by pleasing him now, and use it next week.

She held out for a couple of days, then set out to get him again.

After he'd eaten - Consuella the maid cooked his dinner before leaving - she gave him an hour to relax, then wandered downstairs. This time she wore a heavy robe that covered her from neck to ankle...but with nothing underneath.

She figured she'd take him by surprise.

"Hi, daddy," she sighed as she wandered into the living room.

"Hello, honey," he said, with that same nervous look he'd had on since she'd fucked him a few nights back.

"Daddy, are you mad at me?" she said, with a pout.

"N-no, baby," he gulped. "I'm not mad at you."

She sat down close to him and snuggled up against him. He swallowed nervously.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, honey?"

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Of course."

"Really pretty?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I'm sexy?" she asked in a teasing voice.

"Uhm, I uh, I never thought about it," he lied.

"Well - ."

She stood up and turned, then undid her robe as his eyes opened wider.

She pulled the rope wide and looked at him.

"Megan!"

"Just tell me if you think I look sexy."

"Close your robe right now!"

"Don't be such a shithead, daddy."

"What? Don't you talk to me like that!"

"Oh fuck. It's no big fucking thing, daddy," she said.

"I said don't you talk to me like that!"

"I can fucking talk any way I fucking well want," she said.

There was a delicious freedom in being allowed to say anything, however rude, however obscene, in knowing that the punishment she would receive would be deliciously exciting.

"You're a cheap tramp! Now close this robe!" he ordered, jumping to his feet and jerking her robe closed.

"What's the matter, daddy? Like what you see?" she taunted.

"Jesus Christ! How did you become such a little whore!?"

"I'm not a whore! You're a pervert!"

She jerked her robe open and off, then put her hands behind her head and arched her back hard.

"Tell me you don't want me, daddy," she taunted. "Tell me you don't want to fuck me again!"

"You - You little - bitch," he gasped in a strangled voice.

His eyes bulged as he stared at her gorgeous young body displayed before him. His fingers twitched of their own accord, longing to fasten around her soft round breasts.

She turned, leering at him, and bent forward.

"Remember this, daddy? Want to touch it? Want to spank me, daddy?"

"I-I - you - I'll - I'll take a strap to your ass you little - you little - ."

"I dare you," she taunted. "Strap my ass, daddy!"

She bent further forward and pushed her bottom towards him. He glared at her in fury and then grabbed her arm hard, jerking her into him as he sat down. She laughed as he yanked her across his knee, then cried out as he brought his hand down against her bare bottom.

"Owww! Bastard!" she cried, kicking her legs.

She wiggled and twisted, putting on a show, getting more and more excited as he cracked his hand down against her bottom again, then again.

"Fucker! Fucking asshole! You want to rape me, don't you! Don't you, pervert! I know you do! I know you want to rape me!"

Megan had no idea where the words were coming from, or why she was saying them. She wanted - why, she didn't know - to make him angry, to taunt him, to make him hurt her, to make him leap atop her like a rabid wolf and ride her like an animal.

She cried out again and again as his hand slapped against her smarting buttocks, but the pleasure raced up and down her body like a flashfire. Her hand shot back between her legs, and she rubbed her

clitty, gasping and moaning as she kicked her legs and wriggled on his lap.

He saw it at once and slapped especially hard.

"You slut!" he shouted, knocking her hand away.

He wanted her, wanted to tame her, to make her his possession, as she was before, but now in a different way. So long frustrated by his beautiful, yet powerful, distant, and mocking wife, he wanted to tame this other female in his life and put her in her place.

He jerked her hands together at the small of her back and then his eyes strayed to the belt from her robe. He reached over and yanked it free, then, his cock going instantly rock hard, wrapped it around her wrists.

She moaned feebly, crossing her wrists and holding them there as he bound them tightly. She could hardly breath, her brain threatened to explode. She whimpered and ground her thighs together as her insides boiled with lust.

"Little whore!" he said, cracking his hand across her bottom.

"Yes! I'm a whore! Spank me! Spank me, daddy!"

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She kicked and squirmed as his hand beat down on her flesh. Then, with his left hand spanking her, he shoved his right between her thighs and cupped her pussy, squeezing it hard, painfully hard. She cried out, her head whipping up, then shaking violently.

The orgasm roared through her and she gurgled in wondrous delight, humping up against him as he continued to spank her and his fingers squeezed down hard on her soft, puffy little pussy mound.

It hurt terribly, but she didn't care. It felt too good to care about the hurt. She could hardly breath as her chest locked up and her mind swam.

He eased up on his grip, rubbing his hand exultantly over her hot, moist pussy mound. His fingers pierced her and slid inside, one, two, then three, driving deep and wriggling around as she moaned and ground herself back up at him.

His hands were getting hot and sore from slapping her red bottom. He halted, thrusting his fingers into her pussy instead.

"Bitch!" he cursed. "Sluttish little tramp!"

"Uhhhhh! UhhhhhH!" she groaned as his fingers thrust into her.

"I know what you need, you slut! I know what whores like you need!"

He shoved her off onto the floor, twisting her around and jerking her bottom upwards. He dropped to his knees behind her and his shaking hands undid his pants as she moaned and spread her legs.

She pulled repeatedly at the belt around her wrists, not because she wanted to break free, but because it felt so exciting to know that she couldn't.

His cockhead pushed through her opening and then thrust in hard. She cried out in pain and pleasure as his hardness filled her, as her pussy tunnel strained under the pressure of accommodating his male meat.

He slapped at her bottom, then moved his hands roughly over her back and along her sides.

"Whore!" he gasped. "Slut!"

"Fuck me, daddy!" she whimpered. "Fuck me hard!"

"I will, baby! I'll fuck the shit out of you!"

He grunted as he thrust in again, using his cock like a weapon, like a battering ram, pounding it into her tight sex as she gasped and grunted and cried out under the hard pounding.

"Oh! You're fucking me, daddy! You're fucking me haaaaaard!"

"Whore! Slut! Tramp! I'll fuck you as hard as I want!"

His hips pounded against her buttocks as he gripped her breasts and squeezed them hard. He fastened his hands on her hips and jerked her pussy back to meet his thrusts as he rode her long and hard.

Alex watched from around the corner. She had deliberately let them think she would be away all evening, then entered the house from the back door and stayed in her room behind its locked door, keeping an eye on things, waiting to see if something happened. She had heard the creak on the stairs as her daughter had gone down, and followed slowly.

She had told herself many times that her imagination and fantasies had run away with her, that she was being foolish, that she had almost no chance of fulfilling her desires, and then been astounded at the sight of her sluttish daughter throwing herself at her husband. She had been right!

She had been envious at the sight of Bob spanking the little brat, for she had long fantasized about being doing that herself, though not until recently in a sexual way. But now the sexual envy was there, too, as she watched the beautiful young teenager being fondled and groped, and her obvious submissive delight in her own degradation.

It did not surprise Alex in the least that a slut like Megan would be a submissive, that she would get off on being overpowered and roughly treated. She had seen the same in many women over the years. And surely the slut must feel immense guilt at what she was doing, which would give her a need for punishment.

But it delighted her, for it made her own fantasies seem that much closer to reality.

It had been some time since she had seen the brat naked, too, and though she had known she had a fine body witnessing it was something else again. She had to shake her head in appreciation at the

lovely complexion, the fine, firm breasts, the beautiful little bottom growing pink as it was spanked.

She watched as the brat was put on her knees, watched as her bound wrists pulled against the belt, as her ugly husband mounted her.

Give it to her, she thought viciously. Fuck the little whore!

For to be used so was, to her mind, an immensely degrading thing, and even though she could hear her daughter's moans of desire she felt a sense of ugly pleasure at the girl being so abused. And in that she found herself aroused, aroused as she had so often before at sights of attractive women being abused, being used, being beaten.

That this one was her daughter only made it more kinky, and raised her sexual heat higher and faster. Slut, she thought. Dirty little whore! Just wait until I get my hands on you!

In the living room Bob continued to pound his hips into his daughter's upraised rump, his eyes only for the sleek little wildcat bent and bound before him, his desire like a terrible fever inside him. He stared down at the sight of his purplish red cock glistening wetly from her juices as he drove it repeatedly into her hot little body, and for felt the joy of being male and mounting a wild, willful female.

He slapped at her shapely bottom to hear her moan, and ran his hands over her perfect flesh, his fingers delighting in the tactile joy of her softness and warmth.

He felt himself come, and groaned aloud as he pumped his seed inside her, groaning in victory, in conquest, in exultant delight at having tamed, having beaten down this hot blooded, sluttish little whore.

THREE

Megan sat back on her bed and hummed along with the music as she switched back and forth over the channels her new cable brought, and the sound on her new stereo. She was trying to figure out why she liked sex with her father so much, why, even though it hurt, even though he spanked her behind till it was bright red then bruised it with his hard pumping, she felt so wonderfully sexy and wild and excited.

She had never known sex to feel so good, had never even imagined it could be so wonderful. But it was with her father! That was gross! Yuck. She had given herself to a couple of other guys since then, but it hadn't been nearly as good. Maybe it was because she couldn't bring herself to act and talk in such

a degrading way around them. But why did she find THAT exciting?

She moved to the window and smiled as she looked out into the back yard. She bent low, letting her naked breasts hang as she leaned on the window sill. The hole was already big and deep and ugly, but it would get bigger still as it took on the shape of her swimming pool. She'd always wanted a swimming pool, but her father didn't want the bother and expense of maintaining it. And her mother preferred the natural look of trees, bushes, and grass.

But now her daddy couldn't do enough for her and she could already see the shape of the pool which was to come in the muddy hole. It already took up much of the yard, one end well over ten feet deep, the other more shallow. Mounds of earth were piled up around it, her mothers pretty garden destroyed.

She straightened and went back to the mirror.

She just didn't understand it. Something happened inside her when she was acting like a - a cheap sex toy, when she gave herself to him, begged him to use her. She became so hot her body almost radiated heat. She lost control of herself because of the intensity of the pleasure.

It was weird. On the other hand, at least she was getting stuff out of it. So as long as she was enjoying herself and getting stuff out of it, well, she sure wasn't going to give it up. There was no telling how much she could get out of the old man.

A nice new car, she thought with a smile. Girls like her deserved sports cars, convertibles. She went over to her dresser and bent over, then pulled out the super sexy bathing suit she had bought last month.

It was a green string bikini. The cups were little more than narrow strips that covered the centers of her breasts, straining out with the pressure. The bottom was very high cut, with just a small V covering her pussy mound, and a thong behind, which pulled up tight between her perfect round buttocks.

She stripped naked, feeling the queasy excitement in her belly she'd begun feeling when she was thinking about sex with daddy. Then she stepped into the thong bottom, pulling it up. She danced a little in front of her mirror, getting hot, her nipples hardening, thinking of how beautiful and sexy she was, wondering what it would be like to dance like this in front of a whole bunch of men.

Maybe she could dance in front of her father! That would be neat. She turned back and picked up the top, shrugging it over her shoulders. She pulled the cups, if they could be called that considering how narrow they were, over her breasts, then, with some difficulty, fastened the straps.

She adjusted them, holding her breath, looking at herself in the mirror with an excited smile. She shook her breasts a little to see if they would come out, but they stayed in place. She wasn't sure if she'd dare wear a suit like this in public, but it would do nicely in a back yard pool with just a few friends around.

She did a little dancing in front of her mirror, making sexy faces for herself, sliding her tongue along her lower lip and narrowing her eyes to slits. She did not notice the door opening behind her, at first, but then her eyes noticed in the mirror and she turned with a gasp.

"What do you want?" she demanded, her voice a little shaky.

Her mother stood in the open doorway looking at her, and Megan felt a surge of guilty anxiety. Yet surely her mother couldn't have possibly guessed why she was dressed as she was, or that she had been thinking about dancing for her own father.

Her mother's eyes moved over her, a smirk on her face, and Megan felt a familiar surge of resentment.

"Well?" she demanded.

"I'm going out," her mother said.

Megan did little to hide her delight.

"I might be having some people over tomorrow, and Juanita doesn't come again until the next day. I don't want you making a mess of the place."

"Well if I do you'll just have to clean it up, now won't you?" Megan sniffed, turning her back deliberately on her mother and brushing her hair in the mirror.

"Oh no, daughter dearest," her mother purred. "If it's a mess you will clean it up."

"Ha!" Megan didn't turn.

"Don't think you can hide behind that weakling, Megan," her mother said. "If you piss me off enough you'll be squealing like a stuck pig."

"Oh right. Go away, I'm busy," Megan said, not turning.

"And don't think I'm finished with that swimming pool. I might not know how you got the mouse to go against my wishes, but I'll get it filled in, even if you have to do it yourself, with a spoon."

Megan continued brushing out her long hair, but gave her mother the finger, still not turning her head. She smiled to herself as the door was slammed closed.

Bitch, she thought.

She waited for her mother to leave, then headed downstairs to see daddy.

Bob was watching Baywatch when Megan appeared in front of him. For a moment he thought he was fantasizing. His chin dropped to his chest as his eyes opened wide. He stared up and down the full length of the luscious teenager posing before him, and felt his groin stirring with lust.

"So? What do you think?" Megan grinned, turning so he could see her from behind, then turning again, letting him see the side view, with her breast almost fully exposed.

"Holy shit," he gulped.

"Do I look good and sexy?" she teased.

"Yeah," he whispered.

She giggled, then bounced over to the stereo and turned it on to a rock station. She started dancing for him, swinging her hips from side to side, sliding her hands up and down her body as she gyrated seductively.

"Wouldn't it be great if we had a pool, daddy? I don't think I'd ever get out of my bikinis if we had a pool - well, except when I was naked," she giggled.

She turned and ground her bottom back, then swung around again, making her breasts shake dangerously in the tiny cups. She slid her hands up over them, pushing her tongue out, then sliding her fingers up through her hair.

"You shouldn't - dress like that, Megan," he gulped.

"Why not, daddy?"

"Because - because - it's...not decent," he gulped.

"Decent? Don't you think I look good like this?"

"But - you - people will - think - people will get the wrong idea."

"Do you think I look like a tramp?" she teased.

"Well - well no, honey, but - you - shouldn't wear something so..."

"Slutty?"

He took a deep breath, trying not to think things he had been trying not to think since he'd last ridden her. He had been having a hard time sleeping since then, consumed by guilt.

"Do you think I look like a slut, daddy?" she teased.

"No!"

"Do you think I look like a cheap little tart?"

"No! Never!"

She slid down onto her knees in front of him and folded her arms against her chest, just beneath her breasts, pressing them up and out. Bob stared at her cleavage in wide-eyed excitement, unable to contain his lust. He reached out for them, but she edged back, giggling.

"Now now, daddy. You can't touch me. I'm your daughter."

His face fell and she laughed and turned, showing him her round thong clad white bottom.

"Do you think I have a nice ass, daddy?"

"Stop that," he gulped.

"Stop what, daddy?" she asked innocently. "I was just wondering is all."

"You - go upstairs and put on some decent clothes! Stop acting like a - like a - "

"Like what, daddy?"

"Like a little cock tease!"

"I'm sorry, daddy," she pouted. "Am I teasing your cock?"

She turned and crawled to him, sliding between his leg and sliding her hands up his thighs.

"Is your cock getting all hard, daddy?"

She cupped his crotch and felt his hardness inside.

"Yes," he growled.

"That's too bad, daddy. You shouldn't be getting a hard-on for your own daughter."

"I can't help it! You - you're doing it on purpose!"

"Why do you feel all excited, daddy?" she cooed. "Is it my breasts that make you all hot, or is it my behind? Do you want to fuck me, daddy? Do you want to fuck your own daughter?"

"Yes, you - you - you little - slut!"

"I'm sorry, daddy," she pouted. "I'm sorry I made your cock get all hot and hard. Do you think I'm being a bad girl, daddy?"

"Yes!"

This was insane, Bob knew. He ought to throw the little slut down right then and there and ram his cock into her. But guilt filled him, and somehow he needed her to taunt him, to tempt him, to force him to punish her.

"Do you think I should be punished, daddy? Should I be spanked? Do you want to pull down my panties and spank my bare ass again, daddy? Do you want to tie me up and spank me, and then rape me? Do you want to rape your own little girl, daddy? Do you want to rape your daughter so hard she screams in pleasure?"

"You fucking little whore!" he gasped.

"You're a bad daddy," she pouted. "And I'm a bad little girl."

"You're a bad little slut," he panted.

"But I can't help it, daddy," she pouted. "I can't help being a nasty little slut. Punish me, daddy!"

Tie me up and beat me! Spank me and rape me, daddy! Show me who's the boss!"

"You - you slut!"

He lunged forward, tackling her and bearing her to the floor. She gasped as his weight came down on top of her, then cried out as he yanked her long hair, forcing her head back. He growled in lust as he bit and chewed at her throat, tearing her bra open and groping her soft round breasts.

"You little slut! I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you!"

"Yes! Yes, daddy!" she gasped. "Fuck the shit out of me! Rape me! Rape me, daddy!"

"Bitch! Filthy little whore!"

His hands raced over her as he crushed her lips with his. His tongue shot into her mouth and his lips moved against her with bruising force. She gasped and groaned and whined as he twisted and crushed her breasts in his hands.

He stumbled back, grasping her bikini bottom and yanking it down her legs, flinging it across the room. He stared at her as she lay there helplessly, arms stretched out to either side, then stood up and reached for her, roughly dragging her to her feet.

He pulled her after him into the kitchen, then opened a drawer and yanked out a length of rope.

"Turn around, slut, and cross your wrists behind your back."

"Yes, daddy," she said breathlessly.

She turned and crossed her wrists, trembling a little as he tied the rope around one, then crossed it carefully over each wrist, laying each new loop alongside the previous one. He tied it off then turned her around. They stared at each other, eyes wide, then he gripped her hair, forcing her head up and back.

She moaned softly as he groped and squeezed her firm young breasts, pinching and pulling at her hard pink nipples. "Slut," he breathed.

"Yes, daddy. I'm your slut, daddy," she moaned. "Rape me, daddy!"

"You - you need something to cover your pussy," he gulped, looking down at her winking little slit.

He cupped her mound and squeezed, then picked up some more rope. He tied a loop around her narrow waist, then knotted it and yanked the rope down between her legs. He pulled it up in back, yanking hard, forcing the rope up between her pussy lips.

He halted, grinning, and opened the refrigerator. There at the bottom was what he sought, and his fingers closed around a thick green cucumber, pulling it out.

"Here's something to feed that hot little pussy of yours, Megan," he said, thrusting it at her face.

She stared, open mouthed, and then to his shock and excitement, her lips formed into a kiss and she pressed them against the end of the green vegetable, slowly pushing her mouth forward until her lips

spread wide around the thick girth of the cucumber.

"Jesus," he whispered as he watched his daughter's lips slide up and down on the end of the cucumber.

"You really are a little whore, aren't you!"

She moaned, sucking on the cucumber, sliding her lips further, taking it deeper, until she almost choked.

He yanked it back and glared at her little smirk, twisting her around and bending her over the kitchen table. He thrust the thing at her sex and she gasped at the cold, but her legs shifted apart as he pushed in harder, and he watched the thick vegetable beginning to push through her tight entrance.

"Oh God," she moaned. "Oh! It's so thick! It's cold! Oh God, daddy! Push it in! Push it deeper!"

"Slut!"

He thrust it in and out, forcing it steadily deeper into his daughter's pussy, excited beyond measure by the sight of her sex swallowing the thick green cucumber, and the sound of her heated gasps and moans of pleasure.

"Oh! Oh!" she moaned, her bottom jerking and twisting as he fed in more of the thick green vegetable.

"It's so big! It's so deep inside me!"

Slut, he thought.

He thrust harder and she gasped in pain. Well over half the vegetable was inside her now, and he began to slap at her bottom as she ground her hips back. He thrust deeper, watching more and more of the thing slide through those tautly clutching pink lips, and wondered how much his little girl could possibly take inside her slender young body.

"No more! No more!" she whimpered, gulping air in short, ragged gasps.

And Bob, being the kind of man he was, eased his thrusting. He pulled the rope in between her legs and up against the third or so of the cucumber still protruding from his daughter's spread sex, wrapped it around the vegetable, then yanked it up between her buttocks to tie behind her.

"There, bitch. Maybe that'll keep you from spreading your legs and letting everyone stuff their cocks up inside your slit!"

His hand slid through her hair, then tightened and lifted her upper body off the table. He turned her, feeling a thrill of conquest at the glassy eyed excitement in her eyes, then forced her down, down onto her knees in front of him.

Megan panted for breath, the heat rolling through her body as she felt the tightness of the ropes around her wrists. She gazed up at him as he stripped naked, then stood before her, legs straight but apart, arms over his chest.

"Do you know what you're going to do, slut?" he said in a harsh, strangled voice. "You're going to suck your daddy's cock, that's what!"

"Oh," she moaned.

He gripped her hair and pulled her face in against his crotch, leering down at her. He gripped his cock then and rubbed the head over her face. "This is for you, little slut. For my little whore daughter. Suck it, baby. Suck my cock."

"Yes, daddy," she moaned.

She bent forward and licked at his cock as he held it out to her, then slid her lips over it and sucked softly. She slid her lips further and further down his prick as he ran his hands roughly through her silky soft hair.

"Suck it, whore!" Bob spat. "Suck your daddy's cock! Dirty little tramp! Fucking little cock-tease! You deserve a beating, slut! You deserve to have your sluttish ass beaten raw! You should be raped by a football team! Maybe that would satisfy you!"

Megan groaned, her head reeling, images of lewd, carnal, violent sex filling her mind.

He bunched her hair up tightly and held her in place as he began to slide his cock into her, fucking her mouth, fucking her face.

Megan gagged and gurgled as his cock thrust into her, feeling incredibly erotic and slutty and hot, her mind filled with the tightness of the ropes around her wrists, the tight pinching of the rope digging into her slit, and the throbbing of her swollen breasts.

"Yeah! Yeahhhh!" he gasped, his head filled with lust and heat. "I'm gonna fuck you, bitch! I'm gonna give you a fuck you'll remember forever! Suck it! Suck your daddy's cock, slut!"

For a long time Megan had wanted to try deep throating. She had attempted it a few times but had never been able to force herself to go down all the way, because it was uncomfortable and difficult - foreign concepts to her.

But now she felt like such a - a victim, like a helpless, used, whore, and she wanted him to rape her throat, to ram his cock right down her throat. To utterly use her for his pleasure. She stopped resisting his plunging cock, and even pushed her face forward.

His cockhead stabbed against the back of her mouth as she tilted her head back. She felt the heat screaming along her veins as she gasped and gurgled and gagged repeatedly.

Then his cockhead punched right through and entered her throat. He yanked it out in surprise, not having intended to do that, but then, the idea bloomed inside his head, and he thrust forward again.

His cock plunged down her throat, and he cried out in ecstasy as he felt her soft moist gullet slide along his sensitive cockhead. He pushed forward, holding her head tightly as he fed his daughter, his own little slut daughter, every last inch of his cock.

He watched in excitement as her pouty lips slid up to the base of his cock and pressed against his crotch. Her eyes were wide, and she shook and trembled a little, but made no attempt to pull herself free

of his cock. He groaned and his breath became ragged and rough as he tried to keep from blasting his semen into her immediately.

"Oh Yeah! Oh yoooouu whoooooore!" he gasped.

He held her head in both hands, crushing her face into his groin as he felt her throat squeezing down on his prong. He pulled back, hissing in pleasure to feel his cock sliding along the inside of her throat. Then he pushed forward again, mashing her nose into his crotch.

"Oh fuck! Oh FUCK! I'm gonna fuck your throat! Yeah! Oh Yeah! You like this, slut! Swallow daddy's cock, bitch! Little tramp! Fucking little slut!"

He pulled his cock back again, watching inch after gleaming inch emerge from his trembling daughter's straining lips. Then he pushed back down her throat, sliding his prick into her with a long slow motion that drove it in to the balls.

He fucked her face slowly until she started struggling desperately, her face white. Then he pulled it out, feeling his cockhead pop free of her throat just an instant before she coughed and gagged and choked and gulped in air desperately.

He laughed, holding her hair as he rubbed his spit-wet prick all over her face. She continued to suck in air, her chest heaving as she filled her lungs.

Then he forced his cock through her lips again and punched it down into her throat. He drove the last inch through her lips then started fucking her throat with a long, steady motion, his cock sliding easily through her lips as he held her in place.

He fucked his cock into her face steadily, cursing and gasping and growling in lust as her tonsils slid over his cockshaft. Then he felt his balls getting ready to explode. He ripped his prick free and squeezed it, watching as thick strings of semen spewed out the end and splattered against his gorgeous young daughter's face.

He laughed at her open-mouthed gasping, making sure some of his come spurted into her mouth. He rubbed his glistening cock all over her face, smearing the semen into her skin, rubbing it all over her forehead, nose and cheeks.

"There's a good facial for you, baby," he chortled. "A semen facial. Just perfect for a whore like you!"

"Ohhhhh" she moaned, blinking her eyes.

A drop of semen dribbled down from the corner of her mouth until he rubbed his cockhead over it and smeared it over her lips.

He yanked up on her hair, forcing her to her feet, bending her backwards gasping and whimpering.

"You're my little slut, aren't you, baby?"

"Yes, da-daddy," she whimpered.

"Daddy's little whore," he growled. "Daddy's little fuck toy!"

"Rape me, daddy," she mewled. "I'm a bad girl. I need to be raped!"

"I'll rape you, bitch! Don't you worry about that!"

He cupped her pussy and stroked his hand back and forth over it along the ropes, pushing against the cucumber until she moaned and gasped and twisted in pain.

His hand moved up her hot, trembling body and squeezed her breasts, then pinched the nipples hard, making her wince and moan.

He pulled her across the room by her hair and bent her over the table again, licking his lips as he gazed at her perfect round bottom. Then he reached behind him and picked up his pants, drawing his belt from its loops.

He doubled it in his hands and slapped it lightly against his palm.

He wasn't at all sure why the thought of strapping his daughter so aroused him. But he had been used and abused by beautiful women - mainly his wife, of course - for so long, that he was desperate to gain mastery over them, even over this one.

"Bad girl," he growled.

"I'm a bad girl," Megan groaned.

He raised his arm and slashed the belt across her perfect bottom. It hit with a loud crack of noise, and Megan cried out in pain a second later. Her body jerked under the blow, and her soft breasts were ground down against the table as the pain ripped through her.

"OWwwwwwww!" she screamed.

He brought the belt down against her bottom again, then again. Each time she jerked violently, crying out in pain. Each time her body jerked forward, her hips grinding against the edge of the table, her breasts rubbing painfully against the top.

And each time her pussy clamped down hard on cucumber, squeezing and squeezing, the ropes grinding into her soft, pink flesh as her body strained and quivered. As the blows continued to land her body trembled and shook, and she lost control of herself, unable to even catch her breath long enough to scream.

She came, humping back feverishly, mindlessly, grunting and gurgling in dazed ecstasy as the orgasm roared inside her like a runaway freight train. Her father whipped the belt down harder and faster as he saw her actions, slashing it across her buttocks and thighs as the teenager convulsed in sexual abandon.

"Fucking whore! Fucking whore!" he cried, bringing the belt down hard on her now red skin.

His cock was sticking up hard and red now, and he threw the belt away and tore at the knots at the small of Megan's back, loosening them enough that he could yank the ropes away, pull them aside, and plunge his fiery erection deep into her spasming pussy.

And there was the cucumber, gleaming wetly, almost swallowed by his daughter's hungry, spasming sex now. And just above it was her wrinkled little anal opening, bare and inviting. He gasped, and turned to the refrigerator again, pulling out the butter.

He pressed a buttery finger against her little hole, rubbing gently.

"Oh! What are you dooing?" she groaned.

"Slut," he growled.

He thrust his finger into her anus, and she gasped and twisted.

"Oh! Oh no!"

"Oh yes," he whispered.

His finger slid easily into her rectum, pumping in and out as she gasped and moaned. A second finger followed, then a third. He almost giggled like a girl as he rubbed butter over his cock and pressed it against his daughter's anal opening.

"Fuck me, daddy!" she half sobbed. "Fuck my ass!"

He grunted as he thrust into her, and she cried out in pain and pleasure as she was forced open and her father's cock, slick with butter, slid into her back opening. She'd never been sodomized before, never having seen the slightest sign this would be pleasurable or gain her anything.

Now she felt whorish and cheap and helpless as her father's cock pushed deeper into her rectum. Her belly and groin felt full and swollen by the cucumber, and now she felt even more stuffed as her father forced his cock higher into her belly.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" she moaned

Bob drew his cock back and thrust deeper, and she squealed in pain and pleasure as his cock sent cramps through her belly.

"Rape me," she gasped.

He thrust deeper and again she cried out, his cock jamming higher into her abdomen. He gripped her hair, yanking her head back, and began to pump, thrusting in and out with growing speed as she moaned and gurgled in wanton heat.

Neither noticed Alex peeking around the corner, or the video camera in her hands, nor the leer of excitement on her face as her husband sodomized her daughter.

She had them! She had them both!

FOUR

Bob had no idea his world had collapsed. He was quite delighted, in fact, feeling content for the first time in years. Only the continued existence of his wife intruded on that happiness, and he began to think of ways to get rid of her so that he and Megan could be happy together - alone.

"Oh Bob."

He looked up in surprise at the musical note of satisfaction in her voice, and felt a spasm of alarm as she smirked down at him.

"Guess what I found?"

His alarm rose as he frantically tried to imagine what might have implicated him in his incestuous activities with Megan. Yet there was nothing he could think of. And then he saw the video tape in her hand.

She did not speak, but only smirked as she put it into the VCR and then stepped back.
"Needless to say, this is a copy."

His blood went cold as he saw himself and Megan, saw the rictus of animal lust on his face as he rutted into his daughter's upraised bottom. Humiliation filled him, and his face went red, then white as he scrambled to turn off the TV.

"You sick pervert," Alex said.

And what could he say to defend himself?

"Now let's examine our alternatives," she said, almost purring as she moved closer to him. "You can face public humiliation for incest, the loss of all your friends and business associates, and prison. Or -" she paused for effect. "Or you can do what I want."

"Wh-what?" he gulped.

"First, you will tear up the prenuptial agreement. Next, you will turn over all the stock you own in Mutual Consolidated to me. Sign the house over to me, and give me control over all your - I mean our bank accounts. I know about the ones in Switzerland, deary, even if you think you've been hiding them."

"And in return?" he asked, trembling.

She smiled. "I haven't finished yet. I want a divorce, as well. I'm tired of seeing your ugly face."

"And in return?" he asked.

"I haven't finished yet."

He bit his lip, but there was nothing he could say, and so he dropped his eyes, shamed.

"You clearly are an unsuitable parent," she said sarcastically. "So I will take over ah, disciplining our dear little daughter. You find yourself somewhere else to live from now on. But she says here."

"Yes, of course," he gulped, mortified.

"Good. Then get out of my house, you miserable little scum."

Bob scurried away from her, and Alex preened in delight as she watched him go. So weak, she thought in glee, such a weak, pathetic little male. She saw him out the door and then, chortling, turned and looked up the stairs.

Weak. It delighted her how weak he was, how most men were, but it irritated her to see a woman even weaker, especially one who was borne of her loins.

But Alex knew how to deal with weak women, too, and so she climbed the stairs, her mind purring as she considered how to teach her slutish little girl a lesson in life.

The girl was laying on the bed, talking on the phone. She wore a midriff baring shirt and cargo pants, and was twirling her hair in one hand as she chatted.

"Off the phone," Alex ordered.

The brat gave her the finger, and Alex smiled to herself, holding the tape as she crossed to the brat's TV and thrust it into the VCR."

"Rape me daddy!" the girl's voice cried on the TV.

The effect was satisfying. Megan slammed the phone down and jumped to her feet, the blood draining from her face as she stared at the image of herself being sodomized, hearing herself beg for more.

"Wha- how... how did... I didn't..."

Her open hand caught the girl's face and threw her back onto the bed.

"Slut!" she snarled.

That had been immensely satisfying!

"Fucking your own father!"

The girl's face was red and panic stricken.

"I-I... he-he made me..."

"You lying whore!"

The girl tried to fend her off but Alex was much bigger and much stronger, and she filled her hand with Megan's thick hair and dragged her bodily out of bed, ignoring her howl of pain and stuttering protests as she forced her along the floor.

She gave her no opportunity to rise to her feet. Megan's hands were grasping her wrist, desperately trying to ease the pull on her hair, her knees crawling frantically along the floor as Alex dragged her forward, out into the hall, then down the stairs. The girl was sobbing and screaming and protesting all the while, but Alex was in her zone, filled with cruel satisfaction and excitement.

Still holding her on her knees, forcing her to scramble along the floor, she pulled her out the door and into the back yard, then over to the big ugly hole which had been dug there, and at the edge she finally released her hair, then put her foot against the girl's bottom and shoved her over the edge.

Megan squealed as she plunged to the shallow, muddy bottom of the pool, then, sputtering and spitting out muddy water, she stood up, hip deep in the water, staring at her mother glaring down at her.

"So, little tramp," Alex said. "I've made my deal with your pervert father. What am I to do with you? There are plenty of harsh boarding houses where you can be taught...discipline, very strict, regimented places, some of them run by religious orders. Maybe if you spent a few hours each day on your knees praying instead of on your knees giving blow jobs you'd turn into a respectable young woman."

"I...but I...I haven't done anything," Megan whined.

"You're a cheap whore."

"I am not," she said, giving her mother her patented little-girl-whimper.

"Spare me. I'm not an idiot like your father. Come up here."

Megan spent five minutes slowly working her way from the deep end to the shallow end, then over to the side of the pit to the muddy wall.

"First take off your clothes."

"Wh-what?" Megan gulped.

"You heard me, whore. Do it. I want to see what my husband was so fond of."

"But - but I - ."

"Now!"

Megan winced under the sharp voice, then, looking down at her muddy shirt and pants, decided that giving in was her only option right then and there, and began to unbutton her shirt. In short order she dropped the thing - heavy with water and mud - onto the ground, then undid her shoe and stepped out of them.

"Throw them up here," her mother ordered.

Megan tossed up her shirt and shoes, one by one, then her socks, and finally her pants. She stood there in little french lace bra and thong and watched her mother make a motion with her fingers indicating she wanted those too.

Megan swallowed her embarrassment and anger, and undid her bra and panties, then tossed them up over the bank. She stood there naked, soaked, and covered in mud, hand cupping her pussy while her other arm covered her breasts.

"Put your hands up behind your head and stand straight, whore. I want to see what your father loved so much."

Megan would have been red-faced if she weren't covered in mud. She obeyed, standing straight, her hands behind her head muddy breasts sticking out straight and round.

"Hmmm. You certainly don't look like much," her mother sniffed derisively.

"Tits are big enough, but I've seen far bigger. Does your father like squeezing them as much as all the other men and boys you've let paw you?"

Megan stared back wide-eyed.

"Of course he does. He's a male. Males love to fondle the fat teats of brainless milk maid types like you."

"But I - ."

"Shut up!" her mother snarled.

"Turn around and bend over."

"Wh-what?"

"Did you not hear me, you miserable whore?"

"Bu-but why?" Megan gulped.

"Do as I say!" her mother snapped.

Megan swallowed nervously and turned, then bend forward.

"More, slut! Bend over the way you would when my husband was fucking you!"

Megan thought she understood now. Her mother wanted revenge. Well, there wasn't much Megan could do about that but let her have it, at least for now.

"What a pretty little ass, you have, daughter. You like being spanked, do you? I wonder how you'll like something stronger on that round little bottom."

Megan blinked her eyes in astonishment.

"All right, little slut, come ahead up," her mother purred.

Megan stood up and turned, carefully making her way along the bottom of the pool to the side. She dug her fingers into the muddy bank and climbed carefully. She was half afraid her mother would stick her foot out when she got up near the top, but she didn't. She climbed over and stood in the mud at

the side of the pool, facing her mother.

Her mother smiled thinly, then lashed out again, her hand cracking across Megan's face, sending her spinning and falling over the side of the pit to land with a grunt at the bottom. She heard her mother laughing as she slowly pushed herself up. She slipped and fell again, and her mother told her to stay there.

"Get down on all fours, tramp. Show me what a bitch in heat looks like."

Megan moaned softly but obeyed, getting down on all fours in the mud.

"Raise your ass higher! Spread your legs! Tramp! Now lay down! On your back! Now!"

Megan lay on her back, looking up at the sky, the mud squelching around her head and ass and back.

"Spread your legs and draw your knees up. Let me see your little cunt, slut. Now reached down and stick your fingers into your snatch."

"But I-I-I'm all - all - "

"You're dirt, that's what you are dirt! Don't whine because you're laying in the mud. Now do it! I swear I'll drown you down there if you don't do what you're told!"

Dazed, Megan slowly pushed a finger in between her pussy lips.

"Deeper. Stick it in, whore!"

She slid her finger in to the knuckle, panting, her chest heaving.

"Two fingers, whore. Two."

Megan wearily pushed a second muddy finger into her gash, but then her mother wanted two more, from her other hand. She was forced to peel her sex open, stretching her pussy, straining it painfully to show her mother her pink hole.

"Look at that sluttish hole," Alex sneered. "All ready to take big, dirty cocks down it. Scoop up some mud, slut. Scoop it up and shove it into your twat. Go ahead. I want to see it. Jam a fist full of muck into your little whore hole."

Megan groaned, but obeyed, scooping up a handful of mud and slapping it against her opening holding her pussy lips apart with two fingers as she splatted muck against it. Her mother laughed in amusement.

She stood back and took something out of her pocket then tossed it down into the dirt next to her daughter. Megan raised her head and blinked her eyes at it. It was - it was a long, thick black - tube - a - ."

"That's for you, slut. Show me how your father did you."

It was a dildo. She'd never seen a dildo before, not in person, but that was what it was.

"Pick it up, tramp. Pick it up and jam it up your little cock loving pussy!"

"But-but what - why - ."

"You seemed happy enough with a cucumber! You'll like this even more! Do it! Now!"

Megan's hand moved out, sliding through the mud until she grasped the thick rubber tube. She lifted it up and brought it back to her face, gazing at it in confusion.

"Go on, whore! Fuck yourself! Stick it up your dirty little crack!"

"Mootheer!" she whined.

"Now! Do it! Do as you're told, slut! If you ever want to get out of that pit"

Megan stared at the dildo, then brought it down against her pussy and slowly screwed the head into her. She had no choice.

Her mind was reeling from the embarrassment of knowing her mother had seen performing in that degrading scene from the other day, anxiety about what would happen to her without her father supporting her, and fear about what her mother would do to her now that she didn't have to worry about her father objecting. The bitch had always been all too ready to administer slaps and cuffs and even the occasional kick to her when she was in a mood, and now she was after vengeance too.

"Come on, slut! Do what you're told!"

Megan groaned, her head throbbing, her body weary. She slowly forced the thick dildo between her pussy lips and, wincing, jammed the muddy thing deeper and deeper into her belly. Her mother kept shouting at her, ordering her to push it deeper, never satisfied, even when she was sobbing in pain and fucking herself with long, deep strokes.

Her mother put a ladder down, jamming the legs into the soft mud, then gracefully climbed down. She was wearing spike heeled shoes which dug into the soft mud enough to hold her in place. She moved cautiously over to stand beside her daughter, watching as the whimpering teenager fucked herself with the big dildo.

She stepped between her splayed legs and jammed her left heel into the mud to hold herself firmly in place. Then she raised her right foot and placed the bottom against the base of the dildo.

She pushed down on it, and Megan groaned, then gasped, then cried out, slapping at her boot and grasping at the dildo, crying in pain as Alex put more and more weight on it and forced the thick dildo deeper into her tight sex.

"Ow! No! Ow! Mom! Noooo! OOhhhwww!"

She clawed at her mother's boot, then screamed in pain as Alex shoved down hard. The tip of the dildo jammed into Megan's cervix and ground painfully against it. The teenager clawed at the dirt and thrashed in place as she was impaled on the hard rubber cock. Her mother forced it in her to the hilt until there wasn't even an inch sticking out between her pussy lips.

"There, slut! A nice hard cock just like you love!"

Alex stepped back, watching as the sobbing girl clawed at her pussy and eased the dildo out a couple of inches.

"Roll over! Roll onto you belly, tramp! Now! Now!"

"P-P-p-please," Megan whimpered.

"Now!"

Megan groaned in pain and fear as she rolled onto her stomach. Her breasts ground in the soft mud as her mother raised her foot and brought it down against her soft bottom. She jammed the heel of her boot against her anus and forced it down inside, putting almost her entire weight on her foot as she ground her daughter's belly into the mud and dirt beneath her.

"You're dirt yourself, whore," Alex sneered. "You're a cock loving little fuck toy, and I'm going to show you how much that pisses me off!"

After Megan finally worked up the strength to pull herself out of the pit her mother made her stand there as she rinsed her off with the garden hose. She made her bend down and spread her legs too and thrust the hose into her pussy, then her anus. Megan gasped and shook as cold water washed through her belly.

But Alex wasn't even close to being finished with her. She produced a pair of handcuffs and cuffed Megan's wrists behind her back. She let her into the house, then closed the door behind them and grasped her hair from behind, pulling her head roughly back.

"You're going to learn, you slut, just what behaviour is expected of you. You're going to learn the difference between a cheap little tart, and a woman."

She made her kneel, then walked slowly around her in circles, her lips pursed in distaste, as though she were examining a particularly disgusting insect. "Well, slut, I saw from your little games the other day that you like getting this round little ass of yours beaten. Perhaps that's only because you're so happy to get a hard man cock up inside you. Perhaps you won't find it nearly so pleasant now."

"Please don't hurt me," Megan whimpered.

"But you like to be hurt slut. You need to be punished, remember? Let me hear you say you need to be punished. Come on. Say it."

"I-I-I need t-to be p-punished," Megan gulped.

"But daddy isn't here, sweetheart," Alex cooed. "So I suppose I'll have to discipline you myself."

She reached into the cupboard and drew out a long thin riding crop, then slid it through her fingers as she examined her sniffling daughter. She moved behind her and pressed the tip against the back of her neck, ordering her to bend over.

"Put your face down on the floor, slut," she ordered. "Show me your ass so I can whip it to a bloody mess."

"Please! I'm sorry! Don't hurt me," Megan whimpered.

"Stop whining, you whore! You deserve whatever you get! You're a disgrace to all womanhood! You make me want to vomit! I don't know how I can ever face any of those men again knowing what you've done! You cheap, worthless piece of shit meat!"

She stepped in front of the girl as Megan moaned and bent way over.

"Well look at this. My boots are still dirty," she sighed. "Be a dear and clean them off, Meg."

"Wh-what?" Megan groaned, raising her head a little.

"Clean off my boots."

Megan pulled instinctively at the handcuffs, but they were tightly locked.

"H-how?" she gulped.

"With your tongue, slut."

Megan looked at the muddy boots and clenched her jaws tightly.

"Lick them, whore. Clean them off for me."

"But-but why?" she whined. "Can't you use a - ."

She screamed as her mother brought the crop down in a quick slash across her shoulders.

"That's just a taste, dear. Now you'd better do as you're told. The days of whining and getting your way are over. From now on you'll say please mother, and yes mother, and thank you mother, and like it!"

"Now lick my boots clean, you cheap, good for nothing slut!"

She pressed her foot against her daughters' grimacing face and rubbed it back and forth.

"Lick it - or else!"

Megan whimpered as she looked at her mother's boot, then cried out in pain, sobbing miserably as the crop lashed down across her upraised buttocks. She pushed her tongue out desperately and licked it along the side of the spiked boot, not caring about anything but avoiding any more pain.

It was a forlorn hope, but she licked anyway, feeling humiliated and cheap and degraded. Unlike with her father, however, there wasn't the necessary sexual element to rise against the pain and embarrassment.

Or was there?

Her mother was a dyke, after all, which meant that, like her father, she might find Megan's hot little body very attractive.

She licked at her mother's boot, thinking of how similar her treatment of her was to what her father had done. Well, her father wasn't as rough or nasty, but - .

"Lick harder, tramp!"

She screamed as the crop lashed across her buttocks again.

"Do it!"

She licked all over her mother's boot, along the sides and even on the bottom. Trembling, and shaking, she held still and pursed her lips, letting her mother push the heel into her mouth and sucked on it, swallowing mud and dirt as the woman pumped it in and out.

"Now I think we need to punish you, slut," Alex said, pulling her foot away from the teenager's licking tongue and moving behind her.

"Please! Please!" Megan whimpered.

"Raise your ass, whore."

Megan raised her bottom and moaned, bracing herself for more pain. It came quickly. There was a sudden hissing sound as the riding crop cut through the air, then the sharp impact against her ass. An instant later a sharp, jagged blast of pain ripped into her behind.

She cried out in pain, then again, then again.

Alex stood carefully, licking her lips in pleasure as she examined the girl's soft round behind. She aimed each blow carefully, cracking it across the tight round flesh as the teenager cried and sobbed and jerked in pain.

"Starting to learn, little slut?"

Megan sobbed miserably, her bottom glowing with pain.

"You are dirt the lowest, cheapest, sluttiest piece of fuck meat I've seen in all my life. I am going to change that! I am going to stop you from degrading women again, as a service to all of womankind!"

Again she lashed the crop across the tight young bottom, laying criss-crossing lines of pain and fire across Megan's buttocks as the girl sobbed miserably.

Alex smiled and stepped back, feeling a hot, moist heaviness between her legs. She'd thought often enough of getting her crop on the smart-mouthed little snot, but until spending time up close with the girl, and seeing how delightful her soft flesh was, she hadn't really known how delicious it would be.

But now - well...the whore belonged to her, and she could do whatever she chose with her. The

little slut would beg to eat her out if that was what she ordered.

She reached down and gripped the girl's long, tangled, wet hair, yanking her head up, forcing her up to her feet. Then she led the sobbing girl across the house and upstairs.

She stood her in front of her closet as she opened it and got out a few toys. She smiled at the shivering, sobbing girl, then took out the appropriate items and began to equip her newest toy.

First she snapped leather restraints around her ankles and wrists, locking the wrists together behind her back after removing the handcuffs. Next she placed a studded leather collar around her slender throat and attached a leash.

"Bend over, whore."

Megan moaned and obeyed, and her mother ran her fingers over her wounded bottom, grinning as the teen moaned and winced in pain.

Then a thick butt plug was forced into her anus. There was a foot long hank of hair attached to the plug, which hung down between her thighs like a tail.

Alex pulled her upright by the hair and turned her around, smiling smugly, then clipped her ankle restraints together with a six inch long chain.

She then produced two metal alligator clips. Each had a hook attached, and she had placed two small weights on them. She fingered her daughter's right nipple, rubbing and stroking and rolling it until it hardened.

Then she gripped her hair and forced her head back as she opened the jaws of the clip and slid them around the erect little bud. She let them close with a snap, and Megan screamed in pain, shaking and moaning, tears falling off her cheeks as the clip bit into her soft flesh.

Alex felt her pussy getting even hotter as she watched her daughter squirm. She was delighting in this, reveling in teaching the little brat her place, in teaching her respect for her betters.

"Stop your whining, you bitch, or I'll give you something to whine about," she ordered.

She yanked her head back again and snapped the second clip around her other nipple. Again there was a howl of pain, and Megan danced - or tried to - from one foot to the other.

"Take them off! Take them off!" she cried.

"When I'm good and ready," Alex smiled. "And that might not be for quite some time."

Alex pulled her daughter's hair back hard, making her breasts jut out. She sniggered at Megan's cries of pain, and leaned over to hiss into her ear.

"Are you starting to get the idea, brat? Starting to figure out who's in charge around here now?"

"Y-yes!" Megan sobbed.

She tugged sharply on the girl's hair and produced another cry of pain.

"Say yes, mother," she cooed.

"Ye-ye-yess, m-m-mother!" Megan sobbed.

"I'm going to undo your wrists, Megan, and if you try to touch those nipple clamps I swear I'll whip the skin off your back. Do you understand?"

"Y-y-yess!"

She jerked back on her hair savagely.

"You forgot to say mother!" she snarled.

"Yes, mother!" Megan cried.

Alex let go of her hair, and Megan groaned in relief, her head falling forward again. Alex unclipped her restraints, then shoved her forward.

"Now I want to see you crawl, you little slut. Crawl like the little bitch in heat you are!"

She snapped on the leash, jerking on Megan's collar, and the girl lurched forward.

"Move, you little cow!"

She picked up the riding crop and lashed it across Megan's bottom. The girl howled in pain and crawled forward.

"That's it, slut. Shake your little ass," Alex sneered. "Wag your tail! Wag it! Wiggle your ass!"

Megan sniffled and moaned and shook her bottom from side to side, making the tail swing behind her. Her breasts also shook, and the weighted nipple clamps tugged down painfully on her aching nipples.

Her mother made her crawl down the long hallway to the dining room and then into the living room. She walked her around the living room, tugging on her leash and lashing down against her ass whenever she slowed or failed to wag her tail.

"A little bitch in heat, that's what you are," she sneered. "What kind of a girl would fuck her own father?"

Megan sniffled and moaned, and panted for breath as she was made to crawl all over the floor. Then her mother finally stopped her, letting her sit back on her heels. She pulled her slim wrists back behind her and locked the restraints together again, then sat down in a plush armchair and gazed down at her sniffing daughter in contempt.

"Well, whore, what do you think I should do with you?" she said. "I certainly see no reason why you should stay around here. I already have your father's money, I don't need his brat, too."

"Bu-but - but - where am I supposed to go?" Megan whimpered.

"What do I care?" Alex sniffed. "There are plenty of men willing to pay good money to stick their

slimy, greasy cocks into sluts like you. Go downtown and stand around in one of your sluttish outfits. I'm sure they'll flock to you."

She smirked in contempt.

"Men like that can always smell a true whore when one prances by."

"Bu - you - you mean I should - but -I - ."

"You're a little cock loving tramp," Alex sneered. "What difference if you charge them? At least you'll make enough to pay the rent on some fleabag apartment somewhere."

"Bu-but I'm your daughter!" Megan whined.

"I never wanted you!" Alex spat. "If I'd had any choice at all I would have aborted you before you were born! I had myself sterilized right after just to make sure I never had another smelly, ugly little brat again!"

Megan cringed back under her mother's hatred, tears forming in her eyes again.

"Perhaps I might allow you to stay," Alex said "If you do a good job at keeping the house clean and cooking my meals, waiting on me and my friends, are obedient and respectful, and don't cause me any trouble."

"I - but - the maid - ."

"Why should I pay good money for a maid service when I have a useless little slut like you laying around doing nothing all day?"

"But - I have to go to school in the fall and - ."

"No you don't. No more school for you. What's the point in trying to teach anything to a stupid, ignorant little cock swallowing whore like you? You'll never be anything but a slut anyway."

Megan blinked back tears as her mother leaned forward and gripped her hair again, tilting her head back until she gasped in pain.

"I'll want you on your knees scrubbing and cleaning all day long," she smiled. "You can also do all the grass cutting and weeding out back once that hole is filled back in. Oh, and you can be the one to fill it in too."

She stood up and lifted the girl up by the hair, making her squirm and moan and dance from foot to foot on her toes.

"And there are - other things you might be useful for," Alex purred.

She looked down at her daughter's lush young body, then put her other hand on her belly. She stroked the soft flesh, her hand moving upwards until it cupped one of Megan's breasts. She stroked the underside of it, then lifted it upwards as though weighing it, her hand squeezing softly.

She leaned in and licked along the girl's exposed throat, up under her quivering jaw, then along

the side of her jaw and under her ear. She chewed on her earlobe, then pulled the startled girl's head forward and crushed her lips against Megan's.

Her tongue pushed into Megan's mouth, sliding along Megan's tongue, along her teeth and over her lips as she continued to squeeze and knead her breast. Megan did nothing, at first, too stunned to respond, her mind too dazed by the horrible, spiteful things her mother had said to her.

Alex stood back, her eyes gleaming. She undid her shirt and pulled it off over her shoulders as her daughter looked on. She undid her skirt and slid it off, then opened her bra, revealing large round breasts that, though not quite as firm as Megan's, had large round nipples that were pushing out like two raspberries.

She slipped her thumbs into her G-string and peeled it off, then stood there in just her spike heeled boots, smiling at the dazed young woman.

"Yes, I'm sure you'll be a quite useful little toy," she sneered, pulling down on Megan's leash as she sat, forcing the girl onto her knees, then pulling her in between her legs as she slumped in the chair.

"You're going to eat me out, slut," she said. "Now, and whenever I'm in the mood. You're going to be my little sex toy instead of your father's."

She drew her knees back, then spread them as she pulled Megan in between them.

"I-I don't know - how," Megan squeaked.

"You better learn fast, brat," Alex glared. "Hasn't anyone ever ate your smelly little snatch for you?"

"I - yes," she gulped.

"Then you know how. Do it."

"But - but I - Aaaaargggghh!"

Alex jerked the girl's head back so hard she almost ripped the hair off.

"I don't want to hear you say the word `but' again!" she snarled. "You do what you're told when you're told or else! Do you hear me?"

"Y-y-ye-essss!" Megan cried.

"Yes what!?"

"Yeeesss, mottheerrr!"

She sat back again and pulled Megan forward, jamming her face against her pussy, which, to Megan's surprise, was shaved bald. She rubbed Megan's face against her as she brought her legs up around the young girl, then she brought her spiked heels down on Meg's shoulders.

"All right, get to work," she demanded, easing up on her grip a little.

Megan gasped for breath as she stared at her mother's slit. She blinked her eyes against the tears, then yelped as her mother cracked her open hand across the side of her head.

"Lick it, you little whore!"

Megan stuck her tongue out and wiped it along her mother's slit.

"I'll get my crop again, brat!"

Megan licked hurriedly, ignoring the bad taste, sliding her tongue up and down her mother's slit with desperate eagerness, pushing it between her pussy lips and slithering around inside her.

"Lick my clit, you stupid, worthless little tramp! I bet if I had a big, dirty cock you'd know what to do with it!"

Megan licked higher, pushing her lower lip in to spread her mother's lips a little, then sliding her tongue over her clitty, licking hard and fast as her mother's fingers eased up on her hair and began to slide through it instead.

"Ahhhh! Yeeeeesssss!" Alex sighed. "Nasty little brat! I bet I can make you a great little pussy eater."

Megan slurped away at her mother's pussy opening as Alex sighed and rolled her head in pleasure. "Keep it up," she sighed. "Keep licking, slut."

Megan had little choice. Her tongue lapped away at her mother's clitty as the woman groaned and humped up slowly against her face.

"Suck it too, baby," Alex groaned. "Suck my clitty. Oh! Oh! Yeaaaasssss! Like that! Like that! Uuuuhhhh!"

She ground her hips up, her hands pulling down on Megan's head, mashing her face into her pussy as she began to buck and jerk in sexual heat.

"Suck! Suck! Suck! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Yessssss!"

She wrapped her legs around her daughter's head, crushing her face against her groin as her own head jerked back repeatedly.

She closed her eyes and shuddered, then relaxed, loosening her hold on Megan and allowing the girl to breath again.

"I can make you my little suck girl," Alex sighed, smiling happily. "Do it again, baby. Suck me off again."

Megan's jaw and tongue were already tired, but after a few pulls at her hair she started licking and sucking again, her jaw aching as her mother purred in contentment. She sucked and licked and licked and sucked, whimpering in pain as her mother began to buck up into her face.

Alex came again, arching her back and crying out in pleasure. "Oh, babyyyy! I love iiiit! Again! Do it again!"

"I can't," Megan whimpered. "My mouth is too sore!"

"I don't give a shit! Do it, you little whore!"

"I-I can't!" Megan whined.

Alex's eyes narrowed. She leaned forward, gripping Megan's hair and jerked her head back, then she swung her hand down, slapping at Megan's breast.

Megan cried out in pain as her breast bounced aside. She screamed and cried again and again as her mother slapped her breasts repeatedly. The weights bounced and danced wildly as her mother deliberately slapped each breast with careful precision.

Alex stopped, cupping one of Meg's sore breasts and squeezing lightly.

"Are you ready to start licking again, bitch!" she hissed.

"Y-y-y-essssee-sss!" Megan sobbed.

Alex sat back and pulled Meg's face back into her crotch, and the weeping girl began licking at her sex again, gasping and yelping whenever her mother slapped her for not licking hard or fat enough.

She was able to bring her to another orgasm before her mother flung her back.

"Ahhh," she sighed. "Not bad for a start. But you'll learn, slut. You'll learn."

She rested for a moment, then got up and unclipped Megan's wrist restraints, then removed the chain holding her ankles close together. She led the girl by the leash across the floor and out the back door.

"Good thing there's a high hedge around here," she smirked, leading the crawling young woman outside and over to the hole. She had her crawl atop a large mound of dirt, then let go of her leash.

"All right, brat. Since you had this hole dug, you can fill it in."

"H-h-how?" Megan gulped.

"Turn your back to it. That's it, now spread your legs, now dig like a dog. Shove the dirt back into the hole with your hands."

Megan looked down, then back at the deep, wide hole. She turned and looked at her mother in confusion.

"But - ."

Alex glared angrily.

"I mean - it'll take forever!"

"No it won't. Anyway, your time isn't worth much. You won't need to waste it going out with

men any more, or hanging around the mall, or watching television. That'll give you plenty of extra time to fill this in. Now get to it."

Megan pawed at the dirt below her, then flung a handful back towards the pit. She gazed at her mother, who walked back into the house, then looked back at the pit again.

Then she began to fling dirt back between her legs, double handful by double handful, shoving and throwing it like a dog digging in a garden, tossing it back between her thighs as she knelt there.

Her pretty, perfectly manicured nails were soon broken, and not long after that her soft hands were too sore to dig into the dirt. Only fear of what her mother would do kept trying.

Fortunately, her mother called her over soon after that. She had to crawl across the yard, the weights swinging below her breasts painfully. Then she had to kneel on all fours while her mother used the garden hose on her.

She was allowed to crawl into the kitchen then, and permitted to stand up to make dinner for her mother. She was exhausted, and miserable, and wanted to crawl into bed and cry, but she did not dare disobey.

She had to serve her mother, bringing the food out to the dining room, then sitting on her heels and waiting to see if she needed anything. After her mother was finished she cleared the table and did the dishes. Then, since her mother was in the

living room, and hadn't given her any additional instructions, she went upstairs to her room.

She gazed at herself in the mirror, moaning tiredly. Her bottom still ached and there were red welts on it from her mother's riding crop. Her hands and breasts were sore, and even her scalp ached...to say nothing of her jaw and tongue.

She had no idea what she was going to do to cope with her mother. She had always been a bitch, but now she was completely horrible! She was meaner than anyone Megan had ever met, and Megan wasn't sure that she wouldn't be better off becoming a street prostitute.

She crawled into her shower and let the hot water pour down on her, easing her tired, aching muscles. She blow-dried her hair, then pulled on a nightshirt and got onto her bed, groaning.

She had barely laid down when her door was slammed open. She gasped in fear as her mother came in, scowling thunderously.

"What the fuck are you doing here you little bitch!?"

Megan cringed back in fear.

"I-I was - ."

"Why around you outside filling in that hole!?"

"My hands are all sore and - ."

"I don't give a shit! You think you can just lay around on your lazy, sluttish ass all day long!!?"

"But I - ."

"I told you never to use that word again!"

"I-I-I'm tired!" Megan whined.

"You think I care?!" Alex demanded. "And what are you doing in clothes!? Do you think you're human? You're a filthy little fuck toy! A dirty, stinking, sluttish piece of fuck meat for men to amuse themselves with! Get those clothes off! Now!"

Megan yanked her nightshirt up and off frantically.

"Panties!? You're wearing panties!? How is a cock supposed to stick into you with panties on? Take them off!"

Megan slipped her panties off then cried out in pain as her mother backhanded her across the face.

"You took off the nipple clamps and the restraints! You filthy little whore!"

"They were hurting!" Megan sobbed.

"Good! Come here! Now!!"

Megan trembled as she got out of bed and shuffled forward.

Alex snatched her panties out of her hand and jerked her head back by the hair, then jammed them into her mouth.

She wadded them up and kept shoving until every last bit of fabric was in her daughter's mouth, then she snatched a stocking off the dresser and tied it around Megan's head, pulling tight so it dug in against her mouth and kept the panties securely in place.

"Hold out your hands," she snapped. "Cross your wrists!"

Megan whimpered as she obeyed, and her mother took the second stocking and tied it around her wrists, looping it around them again and again before tying it tightly.

"Get on the bed!"

Megan shuffled back onto the bed, her hands tied in front of her, then lay on her stomach at another order. Her mother reached above her and tied the stockings to the headboard, then opened a few drawers in her dresser and pulled out a heavy belt.

She turned back to her helpless daughter and doubled the belt in her fist.

"You're going to learn, cock-lover, just who gives the orders, and who takes them."

She raised the belt and brought it arching down through the air, swinging as hard as she could. It cracked against Megan's back just across her shoulder blades. Megan screamed in pain, but little of the

sound emerged from her gag as her mother drew her arm back again.

Crack!

"MMgghghahahghgghhhhH!!" Megan howled.

Crack!

"MMMGGhgGghHGHGHHHHHH!"

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Alex breathed steadily, her pussy tight and hot as she brought the belt down across her daughter's back, lowering her aim, striking her lower back, then her creamy soft buttocks, already wounded earlier, then her thighs, then the backs of her knees.

Megan shrieked and screamed and sobbed, her body bouncing and shaking, legs flopping, back arching, going up and down as she responded to the sharp blasts of pain. She twisted and thrashed in agony, her mind filled with agony as the blows continued to land.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Alex kept whipping until her arm was too tired. She panted for breath, gazing down at her daughter, smiling at the sobbing, trembling, moaning girl's red back, legs and buttocks.

"St-starting to get the idea, brat?" she panted. "I can do anything to you I want. Anything! So you better learn to obey an order when it's given!"

"Now turn over."

Megan hardly heard her. She lay there in her misery and pain, sobbing and moaning in misery.

"Turn over!"

"Turn over, slut!"

She snarled and moved forward, jamming her hand under Megan's chest and gripping one of her breasts. She squeezed it hard, crushing it in her hand as she yanked up and back.

Megan screamed in pain, jerking over onto her back as her mother pulled on her tit. Then she cried out again as her aching, burning back came down against the bed.

Alex smiled. She got another pair of stockings and tied Megan's ankles to the lower bedposts so she couldn't roll back. Then, her arm a little rested now, she stepped in front of her again and raised the belt.

"MMmggghh! Mhoo! Mphoo!" Megan cried, her eyes begging her mother not to.

Alex smirked and slashed the belt across Megan's right breast.

The girl howled in agony, her hips bucking upwards, her body shaking and thrashing madly on the bed as her breast exploded with pain.

Alex felt a white hot rush of heat between her legs. She had whipped sluts before many times. But they had always been willing, submissives, masochists who got off on the pain and degradation.

Now, for the first time ever, she had a hot little whore who was totally in her control, who she could do anything to. She didn't have to concern herself with whether she was going too far, or care about what the bitch wanted. She OWNED this little whore!

The belt slammed down against Megan's heaving belly, then against her left breast, then against her right again. Megan howled and shrieked insanely, struggling like a maddened animal as her mother rained blows on her breasts and belly and thighs.

Alex groaned at last, then ripped off her pants and jumped into the bed. She jerked Meg onto her side and tore her legs open, then jammed her shaved sex down against Megan's pussy and began to grind herself down.

She held Megan's leg up and back as her pussy rubbed furiously against the sobbing girl's soft, puffy flesh. She gasped and groaned in pleasure, reaching down to slap at Megan's breasts and face, or pull at her hair.

She rubbed her pussy faster and harder, gasping in delight at the feel of the teenage pussy meat against her own bubbling hot sex. She cursed and clenched her teeth as waves of pleasure rolled up through her body, grinding down cruelly against her helpless daughter.

Then she came, crying out in glorious delight, ecstasy bathing her body inside and out as the orgasm washed over her.

She jammed her pussy down onto Megan's, spurting out soft creamy pussy milk against her daughter's groin, making them both wet and moist and slick. She continued rubbing and grinding herself down, staring at the misery filled eyes of her daughter and feeling the lust of power inside her guts.

She came again, throwing back her head and arching her back, gnashing her teeth as the powerful jolts of pleasure slammed into her.

She collapsed backwards, groaning, and rubbing her pussy, sighing happily as she basked in the soft afterglow of pleasure.

She rested a minute, then sat up and stared at Megan.

"Whore," she sneered.

She got up, sighing and running a hand through her hair. She pulled on her pants, then undid the stocking from Megan's wrists and dragged her down the stairs and outside.

She flung her into the pit, and Megan slid all the way down into the deep end, covered in mud again.

"Now start digging, whore! You dig all night. Don't let me catch you sleeping!"

She went back inside and closed and locked the door, then, yawning, went upstairs to bed and fell asleep.

Out in the back yard Megan slowly crawled up out of the pit and knelt on all fours, whimpering and moaning in pain. Then she slowly began to dig at the dirt, flinging it back between her thighs and into the pit.

FIVE

When Alex woke up the next morning and checked, she found Megan asleep on the mound of dirt. She smirked to herself at the excuse she would have for further punishment, and imagined what new tortures she would employ on the nubile young woman.

First she had her coffee and something to eat. Then she walked out to the dirty side of the pit, and, wearing long gloves, reached down and seized a thick tangled mass of dirty hair. She pulled, and was rewarded by a dazed cry of pain.

She yanked harder, dragging the teenager off the mound, dragging her across the yard as she howled in pain and struggled to twist and roll upwards. She let go and booted her in the rump.

"Crawl! Crawl you whore! Crawl to the house, you lazy, worthless little slut!"

She kicked her bottom hard every time Megan got to her knees, sending her flying forward into the dirt again. She got her over beside the door, then turned on the hose and washed her down as she had the other day.

Megan moaned and swayed drunkenly, shaking her head from exhaustion and confusion. Her stomach grumbled painfully, for she had had no food since breakfast yesterday. She tried to slurp at the water when it washed over her face and was rewarded by a hard slap.

Then her mother made her crawl into the house.

"Please," Megan whimpered. "Can I have some food? Please?"

Alex kicked her in the pussy, sending her flying forward with a cry of pain.

"Little whore," she sneered. "What have you done that's worth the cost of food? If you want to eat I'll give you something to eat later, though I doubt it will be very nourishing."

She cackled with glee, then jabbed her sharp heel into the whimpering girl's pussy to force her up again. She bound her wrists behind her back before gripping her long wet hair and binding it into a rough braid, then used it as a leash, swinging her back and forth, laughing as she stumbled and staggered and

cried out in pain.

Then she swung the girl up against the side of a cupboard door, lifted the long length of hair over the top of the door, and pulled hard. Megan was actually lifted off her feet. Needles of pain stabbed into her scalp as she shrieked in agony.

Her mother slammed the closet door closed, and Megan swung with it, her heels bouncing against the door as her feet thrashed and jerked, trying desperately to make contact with the floor. Her hair gave, slowly, ever so slowly, the weight of her body pulling it through the closed door until her toes could make contact with the floor.

"I've known weak women like you before," Alex said. "There's only one purpose to which they can be put."

With that she turned and left the room, and Megan, sobbing in pain and misery, remained pressed against the closet door, her toes supporting her weight as her chest heaved with great, shuddering sobs.

Slowly, her toes weakened, and the pull on her hair grew greater, the needles digging deeper until once again all her weight was hanging from her hair. Agony cut through her mind like a knife and she screamed in pain. Yet as before, her full weight was too much, and the hair slowly pulled through the crack in the door, letting her get the balls of her feet on the floor.

For a long hour she stood thus, on the balls of her feet, trembling and moaning, trying desperately to free her wrists. Her feet weakened, and again the pressure on her hair mounted, until, as before, her full weight pulled down and she was able to settle on her feet, straight legged, straight backed, eyes red rimmed.

Her mother spent most of the evening in her room, coming down occasionally to taunt and slap and fondle her, then disappeared into her room.

Night fell, and she remained where she was, praying her father would come and set her free, wondering where he was, what her mother had done to him. Would her father go to prison? Would she? There was no light in her room but the moonlight spilling across the floor. She spent the night in pain and misery, trapped there against the door, her legs and back cramping.

Morning came, and the room began to lighten, then the sun rose outside and began to warm the room. Still she stood on trembling legs, moaning softly.

At last her mother came down. Megan gasped in alarm, yet with hope, as well. For surely her mother would free her now, would believe her punished enough.

"Weak," her mother said with a sneer. "You could have freed yourself, you know, by simply enduring the pain a little more and letting your body pull you free from there. But no, you never had any strength, did you?"

Again she slapped Megan's face, and the blow caused the girl to rock back against the door, crying out in pain and fear.

"Please," she whimpered.

"Please? Begging is for dogs. Are you a dog, Megan? Are you a pathetic little bitch dog?"

Again she slapped the girl's face, feeling a surge of arousal now, seeing her not as her daughter, but as a lovely morsel of female flesh long wasted on men, a morsel she now thought to sample herself.

She felt a great sense of power, as well, knowing that, even freed, the girl could do nothing, say nothing to harm her, that she had complete freedom over the lush young girl. Her daughter. The brat.

She gazed at the full breasts a trifle jealously, then slapped one.

"Stop it!" Megan cried.

Her mother's lips curled into a sneer.

"I think you're an undisciplined whore," she said. "I think you need to be taught your place."

She returned to her room and opened the locked cabinet in the corner. There were many sexual toys within, and many instruments of punishment. For Alex was a prominent player in the dark world of lesbian bondage and sadomasochism.

Now she searched among her instruments for something to teach a stupid little straight girl how low she was, for something to break her.

And then she halted at the thought. Why did she want to break Megan? The girl was a miserable brat, but she was nothing to Alex. Yes, her daughter, biologically. But she had never been a mother to the girl, nor did she wish to be. She should simply free her and send her to her filthy father and let the two rut in peace.

But the girl was beautiful, and had been an irritant for many years. And there was that sense of freedom, that sense of being able to use her however she wished. Break her? She thought about breaking the girl into a submissive. That was clearly where she was headed with her father. But the man was too weak to really lead her down to the end of the road she had started on.

Alex was not weak. She could make of this little cock lover the sexual beast she was destined to become. She could break her utterly, make her grovel, not merely for show, not as part of a game, but as a slave, a true sexual slave who would not even think of opposing her mistress.

She had always dreamed of having such freedom, of training a submissive however she chose. And now it was there before her. And if it was her own daughter, well, so what?

She picked up a slim crop and returned to find her daughter just as she had left her. The girl stared at the crop in her hand fearfully, and Alex felt a surge of pressure between her legs at that fear.

"Whore," she said, scowling. "Fucking your own father! Sucking his cock and letting him sodomize you! Don't try and tell me it was his idea! That miserable cowards wouldn't dare have touched you on his own!"

She saw from the girl's eyes she was correct, but continued, wanting her gripped by shame, wanting her to sink into the guilt and misery.

"Dirty little whore! I wanted for so long to be able to throw him out, to be able to take everything I wanted from him, and now thanks to you he's mine. Now I own this house, and soon he'll be out in the cold, penniless."

She saw that sink in and smiled, then swung the crop down across one of the girl's breasts, glorying in the feel as the leather cut into the soft, supple flesh.

Megan screamed and twisted, but remained pinned by the hair. With her arms held behind her back and her head pulled back her chest was thrust out defencelessly, and she screamed again as another blow cut into her sensitive flesh.

"Stop it! Please! Please, mother!"

Another blow cut through the air and sank into her other breast, and her mother laughed scornfully at her as Megan danced from foot to foot, trying to twist away.

"Weak," she spat. "You're a weak little slut."

Another blow slashed into her breast, and tears spilled down Megan's cheeks as she gave in to her misery.

Blow after blow rained down against her stinging, burning breasts, and she sobbed more loudly, crying out again and again as her mother beat her, as thin red lines of pain began to cross and criss-cross her breasts and chest.

Her mother halted, and set the crop down. She moved in closer to her daughter and let her hand slide up her chest between her breasts, then cup one firm, red, pain wracked breast and squeeze.

"Such lovely breasts you have, daughter dear."

She moved back slowly, smiling, feeling the heat and heaviness of her loins. She reached up and gripped the rough braid of Megan's hair, pulling up, forcing her to her toes, then opened the door and quickly grasped the braid on the other side.

As she had done the previous day she pulled, the muscles in her arms bulging as she forced the girl up onto her toes and then, screaming, off of them. Alex watched the girl's heels beat against the door with a sense of exquisite excitement, holding tightly to the girl's hair.

She moved fully behind the door, then, holding the thick braid with both hands and tying a knot in it, then sliding back and closing the door hard. As before, the girl slid slowly down, but then the knot held and she remained hanging in place, trembling toes an inch off the floor.

"Please!" she sobbed in breathless agony. "Please, mother! Please! Please!"

"Whore," Alex spat. "Does it hurt, whore? Adulterer!"

And then she left, and Megan sobbed alone, hanging from her hair, body trembling and shaking as the pain dug into her scalp and threatened to drive her insane.

After a few minutes her mother returned, and then dropped low. Because of the pull on her hair

Megan could not lower her head at all, and could not see her own body, nor what her mother did. She begged her to be released, but her mother did not reply.

She felt her ankle grasped and pulled apart, then something wrapped around it, something hard and thick and tight. When her mother's hands released her the ankle stayed in place, bound somehow. A moment later her other ankle was lifted and spread, and she whimpered and begged her mother to lower her to no avail.

Both ankles were locked in place now, spread wide, but they took little of her weight off her hair, and Megan continued to moan and beg, dazed by the pain now, exhausted by lack of sleep or even rest.

She felt something wet against her groin, then fingers pulled and tugged at her pubic hair. She had no idea what was happening, nor cared, so long as it was not painful. She continued to whimper and beg to be released as her mother scraped at her flesh, but she was not really aware of being shaved.

And then she felt something else, something gentle and warm and wet against her sex, and again she did not understand. No one had ever performed oral sex on her, and she did not recognize the sensation of a tongue and lips against her newly sensitive opening.

But slowly, her shattered mind felt a sense of pleasure and warmth from between her legs. And then there was a buzzing sensation as something pressed against her clitoris and began to make her tremble. A strange heat came over the young woman and she began to moan dizzily.

She felt a rising sense of heat and heaviness in her loins, a strange, hazy feeling of sexual need which began to grow thicker and stronger as she felt herself caressed by something of incredible softness, of delicious heat and warmth and slickness.

And then her mother was standing before her, her hands cupping and kneading Megan's aching breasts. This confused her further, and she knew a small sense of outrage, of indignation, that her mother should touch her there. Yet she remained hot, dazed, aroused, and as her mother's fingers twisted and pinched and rolled her aching nipples Megan began to gasp helplessly, staring at her mother and wondering what was happening to her, and why.

Alex stared at the girl with a sense of delighted ownership and possession. She had made this girl, created her within her own body. Who had a better right to do with her as she chose? And what right had Megan to disagree or oppose her? Were it not for her the girl would not even exist.

She let her fingers admire the softness and firmness of the girl's young breasts, feeling a little wistful, a little envious for her own youth. She pinched her daughter's nipples to watch her wince, feeling another little burst of excitement each time she did so.

She bent, then, feeling a sense of violating rules and norms, taking one hard nipple into her mouth and sucking strongly, her teeth digging into her daughter's soft flesh as she let her tongue lap hungrily across the hard little pink pebble.

Her daughter tasted lovely, and her wide, confused eyes as Alex straightened made her thrill to her own power. She bent and sucked on the other nipple, her hand sliding down between Meg's legs to stroke expertly across the swollen clitoris.

She left the room, going to her own, and stripping quickly. She donned the leather dominatrix gear she often wore to the club, a tight leather catsuit with openings over the groin for young tongues to please her, high leather boots with stiletto heels, and long leather kid gloves to spank tender bottoms.

She smirked at the image of herself in the mirror. Getting old? Not her. She might not be quite so firm as a teenager, but she had an excellent body, nonetheless.

She examined her toys, and plucked one from the box, a thick, ugly looking looking strap-on dildo. It was as thick as an ear of corn, and covered with sharp little hard plastic studs. She squeezed it in a leather covered hand and smiled, thinking of how her daughter would squeal when it was rammed up her pussy.

She hurried back down the hall and entered her daughter's room, her insides fluttering with arousal at the sight of the helpless young woman.

"Little slut," she purred, as she moved before her. "I have something for you, little slut."

"Please!" the girl moaned. "Please"

The sharp pull on her scalp made it difficult for her to move her jaw at all, and her mouth was held wide. The words sounded like "Pwes! Pwes!"

Alex fingered her sex, rubbing her thumb across the hard little clitoris, then tugging the girl's pussy lips apart.

Irritated at how tight they were, she slapped Megan's face again, then slapped it a second time, again feeling the thrill of total power. This was no play game where she must watch for signs she was going too far, signs her partner wanted to stop. This was real, and Megan belonged to her.

She slapped her face once again, then slapped a breast, her lust driven higher by her own power.

She bent and undid the girl's ankles, letting her legs fall together, then gripped her bound arm and twisted her violently around. The girl screamed at this new pressure on her scalp, then slammed against the door, her breasts pillowed out between her chest and the hard wood.

Alex pressed the rounded nose of her strap-on dildo against her daughter's anal opening, and thrust. At first there was strong resistance, but she had long experience in forcing open reluctant bodily orifices, and she jerked her hips back and forth and from side to side, slowly working the painful dildo into the girl.

Megan was whimpering and moaning and begging her to stop, of course, but that only aroused Alex more. She was fully in her element, fully in control, and even owning a sense of justice as she punished the girl for daring to seduce her husband. Dirty little slut, she thought, dirty cock lover.

She thrust harder, and Megan screamed and sobbed in pain as her sensitive rectum was cruelly violated by the thick black rubber cock. The studs circling it clawed at her sensitive flesh as her mother forced the thing deeper, and the dazed, confused girl could only weep and whimper and beg for it to stop.

"Is it as good as daddy's cock?" her mother sneered, her breath hissing in Megan's ear. "Is it as deep and thick as Daddy's cock, you twisted little whore?"

Her own outrage drove her strength, for the thought of a young woman wilfully submitting to such sexual degradation from any male angered and disgusted her. The thought of her own daughter doing it was ten times worse. And the thought she would do it with that weakling, that sniveling useless excuse for a man she had married was simply infuriating.

And so she forced inch after inch up into the sobbing, trembling young girl's anus, ignoring her cries of agony, determined to teach her a lesson in pain for the sluttish and ignoble behavior she had engaged in.

"Whore!" she spat. "Daddy's little slut, are you?"

Six inches, then ten, and she could feel the resistance mounting. She ignored it, her hips working in and out, ramming her hard, ugly dildo deeper, forcing it up into the girl's very bowels as her fingers dug into the firm young thighs and yanked them up and apart.

"Dirty little slut! I'll teach you how much fun it is to have a hard cock up your ass!"

She battered the girl's anal muscles into submission, as she intended doing with the girl herself, and was soon stroking strongly, the thick, studded black cock slicing in and out, driving deep with each stroke. Alex was not satisfied until her own belly was smashing into the girl's buttocks with such force her body was jerked upwards by the impact.

"Bitch dog!" she hissed. "Filthy slut!"

She drove the dildo deep, then reached down, gripping the base and twisting it sharply to one side. This broke it free of the straps and she stepped back, looking down excitedly at the girl's straining anal opening, and the sight of the round black tube holding it open.

The girl trembled and shook and moaned and wept her face against the door, hands squirming helplessly in their bonds. Alex picked up her crop and slashed it across the girl's buttocks, then had another idea.

She threw down the crop and gripped the ropes which had bound her daughter's ankles. She retied each ankle, then lifted the ropes up to circle her waist. This held both feet up and back, the flats of her feet pointed to the roof, her heels lodged just beneath her buttocks.

If her daughter wanted to be a crawling slut then Alex would see to it.

She let the tip of the crop slide slowly back and forth along the arch of a small white foot, then drew it up and back and brought it down hard.

Again Megan screamed, and again Alex felt that sense of sexual power, of ownership, of conquest and exultation. She slashed the crop down again, and again, and again, as the girl's tears spilled anew.

How much could the girl's weak little mind take? Not much, Alex thought contemptuously. She attacked the other foot, the crop slashing down again and again, battering arches, then heels, then the balls of her feet, and finally the wriggling little toes, until both feet were a dark, ugly red, and still she slashed, each blow sending a shudder of ecstasy into her own body until she had to stop and grasp her sex through her leather catsuit, falling to her knees as a climax washed over her.

She knelt for a long minute, gasping for breath, rubbing and squeezing herself, then climbed unsteadily to her feet and gazed at the trembling, whimpering young girl before her.

She opened the door and Megan fell to the floor with a scream of pain as her knees hit the hard wood, then fell onto her sides.

"Poor Megan," she cooed, moving up behind her daughter. "Does your hair hurt, little girl?"

She let her hand slide down between Megan's buttocks and her heel pushed against the dildo impaling the girl.

"Well don't worry, daughter dear. I'll free you," Alex said.

Yet instead of opening the door she walked over to Megan's dresser, then returned with a pair of scissors.

"Long hair is the sign of cock loving whores," her mother whispered into her ear.

She began to cut away at Alex's long, beautiful hair, cutting as close to the scalp as she could.

Tears filled Alex's eyes and she began to shudder and sob as her mother cut away at her hair, slicing further and further into the thick braid which held her to the door until she had cut almost completely through. The rest of the hair tore, then, and Megan fell heavily to her bound knees, screaming again and then falling onto her side on the floor.

Alex looked down smugly.

"Think your daddy will still want to sodomize you, little girl?" she taunted.

Megan's beautiful hair was now cut raggedly short, no more than an inch long at the top, and her mother laughed heartlessly at her weakness, for her own hair was even shorter.

She straddled the girl, forcing her onto her belly, then began to cut even closer to the skull, the hair falling like snow on the pale cream rug as she snipped back and forth, back and forth.

She left the room and returned with a bowl of water, shaving cream, and a razor, and began to carefully shave her daughter's skull. She pinned the girl's head between her thighs as she ran the razor back and forth, again and again, wanting every bit of stubble removed.

Yet she was unsatisfied. She fetched a bottle of hair remover and sprayed it over Megan's bald skull, then turned to her groin and began to shave her there. The girl only moaned dazedly, offering no resistance, no doubt, she thought, relieved the pain had gone.

She washed the girl's skull, satisfied, at last, for it was as white and soft as her bottom, without a sign of stubble. She unbound the girl's wrists, replacing the cheap rope with leather restraints which locked firmly in place. Then she slid a strap around the girl's arms and forced them back sharply, ignoring the whimpered cries of pain until she jammed the slender arms together behind her, the elbows grinding against each other as she buckled the strap in place.

She stood up, the crop in hand.

"Out the door, bitch," she ordered. "Crawl on your belly. Move!"

She brought the crop down sharply on the girl's hip and was rewarded with a tortured sob.

The girl wriggled weakly, and another blow cracked down against her bottom, then another against the side of a plump breast.

"Crawl, dog!"

She watched the girl wriggle desperately forward, letting the crop bite at her soft skin to inspire her to greater effort, forcing her to wriggle across the floor and out the door, then down the hall to her own room.

"Stop your sniveling or I'll give you something to whine about!" she ordered, slashing the crop down against the bottom of a red foot.

Megan screamed and sobbed and Alex squeezed her own pussy. She would break this bitch into an utterly obedient little toy.

She forced her across the room, then placed a choke chain around her throat and pulled up, lifting her to her knees, where she perched unsteadily, gasping desperately for breath, eyes rolling imploringly up at her mother.

Holding the chain high, Alex forced her daughter to waddle awkwardly on her knees towards the wall, gasping and gurgling desperately the entire way. She eased the pull of the chain enough to let the girl breath, but hung it from a low hook to keep her in place facing the wall.

She went back to her chest, examining the contents, and drawing out her piercing kit. She had pierced many young nipples in her time, and other things, beside. But then she halted, a dark, hungry smile coming across her face.

She left the room and brought something else instead, thin nails and a hammer. She soaked the nails in alcohol, then dragged an low, heavy table out from a corner and set it in the middle of the room. She took Megan's leash and, pulling up so the girl choked again, forced her to waddle along to the edge of the table.

"Perfect," she said aloud.

Megan's proud young breasts were just above the table, and as the girl leaned forward she pressed down nicely on the table top. Alex took the hammer and nails and moved up behind her, then pressed one sharp little nail against the girl's nipple just next to the areola.

Megan moaned in pain as the nail pressed sharply into her sensitive flesh.

Alex let her own body pin the girl against the table, then brought the hammer down. One blow slammed the nail fully through the nipple and drove it into the table. The bang was accompanied by a shriek of pain and renewed sobbing, but Alex ignored both, bringing the hammer down again and again until the flat head of the nail crushed the nipple against the wood.

She did the same to the girl's other nipple, feeling wild and electrified with her own cruelty and

wanton disregard for the rules of life.

Yet she was not finished. She took a pair of small pincers from her cabinet and reached into the girl's open mouth, seizing her tongue. The girl made a choked cry of shock and pain as her tongue was yanked forward, but could do nothing as Alex placed another nail against the tongue and then hammered it down through the soft pink flesh.

"Quit your sniveling," she said in disgust, standing now and admiring her handiwork. "A lot of girls get their nipples pierced, and even more get their tongues pierced. I've just made you quite hip and punkish. Think how the other girls will admire you at school."

She laughed at her own wit, then left the room

The dazed young girl spent hours in that position, trembling and whimpering, dazed, confused, filled with pain and misery. Every part of her body hurt, and the pain rippled through her system like a nightmare storm, making it impossible to even think straight.

Of course, she had by then been awake for almost thirty hours, which helped not at all, especially with the physical and emotional shocks which had exhausted her throughout the time since her last sleep.

At long last her mother returned, and pried the nail out of her tongue. This caused fresh pain, and more tears spilled from her eyes. Her mother replaced the nail with a stainless steel stud which felt extremely odd inside her mouth, and then, without bothering to similarly free her breasts, sat down upon the table, her groin naked, and pulled her daughter's face into it.

"All right, whore. Make mommy happy again."

Megan stared at her mother's sex in bleary confusion, fear and pain filling her system.

"Lick, slut."

Her mother pulled on the back of her head and jammed her face in against her sex.

The instruction should have been obvious, yet such was the level of disorientation and confusion gripping the girl she had no idea what was expected of her.

"Lick! Lick me!"

At last Megan licked, awkwardly, uncertainly, and moaning in pain as her sore tongue made contact with her mother's shaven sex.

"Along the slit, bitch. Up and down. That's it."

Her mother's bottom was half sitting on her trapped breasts, her legs over Megan's shoulders as she pulled on her head. Megan licked dazedly at the slit, guided by her mother's instructions. She felt no sense of outrage, no sense of indignation at the demand, no shock or horror. She wanted only to escape the pain, and her frazzled mind had no time to spare for thoughts of pride and inhibitions.

She licked as she was taught, kissed where she was told, suckled as instructed, not even

considering it a sexual act, merely obeying without understanding.

Alex felt elated, more aroused than she'd been in years. The feel of her daughter's tongue riding along her slit was exquisite, especially with the little tongue stud. More exquisite still was her utter power over the beautiful young girl, her freedom to do as she pleased.

"Lick, whore," she ordered, feeling the little pink tongue lapping frantically against her excited sex.

"Ahh! Ahh! Lick mommy's cunt! Dirty little girl! Lick mommy's pussy!"

She climaxed again, then again, forcing the girl to continue to lick, suck and kiss her.

Satisfied at last she reached into the girl's mouth and pulled the tongue out, replacing the stud with a ring and attaching a thin chain. She led the chain straight up, forcing the girl's head back, and hung the chain from the ceiling.

"Need to stretch out that tongue, slut," she told her daughter. "I want it long and strong. I want to feel that fucking tongue on my cervix!"

She left her like that as she stripped, then took a long, comfortable shower. In the shower she considered who she could invite over to share her new toy. Most of her friends would be a little shocked at her using her own daughter, however much she knew that Alex was a poor excuse for a mother.

But there were others like her, horny bitches with few inhibitions, who would understand, who would exult in the freedom to do as they chose to a beautiful piece of ass like Megan.

Megan would be given no peace, not at first, not until she was emotionally and physically exhausted beyond the breaking point. She would turn the spoiled little teenage slut into a mindless fuck toy who would do as she was ordered instantly, without thought.

Thought? She didn't need the girl to think. A cheap, weak little whore like that didn't need her brain for anything. She would break that cheap tart's mind like blowing out a candle.

After her shower she went downstairs and called up a few people, bringing up the subject carefully, sounding them out before asking them over. They were the hardest of her friends, the meanest, the ones least tolerant of cock lovers and weaklings, the ones with the darkest sexual wants and needs.

When she returned to her room the thing which was her daughter was where she had left it a couple of hours earlier. It was pale faced and glassy eyed, moaning animalistic noises as it balanced on its knees, head pulled back, tongue thrust high.

Alex pried the nails out of her nipples and replaced them with rings, then unclipped the chain from her tongue ring and let her fall back onto her back. Rolled her onto her belly and unstrapped her aching arms, ignoring the whimpers and moans as she pressed each slender arm up and back, forcing the wrists up against the upper biceps just beneath her shoulders, and strapping them in place.

She removed the studded dildo from the girl's anus, replacing it with an anal probe which had a long tail attached. The tail hung down between her legs as she was forced to kneel on knees and elbows.

She hung small weighted balls from the girl's tongue and nipples and forced her to crawl down the hall on elbows and knees, snapping the crop down on her bottom and back as she moved.

She halted the girl at the stairs and squatted before her. "Now listen to me, slut," she said, seizing the girl's slack jaw in strong fingers and digging them in painfully.

"You are not my daughter. Understand? You are a whore. You are no relation to me at all. I will not have a creature like you as a daughter. You are a slave, a slave slut, a fuck toy. You will not call me mother, not now, and not ever. If you dare I will beat you senseless. Do you understand?"

She dug her fingers in painfully to emphasize the point and the girl's teary eyes blinked desperately.

"Understand?" she snapped.

The girl nodded.

"You will call me Mistress. Always. You will obey my slightest suggestion. You will never, ever, ever hesitate, or ask questions, or ask for anything at all. If you do I will give you such pain that what you felt today will seem like pleasure. Do you understand, slut?"

Again the girl nodded.

"You will obey." She said the last word very loudly. "Do you understand?"

Again the girl nodded.

"You will not speak unless I tell you to, not for any reason You will obey!"

She stood up, then put a booted foot against the girl's side and shoved. Megan gurgled in fear as she was thrown over the edge of the floor and tumbled down the carpeted stairs, bound arms and legs flailing as she tried and failed to catch herself.

Alex walked down behind her, then attached a chain to the girl's tongue ring and used the crop to force the bruised, whimpering thing to her knees and elbows.

"Now crawl, dog. Crawl."

She tugged on the chain, using it as a leash, forcing her daughter to crawl awkwardly along, aching feet held high, weighted balls swinging from tongue and nipples.

After that she put her in the kitchen and ordered her to clean the floor - with her tongue. She made the bald slave start in the corner and lick the dirt out of the cracks along the baseboard.

All day Megan was kept working, giving her no time or opportunity to shake out of the stupor she was in. After she had cleaned the baseboards she was given a pail of soapy water and a scrub brush and made to clean the entire floor, still on her knees.

After that she had to clean the bathroom floor, after first licking along the inside of the toilet bowl with her tongue. Then she got to lick her mother again before going out back and spending several hours throwing more dirt into the pit.

When that was done she was washed off and brought back inside to vacuum the rugs and do the laundry. Then she was washed off again and treated to a visitor.

"Very nice," the woman said, eyeing the dazed girl narrowly.

She walked over and pressed her fingers and thumb against the sides of Megan's face, forcing her jaw open.

"How much effort do you think it would take?" Alex demanded.

"Well, to completely remove the vocal chords is expensive. But we could just do a few snips here and there and she wouldn't be able to do more than make animal noises."

"That would be fine," Alex smiled. "What about the other?"

"Are you sure you want that? I mean, if you sever her achilles tendons she won't ever be able to get off her knees again."

"That's what I want," Alex smirked.

"There are a lot of things she won't be able to do then, like make dinner, for example."

"I don't care. She belongs on her hands and knees like an animal."

"Okay, I can schedule it then."

"Perfect. Oh, I want electrolysis done then too, head and crotch. I don't want to have to shave her every day."

"As you wish."

The woman then stripped and lay back on the sofa as Alex ordered Megan up between her legs. Megan dazedly began licking and sucking at the woman's slit as Alex gave her a hard spanking. The spanking turned to a paddling, then a cropping. Megan kept licking, sobbing and whimpering as she tongued the groaning woman's snatch.

When the woman left Alex led her through the house and out into the garage, then half lifted and heaved her into the trunk of her car, slamming the trunk down. "Don't make a sound," she ordered.

She drove quickly downtown to the small, ugly stone building which housed the club. There were back rooms there which were well equipped to give pain to pretty girls, and where screams would draw no notice or concern.

She drove into the alley behind the building and parked, then opened the trunk. The girl, exhausted, had fallen asleep. She yanked on the "leash" and the girl yowled in pain, scrambling frantically up onto knees and elbows, and up over the lip of the trunk.

Alex lifted her down, ignoring the whimpers of pain as she forced her to crawl over rough, broken pavement and in through the steel door, then down a dimly lit tiled corridor and into a back room where whips and chains hung from walls.

There were three other women there, and all gazed in unconcealed lust at the helpless young girl before them.

"Nice tits on her," one said.

"She has a whore's body," another sneered.

All three were in their late thirties and early forties. All had very short dark hair.

Maria Gonzales was a tall, hard faced woman in a high cut, studded leather corset and G-string. Ann Brooks was shorter, broader shouldered, with dark hair and eyes. She was a policewoman, and wore tight leather pants, boots, bra, and jacket. Rita Simms a nearly bald woman with a long face, large nose and lips, jet Black skin, and large bottom.

"It has no name," Alex said. "It's a thing. A cock loving whore. It was caught with its father's cock up its ass begging to be ridden harder.

The women glared at the white faced young woman kneeling before them.

"It's always liked to wear tight tops and short skirts, to flirt and tease the boys. It's fucked more men than all of us combined, and can't get enough cock."

"We're going to punish her."

The other women answered her with a wordless growl.

SIX

Megan stared up at the three strange women with a sense of fear and anguish. She felt like a storm tossed cork, completely at the mercy of the elements. She was terribly tired and wanted nothing more than to lie down and go to sleep, yet sleep had been denied her.

The sharp pain of her nipples and tongue was gone, now replaced by a dull throbbing. It had shocked and horrified her when her mother had nailed her nipples and tongue to the table, but now that they were free, now that the holes were filled with rings, the shock had faded. As her mother said, many girls had pierced nipples and tongues, and now she did too.

That didn't bother her. In fact, it wasn't at all a bad thing, for she had always thought the idea of pierced nipples to be deliciously exciting. The only reason she hadn't had hers done was because the fear

of pain had dissuaded her.

How sexy she would look with pierced nipples, she had thought. How excited the men would be to see.

Her feet continued to ache, and her breasts felt sunburned, yet the pain was bearable.

Her rough treatment at the hands of her mother had shocked her, not because of its cruelty, but due to its sexual nature. Never once had she imagined her mother held any such feelings for her. Never once had the thought crossed her mind, even while seducing her father, that her mother might want to taste her charms, as well.

She had always wanted to try a girl, but never had. There had always seemed to her to be too much risk of such experimenting getting out. The last thing she wanted was to have others condemn her as queer, especially since this would make it more difficult to get the boys to flock around her.

Now, with her mind a little clearer than it had been earlier in the day, she thought back to her forced tonguing of her mother and felt only a little disgusted. It hadn't been very difficult, after all, though her tongue had ached terribly at the time.

She was still rather dazed to find herself bound so tightly, and still subjected to her mothers' lewd and painful punishments. Yet there was a small, self satisfied sense of smugness within her. How angry her mother was that she had seduced her man. Her mother could claim all she wanted that she had no interest in her father, but she clearly did. Megan had seduced the man away from her and that was why her mother was taking out her frustration on her.

For in truth, Megan was eighteen years old, and her sexual knowledge consisted of her ability to make men and boys salivate over her lovely face and figure. She had little experience with or knowledge of eroticism and kinkiness. That her mother was a lesbian was no great surprise, but the depths of her mother's dark desires were still, even then, beyond her understanding.

The two had never been very close, but even then Megan thought of her as her mother, and was amazed at the savagery she was being treated to. That woman who had spoken of cutting her vocal cords and other things, surely that had been meant merely to frighten her. Her mother was angry with her, with excellent reason, she admitted, and had punished her, was still punishing her. Yet her mother would not seriously harm her. Would she?

The worst she could do, the very worst, had already been done. She had cut off all Megan's beautiful long hair. For that, Megan vowed she would get her back, somehow. Megan felt naked without her hair, ugly and freakish and furious. It had been the loss of her hair more than anything which had shocked her that morning, and made her almost numb to the rest of her punishment.

And now, clearly, her mother intended to further humiliate her, and as her face reddened beneath the steely eyes of the three strangers she felt a hot little core of dark heat within her loins. These women were lesbians, as well, she knew, and her mother would give her to them to abuse. To abuse sexually!

And now she looked like a lesbian, with her shaved head and pierced nipples. She looked like a lesbian fuck toy, as her mother had called her, and though she quailed a little at what would be expected of her, done to her, she was beginning to feel a dark, wicked sense of sexual wildness spilling like fire through her blood.

She tried to lick her lips, instinctively, and moaned softly. God that hurt! The chain, and now the weight, had kept her tongue thrust out far over her lip most of the day, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Now she watched the women as they stripped down their panties and G-strings, exposing shaven pussies, watched as they donned strap-on dildos with long black rubber phalluses, and felt her sex throb in anticipation. They were going to use her, to ride her like an animal bitch.

Dirty dykes.

She turned her head to see her mother glowering down at her, and shuddered again. That bitch! She was going to let these dykes, these queers, rape her own daughter!

Megan wallowed in a sense of martyrdom and victimhood as one of the women moved to kneel behind her. Her pussy ached, having been stretched all night and day by the cucumber. Yet the muscles were worn down, and when the bitch rammed her thick dildo up into Megan's pussy there was only a little pain.

Didn't hurt, bitch, she wanted to say.

Another of the women forced her head up, and plucked the chain from her tongue, then a second dildo was forced between her lips.

"See how you like this, slut," the Black woman sneered.

"Dirty little whore will probably love it," the Spanish woman laughed.

The other woman was rutting away at her from behind, and despite herself Megan gasped and moaned at the impact as the dildo was hammered up into her body.

And then the dildo was forced into her throat. She felt a sense of gratitude to her father for having already given her some experience in deep throating. The dildo was harder than her father's cock, and thicker, and the woman far less gentle, yet she felt less fear and shock than she would have were it not for her earlier experience.

Even so her throat ached as the thick rubber cock was forced down through it, down past her esophagus, down into her chest. The woman held her head in steel like fingers and began to rape her throat with the big dildo, lips pulled back into a rictus of sadistic glee as she thrust her hips in and out and watched the dildo slide between Megan's straining lips.

Hands groped at her breasts, slapping and squeezing. Hands slapped at her bottom, and the woman behind continued to ride her cruelly, punching the dildo deep into her belly, but the pain was minor compared to what she had already experienced, and Megan felt a sense of superiority over them.

They lusted after her. Just like all the boys and men they were hot because of her, aroused, excited by the sight of her, unable to keep their hands off her. Despite her pain and embarrassment she felt a little smug.

And that hot, dark little sense of sexual heat began to grow.

Alex watched Maria raping her daughter's throat. She could actually see the thick length of the dildo pushing out from within the girl's gullet each time the woman rammed it down the teenager's throat.

Megan shook violently under the impact of Ann's powerful thrusting. Alex almost winced in sympathy to see the thick girth of that hard dildo being pounded down into her daughter's pussy.

She felt a very odd sense of protectiveness towards her daughter, yet it was combined with a sense of wild excitement at violating that very sense of motherhood. Watching the brat raped as cruelly as this was exquisitely exciting. The dirty little slut was getting exactly what she needed.

She watched Maria pull the thick, glistening dildo out of Megan's mouth, and saw a long trail of saliva follow it as Megan coughed and choked and gasped in pain and discomfort. Rita moved in and knelt, pulling Megan's mouth against her sex and ordering her to lick.

Megan did so, hesitantly, then faster, as fingers slapped at her hanging breasts.

"What a whore."

"Filthy slut."

"Stinking bitch."

The women's voices were hard and cold as they used her daughter, and they sent a shudder of heat through Alex as she looked on and listened. She wished she had a video recorder so she could send these images to her milksop husband.

The three took turns raping Megan orally and vaginally, forcing her to lick each of them to orgasm. Then they all stepped aside and looked to her, and Alex understood they wanted their own sense of dark outrage stoked by the sight of mother and daughter together.

And so she stepped forward, knelt before her sluttish daughter, and pressed her sex forward. She slapped the girl's head, then gripped a hanging breast and twisted cruelly.

"Lick me, bitch," she ordered.

And Megan did, as the three looked on, and the sight of daughter performing on mother aroused them anew, so that each began to rub themselves and their eyes narrowed in dark hunger.

When she was done the three surrounded the teenager again, and once more began to use her violently, hungrily, cursing and sneering at her as they forced thick dildos into her anus and pussy and down her throat, until they all tired of it and stepped back.

"Time to get serious," Rita said.

The others nodded, and they turned to eye the dazed young woman.

"Whip her."

Alex nodded.

The three unbound her wrists and ankles, straightening out her limbs for the first time in hours. Megan moaned in pain but they ignored it, lifting her to her feet and raising her arms high, clipping her restraints to a pair of chains and then spreading her legs.

They raised her so she hung fully from her wrists, each knowing the pain which would begin to dig into her as the girl wriggled weakly in mid-air, toes searching helplessly for the floor inches below.

They watched the play of muscles beneath the flesh of her arms and shoulders, watched her long, slender legs kick weakly, the breasts, still lightly criss-crossed with red lines, strain.

In a day or two they would be gone, but not the lines she was about to receive. These would linger much longer.

Rita was the expert with the whip, the long whip, but Maria began, warming the slut up. Alex stood back to watch, aroused as her instinctive sense of motherhood was shocked again and again, much to her delight.

Maria held a cat O' nine tails, a long flog which ended in thin leather strips. She flung her arm forward and the strips spread out, raining fire across the girl's back as she hung weakly in mid air.

Megan moaned in fear, yet that small core of dark hunger flared hotter with shock and outrage. Yes, she had been spanked and strapped and cropped, but to be hung from her wrists and whipped was the stuff of pirate fantasies.

But the sadistic hunger emanating from these women was almost visible, and as she hung, gasping, and saw the woman move behind her with the flog, she looked down the length of her body at her feet dangling so far below, and tried to brace herself for the pain even as her body thrilled with the wickedness of what was being done.

The flog cracked against her back, the thin strips spreading out and crackling across the surface of her skin like a shower of darts. She cried out in pain, her body thrashing, swinging, and heat roared within her loins as she twisted and moaned.

Whipped! Whipped! Not by her mother, not out of punishment, not a beating, but a whipping, by cruel, cold lustful lesbians. Not a girlish punishment, but the dark adult world of lewd, perverted sex.

The flog cracked down on her back and again she screamed, hips twisting, legs flailing. The pain was needle sharp, but bearable, and the hot thrumming sexual heat rose higher.

Another blow, and another, and her back was hot and tender, and she was finding it hard to breath for the tightness in her chest. Another blow, two more, and another three, and she gasped and moaned and whimpered as her back burned. She saw the Black woman rubbing her fingers along her sex, excited by the sight, and a thrill of heat burned into her chest.

Another blow, lower on her back, three more, as she twisted and writhed and her legs kicked and flailed.

Then two of them pressed their bodies against her, sandwiching her between them. The Black woman was before her, the Spanish behind, and her mother watched from one side as thick dildos were

forced into her pussy and rectum.

She groaned in wicked heat, crushed between them, gasping for breath as their hands roughly squeezed and pinched her soft flesh> the twin dildos pushed roughly up into her abdomen, pumping in and out, stuffing her painfully and excitingly as the women bit into the nape of her neck on either side.

And her mother looked on. There was something deliciously perverse about that, about knowing her mother was watching her be raped by these vicious lesbian bitches with their big dildos.

The heat rose around her like a wall and began to squeeze her mind as the two women thrust into her again and again. Her legs were spread wide, held wide by large, strong hands as the two raped her, and her entire lower abdomen burned with excitement and pain and heat.

She came, her head rolling bonelessly, jerking violently as the two continued to thrust into her, her mind spinning dazedly as the sexual fire burned through her nervous system and her muscles spasmed and flared.

They cursed her and slapped her and called her cruel names, thrusting even harder, pinching and biting at her as they tore their hard plastic cocks back and forth inside her.

Then they stood back, and the flog flew again, the snapping fireflies of pain biting at her back and buttocks, then her breasts and belly.

They pulled her legs apart and tied them in place, and then the Black woman let a long ugly whip uncoil and slide across the whip as she moved towards her.

Megan, gasping weakly, tongue hanging over her lower lip, pulled by a weight on the chain attached to her ring, body covered in small, thin lines of red pain, body exhausted from the punishment given her, looked on through slitted eyes, moaning softly as she saw the whip, shuddering in sudden fear - and hot, dark hunger.

The whip cut into her back with a hard, violent impact which almost knocked the breath out of her. She screamed, the pain intense, her legs tugging wildly against the chains holding them in place. Fire clawed at her back as she sobbed helplessly and twisted in mid air.

Another blow across her back, and she screamed shamelessly, back arching, head thrashing.

Another blow, and another, and each drew a scream as the pain mounted. Perspiration was trickling slowly down her face now, trickling down over and between her breasts, the sweat of pain, of agony as she sobbed weakly and tried to beg them to stop.

And yet the hunger was still there, the hot, ugly heat that someone with more knowledge would have called masochism.

The whip hissed as it cut through the air, and now it struck her back above the hips, and the end of the whip curled around her waist so that the tip snapped at her belly like a snake bite. She screamed and twisted, and the world seemed to roll and spin around her as the leering faces of the watching women filled her world.

Her mother, she saw, her mother's face was as ugly as the others, as ugly with hunger and sexual heat and desire.

The whip slashed forward, curling in around her waist again, angling upwards so that the tip was driven into her right breast, which bounced wildly.

She shrieked and thrashed. This was worse than she had feared, the pain more terrible than she could stand. It was pushing aside the heat of pleasure and causing her a frantic desperation to free herself.

The whip curled around her chest and bit into her right nipple, and she screamed so that her throat ached.

Her mother was fingering herself, and a sliver of dark excitement cut into Megan's pain.

Her mother was aroused at seeing her whipped!? Her mother was so hot she was fingering herself!

Never call me mother, she had said. Not ever again.

Bitch.

"Mommy!" she cried. It was half instinct, half defiance, and very much a product of a life of whining and looking sorrowful to get her way.

She saw her mother's eyes widen, saw the other women startled as well. Had they not known? No, they clearly did. She saw her mother's gaze harden, but saw the others flame with excitement. It made them hot to hear the word, to have her remind them of what an outrage they were performing.

The whip flew and cut across her back, knocking the breath from her. She moaned and gasped, head falling back.

The whip slashed across her back and curled around her waist, the tip curling downwards now and snapping at her lower abdomen. She cried out, twisting, writhing, sobbing. Tears joined the perspiration trickling down her breasts.

Another blow, and the tip of the whip cut directly into her newly shaven sex. She shrieked, her body bucking violently. A small corner of her mind saw the Spanish woman was coming, gasping and moaning even as the whip curled in and around her once more, and again the hard tip bit into her vulnerable sex.

"Mommy!" she cried, her voice breaking, exhausted.

"Slut!" her mother snarled, her fingers rubbing furiously at her pussy.

Hunger flared within her aching sex, and Megan moaned and twisted as the whip curled around her body again, and again, and again, now this side, now that, snapping at her pussy and breasts and belly as she screamed and sobbed and twisted.

The whip halted, and the women moved towards her, running their fingers along the welts rising across her soft skin, calling her whore and slut and bitch.

Something was thrust into her pussy, and something else into her anus. Sharp metal teeth bit into her nipples so that she sobbed and moaned. She was dazed, half delirious from pain and shock and lack of sleep and water.

And then the shock ripped through her.

She looked so gorgeous, so hot, so sleek. Alex watched her whip marked daughter, her skin gleaming, as Ann turned the dials. Megan's body stiffened and began to tremble more and more violently as a low, warbling, animal scream escaped her open mouth.

Ann turned the dial up and down rapidly, sending fast, searing little shocks of electricity through Megan's nipples and pussy and up into her anus. Maria joined her, and they began to vary the power and origin of the electrical shocks, now sending it through her nipples, now through her pussy, now into her anus, now through two or three sources.

The power went higher, and Megan's body thrashed with more and more violence, her warbling screams trailing off as the breath was forced from her tortured lungs. More power, and more, and she shook wildly, convulsions tearing through her body as she gurgled in mindless agony.

Ann cut the power and the girl went limp, moaning weakly. Then they sent the power ripping into her and her head flew up and back as she once again began to thrash and shudder.

Again they cut the power, letting her go limp, gasping, and again they sent it surging up to set her shaking and thrashing.

She was useless for anything after that, her eyes glazed and sightless, jaw slack. They lowered her, twisted her around, bound her wrists behind her back, and raised her from her ankles, letting her hang like that.

Ann swept smelling salts past her nostrils and the girl shuddered and bucked.

"Give the slut some water," Rita said.

They filled a bucket and placed it beneath her head, and then lowered the chain holding her aloft until her head was submerged. They left her head beneath the water for long seconds, then pulled her up. She sputtered and gasped and coughed

"Drink, slut," Alex called.

They lowered her head into the water once again, leaving her there for half a minute before lifting her up. Again she coughed and sputtered and drew in long, desperate, ragged gasps of air.

"Dirty little whore," Rita said.

Again they lowered her, and again, leaving her head beneath the water for longer periods of time.

Finally they kicked the bucket away and left her as she was. It was evening by then, and they decided to leave her hanging overnight. The blood rushing to her head would make it exceedingly hard to

think, to understand what was happening. Her tongue was pulled out and a weight fastened to the ring protruding through it, then they left her.

The next day they would resume their training.

Megan hung dazed and moaning, pain flaring along every inch of her body and confusion clouding her mind. She did not clearly understand why the world was upside down, why her head throbbed, why she ached. She floated, half conscious, eyes blinking dizzily, jaw slack, hungry, thirsty, and aching as the hours passed.

She was not really aware of her mother returning the next morning. She moaned as the chain upon which she hung swayed weakly, and she felt hands on her bald scalp, forcing her head up and back so far her neck ached and she was almost seeing the world rightside up.

Seeing a pussy in front of her as a woman squatted there, legs open.

The weight was removed from her tongue, which, though she had not really been aware of it, except as another source of pain, had been hanging out of her mouth all night long.

"Lick," she heard, as her face was pushed into the woman's sex. "Lick!"

A hand roughly squeezed her breast, giving it a vicious twist, and she sobbed in pain.

"Lick! Lick!"

Every movement of her tongue hurt, yet her breast hurt more, and the voice was remorseless, and so she licked out with her throbbing tongue, sliding it along the narrow slit before her, lapping weakly up and down as her nipples were twisted and pinched and the voice urged her on.

It was a voice she recognized, yet not consciously. She was still dazed, her mind clouded. She licked, and then licked harder as the voice cursed her and twisted her breasts, and at last the hands released her and the woman moved away.

She felt the chain jerking, felt her body twisting. Her head pressed against the floor, then her shoulders, then her back. She was lowered until she lay fully on the floor, staring dazedly up at the bare light bulb above. Then hands filled her vision, and a moment later something heavy and rubbery was forced over her head and pulled down over her face.

It blinded her, and squeezed in uncomfortably around her nose and cheeks. Her mouth was uncovered, but the thing pulled in tightly beneath her jaw and snapped together.

"Open your mouth, slut," the voice demanded, fingers pinching into the sides of her jaw.

She opened her mouth, and something painful pinched at her tongue, pulling it out. She felt more hands on her body, and more elastic rubbery material forced over her hands and up her arms, then up

her legs as well. Like tight latex it squeezed her soft flesh, covering her arms to the shoulders, her legs to the upper thighs. The part of her hands was a hard, thick glove, yet without fingers or thumbs.

Then she was rolled onto her belly, feeling the cold stone against her aching breasts.

"Up onto your hands and knees, slut!"

A sharp, biting pain against her bottom and she moaned, thrusting it upwards. She felt dizzy as the blood rushed out of her head. She swayed and fell, but another sharp stinging bite to her back raised her again, only to fall, and rise yet again until she knelt swaying and dazed and blinded.

She felt fingers groping her breasts, then weights pulling on her nipples.

"Crawl, slut! Now!"

Another sting at her backside and she crawled awkwardly forward on the floor, gasping and weak. The weights swung from her tongue and nipples, and she heard voices around her, sneering and laughing.

She felt hunger, terrible hunger, and moaned, somehow knowing she dared not speak.

Something was pulling at her throat, a leash tugging her forward. She had the sense of more space now as she crawled. And then there were voices, many of them, the hubbub of a crowd. She heard cries of delight, laughter, admiring and obscene remarks, yet was only distantly aware they were directed at her, moaning weakly as she crawled along, head throbbing, stomach rumbling, nipples and tongue burning, flesh aching from the whip.

These women did not know. Alex felt a sense of smug superiority at that. They knew neither that the girl was her daughter - which would have horrified many, nor that she was unwilling. Middle class poseurs, Alex thought contemptuously. They were willing to play at dominance and submission, to whip and be whipped, but the real thing frightened them, violated too many societal conventions and rules.

None knew the young girl crawling before them was there against her will, and so they looked on, amused, excited by the girl's lovely body, by her degradation, by the whip marks across her pale skin, and the way the weights pulled on her nipples.

Hands bent to pat Megan's head through the hood, to stroke her back or fondle her breasts, to slap her bottom or give her sex a squeeze, and Alex led the girl on slowly, proudly. How envious these bitches must be, she thought, wishing they could possess a beautiful little slut like this.

She led the girl up onto a low rise, and watched benignly as several women used dildos on her daughter, thrusting them hard and fast and deep, because the dildo was the sign of the male, and it was degrading, or they thought it would be, to use it on a woman who, like them, was a lesbian.

And yet they were not surprised when the girl began to respond to their strap-ons and vibrators and fingers, began to thrust her bottom back and moan in dazed pleasure. For this was, after all, a delicious sexual game, and it was quite natural for the submissive woman before them to take pleasure in it.

Dumb bitches, she thought, watching a fat woman with a huge dildo drive it into Megan's quivering body with hard strokes which had the woman's belly jiggling.

After a while she removed the weight from Megan's tongue and let the girl perform on several of the women, lapping at their pussies as the woman moaned and gasped in pleasure. Then she set a bowl of milk on the floor before her daughter and instructed her to drink, which, as she was starved, she did quickly and excitedly.

The women looked on, delighted.

She realized that, for the first time, she was feeling a sense of possession, of pride in her daughter. Not as her daughter, perhaps, but as her pet, her slave.

But Megan was not that yet, not quite.

SEVEN

Bob watched the house for some time, making sure his wife was not there. He was quite terrified of what she might have done to him now, of prison and poverty and the humiliation he would be treated to if his family and friends found out. They would never understand, never. The cold hard facts would tell them nothing of how seductive and slutty his daughter was, of how she had begged for it, taunted him, shoved it into his face. No, they would know only that he had "abused" his daughter.

But if he could talk to Megan, get their stories right, perhaps there would be some doubt, perhaps they could deny it, and even if his bitch wife got the house perhaps they could go elsewhere, together.

He shuddered as he thought of Megan's soft breasts and firm bottom, of the feel of her pussy wrapped around his cock. Oh how he'd missed that over the years! And never really known how much he had missed it. He had never had much sex, after all, because he'd been such a timid young man. But the sense of power and heady rush of pleasure as he had rutted wildly with his sexy daughter had made him painfully aware of what was there to be had.

And he wanted it again. He wanted it desperately. He wanted Megan, his love, his daughter, his hot, slutty sex toy. It had been more than a week since he had fled in humiliation from his wife's scorn, and during that week he had been consumed by fear and arousal in turn.

And so he crept up to the house and let himself inside, heart pounding with the fear that he might be discovered. He hurried up the stairs, searching for signs of Alex, grateful and relieved at the quiet.

Megan's room was empty, much to his disappointment, as were the others, but his wife's room was unlocked. It had always been locked before, and he had never been permitted inside. Now he crept in, looking around and finding it much more normal than he would have expected.

He opened a dresser drawer and looked down at the sexy, lacy silk lingerie there, and a sense of bitterness rose around him. The bitch had no doubt made herself look lovely for her female lovers, while he had sat alone watching television. Awareness of the trap he had let himself fall into so long ago came rushing back with bitter vengeance and he slammed the drawer closed.

He should have divorced her, no matter what his family and friends thought, should have escaped her with Megan, gone looking for another wife.

He opened a cabinet and his eyes widened at the sight of the sexual toys within. There were a plethora of dildos and vibrators, whips and crops and chains and restraints. What a kinky slut his wife was!

He sifted through them, amazed, and more than a little aroused at the thought of his wife using them. Did women tie up Alex and spank her much as he had done to Megan? No, most likely it was the other way around. His cock twitched at such a thought. Bitch, he thought.

He left the room, then hurried downstairs, looking out the front window to make sure Alex was not about to appear, wondering where Megan had gone.

He moved through the house and looked out back, then opened the basement door, deciding he could at least get suitcases to take some of these things with him. He turned on the light and trotted down the stairs, then halted in stunned surprise at the sight before him.

Two weeks before he would not have imagined for a moment the person before him was his Megan. Yet now, even faceless as she was, the hood completely obscuring her features, he knew it was her.

She was hanging naked from her ankles, her legs spread wide apart. Her tongue hung over her upper lip, a weight attached by a thin wire, and as he crept closer he saw, to his amazement, that Megan's tongue had been pierced. Her nipples had also been pierced, though only thin silver rings, and not weights were attached to them.

Her pale ivory flesh was now pinkish due to the mass of criss crossing red lines coating it from top to bottom, and he was breathless with understanding as he saw the flog sitting on a low table nearby.

Megan's pubic hair had all been removed, and two immensely thick dildos protruded from her exposed holes, both trailing wires which were plugged into a wall socket.

As he crept closer he could see that they were vibrators, and hear the soft buzz as they shook within Megan's body.

He could hear, as well, the soft moans coming from her mouth, and his cock sprang erect at the sound and sight of her even as his mind filled with outrage at what his wife had done.

She was punishing his Megan for what he had done!

And yet this was no ordinary punishment, not even for Alex. And a thrill of hope swirled through his mind as he considered her motivation. Alex was a lesbian, and now he looked upon his whip marked daughter with the vibrators buried deep within her body and knew the slut had used his daughter even as he had - yet worse.

For he was quite sure Megan had never consented to this, quite sure she had never sought it, never wanted it, and been overcome, been forced to submit to his wife's perverted lusts.

And yet - and yet Megan was a little slut, and as he watched her he was quite sure she was aroused, had probably been aroused all week by his wife's filthy attentions.

She was such a little whore, he thought in admiration and resignation!

He moved closer and his cock throbbed against his trousers. God, she was gorgeous and sexy!

He looked at her moist sex and the tight pubic lips clasp the vibrator, then squatted and reached for the hood. His hands moved over it, searching for a way to remove it, yet he quickly discovered the small padlocks which kept it in place. He would need tools to get the thing off.

His fingers brushed at the weight dangling from her tongue and he noted how far out her tongue was pushed, feeling a sense of cynicism as he realized the reason. He ran his hands over her breasts, squeezing and kneading them gently. The touch inflamed him, and he squeezed harder, moaning softly, then rose to gaze at her sex.

He gripped the vibrator inside her pussy and pulled slowly, watching as inch after inch slid up out of her body, growing more and more amazed and aroused as he continued to pull and more and more continued to slide up out of the depths of his daughter's pussy.

Jesus it was huge!

At last he pulled it free and held it in his hand, staring down at her open sex, at the glistening pink flesh within. He let the vibrator move back and press against that opening, then slowly thrust it down into her, driving it as deep as he could before pulling it back again.

Something kept him quiet. She did not know it was him, must think it was Alex again, and perhaps that was a good thing. For he knew he could not take her with him, not yet. He needed to catch Alex in the act, needed absolute proof of what she was doing, and for that he must leave Megan here for a little while longer.

He pumped the vibrator in and out, then played it slowly around her clitoris, rewarded by gasps and moans as her body began to twist and writhe.

He tore open his pants and thrust himself down into her tight, tender hole, pumping furiously as he gripped her buttocks in his fingers. He gasped and panted as he thrust, moaning in delight at the feel of her pussy wrapped around his cock, and came within less than a minutes, pouring his cream down into her body.

Yet though the edge was removed his excitement remained, as did his erection, and he continued to pump. He gripped the end of the other vibrator now and began to pump it in and out of her anus, then found the first, and played it against her clitoris as he continued to thrust himself into her.

He knew she had come when her pussy began to spastically squeeze down on his cock, knew it was a good one when her body thrashed frantically in its chains.

His second climax sent his seed pouring down into her thrashing body, and he half collapsed over

her, gasping. Then the sound of a car door slamming brought him back to life, and he looked up in alarm. He thrust the vibrators back into Megan's body and hurried up the stairs. Too late.

He heard her voice and then another woman's and retreated, heart pounding.

The basement was made up of several rooms. The main room was finished and furnished, with tiles, plywood walls, a pool table, chairs, a television, and a small bar. There was a door at one end leading down a narrow tiled floor. To one side was the washer and dryer, as well as a sink, to the other was a toilet. Beyond both was the furnace and water heater, and beyond those a large, unfinished stone store room with rough shelves along the walls.

He retreated into the corridor, turning out the lights and hid himself in the storeroom, leaving the door open a crack as he heard feet on the stairs.

"Been enjoying your nap, slut?" he heard Alex ask.

She appeared then, along with two more women, both, he could see, hard core dykes like Alex.

He could not see Megan as they spoke to her, nor hear any replies. But then the two women began to set up the objects they had carried down the stairs. They were two A shaped wooden objects, and a long thin pole. When they set them down he realized they were setting up a sawhorse, though an oddly shaped one.

It was short, but that wasn't the reason it seemed odd. It was the wooden pole between the two supporting posts. It should have been a simple two by four, but it was much smaller, and unpainted. And as the women turned it and then began to set it in place he realized it was triangular shaped, with the narrow end up and the wide end down.

They set it up near the door, and so he could see quite clearly as his naked, hooded daughter, two strong women gripping her nearly limp body, was dragged over before it. The third woman lifted up one of Megan's legs, and the three women then positioned her over the thing so that she was straddling it.

Her hands were lifted up and back behind her, forced up between her shoulder blades, and then fastened to a chain dangling from the ceiling overhead. Then her feet were lifted up off the floor and raised behind her, to be bound to the top of the two legs behind her.

He did not, at first, understand the point of it, until he heard the women talking, and watched one of the women run her fingers along the wooden bar Megan straddled.

"It'll build up quickly," she said. "The pain will be dull at first, but soon she'll be trying to shift her weight off, and find she can't. The pain will grow worse and worse with every passing minute until she wants to scream her voice out. But it will go on and on. It won't hurt her - permanently, that is. But her soft little pussy will feel as if it's on fire."

"Not for the first time," Alex said with a sneer.

The other two laughed with her.

"But not in a good way," one said.

They tilted Megan's head up and back and then gripped the wire still attached to her tongue, raising it up and back until they were able to attach it to a longer wire they nailed to the roof. This forced Megan's head to remain back, her back arched. They then attached lines to her nipple rings and pulled them forward so that the soft round flesh stretched out, the nipples straining.

Within Bob, outrage and fatherly protectiveness warred with a burning lust. He had never imagined such lewd and kinky things himself. Yet seeing them made him long to take part, to torment his beautiful little girl himself and hear her moans of sexual pain.

What would it be like to whip her? Did she enjoy it? Did she get off on such nasty, wicked things? She was such a slut there was no telling.

The three women remained for some time, gathered around Megan, mocking and jeering her, plucking the wires attached to her nipples, fingering her groin, laughing as she moaned in discomfort and pain. Then they left her to herself, their feet heavy on the wooden stairs as they disappeared.

Bob crept slowly forward, staring slack jawed at the lewd, sensual scene before him, of his lovely sluttish daughter's body bent back, her nipples stretched out, her sex driven down onto the hard edge of the wood beneath her. He felt a father's protectiveness, the need to free her of her pain, and yet he also felt a lewd lover's hunger at her abuse.

He let his finger gently press against her clitoris and rub back and forth, and listened to her dazed moaning and whimpering, the wire on her tongue making it impossible for her to talk. He would have her himself, he thought fiercely, and everything else. Once he got proof of what Alex was doing he would be the one getting the divorce, and she the one willing to give up all claims.

He smiled to himself, then moved through the basement. He unlocked a back window, removed the screen, and then crawled out. He would return, he vowed, and then he'd have his own tapes to use against his bitch wife.

Alex and her friends spent several hours in lesbian play while her daughter straddled the horse in the basement, wrapped in agony. After seeing them out she greeted Doctor Simms, who was now prepared to finish her work on Megan.

Each day they had used painful electrolysis to remove the girl's hair follicles. They had started on her pussy and worked their way down her legs. They had finished the other day, and she now found herself envying Megan. For while she had no intention of enduring the hours of pain and discomfort her daughter had she truly wished she could remain as smoothly shaven as Megan now would be - forever.

Her vocal cords had been snipped several days earlier, and now was time to sever her Achilles tendons. Afterwards, of course, there would be more electrolysis to remove the hair from her head. That would take many days, of course.

Lacking money, which his wife had taken, it took Bob a few days to make the arrangements for the camera and then crawl back into the basement of what had once been his home. Megan was not in the basement any longer, and he muttered in disappointment, then headed up the stairs. She moved

gingerly out onto the first floor, looking warily around. His wife's car was gone, but he was a careful man.

He saw that the swimming pool, or what was to be the swimming pool, had been filled in again, and muttered in disgust as he headed up the second floor.

And there was Megan, and his face broke into a smile of lust as his cock throbbed within his trousers.

She was still hooded. He wondered how often Alex did that to the girl. She was balanced precariously on her knees, her ankles strapped up against the underside of her buttocks, her arms bound behind her back so tightly her elbows were pressed together. As had been the case the last time he'd seen her her head was pulled up and back, her tongue pulled up - even further than before, he saw with admiration.

Her nipples were pulled straight out before her and bound to a wooden post, and, he saw, excited, that she was impaled upon another post, a thick one which forced her pussy lips to strain wide around it.

He videotaped her from all sides, but knew the tape was poor evidence because of the full hood. Yet as before, it was locked in place, and removing it would require breaking the locks, which would give evidence of his presence.

He put down the camera and knelt beside her, excitedly running his hands over his daughter's body, fingering her swollen nipples and the taut pussy lips gripping the post beneath her quivering body.

He moved behind her, fingering her bottom and then, too aroused to hold back, drew down his pants and slowly worked his erection up into her anal opening, gasping in pleasure as he thrust again and again, his hands stroking and fondling her breasts and belly.

Over the next week he spent hours in the house, using his always bound and hooded daughter, taking videos, and being frustrated in his desire to get his wife on tape with the girl because of the ever present hood. He was beginning to suspect now that it was on continuously, and was at a loss as to what to do.

He was able to tape his wife and her friends beating and sexually using the girl twice, but because of the hood the evidence was of doubtful use, and the risk was wearing on his nerves.

Finally he risked speaking to her when they were alone, whispering into her ear - or at least where it would be if she were not hooded, and removed the wire which seemed to constantly hang from her tongue so that she could reply. She made only insensible gurgling noises, however, clearly too mentally exhausted by her treatment to understand what was happening.

Finally, he was successful. They dragged the girl into the basement, literally, and, still hooded, bent her over as he taped them and bound her tightly in place, spreading her legs wide, wide apart. Alex then picked up something he had not seen, a long, thin tube like object which was plugged into the wall. At first he thought the tip had an orange light as she bent over Megan and her friends spread the girl's buttocks.

He zoomed in, and was shocked to see not a light, but the glow of something which was red hot. And then, too stunned to do anything but continue to tape, he watched as Alex pressed the hot iron against his daughter's skin, in that small space directly between her pussy and anus.

Even through her gag he could hear Megan shriek of agony as he smelled the scent of burned flesh.

Alex drew back and the others chatted eagerly as they looked at the brand which had been placed on the hooded girl, congratulating her on how neat it was.

And then, as his mind was trying to cope with the shock, they unlocked the girl's hood and tugged it off, baring her face at last.

Another shock greeted him, for his daughter was almost bald! Her long, beautiful silky hair had been shaved off, and all that remained was a stubble.

He watched the sobbing, pale faced girl being forced to please all four of the women there with her tongue, taping the entire show as he grinned with savage exultation at finally getting the evidence he needed to fend off his wife.

Alex groaned in sheer bliss as she lay back, grasping Megan's head and pulling it in tighter against her sex, quivering with excitement as she felt the girl's long tongue writhe deep within her pussy. Her friends looked on in envy, fingering and kneading the girl's flesh, wishing they owned such a toy.

The only thing marring her perfectly was the stubble on Megan's head, and she felt a twinge of anger that the removal had fallen behind schedule. The doctor had wanted her to recover from the more intrusive operations first, but now she was ready, and Alex vowed the girl would be subjected to the electrical burning ten hours a day until every last hair was gone forever.

The next morning she loaded the dazed girl into the trunk of her car to take to the club, and got in the front. She pressed the button on the remote control and the garage door slowly wound upwards. She wasn't able to drive forward, however, because there was a large Jeep parked in front of her.

Bob stood in front of it.

Alex scowled as the man walked towards her. He slapped the garage control as he passed it and the door slowly closed behind him as he came up to her car.

"What the hell are you doing here, you sick little fucker?" she hissed.

"Why I came to see my loving wife," he said.

"Get the fuck out of here before I call the police and have you arrested, you dirty perverted creep."

"Oh, I don't think you'll do that, Alex dear."

"And why not?"

"Because, bitch, I have my own tape now."

Alex stared at him in confusion.

"I came in last night and recorded your sick little games with Megan. You call me a pervert? I never branded her!"

Alex glared at him in hate.

"So? So what? You can't turn me in or I'll turn you in too. We'll both go to prison, and the little slut will wind up in an asylum."

"Maybe, but I have a much better idea. I thought I had some perverted thoughts," he said, shaking his head, "But I just don't even come close to the things you do, Alex. You are a real champion pervert, especially for a butch dyke."

"Fuck off," she snarled.

"So where's Megan?"

"I sold her to a pimp."

"I doubt that, slut. I think you hate her so much you'd want her around to abuse yourself. Now where is she?"

"Eat me," she sneered.

"It'll be you doing the eating, slut."

He slammed his fist in through the open window of the car and Alex was thrown back, dazed. He yanked open the car door and pushed her onto her belly, then quickly handcuffed her wrists together behind her back.

He gripped her blonde hair and yanked her out of the car. She screamed in pain, and tried to kick him but his knee caught her in the crotch and she sagged to the floor, gurgling in pain.

"Now where's my slut?"

"I-I won't tell you," she gasped.

"Oh yes you will," he said. "I promise you you will."

He dragged her back into the house and threw her down on a table, then quickly cut her expensive clothes off.

"No! Don't! I-I'll tell you," Alex cried as he stepped between her legs.

"Where?"

"You-you have to promise not to - to use that-to put that inside me."

"Okay, fine. I promise if you tell me where Megan is I won't put it in. Now where?"

"In the trunk of my car," she groaned.

"What? Why? Where were you taking her?"

"Nowhere," she said sullenly.

Bob went back to the garage and got the dazed teenager out of the trunk, appalled again at her bald head.

"God damn dyke bitch!" he snarled at her, carrying Megan back into the house.

Alex laughed cruelly.

"Sure, Bob. Let's see you fuck her now. Isn't she beautiful?" She cackled in delight. "Now unlock these!"

"Oh I don't think so," he said. "I don't think so at all."

"Don't you dare touch me!"

"Touch you? You fucking dyke! I'll touch you!"

He batted aside her flailing legs and gripped her thighs, tearing them apart.

"What are you doing!? Don't touch me!"

He tore his pants open and pulled out his cock, snarling down at her as he rubbed it up and down against her shaved slit.

"I've been wanting to do this for a long time, you whore!"

"You..you promised!" she screamed. "You always keep your word! Remember?!"

He stopped, growling angrily.

"Fine!" he said. "If that's the way you want it."

He gripped her by the hair and dragged her off the table, then marched her upstairs to her room. She no longer needed to lock her little toys away, so after throwing her on the bed he went into her closet and eyed the large collection, then took out a few he thought would come in useful.

"Leave me alone! You let me go you filthy bastard!"

"Shut your mouth, bitch!"

He slapped her face, hard, throwing her back on the bed. Then he grabbed her hair again and forced her to kneel and raise her bottom. He jammed her face down against the mattress as he took a big thick dildo and thrust it against her pussy.

"Ow! Stop it! Bastard! Stop!"

"You bitch! I bet you love using these on little girls!" he sneered.

He thrust the big dildo in again, harder, and she screamed as it tore her seldom used pussy open and rammed up inside. Like most lesbians Alex preferred to use dildos on others, and seldom let anything bigger than a finger into her quim.

Now she ached and burned inside as the thick rubber cock was raped up into her pussy tunnel. Bob kept thrusting, pounding his fist against the base of it until it was buried in her aching pit. Then he picked up a second and stabbed it up against her anal opening.

"OWwww! Fuck! You fucker! You bastard!"

"You bet, slut. You bet I am!"

He forced the dildo up into her until her guts were screaming and cramps gripped her belly. Then he began using one of her own riding crops on her upturned buttocks. She howled and shrieked in outrage and pain as the crop raised red lines of fire across her tender flesh.

He laughed in glee, for he had been wanting to teach his bitch wife a lesson for years. He laced her bottom savagely, his eyes wild as her round buttocks bounced and shook, moving up and down and sideways in a desperate attempt to evade his brutal beating.

He kept his hand on the back of her neck, holding her in place as he whipped her round ass flesh. But her bottom was just the beginning. He had seen things that he had never even imagined before, and was eager to teach her what they felt like.

And then there was her hair. Oh yes, there was so much he was going to do with his snotty bitch wife.

First he cut off her hair, then he shaved her bald just like she'd done to Megan. He made her crawl across the floor on her belly and lick his feet, and whipped her back and behind when she resisted.

He found her little torture chamber in the basement, and soon it was she, and not Megan who was hanging between the beams being whipped. Soon it was she with pierced nipples, clit, tongue, and pussy lips, not to mention nose, with heavy weights dangling from them.

Soon it was she begging for food, for water.

He didn't have to put his cock in her. Instead he made her beg for it, made her beg to suck him, and then she put her lips around his erection and began to suck with the same desperate eagerness as Megan had eaten her with earlier.

Then she was lowering her pussy onto his cock and riding it up and down, then forcing her rectum back onto it, gasping for pain, tears of fury and humiliation trickling down her cheeks as she took it deep into her belly and rutted back against it.

He kept her crawling, kept her begging, made her do every disgusting thing he could imagine, including everything she'd had Megan do. He even led her out back by a leash around her collar, led her crawling along beside him to a corner of the yard, and then watched as she went to the bathroom.

All the while he poured verbal abuse over her, calling her whore and slut and tramp and dog, slapping and spanking and whipping her all day long, making her grovel and crawl until he was sure her spirit was utterly broken. He gave her to his friends then, one, two and ten at a time, forcing her to please them night after night, often loaning her out for gang bangs and drunken parties.

For he had no need of her for his own pleasure. He had Megan, his slut, his daughter.

Megan had been unalterably changed by her experience with her mother. Her hair slowly grew back, but she didn't talk, and seemed unable to rise from her knees. At first he didn't mind very much. She was a living sex toy and he was too busy taking out years of anger on his wife to care. He fed her, stroked her, kissed her, rocked her to sleep, and used her sexually.

For weeks there was little in her glazed eyes to indicate her mind had not been shattered by her ordeal, but she slowly returned to her presence of mind, and began to make her wishes known. She had to write down what had happened to her before he understood, then he found the women who had done it and blackmailed her into repairing the damage she had done.

Her vocal cords could not be completely repaired. She was able to speak, but it hurt her to raise her voice, which had become low and throaty in any event.

It took weeks before she could stand unaided, and more weeks before she could walk properly. Mentally, she was far more subdued and utterly obedient and respectful.

She called him either father, sir, or master, as he required, and served him fully, cooking, cleaning and pleasuring him.

Bob found he much preferred her like that, and spanked her at least once a day to make sure she stayed that way. He was much more gentle with her than Alex had been, of course. He used her hard each day, but she came much more than he did from the hard, hot sex they engaged in.

She also came from the numerous times she raped her mother with the big strap-on dildo they had found in her closet. It had a little pad at the base which rubbed against her clitty as she thrust. The harder she thrust, the more it rubbed.

And she thrust hard - hard and fast, rutting into her mother's pussy and rectum many times each day, delighting in being able to use and abuse her formerly cruel, brutal mother.

Alex cowered and knelt obediently, whimpering as either Bob or Megan thrust their cocks into her, then thanking them afterwards and kissing their cocks, either real or rubber, before getting back to the work assigned to her.

She worked day in and day out now, except for when she was heavily pregnant. Bob had gotten the doctor to reverse her sterilization.

Soon her belly hung down below her as she crawled around the house cleaning, but she continued to clean and work and be raped and suck Bob's cock and Megan's.

She gave birth to another girl, then a boy the following year, then two girls the year after, then another boy.

Bob kept her pregnant year after year, pregnant and crawling. And while Megan's hair grew back in Alex was kept bald top and bottom, undergoing the full electrolysis she had planned for Megan, as well as having her vocal cords and achilles tendons cut.

She greeted him each morning by giving him a blow job. Then she made his breakfast, then helped him shower, using her body as his washcloth, soaping herself up and rubbing herself against him to clean him off.

She dried him, and dressed him, then saw him off to work and went upstairs to wake Megan with her tongue, repeating the process.

Megan did not stay quite as subdued as she had been after her mother's mistreatment, but she never became the manipulative slut she had once been. She even finished school and went to college.

As for Bob, he was happiest of all, with his wife and daughter eager to serve and please him, and a nursery full of youngsters to play with and enjoy. Life had never been so good.

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