

HERSON'S GIRLFRIEND

By Argus

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Chapter One

Cheryl groaned softly as Matt's hand slid down the front of her loose khaki trousers. She felt his large, soft fingers slipping inside her thong and then moving through the thin pubic hair above her sex before pushing further to cup her entire pussy. She felt his hot breath on the back of her neck, then his teeth bit in gently against her skin as his middle finger began to stroke up and down her slit. At the same time his left hand cupped her breast through her thin tank top and squeezed.

She wasn't surprised, but she was just a touch impatient that he was pawing her again. Ever since she'd agreed to sleep with him last week he'd been unable to keep his hands off her. He seemed to be operating under the assumption that since she'd given in her body was now his to play with whenever and wherever he wanted. And so far she hadn't really done much to correct the impression.

Besides, it felt kind of good, kind of daring and sexy and – and adult.

Not that she wasn't an adult, of course, as of last month. She was officially an adult. She didn't always feel like one, of course, what with having to meekly obey her parents, her uncle, her teachers, and now that she'd graduated from high school, her boss, and well, just about everyone else.

She felt a little surge of excitement, along with anxiety as Matt tugged her tank top up over her breasts, and higher still.

"What if your parents come home?" she asked anxiously.

"Don't worry. They're both working."

He pulled the tank top off and cupped both her breasts from behind, then quickly undid her bra and pushed it over her shoulders. Now his fingers could sink fully into the soft flesh of her high, full breasts, and Cheryl sighed as she enjoyed the sensation, as she enjoyed being – slutty. Not that she was, really, she told herself. But somehow, it felt like it.

They were merely standing in the living room of Matt's house, after all, right in the living room,

and she was topless, exposed to anyone who might walk in. It felt very odd, but exciting, and the excitement rose a bit when he slipped her trousers off as well and she was completely nude.

“Come on,” he said, taking her hand and tugging her to the stairs.

Cheryl hesitated, anxious about getting so far from her clothes, despite what he said about his parents.

“My clothes!”

“They’re safe!”

But she broke away and scooped them up in a mass, then let herself be scooped up in turn by the tall, powerfully built football player. She squealed as he carried her up the stairs. She wasn’t a small girl, but her body was slender and lithe, and Matt’s own excitement leant him strength as he carried her, not to his own bedroom, but his parents.

“Where are we going?” she gasped.

He didn’t speak, but set her down and shoved her excitedly against the dresser. Her clothes dropped to the floor as he bent and began to suckle at her breast, his fingers working more powerfully now so that she winced at the pressure, and then gasped as he pinched a nipple.

“Matt!” she moaned in complaint.

“Sorry.”

He eased up, but he was still obviously very excited, and she rubbed at his bulging groin as he yanked off his own top and then undid his belt and shoved his jeans down. He pushed her back onto the bed and moments later he was sliding inside her. Fortunately she was already moist, for he was large and she was tight.

“Wait! Oh! Ungh!” she gasped, pushing against his belly.

He slid forward more slowly, and she groaned, letting her knees fall further and further apart as his cock pushed deeper into her pussy.

She let her breath out in a long, slow sigh as his cock drove to the bottom of her sex and her hands eased up, letting his weight come down atop her.

“I love it when you fill me up,” she groaned, before his lips crushed hers.

And she did. She loved the feel of his hard, hot cock sliding into her, moving back and forth.

He ground his pelvis into her and she shuddered as her heat rose, her thighs parting wider, the tendons straining as she let her head roll in slow, sensual pleasure. Matt’s heavy body crushed her into the mattress as he slowly began to pump inside her, and she settled back to a long, slow ride.

Soon she was working up a rhythm with him as his cock pumped in and out of her, their tongues and lips sliding together, their breath hot as her hands moved over his shoulders.

Cheryl tried to restrain herself. It made her nervous how strongly she reacted in sex, made her worry there was something wrong with her, and that he would think she was a whore. She bit her lip lightly, letting the sting push back the rising wave of sexual heat as Matt's cock pumped faster, his hips rocking atop her.

She groaned as he rose up a bit, gripped her legs behind the knees, and then thrust her legs up and back against the bed on either side of her. It tilted her lower body up and opened her more so that as he now began to plunge into her she could only gasp and grunt and moan at the battering her pussy was getting. It hurt, but oddly, it hurt really, really – nice.

She continued to try to resist the impulses within her, continued to try to restrain her reactions. She couldn't come yet! What would he think of her!? He'd think she was a slut or a nympho. He'd get all cocky and tell his buddies. Shit!

She tried to think of unpleasant things, like her Trigonometry homework or the upcoming final History exam, or her mother, but it only slowed her response down a little. She could feel the crackling sexual electricity moving along her skin so that she was breathing in short, harsh little gasps and pants, and knew her climax was fast approaching.

And then there was a voice from out of nowhere. She was already so hot she hardly heard, let alone understood. But suddenly Matt was out of her and off her, and dancing on the floor – or so it seemed as she looked up dazedly. She shook her head as she saw him yank his jeans up and pull on his shirt.

“Wha - .”

“Matthew? Are you home?” a woman's voice called.

Matt's hands flew as they did up his belt and yanked up his zipper.

“Matt?”

The voice was closer, almost there! Cheryl jerked upright in the bed as she finally understood, a lightning bolt ripping through her sexual haze and making her heart skip a beat.

“Under the bed!” he hissed desperately, darting back to the big ensuite bathroom.

Cheryl rolled and dropped over the opposite side of the big bed even as the door opened and his mother came through.

“Matt?”

“Uhm, I'm in the bathroom,” his voice called.

Cheryl was still out in the open, bare ass naked, but she squirmed and rolled desperately under the bed before the woman could come into the room.

“Why are you using our bathroom?” his mother asked.

Heart pounding, Cheryl heard the toilet flush as Matt emerged from the bathroom. “Uhm, I was looking out the window,” he said.

“You know you're not supposed to come in here,” she said, but there was no heat to her voice.

“What are you doing home early?” Matt asked.

“I thought I’d take Friday afternoon off. Can’t I do that now and then?”

“Uh, yeah sure.”

Cheryl crouched beneath the bed, terribly aware of her nudity, staring at her boyfriend’s lower legs as they crossed the foot of the bed and then stood near those of his mother.

“I’m glad you’re home, though,” Mrs. Foster said. “I need you to go to the library for me and return some books”

“What?Now!?”

“Yes, now. I forgot them and they’ll be overdue if they’re not returned today.”

“Well, uh, okay. I’ll get them later and - .”

“Now, Matthew. The library closes early on Friday.”

“But it’s only on Carlisle Street.”

“No, I need you to go to the one downtown. I was going to pick up some books they have reserved for me there but forgot.”

“Downtown!?! Oh come on!”

“I need to get ready to go out tonight. I don’t have time.”

Cheryl watched and listened, chewing anxiously on her lip. Matt argued and complained but it was obvious to her he was in a losing battle, and soon enough was on his way. His mother left, too, and Cheryl heard their feet on the stairs going down. She hesitated, then began to squirm towards the end of the bed. Her ears were listening closely for any sound. The bedroom door was still open, and she was still naked.

She glanced frantically around the room, but saw no sign of them, then, deciding Matt must have taken them into the bathroom, she got to her feet and darted into the room. It only took a second to see there were no clothes there, so she retreated, running back into the bedroom.

Just in time to hear high heels on the stairs – coming up. She dove to the floor by the bed and quickly rolled underneath just as the feet reached the top of the stairs. A moment later they came in through the door. The door closed behind them, and Cheryl was alone – naked – with her boyfriend’s mother.

She closed her eyes and mentally moaned. Of all the stupid things - .

The woman kicked off her shoes, then began to move around the room – quickly, very quickly, in fact, as if she was in a huge hurry. Cheryl pulled her knees up and tried to hide her chest with her arms, just in case the woman looked underneath the bed, and waited for her chance to run.

Clothes hit the floor, then lingerie, and she knew the woman was now naked. She watched the big double doors to the closet slide open as the woman reached inside. She could see little above the woman’s knees, but she seemed to be doing something in the closet. Her hands came down to her bare ankles and she put something around one – an anklet, Cheryl thought in surprise.

Then she realized it wasn't.

She found her mouth falling open as she stared at what looked to be studded leather – something, being strapped around the woman's ankle, then another on the second. Cheryl hadn't had an awful lot of experience with sex or sexuality, but the things looked distinctly odd to her, especially on Matt's mother, of all people.

She could see little else for a minute, though the woman stayed where she was at the closet. Then those legs crossed before the bed and went to the door. Cheryl squirmed back towards the far side of the bed, hoping the woman would leave. Instead, she felt a surge in fear as the woman – sat down. No, she knelt with her back to the door, sat on her heels.

And she looked to be naked!
What the hell was she doing!?

No, the woman wasn't naked, for she was wearing a – thong?

She blinked in confusion, trying to understand.

What the fuck is that, she thought wonderingly.

There certainly was a thin length of leather descending between the woman's buttocks and crossing over her pussy, but there were two very odd bulges there, rounded bulges, rounded protuberances of some kind. And now the woman was reaching back behind her, and Cheryl could see there were studded leather bands on both wrists.

The woman was working them together somehow and – and that was just what she did. Now she relaxed, and Cheryl could see that her wrists were clipped together.

Oh my God, she thought in horror. His mother was doing some kind of weird, kinky masturbation shit and she was going to be stuck here watching it!

And if she was caught now, how much worse, how much more embarrassing, humiliating it would be for both of them!

The woman stayed where she was, kneeling in front of the door, wrists apparently locked behind her back. But now, in the quiet, Cheryl could hear a low buzzing sound, and cringed as she realized, or at least strongly suspected that one of those things sticking out beneath her was a vibrator. She'd never actually had or felt one but certainly had heard about them.

Matt's mother was a perve! And neither would ever forgive her if she was discovered!

Cheryl was as far back beneath the bed as she could get now, desperately trying to think of a way out. She finally spotted her clothes beneath the dresser where Matt had apparently kicked them, but that did her no good now.

She wondered how long Matt's mom would be doing – whatever it was she was doing.

And then the door opened, and she barely repressed a loud gasp of horror as she saw a man's legs there.

“Well, little slut. I see you’re all ready for me,” a man’s voice said.

It was Matt’s father!

Now she understood why Matt had been sent off on a stupid errand, and why his mother had come home in the middle of the day. She squirmed with embarrassment, though, as she contemplated what was going to happen.

“You look like a fine little whore there, Angela,” Mr. Foster said.

Cheryl gaped at the words, half expecting Mrs. Foster to curse him. Instead all she heard was a strange sort of mumbling.

“Is your hot little cunt all ready for me, bitch?” she heard Mr. Foster ask, his voice harsh. “Do you want my prick inside you?”

Then, suddenly, the woman’s body seemed to fall backwards – hard, and Cheryl saw Mr. Billing’s foot draw back as she recoiled in terror. But no, Mrs. Foster was on her back, but looking up and away from her, towards the man who had just shoved her back with his foot.

She stared in horror, realizing now that Mrs. Foster was wearing a kind of blindfold, and also a gag. The former relieved her, for it meant the woman couldn’t see her, but it just made things even more perverted, even more horrible. How could she get away from this! She didn’t want to see Matt’s parents dirty games!

Matt’s father walked past the foot of the bed towards the closet. She was forced to squirm further forward, so he couldn’t see her.

“Crawl, bitch,” she heard him say. “Crawl to me and beg and maybe I’ll give you some cock.”

She thought she was beyond shock, but watched as Mrs. Foster, who she knew and respected as a strong-willed, take-charge type of woman, began to wriggle slowly across the rug, crawling on her belly. She was so near the bed that Cheryl could almost have reached out to touch her. She could hear her breath as she panted and moaned through her nose, could see the black strap across her mouth, the blindfold over her eyes, her bare breasts grinding into the floor as the woman crawled forward on her belly.

Mrs. Foster made it across the floor, and Cheryl watched her rubbing her face and cheeks against the man’s ankles with a sense of shocked disbelief.

“Are you ready to suck cock, slut?” Mr. Foster demanded.

Cheryl watched his hand reach down and grip the - collar! –around his wife’s throat and drag her to her knees in front of him. Now she could see that Mrs. Foster had a kind of leather halter which had straps going just between her breasts, and circling them so they stood out firmly. And there were rings dangling from her nipples!

This was Matt’s parents!?

She had a brief thought of her own parents doing kinky things like this and made a disgusted face. No, surely not. Matt’s parents were young and well, hot. She’d always known they were somewhat different. They were both lawyers, both very successful, both strong personalities. And both were very attractive. Mrs. Foster was not much over five feet tall, but was slender and busty, with a

beautiful face, short dark hair done in a kind of pageboy cut, and penetrating green eyes.

Mr. Foster was tall and broad-shouldered, with medium length brown hair that had just the merest hint of gray in his temples. He had a square face with a strong jaw, and the woman in her – well, the girl in her – had always appreciated his body. He clearly worked out. They were both attractive people, but seeing parents like this, no matter how good looking they were, scandalized her more than a little.

And yet she couldn't take her eyes off them. It was like watching an accident, a car wreck. How could she not look!?

She even squirmed forward a bit, feeling reassured that Mrs. Foster couldn't see her due to her blindfold. She wanted to see what was happening and felt a sense of quivering shock as the strap thing over her mouth was unbuckled and it turned out to have been attached to a fat spongy ball that was stuffed into her mouth.

Now that ball came loose, and Mrs. Foster moaned as her husband rubbed his cock against her face. And it was a tremendously long, thick cock, too. Cheryl had thought Matt was well-endowed, but his father was even bigger. And now he was rubbing it over his wife's lips as her tongue pushed out against it.

"You want my cock, don't you, slut," he accused, sneering at her. "You love sucking it."

"Yess," the woman moaned.

"Little cock sucker," he cursed.

"Please let me suck your cock, master," she begged.

Cheryl could only gape.

"Beg for it, bitch."

"Please, please, master. Please may I suck your beautiful cock," Mrs. Foster moaned.

And then she did, and Cheryl was shocked yet again by her enthusiasm, spellbound as she watched the woman licking and sucking at his balls, taking his cock into her mouth and sucking up and down, up and down, up and down – and down, and down! Mrs. Foster took his entire length right down her throat, and Cheryl could only stare in awe.

"Yeah. Swallow my prick, you fucking whore," he growled.

He had hold of her short hair now, and as Cheryl stared in amazement, began to jerk her face in and out against his groin, fucking her face with his cock.

Cheryl watched in wonder for long minutes as Mrs. Foster gave the most intense blow job she'd ever seen – or imagined. She felt chagrined, too, knowing just how poor her own skills were by comparison. She was beginning to lose her shock now, as she lay naked under the bed, and actually beginning to get aroused.

Chapter Two

It was a hot, raw, sexual scene, and she was naked, her own soft breasts pressed against her arms as she continued to hold them against her body. She could feel a thrumming energy building up between her legs, though, as Mr. Foster fucked his wife's face, and she sucked his cock hungrily.

He pulled out, holding her by a fistful of hair.

"Slut, whore," he growled.

He slapped her face, and she cried out weakly, rocked by the blow.

Cheryl almost cried out too, also rocked by the sight, gaping.

"Please let me suck your cock, master," the woman panted.

He slapped her face again and she wavered and almost tumbled, but was yanked back by the grip on her hair.

"Please fuck me," she moaned. "Please fuck my slut body!"

"What makes you think you're good enough for my cock, you fucking whore?"

"I'm not good enough," Mrs. Foster moaned as the man twisted his fingers in her hair, forcing her head up and back, forcing her back to arch.

"Maybe I'll fuck your ass instead," he said.

"Please," she moaned, swaying in place, body undulating.

"Dirty girl," he growled. "Nasty little slut."

"I'm a bad girl," Mrs. Foster whimpered. "I need to be punished."

The wide-eyed girl beneath the bed saw Mr. Foster release her hair, and draw back. Then she saw his shoes, socks and trousers coming off, tossed aside. A moment later he was on his knees, sitting on his heels. He reached out for her and gripped her hair, dragging her forward over his thighs until her bottom was raised up and she was belly down, panting.

Cheryl felt her own hand sliding down between her legs as she saw the vibrator and – what, a dildo, sticking out of the leather strip between the woman’s legs. Mr. Foster undid the clasp on that leather strap and it pulled away. He saw that there had been a hook attached to the back strap which had locked it to the one of the things sticking out of Mr. Foster, and no doubt a similar hook for the second thing.

She was practically staring right into the woman’s sex, and belatedly realized that Mrs. Foster was shaved completely bare, completely bald, as she watched Mr. Foster gently pull what soon turned out to be a long, thick dildo from the woman’s – ass!

Then he thrust it back in again!

“Dirty little whore,” he said.

A moment later he pulled the vibrator out of Mrs. Foster’s pussy and began to rub the buzzing head up and down her very wet, very bare pussy slit.

This isn’t happening, Cheryl thought, again and again.

But it was, and to her shock, Mr. Foster began to spank his squirming wife’s bottom, pausing frequently to pump the dildo in and out of her anal opening, or pull the vibrator out of her pussy and rub it against her clit.

And Mrs. Foster was crying out in – pain – but her body was writhing and twisting, her bottom, now pink, now red, churning and squirming as her husband alternately fingered and spanked her.

Nobody but nobody but nobody would ever believe this, she thought in shock.

But the longer she watched the more she understood, the more fascinated she was by what was happening. She could tell now that Mr. Foster was getting his wife hot with the dildo and vibrator, hot to the point of coming, then spanking her bottom hard and fast to stop her climax. The woman’s voice was getting more and more emotional, more passionate, more desperate as she begged him in ever more graphic language to let her come, to fuck her.

“Rape me!” she cried, “Please rape me, master! Please rape me!”

Could anything still shock her? This could, yet Cheryl was also oddly struck by the words, by the sight in front of her. Her hand, which had been cupped protectively over her pussy, was now, she realized, rubbing against her very swollen clit. And the more she watched the more aroused she got.

“Dirty little whore,” Mr. Foster said.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Rape me! Please!”

Fuck her, Cheryl thought excitedly; fuck her!

Her finger was rubbing more and more aggressively against her clit now, which was getting swollen and hot. Her body was beginning to feel that trembling, shaking sense of sexual high it got only when she was at the peak of excitement, that point where her head was lost to sexual hunger and she would do anything. She wasn’t near her climax, yet, but certainly wasn’t far, and began to fear what would happen if she came and they heard her.

Mr. Foster gave his wife's red bottom another spank, then shoved her roughly. Mrs. Foster rolled sideways off his thighs and onto her back on the floor, groaning, panting, moaning. He moved over her, dipping his cock in her mouth, letting her suck it as his hands moved over her continuously writhing body.

Her back arched again and again, and she pushed her groin up and out, rubbing herself against his wrist, then his hand.

"Fucking slut," he said. "Roll over and assume the position."

Mrs. Foster groaned and rolled over, then pushed her bottom up and out and spread her legs wide. Cheryl's fingers were stroking rapidly over her clit now, and her other hand was kneading her breasts and lightly pinching and plucking at her aroused nipple as she watched Mr. Foster kneel behind his wife. The woman's arms were still bound behind her back and she was still blindfolded.

Cheryl released her breast and pushed her other hand between her legs, pressing three fingers together and, as Mr. Foster pushed into his wife, sliding them into her pussy.

"Oh-God!" Mrs. Foster said in a passionate, choked voice. "Yes! Oh yes!"

Mr. Foster drove the long length of his prick into his slim little wife's belly and ran his hands down over her flanks and then beneath to cup her breasts. Then he began to thrust in and out, using longer and faster strokes until his hips were slapping heavily against her raised buttocks.

"Fuck me," the woman gasped. "Fuck me, master!"

"Shove that cunt back, slut," he growled, slapping at her bottom.

She moaned and rammed herself back to meet each thrust, and he responded by reaching down and grasping her hair, twisting it from side to side. He slapped her bottom again, and then again, then ran his hands underneath her chest to roughly squeeze and fondle her breasts.

Cheryl had seen porno videos, but nothing like this. This was real, this was raw, this was wild and hot and the passionate couple almost exuded sexual heat as his hips hammered against her raised buttocks and his cock pumped furiously in and out of her. Mrs. Foster was gasping and panting and grunting with every stroke as her husband rode her, and Cheryl could barely keep her own breath under control, could barely keep from making a sound as her own heat and excitement rose.

She squirmed further forward, just enough to keep all of Mrs. Foster and Mr. Foster's hips in side, so she could watch his cock slicing back and forth, back and forth, watch his powerful abdominal muscles and strong hands, watch the woman before her being ridden hard, and imagine it was her.

Almost without realizing it she had rolled onto her belly, and her legs had spread apart. Now her arms were trapped beneath her, rubbing and pumping at her pussy. She raised her bottom up until it hit the springs of the mattress above, and thrust her fingers into her sopping pussy to the knuckles, instinctively taking up the same rhythm as Mr. Foster as he rode his wife.

"Oh! Oh! God yes!" Mrs. Foster panted. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Slut! Whore! Bitch!" her husband growled, riding her faster, leaning over her prone body, groping her breast as he bit into the side of her throat. "Take my prick, slut! Squeeze it tight!"

“Ung!Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!UNHHhghhhh!” Mrs. Foster cried, her bottom bucking up wildly, her voice rising in passion and heat.

She was climaxing! Cheryl felt a wave of fascination mixed with excitement mixed with disgust as she watched Matt’s mother getting off. She was so hot herself her own climax was almost upon her, and then it hit and she clamped her mouth shut, turning her head away, thrusting her own bottom back at her plunging, rubbing fingers as the orgasm ripped through her nervous system.

Matt’s mom chose that moment to let out a long, passionate cry of pleasure, and so whatever cries Cheryl made went unheard as her body jerked and twisted in the grip of her own sexual release.

By the time her head stopped spinning Mr. Foster was undoing the buckles holding his wife’s wrists behind her, and Cheryl squirmed as far back beneath the bed as she could as the woman removed her blindfold and sat up.

“God that as good,” she moaned.

“Think that’ll let you concentrate tonight?” her husband asked, amused.

“Well, I think I’ll be able to control myself for a while, anyway. But you knowme, by the end of the party I’m going to be a gonner.”

Her husband chuckled. They were both removing the leather straps from her body now, and she was standing up.

“Matt was home when I got in,” she said.

“Where is he?”

Cheryl heard a giggle. “I sent him to the downtown library to get rid of him.”

“Angela!”

“Well I couldn’t very well have him home when you got in.”

“He’s an adult. I’m sure he understands we have sex.”

“Yes, but not what kind. We really need to get this room sound proofed.”

“He’s already off at school most of the time. So it’s only a problem in the summer. And in another couple of years he’ll be on his own. Still, I don’t think it would bother him. I’ve discussed various types of sex with him, including bondage and BDSM. He seems fairly open to it.”

“Yes, until he finds out his mother likes to be tied up and spanked,” she snorted.

He laughed. “I think he’ll find other targets for his sexual interest.”

“Like that new girlfriend of his,” his wife replied.

“She’s a hottie.”

Cheryl perked up beneath the bed, though she was once again squashed together in the fetal position to look as small as possible.”

“Yes, she is cute,” his wife said. “I love her hair.”

“You used to have long hair.”

“There’s no way I could look after hair that long. It must be down to her waist.”

“Not quite, but it sure is nice. I could do a lot of things with that hair.”

Cheryl flushed. What did he mean by that?!

“Anyway, she has a great little ass. I’m sure Matt would find that a more attractive target than yours.”

“Are you saying I don’t have a great ass?” his wife demanded.

He laughed. “You have an incredible ass, darling. Come over here and let me show you how much I appreciate it.”

“Hmm, later. We have to get ready for the party. I’ve already got most of the stuff downstairs in the basement.”

“I trust Matt has other plans.”

“He’ll be at Brian’s watching the game. He was pissed off we wouldn’t let him and his friends use the big screen in the basement.”

“Tough. Let him buy his own.”

They moved into the ensuite bathroom, and Cheryl squirmed out the far side of the bed, then, heart pounding, crawled forward past the foot of the bed and snatched her clothes from under the dresser, before running to the door. She opened it, slid through, clutching her clothes, and closed it behind her, then darted down the stairs and dressed as quickly as she could.

Then she took off, her breathing not slowing down until she was a block away. She slowed her walk, then, her mind full to overflowing with a lot of startling new thoughts. One which excited her was that Mr. Foster thought she was hot. She was both flattered and embarrassed that he thought she had a great ass, and wondered at what he meant when he said he could do things with her hair.

Her glowing chestnut hair was not quite down to her waist, but it was long, thick and silky, wavy in places, but mostly straight, and framed her soft, oval face very nicely indeed. She’d resisted advice to cut it, for, just as Mrs. Foster said, it took a lot of care to keep it properly washed and in place.

Would Mr. Foster want to spank her? That was an exciting, but daunting thought. She imagined herself all tied up in those leather things, blindfolded, with Mr. Foster thrusting into her from behind. It made her hot, made her insides squirm and twist with a wild sense of steamy, kinky hunger.

Then she imagined Matt tying her up like that. That was not as exciting, in a way, but yet it was

more exciting in another. Matt was hot, but he wasn't his father. But Matt actually might tie her up like that if she asked him. She could get him to do all kinds of things like that to her. If she could figure out how to keep his mouth shut about it.

No, he would think she was a pervert. And it wasn't like she could tell him his own parents had given her the idea. She did not for one second consider telling him what she had seen. That was way too much information about his parents. No way she was going to mention it.

Back at her own place she let herself in, said hi to her mother, who was cooking, as usual, and went up to her room. Her own mother was a slightly plump, good natured, pleasant homemaker; nothing at all like Mrs. Foster. She'd always thought Matt's mother was somewhat severe. If she hadn't seen and heard it with her own eyes she'd never have believed the woman would tolerate being called names, being slapped and spanked and tied up and used.

She stripped and tossed her things into the closet, then made sure her door was locked before going to her dresser mirror. She posed for herself, tilting her head this way and that, stroking her fingers through her hair. She arched her back and put her hands behind her neck, thrusting her stiff-nipples out and up. Then she turned and showed her ass to the mirror, peering over her shoulder.

She crossed her wrists behind her back and tried to imagine she was tied up and that Mr. Foster was there, licking his lips, excited, his cock hard. Would he spank her? Would he grope her and play with her hair and then fuck her?

It excited her and flattered her that a handsome, grown man like Mr. Foster would think she was hot. Boys had always thought she was hot, of course, but Mr. Foster was a sophisticated, older man. She was barely out of high school, and worked part time at K-mart.

She imagined her and Mr. Foster. That would be so wild and hot on so many levels! Screwing her boyfriend's father! What kind of a wild, nympho slut would do something like that! Not that she was seriously considering it, of course. But fantasizing was something else entirely, and now she let a seductive look come over her face as she swung her hips from side to side and faced the mirror.

She abruptly changed her stance, pulling open drawers until she came up with a scarf. She pulled her hands together behind her back and wrapped the scarf around them, pretending she was tied up, then turned and looked at her "tied" wrists. What would it be like to be tied up and helpless and just – used by some man like that, without even being able to see what he was doing. Why, he could do anything he wanted to her!

She got on her knees and then grunted with effort, leaning forward, dropping onto her shoulders, thrusting her bottom up and out and spreading her knees. Her pussy felt very open, very vulnerable, and she imagined Matt kneeling behind her, thrusting into her. She imagined it so vividly she grunted and jerked her hips forward as if he had done so, then rolled her bottom, pushing back at the cock she imagined was driving into her.

Would Matt call her a slut and a whore while he fucked her, the way his father talked to his mother? That was weird. It was exciting, shocking, strange. She knew Matt's mom well enough to know she wouldn't tolerate that kind of thing normally. In fact, his mom had always kind of scared her. She seemed so stern and severe. She was not at all a woman to take lightly. Imagine having a mom like that! She wouldn't dare argue with her.

It was no wonder Matt was a bit nervous. She giggled, thinking of him leaping off her when he

heard his mother's voice. Then she flushed at the thought of his mom catching them like that, her knees shoved back beside her chest, Matt's cock plunging into her again and again. The woman would have killed her!

And it would have been so mortifying!

She shook her head at the closeness of it, then tried to put aside her sexual heat, getting to her feet and thinking of what to do. But she glanced at her watch and realized that Matt must surely be back from his errand any time now. She considered what to tell him, and settled on the simplest lie, that she had snuck out almost immediately after he had left.

He might want to take up where they'd left off, though, and that thought made her breath catch a little. Could she get him to fuck her the same way she'd watched his father do his mother? She didn't dare ask him to tie her up or anything kinky, but she could have him fuck her from behind.

The phone rang, and, still naked, she dropped into her bed and picked it up.

"Hello."

"Hey," Matt said.

"Hi. Where are you?"

"At home. What happened? Was that fucking close or what?"

"Yeah," she said. "I snuck out right after you left."

"Thank God my mom didn't spot you. She'd have killed us both."

"Mostly me," she said sarcastically. "You said there was no way they'd be home early."

"Well I didn't think they would!"

"Right! Well that's the last time we do it where someone can walk in on us like that."

"We'll just lock the door next time."

"So do you wanna come over?"

"No. I can't. My parents are holding some kind of party and I have to help get ready. Then I'm going over to see the game at Brian's."

She sighed and lay back in bed. "I'm naked you know."

He paused. "You trying to turn me on?"

"I don't have to try," she purred.

"Yeah, but I still can't come over," he said. "Besides, your mother watches us like a hawk."

Which was true. It didn't matter how old she was. Her parents subscribed to the "while you're under our roof" school of thought. Which meant as long as she lived there they could tell her what to do.

“Well, maybe I’ll find some hot, horny boy somewhere else,” she said.

“Uh huh, and I’ll kick his ass. Look, I’ll see you tomorrow, and we’ll find somewhere to be alone.”

She hung up and considered her options. She felt strangely aroused, too aroused for simple masturbation. She wanted to do something wild, something daring, something – kinky and hot. She just didn’t know what. And then she looked at her computer, and had a sudden idea which made her gasp aloud. She made sure her door was locked, and then sat down at her desk.

Chapter Three

It wasn’t as if she didn’t know something about chat rooms. She and her friends had played around on them from the time they were about twelve. Though after a few years she’d grown weary of them.

During her time in the chat rooms she’d been approached numerous times by guys wanting to talk dirty, but for the most part she’d brushed them off impatiently, thinking the idea was silly. But now she was in the mood to do something kinky and wicked, and even a little daring. And she went to areas she never had before, to the “adult” areas where she scanned the text and followed links until she found exactly what she had in mind.

A line of text appeared on her screen. “Hi, baby.”

“Hi,” she typed.

“What’s your name?”

“Kristin,” she typed.

She felt a little tingle as they moved on to more personal information, her heart beating more rapidly as he asked her what size her breasts were, and how big her nipples were.

“Do you like to suck cock?” he typed.

“I love it,” she replied boldly.

“Tell me how you’d suck my cock.”

“Why should I suck your cock?” she typed. “I can suck anyone’s cock, and you’re probably ugly and stupid.”

There was a pause, and she wondered what he’d think of that.

“I have a huge cock,” he typed. “You’d cream if you saw it.”

“I like big cocks,” she typed, aware her nipples were stiff and tingling. “I saw two of them today.”

“Did you suck them?”

“Only one. That was my boyfriend. But we got interrupted and I had to hide, and I saw another huge cock then. I saw a guy tie a woman up and then she sucked his cock.”

“And that made you all horny, didn’t it.”

“Yes.”

“Suppose I tie you up and make you suck my cock.”

“Suppose you do,” she typed.

“I could tie your hands behind your back and shove my cock right down your throat.”

She inhaled sharply at that. “Would you fuck my throat?”

“I’d hold your hair in my hands and pump my giant prick right up and down in your throat.”

She suddenly had an insight into what Mr. Foster meant when he talked about using her hair, and that sent a thrill of heat up her spine.

“Call me names,” she typed quickly.

“Fucking little whore,” he typed back. “I’ll bend your head back and ram my cock right down your fucking whore throat until my balls are pressing against your chin. Then I’ll pull out and come all over your slutty face.”

Cheryl moaned, spreading her legs apart, reaching down and rubbing at her clit.

“And then what would you do?”
”I’d fuck your slutty little brains out.”

“How would you do that?”
“I’d throw you on the floor and shove your ankles down behind your ears and ram my prick down into your dirty little slut pussy. I’d fuck you until my cream poured out your hole.”

It was exciting that somewhere there was a guy writing these things to her, but it wasn't exactly what she wanted, so even as he typed she looked for others, and found one, who from his typing was more sophisticated, maybe more mature. She thought of Mr. Foster, and started flirting with him, being bratty as well. And when he complained she typed. "I'm a naughty girl. Maybe you should punish me."

"Maybe you should make it worth my while to punish you," he replied.

"How do I do that?"

She followed his instructions and went to a different area.

"Do you have a webcam?" he typed.

She hesitated, but felt another wild thrill run through her.

"Yes."

"Turn it on."

She hesitated.

"Turn it on, little slut, so I can see what I'll be punishing."

Pulse racing, Cheryl got up and put on her thong and bra, then her robe before turning on her webcam and adjusting it carefully. Her body was beginning to tremble a little with excitement, and she warned herself not to do anything stupid. She didn't want pictures of her circulating on the damned internet, after all.

The webcam pointed at her below the neck.

"Nice robe," he typed. "Lose it."

At first she thought he was rude, and frowned, but then slipped into the idea that she had to do what he said, just like Mrs. Foster, that she had to obey him. Besides, he didn't know who she was, and even if the pictures got out, well, nobody would know it was her.

She opened her robe, feeling a flush run up her chest and face as she bared her body to the webcam.

"Nice body, little slut," he typed. "Let me see your breasts."

She hesitated, then undid her bra and let it down, her pussy thrumming now as she showed him her stiff nipples.

"I like those little pink nipples," he typed. "I think I should start punishing you right there. Do you have any string or cord?"

"I guess," she typed.

"Get some."

She reached into the desk, careful to keep her face off the camera, and found some string.

“Tie it around your nipples, tightly,” he wrote.

Heart yammering, Cheryl looked down at her stiff nipples, then tied a loop in the end of the string and slipped it around her nipple. She tugged it tight, then tighter, gasping, wincing in pain as it squeezed her nipple right at the base. Then she led the string to her other nipple and tied it around that one too, gasping as she drew the knot tighter.

“Now let me see you pull on the string and stretch out your nipples, little slut.”

She did as he ordered, pulling on the string, gasping as it stretched and tugged on her nipples.

“Pull harder, little slut, so I can see your nipples stretch. I want to see you stretch out your breasts, too.”

She winced and pulled. It stung, it burned, but she obeyed, stretching out her nipples.

“Now start tugging on the string,” he typed. “Tug and release, tug and release,”

She did just that, tugging lightly, then more heavily at her nipples. Each sharp little pull stretched them out and made them burn.

“Let’s see your pussy now,” he typed.

Nearly light-headed with excitement, Cheryl slipped her thong down and under her, then drew her legs up and back to show her pussy.

“Show me your clit,” he ordered.

She spread the lips of her sex and showed him her swollen clit, rubbing at it, gasping at the sensations.

She adjusted the camera lower now so she could slump down in her chair.

“Now spread your knees wide apart, little slut. Wider. Wider, you bitch.”

She groaned and opened her knees wide, then let gravity pull on them to either side.

She rubbed her fingers along her slit, then drilled a finger into herself, pumping it lightly in and out.

“Do you have a dildo?”

“No.”

“Do you have something that you can shove up your hot little pussy? Something big and hard and round?”

“Wait,” she typed, looking in her desk.

“What about a cucumber?”

She gasped at the thought. But then thinking of how big it would be, and knowing there was one downstairs, she turned off the camera, threw on her robe, and ran downstairs. Her mother wasn't in the kitchen, thankfully. She snatched a cucumber from the bottom of the fridge, a big one, but not the biggest. The thought of putting it inside her was daunting, almost scary, but she was intensely aroused and was willing to try.

"Cheryl?"

"Yeah, mom," she called.

"Are you staying for dinner?"

"Yeah!"

"It'll be in an hour."

"Okay," she said, running back up the stairs.

She settled back into her chair and turned on the webcam, showing the cucumber to the man on the other end.

"Lovely. Now you're going to shove the whole thing into your hot, hungry little pussy."

"I don't know if I can," she confessed.

"I will force you to."

She moaned a little, then got up and found some baby oil. She put a towel under herself, and used her time standing to do a teasing little dance for the camera. Now that she stood back it could see her from knee to neck, and she turned and posed repeatedly, sliding her hands over her taut young body to tease the man she was talking with.

"Nice," he typed. "Nice fucking body. You could make a lot of money as a stripper, you know."

That was another exciting thought. She let her body turned and sway, her hips rolling and grinding, her flat belly undulating as she caressed her throbbing nipples.

Then she oiled up her pussy with the baby oil, and spread some liberally on the end of the cold cucumber. She positioned it on its end on the chair and then straddled it, tilting the camera further so the man could watch as she settled her pussy onto the end and let it push up against her.

It felt immense as her pussy lips were spread and spread. She bounced very lightly on it, and twisted from side to side, feeling her sex lips slowly spreading wider and wider, gasping with pain and pleasure as the fat cucumber began to enter her warm belly.

"Is it cold, slut?" he typed.

"Yes," she typed.

"It'll warm up in your hot little cunt."

She groaned aloud as it forced her pussy wide enough to slide in, and she slipped down several

slow inches, rubbing at her clit as her excitement mounted.

“You are not to come,” he typed. “You will only come when I give you permission.”

She could ignore him, of course, but didn't want to. She eased up on her clit and sank slowly lower. It hurt a little, but the feeling of being so full was sensual and hot, and she loved it that some man was watching somewhere with a big erection, wishing he was there so he could stick it into her.

The deeper the cucumber got the more full she felt, the more heavy, the more excited, but she knew she'd never get the whole thing inside her. When it was as deep as she thought it would go she carefully adjusted herself so she was sitting on one hip, then slumped and drew her knees up and back.

Now she was half laying on her back, knees well back, her pussy pointed at the camera as she gently caressed the final few inches of dildo which stuck out of her pussy.

“Do you have a spoon, or a ruler or something like that?” he typed.

She opened a drawer and took out a wooden ruler and showed it to the camera.

“Now I want you to do something for me, slut. I want you to tug on the string tied to your nipples repeatedly. And I want you to slap your clit with that ruler.”

She gasped at the thought. Slap her clit? That would hurt like crazy!? Of course, she didn't have to hit hard. And the sexual heat wrapped around her made almost any idea seem exciting.

She moaned aloud, glad the stereo was on in the background, and slapped very lightly at her swollen clit. The cucumber got in the way a little, but she was able to slap it lightly, so lightly she hardly felt it. She slapped harder, and then harder still, until it began to sting. Then she gripped the string and began tugging on it.

“Keep pulling and keep hitting,” he typed. “But you are not to come until I give you permission.”

She moaned, caught up in her wicked, nasty game.

“You are a fucking hungry little nympho slut,” he typed. “You want to be punished because you know what a slut you are. You should be tied up and whipped. If I had you here I'd have you hanging from your wrists even now. I'd stuff a big, fat vibrator up your slutty little pussy and a butt-plug up your ass, then I'd whip you from ankle to neck on both sides.”

Cheryl moaned, staring fixedly at the text as it scrolled up, slapping the ruler against her clit so that it stung and ached, tugging on the string so that her nipples burned and throbbed.

“I think you'd like the feel of the whip across your back, Kristin,” he typed. “I think I could make you come just from whipping. And then, while you were hanging there, barely conscious, I'd ram my cock right up between the cheeks of that tight little ass of yours. Have you ever felt a really big cock up your ass, little girl?”

She moaned and rolled her head, unconsciously slapping the ruler down harder and harder as the little jolts of pain seemed to make her entire body shake and tremble with arousal and heat.

“Shove that cucumber in deeper, slut!” he typed in big, bold letters.

She released the string and pushed at the base of the dildo, gasping, rolling her bottom as it slid another inch deeper. The deeper penetration almost made her come right then and there, but she held off, moaning and trying to push even more inside.

She couldn't, so returned to the string, pulling in sharp little tugs so that her nipples flared wildly.

"Do you know what a hot, fucking little sex machine you are?" he typed. "I would keep you as my sex slave, permanently naked to serve my sexual needs and all my friends. I'd keep you chained and shackled, and make you crawl around like a bitch in heat. Would you get off on being a sex slave, Kristin, you hot little slut? Would you like to be chained and shackled and gang banged by all my friends?"

It was just too much for Cheryl, and she felt the climax erupt within her. She shuddered and jerked violently, her knees bouncing up and down. The slapping ruler moved faster and harder, and the more intense jolts somehow pushed her orgasm into greater heights of power. She tugged harder on the string, too, gasping and moaning in pain as her body shook and bucked in the throes of orgasmic pleasure.

"That looked like you came, slut, and I told you not to," she saw when she finally could focus on the screen again.

"Stand up and turn around slut. You're going to use that ruler on your tight little ass now to punish you."

A part of her wanted to end the connection now as she basked in the dreamy languor of the afterglow. But she still, oddly, found herself excited and aroused, and his words held her in place. She got awkwardly up, gasping at the fullness in her lower belly, then turned her back to the screen, bending to show her bottom.

"Turn the chair around, slut."

She did as he ordered, bending over it, excited anew as she saw the sight he would be watching. She rubbed at the cucumber sticking out of her pussy, then spread her legs, pushing it just a little deeper, groaning at the fullness.

"Now slap that ass with the camera, slut."

She slapped at her bottom, gasping at the sting.

"Harder, slut. I want to see your skin turn pink."

She slapped harder, wincing at the sting, but kept it up as her bottom began to warm, kept it up because she knew he was watching, and because she was hot and aroused, and because it turned her on to be punished for disobeying him. She slapped the ruler across her bottom with stinging force, barely able to keep from crying out as it struck, as her bottom turned pink, then red, and as her other hand slipped between her legs, her finger starting to stroke her clit.

The more she fingered herself, the more aroused she became, the harder she slapped at her bottom, until she was gasping and panting, and the "crack-crack-crack" of wood striking soft flesh filled the room. When she came she could hardly keep from screaming. She frantically thrust at the base of the cucumber, forcing it deeper so that it ached high inside her, and then slapped the ruler across her bottom hard and fast as she rubbed her clit down against the hardness of the cucumber inside her.

Chapter Four

Cheryl picked up the phone absently.

“Hello, is this Cheryl?”

Cheryl’s heart skipped a beat, recognizing the voice.

“This is Cheryl,” she said.

“This is Mrs. Foster,” the voice said.

“Uh, hi, Mrs. Foster,” she said.

“Cheryl, I’d like to see you this morning, if you don’t mind.”

Cheryl’s stomach twisted and turned. “Uhm, why?” she asked.

“It’s something I’d like to discuss in private, if you don’t mind. Can you walk over now? It shouldn’t take long.”

“Well, uhm, I have to work later.”

“This won’t take that long,” she said firmly.

“Well, uhm, okay,” Cheryl said helplessly.

What could she know, Cheryl thought frantically. Had she found something she had left behind? But no, she’d been very careful to grab her underwear as well as her clothes. Could she possibly know that she and Matt – but how could she? Matt wouldn’t have told her! Maybe it was something else entirely, something about Matt. Surely he wasn’t sick?!

She was dressed much as she had been the other day, in jeans and tank top as she hurried down

the street towards Matt's house. But her stomach was churning as she ran through the possibilities of why Mrs. Foster wanted to see her. Surely she hadn't seen her there under the bed the other day!? The thought of that was so horrifying it stopped Cheryl dead.

But no, if she had noticed her then she and her husband would have stopped doing what they were doing. They wouldn't have carried on like that knowing she was watching. And she'd been blindfolded almost the whole time. How could she have seen anything? No, it must be something else, something to do with Matt. Maybe she had spotted her clothes there when she'd seen Matt out, and then thought she had left or... maybe Matt really was sick?

The thought of facing Mrs. Foster, though, after what she'd seen the other day, was daunting. How could she ever look her in the eye after what she'd seen – and heard!? Somehow she would have to manage.

She was very nervous and anxious as she arrived, and knocked somewhat timidly on the door. She planned for a hundred possibilities, even though some didn't bear thinking on, and only hoped it would be something small, some silly little thing which most people would have simply told her about on the phone. It was only because Mrs. Foster was so - .

The door opened and she stiffened. "Uhm, hi," she said.

"Come in, Cheryl," Mrs. Foster said, her face and voice giving nothing away.

Cheryl stepped in nervously.

"Come with me, please."

Cheryl followed her diffidently, amazed as they reached the basement and started down.

"Uhm, is this about Matt? He's all right, isn't he?"

"Matt is fine," Mrs. Foster said over her shoulder.

The basement was large and finished in oak paneling. There was a plasma screen TV at one end, and leather chairs and a sofa around it.

"We had a little get-together for some of our intimate friends last night," Mrs. Foster said.

"Uhm, oh?"

"We were showing a little home video we made. Our friends, these friends, at least, appreciate that kind of thing. They make home videos, too."

"Videos?" she asked, entirely confused now.

"Yes, take a look."

With that she picked up a remote control and pointed it at the big screen TV. Cheryl gaped at the sight of Mrs. Foster, naked – or more or less so, wearing just a halter and blindfold. It was clearly taken in her bedroom, and, as Cheryl stared in shock, clearly was from the previous day. The camera had been sitting in the far corner, and she could see Mrs. Foster crawling across the floor to Mr. Foster's feet.

And then, to her utter horror, because the camera was low, she could see past them to the bed, and see herself squirming closer to the edge to watch. The blood left her face and she felt the room swimming around as she saw herself staring, noted that her body – her naked body – could be clearly seen, and then watched herself beginning to masturbate.

“Let me zoom in for you,” Mrs. Foster said, adjusting the controls.

The camera zoomed in towards the bed, and now Cheryl filled the big screen TV, her body, in all its glory, wriggling, her chest heaving, her eyes wide as she began to finger herself.

“Turn it off!” she blurted in horror.

“But we haven’t gotten to the best part yet.”

Mrs. Foster fast-forwarded, then stopped, and Cheryl saw herself on her knees, raising her bottom, very obviously masturbating as she ground her hips back against her fingers. Her face looked glazed, her jaw open as she thrust her fingers into her own pussy.

Desperate, Cheryl turned to leave, and Mrs. Foster grabbed her wrist, yanking her back, swinging her around hard so she sat down – hard, on the sofa, then slapped her face.

Cheryl gasped, her head rocked back.

“How dare you!?” Mrs. Foster demanded, face angry.

“I-I-I - .”

“You sneaking little peeping tom!”

“I-I wasn’t! I mean, I didn’t mean to!” Cheryl cried.

Another slap to the side of her face rocked her head back, and she gasped in pain.

“You didn’t mean to watch my husband and myself in a private, intimate moment?! You moved up to get a better look, you little slut! And then masturbated while you were staring!”

Cheryl’s face was burning with humiliation, and she could not possibly think of what to say. And when Mrs. Foster slapped her face yet again she simply rocked back in the chair, gasping.

“I will leave aside what you doing in there naked,” Mrs. Foster growled. “Obviously you were fucking my son.”

She moved in closer and leaned over to the stunned, horrified girl. “I think your parents and I need to have a little talk,” she said. “About safe sex, peeping toms, and privacy. Maybe this little video would be worth a thousand words.”

“You can’t!” Cheryl cried, shocked at the very thought of her parents hearing what she’d done, unable to even imagine them seeing her like – that.

“You don’t think you need to be punished for what you did?” Mrs. Foster demanded.

But there was something in her stern voice, and something in her dark, penetrating gaze, something which made Cheryl's churning stomach twitch and jerk in a new direction.

"P-Punished?"

"Don't you think I deserve to punish a nasty, dirty little girl who spied on me when I was making love with my husband? A nasty little girl who fingered her little pussy to a come while she watched me?"

The words hit Cheryl hard, driving her even deeper into shame and humiliation. But they did something else, too, they opened a small door. No, they opened the possibility of a small door into – something else.

"Y-You could punish me," she said in a shaking, quivering voice.

What did she mean by that! What would Mrs. Foster do? God! What could she do?! What if Matt found out!? What - .

"Take off your clothes."

The words hammered into her and she gaped up at the woman, who glowered back down.

"I-I don't - ."

"I think the best way to punish a nasty little girl is a bare bottom spanking," Mrs. Foster said.

Cheryl's eyebrows nearly climbed past her hairline. Given the nature of what she had seen the other night it seemed likely to her that Mrs. Foster was proposing more than mere punishment. But surely she wouldn't! Surely Cheryl was mistaken! But what else could she do and - .

"Now!"

"I-I – you want me to - ."

Again Mrs. Foster slapped her face, and Cheryl gasped in pain, rocked back in the chair.

"I could go no slapping your face, I suppose, but Matt might notice the bruises."

Cheryl gaped at her.

"Stand up. Stand up!"

Cheryl stood shakily as Mrs. Foster, shorter than her, looked her up and down.

"Strip."

Numbly, faceflaming, she peeled her tank-top up and off. Her mind was reeling with the immensity of what was happening, with the frantic search for a way out, and for what really was going on, what the woman intended. She undid her jeans and pushed them reluctantly down, then kicked off her shoes and stepped out of them, standing up very nervously in front of the woman.

"The underwear too, dear. I've seen everything you've got already, you know, just like you've seen everything I've got. We girls have no secrets from each other."

Cheryl blushed even deeper, if that was possible, as she removed her top, then cringed as she pushed her thong down and off. She stood up, naked, hands half covering herself until Mrs. Foster slapped them away.

“So this is what my son is fucking, is it?” she asked harshly.

She moved slowly around the trembling girl, then gripped her hands and impatiently lifted them up.

“Put your hands behind your head. Now!”

Cheryl didn't have time to think, to make any kind of decision about what to do, how to respond, and so she obeyed, gulping in air as the woman looked her up and down.

“Nice breasts,” the woman said, running her hand casually over Cheryl's taut breasts so that Cheryl felt another jolt of confusion and embarrassment.

“Though not as good as mine. Nice little ass on you, too. My husband thought it was nice but I guess I didn't really notice before.”

Cheryl yelped as the woman slapped her bottom.

“Bend over the chair,” Mrs. Foster ordered.

She turned the girl abruptly and thrust her against the back of a large, heavy leather chair, then pushed against her back so that she bent forward.

“Extend your hands. Grab the front of the seat,” the woman said as she moved around her.

Dazed, her frantic mind fluttering like a bird in a cage and still unable to catch up to the speed of events, Cheryl bent forward, further and further over the back of the chair, until she could grasp the front of the seat. Mrs. Foster was in front of her there and she looked up at her as the woman bent over. She had a leather strap in her hands, and as Cheryl stared, she slipped it around her wrists, and yanked it together.

“Wha-what are you doing!?” Cheryl gasped.

Mrs. Foster snorted. “This is what you were watching. This is what turned you on. If you watched me you deserve to feel it yourself.”

“B-but - .”

Mrs. Foster tugged on the strap, and led the other end over the edge of the seat and down the front part of the sofa, and there she managed to strap or tie it in place somehow. When she stood up Cheryl found her wrists strapped tightly in place. She stared at them in disbelief, pulling feebly against the leather.

The woman moved around behind her and Cheryl's face continued to burn with fresh fire, knowing just how shamefully and obscenely open she must be. Then she felt a leather strap go around her right ankle, and a moment later it was bound in place at the side of the chair. Then her right ankle met a similar fate, and she was locked tightly in place, her bottom raised and her legs spread.

“Now for your general information, little girl,” Mrs. Foster said, “I don't generally allow my

husband to treat me like that. I'd lost a bet, you see. And so I had to take what was coming to me. It was embarrassing, but at least I thought we were in private, my husband and I. I didn't know a slutty little girl was staring and rubbing her pussy."

Cheryl gasped as she felt the woman's hand cup her sex and squeeze.

"D-don't!" she cried.

"Oh I'm going to do a lot more than that, Cheryl dear," Mrs. Foster growled.

She moved away briefly, and Cheryl pulled at the straps testingly, her mind still spinning. This was wrong, all wrong! But what was she supposed to do? It was in her nature to do as she was ordered by adults, especially people like Mrs. Foster. And there was no arguing she had done a terrible thing, a humiliating thing for which there was simply no defense, no argument, no way to plead innocence or offer excuses.

But this was wrong! And yet how could she argue against it? She was thoroughly intimidated and shocked and mortified, helpless before the strong-willed older woman's stern and angry behaviour.

The woman came back, and stood beside the chair, then reached under and cupped one of Cheryl's breasts.

"Don't!"

"Why not? This is what my son is fondling and groping, isn't it? This is what he sucks on? Does he pinch your little nipples, Cheryl? Does he lick and bite them?"

The shock and humiliation kept hammering at the girl, and then she cried out in pain, twisting and pulling against the straps as Mrs. Foster took her hand away and left – something – a kind of clamp which bit and pinched at her nipple terribly.

"Oww! Ohhh! Stop! Take it off!" she cried.

"But you have to get the whole feel of what was going on, Cheryl, dear. It turned you on to watch it when it was happening to me, after all."

And as she spoke Mrs. Foster moved to the other side of the big chair and snapped a second clamp on her other nipple. Again Cheryl squealed and jerked and twisted helplessly, but realized almost at once now that the more she moved the more they hurt. Looking down she saw that the two small clamps had inch long chains attached, and small weights hung from them, weights which dangled and twisted and pulled as she moved.

"I'm going to punish you by making you feel the same pain I did," Mrs. Foster said, which sort of sounded almost reasonable to a mind as frantic and confused as Cheryl's.

And yet it was wrong, all the same, for even as dazed as she was Cheryl could sense the sexual backdrop to what Mrs. Foster was doing, and suspected this was not mere punishment.

Her eyes went wide and she gasped, her head twisting around to try and see behind her as she felt – something – rubbing up and down against her sex. Then it began to push into her body.

“What are you doing!?! Stop it!”

“Don’t worry, dear, you’ll probably like this.”

“Oh! Oh! Don’t!” the wide-eyed girl cried as she felt her sex lips parted, felt something cool and solid sliding deeper into her pussy.

It felt hard and yet – soft, was round and thick and – and it began to buzz and shake, and she realized abruptly that it was a vibrator.

“You have a nice, tight little cunt,” Mrs. Foster said casually. “I bet Matt likes it. Do you know how to use it? Are you a good bed partner for my son?”

How could Cheryl even think of answering such questions! She could only gasp and tremble and moan low in her throat as the buzzing thing was thrust deeper into her sex, almost to the very bottom.

“Oh! Stop! It’s too deep!”

“Nonsense. You just have to get used to it. My husband has a very long cock. I bet Matt does too. You wouldn’t refuse to let him get it all inside you, would you. ”

With that she slapped Cheryl’s bottom hard, and thrust the vibrator forward, giving it an upward twist as she did. The nose of the vibrator seemed to grind past some sort of obstruction, and then she felt something curved and thin against the mouth of her sex. It was like a little curving arm at the base of the vibrator which hooked onto the outside of her sex, right over the top, or really, now, in her present position, the bottom – right where her clit was.

“There, you’ve got the whole thing in your tight little pussy now,” Mrs. Foster said, her open hand rubbing against the base of the vibrator, demonstrating that it was flush with Cheryl’s tightly clinging sex lips.

“Now for this little hole.”

And again Cheryl felt a hammer blow to her psyche as something pressed against her anal opening. She knew there was no point in protesting, but she did anyway, and was ignored, as she’d expected, as another round something pushed in and out of her anal opening. It seemed to be slick and slippery, and each time the woman pushed it deeper. She knew it was a dildo, just like the one Mrs. Foster had had in her own bottom the other day.

She slumped weakly, helplessly, submissively, knowing she could do nothing, her mind still throbbing and spinning with confusion and shocked indecision.

And – something more. For despite the horrific embarrassment there was something perversely exciting about this now, something she had been feeling in the background almost since she had stripped and Mrs. Foster had first touched her, something which was now growing and becoming more noticeable. She was starting to feel less and less like a girl being punished and more like this was a sexual assault, like Mrs. Foster was doing lewd and obscene things to her for her own pleasure.

And as the woman worked the dildo deeper into her bottom, slapping her buttocks from time to time when her sphincter clamped down too hard, she became more convinced of that. She still didn’t know what to do about it, though, or what to say. She was far too intimidated to challenge the woman no matter what she did.

And then, when the dildo was jammed deep, so that cramps rippled through her abdomen, the woman came around to the front of the chair and sat down on the coffee table facing her.

“Let’s talk, little girl,” the woman said, her eyes stern.

Chapter Five

Cheryl gaped at her.

“I-I don’t - .”

“Then I will talk and you will listen.”

Mrs. Foster reached in and flicked her fingers against one of the weights dangling from Cheryl’s nipples, and she gasped in pain.

“My husband and I have a very special relationship,” Mrs. Foster said. “It is a loving relationship which takes into account that both of us are very strong-willed and dominant individuals, and that we both have a particular interest in bondage and sadomasochism. That means we have sex not just with each other but with other people.”

Cheryl didn’t want to hear this, not at all!

“We have been married for almost twenty joyful, happy years, unlike most couples, and we are far from bored with each other. Our sex life is incredible, and a major reason why we continue to enjoy each other so much. We would like our son to have an equally pleasant and enjoyable sex life. So we have an interest in who he is sleeping with.”

She reached forward again, for Cheryl’s head was sort of hanging down, her face on her extended arms, and with a fistful of hair, lifted her head upwards until they were face to face. It hurt, but not that much. It was the casualness with which the woman simply grasped her hair and pulled which sent another shock through the girl.

“So I ask again, are you good in bed?”

Cheryl stared at her, gasping, panting, and then cried out weakly as the woman tugged harder, more sharply on her hair.

“I asked a question, little girl.”

“I-I don’t know!” Cheryl cried.

“Well, maybe we should find out.”

The woman let her head go and Cheryl grunted as her face dropped onto her arms. Then she moved away, going behind her. She disappeared for a minute, and when she came back she was wearing a strange looking contraption which shocked Cheryl yet again.

It was a cock, a long, fat, very realistic looking erect cock, complete with balls, and it was strapped somehow to Mrs. Foster’s groin. Her naked groin, for the woman was now otherwise naked, her full breasts jiggling slightly as she moved, her pierced nipples very obviously erect.

The woman reached down and twisted a long length of Cheryl’s hair around her hand and then lifted her head up again. This had the effect of pulling up on her scalp and almost instinctively causing her mouth to open. The woman pushed the “head” of the dildo in through it and Cheryl’s eyes bulged.

“Let me see how you perform fellatio on my son,” Mrs. Foster said.

The woman was insane! And a pervert!

Cheryl could not twist her head away, and could not speak, and when she did nothing the woman slapped her dangling breast hard enough to sting.

“Suck. Show me how you perform,” she demanded.

Helplessly, Cheryl closed her lips and began to suck.

“That’s it, little girl, at least you can do that much. Suck that cock,” Mrs. Foster ordered.

Cheryl could only moan in response. And then the woman began to pump the dildo in and out in slow movements. She did that several times, and then slapped at Cheryl’s breast again.

“Don’t you know anything?” she demanded. “You suck especially hard as it withdraws, and lick it and let your mouth ease up a bit as it pushes forward. Don’t fight it as it comes through, idiot.”

Cheryl’s scalp hurt, stinging as the woman continued to hold her head up by the hair, but she ignored it as she tried desperately to do as the woman wanted, to suck harder when the cock withdrew. But now the dildo, which seemed to be filled with some kind of jell to soften it, was pushing deeper, and she had to fight not to gag.

The woman slapped her breast again, and Cheryl squealed around the dildo in her mouth.

“Are you telling me you don’t even deep throat!?” she asked in an incredulous voice. “What kind of a useless little slut are you anyway? I can’t believe my son would even date a girl who didn’t know how to deep throat him.”

She pulled the dildo back entirely and Cheryl cried out as she lifted her head up and back so that she was staring far up into the standing woman's glaring face. "You listen to me, you selfish, lazy little slut. My son deserves to have a woman who puts the effort into learning how to deep throat. I won't tolerate anything less. You are going to learn how to deep throat a man or my son is going to find another girlfriend."

Cheryl felt still another wave of confused thoughts. She was embarrassed and felt inadequate, for she had seen how sensual and expert Mrs. Foster was, and she was shocked and embarrassed about the thought the woman intended to "train" her how to give blowjobs, and indignant and fearful she would somehow prevent Cheryl from seeing her son.

But her mind was still so flustered and she was still so bewildered she couldn't think straight. And it didn't help that Mrs. Foster then thrust the dildo back into her open mouth and began to pump it in and out.

"Now my son deserves the best, and you, little girl, are going to learn to be the best. You need to conquer your instincts and take control of your gag reflex. You can swallow a man's cock all the way to the balls if you set your mind to it. You have to convince your body to accept it into your throat. You swallow food all the time, remember. And there's plenty of room. You just have to stop your body from reacting to it.

She thrust her hips forward so that the head of the cock was almost into Cheryl's throat, and the teenager gagged and choked, her head and body trying to twist away.

"You see? That's your gag reflex. You aren't going to choke on this. It's not even in your throat. Your mind is reacting to the fear of choking. You need to get control of it. Try thinking of this as food. Ignore the shaft and think only of the head. Think of it as a tasty little piece of meat you're going to swallow. It's so soft and tasty it will melt in your throat. Just think of that, think of wanting to swallow it, and keep thinking that as it slides down your throat and takes the shaft with it."

God, she was going to shove it down her throat, Cheryl thought, panicking.

"Listen to me. Are you listening, little girl?" Mrs. Foster demanded, shaking the girl by the hair.

"Now think of it as a tasty treat. You are going to swallow it and you're not going to choke. I've been doing it for longer than you've been alive. You know you want to do this, Cheryl. You want to be good at sucking cock. You want to impress Matt the next time you get his prick into your mouth, so don't fight it."

And that was certainly true. The moment she'd seen the woman taking her husband's big cock down her throat she'd felt envious and inadequate. Cheryl would dearly like to see Matt's eyes bug out as she took his cock all the way down her throat.

And so she didn't try to resist or fight, and actually tried to do as the woman said, to cooperate and think of the cockhead as a tasty lump of soft meat she was going to swallow.

But when the soft dildo pushed into her throat she still choked and gagged, nearly throwing up. She could not resist the thing, however, nor pull back, and Mrs. Foster drove it relentlessly forward until it was tightly lodged in the trembling, thrashing girl's throat. Now she couldn't throw up, and her body had little choice but to try and get used to the sensation.

“Swallow,” Mrs. Foster ordered in a loud voice. “Swallow repeatedly as if you’re swallowing food.”

Cheryl did, or tried to, but tears were still filling her eyes and her head felt ready to explode. Then the dildo pushed deeper, and she gagged anew as she stared through her tears at the long shaft sliding forward through her open lips.

“Think of pleasing Matt. Think of what a good little cocksucker you’ll be,” Mrs. Foster said. “swallow that cock, little girl and make us all happy.”

Then her groin was pressed up tightly against Cheryl’s face, crushing her nose back, and both her hands were holding Cheryl’s thick hair as she held the girl in position and began to slowly pump. She used very shallow strokes, no more than an inch in either direction, with the dildo deep in the girl’s throat.

“You can actually breath with a cock down your throat,” Mrs. Foster said. “But you need more practice for that. I’m going to pull back now. Try to control your body.”

The dildo slid back up her throat slowly and steadily, and while at first she gagged and felt like throwing up Cheryl was able to control herself enough that, as the head popped free, she only coughed violently. A long stream of saliva poured over her lower lip, but she was able to gulp in air then. Her face was sweaty and her eyes were still teary. Her nose was running, too. She felt awful. But there was a strange little sense of victory for having taken the big dildo into her throat.

“Not bad for a first try,” Mrs. Foster said.

She released her hair and got a box of tissues, then wiped her chin and eyes and made her blow her nose.

Then she pushed the dildo back into her mouth.

“We’re going to keep doing this until you get it right,” she said.

And they did. Mrs. Foster kept pushing the dildo into Cheryl’s mouth and down her throat, pumping it in and out until Cheryl got used to the sensation and her body seemed to understand that it wouldn’t die or suffocate, that the feel of the soft latex sliding up and down wasn’t so bad a thing.

And the better she did the better Cheryl felt about it. Her humiliation was fading somewhat now, and Mrs. Foster was complimenting her, patting her, and stroking her breasts instead of slapping them.

She was beginning to feel a growing sense of sexual arousal now, as well. The vibrator purring away in her pussy, her nudity, Mrs. Foster’s nudity, and the blatant sexual caresses and touches could not be ignored. The pulling on her nipples reminded her of the strings she’d tied on them the other night, and she was beginning to find the “lessons” extremely hot and sexy, thinking of how she would suck Matt’s cock, how she would take him into her throat and make him so happy.

She was still feeling dreadfully awkward and embarrassed, but she was beginning to calm down. She had to. She needed to get control of herself in order to swallow the dildo, and follow what Mrs. Foster was teaching her. And she had to do it quickly, for she had very little time to obey when the woman told her to do something before she’d get a slap, usually to one of her breasts.

The older woman pulled the dildo back up and held it upright. This was the signal for Cheryl to

lick up and down its length, and then to lick and suck at the plastic balls dangling below.

“Moan a little. Softly,” Mrs. Foster said. “A man likes to think his woman is a slut for him, that he’s made her so hot she can’t resist him and can’t control herself. Keep your body moving, roll your hips, roll your head, keep your face looking hot and sexy. Be a slut for him, a wild little nympho who can’t wait to get his prick in her mouth or pussy.”

She pulled out and glanced at her watch casually then let Cheryl’s head fall onto her arms.

“Now, we come to your punishment,” she said, moving around behind her.

Cheryl was busy gulping in air now, pleased with herself, anticipating how she would surprise Matt. She was still embarrassed, though, and now very wary as the woman disappeared behind her. She was also aroused, despite herself, her pussy thrumming with energy and need, and very moist and hot. She was embarrassed anew as the woman moved behind her, afraid she would see how wet and hot she was.

And that embarrassment redoubled when she felt the woman’s hand at her pussy, felt it rubbing against her clit, then grasping the vibrator to pump it in and out a few times.

“Wet and hot, I see,” she said, in a voice which made Cheryl cringe.

There was the sound of movement, and then a sharp light – something – cracked across Cheryl’s upraised buttocks.

“Owww!”

“Don’t be a baby. You’re a naughty, nasty, dirty little girl, remember, and you need to be punished.

“B-but I didn’t mean to – Oww! Don’t!”

Cheryl jerked against the straps as the thing sliced down against her bottom again.

“You need to learn discipline, little girl. My son needs to bring you to heel, to teach you your place. You are obviously a submissive, and I believe my son is a dominant. I wouldn’t raise him any other way.”

The sharp, cutting blow fell again.

“Oww!”

Abruptly, the woman was standing beside her, and grasping her hair, lifting the girl’s head up. Cheryl could see she was holding a two foot long, thin black switch in her hand.

“This is a very light riding crop,” Mrs. Foster said, showing it to her. “It won’t cut the skin. It won’t even leave a mark, at least, not beyond a couple of hours. It’s used to teach nasty little girls their place, and I want my son to start using it on you. I think you’ll like it, too.”

“I don’t!” Cheryl cried.

“Then adjust your attitude, little girl,” the woman growled. “Because I’ve seen girls like you before. You need to be kept in line, to be led, to be shown what to do. Your man needs to be in charge. You are an obvious sexual submissive. That’s why you got off on watching my husband and I.”

She was fondling and kneading Cheryl’s breast now, further outraging and confusing the girl. Worse, Cheryl’s breast was responding. Her nipples ached and throbbed and stung, but in a way which was becoming extremely seductive and exciting, again bringing back memories of how she’d tied the string on her nipples and tugged repeatedly. The vibrator was purring away in her pussy, and her anal muscles were squeezing down around the fat dildo the woman had lodged there.

“You are going to be punished, like it or not. And I am going to adjust your attitude so that my son has a proper partner.”

She thrust the crop in between Cheryl’s legs, sawing it lightly back and forth over her clit. Then she brought it back and held it to her lips.

“Kiss it,” she ordered, twisting her fingers in the girl’s hair so Cheryl gasped in pain.

“Now,” she growled.

Cheryl kissed the crop.

“Now every time I bring this down against your tight little bottom you are going to say ‘thank you for disciplining me, Mrs. Foster’. Got that? Let me hear you say it.”

“Th-Thank you, for d-disciplining me, Mrs. Foster,” Cheryl gasped.

“Good. And then you are going to say ‘Please may I have another. Say it.’”

“Please may I have another,” Cheryl said, her voice cracking a little.

“Good girl. We’ll make you a proper little submissive for Matt in no time.”

She released her hair and again her head fell onto her arms. Cheryl’s breathing was ragged as she tried to look behind her, and cringed at how open and vulnerable and helpless she was. Yet she continued to feel that growing sense of arousal and heat, a wild kinky thrill seeping through her consciousness as she waited the next blow.

It came, and she cried out in pain, her body jerking against the straps.

“Tha-thank you for disciplining me, Mrs. Foster!” she panted. “Please may I have another!”

Another blow made her cry out again, and her body to twist and strain. The crop might very well be light and harmless, but it stung terribly when it hit her soft buttocks.

Crack!

“Oww! Thank you for disciplining me, Mrs. Foster. Please may I have another!”

“That’s my little slut,” Mrs. Foster said, thrusting the crop between her legs and rubbing it over her clit again. “You’ll be Matt’s slut in no time.”

Crack!

“Ahghh! Thank you for disciplining me, Mrs. Foster! Please may I have another! ”

God it hurt! It stung! Her buttocks were throbbing and aching with heat now.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The blows continued to fall, slowly, deliberately, and each time the panting, moaning girl thanked the woman and begged for another. Several times Mrs. Foster stopped, stroking the crop across her swollen, quivering clit, and once pumping the dildo in and out of her anus. The blood in Cheryl's veins was turning into hot, sexual steam at the kinky and thrilling beating, and was starting to push the pain away, or perhaps, starting to feed off of it.

“Now perhaps we'll give you a reward. Would you like that, little girl?” she asked, her hands gently caressing Cheryl's burning buttocks.

“Ye-yes,” Cheryl panted.

She got another blow instead, a particularly sharp one. “You will always answer `yes, Mrs. Foster' or `no, Mrs. Foster' when I ask you something. Do you understand, little girl?”

“Y-yes, Mrs. Foster!” Cheryl gasped.

“I am not your friend or your lover. I am your boyfriend's mother and you will treat me with respect at all times. Is that clear, little girl?”

“Yes, Mrs. Foster!”

“Then you will get your reward.”

The woman came back around the front of the chair, and Cheryl saw she was still naked, still wearing the dildo. She lifted her head up by the hair as casually as ever, and thrust the dildo into her mouth. Cheryl began to suck almost instinctively now, and swallowed the dildo as it pushed into her throat, gagging only a little.

The woman pulled out and moved around behind her. Cheryl felt her fingers on the vibrator, pumping it in and out a few times, then pulling it free. For a long moment Cheryl felt very vacant, and she found she missed the purring vibrations and the fullness. Then something else was pushed into the mouth of her sex. It was the dildo she had just sucked, she realized, and groaned as it slid deep into her pussy, eased by her own slippery saliva.

It pushed in until she felt the woman's bare skin against her buttocks, touching the deepest part of her sex. Then the woman ground her hips, twisting it around inside Cheryl's belly.

And it felt goood.

The woman began to pump it in and out, using the whole long length of it. Her hands moved up and down Cheryl's back, stroking and massaging, then caressing her ribs as they slid around her side and underneath. Her fingers gently kneaded Cheryl's breasts, digging deep into the soft flesh, and her fingertips stroked and caressed the sides of her areolas and nipples where the clamps were hanging.

"If you're going to be Matt's slut you need to love cock," Mrs. Foster said from behind her.

She drove the dildo deep and ground it against her, and Cheryl groaned in pleasure.

"Tell me you love cock," Mrs. Foster ordered, thrusting harder, deeper.

"I-I d-do," Cheryl panted.

A hard slap to her bottom reminded her of her error.

"I love cock, Mrs. Foster!"

"Are you Matt's slut?"

"Yes, Mrs. Foster!"

"Say it, slut!"

"I'm Matt's slut!"

"And do you love cock?"

"I love cock, Mrs. Foster!"

"Louder, slut! Louder. Keep saying it."

"I'm Matt's slut and I love cock! I'm Matt's slut and I love cock! I'm Matt's slut and I love cock!" she cried as the woman drove the dildo into her faster and harder.

Her body was soaring upwards towards a massive orgasm, trembling and shaking with the intensity of the heat within her. Her mind was being swamped with wild shockwaves of sensory pleasure, her nipples sparkling like live electric wires, her breasts throbbing, her pussy on fire from the hard thrusting. And then Mrs. Foster did something so that every time the dildo drove in something at the base ground against her clitoris with a rough, almost painful, but intensely shocking stroke.

She began to grunt and gasp, unable to focus her mind, to talk properly.

"I'm - ungh - Matt's slut - ahh - ahhh, and -oohhh - I love ungh Ohhh! Unggh! I love - Ungh - cock! Oh! Oh God! Unngh! Aaahh!"

Mrs. Foster reached forward and grasped her hair, yanking her head up and back, and slapped her bottom as she drove the dildo painfully hard into her aching, burning pussy.

Cheryl's body erupted in a massive sexual explosion, the power inside her going into overload

and rippling along her nervous system like a firestorm. She shook and bucked wildly, convulsions racking her body as she rode the wild wave of sexual ecstasy tearing through her.

The shaking and jerking of her body caused the weights pulling at her nipples to dance and pull, tugging heavily and stingingly, adding to the heat within her, adding to the overload of sensations exploding inside her mind and body. And when Mrs. Foster reached down and began to rub her fingers roughly along her clit Cheryl thought her head would explode with the force of the pleasure which took her.

Chapter Six

“So where do you want to go?”

Cheryl settled into the crook of Matt’s arm as he led her down the sidewalk, liking the feel of it around her.

“Wherever you want,” she said.

Had Mrs. Foster been right about her being a follower? She felt the temptation to pick a place and get Matt to go there, but repressed it.

Matt gave her bottom a squeeze as they parted at the car, and she got into the passenger side as he went around to get into the driver’s seat.

Cheryl felt a bit weird, but it was obvious his mother had told him nothing, and she certainly wasn’t going to either. She didn’t really like keeping secrets from him, but she didn’t think their relationship could handle him knowing his mother had been fucking her with a dildo and teaching her how to deep throat him.

She giggled uneasily at that thought, but he didn’t notice as he pulled out into traffic.

Matt’s slut. The words excited her. She wanted to be his slut. She wanted to drive him crazy in

bed, to make him think she was the best he'd ever have. And she was eager to demonstrate her new knowledge to him, to see his reaction when she took his cock into her throat.

However, they went to his friend Paul's apartment instead. Another friend, Mike, was there, and the three of them talked football, which kind of bored her. She tried to show an interest, for Matt's sake, but felt restless and began looking out the window. Then she got up and wandered to the balcony and looked over, elbows on the railing.

She took out her cell phone and called her friend Tracy, and they chatted, mostly gossiped, until Matt came out and poked her.

"Come on, we're heading out."

She hung up and followed him out, saying goodbye to the others.

"Where are we going?" she asked in the elevator.

"I dunno. Maybe we'll go see Tom and Jennie."

Cheryl rolled her eyes. "She's such a slut."

Matt grinned. "You don't like how she dresses?"
"She doesn't need to show everyone every inch of flesh she's got."

"Why not? Guys like to see that."

Cheryl snorted. "Maybe I should start dressing like that. Would you like that?"
"I dunno," he said, amused, his hand sliding down to squeeze her bottom.

The doors opened and they crossed the lobby. A middle aged guy waiting there checked her out, and she felt his eyes on her ass when they passed him by and went out into the parking lot.

"I bet guys would check me out a lot more if I dressed like Jennie," she said.

He slid his arm around her waist. "Guys check you out now. You just don't notice. You're pretty fucking hot, babe."

They went to Tom's apartment. Jennie was dressed in very short shorts and a midriff baring tank top which strained against her big breasts. She was bubbly and good natured, but the way her body caught Matt's eye every time she walked past irritated Cheryl. She reluctantly told herself the girl was at home and could dress however she wanted, but wished she'd dress a little – more.

Nor was she much into talking about hair streaking and dying. She liked her hair perfectly well as it was, and had no need or desire to change it. She was more bored here than she'd been at his other friends' place.

By the time they left Matt was in a rush to get home to watch a TV show, and it just didn't seem to be the time to try and get him to let her demonstrate her new skill. She walked up the path to her place quite unhappy about how the last few hours had gone, and irritated at Matt. After all, wasn't she a hot, sexy girl? How come, all of a sudden, he wasn't interested in fucking her?

To make things worse her father intercepted her when she was on the stairs and made her take the garbage out. One of the bags broke on the lawn and she was forced to clean it up. Only after that could she get upstairs to her room and strip, then have her shower. As she propped herself in the corner of the shower stall she ran her hands over her slick, wet body and fantasized about her and Matt, imagining herself kneeling naked before him, taking his cock into her throat.

After her shower she lay on her bed, naked but for a flimsy lace thong, and called up Tracy again. After very little beating around the bush she asked her if she'd ever deep throated a guy.

"No. I tried a few times, but I keep gagging," Tracy confessed. "I wish I could. What about you?"

"I've uhm, sort of been practicing," she said.

"On Matt? Make sure you don't do it on a full stomach. Throwing up in a guy's lap is a real turn off."

"Ha, ha," Cheryl said. "No, I've sort of been practicing on, something else."

"What?"

"A dildo," she said, not sure what else to say.

She heard Tracy laugh. "You bought a dildo!? You slut!"

"Lots of girls have them," Cheryl said, blushing.

"Is it big?"

"It's – kind of big," she said.

"I have to see this. What colour is it?"

Shit.

"Uhm, normal. Look, it's just a dildo. They're everywhere. You can buy one if you want."

"Oh right, just walk into some kind of sex shop and buy a dildo? And imagine the look on the face of any men around. No way. Did you do that?"

"I ah, bought it on the internet."

"Yeah, well, I have three little brothers. And they're always snooping in my room. Can you imagine if they found a dildo? Shit. I'd never hear the end of it. So, you were practicing. Did you manage to do it."

"Kind of. It's not easy."

"But you did it!? You slut! What did Matt say?"

"I haven't done it with him yet."

"What are you waiting for, an engraved invitation?"

"I'm afraid he might think I'm too slutty."

"Are you crazy? Whoever heard of a guy not liking that his girlfriend gives good head? Maybe if you did

it when you first met him he might think you'd been around a lot to know that, but not now."

The door of her room opened suddenly and her mother stood there. Cheryl pulled her free arm in closer to her chest as she lay on her belly.

"Come downstairs and help me empty the kitchen cupboards, Cheryl."

"Why?"

"Because I asked you to. I want to put fresh paper down."

Cheryl rolled her eyes and her mother turned away.

"You could close the door behind you!" she called.

Her mother returned. "You could put some clothes on, too. It's not that hot here."

She closed the door and Cheryl hung up and put on her nightie, then with a sigh, went downstairs.

The phone woke her early. She groaned and reached out for it, blinking her eyes as the sun streamed through the lacy curtains of her window. Her eyes looked down at the bedside clock and gaped at the time. Who would call her at nine in the morning!? Nobody she knew was even up at nine in the morning except for the poor saps who had to work – like Matt.

"Hello?" she grumbled.

"Hello, dear. Have a nice sleep?"

Cheryl was instantly awake as she recognized Mrs. Foster's voice.

"Uhm, yeah."

"Yes, Mrs. Foster," the woman said coldly.

"Yes, Mrs. Foster."

"I want you to come over, dear."

Cheryl felt her stomach twist, and her voice went low and anxious.

"B-but why? I mean, I uhm, you already uhm, punished me."

"This isn't just about punishment, dear. This is about education and discipline, and about making sure you know how to look after my son properly. I think you have a lot to learn in some areas and I don't know who is going to teach you if I don't."

"But I – I don't feel – comfortable – doing stuff like – like we did. I mean, it's not right! And if Matt ever found out - ."

"I didn't ask you for your opinion, Cheryl," Mrs. Foster said coldly. "You have exposed your

deficiencies to me, and I want to ensure my son has the kind of life he deserves. To be frank, I think you will be much more happy too if we can work out some of the confusion in your mind about just how you need to behave around men, and just how to treat them. Now get over here right now. You have ten minutes.”

“But I haven’t even eaten or - .”

“Good. You’ll eat here.”

The phone went dead and Cheryl stared at it, then hung up, her chest tight and her stomach whirling. What did the woman want of her now? Was she going to make her get naked and do more sex stuff? Cheryl suspected she would. And maybe it would be worse. Cheryl wasn’t a lesbian, and really didn’t have much in the way of thoughts in that direction. Oh, sure, it was fashionable for girls to experiment a little, and she could see how she and another girl might have some – fun – together, but this was Matt’s mom!

As much as she anguished about it, though, she really didn’t see a way of getting out of it. Maybe she could talk with Mrs. Foster some more when she got there and persuade her to – to – not do sex stuff. She wasn’t that bad in bed, after all. It wasn’t like Matt had ever complained.

But refusing Mrs. Foster required more strength than she had at the moment, so she simply dressed and headed up the street to Matt’s house.

She told herself as she did that she was a grown woman, and that Mrs. Foster should butt out. Her interest in her son’s sex life was weird and perverted, and she should just leave her alone.

But when the door opened she was too tongue-tied to say anything. Mrs. Foster was as abrupt as before, and simply closed the door behind her, took her arm, and led her straight towards the basement.

“Uhm, what are we going to do?” Cheryl asked anxiously.

“A submissive’s place is to do what she’s told,” Mrs. Foster said, leading her down the stairs.

“I’m not a – whatamacalit – a submissive,” Cheryl protested, her face reddening a little. “I mean, I’m not really into that bondage stuff and everything.”

“Of course you are, dear. Now take off your clothes.”

“But - .”

Mrs. Foster’s voice snapped out like a whip. “Now!”

Cheryl flinched, and then flushed uneasily under the woman’s stern gaze, but her will melted away and she stripped off her clothes, her face going more and more red as she removed the last stitch of clothes.

“We’re going to get you properly outfitted today,” Mrs. Foster said, leading her by the arm over to a cabinet, one that was always locked.

Matt had told her it was where her parents kept the expensive booze.

She watched, and felt her heart pounding faster as Mrs. Foster took her hand and buckled one of the studded leather restraints she'd seen the woman use on herself around her wrist. She didn't resist, but didn't help either as the woman grabbed her other wrist to pull it out, and added another one.

"I'm not – really into this stuff, Mrs. Foster," she tried to protest again.

"Shut up, Cheryl," Mrs. Foster barked.

She snapped her fingers at Cheryl's foot, and the younger girl lifted her leg and put her foot on the edge of the table so another restraint could be buckled around it. Then came the collar, fitting snugly around her throat, and finally, to her surprise, another pair of restraints going around her upper arms. When they were on Mrs. Foster turned her around and pulled her wrists back behind her back, then locked the wrist restraints together.

Cheryl felt a sudden sense of anxiety at that, but her pussy was also beginning to thrum with interest, and she could not deny a definite excitement was starting to infect her.

She gasped as Mrs. Foster pulled back on her arms, forcing her shoulders back.

"Pull your arms back father, Cheryl," She ordered.

She attached a chain to each of the arm restraints, pulling them back sharply, then ran her fingers through the girl's hair until Cheryl blushed and dropped her eyes.

"Do you want to be Matt's slut?"

"Yes, Mrs. Foster," Cheryl said, flushing.

"Bend over the table," the woman ordered. "Spread your legs."

Blushing even more deeply, her excitement and embarrassment mounting, Cheryl obeyed, gasping as the woman rubbed something up and down against her pussy, then gripped her hair and pulled her head up and back.

She cried out in surprise, but found the vibrator in her mouth.

"Suck," she was ordered.

She sucked and licked at it as the woman pumped it in and out, and gagged a little as it pushed too deep. It was withdrawn and then slid into her pussy, where it was turned on. Mrs. Foster then pressed a dildo against her mouth, and Cheryl, remembering the one from the other day, turned her head away.

"That's the one you put into my ass yesterday!" she protested.

She received a sharp slap to the bottom. "I washed it very carefully," Mrs. Foster said impatiently. "Now suck on it. I want to see if you've remembered your lesson."

She forced it into Cheryl's mouth, and the girl sucked and licked as the woman watched, then took it into her throat, though not without effort. She gagged and choked several times before getting the

hang of it again. Whereupon Mrs. Foster took it out and thrust it down into her anus all the way to the base. With that done the woman put a leather belt around her waist, and fed a pair of slim chains down below it to lock tightly to the vibrator and dildo.

Finally she lifted Cheryl upright by gripping her hair and pulling, then led her over to the large wall mirror next to the cabinet.

“There you are,” she said. “Now you look like a proper little slut. Matt would go insane to see you like this.”

She did look – hot, Cheryl thought, embarrassed but aroused.

“One more thing, I think,” the woman said.

She produced another chain, fed it through the ring in the front of her collar, and then down to her breasts. Each end of the chain had a small round opening, and she opened one further, slipped it around her left nipple, and then tightened it so that it stung. She did the same with the other end, and Cheryl found both nipples squeezed and throbbing.

“Now get on your knees.”

Cheryl had little choice.

“Knees well apart,” Mrs. Foster ordered.

Cheryl again obeyed, flushing.

“You really should shave your pussy hair more,” Mrs. Foster said thoughtfully.

Cheryl felt her face get hot and looked down. She only had a narrow line of hair there.

“I like the bald look in sluts,” Mrs. Foster said. “And it’s much more pleasant to eat them that way. You expect my son to perform oral sex on you, don’t you? He’ll be much more interested without getting hair in his teeth.”

She squatted down before her and ran her fingers through the thin hair, exposing her pussy.

“You have a very nice little pussy,” she said. “Your pussy lips are thin and tight and well-shaped. It will look great naked. I’m going to make an appointment for you with an electrolysis place I know and we’ll get rid of this hair. Matt will spend a lot more time down there without it.”

She straightened, then pulled over a chair and sat down, gazing down at the girl.

“Keep your back straight,” she barked. “Sit on your heels, back straight, knees spread wide. Wider. That’s better. Now, tell me about what happened yesterday. Matt said he went out with you. Where did you go?”

“J-Just out,” Cheryl said awkwardly.

Mrs. Foster reached out and slapped her face – lightly but stingingly, and Cheryl gasped in shock.

“I don’t want to have to keep reminding you how I am to be addressed, little girl. Now try

again.”

“W-we went out, Mrs. Foster.”

“Where?”

“We went to Paul Tyler’s place – Mrs. Foster.”

“Tell me what happened there.”

“Nothing, Mrs. Foster.”

The woman’s face became cold. “I want the details. What did you do. What did Matt do. What did Paul do. Everything.”

So Cheryl racked her brain to remember what had happened, how dull it was with the guys talking about football, and how she had gone out on the balcony to talk to Tracy.

“How were you dressed?”

Cheryl blinked in surprise. “Uhm, I had jeans and a sweatshirt.”

Mrs. Foster slapped her face again, this time making the other cheek sting.

“I-I wore jeans and a sweatshirt, Mrs. Foster,” she gasped.

“These jeans?”

She held up the ones Cheryl had been wearing.

“Yes, Mrs. Foster.”

“So the boys basically ignored you, is that it?”

Cheryl almost nodded, but caught herself. “Yes, Mrs. Foster.”

The woman shook her head in disgust. “Let me explain something to you, little girl. No real woman would be that distracted from her by football. You are a very good looking girl. If you had dressed properly, acted properly, positioned your body properly, those three boys would have been distracted by you and not by football.”

“But - .”

“I said keep your back straight!”

Cheryl straightened her back quickly.

Mrs. Foster got up and walked to the cabinet, then returned with a somewhat longer riding crop. This one had a narrow triangular flap at the tip, and after sitting down again she slid it in between Cheryl’s legs and rubbed it against her clit. Cheryl stiffened, but didn’t dare protest.

“I-I don’t want to dress like a- .”

“A slut? Didn’t you tell me you wanted to be Matt’s slut?”

“Well – well yes but - .”

“Would you be ashamed to be Matt’s slut?”

“No!”

“Let me tell you something, little girl, there is a world of difference between dressing in a cheap, slutty way, and dressing in a way which accents and highlights your body and causes the men to be distracted. You need to learn how to dress properly. Think about it. You were alone with three good looking young men, and they ignored you. If you’d acted properly, dressed properly, they would have been distracted by you, thinking of your body, of your breasts, your legs, of having sex with you, and Matt would have cut things short and taken you out somewhere he could get you out of your clothes.”

The rubbing of the little leather tip was beginning to make Cheryl’s insides twist and squirm, and she had to fight the impulse to grind her hips against it. It was a light touch, but with the vibrator in her pussy, the dildo up her ass and the pinching of her nipples, not to mention being naked and – and tied up in front of the woman, she was starting to feel a powerful sexual haze envelop her body.

“Think of those three boys wanting you, Cheryl, licking their lips, imagining you naked, wanting to strip you and take you right there. But only Matt would be able to. Matt would have felt proud about having such a hot girlfriend, wouldn’t he?”

“I-I guess,” Cheryl gulped.

Mrs. Foster drew the long crop back.

“Turn around.”

Cheryl swallowed nervously, and, heart pounding, did.

“Now bend over. Put your face to the floor and keep your bottom up high.”

“Wh-why?” she squeaked.

“Because I said so!”

That was, in the end, good enough reason, and Cheryl fell awkwardly forward onto her shoulders, putting her cheek against the floor as she raised her bottom.

“Knees two inches apart.”

She grunted and shifted, and then cried out as the crop slashed across her soft bottom.

“What is my name?” Mrs. Foster demanded.

“M-Mrs. Foster!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“Mrs. Foster!”

Crack!

“And how do you respond to my questions?”

“Yes, Mrs. Foster!”

Crack! “Or `no, Mrs. Foster. I am running out of patience with your forgetting that, little girl.”

Crack!

Cheryl cried out, then a thought came to her mind. “Th-thank you for disciplining me, Mrs. Foster. Please may I have another?”

“Better, little girl, better. Now, shift your knees wide apart and keep your bottom raised.”

Cheryl obeyed, flushing at displaying her groin so openly again.

“Now tell me about what happened when you left Paul’s apartment.”

Talking with her cheek pressed to the floor, Cheryl told her about going on to Tom’s, and about his girlfriend. Mrs. Foster insisted she describe the girl completely, and what she was wearing, and how she acted. And while she talked the woman rubbed the tip of the crop back and forth against her clitoris.

“Y-Yes, she sounds like a brainless bimbo, but you see that she drew the boys’ attention, don’t you? And what was wrong with how she was dressed? Shorts and a tank top? Don’t you have shorts? Don’t you have a tank top?”

“I- not tight, Mrs. Foster. I mean, her top was very tight, and her shorts were those – those short cotton ones that hardly do more than cover her – ass.”

“Good. Buy some. I want you to start dressing properly for my son. That means dress in form fitting clothes. I want tight, thin sweaters and tank tops, and trousers and shorts which show off your pretty little ass. You can also wear shorter skirts. Try that denim mini I saw you in last month. Short skirts are always distracting to men. Flash some thigh. Don’t let them see too much, but keep giving them glimpses of your lovely thighs.”

Mrs. Foster continued to saw the crop up and down against the girl’s slit as she spoke, occasionally grinding it in harder for emphasis.

“I – that costs money,” Cheryl said, cheek pressed against the floor. “I’m not exactly rich – M-Mrs. Foster.”

“Then perhaps I can find a way for you to earn more money,” Mrs. Foster said with an arched eyebrow and cold, thin smile.

Chapter Seven

“Hello Cheryl.”

Cheryl felt a jolt of shock at the male voice, and twisted her head up and forward so fast she almost sprained her neck. She let out a cry of shocked embarrassment, and her arms twisted frantically against the restraints holding them back as she threw herself to one side and tried to scabble out of sight. She couldn't, of course, and the very best she could do was draw her knees in beneath her as she knelt down, breasts pressed against the floor.

“Oh stop being such a silly little child,” Mrs. Foster said as her husband walked up beside her. “Jack has seen your videos, after all, not just the one you made beneath our bed but the one I made the other day.”

Another shock hit Cheryl, and then a sense of outrage and self recrimination, for even after being caught by the unnoticed video camera while laying beneath the Foster's bed she hadn't really given a thought to where it might be. And now Mrs. Foster smiled her cool little smile and turned on the big TV again. It was Cheryl, naked, but clearly taken the other day.

And there, on the screen, was Cheryl, bent over the chair, crying out in pleasure as she climaxed, Mrs. Foster's hips in sight thrusting the dildo into her pussy hard and fast as Cheryl writhed and twisted and shuddered through her orgasm.

“I must say I'd like to congratulate you on how quickly you learned to deep throat,” Mr. Foster said, smiling pleasantly down at her. “I think most young women today are very selfish and it takes a lot to pound something into their thick skulls. You learned very well.”

“And no doubt the little girl will be more than willing to demonstrate it for you, dear,” Mrs. Foster said.

She slipped off the chair and knelt above and behind Cheryl, gripping her hair as she forced the

squirming, red-faced girl to unfold, forcing her head up and back, lifting her chest so that she was once again kneeling, sitting on her heels, her back not only straight, but arched back.

“Assume the position,” Mrs. Foster barked. “Or you will be punished!”

Cheryl was already in the position, so obedience was not really at issue, except that when Mrs. Foster gave her breast a slap she obediently jerked her knees apart.

“Please!” she cried. “Don’t! Oh please!”

“Such a shy girl,” Mrs. Foster said dryly. “I think we’ll have to knock that out of you.”

“Yes, I like my women uninhibited,” Mrs. Foster said, smiling at his wife.

“And Matt deserves and uninhibited wife,” Mrs. Foster said.

She had Cheryl’s long hair twisted around her fist now, and reached around her to grasp her right breast and squeeze it hard.

“Are you Matt’s slut?” she demanded harshly. “Are you?!”

“Y-Yes!” Cheryl cried.

“Say it!”

“I’m Matt’s slut!”

“And do you love cock?”

“I love cock and I’m Matt’s slut!” Cheryl gasped, her mind twisting in confusion.

“Again!”

“I love cock and I’m Matt’s slut!”

Mrs. Foster twisted her fingers in the girl’s breast “Again! Louder!”

“I love cock and I’m Matt’s slut!”

They were crazy! They were both crazy! But Cheryl was at a loss about what to do about it, especially with her imagine on the big plasma TV in the background crying out in pleasure again and again.

“Now, dear,” Mrs. Foster said in a more normal tone of voice. “You showed that you have some ability to properly satisfy a man’s member. But that was with plastic. Now you get to try on the real thing. Go ahead and show my husband how good you’ve become. But remember he has very high standards.”

Mr. Foster chuckled as he unzipped and drew out his cock, and Cheryl tried to shrink back, only to press more firmly against Mrs. Foster, who was now using her grip on her hair to jerk her faceforward

“You loved the sight of his cock the other day, little girl,” Mrs. Foster said. “You got all hot and bothered watching me suck on it. Don’t you dare tell me you didn’t dream about doing it yourself!”

And Cheryl couldn’t, because of course, she had. Only now that she was looking at it, held naked in front of the tall, grinning, handsome man, she felt like a stupid little girl, and wished desperately to be anywhere else.

But Mr. Foster now reached down and grasped the chain locked to Cheryl’s nipples, tugging it up and forward, raising her up off her heels as Mrs. Foster pulled her head back sharply, painfully, then forward again. Mr. Foster tugged on the nipple chain, pressing his big cock to her lips and rubbing it from side to side.

“Show us what you can do, Cheryl,” he ordered, his voice now firm and hard.

He pressed his cock harder against her mouth, and Cheryl whimpered as she let her lips part, not daring to disobey. He was bigger than Matt, and his cock forced her mouth wider and wider.

“I don’t want to feel your teeth, bitch,” he growled.

The word shocked Cheryl for some reason. This was Matt’s father, after all, and he had never spoken coldly or cruelly to her. She jerked her mouth wider and moaned as his hardening shaft pushed through her lips.

“Let’s feel that little tongue of yours, slut,” he said, jerking stingingly on the nipple chain. “Lick my cock like you mean it.”

Another shock went through her, but Cheryl again obeyed, licking at his cock, flustered and embarrassed as the man forced his prick deeper.

Now he abandoned her nipple chain and combed her hair with his fingers, and then pulled it out to either side in a pair of pony tails held in his fists. He thrust deeper and Cheryl gagged, but he drew back again.

“Suck cock, whore,” he growled, snarling down at her.

Cheryl jerked in shock again, but fearfully began to work on his cock, sucking as Mrs. Foster had taught her, licking at the underside, especially of the head as he began to pump in and out. Her arms continued to pull feebly against the restraints, but she knew she was helpless, knew she must obey as Mr. Foster pulled her face in and out by the hair.

“That’s it,” he said. “That’s the way to suck cock, bitch. Now swallow it. Swallow my prick, you filthy little fuck toy.”

He thrust forward, pulling on her hair from both sides, and his big cockhead punched through into her throat. Cheryl gagged weakly, but then did her best to swallow repeatedly as his shaft slid down her throat.

Mrs. Foster was still kneeling behind her, and now Cheryl felt her soft, bare breasts pressed against her own bare back as the woman’s face came in alongside her own.

“Isn’t it a lovely cock, Cheryl?” she purred, her hands coming around to cup and knead Cheryl’s breasts. “Don’t you just love how big and thick and warm and hard it is? Suck, little girl. Suck that beautiful cock. Make him groan and moan for us.”

Cheryl’s face was now pressed in hard against Mr. Foster’s groin, and she could do very little on it but lick at the base of the shaft. Mrs. Foster kneaded her breasts and began to nibble at the underside of her right ear, whispering softly about beautiful cocks and how wonderful a cock sucker she would become, and how happy Matt would be to have her swallow his cock.

She reached to Cheryl’s nipples, and did something to the clips to tighten the loops even further, making Cheryl cry out in pain as her nipples were crushed. Then she moved a hand down her quivering body and between her legs, and a single finger began to stroke and rub at her clitoris.

Cheryl was simply dazed and bewildered. It seemed impossible to her that she was kneeling naked and bound between Matt’s parents, having sex with them, and she wondered dazedly how this had all come to pass, and so quickly, and what she might have done to avoid it.

And yet there was no denying that her body was wakening to the sexual excitement of what was happening. Ever since she’d stripped for Mrs. Foster she’d been feeling a thrumming pressure and heat between her legs, and with every touch of the woman’s fingers it had grown. Now, sucking on Mr. Foster’s cock, she felt her inhibitions slowly melting away under the scalding heat of sexual hunger.

She didn’t want it, didn’t want to be here, didn’t want to be doing this, but she could do nothing to avoid it, and felt herself giving in, submitting to their will, losing herself to their strong wills and her own helplessness.

Mr. Foster pulled his cock back and she coughed and gasped even as he rubbed the saliva coated head all over her face. He stripped off his trousers completely, then peeled off his shirt to reveal his powerful torso.

He transferred his grip to the hair at the top of her head, and then let his slippery wet prick push back into her mouth.

“Suck cock, whore,” he ordered.

Cheryl quivered, and obeyed, sucking as ordered, her lips closed tight around his sliding shaft as it moved in and out, her body now beginning to burn and jerk to the touch of Mrs. Foster’s hands and fingers and lips as she gave herself to the hot, steamy pleasure of her own senses.

Mr. Foster pulled out, lifting his cock.

“Suck my balls, slut,” he growled.

Another shockwave, but it was a hot, dark, quivering shockwave as she licked and then sucked on his testicles, moaning around them as Mrs. Foster continued to rub at her clit, and now began to pump the vibrator in and out as well.

Mr. Foster thrust his cock into her mouth again, but released her hair.

“Swallow it, slut. Swallow it to the balls.”

Cheryl forced her lips forward, gagged briefly as his mushroom shaped cock passed into her throat, then kept going, jamming her nose in amidst the tangled pubic hair over his groin, then pressing her lips flat against the base of his cock as it throbbed in her throat.

“Ahh, you’re a dirty little bitch,” he growled. “and I love dirty little bitches.”

Mrs. Foster withdrew. And Mr. Foster pulled out of her mouth and suddenly pushed her back sharply. Cheryl gasped and fell back on the floor, only to have Mr. Foster kneel before her, grasp her thighs and yank her legs up and apart, sliding her bottom partly up onto his thighs.

“I’m going to fuck your whore cunt,” he growled, his face a dark, hungry leer. “I’m going to pump you so full of semen it’ll be leaking out your pussy for days.”

His wife knelt next to Cheryl, undoing the vibrator and pulling it free, then grasping her husband’s cock. She rubbed the head up and down the dazed girl’s pussy and then positioned it so that her husband could sink it in through the open, slippery mouth of her sex.

“Fuck her, Jack. Fuck the little slut so she knows what it means to be properly used!”

The thick cock moved into her, and Cheryl shuddered, her hips jerking, her head rolling as her bewildered mind spun around in her overheated body, shame and discomfort powerfully present but brushed aside by overwhelming sexual hunger and need.

“Oh! Oh! No! Oh God! Oh yes! Ungh!”

Mr. Foster’s big cock slid deeper and deeper into her pussy as Mrs. Foster rubbed at her clit and pulled repeatedly at the nipple chain.

Mr. Foster pulled her fully onto his cock, until Cheryl could feel his pubic hair tickling her groin, then he began to thrust in and out, holding her thighs in his big hands, jerking her forward to meet his thrusts as he drove his cock into her again and again.

Cheryl was beginning to pant and gasp and gulp in air, her eyes wide, her chest heaving as her overheated body felt a new shockwave of excitement and sensory pleasure. She had loved Matt’s big cock, but his father’s was even better, bigger and thicker, and the way her body was bound, the way the older couple were toying with her body was sending scalding waves of sexual heat through her mind.

Mr. Foster was driving himself into her with hard, steady thrusts, jerking her up to meet them. Her bottom was off the floor, having been pulled upwards onto his thighs, her legs spread wide, her feet jerking and bouncing in the air as his hips slapped sharply against her buttocks. Mrs. Foster was still tugging on the nipple chain, still rubbing on her clit.

Now she leaned forward and applied her long, expert tongue to Cheryl’s swollen pink clitoris, and the girl let out a startled cry of shock as another wave of sensory delight spilled over her mind and body.

It was so good! It was so hot! It was insane, bewildering, embarrassing and scary, but it was soooo incredibly intense that she lost herself to the heat and wonder and excitement, gasping and moaning, her head thrashing from side to side, back arching again and again, body undulating even as Mr. Foster jerked her into his thrusts again and again and again.

She was nearing an orgasm which she knew was going to be a massive and monumental experience when Mrs. Foster abruptly pulled back, and with a hand on her husband's abdomen, stopped him as well. She whimpered, trying to jerk herself up against the plunging cock, but the two moved back, and then manhandled her slim body, twisting her onto her belly and then her knees.

"Now then, little girl," Mrs. Foster said, looking down into the glassy eyes and panting mouth. "I didn't bring you here simply to give you pleasure. That's Matt's job. What you're here for is to learn how to behave properly as a submissive and obedient little slut for my son."

"P-Please," Cheryl panted. "Oh! Fuck me!"

Mrs. Foster slapped her face lightly.

"No, little slut. You're going to earn whatever pleasure you get. And what money you get, as well. You can start by showing me what you know about pleasuring women."

She sat down and spread her legs wide, then used her fingers to gently peel open her glistening sex lips.

"Come, little girl. Earn some money."

She reached down and gripped the chain dangling from Cheryl's aching nipples, and the girl squealed in pain and lurched forward as she tugged them upwards. Her other hand seized Cheryl's hair and guided her face into her groin.

"There will be times my son will want more than one woman in his bed," Mrs. Foster said. "After all, isn't it every man's dream?"

"I certainly like it," Mr. Foster said jovially.

He was kneeling behind Cheryl, forcing her legs apart and sliding the vibrator teasingly up and down her moist opening. Cheryl's hips were jerking and grinding frantically in response.

"So you need to know how to perform," Mrs. Foster purred. "So perform, little girl."

"Lick her pussy, slut," her husband ordered, slapping Cheryl's bottom.

Cheryl didn't particularly want to lick Mrs. Foster's pussy. In fact, she felt a sudden squeamishness about it. She had never touched a girl's privates, nor had any great desire to do so – especially with her tongue. But her mind was clouded with sexual heat and hunger, wild with excitement, breathless with the thrumming sexual power flooding her senses.

With Mrs. Foster pulling her hair and tugging on the nipple chain, she was guided in between the woman's legs and, reluctantly, her tongue flitted out and lapped across the woman's wet sex.

"Harder, slut," Mr. Foster growled, slapping her bottom again.

"Punish her, Jack, darling," Mrs. Foster groaned, raising her legs and draping them across the arms of the chair as she slumped lower. "Punish her for not being nice to my pussy."

"Nasty little slut," Mr. Foster said, slapping her bottom again.

He thrust the vibrator deep into her pussy and pumped it in and out, slapping her bottom again. Then he got up and reached for the crop Mrs. Foster had left sitting on the floor. He moved off to one side and then snapped the thin crop sideways to cut across both overheated buttocks.

Cheryl yelped in pain, her bound arms jerking violently against the restraints.

“Lick that pussy, slut,” Mr. Foster ordered, bringing the crop down across the teenager’s bottom again.

“Agh!”

“Lick, you filthy little she-dog!”

Crack!

Cheryl jerked sharply, gasping and squirming, her hair still caught in a tight grip as Mrs. Foster tugged on the nipple chain. She jammed her face frantically into the woman’s groin and licked hard and fast, desperate to please them. Another sharp crack of the crop made her cry out, and redouble her efforts.

“Lick, bitch!”

She licked, and licked, and as Mrs. Foster gently guided her mouth higher to her clit and the crop did not strike her again she felt herself losing her desperate energy. Now Mrs. Foster began to guide her in how to pleasure her, instructing her in the art of performing oral sex on women. As long as she followed instructions perfectly she felt no pain.

Quite the contrary, as Mr. Foster let the crop rub back and forth across her clit, or pumped the vibrator slowly in and out, sometimes pulling it free to stroke it across her quivering sex button.

But the slightest hesitation or failure to follow directions brought a sharp slashing pain across her bottom, a pain which was repeated until she got it right.

They did not give her any time to think, any time to ask questions, any time to do anything but obey – instantly.

And somehow, they kept her body in a twisted state of swirling confusion, throbbing with sex-heat, her entire groin pulsing with hunger, desire and pleasure, even while her bottom burned with stinging pain. Her nipples ached and stung but her breasts throbbed. Mrs. Foster whispered gently while Mr. Foster growled harshly, calling her obscene names.

Yet her efforts were rewarded as Mrs. Foster began to squirm and moan, her hips bucking up into her mouth, her hands jamming down against the top of her head. And then she felt the vibrator pulled free of her, and Mr. Foster’s wonderful cock thrust hard and deep, making her cry out in pain and pleasure. Then he began to use her, to ride her, his hips slapping against her buttocks.

Mrs. Foster was gasping and panting and moaning in pleasure now, and Mr. Foster bent over Cheryl, kneading and massaging her breasts as he nibbled at the side of her throat. His hips were pummeling her bottom as his cock cleaved the swollen lips of her sex and plunged deep into the centre of her body again and again and again.

Mrs. Foster screamed as she came, her head flung back, back arched as she jammed the girl's face into her sex. But moments later Cheryl came, as well, gurgling and moaning and wailing in mindless sexual heat as her body was wracked by convulsions. Nerve endings burned and muscles spasmed and jerked and twitched as Mr. Foster's cock pounded into her with harsh, powerful strokes.

It was a scene of depravity and she gloried in it, her mind spinning and twisting like a cork in a stormy sea as she was battered back and forth between Matt's parents.

Chapter Eight

Cheryl felt her heart pounding as she unzipped Matt's fly and reached in for his cock. She let her eyes flick upwards to his face, smiling wantonly, licking her tongue across her lower lip as Mrs. Foster had taught her. She pulled out his cock and moaned softly, kissing the head, licking a circle around it, then pulling it up, squeezing it in her soft fingers. She licked a trail up and down the underside of the shaft, moaning softly again, just loud enough for him to hear.

Then she licked back up to the head and took it into her mouth, letting it push slowly through the closed kiss she held her lips in, bobbing slowly up and down, taking it deeper with every stroke until it was almost in her throat. She sucked rhythmically, licking at the same time, moaning lightly once more. She felt eager with anticipation as she imagined how he would react to her new expertise.

She let the cock come out of her mouth completely, rubbing it with her fingers, licking up and down the shaft slowly and teasingly, licking down to the very base, then over his balls. She felt a surge of pleasure at his grunt of surprise, then his gasp of excitement as she licked and sucked his balls into his mouth.

"Oh yeah!" he panted. "Yeah! That's good, baby! Suck them," he moaned.

How little she had know before!

She licked back up his cock and again let it push through the closed kiss of her mouth, sliding

over her tongue towards the back of her mouth. She bobbed her lips up and down several slow times, then took the plunge, taking him right down her throat.

“Shit! Oh man! Holy shit!” he gasped, his body jerking in shocked surprise.

Glowing, Cheryl slid her lips down to the base of his cock, massaging his balls gently with her fingers, moaning around his cock. Then she eased slowly back up again and let the head pop out.

“Where the fuck did you learn to do that?!” he gasped, staring at her as she pulled her lips free.

She smirked up at him like a cat, licked her lips and then licked at his cock again. Once more she took him deep. But this time she began to bob up and down. He was so aroused it only took seconds for him to explode, and she swallowed his juice as his cock began to soften.

Oral sex was not a means to an end, Mrs. Foster had insisted, but an end in itself. Matt lay slumped in the chair, gasping, recovering.

Cheryl rubbed his cock gently, licking at his balls again, kissing them, licking at his inner thighs, then, slowly, licking a moist, hot trail up his abdomen and belly until she could suckle lightly at his nipples. She let her own firm breasts slide over his flesh as she did so.

“Jesus!” he panted. “Where the fuck did you learn to deep throat?!”

She looked up at him coyly, then let her body ease back down, pressing harder on her breasts, pillowing them out against his abdomen, then groin. She pulled her arms in at the sides, squeezing her breasts together, and drew his soft cock into her cleavage.

“I’ve been practicing,” she said in a breathy voice.

“What do you mean practicing?” he demanded.

She giggled lightly. “I’ve been sucking a lot of cocks, Matt,” she said teasingly. “Lots and lots of sailors I met down at the docks.”

“Yeah, right, you slut,” he said.

She slid back up his body, then across his lap, letting her hips roll so that her soft, tight buttocks ground up at him.

“I’m a bad girl,” Matt,” she said in a little girl voice. “I’m a naughty, nasty little slut. Would you like to spank me?”

He slapped her bottom, intrigued, amused, excited, and she moaned and jerked her hips up, then turned her head around to look back at him coyly.

“Call that a spank?” she taunted. “That didn’t even hurt.”

He snorted and slapped her bottom again, running his hands over her soft, lithe body.

“That didn’t hurt,” she sneered. “maybe I need to get a stronger man to keep me in line.”

“Fuck you,” he said, slapping her bottom harder.

She yelped, then groaned, rolling her hips again. "Nasty boy," she purred. "Spanking poor little Cheryl like that."

"Poor little slut, you mean," he said, slapping her bottom again.

"Ooooh," she gasped, reaching a hand beneath her to finger her pussy. "I like that. Spank me again, Matt. I'm a bad girl!"

More than a little confused, but excited, Matt slapped her bottom again, and was rewarded by another gasp and another jerking movement. He saw her finger between her legs rubbing at her clit and felt a surge of heat between his legs, amazed and excited by this new game she was playing.

"Nasty little slut," he said, settling her more firmly and slapping her bottom.

"Oooo, I'm such a bad girl," Cheryl groaned. "I've sucked off so many sailors in alleys in the last week."

"Like hell you have, you little bitch," he said, slapping her bottom again, watching the pale skin darken and turn pink.

She put her hands back, then, blocking his blows.

"I love to suck off sailors," she taunted. "I think I'll go and find more to suck when I'm done with you."

"Slut," he said, fighting to get his hand down against her bottom

Finally he pinned her wrists together at the small of her back and she froze, gasping, then turned her head back.

"Matt!"

"What?"

"Tie me up!"

"Shit!"

"That would be so wild!" she panted. "Go ahead, tie my wrists up!"

"Are you sure!?"

She was, and there happened to be a soft cord in the table which he used to carefully bind her wrists together.

"Ooo," she moaned, squirming in his lap. "I'm such a slutty girl. Now I can go and suck off more sailors."

"You little slut," he said, panting, slapping at her bottom again several times. "You aren't going to be sucking anyone but me!"

“Ohh! You can’t stop me!” she gasped, twisting and squirming, pulling against the cord.

“You want to bet!” he demanded, slapping her bottom again and again, turning it a dark red.

“Ooh! Ooww! I surrender!” she moaned. “I’m a nasty little slut but I’ll only be your slut, Matt!”

“You’re damned right you will, beeatch!” he said, grinning excitedly.

She slithered back and up, straddling him, rubbing her stiff nipples against his face, settling down on his cock, which was hard once again. He rubbed the head against her pussy and she groaned in unfeigned pleasure as she sank down onto it and took it up into her belly.

“Oohh!” she groaned. “I’m your slut, Matt. I’m your slut!”

Matt was a confused young man, but delighted and extremely aroused. He thrust up into his lovely young girlfriend and sucked on her nipples as she rode him, his hands kneading and squeezing her buttocks.

Cheryl rolled her hips lewdly, squeezing her pussy muscles down every time she rose, groaning in pleasure every time she sank, her head rolling slowly back and from side to side as she rode him. She turned her eyes to her right then, and to the bookcase there, barely able to see the lens of the video camera Matt’s parents had placed there.

They would review her performance, Mrs. Foster had said that afternoon, and if it wasn’t satisfactory she would be punished. Cheryl didn’t need any inspiration to make Matt happy, to give a good “performance” but the knowledge Mr. and Mrs. Foster would be watching and that she might be punished for not being sexy enough made her mind squirm in strange and unfamiliar ways.

Her excitement rose higher and higher as she rode Matt’s cock, knowing his parents would be watching, feeling the hot hunger deep within her as she impaled herself repeatedly on his cock, her nipples aching as he sucked and chewed on them.

She came with a cry of bliss, riding him frantically, bouncing atop him now as her mind disintegrated under the storm wave of sensual bliss. And her spasming pussy drew Matt into the fire with her, so that the two of them grunted and moaned and shuddered through their orgasms together before sagging weakly against the chair.

“Strip, dear.”

Cheryl felt her stomach muscles clench, but as the two women looked calmly at her she did not feel there was any way to resist the order.

She slipped off her jacket, then began to unbutton her blouse.

Mrs. Foster stood patiently aside, looking on. Next to her was a stranger, a woman a few years older than Cheryl, dressed in white and already wearing gloves. They were at a laser hair removal place Mrs. Foster had insisted on bringing her to. She was being extremely generous, she had told Cheryl, in paying for the treatments, so Cheryl was expected to be quite grateful.

Down to her lingerie, Cheryl felt her face heating. The room was small, dimly lit, much like a medical exam room, with a padded table of sorts in the centre – more of a dentist’s chair than an exam table.

“Uhm, do I have to - .”

“Strip completely,” Mrs. Foster ordered firmly.

The other woman looked on with what Cheryl thought was a small smirk. She looked – rough – with tattoos peaking out from the collar of her white smock and under the sleeves. She had a ring in her eyebrow and a stud sticking out of her lower lip. Her hair was dyed orange.

She slipped off her bra, blushing a bit, then skimmed out of her thong to stand awkwardly naked before the other two women.

“Into the chair, dear,” Mrs. Foster said.

Cheryl obeyed, swallowing nervously. Now that she was in it she recognized that it was less like a dentist’s chair than one at a gynecologist’s. And yes, there were the stirrups too.

“Normally this isn’t done quite this way,” Mrs. Foster said, stroking her fingers through her hair. “But Jeannie doesn’t mind if we alter things a bit, especially as we’re compensating her with a little extra fee.”

“Put your feet in the stirrups, honey,” the woman said.

Blushing, Cheryl obeyed, and the woman spread the metal arms wider, then wider still as Mrs. Foster drew thin leather straps out of her purse. She wrapped one around her left ankle and buckled it tightly into the left stirrup, then did the same with her right, as the women looked on with a mixture of curiosity, contempt and amusement.

“Put your arms up above your head, dear,” Mrs. Foster said, when both her ankles were strapped to the stirrups.

Heart pounding, Cheryl raised her arms and let Mrs. Foster strap them together, then drew the strap back down beneath the chair to fasten it somewhere there. She was now bound naked into the chair, her legs spread wide.

“One more thing. I think you should get used to these,” Mrs. Foster said.

She pushed something against Cheryl’s mouth, and the girl blinked in confusion, seeing what looked like a rubber ball.

“Open your mouth. Wider,” Mrs. Foster ordered.

Cheryl felt the soft rubber being jammed in between her lips, in between her teeth, pushing back into her mouth. Mrs. Foster forced the ball fully into her mouth, and Cheryl then realized that a thin strap was attached to the far side, a strap the woman pulled behind her head and bound in place.

“Now,” Mrs. Foster said with a smile, “You can scream all you want.”

Cheryl blinked helplessly. Mrs. Foster produced a dark padded blindfold, next, and slid it over Cheryl's head. She left the blindfold pulled up, however, so she could still see.

She then turned to the other woman. "Hurt her all you want," she said. "I'm going to do some shopping. I'll be back to pick her up later."

"Okay, Angela."

Cheryl's eyes widened as she saw Mrs. Foster leave, saw the door close behind her. She turned and stared at the other woman, who made a frightful face, then laughed before turning away. She blushed feeling very exposed, very perverted, very embarrassed before the strange woman.

She could do nothing but watch as the woman donned dark goggles, fiddled with a machine, and then turned out the lights.

"Usually we put goggles on you, but Angie wanted to use this instead," the woman said, tugging down the blindfold.

Cheryl saw nothing after that, but felt the woman's gloved fingers moving over and around her sex. She heard strange sounds, and felt sharp little burning sensations moving back and forth over the entire length of her groin. It felt quite odd, and it was impossible to divorce herself from any sexual thoughts or feelings and pretend this was some ordinary, clinical treatment.

She tried to, very hard, for she was squirming with embarrassment at being so clearly and obviously shown to be a pervert in front of this strange woman, but her pussy was pulsing with energy almost before the woman started, and by the time she felt the laser moving down her thighs instead she was soaking wet and praying the woman couldn't tell.

It got easier as the woman moved up and down her legs, but she remained aroused all through it, ignoring the discomfort and burning sensations.

It was, in fact, very easy to ignore them, or at least, for the discomfort not to intrude on her arousal. After all, frequent slaps and blows were becoming a part of the sex play Mr. and Mrs. Foster were teaching her.

The sound of the machine eased, and she started as she felt the woman's gloved hand move gently over her groin.

"Now doesn't that feel nicer?" the woman said. "You're much cleaner now. No need to shave or anything, and I'm sure your girlfriend will find it a lot more pleasant to go down on you."

Cheryl moaned weakly into the gag as the woman's fingers stroked across her clitoris, then ran lightly along the length of her sex. Her wrists pulled weakly against the straps holding them down and her ankles jerked in the stirrups.

"You're a pretty one," she heard the woman say. "Angie is really lucky to have you."

Her gloved fingers seized Cheryl's nipples and rolled them between them. Both were already stiff and throbbing, and Cheryl, despite her embarrassment, moaned in pleasure as the woman's fingers pinched and tweaked them both.

Then she heard the door open. "How is our little girl?" Mrs. Foster's voice asked.

"All done for now," the woman said.

Mrs. Foster's voice came closer. "That's nice," she said, "so clean and neat."

Cheryl felt fingers stroking over her bare groin, rubbing at her pussy and sliding along her bare slit.

"But it needs a little something," Mrs. Foster said.

Cheryl felt something hard pressing against the mouth of her sex, twisting from side to side, and pushing in to force her sex lips wider. She blushed darkly, knowing the strange woman must be looking on, gasping as her sex lips were stretched wider and she felt what had to be a dildo or vibrator sliding up into the moist pit of her sex.

Then there was a buzz, and she knew it was a vibrator. Her hips jerked, and she blushed even more deeply at a bark of laughter from the stranger.

The vibrator pushed in and out, then thrust very deep inside her, and she felt a little branch, curving up over the top of her sex to press against her clit.

Mrs. Foster took off the blindfold and put it in her oversized bag, smirking at her as she did, then undid the straps binding her ankles up and apart as Cheryl tried to look away from the two women. Mrs. Foster undid her wrists and put the strap into her purse, and Cheryl reached for the ball gag in her mouth, only to have her wrist smacked.

"Leave that in place until I take it out," Mrs. Foster said sharply. "Now stand up."

"Blushing furiously, Cheryl grunted as her legs came together and she sat up. Mrs. Foster pulled her to her feet and then handed her her thong. Cheryl donned it gratefully, then took the tight jeans Mrs. Foster had ordered her to wear and drew them up her legs. She winced as she felt the crotch jam in against the bottom of the vibrator.

"Yes, dear, that's why I had you wear those today," Mrs. Foster said with a smirk.

The other woman laughed.

Mrs. Foster jerked up on her jeans and Cheryl gasped in pain as the crotch of the jeans jammed the nose of the vibrator deep against the bottom of her pussy. Then the zipper was being tugged up, the belt done, and Mrs. Foster was tossing her bra to her.

She caught sight of herself in a wall mirror and her face became even hotter as she saw how the ball gag forced her jaw wide. Worse, she was drooling, for God's sake. She tried to brush at it but Mrs. Foster slapped her wrist away again and told her to do up her bra.

Only when she was dressed did Mrs. Foster remove the ball gag.

"Now thank the nice woman for doing a good job on your pussy," Mrs. Foster ordered.

"Thanks," Cheryl mumbled, eyes downcast.

She gasped as Mrs. Foster tugged on the back of her hair to force her head up.

“Thank you for doing my pussy, Miss Cooper,” Mrs. Foster barked.

“Tha-thank you for doing my – my pussy, Miss Cooper,” Cheryl said, her face burning.

“Sure, whatever,” the woman said with a smirk.

“Come dear. We’re going to get your clit pierced,” Mrs. Foster said, taking her wrist and leading her out of the room.

It was awkward walking with the vibrator jammed into her belly, especially since the base was still almost flush with the lips of her sex, pressed in by the crotch of her jeans. Cheryl was afraid someone would hear the buzzing, but Mrs. Foster ignored her mumbled pleas and, holding her arm, led her further up the street, walking briskly.

They didn’t go far. Before Cheryl knew it she was being pulled into a store, a store she belatedly realized was a tattoo parlor. The man there seemed to know Mrs. Foster, and came over to shake hands and give Cheryl a long, careful and, she thought, flushing, lecherous look.

“This is the girl I told you about, Howard,” Mrs. Foster said.

“Right, right,” he said. “Let’s get the little darling set up.”

He was an older man, well into his fifties. He was solidly built, but his thin hair was graying, and he had tattoos up and down his bare arms and showing above his t-shirt. HE led Mrs. Foster, who pushed Cheryl in ahead of her, into a small side area where there was another sort-of dentist chair, only this one looked very old and stained and dirty.

The chair was in the corner of the room, with no real protection but a curtain the man drew around it.

“Strip, dear,” Mrs. Foster said calmly.

“Here?!” Cheryl squeaked, looking at the man, who smirked in response, and the thin curtains.

“Now,” the woman said with a hard voice and glare.

Chapter Nine

Cheryl bit her lip, her face heating. "But - ."

Mrs. Foster slapped her face, staggering her a little. Cheryl gasped, holding her hand to her stinging cheek, and glanced at the man looking on. His smirk did not change.

"Strip," Mrs. Foster growled.

Shamed, Cheryl undid her top and tugged it out of the tight jeans, only then remembering that she had the vibrator jammed up inside her. She glanced at Mrs. Foster, stricken, but the woman impatiently undid the button of her jeans and tugged down the zipper. With a sharp push at her back she sent the girl stumbling against the chair, and Cheryl gasped, falling forward, grasping at the arm even as Mrs. Foster yanked her jeans and panties down.

"Let's get this over with. It won't take nearly as long as the other place," Mrs. Foster said brusquely.

She undid Cheryl's bra and tossed it on a table, and Cheryl jerked her arm over her breasts as she tried to cover her sex with her hand.

"Stop acting like a silly little girl," Mrs. Foster snapped. "You'd think no one had ever seen you naked. Nobody cares that you're naked, Cheryl. Your body isn't that precious."

"Looks pretty precious to me," the man said, making no effort to avoid leering.

"You're not helping, Howard," Mrs. Foster said.

She pushed Cheryl into the chair, and to the girl's dismay brought out the straps again, starting with her wrists, lifting them up and back over the top of the chair. The back was lower here, and Cheryl found the pull on her shoulders forcing her upper back and head over the top.

Then Mrs. Foster lifted her leg up and open , placing it onto a kind of metal brace to one side. It was not a stirrup, but it might as well have been, especially as she then strapped her ankle in place, then did the same for her other leg. Cheryl was forced to lay back, humiliated by her nudity as the man ran greedy eyes over her soft, young body. When he saw her bare sex, and the base of the dildo protruding he let out a little snort of laughter.

"Getting her ready for something, Angela?" he asked.

"Getting her used to being a slut," Mrs. Foster replied briskly. "Now start with the nipples, a heavy gauge needles, as I specified, then the clit. And do it right, Howard. I don't want any problems with this."

"You know me, Angie, I'm the best," the man protested.

“When you’re not on anything. Are you on anything at the moment?”

“Nah, nah. I haven’t had a thing today.”

Mrs. Foster almost absently took the ball-gag out as she spoke to the man and thrust it into Cheryl’s mouth, then strapped it behind her head.

“I’ll be back for her in a half hour. Make sure she’s done by then.”

Cheryl’s eyes bulged as she realized Mrs. Foster was going to leave her alone – like this – with a man! She moaned into the gag and pulled at the straps holding her down, but neither looked at her. Mrs. Foster slipped out through the curtain and the man turned and looked at her with a greasy smile.

“Now, now, little darling, this won’t hurt – much.”

Cheryl jerked as he bent over and ran his hand over her breasts, kneading and caressing them, pinching the nipples lightly.

“Nice little nips,” he said. “They’ll look lovely with a couple of rings dangling from them.”

His hand moved over and over her breasts, as Cheryl moaned and pulled again at the straps. He smiled darkly, eyes flicking over her body, down at the vibrator. His hand followed his eyes, and her hips jerked in alarm as his fingers traced the line of her sex lips as they clutched the base of the vibrator.

“Very nice, indeed,” he said. “Angie’s a lucky girl.”

His finger rubbed at her clit, then eased back the hood over it as he inspected her more closely. Cheryl’s face burned with shame as he fingered her clitoris, pinching it lightly, then tugging on it. There was absolutely nothing she could do about it!

But the man stopped, at last, and moved out of the curtained area. He returned shortly, pushing a cart which held a metal tray of frightening looking metal instruments. Then he sat next to her and leaned over her upper body. He donned a pair of plastic gloves, then again pinched her left nipple, twisting and pulling on it, plucking repeatedly until it ached and throbbed.

But it was stiff now, or almost stiff. He picked up a bottle and then a thin white pad, and pressed the latter against the former, upending the bottle. Cheryl smelled a faint alcohol scent as he took the now moist pad in one hand and gripped her breast in the other, then rubbed the pad back and forth against her nipple.

Then he picked up what looked like forceps and pinched the tip of Cheryl’s nipple – hard. She cried out in pain, her body twisting and writhing in the straps, but the man only smiled. “Angie said you were a sensitive one. Well this will make your little nips even more sensitive, baby.”

He pulled at the tip of her nipple, and he now had a short needle in his other hand. He placed it against the side of her nipple and then – thrust. The pain was sharp, and she jerked violently, but it was over almost at once. The man quickly drew the needle back, then opened a plastic bag and drew out a thin stainless steel ring. The ring was about as wide around as a quarter, and he deftly inserted it into the piercing and then let it hang there against her breast.

“Lovely,” he said.

“Hello? Is anyone here?” a voice called from only a few feet away.

Cheryl jerked in alarm as the man stood up and went through the curtain. She could briefly see a man out there before the curtain closed again, and it seemed incredible to her that the man had not closed his shop, had not locked the door, and that anyone could walk in as she was bound naked and spread open like this, protected by nothing more than a thin curtain.

“I was looking for an eagle tattoo,” she heard the man say. “But I don’t like the ones you’ve got on the walls.”

“I’ve got a book here you can take a look at,” she heard Howard say

Cheryl looked down at the ringlaying against her breast, piercing her throbbing, aching nipple, and moaned dazedly. It did look – right – somehow, and it hadn’t hurt too, too much. She looked past her nude body at the curtain, catching bits and pieces of conversation, seeing the men’s legs and feet from time to time beneath the curtain.

She was helpless, and they could do anything to her. What if the man came back here and saw her? That would be humiliating! Bad enough she was bound like this, spread-eagled, without the vibrator very obviously stuffed into her pussy. Especially as now, without the pressure against its base, it had pushed back out at least an inch.

The older man returned, pulling the curtain after him, and sat down again.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, darling,” he said, grinning.

He pinched and plucked at her other nipple before moistening it. Then it got the same treatment as the first one, and Cheryl’s body again arched sharply in pain as the needle bit through the soft skin.

Again, though, the sharp pain was short lived, though her nipple throbbed uncomfortably as Howard put the ring through it.

He made no effort to avoid touching her breasts in a very familiar way as he did, though. In fact, he had made very free with her body since Mrs. Foster had left, and even while Cheryl squirmed with discomfort and embarrassment some part of her, some dark, nasty part of her, found that strangely exciting. The man was older than her father and a complete stranger, yet here she was utterly naked before him, helpless, his to do with as he chose. What if he chose to rape her?

He shifted to be closer to her groin now, as Cheryl looked down between her breasts, between the rings dangling on them. His fingers moved along the lips of her sex, and then he thrust the vibrator back inside so that she grunted in pain. His thumb pressed aside the hood over her sex, and he rubbed at her clitoris again in a way which made shivers run up the girl’s spine.

“This has to be done very carefully,” he muttered. “Don’t want to do any damage to such a lovely little clit.”

He picked up a small metal clip, and then carefully eased it in against her clitoris before letting it snap closed. Cheryl squealed in pain, her hips bucking upwards.

“Hey, Howard? You back there?”

A huge man with a thick beard looked in through the curtain, and Cheryl’s face burned as he looked her over appreciatively before turning to the other man.

“Howie, do you have any 12 gauge needles I can borrow.”

Howard looked over his shoulder casually. “Check the third drawer under the sink.”

The bearded man nodded, then another man appeared, much younger, a skinhead, with numerous tattoos and wearing a military style jacket.

“Who’s the pussy belong to?” he asked.”

Cheryl turned her head away, mortified.

“Some dyke I know,” Howard said.

“Oh man, that’s a crying waste. You mean no one gets to fuck her?”

“Oh I think a lot of people will be fucking her,” Howard said with a laugh.

“I’d do her,” the bearded man said.

“Yeah, me too,” the skinhead replied.

“You just put the rings in?”

“Yeah, now would you guys get lost so I can do her clit?”

“Need any help?” the skinhead asked with a leer.

“Go on, beat it.”

The two drew back as Howard finished rubbing alcohol over the top part of Cheryl’s sex.

“We can’t find the needles,” a voice called.

Howard tsked in irritation and got up, going out through the curtain.

Cheryl closed her eyes, feeling the burning skin of her face, almost dazed by the level of shame she had endured today. Yet there was something oddly excited about being treated as if she were – a thing – not a person. The men looked her over as if she were an animal, a possession, not someone who might be offended by what they did or said.

The little metal clip biting into her clitoris was no more than an inch or so long, but that was long enough for its bottom part to be resting against the base of the buzzing vibrator. That was transmitting the vibrations directly into Cheryl’s clit, and her entire groin was starting to resonate.

At last the curtain was pulled aside and Howard returned – thankfully alone. He sat down again and studied her sex, then picked up another sharp needle. Cheryl braced herself, turning her head back, not wanting to watch.

“Now try not to move,” Howard cautioned.

The pain was sharp and intense, much worse than the pain in her nipples. It was so intense she was shocked into immobility. Then she screamed, her body jerking down, as if to escape the pain.

“It’s all done,” Howard said soothingly.

And the worst of the pain was indeed gone, but her pussy still ached frightfully.

“Might want to take something for the pain,” Howard said. “It’ll ease up by tonight, though.

He removed the clip, but Cheryl now had the ring piercing her clit, resting on the base of the vibrator. She moaned into the gag, noting the sweat beaded on her forehead caused by the brief pain.

He moved pressed a pad against her sex, dabbing at it, then pushed the cart away and got up. Not long afterwards he returned with Mrs. Foster, who inspected the piercings carefully. “Very nice,” she said, evidently pleased. “Did you think Howard, dear?”

“Kind of hard with the gag,” Howard said with a grin.

The two of them chuckled, and Mrs. Foster undid the buckle behind the girl’s head and eased the ball gag out of her mouth.

“That wasn’t so bad, now was it?” she said with a patronizing smile.

“It hurt!”

“Well, of course it hurt, dear. But nothing good comes without pain. And you’ll be see, these will make your nipples and clit more sensitive.”

She turned to Howard. “I think you did an excellent job, Howard. Would you like a little personal reward in addition to your fee?”

“I wouldn’t say no,” he said.

“I recently taught Cheryl to deep throat. She’s still not expert at it, but she’s getting much better. Aren’t you, dear?”

Cheryl gaped at her, and then her eyes jerked aside as she heard Howard’s zipper slide down. She stared in shock as he reached in and pulled out his cock, now soft but starting to grow before her eyes.

“Show Howard what you can do, dear,” Mrs. Foster said.

It was such – such an outrageous, shocking request that Cheryl’s mind was flung into chaos. Some part of her instinctively wanted to obey. Another part of her was pleased to show off her new skill. Of course, other parts of her were mortified and repulsed by the request.

Except, of course, it wasn’t a request.

But how could she!? And yet, what choice had she!?

And even as her stuttering mind tried to consider what to do, what to say, Howard was pushing her head, which was turned towards him, down against the back of the chair, pressing her right ear and cheek into the soft leather as he grasped his now semi-erect cock and pushed it against her mouth. Her jaw ached, and was stiff from the ball-gag, otherwise she would have gotten it closed quicker. As it was he got the head into her mouth before she could close her lips.

And then, well, there really didn't seem to be any point. And she didn't want to make a big fuss, and embarrass everyone, and probably be punished fiercely by Mrs. Foster later.

It wasn't that she ever decided toobey, just that she never had a chance to decide. Howard's cock was inside her mouth and there was nothing to be done about it but suck on it and lick at the head.

She moaned around it as Mrs. Foster began to caress her breasts, and then slid a hand down to the vibrator and began pumping it slowly in and out, grinding and twisting it deep inside her as she did.

"She can take my whole cock?" Howard asked.

His cock wasn't all that big, Cheryl thought, not compared to Matt and Mr. Foster.

"The whole thing. Just shove it down her pretty little throat."

Cheryl moaned at the words. Her back was already slightly arched with the way her arms were pulled over the top of the chair, and now with her cheek pressed down against the leather she really had no means of resisting at all. Howard drove his hips forward and she gagged briefly as his cock slid into her throat and then down it. She heard him groan as he jammed himself against her, and the world disappeared as her face was crushed into his dark trousers.

She heard him gasp and grunt, but could see little as he thrust into her again and again, jamming her nose against his groin. She felt the vibrator moving in and out, twisting and turning, and felt Mrs. Foster's hands caressing her taut body. When Howard drew his cock back out a trail of saliva slid over her lower lip and onto the seat beside her as she gasped for breath.

He thrust himself back into her mouth almost at once, and she tried to lick at the underside. It was difficult, however, for her head was sideways to him, and that confused her. But then he punched through into her throat again anyway, giving her little opportunity to do anything but lay there and be a receptacle for him.

He started to thrust in and out in long, excited strokes, and she choked weakly, gurgling as she tried to control her gag reflex. His hand remained on the side of her head, pressing her against the back of the seat. The other hand moved down to her breasts, kneading and roughly squeezing them as his breathing became harsh and ragged.

The chair shook a little from his rapid movements.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" a voice called from the other side of the curtain.

Howard only thrust harder, faster, his fingers tightening against her head as he rammed himself into her. Then he drove himself into her to the hilt and gasped weakly, the shaft of his cock trembling and shaking as he emptied himself down her throat.

"J-Just a minute," he called.

“Do you do astrology signs?” a female voice asked.

Howard sighed and drewback, then put his softening cock back into his pants and did up the zip.

“Nice,” he sighed. “Nice little piece. Of ass. I’ll rent her out any time you want.”

Then he went out through the curtain.

Chapter Ten

“What do you think?” she asked coyly.

Matt stared at the rings on her nipples in astonishment. “Wow,” he said.

She posed and preened for him, and let him tug and play with them.

“When did you do this?”

“Just a couple of days ago.”

“How come?”

“I thought it would look neat. Do you like it? Please say you like it!”

“I like it, I guess,” he said with a lazy grin.

“Then you get a reward,” she said flirtatiously.

“And what’s that?”

She pressed her breasts into his hands. “You get to do – anything – you want to me. Anything.”

He inhaled sharply, and she leaned in and nibbled at the base of his throat.

“I’ll be your nasty little slut, Matt,” she purred. “I’ll do anything you want.”

His fingers dug into her buttocks. “What if I want to fuck you in the ass?”

She grinned. “Then do it.”

He blinked in surprise.

She undid her jeans and eased them down her legs.

“Ready for another surprise, Mr. Foster?” she asked.

And there was the surprise, her smooth, bare pussy and the ring there.

“Holy shit!”

“I did it just for you, lover,” she said. “Doesn’t it look clean and sexy now?”

“Well – yeah, I guess,” he said, marveling at the sight of her, his cock pressing hard against the inside of his jeans.

He ran his hands over her body and rubbed at her sex, astonished at how soft and smooth it was.

“I’m your slut, Matt,” she whispered. “Use me any way you want.”

She grasped the front of his shirt and pulled him in against her, kissing him hard, then eased back with fiery eyes. “I’m your bitch,” she breathed.

She eased downward and began rubbing her face against his bulging groin, then undid his trousers and took him into her mouth, then deep into her throat. Matt grasped her head, moaning excitedly, hardly able to restrain himself, and then he couldn’t, and exploded, pouring himself into her belly.

Cheryl didn’t care. She knew she could get him hard again, and did, licking and sucking and massaging his balls and cock until he was once again stiff and hard. Then she turned and knelt submissively, raising her bottom against him.

“Fuck my ass, Matt,” she groaned. “Use me like your little slut!”

Matt cursed, dropping to his knees and rubbing his spit-wet cock against her crinkled little anal opening. He drove himself into her slowly, carefully, but her only reaction was to moan in pleasure, encouraging him to drive himself ever deeper, and then to ride her for all he was worth, pounding his cock into her tight ass while she squirmed and panted and bucked back against him.

The rings took some getting used to. Once the pain began to fade Cheryl discovered she rather liked them, and liked how they made her feel. Whether she had studs or rings in the holes there was a constant presence, a constant weight, a constant little pull which drew her mind down to her nipples and clit again and again. They tended to make her think of sex, to feel sexual, no matter where she was or

what else she was doing. And the weight, the sensations, gave her a low sexual thrum, something short of arousal but, given her mood these days, not very far short.

Mrs. Foster apparently wanted her just perfect for her son, and insisted on bringing her other places, as well. While Matt was working Cheryl was to learn how to be a proper “slut” to him. That included visiting a massage parlor owned by a friend, who instructed her carefully in how to give massages. There were two kinds, she said, the sensual massage, and the relaxing massage, and Cheryl spent a day practicing both on the men who came to the parlor.

And did them both wearing nothing but a small thong and a pair of bra cups which were little more than inch wide triangles hiding the very centre of her breasts. This both embarrassed and excited her, but the woman teaching her was clinical enough about her teaching, and her subjects that Cheryl was able to push both into the background as she worked her fingers into necks and backs – and thighs and buttocks.

She took special, one on one classes at a modeling school run by another of Mrs. Foster’s friends, and the woman there taught her how to walk properly, how to pose her body for best effect, how to draw attention to certain parts of her body without appearing to, especially her thighs, her bottom and her breasts and hair, and the kinds of clothes to wear to highlight the best parts of her body and make herself seem especially attractive. She also learned how to use makeup properly and to do her hair different ways to give herself different looks.

Then there was the dancing lessons . She went in the mornings to a mens club, which did not open until noon, and there, under the careful tutelage of a tough looking blond, Cheryl learned both how to dance with men, and how to dance for men. The latter included stripping and exotic dancing, which excited her, until the woman made her put her lessons to use out in the main room on the stage with the pole. The club was still empty, but the bartender and his assistants were preparing to open, and Cheryl’s face was burning as she stripped under the woman’s careful instruction, dancing and undulating to the music.

Mrs. Foster taught her how to cook, especially Matt’s favorites, and Mr. Foster taught her how to make different kinds of drinks and what kinds of wines went with what kind of food.

If there was one thing all of her lessons had in common, however, it was that’s he was expected to learn quickly, and to obey absolutely. Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and even the women who taught her at the modeling school, massage parlor, and strip club, would slap her bottom or face or even her breasts whenever she hesitated or made a mistake.

It came to be so – normal – that she hardly questioned it.

Nor did she come to question Mr. or Mrs. Foster “putting her through her paces”, which they did every day. After a while it just became very normal. She always wore her collar and restraints during this, but they were never locked together.

A month after her nipples and clit were pierced she was in the big basement again, going through them with Mr. Foster. She was nude, of course, except for collar and restraints.

“Kneel,” Mr. Foster ordered.

Cheryl knelt properly, back straight, head straight, knees wide, hands on outer thighs.

“Who are you?”

“I’m Matt’s slut, Mr. Foster,” she replied promptly, eyes forward.

“Back.”

Cheryl lay back on her back, knees raised, then spread wide, hands under her back so that it arched a little.

“What are you?”

“I’m Matt’s slut, Mr. Foster,” she said.

“Display.”

Cheryl raised her bottom up off the floor, drawing her arms up to place her hands against the back of her hips and hold her well off the floor. Her legs were still spread wide, her shoulders and head on the floor.

“Who owns your body?”

“Matt owns my body, Mr. Foster.”

“Bottom.”

She dropped her bottom back onto the floor and rolled over onto her belly. She raised her bottom up now, shifted her knees apart, and extended her arms together out in front of her, grunting as she forced her head back. Her breasts and shoulders were on the floor, but her bottom was lifted as high as she could.

“Who can use your body?”

“Matt decides who can use my body, Mr. Foster,” Cheryl panted.

“Fours.”

She pushed up onto her hands and knees gratefully, for it was less uncomfortable to her neck.

“What do you love?”

“I love Matt’s cock, Mr. Foster.”

“Crawl.”

She crawled, as she’d been taut by the dancing teacher, crawled slowly, seductively, cat-like, rolling her trim bottom.

Mr. Foster snapped his fingers. “Heel,” he said.

She abandoned the pose and crawled quickly over beside him as he attached a leash to the ring on her collar. The first time he’d done that she’d felt strange butterflies twisting around in her stomach.

She wasn't at all sure why, for they'd already taught her to crawl. But now she had to crawl at his heels – like a dog, and it made her mind and belly squirm. It embarrassed her, but it also gave her a strange dark sexual high.

He led her slowly around the room, the leash taut, her eyes straight. He held a thin crop in his other hand, and she knew well that if she did not keep her body in the proper position it would land on her shapely bottom with stinging affect.

As she moved, especially as she crawled around the room, the rings pulled against her clit and nipples. This was especially true as Mr. Foster had attached small metal balls – weights – the rings. Now she crawled around on the end of the leash next to him, feeling her body thrumming with growing heat as the balls danced and swung and pulled. And because – of all the things she had to do when going through her paces, this seemed the most degrading, and, weirdly, the most exciting.

That did not mean she wanted an audience, and she froze at the sound of feet on the basement stairs.

Crack!

“Owch!”

“Keep moving, Cheryl,” Mr. Foster ordered.

But her heart was now pounding and her face burning, for she saw that Mrs. Foster was leading a pair of young men down the stairs, men not a lot older than Matt, and both of them very handsome and well-built. One of them was even Black!

Another snap of the crop across her bottom, a sharper one this time, forced her to jerk forward, and she crawled along next to Mr. Foster, face burning as the two young men stepped into the basement with Mrs. Foster.

“And this is Cheryl,” Mrs. Foster said, as if there were nothing unnatural about a naked girl crawling along on the floor on the end of a leash. “We’re training her to be a good little slut for Matt.”

Mr. Foster led her crawling around the room to come back to where his wife and the two young men waited. Then stopped and gave her leash a tug.

“Knees,” he ordered.

Cheryl instinctively rose up and sat back on her heels, legs spreading, before she even thought of the men watching. Then her face burned even hotter, but she dared not disobey, looking straight ahead so she didn't have to look up at their faces.

“She looks very obedient,” one of the young men said.

“She’s got a ways to go yet,” Mr. Foster said.

“That’s why we brought you, Chris,” Mrs. Foster said. “She needs to get used to taking orders from young men.”

“You don’t want to bring Matt in on this?”

“We’re working on it,” Mrs. Foster said with a smile.

Cheryl dropped her eyes. She was the one working on it. Bit by bit. Now she dressed to arouse and interest Matt, posed and flirted with him, and made herself available sexually at all times for him. She was also gradually getting him more interested in her as a sex toy, as his possession. Already her desire to be spanked, and to be tied up had excited him enormously, and usually, when they had sex, which was almost every night, she was tied up. If he didn’t do it she asked for it, persuading him by her flirtatious behaviour, if he needed persuading.

Mr. Foster handed the leash to the man he’d called Chris, then handed him the crop. Cheryl quivered in alarm and embarrassment, but with the four of them looking at her she didn’t dare object.

“Crawl,” the man barked, jerking on the leash.

Cheryl crawled alongside him, around the room once, then twice, gasping as he brought the crop down across her buttocks.

He put her through the same paces Mr. Foster already had, but when she was kneeling with her bottom raised high and her head and shoulders down he turned and asked Mr. Foster for a dildo or vibrator. Mrs. Foster supplied both, and Cheryl quivered and trembled as he knelt behind her and slowly forced the dildo deep into her ass, pumping it steadily as he worked it deeper, and the vibrator into her pussy.

“We’ll leave you kids alone,” Mrs. Foster said. “Do anything you want to her.”

Cheryl’s eyes opened as she lay with her cheek against the floor.

“Thanks, Angie. We’ll give her a good workout,” Chris said.

A snap of the crop across her buttocks made Cheryl cry out.

“Hold your position, slut,” the man said.

The other moved up beside her and Cheryl saw him beginning to strip.

“What are you?” the man named Jeff demanded.

“I-I’m Jeff’s slut,” she gulped.

Another stinging blow from the crop made her gasp in pain.

“Sir,” he said. “Now try again.”

“I’m Matt’s slut, sir!” she cried.

The black man chuckled as she shucked off his pants. “You’re every man’s slut.”

“Knees,” Jeff barked.

Panting, Cheryl pushed herself back onto her knees, sitting on her heels, knees spread, hands on

her outer thighs.

“If that dildo or vibrator slips out I’ll beat your ass, slut,” Jeff growled.

The other man was now naked, and the black man moved forward to stand directly in front of the quivering, wide eyed girl. He was very muscular, and his cock hair was shaved, which made his thick black cock seem even longer than it was as it pointed at her face.

“Are you a cock sucker?” Jeff asked, tugging on her leash.

“Y-Yes, sir,” the flustered girl said.

“Say it.”

“I’m a cock sucker, sir.”

“You’re whose cocksucker?” he demanded harshly, laying the crop down across her back for the first time.

“Oww! I-I’m Matt’s cocksucker, sir!”

“But right now you’re my cocksucker, aren’t you?”

“I-I – yes, sir,” she gulped.

“Say it then. You’re Jeff’s cocksucker.”

“I’m – I’m Jeff’s cocksucker, sir!”

“Have you ever sucked a nigger cock before, slut?”

“N-No, sir!” she squeaked, her eyes flicking up to see if the Black man would take offense.

He didn’t, but merely smirked as he squeezed his big cock in his hand.

“Ask him then, beg him to suck his cock.”

“Let’s get you tied properly first. See if there’s some two or three inch straps in the cabinet, and a chain to clip her wrists to her collar,” Jeff said.

The black man moved away from her as Jeff knelt behind her and too her wrists, pulling them back together behind her.

“Keep your back straight, slut,” he ordered.

The black man returned, and the two lifted her wrists up high behind her back, ignoring her gasp of discomfort, clipping a short chain to the ring at the back of her collar, attaching it to the wrist restraints. Then, with her arms already uncomfortable, they carefully worked her elbows back together, ignoring her protests of pain except to ease off, massage her shoulders, and then push them back once more.

Finally, they wound thick straps around her arms above the elbows, and then over her lower

arms just below her restraints. Now her arms were aching fixed behind her, and she felt especially helpless.

“Now, I gave you an order, slut!” Jeff said, standing behind her.

“I – may I suck your cock please – sir?” she asked the black man, her face flaming.

The crop bit into her bottom.

“Ask him to suck his nigger cock,” Jeff demanded.

Frightened, wary, embarrassed, degraded, excited, confused, Cheryl did so.

“Please may I suck your nigger cock, sir?” she asked the black man.

He rubbed it over her face and she took it into her mouth. But he drew back and the crop bit into her lower back.

“He didn’t say yes, slut! Beg him again. Put more effort into it. Put more passion into it.”

“Please may I suck your nigger cock, sir?” she asked the Black man.

The crop snapped down across her bottom again.

“More emotion. More passion!”

“Please, please can I suck your nigger cock, sir?! Please, sir!” she begged.

“I think she wants to be punished,” the Black man said, shaking his head sadly.

The crop bit into her bottom in three sharp blows.

“Beg!” Jeff ordered.

“Please may I suck your nigger cock, sir! Please!”

“Why, slut? Do you love my cock? Do you think it’s beautiful? Do you worship it? Tell me why I should let you suck my nigger cock,” the black man demanded.

The crop cracked down on her bottom again, then on her lower back, then on her bottom.

“I-I love your cock. I mean your nigger cock!” she gasped as the crop cut across her burning buttocks. “Please may I suck your beautiful niggercock! I want your nigger cock so badly, sir! Angh! Please – oh! -let me suck your – Ungh - your beautiful nigger cock! I worship your nigger cock, sir! Please! Please, sir!” she begged desperately.

“Okay, white girl, you can suck my cock,” he said, arms folded across his chest.

Cheryl felt a tremendous sense of relief as she slipped her lips over the fat, mushroom head of the black cock. She moaned and sucked and licked, bobbing her lips further and further down as he stood still, legs apart, arms folded over his chest. The big black cock filled her mouth, but she was used to

having her jaws spread wide now by the ball gag, and took it easily deeper.

He was nervous about getting it into her throat, for he was even thicker than Mr. Foster, but the stinging heat of her bottom told her she had better do it, and do it well.

And somehow she did. She almost choked herself forcing her lips down farther. When that fat head pushed against the entrance to her throat she thought it would be too large to get inside. But she did, forcing her lips forward, enduring the choking and gagging and pain, closing her eyes, suppressing a soft moan of pain as she slowly forced her lips all the way down to the base of his cock.

The riding crop was between her thighs now, and slapping lightly at the ball weight from her clit.

“Ungh, man! This bitch has a tight throat,” the black man said.

“Then open it up, man.”

The Black man unfolded his arms and placed his big hands on either side of Cheryl’s head, then began to pump and out, holding her head firmly in place, tilted back as he thrust down into it. His heavy balls slapped against her chin as he used her, and ignored her wet, choking gurgles and gagging sounds.

He pulled free, and she gasped for breath, coughing and moaning.

“Bring her here,” Chris ordered.

They put her down on a chair, making her gasp in pain as the dildo and vibrator were driven painfully up into her belly. She moaned as her head was pulled sharply back by the hair and she found herself looking up at the ceiling, then at the man – Chris – standing behind her.

“Now beg to suck my cock, slut.”

Gulping in air, Cheryl stuttered out an appeal, but it was clearly not good enough, and she squealed as the black man brought the crop down across her straining breasts.

“More passion. More hunger,” Chris growled, holding her hair in his fist.

“Please, please, sir! Please may I suck your beautiful cock! Please! I love your cock! I worship your beautiful cock, sir! Please may I suck your cock!?”

As she moaned and stuttered out her appeal the other man brought the crop down across her breasts in sharp, careful blows that stung badly, even though even she could recognize he was striking her fairly lightly.

But it stung! Each blow stung sharply and she squirmed and moaned as she begged and begged again.

And finally, the man let her suck his cock, sliding it into her upside down mouth and driving it down deep into her throat. Now his balls rested against her nose as he thrust in and out of her throat and mouth. And like the Black man he was in no hurry to complete the act, drawing himself out again before he could come.

She was placed on her knees again, her face and breasts against the floor, bottom high.

“Beg him to fuck you with his nigger cock,” Chris ordered.

And she did, too far gone now to do otherwise, a swirling ball of confusion, outrage, excitement, fear, humiliation and raw sexual hunger churning in her belly.

“Please fuck my dirty whore pussy, sir! Please fuck me with your beautiful, nigger cock! Please rape my dirty little cunt, sir! I worship cock, sir! Please fuck me hard with your nigger cock!”

And each time she begged and the men were not satisfied the crop lashed down across her burning buttocks, to force even more desperation into her words.

When the man finally consented she felt a wondrous wave of relief, closing her eyes in thanks as he pulled the vibrator out of her and began to work his fat cock into her tight, moist sheath.

She felt bloated by his monster cock, and yet excited by it too. And when the first man stood before her and rubbed his bare foot against her mouth and ordered her to suck and lick at his toes she hardly had to think before obeying, licking and sucking on his big toe as the Black man began to move his big cock back and forth in her clinging pussy.

Chapter Eleven

“Would you tie me up a different way, Matt, Please?” she asked meekly.

“What way?” he asked, panting a little, since they’d been petting for several long minutes.

She got up and skinned off her short skirt, the short skirt that had inspired him to keep pawing and fondling her, and grinned shyly.

“I found these at a second hand store,” she said. “Close your eyes.”

He sighed and obeyed, and when he opened them she was wearing the leather collar and leather restraints. He gaped, then felt his cock twitch.

“You like?” she asked coyly.

“Yeahhh!”

She turned and drew her wrists back behind her. “Clip them together, Matt, and then I’ll really be your bitch,” she said.

He clipped them and she turned, quickly kneeling before him.

“Please, sir, may I suck your cock?” she asked in a formal, stilted sort of voice.

He laughed and sat forward. “Yeah, I guess - .”

“No, no!” she whined. “You have to make me beg for it!”

“I do? Uhm, okay. Whatever you say,” he said, fascinated.

“Please may I suck your beautiful cock, sir?” she asked.

“I dunno,” he said, grinning.

“Please, sir? I’m your slut, sir! I love your cock! I worship your cock! Please let me suck your beautiful cock, Matt!”

He blinked, a little dazed, but wildly excited.

“Maybe just this once,” he gulped, hardly able to hold himself back.

Soon his cock was buried in her sweet mouth, and his legs were getting rubbery as she worked him over. When he exploded he sank back, gasping, and she sat back on her heels, knees well apart, showing him her soft, bare sex.

“I’m your slut, Matt,” she said. “I’ll do anything you want. Anything.”

He stared at her, eyes wide, panting.

“Whatever your fantasy is, I’ll do it,” she said with conviction. “I’m your bitch.”

“Maybe you can get your friend Emily to join us then,” he said lazily.

She blinked. “I don’t think Emily would do it. But I know a girl who would.”

His eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

“Her name is Sara, but she’s a really cute girl, and she’s done threesomes before. If you order me to I’ll ask her to join us,” she said meekly.

“O-order you. Yeah, I order you,” he said, slightly dazed.

“No.”

He blinked and saw her look turn spoiled and thoughtless. "I don't think I will."

His eyes narrowed and he snorted. "Do it or I'll spank your nasty little ass."

"Call me slut!" she said excitedly.

"Do it, slut," he gulped, his cock thrumming again.

"Do what, sir?"

"Find another hot little slut for me to fuck," he growled.

"Am I your slut, Matt?" she whispered.

"You're my bitch slut," he said.

She leaned in and licked at his balls, sucking them into her mouth, his cock hardening before her eyes. Then she leaned back.

"Please fuck my ass, Matt?" she asked meekly. "Please fuck my ass with your beautiful, wonderful cock."

"Mmmaannnn," he groaned.

She turned and bent over, spreading her legs, raising her bottom, still begging, and he was soon on his knees behind her and ramming his cock through her tight, crinkled little opening as she gasped and moaned in pain and pleasure.

She didn't even know who this Sara was, but Mrs. Foster had told her to offer the girl up. She was vaguely jealous, but knew that with Mr. and Mrs. Foster training her so well no other girl could compete with her.

When she saw the girl, however, she was a little doubtful. Sara was a gorgeous blonde, with a slender, but shapely body and a pixie cute face. She was also an enthusiastic sexual partner, and Cheryl found herself getting jealous as she watched her ride Matt's cock while she, her wrists bound behind her, tried to lick at her anal ring.

Afterwards she licked her clit, on her knees, hands behind her as the girl twisted her hair around in her fists. But Matt knelt behind watching, thrusting into her hard and fast, so she was happy with it.

What she was less happy about was that the girl stuffed a ball-gag into her mouth afterwards, a vibrator into her pussy and a butt-plug into her ass, then made her kneel, watching, as she and Matt chatted and caressed each other. The girl was such a flirt, Cheryl thought jealously.

Matt liked the little ménage a trois, of course, what man wouldn't. And Sara volunteered to join them again any time. Preferably the very next day. Cheryl certainly wasn't in a position to say no. And her glares had no affect other than to draw smirks from the blonde girl, and then – worse.

“I think your little slut is being naughty, the way she’s looking at me,” Cheryl said.

Matt looked lazily down at the floor.

“Is she?”

“I think she needs a spanking.”

Matt laughed, excited and delighted, and watched as Sara slipped out of the bed, pulled Cheryl across her knees, and proceeded to give her a hard spanking, interspersing the spansks with expert fingering of her clit, and pumping and twisting of the vibrator. Cheryl simply couldn’t resist, though she did try, and wound up climaxing powerfully as Matt looked on.

The next night was no better, as she persuaded Matt to tie Cheryl spread-eagled to the bed, then used her tongue, fingers and a vibrator to make her body writhe and buck with heat, used an ostrich feather to make her writhe and laugh uncontrollably, used ice on her nipples, and then hot wax, and then rode her face hard as Matt thrust himself into her ass from behind.

After two weeks Cheryl was getting heartily sick of Sara, but Matt, of course, was delighted to have two beautiful women, and any resistance she made was greeted with slaps and spankings. From both of them!

As Mrs. Foster was trying on a new outfit for her, Cheryl was finally able to work up the nerve to complain.

The outfit was thigh high boots with five inch heels, shoulder length gloves, a new, higher collar that forced her head up, and a T-shaped leather belt which went around her waist and between her legs. The lower part of the belt had a soft dildo attached so that it thrust up into her pussy.

With the boots and gloves on, thick leather restraints around them, Cheryl practiced walking while Mrs. Foster looked on.

“This – this Sara person is causing trouble,” she said anxiously.

“Oh? How is she doing that, dear?”

“She’s – she’s sticking her nose in all the time. She won’t go away,” Cheryl said irritably.

“Why should she?”

“But – what if Matt likes her better!? I mean, all this work you put in so I’d be his perfect girlfriend and wife and - .”

Mrs. Foster laughed. “His what?”

Cheryl flushed. “Well, I thought, I know we’re young, but, some day - .”

“Dear, I never had any intention of you being Matt’s wife,” Mrs. Foster said with amusement.

“Well, maybe some day - .”

“Never,” the woman said so firmly Cheryl looked up at her.

“Now perhaps Cheryl, though as you note he is a bit young for a wife, but maybe some day. She does come from a very good home, and is highly intelligent. But you?” She shook her head sadly. “Cheryl, dear, surely you must realize that I would never let my son marry someone as weak, as submissive as you? I didn’t even like it that he was seeing you. Frankly, he can do so much better.”

Cheryl stared her, hurt, and astonished.

Mrs. Foster shook her head and smiled, brushing the hair back from Cheryl’s eyes, then moved around her, drawing her arms together and fastening the restraints together.

“No, dear, you’re not going to be his wife or girlfriend.”

“But – but - .”

“Girlfriends come and go, Cheryl,” Mrs. Foster said. “Even wives, unfortunately, can come and go. No, Cheryl can be his girlfriend for now. They’ll both be going off to university in the fall, so it’s not likely to last anyway.”

“But what about me?” Cheryl demanded.

Mrs. Foster smiled. “For heaven’s sake, dear. You’re nothing but a little store clerk! I haven’t been grooming you to be his wife, but to be his slave.”

Cheryl stared at her in astonishment.

“Slaves are forever. No one divorces the family pet, do they? Of course not, nor do they get rid of a lovely, obedient little slave girl. You’ll be Matt’s companion, look to his sexual needs, do his cooking, make him a happy man. He’ll find some other women to be his girlfriend and wife.”

A slave! The idea was astonishing! The woman was crazy!

And yet, still, it sounded so ridiculous, so kinky, so forbidden, so dark and hot and exciting.

And she would be Matt’s slave.

No, no, the idea was ridiculous!

“Kneel,” Mrs. Foster ordered.

Cheryl stared at her.

“Kneel!”

She fell to her knees, her mind spinning, and Mrs. Foster combed her fingers delicately through her hair.

“You’ll be Matt’s slave, and look after him. And your body will be available to him and whomever he wants to have you at any time. And you had best get used to that.”

A figure moved out from the side, one Cheryl hadn’t noticed, and she gasped to see Sara

standing there.”

“Teach her, Sara,” Mrs. Foster said, walking away and heading for the stairs.

Cheryl stared at the girl, who smirked as she walked over and stood before her. “You’re just a stupid, slutty little slave,” Sara said as if speaking to a simpleton. “Did you really think you were good enough for my Matt?”

“He’s not your Matt!” Cheryl cried.

An open hand lashed out and slapped her face, throwing her back onto the floor.

“Kneel!”

Cheryl struggled to right herself as Sara picked up one of the long, thin crops.

“Kneel, slave!”

“I-I won’t!”

The crop slashed across her breast and Cheryl cried out in pain.

“Bottom!”

“I-I - .”

The crop cracked down across her breasts again and Cheryl cried out and turned away.

“Bottom!”

She fell onto her shoulders, gasping, and squealed in pain as the crop bit into her hip.

“Bottom!”

She drew her knees in and assumed the proper position, bottom high, knees apart.

“Better, slave girl. Now. What are you?”

“I’m Matt’s slut!”

The crop bit into her buttocks again and she squealed in pain.

“What did you say, slut?”

“I-I’m Matt’s slut – Miss!”

“Better. But you need to get the words right. Instead of sir and Miss you need new words.”

She rubbed the crop back and forth over Cheryl’s bottom.

“Master,” she said. “And mistress. Let me hear you say it.”

“I – but - .”

The crop lashed out viciously and she cried out in pain.

“Yes, mistress,” Sara growled.

“Yes, mistress!” Cheryl cried.

Sara walked around in front of her, and her foot nudged Cheryl’s nose.

“Lick, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress,” she whimpered, her tongue pushing out and licking at the girl’s toes.

“You might be Matt’s slut, his bitch, his slave,” Sara said, “But I’m his girlfriend now. Understand?”

“Yes, mistress,” Cheryl moaned, staring at the crop hovering above her.

“Good.”

Maybe Mrs. Foster was right, Cheryl thought dazedly. Girlfriends did come and go, and it was very unlikely a couple as young as she and Matt – or Sara and Matt – would last much more than a year or so. Then there would be another, and then another. But Matt would always want her. She would always be Matt’s slut - Matt’s slave.

end

About this Title

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