



SLAVE SISTERS

by Argus

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Chapter 1

Emily and Erin wakened at the same instant that fateful September morning, neither aware of what the day held in store. It was Erin's hand, which snapped out to hit the alarm and silence its strident call. Given the nature of the two, that would have been entirely predictable even had it not been she who had set it and therefore expected it to go off just after sunrise.

"What time is it?" Emily demanded, rubbing her eyes as the light came on.

"Five. Go back to sleep," Erin whispered, throwing the covers back and swinging her legs over the edge of her bed.

"Peter has football practice before school. I wanted to be there."

Erin stared across at her sister; outrage at being wakened an hour early fighting against the sleep trying to drag her head back to the soothing comfort of her pillow.

Erin stripped off the football jersey she used for a nightshirt - Peter's jersey, as it happened, and, nude, hurried to the dresser, bent over, and pulled free a pair of brief green string bikini panties.

"You got me up an hour early for that? You miserable little cow!"

"Just shut up and you'll fall asleep again," Erin hissed over her shoulder.

She stepped into one leg of the panties and then half tripped herself trying to step into the other. Cursing, she caught herself against the dresser, then yanked her panties up until they were snug, the pencil thin elastic taut against her hips, descending on both sides to the thin triangle of fabric centred at her groin.

The room was cool, for both girls preferred to leave the window open at night and let the night's fresh air in. Emily snuggled into her covers, drawing them up around her ears, but continued to glower across at her sister as she watched her draw a matching bra from the lower dresser drawer and pull it over her shoulders.

"And why are you wearing that to school?" she asked suspiciously.

"What?" Erin said casually, turning to the closet and pulling down a blue school dress.

"That bra. The one you like to wear on dates with Peter because the clip is in front."

Erin turned and stuck her tongue out at her sister, who sniffed in reply.

"Going to be doing more than watching the practices, are you?"

"Mind your own business."

Erin pulled the plaid wool dress over her head and let it fall down over her body, smoothing it carefully, then doing the buttons, which ran down the front.

"Isn't that the dress from last year? The one which mysteriously shrank so that Mrs. Miller sent you home and ordered you not to wear it again?"

"I don't have Miller this year, do I?"

"If she sees you..."

"She won't. Go to bloody sleep and stop nagging."

Erin tugged on her socks, then opened their bedroom door and closed it quietly behind. She moved silently through the hall, past her grandmother's door, then down the stairs to the kitchen. There she brushed her teeth very carefully, gargled, then put on her shoes and headed for school.

Emily reached over; trying to keep her eyes almost closed against the blinding light, and shut off the lamp, then, muttering, lay back in her bed. There was, she thought, not much chance of getting any reasonable sleep before her grandmother woke her no more than an hour from then.

She lay on her back, mind drifting. In her state of annoyance it quite naturally drifted towards her twin sister Erin, who was no doubt even then hurrying towards school in hopes of catching a few minutes alone with Peter behind the gym. It bothered her that Erin did such things, for she considered they reflected badly upon both of them. If Erin got a reputation, after all, it would soon affect her as well.

Not that she hadn't had occasion to experiment with boys herself, of course. But Peter Walker was a bully, a thief, and, some whispered, sold drugs. If Erin weren't careful she would find stories of herself circulating throughout the boys' locker rooms.

Of course, he was quite sexy, in a crude, testosterone-fuelled sort of way. But Emily never allowed her own affections to be influenced by such things. Erin was weak, in that way, she thought with disapproval. Boys had to be carefully assessed as to their trustworthiness before letting them take advantage. Erin should know that by now.

But then, it was Emily who was the bright one, the sensible one, and the careful one. It was she who looked carefully ahead of her while Erin was running pell mell down the stairs, she who considered decisions from every perspective while Erin simply shrugged and let chance take her where it would.

She found herself thinking about what Erin and Peter would get up to alone, and felt a soft throbbing begin to grow between her legs. It would serve the stupid girl right if he humiliated her, if he forced her into doing things she wasn't ready for.

She felt a small ripple of excitement, realizing that she had the room to herself for once in the morning, and reached down beneath the covers, fingers slipping into the front of her loose cotton briefs.

She felt the top of her sex and let a finger slowly caress the soft, tight opening, sliding up and down its length. The throb grew in strength and she felt her chest tighten and breath quicken. She gripped her nightshirt and pulled it up and off, then slipped off her panties. Feeling wonderfully naked she spread her legs apart, her knees lifting the sheets and blankets above her as her fingers found her sex once more.

She used two fingers of her left hand to gently spread her labia apart, and then began to rub lightly against the hood over her clitoris. The sensation was delicious, and grew very quickly more so. She let her knees part further, drawing them back slightly, feeling the tension in her inner thighs.

Her clitoris began to swell and emerged from under its light covering, and she moaned softly as one of the fingers of her left hand dipped into her narrow opening. She turned slightly, and small twin pleasures nipped at her breasts as they brushed against the sheets.

Her arms were pressing in against the sides of her breasts, thrusting them together and up, the stiffly pointed nipples straining like small tongues, eager to taste the sensations of pleasure.

Would she let him lower the top of her dress, Emily wondered, and even open her bra.

Were Erin's breasts as sensitive to the touch as her own? Did her nipples, tiny pink things just like Emily's, with areolas, which were only slightly larger and pinker, and grow as stiff and exquisitely responsive whenever someone touched them? Did she shiver and tremble when the rigid little buttons were squeezed and twisted?

She imagined Peter's mouth covering one of her own nipples, sucking and licking at it.

Her fingers danced over her sex, stroking her clitoris rhythmically, dipping again and again into her soft, tight, now moist little pit. She drew one hand back and squeezed her breast, imagining it was a boy's hand, that it was Peter's hand. He would be rough and crude; she was sure, but so - forceful.

She imagined him forcing Erin. And wouldn't that serve the brat right. She pictured Erin down on the football field on her back, Peter straddling her, the short hem of her dress ridden up her thighs, her dress and bra open, his hands all over her body. Then he would thrust himself into her like an animal and crush her lips with his to stop her protests. He would pin her arms down above her head and ravish her with his powerful body.

She tried to imagine it was her own body being ravished, but she found this less than satisfying, and as her mind's eye conjured up the image of Erin being so mercilessly used she merely found herself standing aside, visualising it.

Fuck her! Fuck the slut! Yes! Yes! Harder! Give it to her! That will teach her!

Oddly, she pictured herself then, not in Erin's stead but in Peter's, thrusting into Erin with her big male cock, making her squirm and moan. But no, that didn't seem right, either. Whatever would she do with a penis? Icky things.

Her mind's eye stepped back a pace and she continued to imagine Peter forcing himself upon the lush young brunette, imagined his hands squeezing her soft breasts, his teeth chewing at her tender throat.

She and Erin were not identical twins, but they were very similar in appearance. Emily was slightly more slender than Erin, with narrower face, hips and shoulders. Both had oval faces, large blue eyes, and slight, snub noses, pert young mouths with full lips and white teeth. Both were exactly five feet, nine inches in height. Erin was a brunette, however, while Emily was a blonde. And while both were a thirty-six chest, Emily was a C cup and Erin a cup larger.

Their hair was cut in an almost identical style. It was straight, and a little over shoulder length, but Erin had untidy bangs spilling over her forehead. Emily's own hair was brushed out quite carefully so that it fell precisely, parted exactly in the middle of her forehead without bangs.

They had once wished they were more identical, but these days Emily thought it just as well they could be told apart easily. Erin was no longer a virgin, after all, and was beginning to show a distressing interest in sex with a poor class of boy. Emily herself was waiting for some boy, presuming there was one, who met her high standards.

She's such a slut, she thought to herself, with a young girl's judgmentalism and vindictiveness.

Her finger pushed deeper into her sex as she moaned softly. She could feel the tightness of her virginal tunnel around it as she forced it in all the way to her hymen. She felt a brief snarl of dissatisfaction as it encountered the obstruction, and was, as she often had been, tempted to thrust her finger through. She resisted, barely, stroking more and more excitedly against her clitoris as she drew her knees back farther, letting the weight of the sheets and blankets push them down to either side.

She imagined Erin turned over on her belly, wriggling helplessly, moaning, and then Peter was atop her, a gigantic male penis thrusting down into her, forcing its way not merely into her slippery pussy but down into her rectum!

She climaxed, head jerking back sharply, back arching as small gasps sounded in the still darkened room.

Oh my God! I'm going to die!

Erin's head rolled boneless against the cool brick wall behind her as Peter's mouth suckled energetically at her exposed breast. She could hardly believe she had let him actually open her dress that far here in broad daylight, much undo her bra and suckle at her nipple.

But the sexual heat was like fire in her veins, and everywhere his hands touched her skin seemed to sizzle in response.

They were in the rear of the school, where the gym protruded out beyond the kitchen. Behind her was a blank brown wall, which extended perhaps ten meters to her right and five to the left. It joined another wall at right angles on her left, and neither had windows. That had promised some small measure of privacy when Peter had manoeuvred her into the corner some minutes earlier, and her half-hearted attempts to push past him had been thwarted by his size and strength.

And then by her own body as his hands began to do wicked things to her.

Thought she was not a virgin he was raising things in her body she had never felt before, and as his hand slipped between her thighs and squeezed her sex she felt a gushing warmth down there that almost turned her legs to rubber.

He was so daring!

With the bright sun shining and people on the field out beyond them she had let him feel her all over, and then undo the buttons down the front of her dress and unclip her bra. And as his fingers, and then his mouth had worked at her breast and nipple her entire body had begun to thrum with terrible sexual electricity that was almost irresistible.

Even as he suckled at her breast he was rubbing her between the legs, legs which were rapidly turning to rubber as she gasped and panted and kissed the top of his head. She glanced to her right at the people on the athletic field. They were too distant for her to make out much about them, and so, she hoped, the reverse was also true.

Then her panties were being tugged down, and she gasped dazedly.

"Peter! No! N-not here!" she moaned.

He ignored her, stripping them off and then forcing her legs apart. She moaned, and then cried out briefly as he squeezed one of her breasts hard. He unzipped himself and pushed his hips forward.

Oh God! Oh God! I can't believe this! What if someone comes!

And yet the thought, as frightening, as alarming as it was, sent more tremors of excitement through her quaking body. She let out a long, slow groan of wondrous pleasure as his cock pushed up into her body, and threw her arms over his shoulder, jamming her lips up against his.

His hands came down to cup her bare buttocks, and she threw her left leg up around his hip, grunting as he began to thrust into her.

"Oh God, Peter!"

He sniggered, eyes dark and full of lust, chewing at the nape of her neck, and then thrusting his tongue between her lips.

"God! What if someone comes!" she moaned.

He silenced her with his mouth again, grinding his pelvis against her, and her mind melted as the pleasure and heat roared.

"Look it Jackson go!"

"Give it to her, Pete!"

She cried out in shock, jerking her lips free and wrenching her head to the side as Michael Smith and Jerry Hammond, two of his close friends and team mates, rounded the corner, grinning in delight at the unexpected treat to their eyes. Instinctively she tried to twist away from Peter, but he was having none of it.

"Fuck off," he said, not turning his attention from her for an instant.

"Hey, it's a free country."

"Yeah, we just came back for a smoke."

Erin was trying to close her dress and cover her breasts with her hands but Peter was having none of that either. He snatched her wrists and jammed them up against the brick above her head, his hips still thrusting himself up into her. Her leg had dropped back to the ground but she could do nothing to hinder his eager pumping.

"Peter!" she whined.

"Ignore them."

"Man those are gorgeous tits."

She gasped, trying again to wriggle free, but Peter had both wrists pinned to the wall with one powerful hand. With the other he reached down and gripped her behind, jerking her left leg up and back, thrusting up more sharply.

Her face was scarlet, and she whimpered in confusion, yet the heat between her legs had not subsided, and as Peter continued to drive himself into her with powerful strokes and the two voyeurs continued to stare and smirk she felt a dark, wicked delight somewhere deep in the back of her mind.

Of course she had often been accused of showing off, of loving attention, and indeed often preened at the knowledge that boys and men considered her beautiful and desirable.

But this was something else again. She was horribly embarrassed, and continued to try to pull free, yet even with that her body grew more and more aroused. Slowly, despite her best efforts, the heat of that arousal began to melt away her determination, as it had done earlier when he had first gotten his fingers inside her dress.

She moaned and stopped fighting, turning her head away from the two, trying to pretend they were not there.

Peter abandoned his grip on her wrists, seizing her backside in both hands then, thrusting himself even harder into her soft, trembling body. She grunted weakly with each thrust, trying repeatedly to stop, but failing. She turned her head briefly and saw the lust and hunger in the eyes of the two watchers, saw the bulge in their trousers, and turned away, frightened, embarrassed, and yet ever more aroused.

Her very flesh seemed on fire, and she was gasping for breath as Peter drove his body into her again and again. And then, barely aware as it happened, he reached down to grip the back of her dress, bunched it up above her behind, then yanked it up her body and off over her head in one swift and powerful motion.

It took her a moment to realize she was now utterly nude there against the wall, to catch the grin he exchanged with his friends, and when she did a tremendous shock wave rolled over her. Shocked embarrassment struck at her mind, but the searing wall of white-hot lust, which wrapped itself around her, overwhelmed it.

She made no effort to close her legs as Peter continued to drive himself up into her harder and harder. And when he lifted her right leg, the one nearest his friends, forcing it up high and back, pressing her knee into the wall at her side to give his friends a better view of the joining of their bodies, her mind simply melted under the heat and a massive climax tore through her.

She could hear them cheering, or cursing or talking, or, at any rate, making some sort of noises, but it was all a distant echo to her. All her attention was turned inward, on the maelstrom of pleasure whipping through every nerve and fibre of her body. The only constants in the universe were Peter's body pressed against her, his cock driving up into her, the fact that she was nude and outside, and the two leering near-strangers watching her.

Her chest burned and ached, and her head throbbed. She had forgotten to breathe. She remembered somehow, but did not dare inhale. The pleasure was too great, too wonderful. She would not risk a single instant of it, not risk lessening it by even the smallest amount. She hung in his arms, trembling against the wall, jaw slack, head grinding mindlessly against the wall, and let the climax take her where it would.

In the midst of it she felt, instinctively, that Peter had come, as well, and knew a spare instant's gladness. But it was almost irrelevant, for as the climax began to subside she clung to it desperately, doing all she could to prevent its loss. And as it faded she slumped exhaustedly against the wall, moaning, eyes closed. The world sprang into being again, her body aching and chilly now, the morning air acting on her slightly sweaty bare skin.

"Jesus!" Peter gasped.

"Wow," Jerry whispered.

"Come on, Pete, give us a taste," Michael begged.

Erin felt his hands framing her face, and opened her eyes as his lips met her forehead.

"Give the boys a little, eh?" he said.

She blinked her eyes in confusion, her mind and body in the grip of a soft, languor.

"Wh... What..."

He moved to the side, still holding her left leg pinned up high against the wall, and Michael moved in before her, eyes hot.

"W...wait," she panted.

But Michael didn't wait, and she cried out, her voice ragged and broken off as he thrust himself into her open sex.

"God! God! God!" she whimpered.

"Fuck her, Mike. Give it to the little slut."

Michael was rutting into her eagerly, his hands racing over her naked flesh, roughly groping her breasts and buttocks in turn as his hips pumped frantically. Peter shifted his grip, moving it along her leg from her knee up to her ankle. The tendons in her thigh ached and strained as he pressed her ankle back against the wall next to her ear, and she flushed even more deeply as the three young men chuckled at her position.

Michael continued to thrust for a long minute, during which her insides began to flutter and twist and throb with heat once more. Then he groaned and came inside her, collapsing against her body as he gulped in air.

Peter released her ankle and her leg dropped, almost knocking her off her feet. They steadied her, but then she felt a hand slip behind her head, behind her neck, pulling her forward, bending her over.

"Peter," she protested weakly.

"Just give Jerry a taste. It won't take you a minute."

And she was staring at Jerry's cock, thrusting out at her through his unzipped trousers. She tried to wriggle away but it pushed at her cheek, and a small tug at her hair opened her mouth to yelp.

She found the soft spongy head filling her mouth, and her protest became a muffled and silent thing.

"Yeah! Suck me, Erin! Come on, girl!"

She stumbled, arms waving, trying to push at him, and he pushed on her shoulders. She grunted as she was awkwardly forced to her knees, and then a sharp slap to the ear made her head ring.

"Stop acting like a fucking virgin," Peter snarled.

She whimpered in pain and confusion, and Jerry eagerly pushed himself in further.

She began to suck on it instinctively, reaching a hand up to squeeze his shaft and prevent him from pushing in too deeply.

"Yeah! Yeah! Do it! God, what a slut!"

And she felt like a slut, and yet despite the embarrassment, which burned hotly within her she felt that wicked heat raising once more.

She no longer even had the doubtful protection of the corner to hide her nudity. She knelt, naked but for her shoes and socks, knees on the cold asphalt, chilly wind blowing around her as she bobbed her head up and down on Jerry's cock. Peter and Michael stood to either side watching, and that wicked excitement began to rise higher and higher.

Peter growled moved in closer, squatting. She moaned and squirmed as his hand darted in under her buttocks and squeezed her mons. He pulled and the undeniable pressure forced her backside out and then up even as Jerry held her hair tightly to keep her mouth around his cock.

She was forced back up onto her feet, but bent over, still working her lips up and down Jerry's cock as Peter, hard once more, forced her legs apart. He entered her from behind and the blood began to race through her body once again. He and Jerry fought over possession of her breasts as they hung below her, cursing and gasping as they roughly fondled and groped her, thrusting their cocks forward into her from either side.

And so it was that headmaster Edward Bartholomew rounded the corner not ten yards away and spotted the carnal group, staring in shocked disbelief, then racing forward to put a stop to it.

"You are a filthy girl! A filthy, filthy, filthy girl!"

Erin stood stiff with embarrassment, head hanging as her grandmother and Mr. Bartholomew glared at her. Her experience with Peter and his friends had been the most wickedly exciting of her life, but she was now paying for it with the most hideously embarrassing experience of her life.

Not that she hadn't earlier been mortified of course, but it hadn't seemed to matter as much then. She had had other things on her mind, after all.

"I'm sorry, but this is just beyond me," Mr. Bartholomew said sternly. "I realize this is her last year before graduation. But we have to maintain standards, and there is simply no way we can accept this type of behaviour from our students. Erin will have to find somewhere else to finish her education."

"I would argue with you, Mr. Bartholomew," her grandmother said, tight lipped and furious, but I simply cannot find any argument."

"I sympathise, Mrs. Campbell. I honestly do. Sometimes, no matter how hard a child's guardian tries, no matter how they try to raise a child properly, to drum respect and morality into them, the child simply will not listen."

"That's the way it has been for me," her grandmother moaned, shaking her head. "Since my daughter died it's been just me trying to raise her and her sister. Two hellions they are, neither doing as they're told. If I'd had them younger... but now it's too late. What am I to do, Mr. Bartholomew?"

"I suggest you contact this number," the headmaster said, still glaring at Erin whenever she moved. "They have a reputation for instilling discipline into even the most recalcitrant young girls. They have some old-fashioned beliefs there, and don't at all hesitate to make use of corporal punishment denied us here."

"That's just what the little slattern needs," her grandmother growled. "She's beyond me, I tell you. She and her sister both."

"St. Anne de Mons will teach her the manners expected of a young lady," he said.

"They're Catholics?" her grandmother asked doubtfully.

"Well, yes and no. I understand the headmistress was a nun at one point, but her order was disbanded and she elected to leave the church. A few of the other teachers are from the same origin, but they don't appear to place any great value on jamming religion into the girls. Discipline and obedience is what they stress."

"That's exactly what she needs," her grandmother said, nodding her head furiously.

Chapter 2

"I can't believe you were stupid enough to get caught," Emily groaned.

"Neither can I, to tell you the truth."

"Couldn't you and Peter have found some bush to hide in, for Heavens sakes?"

"We weren't thinking."

"I guess not!"

Erin wondered what her grandmother had told her. It would be most unlike her to be specific about such "wicked things" and it did appear that Emily knew only about she and Peter. She felt a nasty little urge to tell her there were two others involved just to see how big her eyes got, but controlled herself.

Her eyes were big enough already.

"Look, I'm sorry. It's really unfair they're going to punish you along with me. I tried to tell gran that but she wasn't exactly in a mood to listen."

"She called me a slut! Me!"

Erin shrugged. "Guilt by association."

She stripped off her underwear, and Emily found herself staring, looking at her full, firm breasts, breasts just slightly too heavy, too large for her chest, yet with the high firmness of youth. She imagined them earlier, with Peter sucking and chewing on them. She imagined her sister moaning in pleasure as she rode Peter's big cock.

She swallowed and turned away, trying to control her filthy mind, admonishing herself for thinking of her own sister in that fashion. Yet beneath her slim, light nightie her nipples hardened, and she could feel the throbbing between her legs.

"Have you read this bloody thing?"

"What is it?"

"This list from this St. Anne place."

"Not really."

"No high heels or boots. No makeup. No jewellery."

"What?" Erin turned in amused disbelief, then crossed the room and jumped onto her bed to peer over her shoulder. Emily felt a little thrum of excitement at the nearness of her naked sister, but hid it well.

"No trousers..."

"No trousers?"

"No tight blouses or sweaters."

"You're kidding!"

"You will wear your own clothing only in the event of outside visitors, or on leaving St. Anne de Mons. During these occasions we expect you to dress and conduct yourself as ladies," she said, reading aloud.

"Oh phaahhh."

"No radios or other musical devices. No personal computers. No..."

"No non-fiction books?"

Erin stared at the list in disbelief, leaning further against her twin. Her left breast was pressing in against Erin's bare arm, and Emily turned, feeling a strange little quiver in her stomach.

"So you'll have to stop dressing like a tramp, Emily," she said ironically.

"Ha. I will, will I? And who spent all that effort shrinking her school jumpers, skirts and dresses, hmm?"

"Emily?"

"Hmm?"

"Is your breast, I mean, your breasts as sensitive as, well, I mean if a guy... touches them are they -."

"Well uhm, sometimes," Emily said uncertainly.

Emily wasn't at all sure what made her reach up to finger her sister's small pink nipple, but both girls felt as though an electrical contact had passed between them.

"I-it does f-feel nice when someone t-touches me," Erin breathed.

"Me too," Emily whispered.

It was then their grandmother threw open the door, glaring around, looking suspiciously for any hint of immorality. She had been speaking a good deal about the immorality of young females of late, to her sister, her friends, her minister, and the more she heard the more appalled she was at the disgusting state of immorality, which seemed rampant among youth.

One of the things which had shocked her the most was learning that many young girls of today thought engaging in lesbian behaviour was highly fashionable. And so as she entered the room, her mind filled with the perversions of youth and suspicion ready at hand, and on seeing the two young girls, one nude, the other half nude and touching her sister's breast her eyes widened and she let out a cry of rage.

"You filthy, disgusting girls!" she cried.

Erin and Emily yelped in surprise, Emily yanking her hand back.

"Do you think you can engage in your foul sexual orgies right here beneath my roof?"

Emily gasped and Erin turned scarlet, covering her breasts with her hands.

"We weren't doing anything," Emily said quickly.

"Incest! Incest! Your foul depravities will have no purchase under my house!"

Both girls were red faced as they gaped at her.

"Are you crazy?" Erin demanded.

She moved away from her sister, hurriedly pulling a sheet over herself.

"You filthy lesbian whores!"

"We weren't doing anything!" Erin protested.

"You can't fool me. I know depravity when I see it!"

"You're crazy."

"They'll teach you proper behaviour at St. Anne's, you can be sure, and I will certainly inform them of the difficult task ahead of them!"

With that she shut the door and the two were left to stare at each other and shake their heads.

"She's gone batty," Erin said.

Emily nodded uneasily. Neither spoke of the sudden sexual electricity, which had gripped them for that one long moment.

Their grandmother would not even speak to them the following day. They carried their few possessions out to the car and rode together to the train station, then spent the long journey north playing cards and talking about boys and sex. Emily finally got from her sister the true facts of what had occurred the other day and gaped in disbelief.

"I can't believe it. Wow," she said.

"I didn't intend to do any of it," Erin sighed. "I just kind of - lost control of myself."

The two had a small compartment to themselves. Erin, clad in her blue dress, was slouched in one corner, while Emily, in a long grey skirt and white blouse, lay along the seat across from her.

"Once Peter's hands got between my legs I just couldn't control myself, never mind him. The few times I tried to stop him he ignored me. And then those two were there watching and I was so randy, and Peter wouldn't let me out and... and... Well, it just sort of happened."

"With three guys," Emily said wonderingly.

"I can hardly believe it myself, but you know, `Emmie, kneeling there in the yard, naked, with those three guys over me, it was... it was such a rush. I mean, my skin was on fire, and my heart was pounding and I was so incredibly alive you wouldn't believe it."

"And then you got caught."

Erin made a face and nodded. "Yeah. God was that embarrassing."

"I'll bet!"

"Christ, how long is this bloody train ride anyway?"

"It must be pretty far north."

"We've been riding forever."

As if the conductor had heard the train began to slow, and a small village came into view ahead.

"What a miserable looking little place," Erin said, frowning out the window.

"Yuck. I bet there aren't a lot of clubs in this place."

"You'll be lucky if there's a pub."

The train stopped and they collected their small bags, and then leapt down onto the station.

"What a dump," Erin said.

They were the only passengers to disembark, and the train quickly pulled away from the station, leaving them alone.

"Well, now what?"

"You two!"

The voice was snapped out from nowhere, sharp and loud, and both whirled in surprise. The woman who stood there scowling was well over six feet tall, and wore a long black dress, which looked as though it were an antique from a century past.

"You are Emily and Erin Black, are you not?"

The two nodded silently and the woman's scowl deepened.

"You will answer aloud when spoken to!" she snapped.

"Yes, uhm, miss," Emily said.

"I am Mistress Claire. You will address me at all times as Mistress Claire. Is that understood?"

"Yes, mistress Claire," the two said in tandem.

They turned and looked at each other then, raising their eyebrows.

"Come with me. At once!"

They exchanged glances and hurried after her as the woman rounded the corner of the little station. There, waiting for them, was a small black bus. It looked like a half sized school bus, but oddly, with the windows painted over.

They climbed aboard, and saw a man, also in black, and also scowling, in the drivers seat. They passed and took the first seat they found, and the woman took the seat across from them. The driver pulled the door closed and the bus lurched forward.

It was quite dim inside, with only the light coming through the driver's window throwing shadows across the interior. Mistress Claire continued to scowl at them, her face all shadowy lines, and the two girls looked around nervously.

"You will find," she said suddenly, in quite a loud and chilly voice, "that St. Anne de Mons is unlike the morally negligent schools with which you have previous acquaintance. We consider it our duty and our task to set our young ladies onto the path of righteousness and virtue and we are most intolerant of the kind of wickedness and profanity you previously engaged in. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Claire," they chimed.

"You will work hard here. For idle hands are the Devil's tools. When you are not in class or at your studies you will have chores to do."

She glared from one to the other and back again.

"We have heard nothing good about either of you. Your grandmother is most concerned about the state of wickedness the two of you have allowed yourself to indulge in. You have taken advantage of her good and kind nature, of her age and infirmity. She has asked us to punish you where she could not, and we will not shirk our duty."

"But I didn't do - ."

"Silence!"

The woman glared at Emily furiously.

"We do not accept excuses here. Misconduct brings punishment. This is the only way to make it clear to young people what conduct is expected of them."

"Oh come, we're hardly children," Emily protested.

"I said be silent! You will not speak back to your mistresses or masters! You will not speak at all unless given permission. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Their replies were uncertain and hesitant, and the rest of the trip was made in silence. The twins looked down at their hands in their laps and wondered what type of horrible place their grandmother had sentenced them to.

The bus stopped at last and the girls looked out the front window to see a brick wall. The driver opened the door and Mistress Claire rose. "Thank you, Mister Teal."

"You're very welcome, Miss Jennings."

"Outside," the woman said curtly.

The twins carried their bags out and found themselves in a small courtyard between two buildings. There were several cars parked along the walls and a large wooden door ahead of them. Mistress Claire headed straight for the door, and they followed.

"Keep your backs straight," she snapped, with a backward glare.

"This place is going to be a riot," Erin whispered out of the side of her mouth.

Emily sighed in reply.

The inside smelled musty. The floors of the narrow corridor were unpainted, much scuffed wooden planks and the walls ancient stone. Mistress Claire pushed through a heavy door at the end and they emerged in a far more luxurious hall. It was far wider. The floor was covered in heavy red carpeting and the walls were of highly polished mahogany panels. They passed only a single girl before turning into an office, but the twins were astonished at the short, pale blue thing she was wearing. Certainly it was not a dress, nor could it be termed a uniform.

It was looked like nothing so much as a silk poncho, a rectangle of pale green with a hole cut in the centre through which the girl's head protruded. The sides were completely open, demonstrating quite clearly that the young girl in question wore nothing beneath, and that her breasts were substantial. It was also quite short, certainly as short as any mini Erin had ever worn. It was a pale green with a coat of arms. A slim gold chain held the front and back together, and both could see a small gold cross dangling from the centre.

The girl did not look at them as she passed, but seemed to do a little bob or bow as she neared Mistress Claire, before hurrying on.

The two looked at each other in amazement, certain that this could not be the kind of uniform a strict school like St. Anne de Mons would approve. Even their old school mistresses would have had fits had either of them showed themselves in such a revealing outfit.

They passed another older woman dressed in black, seated at a desk, and paused before a large heavy wooden door. Mistress Claire knocked and waited. A moment later the door was opened by yet another woman in black, this one even sterner than the previous two.

She was tall and graceful, with black hair pulled back in a bun so tightly her face seemed to be strained. Yet despite that she seemed quite young, was it not for the coldness of her eyes and the tight clench of her jaw.

"Emily Black. Erin Black," Mistress Claire said, biting off the words.

The woman turned without a word and walked back into her office. Mistress Claire pushed them in after her and then followed, closing the door behind.

The office was spartan, and ordinary. The only thing, which caught their eyes, was a small saddle sitting atop a low post off to one side of the room.

Mistress Claire pushed them up to where a black line had been painted in the wooden floor before the desk and halted. The other woman took her seat behind the desk and regarded them balefully.

"I am Mistress Suzanne," she said in a soft, French accented voice. "I am headmistress here at St. Anne de Mons. I have been in contact with your grandmother and we have much discussed the difficulties she has had with the two of you. She has authorized me to take whatever remedies I feel most appropriate to persuade to the path of righteousness and away from that of wanton promiscuity."

She glared at them both, then gestured at their bags.

"I trust you followed the instructions which were given to you through your grandmother?"

Mistress Claire snatched their bags and placed them on a nearby table, then opened each and sifted quickly through them. The first thing she produced were a pair of pink string bikini panties from Erin's bag.

Mistress Suzanne's lips tightened.

"Apparently not."

"I didn't have any white underwear," Erin protested.

A moment later she yelped and staggered forward a pace at a slap to the back of the head.

"Silence!" Mistress Claire snapped.

"We do not merely expect obedience and excellence here," Mistress Suzanne said. "We demand it. And we do not accept excuses. Remove those dresses."

The two girls looked at her in surprise, then at each other.

"Now!" Mistress Claire hissed.

Swallowing nervously, the two unbuttoned and unzipped their dresses, then peeled them down and off to stand in place in their underwear.

Erin wore a pair of matching green bra and panties. Emily's were of blue stripes.

"But we didn't have any white -."

Emily's instinctive protest drew a slap to the back of her head and she yelped and went silent.

"Since you brought no undergarments which meet with the school's dress code you will wear none while here. Remove those filthy, sluttish things"

"Here?" Emily squealed, face already red.

"So. Modesty comes upon you late, does it, Miss Black? Do as you are ordered."

The twins hesitantly unfastened their bras, then, both trying to cover their breasts with one hand and arm, peeled their panties down, squatted, and slipped them off.

"Stand straight! Hands at your sides!" Mistress Claire ordered.

Hearts pounding, the two obeyed, stiffening in position side by side before the desk.

For a long moment Mistress Suzanne sat back, regarding them silently, eyes moving over their bodies.

"The Devil has cursed you both with flesh made to tempt men into sin and depravity."

She rose, turned and picked up a thin leather covered crop from the table behind her, then walked slowly around the desk.

"It is weak flesh," she said, tapping the crop in the palm of one hand. "The female body is wicked and soft."

She raised the crop and shocked Erin by poking it against the centre of her breast, letting the weight depress the soft contoured skin slightly.

"Hey!"

"Silence!" Mistress Claire snarled.

Mistress Suzanne glowered at the girl.

"The female is designed both to entice the male to sexual lechery, and to seduce her with salacious desire. It has numerous, very sensitive nerve endings in places where the male's body will bring her pleasure."

She slipped the crop between Erin's thighs, and then let it press up against her mons. Erin's eyes widened and she stiffened, but did not dare to move, even when the soft, flexible leather pushed up between the soft, podgy lips of her sex.

"You have acted in a particularly wanton manner," Mistress Suzanne said, stepping up right in front of the girl so she was inches away. "You were seen to be performing sinful acts upon three males at the same time."

Her hand sawed the switch slowly in and out, rubbing it between her labia and Erin let out a gasp. The leather was soft but uneven, with small ridges, which rode across her flesh.

"I have heard vile stories about sinful depravities before, but never has one eclipsed yours. To allow a boy to strip you naked in the middle of the schoolyard like that is simply shocking."

She pressed the switch up harder. The pressure was sharp, and Erin gasped, rising up onto the balls of her feet.

"I cannot believe any English girl raised by such a good and kindly woman would allow herself to be bent over in the middle of a schoolyard, completely naked, and pleasure a boy's penis with her mouth while another mounted her from the rear."

Emily could see nothing as she stood next to her sister. She did not dare turn her head, and noted only her sister's indrawn breath and stiffened posture. She blushed more darkly at Suzanne's words for they brought lewd thoughts to her own mind, and she was terribly worried that the mistresses would somehow sense the lewd visions which rolled behind her eyes.

"What were you thinking," Mistress Suzanne demanded, her voice silky, "As you placed your lips over the swollen head of his penis and drew him into your mouth? What were you thinking as you spread your legs and felt the second boy thrusting himself into you, felt their hands on your breasts, their hot breath on your body? Were you not thinking you were engaged in the Devil's work?"

She raised her fist, angling the cane downwards, letting the gleaming wood saw directly over the girl's clitoris.

"Or did you even care? Were you so consumed by lust and lechery that you gave yourself completely to them to do with what they wished?"

She stepped back, yanking the crop up and back with a quick motion of her hand, sending it hissing along Erin's tender flesh. The brown haired girl cried out and stumbled, only to be seized in the powerful grip of Mistress Claire.

She was turned and pushed towards the corner, where the saddle sat low on its pedestal, then a rough hand at the back of her neck bent her over firmly, so that her soft abdomen pressed into the tough leather and her upper body bent upside down on the other side.

Erin's face burned at so exposing herself to strangers, yet despite the embarrassment there was a nasty little thrill at knowing the two women were staring right at her upturned bottom, and at the small, neat little pussy thrust out between her thighs. She felt wicked and at the same time, darkly abused. She knew full well that Suzanne had more in mind than simple punishment. That woman definitely was hot for her.

That made her lower belly quiver and tremble. Although she loved the feel of a boy's strong body against her, and inside her, she had long wondered what it would be like with another girl. Had an opportunity presented itself or she dared the reputation as a queer, she would have done it with one of her girlfriends. Now here she was, all bent over and naked before the cruel, sleek older woman who was obviously queer for her!

She winced slightly, and examined the wood beneath the saddle. The pedestal on the opposite side seemed to protrude out a little more than the near side, and because Erin was bent well over her soft breasts was pushed firmly against it.

Erin was confused to find it covered in extremely rough material of some sort. A moment later she realized it was sandpaper, which had been stapled against the flat wood.

Those sadistic bitches!

She was amazed, and yet oddly aroused at the same time. The same strange, swirling confusion she had felt when Peter had demonstrated such forceful control of her began to rage within her body, and her breasts ached and throbbed against the sandpaper.

God! What a view they must have of me like this!

She was well bent over, her backside raised and vulnerable, and her pussy, she knew, I wonder if she'll touch me there.

The idea made her tremble lightly.

She gasped as her upper body shifted against the sandpaper. Her nipples were rigid and tingling, and as they brushed against the sandpaper they began to burn and ache.

"Do you know what I see, Mistress Claire?" she heard Suzanne say.

"What is that, Mistress Suzanne?"

"I see a cheap slattern who has assumed a position she relishes, with her bottom up and her sex presented for use."

Erin's face burned more deeply and her fingers clenched into fists.

"What a pity for her there are no males around to make use of her."

"If there were I have no doubt her legs would be spread further apart," Mistress Suzanne said.

Bitches!

And yet she found herself relishing the verbal abuse, almost wallowing in it.

Well, and wasn't Mistress Claire rather mannish? And wasn't there something strangely, darkly sexual about Mistress Suzanne?

She had never been switched, for it was banned in the schools she had attended, but though she was anxious, certain the pain would be terrible, and yet some part of her waited eagerly for the punishment she knew she well deserved.

"Do you think you deserve to be punished for your wicked behaviour, Erin Black?"

"Yes, Mistress," Erin whispered.

"Louder."

"Yes, mistress."

"And you, Emily Black," she heard Miss Suzanne demand. "Do you think your sister deserves to be punished?"

"I... yes, mistress," she heard Emily say in a helpless sort of voice.

"Why?"

Erin felt something, the crop, she quickly identified, caressing her inner thighs, moving slowly and tauntingly up and down between her legs, stopping just short of her throbbing mons. She inhaled sharply, her heart pounding.

"Why?"

"Well... well because what she did was... was -."

"Sluttish?"

"Yes, mistress," she heard Emily whisper.

"Your sister acted like the worst kind of common slattern. Is that not true?"

"Yes, mistress."

Erin listened, the blood rushing to her head now so that it throbbed.

You wish you dared act like me, Emmie.

"And you, Emily Black, have you ever knelt naked and placed your lips around a man's penis?"

"No, Mistress!"

Erin grinned, and fancied she could see the blush spread over her sister's pale face.

Erin's stomach tightened as she heard the crop slice back and forth through the air. It made a high, cutting sound, and Erin's buttocks flinched slightly.

"You are her sister, so you will chastise her."

"I... I don't understand," she heard Emily say.

"Take it. Now use it on her."

Erin's eyes blinked in confusion, and she inhaled deeply, realizing it would be Emily who would crop her. She was not at all sure what she thought about that. On the one hand she felt some relief, for Emily would certainly do her best to minimize her pain. And yet, a certain disappointment flowed through her, as well. She found she had been oddly looking forward to being beaten by Mistress Suzanne.

Emily was protesting, which surprised Erin not at all, but Mistress Suzanne was relentless, and her sister eventually gave in to avoid the threat of both being cropped herself.

Erin braced herself as she heard the cane whistle through the air. Then gasped as it landed across her buttocks. It stung, but the pain was certainly tolerable.

Yet with the pain she felt a small stab of excitement between her legs.

I can't believe I'm being cropped like this, naked in front of two nasty bull dykes!

"Harder," she heard Suzanne order. "Harder!"

The crop cut across her backside once more, and she winced, as the sting grew worse. Her toes wriggled and her breasts rubbed a little against the sandpaper.

"If you can't do better than that, Miss Black, I'll give her twice as many and then do you."

The crop whistled down again, harder still, and Erin gasped aloud at the sharp sting, and the burning, which followed. She pressed her lips tightly together, shifting her feet on the floor, and then the crop struck again, and then again. Each blow sent a sharp stinging pain through her bottom, and left a hot burning in its wake.

"Vile little slut," she heard Mistress Suzanne say. "We'll teach you not to spread your legs for any man who wants you."

The crop sliced down again, and again and again, and the sharpness of the stings seemed to grow worse as her bottom flared with greater and greater heat. Soon Erin was clenching her teeth tightly, whimpering and moaning at each new blow.

God, it hurts! It hurts!

Her body was writhing on the saddle, her breasts reddening as they rubbed lightly against the sandpaper. She pulled her arms over her chest, covering them to protect them, and then cried out at another blow, and another. Her eyes filled with tears, and she began to curse Emily in her mind for the pain she was causing.

Those filthy bitches!

She let out a broken sob, then another, tears spilling from her eyes now as the caning continued. Her entire rear was afire now, and each blow was like agony.

"Please!" she cried helplessly.

Crack!

"It huuurts! Ohhww! Pleease!"

Crack!

"Ohhhwww! I'm sorry!"

Crack!

"Ahhhggh!"

"No more!"

"You are far too tender with this whore," she heard.

There was a brief pause, then the crop hissed furiously and a savage blast of pain bit into Erin's flesh. Her body jerked violently as she screamed in pain, and she threw her hand back, trying to protect herself as she rose.

Yet Mistress Claire was already there, as if expecting such a move, and snatched at both her hands, yanking her back down. There was a thin strap set into the pedestal and she quickly wrapped it around first one wrists, then the other, forcing her to bend even harder, and pinning her helplessly in place even as the next blow slashed across her body and mind.

She cried out, her legs kicking and jerking as tears poured from her eyes. Another blow landed, and another and another, and each seemed to claw at her mind with razor sharp daggers of pain. Her bottom was now a raging volcano, hotter than she had ever imagined, and her body trembled and jerked and shook with sobs and pain as the beating continued.

And then - something happened.

The pain had reached its limit, the heat its height. Neither could grow, and as the cane continued to descend she felt a strange sense of relief, then euphoria. Her body had adapted itself somehow to the terrible heat, and she felt a strange sense of lightness. Her body continued to jerk to the blows, and she was aware of her breasts grinding and rolling against the sandpaper, aware of her sex gaping, aware of the heat throbbing through her bottom.

Yet it was all strangely numb, strangely hazy.

Can't hurt me, she thought dreamily. Nasty dykes, nasty old... dykes.

"Enough."

She hardly heard the word, and was only vaguely aware of Mistress Claire undoing the straps from around her wrists. She grunted slightly as a hand seized her thick, loose hair and lifted her upright by it, and then almost stumbled and fell as her legs gave way.

She saw Emily staring at her with a strangely pale face, and Suzanne, arrogant and smirking, crop in her hand.

She heard her speaking but the words had a strange echo. She felt herself marched forward by the other one, and forgot her name. She briefly forgot her own name as she was pushed against Emily. She felt her sister's shock as their breasts pushed together, and threw her arms around her for support, her legs going rubbery again.

Emily was strangely stiff and her hands reluctant as they moved around her and onto her back.

And yet her breasts felt so lovely and delicious against Erin's own. The sandpaper had turned them red, and made her nipples into hot little embers. Pushing them against the seemingly infinite softness of her sister's own breasts gave her a sense of immense luxury.

Then she was pulled back; again the hair, and a moment slipped later one of those strange green silk ponchos over her head. She looked down at it fuzzily and saw the woman fasten a chain around her narrow waist to hold the two halves together. Then a rough hand took her arm and led her out the door.

Chapter 3

Emily simply could not believe it when the crop was held out to her.

"But I couldn't!" she cried.

"You will or you will join her there at the table."

"But I - "

"If you share her immorality then you will share her punishment."

"But I didn't do anything with boys!"

"If you refuse to punish her then you are accepting her perversion. Thus you must be equally guilty."

Mistress Claire took her arm and led her over behind Erin, then to the side.

Emily's eyes were drawn to her sisters' soft bottom, and darted down to the small furred sex between her thighs. She was embarrassed for Erin, to be so exposed before strangers must be horribly humiliating.

Yet she could not push away a strange sense of admiration for her sister's beautiful body, and an odd tingling between her legs.

"She agrees she must be punished. Do not be weak and cowardly. Do as you are ordered. Else I shall inflict her punishment on her and then on you as well."

Emily was bewildered, yet was quite frightened at the thought of being cropped. She looked again at her sisters' backside, so well presented, and the sex snug below. A vision flashed through her mind of how Erin had acted in the schoolyard, how she had bent over in much the same manner. She could imagine that boy coming to her from behind, seeing her as she was now, his throbbing erection ready to thrust into that small, tight opening Erin was presenting.

She licked her lips nervously and swung the crop to and fro then reluctantly landed a light blow across the rounded surface of Erin's bottom. Erin jerked only slightly and a very thin pink line appeared across her white skin.

"You'd hit your puppy worse than that for urinating on the floor," Mistress Suzanne said harshly. "Punish her properly or join her."

Emily drew her arm back and swung the crop harder. It hissed as it cut through the air, and landed across her sister's flanks with a light crack of noise echoed a moment later by a small gasp from Erin.

The line was darker and thicker this time, but Emily hardly noticed. At the moment of impact she felt a strange sensation running up her arm from her hand. A sense of power and... Something more swept through her at the sight and feel of the crop striking Erin.

"Harder," Mistress Suzanne growled.

Emily drew in a shuddering breath, and then swung the crop down harder still. The sound was higher this time, and Erin groaned between her clenched teeth, her body jerking.

Stupid slut. You got us into this.

She swung the crop again, cracking it across Erin's bottom, fascinated by the feel of its impact and the sight of the red line it left behind. Again she swung, and again.

"Slowly. Measure each stroke," Mistress Suzanne ordered

Emily obeyed breathlessly. Her body seemed to be thrumming with an unearthly excitement. Her breasts wobbled as she swung the crop once more, and her nipples were rigid.

The crop slashed across Erin's bottom and the blonde girl let out a short cry, then another, then another as the crop continued to land. Emily moved up and down, from the tops of her sister's thighs to the top of her buttocks, and a thick series of criss-crossing red lines soon filled the whimpering girl's rounded backside.

Erin let out a broken sob of pain and began to cry as another blow landed. The sound struck Emily like a blow, and yet she could not fully understand the response she felt within herself. Certainly there was a deep sense of sympathy and sorrow at her sister's pain, and yet there was something else, as well, an almost gleeful satisfaction at forcing the girl's will to break, at conquering her.

She struck again and another cry broke through Erin's sobs, which grew in strength and volume. Another blow and yet another, and Erin was sobbing helplessly, and now begging her to stop. Emily was almost trembling with the turmoil of emotions within her, and turned to look at Mistress Suzanne for guidance.

"You are far too tender with this whore," the woman said.

She took the crop from Emily and moved into place behind the sobbing girl, then drew the crop back and swung it viciously. Erin screamed in pain as the cane cut across her backside with a savage blow. Her entire body jerked violently and then seemed to rebound up. Mistress Claire was ready for her, however, gripping the back of her head and neck and forcing her back down.

Mistress Suzanne sent the crop hissing through the air, so quickly it was a blur, and another howl of pain erupted from the now desperately thrashing young girl.

Mistress Claire caught at Erin's wrists and pinned them together in one of her large hands, then drew a black strap low on the pedestal and wrapped it around them before stepping back.

Emily watched, feeling appalled at the violence done her sister, desperately wanting to step in to halt it, and yet feeling as well a deep hunger to see her punished more deeply. Her thighs squeezed together as her pussy throbbed, and she gasped as the crop hissed down again and then again and then again.

Emily screamed and sobbed louder and louder, her hips rolling from side to side, her feet jerking and kicking, her bottom lurching up and down under the violent blows. And then as Mistress Suzanne continued her cries grew softer and her sobs became lighter. Now she merely grunted weakly as the crop landed, her body barely jerking. Mistress Suzanne halted and turned to Emily with a satisfied smile. "That is how you break a girl of her bad habits," she said tartly.

Erin's entire bottom was a sullen scarlet mesh of lines. It made Emily wince just to look, yet her stomach was fluttering wildly as Mistress Claire unstrapped her sister's wrists, then, making Emily gasp aloud at the cruelty, gripped Erin by her now loose, tangled hair, and yanked her head up and back to force her to her feet.

"Now you may hug your sister, Emily, for we want no hard feelings between the two of you due to your punishing her."

Mistress Claire, still gripping Erin by the hair, turned her bodily, like a rag doll, and pushed her against Emily.

Erin's face was red and wet with tears. Her eyes were half open, wet and puffy, and she was whimpering and sobbing weakly, her body trembling weakly. Emily gasped as she staggered forward at Mistress Claire's push, and fell into her arms. Their breasts pressed together as Erin grabbed her for support, and she put her arms around her sister uncertainly, holding her trembling body as the two women looked on.

Mistress Claire turned and walked to a cupboard, then returned with one of the small green dresses she had seen on the girl out in the hall. She placed it over Erin's head and it fell around her body, barely descending past her red buttocks. The woman slipped a chain belt around her, and then jerked her towards the door. Erin followed obediently, eyes glassy.

"Mistress Claire will see your sister to her room," Mistress Suzanne said. "You and I have something else to discuss."

Claire led Erin out the door, closing it behind her, and Emily turned nervously to see the other woman staring at her.

"And now we come to your punishment, Emily Black."

"Me, Mistress?" she gulped.

"You, Miss Black. For your grandmother told us of your incestuous contact with your sister."

Emily blushed darkly. "It wasn't... like that."

"It wasn't? Then she was not naked in your bed and your hand was not on her naked breast?"

"I, well, I mean, it was but... it was only for a moment and -."

"Are you going to lie to me, Emily Black?"

Mistress Suzanne stepped right up in front of her and glowered into her eyes.

"No, Mistress," she whispered.

"You enjoyed touching her breast, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, mistress," she admitted, shamed.

"I think your sister is likely to be a prostitute or some such thing when she is older. I believe it is too late to turn her from her path. She will spread her legs for any man who asks it of her, bend over and allow herself to be ridden by any man who looks in her direction, spread her legs for any man who smiles at her. Some girls are like that and I can see your sister is one of them."

"Oh I'm sure she's not! I mean, Erin isn't -."

"Be silent."

Emily snapped her lips together.

"You however, show more strength. Have you given yourself to a man yet?"

"No! I mean. No, Mistress."

"Yes, that is what I mean. You are a virgin."

"Yes, Mistress Suzanne," she said, blushing again.

"Bend over the saddle."

Heart pounding, Emily obeyed, blushing even more furiously as she positioned herself exactly as Erin had, knowing from her own very sharp and recent memory, how she looked, how lewdly exposed she was to the woman's gaze.

Mistress Suzanne moved around to the other side of the post and squatted low, then picked up the straps and wound them around Emily's wrists. Emily watched, heart pounding, frightened and yet growing more and more aroused.

Mistress Suzanne moved away and then out of her sight.

"How do you feel, Emily Black? How do you feel at this moment?"

Emily gasped as she felt a hand on her bottom.

"I-I... strange, Mistress," she panted.

"Are you embarrassed at having your bottom displayed so?"

"Y-yesss," Emily gulped.

"And your sex? Have you ever displayed your sex thusly to another person?"

The woman's fingers slid along her inner thighs and Emily gasped, her legs shifted helplessly apart.

"No, Mistress!"

She felt a hand on her ankle, felt her leg pulled wider. Then something she quickly identified as a strap similar to the one around her wrists was wrapped around her ankle, holding it apart. Moments later her other ankle was similarly bound open and her body was even more lewdly and helplessly displayed.

She gasped as Mistress Suzanne's hand slapped against her upraised bottom.

"Do you want to be cropped like your sister?"

"No, Mistress!"

"You don't think you have been bad?"

"No, mistress!"

The hand cracked against her rear again and she yelped in pain.

"Do you not think lusting after your own sister's naked flesh should draw punishment?" Suzanne's voice hissed.

"I... I.. but I wasn't -."

Another slap silenced her.

Then her eyes widened as two fingers gently parted her labia.

"You claim to be a virgin."

"Y-yes," she squeaked.

Her face burned as a long finger dipped into her opening, then began to wriggle deeper. Her face was scarlet and her body trembled with a strange mixture of hideous embarrassment and odd excitement.

"Oww!"

She cried out as a hand slapped across her bottom once more.

"Do you know what I detect here, Black?"

"No, mistress!"

The finger pulled out of her and then Mistress Suzanne moved around to the other side of the saddle. Emily cried out as the woman took her thick blonde hair in a careless grip, using it to raise her head up, then pushed a finger into her open mouth.

"Lick that. Taste it," the woman hissed.

Emily, bewildered, obeyed.

"It is nothing other than your sexual juices," Mistress Suzanne said sternly. "It is a demonstration that you are aroused, heavily aroused. And why is that, Black? Did you become aroused by cropping your poor dear sister's bottom?"

Shame coursed through her and Emily whimpered and closed her eyes as the woman rose and moved behind her once again..

She heard Mistress Suzanne laugh delicately, and then her hand stroked Emily's back lightly. It eased lower, sliding over the skin just below the small of her back, right at the cleft where her buttocks met, then moved slower still, caressing her soft skin until -

"Oh!"

Mistress Suzanne's open hand was now cupping her sex completely, sliding back and forth over it lightly.

OhmyGodOhmyGodOhmyGod!

Less experienced, less cynical and with her mind occupied with other things it had not occurred to her until just then that Mistress Suzanne's actions could be provoked by anything approaching lust or desire. Now as she felt the woman's long finger trace the line of her soft sexual opening, then gently insert itself between her pubic lips, her entire body was rocked by the shock, which coursed through her veins.

She felt ridiculous for not having sensed it earlier, but now, as her wrists pulled feebly against the straps and new shame swept over her, she felt her chest tighten and ache with the tension, which the woman was rousing within her.

"Do you want to feel a man's penis... here?"

She thrust her finger in sharply and Emily cried out in shock.

"Do you?"

"N-no, Mistress!"

"No? You are not like your sister, then?"

"N-No!" she gasped.

Mistress Suzanne came around to the other side of the saddle, and Emily let out a cry of pain as she felt her hair yanked, her head raised. She looked into the woman's eyes as Mistress Claire bent over before her.

"You are warm and wet at the thought of using your sister, aren't you?"

"N-no."

Suzanne twisted her hair, forcing her head back painfully.

"You lie to me, girl. I can smell your hunger for her. I saw it in your body when you were punishing her. You want to have her on her knees before you, her mouth in your sex."

"No, Mistress! I don't! Really I don't!"

She heard a strange, mechanical buzzing sound, and Mistress Suzanne released her hair and moved away.

"Yes?" she heard from across the room.

"Master Philips is here with those student assessments, Mistress Suzanne," she heard a tinny voice proclaim.

"Excellent, send him in."

I didn't hear that right. She couldn't had said...

The door opened and her heart threatened to explode as she heard a man's voice.

She pulled frantically at the straps holding her wrists down and her legs apart, but could not move at all.

Her eyes were enormous as she pulled her head up, trying desperately to see around the pedestal. Then she dropped her head, her face throbbing hotly as the man's voice grew nearer.

Ohmygod! I don't believe this is happening!

"Well, well, and who might this be?" she heard him ask.

Her stomach twisted and her chest trembled. Once again she recalled the view Erin had presented in this same position, knowing she was no different but for the blonde pubic hair in place of the soft reddish brown.

And now it was a man who gazed upon her most intimate parts, a man's body, which moved closer behind her.

"A new student."

"And is she being punished or rewarded?"

The man chuckled softly.

She felt another hand on her bottom, a much larger, rougher hand. It squeezed and kneaded her firm buttocks then slipped lower to fondle her sex. Her body stiffened and she felt a strange tingling sensation following the trail of his fingers.

"She still owns her virginity," Mistress Suzanne said primly.

"What a waste, lovely looking piece like this."

She felt the fingers slide down to stroke up and down the length of her slit, and her legs trembled as she tried instinctively to close them.

"Not every female body was made for men to pleasure themselves upon, Master Phillips."

"Perhaps not, Mistress Suzanne, but it is clear that the Lord wished the female body to arouse a man's desires when presented in this manner.

Emily yelped as his hand slapped against her bottom.

"And do you wish to mount her, Master Phillips, to sheath your male hardness inside her virgin body?"

"I most certainly do."

"Well, you cannot. Her virginity shall remain for the present."

Emily heard the buzzing of the intercom once again and the tinny voice speaking. Her head was throbbing so powerfully she could not make out the words, but she did hear Mistress Suzanne's angry curse, then words which made her lower belly quiver.

"I have to go and talk to this delivery person. I shall be back in a few minutes."

She heard the door close behind her and turned once again, trying to see behind her, to tell if the man had left as well.

He hadn't, and she gasped as she felt him squeeze her between the legs.

"And what is your name, girl?" he demanded in a brusque voice.

"E-E-Emily," she squeaked, mind spinning.

"Emily. And what filthy thing did you do to get sent here, Emily?" he asked.

His finger was trailing slowly up and down her slit, rasping particularly across that small exquisitely sensitive bump at the top - now the bottom. Emily continued to be gripped by shame, and it never occurred to her to complain about such familiar behaviour.

"I... it was my sister," she gasped.

"Your sister, hmmm?"

His finger was stroking softly against her clitoris now, softly, warmly and - wetly. Then she heard him shift positions and something else touched her there.

"Oh!"

"Like that, do you? What did your sister do?"

"I... she... that is... Ow!"

His hand slapped against her bottom.

"Speak up, girl."

"Sh-she had sex with three boys in the schoolyard!" she cried.

She sucked in a deep breath of air as she felt that wonderful wet, hot sensation again, and then another as she realized what it must be. She could see around the thick body of the pedestal to the extent that the side of his body was visible, and despite being upside down her vision was sufficient to tell her he was kneeling behind her.

It was his tongue moving against her!

And it felt splendid! It felt, in fact, more splendid than anything she had ever felt there. No touch from any boy, nor from herself had ever been so delicious, so intoxicatingly wonderful.

"Oh! Oh! D-Don't! P-please! Ohhhh!"

He chuckled throatily, and she felt something slipping inside her. It was a finger, she thought dazedly, moving from side to side, then up and down, circling around the first inch or so of her soft vaginal opening as his tongue -

She gasped as his lips closed around her throbbing, swollen clitoris, and he began to suck gently and rhythmically. Her entire body began to tremble and shake and her breasts began to grind and rub painfully against the sandpaper.

"Please! Please! Don't!" she begged breathlessly.

"But you like it," he said, entirely too reasonably.

He drew his mouth back slightly and blew puffs of air across her clitoris. Then his lips closed around it once more and he began to hum. Emily's clitoris started to vibrate, and a moment later her body was shaking in the same manner.

And then he stopped, and moved around to the other side of the pedestal. She gasped as his hand gripped her tangled hair and slowly lifted her head up and back so that she was facing forward.

His pants were undone and his penis was thrusting out at her angrily, the shaft bloated, and throbbing veins running along its length. The helmeted head was purplish with hunger and as she gasped at it he pushed forward and it drove into her mouth. She let out a startled squeal, but little sound emerged as he pushed the thing further.

"You know what you were made for, girl," he whispered. "You know your destiny. Suck on it like a good girl. That old witch wants you for herself, you know. She thinks you're a lesbian like her and wants you for a new toy. But we know better, don't we? We know you were made for worshipping this."

He rolled his hips slowly as he spoke, twisting and stirring his erection around inside her mouth. She winced as he tugged on her hair, and commanded her to suck once more.

But she had little thought of refusing. Her body was thrumming with sexual desire and need now, and she wanted nothing so much as for him to move behind her and plunge his thick cock deep into her belly.

But instead she closed her lips around the shaft and began to suck, her tongue sliding back and forth against the head as he pumped it slowly inside her. She felt a stinging in her scalp as she allowed him to hold her head aloft by the hair, but the stinging could not distract her from her need, and when one of his hands moved in between her breast and the sandpaper and gave it a powerful squeeze she groaned in bliss.

She had never even imagined doing such things with a man this age, and would have rejected the thought out of hand. Now she felt lewd and sensual as she worked her lips around the thick cock, slurping wetly as it moved back and forth between her lips. His hand was kneading her breast, his fingers pinching and rolling her nipple, and she moaned around the shaft, her bottom instinctively thrusting back hungrily.

"You want it, don't you, my girl? You want this inside your."

Emily moaned in response.

"But we can't have that cherry out yet for the old witch would have kittens."

He withdrew and she gasped and panted as he dropped her head and moved behind her. She moaned again as his fingers probed at her sex, then gasped as a slick finger pushed against her rectum.

Her bent over position, with her legs wide, had softened her sphincter muscles, and as his fingers massaged them she felt her opening loosen still further.

"What a lovely bottom, you have," he said. "It's almost perfect, like an artist would draw one. It's so round and soft and white."

He was stroking her clitoris as he rubbed slipped a finger into her bottom, and she whimpered and jerked in shocked confusion. A part of her felt like bursting into tears, while another part felt like begging him to rape her.

She felt his finger pushing deeper into her rectum, probing from side to side, pumping slowly in and out. Then it pulled back and something larger and thicker - and softer - pushed against her.

"Ow!"

His hand slapped against her bottom as he thrust forward.

"Relax your muscles," he ordered.

The head of his cock was already inside her. She was stunned, unable to think as he pushed deeper. Another slap against her bottom drew a cry of pain, and once more he thrust forward as she was distracted.

"Good solid arse. Very tight and warm and snug. Built for men to use," he murmured.

He slapped her behind again and thrust forward, and she felt his thickness pushing deep into her belly.

"Oh God!" she groaned.

"God wants this. It's why he created us the way we were, base sluttish animals."

She felt a cramp deep inside her as he pushed deeper still. She felt terribly full, and her mind was mesmerized by the feeling of something moving inside her. She grunted as he forced himself deeper still, and then as his hands moved down her back, massaging her shoulders, then slid around her chest to cup and fondle her breasts.

"Nasty little girl," he growled.

"Oh!"

He thrust forward sharply and now she felt the material of his trousers against her bottom, felt his abdomen pressing in quite firmly, and knew he had driven the whole long length of himself down into her rectum.

She felt another disoriented sense of unreality, hardly able to credit, much less understand what was happening to her. His thick cock was fully inside her bottom and he was grinding his hips against her, making satisfied sounds as his fingers massaged her breasts.

He began to pump himself slowly, his hands shifting, one going beneath him to stroke against her clitoris. But soon she could feel the weight of his hips as they struck her helplessly displayed backside, and the pedestal began to vibrate in time to his thrusts as he drove himself harder and harder against her.

She could feel his manhood plunging back and forth within her anal sheath, could feel its every move through the length of her soft, elastic tube, and as he continued to finger her clitoris felt a sense of carnal desire grow. Each hard thrust jarred her body and brought a groan to her lips as pleasure boiled through her mind and body, and her breasts began to ache as they rubbed against the sandpaper with greater strength.

And through it all she felt a sense of wonder and disbelief that she could be bound naked across a saddle as she was, while a man she had never met sodomised her.

She came with a breathless and explosive groan of pure ecstasy, her head thrashing weakly as the man continued to thrust heavily into her bottom. The climax was more intense than any she had ever experienced, and her upper body jerked and flopped as convulsions swept through her. She could feel the muscles of her rectum spasming and jerking as they squeezed against his plunging manhood, yet he fought through them, his cock thrusting strongly, his hips crushing her buttocks repeatedly.

Then she heard his own groan, as if from a great distance, and his pumping slowed and stopped. She felt him softening inside her, and then withdrawing.

But she cared little. She hung, draped over the saddle, exhausted in both body and mind

Chapter 4

Erin recovered from her cruel cropping very quickly after they left the office. Yet she was left in a state of shock, her bottom aching fiercely. Stranger still, as they walked along the hall, was being virtually naked out in a public hallway. She gazed down anxiously at the strange little dress she had been given, all too aware of how short and thin it was. She could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through the pale silk, and reaching down to tug on the hem did little but remind her of how loose it was about her upper thighs.

Worse still was how open it was at the sides. Her breasts thrust out strongly against the chest, which seemed slightly too small, and were completely bare from the sides. Likewise, each time her legs pushed forward anyone they passed could fairly easily catch glimpses of what lay beneath the little skirt.

It was alarming, embarrassing, and yet strangely arousing, as well.

"I-is this a slip of some kind?" she panted.

"That is your school uniform. And you will be punished for speaking without permission."

Erin bit her lip, her backside throbbing alarmingly.

And yet, she could not keep herself quiet.

"But it's so revealing!" she exclaimed.

"And a girl like you complains about this?" Mistress Claire sniffed disdainfully. "Was it not you who allowed herself to be stripped naked in the middle of her school yard and then was used by anyone who happened by?"

There was no way she could have explained the arousal and lust which had affected her judgement then, nor the power of Peter's will and body as he had prevented her from pulling away. So Erin kept silent, confused and disturbed by the strangeness of the place she found herself. She wondered how Emily would cope with a perpetual state of near nudity, and what her grandmother would think if she saw.

"Up these stairs."

The staircase was narrow, and as Erin preceded the woman she felt her embarrassment deepen, knowing the woman could see everything as she came up behind her. Of course, she had already seen everything, which was a comfort of sorts.

The next floor was dim, but as richly panelled and carpeted as the first. The carpet here was brown, and the lighting was subdued, coming from candelabras thrusting out from the walls. A long row of doors faced them, and Mistress Claire urged her down the line until halting her before number twenty-seven.

She opened the door then and pushed Erin forward.

It was a small room, with two single beds. Both were old fashioned, with tall wooden posts at each corner. There was a pair of desks in the centre of the room, before two narrow windows. Behind them, bracketing the door, were a pair of dressers.

Claire closed the door behind them, and then turned her around roughly.

"Take that off and bend over the foot of the bed," she ordered, drawing a folded strap from her pocket and letting it dangle freely.

Erin's bottom burned alarmingly.

"Please," she gasped. "I'm sorry I spoke out of turn!"

"Are you?" Claire asked condescendingly.

"Yes, I am! Please don't crop me again!"

"The punishment for speaking out of turn is a strapping, not a cropping. Consider yourself lucky."

"But my bottom is already beaten raw!" she exclaimed desperately.

The woman unfastened the chain and then tugged the little dress up and off. Erin felt twin waves of embarrassment and... Again that odd sense of wicked excitement as she was once more exposed before her.

"We need not strap your bottom," Mistress Claire said.

Erin stared at her in confusion, for what other parts of a girl could be strapped?

Mistress Claire turned her roughly and pushed her against the foot of one of the beds, then turned and opened the dresser there. She took from it a pair of thick leather straps. Each had a small clip at one end, and Erin frowned in confusion as the woman reached above her and clipped each strap to a small ring set into the bedposts. With the straps now dangling from the posts she raised Erin's right arm and wound one of the straps around her wrist.

Erin's jaw dropped and she could only stare, her head spinning, as her other wrist was lifted up and out in the other direction, then strapped in place.

What kind of a place is this?

A moment later her hair was tugged back, and as her mouth opened to cry out she felt something thick and spongy pushed between her teeth. She blinked in shock, unable to close her mouth, the thick something jamming her tongue down and back, filling her mouth. A strap attached to it went around her head and fastened behind.

"We do not want you disturbing the other girls," Mistress Claire said casually.

She stepped back then, and Erin stared up at one wrist, then the other, tugging in wonder at her bound wrists.

"You will have to learn a more respectful attitude towards your betters," Mistress Claire said.

The strap whirled and struck the centre of Erin's back. Erin cried out in shock, her upper body jerking forward from the blow then held back by the pull of her wrists. Her back ached and stung, and she gaped at the wall across from her even as another blow landed.

The strap landed across her lower back and she cried out, her back arching, her head thrown back as she jerked against the straps.

She felt a nearly mindless response to the blows, to her bondage, to the nudity and strange, dark sexuality, which had been gripping her since Mistress Suzanne had ordered her to remove her clothing. It was a raw, animalistic lust, a thing that spiralled upwards at dizzying speeds, and took control of her body, sheathing it in a desire so deep and a yearning so vast nothing else could penetrate.

The strap cracked across her upper back once more, and she let herself be flung forward, her head lolling back as her entire body crackled with sexual electricity. Her legs wobbled and sagged, and the straps cut painfully into her wrists.

The strap sliced across her back again, and she whimpered helplessly, her abdomen rubbing against the crossbar of the bed. Her breasts shook and wobbled, her nipples aching in their stiffness.

The strap landed again, and her head was flung backwards, her back arching, breasts thrusting out as she hung by the wrists.

There was a pause, and then she felt her Mistress Claire's body pressing against her.

"Dirty little animal," she hissed. "Dirty little trollop! I know what you want. Do you think I don't? Do you think I can't see it?"

Mistress Claire's hands rose to cup her breasts, squeezing cruelly. Tears filled Erin's eyes as she cried out in pain, yet the pain was outdistanced by a vast sense of emptiness between her legs.

"Open your legs, slut. Open them wide! Yes! I know that's what you want!"

Erin moaned, nearly insensible with a dark, twisted need she had never experienced, and her eyes saw the woman's hand reach down, clutching something thick and long. It looked like a penis, and then she realized it was as Mistress Claire pushed it against her pussy and began to work it up inside.

"Yes! Does that feel good whore? Is that what you need inside you?" she spat.

And it did, and it was, and she arched her back, hissing at the pain as the woman shoved the thick intruding toy deep into her pussy. It ached, and then ached more deeply as the woman put her hand on the base, shoving harder, insisting on jamming every last inch up into the girl's spasming body.

She pulled herself back and once again the strap lashed against Erin's back. Her body twisted and contorted, her hips jerking and rolling. The blows fell faster, and her hips ground against the bar, jamming her pelvis forward to jar the dildo inside her.

She screamed as she climaxed, her body jerking violently against the straps, her head back, every muscle screaming and spasming as Mistress Claire continued to strap her now aching back.

The climax left her nearly unconscious, and hanging from her wrists.

The strapping stopped, and she felt Mistress Claire's hand on her bottom.

"This will help you heal," she said in an oddly prim voice.

Erin could feel a slickness being spread over her aching buttocks, a slippery something, which smelled faintly medicine. She fumbled her legs underneath her, taking the pressure off her wrists, and moaned, eyes slitted as she leaned forward against the cross post. Then the straps around her wrists were removed.

She fell forward across the bed cross post, groaning, and Mistress Claire continued to slide her hands over her buttocks. The cream, or whatever she spread, was cool and soothing, and it did not occur to Erin to protest, not even when the woman's hands began to slide in between her legs, and along her inner thighs, the backs of her knuckles grinding against Erin's soft, very moist pussy.

"Now doubt your breasts are sore, as well," the woman said softly.

Her hands moved down along Erin's chests, then beneath to knead her breasts and work the soft, cool cream into them. Both breasts were scraped and sore from the sandpaper they had been rubbing against, and the soothing cream made them fairly glow with relief. She felt the woman's fingers stroking especially carefully over her erect nipples, and a new throbbing began between her legs.

"Does that feel nice?" Claire whispered in a soft, cooing voice.

Erin groaned weakly in response.

"Nasty little girls," she whispered, "so cheap and slutty. Anyone can use you, can't they? You'll spread your legs and open your mouth to anyone who wants you."

Erin felt her arms drawn back and one of the straps wrapped around them to bind them together. Then she was lifted by the hair, pulled back from across the post. In her weakened state she sank immediately to her knees, and as she turned she saw Mistress Claire had removed her robe and was as nude as she.

The woman had a thin but strong body, with small high breasts. She had no hair between her legs, and Erin blinked in confusion as she saw the woman's sex inches from her nose.

"You know what you must do, slut," Claire whispered excitedly.

But I don't know how!

Mistress Claire had Erin's hair bunched together in her hand and pulled forward until the teenager's face was jammed in between her legs.

Erin scented her excitement, and felt the moisture on her mouth as her face was pressed into the woman's sex. She moaned weakly, then at a tug on her hair and a curt command, began to lick. She felt tightness in her chest, a shocked, wicked sort of delight at what she was doing, even as embarrassment, pain and confusion swirled through her mind. She ran her tongue up and down the woman's slit, driving it deeper with each pass.

"My clitoris, slut. Lick it," Mistress Claire growled in excitement.

A little shiver ran through her, and she wondered why she was not outraged, why she instead jammed her tongue up higher, lapping against her clitoris.

The throbbing between her legs grew as her thighs closed against the base of the dildo, and she ground her pelvis instinctively.

She felt the side of one heel graze the base of the dildo, and grunted in pleasure. She manoeuvred her bottom slightly so that the base came down against her heel, and she was able to jab at it rhythmically as Mistress Claire groaned and rubbed her pussy against her face.

"Yessss," the woman hissed. "Filthy little whore! You will serve anyone that wants you, won't you? Slut!"

Erin wanted to snarl in denial. And at the same time wanted to cry her obedience. Her wrists pulled sharply against the straps binding them and she jerked her head just to feel the pain in her scalp as the woman forced her mouth back.

My God! What's happening to me?

She let out a sharp cry as she pushed back too hard against her heel, and the dildo ground against her cervix.

Claire tugged at her hair, guiding her in her efforts, and, body throbbing and head spinning, she did her best to please the woman. She felt a sharp little burst of satisfaction as the woman came, as she shuddered and moaned and jammed Erin's face in against her with even more strength, smothering her in her hot, steaming pussy.

"I'm so sorry we were interrupted, dear."

Emily gasped as she felt the woman's cool hand sliding across her raised bottom, felt it sliding down along the cleft between her buttocks and stroking across her soft sex.

"You will find we are a - different sort of school than that which you are used to."

Her fingers stroked gently back and forth over Emily's clitoris and the girl shuddered, eyes wild as she stared at the woman's legs behind the saddle.

"Perhaps I will use you like a cock girl, like your sister, hmm?"

She slapped Emily's bottom and then laughed. Emily saw the woman's dress drop to her ankles, and a crackling shockwave of sexual electricity moved over her skin as she watched her step out of it and then move around the saddle. She cried out as the woman yanked her hair and forced her head up again, and stared into her naked sex.

"Show me what you would like to do to your sister, Black," Suzanne ordered, spreading her legs and pushing her groin into her face.

"P-Please!" Emily gasped.

"Lick me, little one. Please me so that I will not need to crop you as I did your sluttish sister."

She was grinding Emily's face into her moist, warm sex. Emily could feel the slickness on her lips and chin and cheeks now, and cried out as her hair was pulled more harshly.

"Lick," Suzanne growled.

She pushed her pink tongue out slowly, and Suzanne rolled her hips to let her sex slide up and down against it.

"Harder, bitch."

She began to lick, feeling a sense of shock and shame swirling inside her. At the same time she felt a strange, dark heat as the woman's sexual juices seeped into her mouth.

Emily groaned as Mistress Suzanne twisted her hair and jammed her sex in harder.

"Yesss. Sweet child. Naughty child. Lick meeee," the woman moaned.

Her neck ached almost as much as her scalp as the woman held her head up and back, then her buttocks burned hotter still as Suzanne slapped her already very red bottom to urge her on to greater heights.

"Ahh, yes, like that. Lick me, little one. Show me how you love me."

The man, his name already forgotten, had finished with her and left a minute or so before Mistress Suzanne had returned. Evidently she had no idea Emily had been sodomised, nor that she had been forced to please the man with her mouth in precisely the same manner and position as she was now engaged with Mistress Suzanne.

Emily was wildly confused about why she was being subjected to this type of sexual assault, but even more bewildered about why she was responding in the way she was. Every time she recalled being sodomised, or considered her helpless and lewd position another hot little stab of lust burned through her groin.

"Gooood giiriirl," Mistress Suzanne groaned. "Gooood giiriirl."

She continued to do her best, remembering some of the ways the master had pleased her, and soon Suzanne was groaning and climaxing against her.

The woman dropped her long skirt then and untied the blonde girl, helping her stand and holding her steady as she threw off the dizzying effects of her long upside down position.

"I knew when I saw you were not the whore your sister is," Suzanne said, smiling. "You will not need the same discipline as she."

She kissed Emily on the forehead, and then guided the nude girl across the room to a low sofa, sitting beside her.

"Here we do our best to reform those foolish girls who are prisoners of their soft bodies," she said. "We force them to discipline their minds against their body's weakness so that they will not spend the remainder of their days as a sexual plaything for men."

Her hand slipped between Emily's thighs and the blonde gasped in response.

"You should remove this," she said, tugging on her pubic hair. "It will keep you cleaner, you know."

She thrust two fingers into Emily's wet pussy, caressing her hymen, then began to stroke her thumb across her clitoris until the girl was trembling and moaning softly. Then she drew back.

"You have not dirtied yourself by letting a man put his filthy organ inside you. The sanctity of your body is unmarred. Tonight we will honour that sanctity."

"W-we will?" Emily gulped.

"Yes. Have no fear. It will be a lovely time. We'll show you how pure women can dominate the slutish females who give themselves to men, how we control and use them to make our lives more pleasant. Perhaps we will even have your sister there. Would you like that?"

"I-I don't know."

"Still shy, little one? Or are you afraid your sister will condemn you for your freedom and strength? We can deal with her. Have no fear."

"Tonight, you will come to us and we will enjoy each other while you learn things about the world of women you never imagined."

She stood up and then lifted Emily to her feet. She smiled and kissed her cheek, then reached behind her hand handed her one of the tiny silk poncho type garments.

"Put it on. It flatters the female form."

Emily did not dare argue as she slipped the thing over her head and let it fall about her. Suzanne clipped the chain tightly about her waist and then slipped her hand beneath and squeezed her bare pussy.

"B-but must I walk about like this?" she asked helplessly.

"Yes. You demonstrate your power and beauty. But no man will touch you without my permission. Your purity will not be tainted."

Emily was sure once again that the woman knew nothing of how she had been anal violated. Nor was she tempted to tell her. The woman seemed to value her lack of male contact, and she thought that had saved her from the kind of beating poor Erin had endured. If she found out she had climaxed while a man thrust his dirty cock into her bottom she would no doubt look upon Emily with contempt.

The woman showed her to the door, and pointed the way to her room, then smiled and closed the office behind her. Emily, alone in the hall, felt a wave of embarrassment and anxiety at her state of near nudity. Yet mixed with it was a thrilling little sexual heat. She was exposing herself, and yet could not be held to any guilt for it. For it was neither her choice, nor could she cover herself in any way. And all who saw her would know this.

She walked carefully down the hall, bare feet sinking into the deep carpeting, and tried to reconcile the strangeness, the bizarre nature of this school. On the outside it had given every appearance of a stern and repressive establishment. And indeed, from the strict behaviour of the women she had met it was one. Yet at the same time it was a place of unrestrained sexual indulgence, at least for the staff.

That nonsense about the brief little slip dress demonstrating her power was something only a fool would believe. The outfit was clearly designed to reveal the body of its wearer to anyone watching. And she was certain it was not the students who desired this.

She passed another girl in the hall, a slim young blonde. Emily blushed, yet to her surprise, the girl blushed slightly, as well, and bowed her head as she passed. She wondered if she were new, as well.

She climbed the stairs and looked at the numbers on the doors, heading for the one Mistress Suzanne had given her. Before she reached it, however, another of the doors opened and another girl came out. She was tall, and had quite short red hair, which was swept, back over her ears. Like Emily she wore one of the brief slip dresses.

"Hullo," she said, leaning back against the doorframe.

"Uhm, hi. I'm Emily."

The girl nodded, her eyes moving down Emily's body in a way which made the blonde girl's sex tingle.

"The other new girl, huh?"

Emily nodded.

"I'm Brianna. Good to see another fem on this floor. I'm run ragged with all these bitches."

Emily looked at her in confusion, and then both were distracted by a moan from behind the girl.

"Shut up, you cow, or I'll give you something to whine about," Brianna said over her shoulder.

Emily bit her lip at the sight of the other occupant of the room. She was a big-breasted girl on her knees facing one of the bedposts. Her arms were bound together behind her back, pulled so far back her elbows were actually touching. Her ankles had been pulled up and strapped against her thighs so that she must perch precariously on her knees alone. A line of some type ran between her breasts, going around the post so that she could not sit back, and her mouth was wide and wrapped around an object of some sort, which stuck out from the post. A strap went around her head to keep it in place, and her eyes rolled as her pale body trembled.

Brianna snorted in amusement and led Emily inside, then flopped down on the bed on her belly, her face a few inches from that of the other girl.

"This is dog, my roommate," she said. "Dog, say hello to Miss Emily."

The girl moaned.

Emily felt another stirring at her groin as she examined the girl. She saw that the chain which ran around the post was clipped to a pair of rings set into the girl's fat nipples, and then noticed another between her legs. A round metal ball dangled from it on a chain.

"I'm doing my best to teach this whore the errors of her ways," Brianna said lazily. "But she persists in her bad habits."

She reached forward and tugged on the chain, and the girl moaned and lurched forward, producing laughter in Brianna.

"Such a weakling," she said, grinning up at Emily. "It embarrasses me that people call bitches like these girls at all."

"How uhm, long has she been like that?"

"What? A whore? Oh, you mean in this particular position. Only an hour or two. I had some homework to do and I wanted her quiet. I could have taken her downstairs to the punishment room but didn't want to be bothered."

Emily nodded dumbly.

"Seen your roommate yet?"

"Uhhh..."

"Claire brought her up. Cute looking brunette. Nice big tits on her. Claire always did like the girls with the big titties. Isn't that right, Dog?"

She gave one of the girl's breasts a hard squeeze.

"Pity, but you'll probably get no use out of her the rest of the day. She looked like she'd been used pretty hard. And then Claire had her fun with her afterwards. But no fear, as I said, there are only a few of us fems on this floor. You can use any bitch that catches your fancy."

Her head turned sharply towards the door and an attractive looking blonde glowered back.

"Brianna, what the hell are you doing with your door open?" she demanded.

"Nobody's about," Brianna said sulkily.

The other girl walked in and scowled at "dog".

"How long have you had Hollins like that?"

"Just a few minutes," Brianna said casually.

The blonde examined the bound girl, who was sweating, pale and trembling.

"You lying slut. I've told you before to watch how long you keep them in extreme positions. Now untie her. Or do I have to go to Mistress Suzanne?"

"You're such a wet blanket, Vicky."

The blonde glared, hands on hips, and Brianna sighed and slipped off the bed, unstrapping the girl's ankles and letting her feet fall to the floor, then undoing the chain between her nipples.

The blonde looked at Emily and nodded towards the door.

"You come with me," she said.

Emily got up and followed her uncertainly and Vicky closed the door behind them and let her up the hall.

"Sister asked me to have a word with you," she said.

"Sister?"

Vicky smiled and shrugged. "Mistress Suzanne then. Some of us call her sister because she was a nun. According to her she quit but most of us figure she was thrown out."

She led Emily into another room and closed the door behind them.

She was a plain looking girl in many ways, but her face, all sharp angles, with a very sharp jaw, looked handsome in an odd sort of way. There was a great deal of character in her face, and the intelligent brown eyes.

"You're Black. Suzanne told me about you and your sister and asked me to clue you in."

"Uhm, oh?"

Vicky nodded.

"I'm Victoria, by the way. I'm sort of head girl of St. Anne's. I'm also the leader of the fems."

Emily nodded as though she knew what that meant and Victoria smirked and sat on the edge of one of the beds.

"Let me explain the situation to you. St. Anne's has always had a sort of quiet reputation for having a lot of lesbians. But that's really grown since Sis... I mean, Suzanne and her friends took the place over. Not that the reputation is very widespread even now, or spoken of as more than rumours and whispers out beyond the walls."

She shrugged and sat back against the headboard, casually drawing one of her feet up onto the bed. In doing so she exposed her entire groin, including a smoothly shaven mons, but seemed not to either notice or care.

"Thing is, for most of the girls who go here this is a normal enough boarding school except for the strict discipline and the stupid revealing dresses. Dresses," she snorted. "You can hardly even call them that. Anyway, a lot of girls' schools have rumours about some of the girls doing things with each other and with the mistresses, after all. And we want to keep it that way. Idiots like Perling... that's Brianna... like to show off, though, and make things too obvious. Especially the leather aspect."

"Leather?"

"Whips, chains, torture." She grinned. "Chicks with whips, you know? Anyway, Sister and her friends are deeply into that sort of thing, and it's spread to most of us fems. But just because the mistresses and we have an agreement does not mean you can get away with murder. You don't just pick out some poor girl, drag her off to the dungeon and string her up by her thumbs."

"Of course not," Emily said, trying to keep the wonder out of her voice.

"We just keep our eyes open, is all, for girls who are... susceptible to persuasion." She grinned evilly. "Girls with the right outlook who can be seduced to the dark side, so to speak. Girls who are so slutty and controlled by their pussies they're like bitches in heat, ready to take on anyone and anything when you get them ready. And they're almost always ready," she grinned.

"Of course, there's also the others, the ones too weak and feeble to decide for themselves, or to resist when a stronger girl decides to instruct them in how things ought to be done."

"Like, uhm, Hollins?"

"Precisely," Victoria said with a smile. "The girl is hopeless, a spineless little ninny who'll never be more than someone's good little showpiece wife some day. All she's destined for is to sit at some wealthy man's side and look pretty, maybe pop out a few babies occasionally, and otherwise keep out of the way and occupy her time gardening or with charity work. She was a virgin when Brianna found her and completely innocent about sex. She's from one of those fanatically religious catholic families so you know they never told her anything. And you know she's not about to go running to mummy and tell her how she's spent her term licking pussy."

She chuckled in amusement and shook her head.

"Anyway, that's sort of what we do. We find girls like her, or like your sister, and we sort of initiate them. We guide them in the right direction, and when we've got them well on the line we give her over to the Mistresses to play with. In exchange, they see to it no disciplinary action is taken against any of us when one or another girl complains about bullying or such, and, of course, they're always on the lookout to recruit more girls like you... or your sister."

"Yes, like uhm, Erin."

Victoria laughed. "A right little slut, she is. Don't get the idea most girls get that kind of introduction to things here. You and your sis were special in that you both meet our requirements exactly. I mean, she's a total scag who'll do anything that moves, and you're a fem like us."

Emily nodded quickly.

"And it's not like either of you was likely to run screaming to your family to complain. Not with a granny who calls you both sluts and incestuous fornicators." She grinned again, and then peered more closely at Emily.

"You really have the hots for your sister?"

Emily blushed and stuttered out a denial but Victoria simply waved her hand and shook her head dismissively. "Oh don't worry. We don't make judgements here about other fems' kinks. And I understand she's a real looker. It would be natural enough for a fem to want to control someone like that so she's guided in the right direction. We'll get her round to our way of thinking soon enough, never fear."

"Anyway, don't take Brianna as your model. We'll look round at the girls later and I'll give you a few heads up about some of the ones we suspect might be vulnerable. But you take things slowly, you know, hinting, then draw the little lovely in, and only afterwards start in on the leather and spankings and such."

Emily nodded wordlessly, her head spinning.

Victoria swept her fingers through her hair and grinned. "This is a lovely place for us. Most of us fems are very easy going about sex. You want to get between a girl's legs just ask and she'll likely agree. I for one wouldn't mind getting a taste of that furry little box I see between your legs."

Emily blushed and closed her legs, which drew laughter from the other girl.

"You'll want to shave that off, though. That's one of the ways we recognize each other, one of the ways we show what we are without actually stating it openly. Besides, nothing feels better than bare skin against bare skin."

She slid a hand up under the brief garment and gave Emily's groin a squeeze.

"Now you should go to your room and see to your sister. Say the right things if she complains about anything. You know, it's for her own good. She needs discipline. There'd be no point telling granny. That sort of thing. There's always a jar of Noval in the dresser. Have her spread it on her skin... or better yet, offer to do it yourself."

She grinned and led Emily to the door, giving her bare bottom a squeeze.

"Just remember, be discrete about your pursuit of other girls. But don't be so timid you ignore the possibilities. There are a lot more weaklings and sluts here than you'd find almost anywhere else. Suzanne does her best to see to that."

Chapter 5

Erin looked up quickly as the door opened, then laid her head back again. She was still naked and laying face down on her bed, with her pillow under her belly to ease the pressure on her aching breasts.

"Did you get cropped, as well?" she asked.

"Well, no, not really."

"Shit."

"Your bottom still terribly sore?"

"Are you kidding? It'll be sore for hours."

"They're very... strict," she said, sitting on the other bed.

"They're bloody strange is what they are. What kind of uniforms are these anyway? We'd get arrested for indecency if we tried to walk about outside with them."

"That is strange."

"I thought we'd be in uniforms like the mistresses wear, big ugly and thick, hiding every bit of flesh possible."

"Well... perhaps they work on a different principle."

Erin turned her head sceptically.

"Uhm, I mean, if you're virtually naked all the time then I suppose you'd come to find it routine and, and not exciting, you see."

"Bloody silly idea."

"Your back is red."

Erin started, and then laid her head down again. "I uhm, yes."

"I don't remember her hitting your back at all. I certainly didn't hit it."

"Thanks for caning me, by the way," Erin said sarcastically.

"Well for heavens sakes it's not like I had a choice. And you saw what happened when Mistress Suzanne took over. Do you think it would have gone any easier on you if I'd refused?"

"Still," Erin said mulishly.

"I didn't hit you half so hard as Suzanne. And you didn't say about your back."

"Bloody Claire strapped me."

"Strapped you?"

"Yes." Her head was on the bed and she did not look at Emily.

"Why? How?" She felt that dark stirring between her legs once more.

"Here, because I spoke out of turn. She... well, she strapped my wrists to the posts and then practically whipped me."

Erin's voice was strangely ragged, but Emily did not notice. She felt a tremendous flush of heat moving up her body at the notion, her eyes going to the bottom of the bed as if she could see her sister standing there, wrists bound as she was whipped. Whipped!

She felt her heart pound at the outrageousness of such a punishment, and one part of her felt a deep sense of sympathy for her sister. Yet another part wished wholeheartedly she had been present to witness the whipping, and this both troubled and aroused her.

"You poor thing!" she exclaimed.

She moved over and sat on the edge of Erin's bed, her eyes moving from the dark, ugly welts across her sister's bottom to the pinkness of her back. There was a jar on the bedside table and she picked it up. It was called Noval, and claimed to be a balm for relieving pain and promoting healing.

"Have you uhm, used this?" she asked.

Erin seemed to jerk in response, and then nodded hesitantly. "On my uhm, bottom."

"You should use some on your back," Emily said, opening the jar.

"My back hardly hurts compared to my bum."

"Even so."

She spread some gently across her sister's back, feeling her fingers tremble slightly as a wave of excitement swept over her. The balm was slick and warm to the touch, and spread smoothly across Erin's soft pale skin.

She scooped out more from the jar, spreading it with both hands, her fingers lightly caressing her sister's back, sliding downwards from her shoulders to her lower back.

"Poor thing," she whispered. "You looked so... helpless there in the office."

Erin murmured a reply.

"All naked, bent right over like that. It's a good thing your Peter wasn't in the room. I can imagine what he would've thought."

"He'd have done me, is what he'd have done," Erin grunted.

"Yes, well, you were rather well positioned for it, weren't you?"

Her hands coasted along the upper edges of Erin's buttocks, daringly slipping slightly lower, rubbing the smooth spot at the top of her cleft, then sliding her hands slowly up together, fingers curving along Erin's sides.

"I think that Suzanne is a dyke."

"Yes, I think so too, and Claire."

"Definitely Claire," Erin whispered.

"Was it strange to know that as they stared at you from behind?"

"Y-yes."

"They probably hated that you did that with boys because they wanted you to do it with them," Emily said softly, hands coasting back down her sister's back.

"Yes," Erin whispered.

"You know, after you left Suzanne put me across the saddle, too, just to show me what I had best avoid, I suppose."

"Just so she could look at you like that," Erin said.

"While I was strapped down a man came into the room."

Erin raised her head briefly, turning to stare at her.

"While you were naked?"

"Worse than naked. Not only was I strapped down across it but my ankles were bound wide open."

Erin's face flushed strangely.

"What did he do?" she demanded.

Emily hesitated. "Nothing," she lied. "Mistress Suzanne seems to consider it important I'm a virgin. She said they would preserve my purity."

Erin snorted in disgust.

"But I felt so... vulnerable there, knowing he could... could mount me so easily. A part of me wanted him to, you know."

"Slut," Erin whispered.

She laid her head back down again.

"Were you horribly embarrassed?"

"Of course, but Mistress Suzanne hardly seemed to acknowledge anything was amiss. It was as if I was just standing there fully dressed, that there was nothing unusual about letting a man see me like that."

"What a bloody strange place."

"God knows what idea they have of us from gran."

"That senile old cow."

Emily nodded, her hands still gently massaging her sister's back and upper buttocks.

"How are your breasts?" she asked. "I felt how rough the pedestal was when I was leaned way over. It felt like sandpaper."

"Bitches. Sadistic sluts," Erin muttered.

"Are they terribly sore?"

"Not like my backside, or even my back."

She rolled onto her side and Emily could see her breasts were pink in the front, the nipples fully erect.

"They feel sort of raw and tender," Erin said, looking down at them. "She made a face. Why? Want to spread some of that on them?"

"It might help."

"I think I can do it myself," Erin said with a wry smile.

"Don't be silly. My hands are already greasy with it."

Erin's eyes widened as she rolled her back further, then laid a slick hand on one of her breasts. Both girls stared down as she began to gently massage the centre of the pink orb, and Emily felt her stomach fluttering as her fingers massaged the soft skin.

"They're very cruel here to bad girls," she whispered. "You mustn't be such a bad girl."

Erin blinked in confusion, watching as her sister massaged her breast, then moved down to the other. Her nipples buzzed and crackled with a sort of sexual static electricity as Emily's gentle hands worked the slick lotion into her bare breasts, and she felt the skin of her breasts tauten as her breasts swelled with excitement.

She wondered what was happening to her of late that she was so easily responding to the slightest sexual contact, even with girls, even with her own sister. She thought of Emily bent over the saddle, as she was, legs spread wide as a man moved behind her, and felt her pussy spasm and throb. She pictured the man thrusting himself into her virginal sister and riding her violently, then, oddly, pictured herself back across the saddle, legs spread, as Emily somehow rode her.

God, I'm turning queer myself!

She instinctively turned her breasts closer to the bed, and Emily drew back with a slight catch of her breath.

"Well... there," she said. "That should feel... niceer."

"Yes," Erin said breathlessly.

Emily resumed her slow caress of her back, her hands moving lower, caressing the tops of her buttocks.

"Mistress Suzanne really gave you a thrashing," she whispered, her hands moving lower.

"She's an evil bitch," Erin whispered back.

Emily scooped out another dollop of lotion, spreading it lower across Erin's buttocks, her fingers gentle, caressing first one, then the other, sliding along the cleft between but narrowly avoiding the small, neat wrinkled anal opening. She examined it excitedly, however, recalling how Master Phillips had used her down there, how he had thrust his cock deep into her body through her own wrinkled little opening.

She caressed the bottom of Erin's buttocks, and along her inner thighs The sides of her fingers brushed the edges of Erin's pubic hair quite casually, testing, and she thought she saw her sister's legs jerk slightly further apart.

"It was very cruel of her," she said, "to beat you so."

Erin did not answer. Her head rested on her arms and her eyes were closed. Her body felt quite tense as Emily slid her slippery fingers up further, ostensibly rubbing her inner thighs. The sides of her fingers now rubbed firmly against the brunette's mons, just to the edge of her little slit. Neither girl acknowledged a thing, and neither spoke. Yet both were stiff and breathless as Emily stroked higher still, letting the edge of her fingers trace the length of Erin's sex.

"Did it feel wonderful as Peter mounted you there in the schoolyard?" Emily whispered.

Erin murmured lightly, and her legs shifted further open.

Emily's fingers stroked along the puffy opening, searching for her clitoris, feeling it hard and slick in her fingers. Her other hand coasted up her sister's back, then around her side, stroking against the side of her breast. She saw Erin raise her bottom slightly, and her heart pounded as she worked her slippery fingers back and forth against her clitoris.

Erin moaned softly, her bottom rising and falling in a slow, rhythmic motion, then circling. Her breathing became louder, and somewhat ragged.

"Such a bad girl you are," Emily whispered. "A naughty girl."

Erin shuddered.

"They'll want to get their hands on you again, I expect," she said softly. "They'll want to tie you down and force their lesbian bodies against you."

Erin stiffened and jerked, her breath hissing out in a long, low, wavering groan as she thrust her sex back against her sister's stroking fingers. Then she went limp, the stiffness oozing out of her body.

Emily drew her trembling fingers back, and put them in her lap, looking away from Erin's lush young body, then stood up awkwardly, going to the window. She stared outside, her body quivering and her mind whirling.

Victoria was at their door the next morning, accompanied by a short, sweet faced Asian girl named Kiri. She announced that the two of them had been assigned as their guides for the day, and sent Erin off in company with the other girl will leading Emily in the other direction.

"Kiri's a right little sadist," she said with a grin. "She'll give your sister the right ideas. In the meantime I'll show you how this place really runs."

She led her to a door marked "Off limits", opened it, and revealed a narrow winding staircase. "Come on then," she said.

"What about the sign?" Emily asked.

"Don't worry about it. In practice we fems can go anywhere."

Emily had no idea where they had come to the conclusion she was a lesbian. What had her grandmother told them anyway? Certainly she was a virgin, and yes her gran had caught her with her hand on Erin's breast, but surely...

Then again she had been experiencing the oddest sensations since her arrival. Perhaps she was a lesbian. Certainly the thought of being in Erin's arms was arousing her, as was the thought of laying together with Mistress Suzanne, although the woman was frightfully intimidating.

But then again there had been Master Phillip's sodomising of her. And what a shocking experience that had been! All the more shocking because she had loved it!

She had halted herself from revealing their mistaken assumption several times, for to do so would be to put her in the same position as Erin, regarded as a cheap whore who could be used and abused by any girl who wished. A small part of her found that idea wickedly attractive, yet most of her sought to avoid being caned and otherwise tormented. Worse, for her troubled guilty conscience, she was having fantasies about whipping Erin and other girls, imagining herself standing over their nude, helpless bodies, forcing them to submit to her whims and desires.

No, it was best, for the present, to let them believe she was one of them. If that meant she must perform sexually with them then, and her stomach fluttered at the thought, she would simply have to do so.

They emerged on a lower floor, and Victoria led her into the large dining room. Long wooden tables ran its length, and scores, hundreds of barely clad teenagers sat, stood, or walked about, all clad in the identical little shifts. Glimpses of thighs, breasts, buttocks and groins were everywhere as the other girl led her off to one side.

"We'll sit here," she said.

"Hadn't we better get our -."

"Someone will get it for us."

She sat next to Victoria and then nudged her, inclining her head towards a girl with waist length brown hair sitting off to one side idly picking at a bowl of something.

"That's Lynne Cosgrove," she said in a low voice. "She just arrived last week. We've been giving her some time to herself to settle. Notice how she sits as close as she can to the wall, with her skirt tugged as low as possible and her arm down her side to hide herself? She's a very shy girl. She was red as an Indian for the first few days, everywhere she went." She giggled. "She still moves ever so slowly so as to not expose any of the naughty bits."

"And you... think you can seduce her?"

"Not easily. She's straight het. No, what we're going to do is grab her for the masters. They're going to have at her for a night and in the morning one of us will play the sympathetic girl helping her through her `trauma'." She giggled in delight and Emily stared at her, and then forced a phoney smile.

"Hey, you want to watch?"

"W-watch?"

"Yes. Tonight. Should be a scream. I'll pick you up."

Emily nodded uncertainly, looking again at the shy young girl, noting how she held her left arm positioned to block the view of the side of her breast. The thought that this girl was to be kidnapped and then... raped that night was appalling, yet even so a little sizzle of excitement penetrated her shocked mind.

A girl showed up, thin and slightly worried looking.

"What can I get you, miss?" she asked Victoria.

"Two eggs. You know the way I want them, and toast. What about you, Emily?"

"Uh, that sounds good."

"The same for her, and move your bottom, Smith."

"Yes, miss," the girl said, turning to hurry away.

"You should hear her scream when she comes," Victoria said. "She hates it but she can't stop it."

After breakfast Victoria led her to the front of the building, where the offices were and picked up her printed schedule for classes. "You're supposed to be in PE at the moment, but we'll skip that so I can show you around."

"Won't I get in trouble?"

Victoria laughed and shook her head.

She led her up another of the winding staircases to the attic, where the mistresses and masters had their rooms.

"So you'll know the way when one of them calls on you," she said.

"The uhm, masters?"

"Not as long as you're a virgin, but certainly the mistresses."

"What if you don't, uhm, want to?"

Victoria gave her a rueful look. "There's a hierarchy here, Emily. We're above the herd, but the Mistresses and masters are above us. If you don't want trouble you'll fall into line. They mostly have their own little pets anyway, but you're quite pretty and have a body almost as nice as your sister. They'll want to have a go at you at least at first." She shrugged. "It's not all fun and games being a fem. We have our obligations, too."

How bloody bizarre!

And who would believe her if she told, and whom would she tell? Where would she even go? The school seemed to be set out in the middle of nowhere and she wasn't about to go traipsing off in the revealing little shift.

They went back downstairs and Victoria led her through one of the halls in the classroom area. Halfway along the hall another girl pushed herself off the wall and sauntered out to meet them. She was a black girl, with large breasts and wide shoulders. Her hair hung in dreadlocks and she grinned at Victoria.

"Vicky."

"Shawna. This is Emily."

"I heard," the girl said, giving Emily a close examination.

"On hall watch are you?"

"Yeah, well, someone has to do it," the black girl sighed.

"And there are advantages."

Shawna chuckled darkly and Emily frowned in confusion.

Then a girl appeared at the stairs and walked towards them. Shawna turned and the girl hesitated, and then walked on.

"Well, well, if it isn't Cynthia Farnsworth," the black girl said in an insulting voice. "And what are you doing out in the hall after the bell, Farnsworth?"

"I-I was speaking with Mistress Alice," the girl gulped hesitantly, eyes moving among them.

She was a petite girl with a small round face, her brown hair in a ponytail behind her.

"And do you have a hall pass?"

"Uhm, well no."

"No?" Shawna repeated in exaggerated surprise. "No?"

She was moving closer and closer to the slight young woman, angling her towards the wall while Victoria eased in on her other side.

"She didn't give me one," the girl said worriedly.

"I don't believe that," Victoria said. "Do you believe that Shawna?"

"I think she's making it up," Shawna said.

"But I'm not," the girl said desperately, hemmed in against the wall by the larger girls.

"You're not afraid of us, are you, Farnsworth?" Shawna asked.

"N-no."

"Why would she be afraid of us?" Victoria asked. "We're completely harmless."

"I'm not," Shawna said.

"Oh well, I suppose not. You Black types are all so violent, after all, what with your knives and such."

Shawna was leaning in against one side of the girl while Victoria leaned in against the other, their breasts pushing in against her arms and chest.

"You know, Farnsworth," Shawna said, letting a finger trace a circle around the girl's nipple through her shift, "I've always found you to be quite attractive."

The girl stared back in fear, her face red.

"Me too," Victoria said.

"You're a blonde. Blondes are all sluts," Shawna said without turning from the girl.

"Do you think Farnsworth is a slut? She looks kind of scanky to me."

"I'm sure she's a slut. Are you a slut, Farnsworth?"

"N-no!"

"But you like girls, don't you?"

"No!"

"No? You don't like girls? How can you not like girls?"

"I mean... that is, I uh, I'm not into uh... into girls in that way," the girl said, her voice trembling.

"In what way, Farnsworth?" Shawna asked.

Her right shoulder was pinning the girl's left arm to the wall as her left hand slid down her body and eased in between her thighs.

"Oh! Please don't!" the girl gasped.

"Don't what?" Victoria asked.

Her left shoulder was pinning the girl's other arm, and like Shawna, her other hand was roaming freely, sliding in through the open side of the girl's shift to squeeze and knead her small breast.

"Please I... I'm not.... Oh! Don't! I-I... I have to get to class!" the girl gasped desperately.

"You do? Silly old classes. Who needs classes?" Shawna breathed, her lips easing in closer to the girl.

Farnsworth turned her head away only to see Victoria's mouth moving towards her from the other side. Her body was wriggling helplessly against the wall, her legs shifting and jerking as Shawna fondled her sex. The black girl licked a long stroke up the nape of the girl's neck, and then began to chew and suckle on the side of her throat.

"Someone will see!" the girl moaned.

"No one's here but us, precious," Victoria whispered.

Emily stared at the scene, her heart pounding. She felt sympathetic towards the girl, but it was a fleeting thing. Her heart was racing as her pussy throbbed in excitement. She found the way the other two girls were controlling her horribly wicked and deeply arousing, and wished she dared insert herself into the lewd scene.

"S-someone will come," the girl moaned, one knee rising and jerking spastically in mid-air as Shawna forced two fingers up into her pussy.

"Yes, us," Shawna giggled.

Victoria gripped the girl's ponytail to force her head back, and then crushed her mouth with her own. Shawna turned and made a motion to Emily, who stared at her in shock for a moment, then came forward. Without a word Shawna pulled Emily in and positioned her body where her own had been, then moved in front of the wriggling, gasping young girl and dropped to her knees. Her strong hands moved forward and spread the girl's trembling legs apart, then her mouth pushed up into her groin.

The girl cried out, but her words were muffled in Victoria's mouth. Her loins jerked and bucked, but Shawna held her thighs firmly as her tongue pushed up into her pussy.

Emily was breathless with excitement, and leaned harder against the girl's arm and shoulder to keep her pinned, then, daringly, her hand pushed in through the open side of the dress and she began to squeeze and fondle the girl's breast.

The girl moaned and seemed to sag in their grip, submitting to their wishes. Her head was angled up and towards Victoria as the blonde used her ponytail like a handle to control her. That made it easier for Emily, who was grateful the

girl could not look at her there on the opposite side. Her entire body thrummed with sexual heat as she participated in the lewd sexual assault, and she could not seem to control her hand as it moved over the girl's body.

She leaned in, nipping and chewing on the side of the girl's throat, then let a hand slide in between her spread buttocks and pushed a finger against her anus.

The girl cried out and started struggling again, but only briefly, and as she sagged against the wall once more Emily excitedly forced a finger into her bottom, pumping it in and out.

"Dirty little slut," she whispered into her ear. "You love that, don't you? You wish it were a man's big dirty cock sticking into your ass, don't you? Filthy whore."

Shawna licked and suckled at the whimpering, moaning girl's pussy, and Emily tugged the front of the shift up, then over her head, baring her entirely. She bent and began to suck and chew on one of her nipples and breasts, feeling heady and exhilarated. The strength and power she held over the pretty young girl was overwhelming her mind, goading her onto more and more wicked thoughts.

Her finger was fully up the girl's bottom now, pumping in and out, and she slowly eased a second finger in with it. She pulled up from her breast, leaving it glistening with her saliva and red with small bite marks, and her eyes met Victoria's as the blonde girl finally pulled her mouth free from Farnsworth's.

"We shouldn't do this out here," she said as the girl gasped raggedly. "Someone is bound to see."

"She tastes sweet," Shawna said, easing back from between the girl's legs.

"Later, Shawna. We'll take this little bitch off your hands."

"Save some for me when I'm finished hall duty."

"But... B-but I ha... have to go," the girl moaned.

"You have to be punished for being late for class," Victoria said, pulling the girl's shaft back over her head, though that gave slight coverage, and holding her arm firmly.

A breathless Erin held the other arm and the two led her up the hall between them, ignoring her please and soft little half sobs.

"Don't make me mad, Farnsworth," Victoria growled, "Or you'll be for it!"

Victoria led the way and they hurried the girl around a corner and then into a small vacant office.

"It's Mistress Brenda's, but she's got Math now," Victoria said, closing the door behind them.

"I d-don't want to," the girl moaned.

Victoria slapped her casually, then jerked the shift up and over her head and led the girl to a cabinet. She drew out a long leather strap and bound her wrists back behind her, then grinned and stripped off her own shift, forcing the girl to her knees before her.

"You know what I want, Farnsworth. It won't take long if you're any good."

"But I... please... oh!"

Victoria jerked back hard on the girl's head, forcing her back to arch violently.

"Do you want me to cut your hair off? Do what you're told, bitch!"

She forced the girl's face in against her groin, and Emily watched excitedly as the girl, tears in her eyes, began to lick at her bare slit.

"Yesss. Nasty little slut," Victoria sighed, holding the girl's hair in both hands. "Make me happy and maybe I won't hurt you."

Tears trickled down the girl's face as she began to lick, and to her shame, Emily stood behind watching and reached down to finger her own hungry sex. She eased down onto her knees behind and to the side, and caressed the girl's bare bottom, then slipped her hand between her thighs and rubbed her finger along the narrow slit.

The girl moaned as Emily pushed her finger inside, but continued to lick as Victoria pulled her legs up and farther apart and slumped lower.

"Lick," she groaned. "Dirty little bitch. Ahh."

Emily was both aroused and fascinated as she pumped two fingers in and out of the girl's sex. She had never touched another girl like this, and was amazed at how tight and warm the girl's sex felt. She suddenly felt an almost overwhelming desire to have her own cherry popped so she could pump her finger so freely inside her own body.

She added a second finger, twisting them from side to side as the helpless girl continued to lick at Vicky's bare sex.

"Dirty slut," she whispered.

She stood up and looked around, then moved to the same cabinet where Vicky had found the leather strap. As she had hoped there were many more "toys" inside, and discipline gear. She drew out a long, thick rubber cock and stared at it in fascination, then picked up a thick leather strap and returned, dropping to her knees behind the girl.

She rubbed the dildo against her furred opening, and then began to push forward. The girl moaned and twisted but Vicky held her hair tightly.

"P-Please!" she sobbed.

"Lick, slut!"

She jammed the girl's face into her sex and smirked at Emily, who all but ignored her as she forced the dildo deeper and deeper. The girl's pussy was very tight, but she had little difficulty forcing the dildo deeper. She wondered if it hurt, or if it felt as wonderful as it looked.

She forced almost all of it into the whimpering girl, then picked up the strap and brought it down sharply across her bottom. The girl yelped but Vicky yanked on her hair and, though she sobbed a little more loudly, she continued to lick, "Bad girl," Emily whispered.

She brought the strap down a second time, then a third, feeling a towering wave of excitement and pleasure at the feel of power over the girl.

Vicky was pulling rhythmically on the girl's hair as she ground her sex up against her, using her face as a masturbatory toy. Emily forced the girl's legs wider apart, gripping the dildo and pumping it in cruelly hard and deep, exulting in the soft sobs and cries of pain as she raped the other girl, as she rammed the dildo savagely deep into her soft, tender depths. She thought of Erin as she did it, thought of her bent over, being used naked by three guys, and wished it were her there in front of her.

Vicky cried out in pleasure, jamming the girl's face into her sex, rubbing it excitedly back and forth, and then slowly relaxing, easing her grip in the girl's hair.

Almost light headed with excitement, Emily stood, then reached for the petite girl's brown pony tail, yanking her into an upright position and twisting her around on her knees. She stared down at the teary, anguished face, and felt sympathy crushed by intense sexual heat and hunger, and a powerful sense of mastery and conquest.

"You're just meat," she sneered, twisting the girl's hair.

She raised her right leg and put it on the edge of the chair between Vicky's legs, drawing Cynthia's face in towards her sex.

"Perform, slut," she ordered. "It's all you're good for."

"Please I -"

The girl's words were muffled as Emily jammed her face in against her pussy and rubbed it there.

"Lick me, or I'll beat the shit out of you," she growled.

And the girl began to lick, as easy as that. Emily marvelled at her ability to force the girl into doing what she wanted. She had always felt so helpless, so frustrated at being unable to work her will with people. Now the pretty little brunette was licking and lapping energetically at her sex, trying to avoid punishment.

Punishment. Emily shivered at the thought. Yes. The girl should be punished. She wanted to punish her, to punish her cruelly. The thrill of sexual heat burned through her as the girl's tongue licked at her clitoris, and she groaned and rolled her head back, imagining it was Erin there, that she had Erin under her control to do with as she wished.

Chapter 6

Erin licked her lips as she carefully picked her way out into the yard beyond the kitchen. The garbage was stored there; most of it in a large bin a little ways to the right of the door. Yet the bin often overflowed and the garbage spilled out onto the ground. Of course it was picked up, but the remnants were - not pretty. Then too there were the stones and pebbles and pieces of wood from where the firewood was chopped to the left.

And there was the chopper. His name was Felix. Or so she had been told when instructed to bring Felix the wood chopper his coffee. He was a large man, bare to the waist, his body powerful and tanned and glistening with a sheen of sweat. His dark hair was tangled and fell down past his neck as she approached from behind. She was blushing furiously and getting more and more nervous as she approached, wearing - virtually nothing.

Yet though embarrassed she was also aroused. For wearing the sinfully revealing little shift had not only been permitted but required, and all the other girls were also wearing it. That made it almost acceptable to show her body to people.

The man turned and she drew her breath in sharply. His front was even better than his back, with a lovely chest and a handsome face. He was much younger than she had thought, too, not more than a few years older than her.

"I-I brought your c-coffee," she gulped, face flaming as his eyes looked her up and down.

"Set it there," he said, motioning to a rough table with his axe, and then laying it to rest against a nearby log.

She did as he ordered, panting softly, knowing his eyes were on her, and turned to see him only inches away. She gasped and started to draw back but his hand reached out and closed around her throat. She squeaked, but the grip was not tight. And an instant later he drew her up onto her toes as he bent, crushing her lips with his. Her eyes went wide and she trembled, feeling a soft heat gushing into her loins.

But she didn't even know him! And they were out in the open! And -

She tried to draw back, only to find that he tightened his grip and pulled her forward, his fingers tightening painfully against her jaw.

"P-Please!" she gasped as his tongue thrust into her mouth.

She was pressed against his muscular, sweating body with only the silky thin shift between them, and a moment later he reached for it and yanked it up and off. She yelped in shock, twisting weakly, again trying to pull away. She managed to turn, but he seized her arms and pulled them back together behind her back.

"Wh-what are you doing?" she cried.

She felt her wrists forced up, up, up and she bent forward in pain.

She stared around wildly and saw the nearby window crowded with girls, all watching, leering, and laughing.

She cried out as she felt his cock against her sex.

He can't! Not here in front of everyone!

She cried out again as he thrust into her. She was moist and his thick cock drove easily into the tight depths of her belly, filling her with his manhood even as she twisted wildly. Her arms ached as her shoulders were forced painfully forward.

"Don't! No!"

He began to fuck her, hard, rough and fast. His hips beat a tattoo against her upraised bottom as he drove his cock into her in neat, hard, fast strokes. Her breasts swung back and forth below her as her body rocked to the hard thrusts.

She was being raped, in public, while other girls looked on. The shock of it dazed her even as her body continued to jerk to and fro in response to his thrusts.

He reached below her and casually groped and fondled her breast, slapping and squeezing it as he continued his steady thrusting. Her head twisted and she saw there were more girls at the window now; all smirking and laughing, and she turned her head away, shuddering. She had never felt so used, so cheap, so helpless. Yet even so, even as the shame crawled over her mind with almost painful intensity there was a hunger growing within her, a hunger and a joy at feeling a strange sense of freedom, of being in a place where there were no rules against her displaying herself, and being used as she had fantasised about.

She thought about the schoolyard sex, which had gotten her there, and bit her lip to try and repress the rising sense of masochistic pleasure at being used and degraded again in so similar a way. Felix's cock was thick and hard and it was slamming into her with painful force, causing her to ache deep inside.

Emily stared out the window, gasping, and eyes wide as she saw Erin being used so - savagely, so - brutally. Her lush young body was shaking and shuddering to the blows of the handsome man behind her, and Erin stared, transfixed, as her breasts wobbled and shook in time to the blows of his hips against her rear. It was such a shameless, yet animalistic display that she found her pussy moistening.

She longed to be that man, yet she also longed to be Erin, longed to be taken like she was, to feel a big hard cock up her pussy.

"Exciting sight, is it not?"

She gasped as the man's arm slid around her belly, her head turning up and back to see Master Phillips' smirking face. She felt a wall of shocked heat fall over her and groaned as he pulled her back against his body.

They were standing in Mistress Brenda's office. Victoria had left, and after Erin had finished with the petite young Farnsworth she had untied the girl and allowed her to dress and flee. It was then she had looked out the back window and seen Erin.

She felt Master Phillips's hardness against her bottom.

"I saw young Farnsworth fleeing in distress. Did you rape her?"

She gasped, a shock rippling through her, and didn't answer.

His hand slid beneath her shift, his fingers pushing against her sex.

"You're very wet. Is that your juices or her saliva?"

She groaned as his other hand moved beneath the shift and cupped her breast.

"B-both!" she panted.

"So you used the little slut, did you?"

"Y-yes."

He took the hand off her breast and she felt his zipper going down.

"Suzanne still thinks you're a lesbo like her and her friends," he said in amusement. "But I know better."

She groaned as she felt the soft, spongy head of his cock against her anus.

"Soon she'll pop your cherry. She and her friends won't be able to resist. When they're finished with their tongues and dildos and vibrators, you come to me and I'll fuck your brains out."

He thrust the head inside her, and she trembled, spreading her legs, turning her eyes down onto the yard, and watching as the man continued to fuck Erin.

"You're as big a whore as your sister," he said, slowly forcing his cock deeper.

He squeezed her breast again, working his cock up and down in her anus with short, sharp thrusts.

"I'm going to fuck your sister tonight," he whispered. "I'm going to pound my cock into that tight little snatch of hers so hard she won't be able to walk tomorrow."

His cock moved harder, faster, forcing her onto her toes. It hurt a little as he forced it in deep, cramps rippling through her belly. But she had eyes only for Erin below being used, being ridden. She stared, trying to see her sister's eyes, but the girl's hair hid much of her face.

"Oh!"

"Nice tight little ass," the man whispered.

"Your friends are going to rape her tonight. They're going to do a little lesbo gangbang on your sweet sister. Maybe they'll even let you take part. When they're done, I'll be waiting. Call me and I'll come and ram my cock into her, give her a taste of real cock after all the pussy she'll have eaten."

She was gasping with each thrust now. Master Phillips was deep inside her anus, his cock aching as it prodded at some part of her not meant for such hardness. He was jabbing in hard and fast, his fingers stroking at her clitoris as they watched Erin being ridden. She felt a come swirling up around her and desperately ground herself back against his cock, whimpering and shuddering with the glorious sense of wildfire sexual pleasure, which tore, through her body.

"So, how was your day?"

Erin shrugged too casually. "Okay, I guess," she said. "Uhm, the teachers are strict, but the work doesn't seem to be too - hard."

"It's too bad they put us in separate classes."

Emily nodded. "I could do without the chores, though."

Erin's face seemed momentarily stricken, and then she gave a tight nod.

"Well, it's not for long, then we'll have our papers and can go to college."

Emily felt a strange sense of separation from her sister. She was betraying Erin. She knew that in very little time Shawna, Vicky, and the other girls would have her sister tied up downstairs and be forcing her to perform sexual acts. Yet not only was she not warning her sister she was looking forward to it with a sense of sick anticipation mixed with anxiety and guilt.

"They have - some strange ways here," she said carefully.

Erin looked up uncertainly. She was sitting on her bed staring out the window.

"I mean they - seem to have different, uhm, thoughts about nudity, for example," she said, flipping her light shift.

"Mistress Anne says the shifts are like those worn by Greek girls two thousand years ago, and meant to be simple and easy to clean." Erin snorted her doubt of that story. "I think the people in charge are all lezzies and like to look at us nearly naked."

"I think Mistress Suzanne certainly is."

Erin made a face. "What Suzanne needs is a big cock up her pussy."

"And another one up her ass," Emily said.

Erin raised her eyebrows and half smiled. "How disgusting of you to think that."

There was a brief knock at the door and then it opened. Brianna looked in, frowning at the two of them.

"Emily Black? Mistress Claire wishes to see you at once," she said arrogantly.

"There's another one," Erin whispered.

"Another what, Black?" Brianna demanded.

"Nothing to do with you," Erin said snippily.

Emily went to the door and followed Brianna just a little ways up the hall, and then the girl drew her arm back and winked. Half dozen girls wearing masks flowed out of a nearby room and went to her door and she felt tightness in her belly as she saw the straps and leather in their hands. They went into the room and she heard a brief cry, which was almost instantly silenced. Her heart pounding, she waited, Brianna's hand on her arm.

They waited, and then the girls emerged, taking off their masks. Victoria came last, pulling on a chain behind which shuffled a naked Erin.

Emily drew in a shaky breath, outrage and excitement flaring within her. Her sister was nude, her arms strapped tightly back behind her back, so tightly back her shoulders were forced back, her elbows touching. She wore a pair of leather restraints on her ankles, with only a short chain between them. She had a studded leather collar around her throat, a padded blindfold over her eyes, and a thick ball gag filling her mouth.

The leash Vicky held was not attached to the collar, however. As she pulled Erin closer Emily saw that it was attached to a clip, which had been fastened - to her sisters' clitoris. Her eyes widened in shock and her jaw dropped. She felt more outrage; for surely the clip she saw closed against her sister's clitoris must ache terribly. Yet the heat screamed through her blood, and as the girls turned their eyes on her, looking for protest, she had none to offer.

"Let's go," Vicky whispered.

The group moved down the hall and Erin shuffled along, moaning in pain as Vicky pulled on the chain. They reached the staff lift and crowded in close, no one talking as the doors closed. Hands moved over her sister's body, stroking, squeezing and fondling everywhere. Emily's heart pounded as she saw her sister's breasts squeezed, her nipples pinched, saw hands cupping her sister's bottom and fingers probing at her sex.

Erin's head was twisting from side to side, and her muffled cries and protests filled the small lift as it sank to the basement. The doors opened and the girls spilled out into a small stone room with doors on several sides. They went unerringly to the right, down a long, narrow stone corridor lit only by the occasional bare bulb, then down another corridor, and finally into a large room with a rough stone floor. Brianna closed a heavy wooden door behind them and one of the girls's worked the gag out of Erin's mouth.

Emily looked around the room uneasily. One entire wall was covered by racks of crops, canes, whips and flogs, with a shelf crowded by shackles, leather straps, and restraints. Gags and hoods. There was a large wooden wheel against the opposite wall, and several roughly made wooden tables and frames sat around the room, most of them with shackles or straps screwed to the corners.

She had known they were going to use her sister sexually, but had not thought they would hurt her. She bit her lip uncertainly, even as her own sexual heat rose at the thought.

"Untie me!" Erin gasped.

Vicky slapped her face and Erin stumbled back, caught by Brianna.

"You don't give us orders, slut," she said.

"Wh-what do you want?" Erin asked.

"You."

She strode forward and slipped her own shift off, then gripped Erin's hair, forcing her head back, brushing her own soft breasts against Erin's.

"You're a fuck toy," she whispered. "And we like fuck toys. We like to play with them."

"I-I don't like girls," Erin gasped.

"You're a fuck toy," Victoria growled. "You'll perform for anyone who orders it.

"I-I won't!"

"Perhaps you'd prefer another position," Brianna said, forcing her bound arms up so that she bent forward at the waist. "Remind you of anything?" she asked cuttingly.

"Should we take you like Felix took you?" Vicky demanded, gripping her sisters' hair and twisting it. "Should we take you like your boyfriends took you in the school yard? Slut?"

Erin twisted and cried out in pain.

"Get away from me, you fucking dyke!"

Emily bit her tongue at the words, knowing the other girls would be angered.

There was a low growl among them, and Vicky smiled coldly.

"Beg to please me, Black," she whispered. "

"F-Fuck you!" Erin said with mock bravado.

Brianna pulled her upright again, griping her hair and forcing her head back. Emily saw one of the other girls handing something to Vicky, and with a little shock, realized it was a flog.

"Beg," Vicky ordered again.

"No!"

She raised her arm and drew the flog back, and Emily, staring at her sister's out thrust breasts, knew where the flog was aimed. She gasped in shock, feeling a churning of emotions within her. Her sister looked so beautiful, so erotic as she was, bound and body straining out, and yet -

Vicky swung the flog and the leather strips slashed across Erin's breasts.

Erin screamed and twisted in Brianna's grasp, but with her arms and feet bound she could do little.

Emily flinched, staring at the red lines appearing across Erin's breasts, stunned, frightened, anxious, yet helplessly aroused. She watched Vicky swing the flog again and flinched a second time as Erin cried out in pain.

She was filled with outrage, with anger, with the need to jump in and protect her sister, yet each blow made her pussy throb and pulse with hunger, and she felt a desperate craving within herself, wishing she had the flog in her own hand.

Another blow, and Erin's cry of pain broke into a half sob as her body twisted and struggled.

"Beg, fuck toy," Vicky said cruelly.

"N-No!" her sister panted.

The flog slashed across her taut breasts again, and again, and Erin screamed and began to sob in pain. The flog cut across her belly and lower chest and then struck her breasts again.

"Hang her."

The words shocked her, and she stared at Vicky in denial, but it soon became evident they did not mean what she had thought. Instead chains were attached to her sister's ankle restraints and then lifted overhead to rings set in the heavy wooden beams there. Two girls held Erin tight as her legs were lifted upwards, her ankles forced up over her head, then she was released and her upper torso swung down and around, her hair brushing the floor as her ankles took her weight.

Her legs were spread wide now, her sex open and vulnerable. One of the girls approached, holding a thick pair of dildos, and then she and Brianna bent over Erin's groin, rubbing and stroking her pussy and anus as they worked the big dildos down inside her. Emily was shocked at how thick they were, and fearful that they would harm Erin, but though her sister cried out in anguish and pain and anger, they were not the screams she would have imagined a girl would make with such thick objects being pushed into her body.

The two dildos were forced deep. Both were quite long, and the girls were intent on ramming every last inch into the sobbing, moaning girl's body, slapping and punching at the bases until they all but disappeared into Erin's pussy and anus.

Brianna knelt behind her and gripped her hair, yanking her head back and up.

"Lick," she ordered, grinding her pussy into Erin's face.

Erin moaned and clamped her lips closed.

Vicky brought the flog swinging up and overhand and snapped it down against Erin's sex. Her sister screamed and twisted, but was helpless to defend herself.

"Beg," Vicky ordered.

"I-I shan't!" Erin sobbed.

The next blow swept sideways across her breasts and again Erin screamed.

"Whore," one of the other girls sneered.

The flog cut down across her groin, and again, and again, as she screamed and twisted and sobbed. Pain sweat now made her body glisten as she swung and jerked and twisted to the blows of the flog. Emily wanted to intervene, but was afraid, both of the other girls, and of Erin's refusal to submit. For if Erin was so dead set against lesbian sex then she would never be able to have her sister as she wanted her.

And so she kept silent as the other girls took turns flogging her sister, as the red lines and marks began to build up across her groin and chest and belly and bottom until there was hardly any unmarked flesh left to see.

Mistress Claire arrived then, bending over and yanking Erin's head up by the hair, smirking as she looked down at her. She stood, making silent motions to the others, and they pulled Erin down and laid her on her back on a low table, spreading her arms and legs wide and strapping them in place. Then Claire stripped and straddled her bare belly, a pair of small pincers in her hand. She stroked and fondled Erin's naked breast, then squeezed so that the areola and nipple thrust out.

Erin screamed as the teeth of the pincer closed on her nipple, and Emily gasped as she saw Claire twist and pinch and pull and stretch the nipple up and out. Erin's body twisted and thrashed and bucked as she begged for her to stop. Emily saw the woman lean in and whisper into her sister's ear, and Erin gave a broken sob.

"Yes," she whimpered.

"Beg," Vicky demanded.

Erin sobbed again then tried to speak, her voice breaking. "P-P-Please may I lick you," she sobbed.

Claire slid her body upwards over Erin's breasts, then higher, letting her sex down against her mouth. "Lick," she growled.

And Erin obeyed at long last. Emily felt a wave of relief sweep through her as her sister licked and lapped at Claire's pussy, letting the woman guide her tongue upwards against her clit. One of the other girls knelt between Erin's thighs and began to lick at her pussy in turn.

Emily watched Claire, watched her head roll slowly in pleasure, watched her grind her sex against Erin's face with more and more passion and excitement until she was grinding frantically down against her licking tongue. She let out a small shudder as she came, arching her back and twisting her head from side to side.

She sank down onto Erin's face with a groan of relief and a contented smile, and then slid languorously off. The girl who had been licking Erin slid slowly up her body, spreading her own legs and manoeuvred her own pussy in against Erin's, grinding slowly and rhythmically against her as she licked and sucked and chewed at her lips and cheeks and throat.

Then she slid her body up until she too was straddling Erin's face, and settled her sex down against her mouth. Brianna moved in and began to lick at Erin's pussy now, her fingers probing at her taut lips, trying to extract the thick dildo. When she got it she pumped it in and out in time to her licking as the other girl rode Erin's face.

One after the other the girls performed the same act, as if it were a ritual, staring at Erin's pussy, and then proceeding to grind their own pussies against her before sliding up to ride her face. When Erin moaned that her jaw and tongue were tired and sore they slapped her face and pulled her hair to force her to continue. And then all of them had had her except Emily, and Vicky motioned her forward as the last girl rode her face.

Emily shook her head anxiously and Brianna glared at her and gave her a shove.

"Either you're one of us or not," she snarled quietly.

"This is meat," Vicky hissed. "Eat it!"

Embarrassed and afraid, yet still aroused, Emily reluctantly climbed onto the low table between her sister's spread legs, staring at her gleaming pink sex. She could not see her face because of the girl riding atop her, and focussed on her lovely pussy instead, leaning and licking around the edges.

I can't believe I'm doing this!

Her sister's scent and taste overwhelmed her, and she licked excitedly, her tongue driving in closer to her pussy, sliding along the edges of her pussy lips. She gripped the base of the dildo and began to pump as she licked closer. The clip the leash had been fastened to was still squeezing down around her clitoris, and she slid her tongue over it, then reached for it and released it.

Erin screamed and her back arched, and Emily blinked in surprise for a long moment. Then she stared down at the swollen little button and her pussy squeezed down on empty air, wishing there was something inside it.

She resumed her licking, making long, slow licks along the length of her sister's slit, avoiding the clitoris for now, mouthing her labia, gently pumping the dildo at first, then pulling it free and replacing it with her fingers.

The toy was gleaming with her juices. At first she had thought the wetness at Erin's sex was only the saliva of the other girls, but she realized now that Erin was aroused, or at least, her body was, and with renewed excitement, she pushed her face in tightly against her sister's pink opening and licked hungrily.

When she finally turned her attention to Erin's clitoris the girl made a shuddering groan, and her hips twisted and jerked, her buttocks rising from the table. She drew it between her lips and sucked gently, her tongue playing along the pulsing little button, and Erin shuddered and ground her hips up.

The last girl came then, bouncing freely atop Erin's face, and slid off, and she knew it was her turn. The centre of attention, she cringed a little, then slid slowly up her sister's body, exulting in the feel of the soft, warm flesh against her own, mouthing Erin's nipples and sucking lightly, then more heavily, more aggressively.

She slid higher, groaning as her own breasts rubbed down against Erin's, spreading her own legs and guiding her sex in against Erin's defenceless mons, arching her back a little to guide her clitoris in to brush against Erin's. She looked down, panting for breath, staring at her sister's sightless face as she ground herself against her.

She felt electrified, felt wild and free and carnal. She slid higher and pulled herself up, then let her newly shaven sex down onto her sister's mouth. Erin moaned and began to lick weakly, and she jammed her sex in harder, feeling her sister's small, squirming tongue sliding up between the lips of her pussy.

She began to ride her, slowly at first, then faster and faster, rubbing and grinding her sex down into Erin's mouth as the excitement built, as her passion grew and her heat burned through her veins. When she came it was all she could do to keep from screaming in passion and ecstasy as she jammed her sex down into Erin's mouth, letting her weight crush her sister's face below her.

She was exhilarated but embarrassed as she stood up, seeing their smirking eyes on her. She was also more than a little ashamed of what she had done with Erin. Yet she knew she would have to do it again and again and again. The thrill of riding her sister's face was too powerful.

"We'll keep her here a bit and work on her some more tomorrow," Vicky said. "I think she's going to be one of the best toys we've had in a while."

The filed out, one by one, leaving Erin laying where she was, tied and spread-eagled. They were laughing and joking with each other as they moved back up the corridor and went upstairs, and talking about what next to do with the "slut". Some of their ideas were blood curdling, yet even so, wildly exciting for Emily. No sooner had she left them than she found a phone and, on the intercom, called Master Phillips.

When he came, however, he was not alone. Master Jenson and Master Paul were with him, and no sooner did they reach the basement when three more men showed up. Emily was embarrassed and uneasy around their hungry eyes. Giving Erin to Master Phillips was one thing. He was a known quantity, after all, but she barely knew Jenson and did not know the others at all.

But it was too late, and the men pushed past her into the room, growling to each other at the sight of her helpless, spread-eagled sister. She thought to stand back and watch but Master Paul would have none of it, for one, and slid his big, beefy arms around her waist as he pulled her back against him.

"You can help warm us up, girl," he growled, forcing her down onto her knees.

"But I -"

Master Paul undid his trousers and thrust his naked cock into her mouth. She moaned weakly but licked as he pushed it deeper. To one side of her she saw a man thrusting into Erin, and heard her moans and pleas shut off in a choked gurgle as another man knelt at her head and rammed his cock into her mouth.

Master Paul's hands pulled on Emily's hair as he shuffled back, and then he was on his knees and she was kneeling on all fours before him. A man, she could not tell which, stroked her bottom and fondled her groin, and then Master Paul pulled out and ordered her to turn. She saw one of the strange men before her, his thick cock in hand. He gripped her hair and pulled her face against him as she felt Master Paul pushing his cock against her anal opening.

She shook with excitement. Two men at once! It was a wild, sluttish thing to do. Yet she had fantasised about Erin since she had heard she had been taken by three boys at once, and now, despite her shame and embarrassment, despite

pain as the man forced his cock too deep, too fast, she felt a wonderful dark thrill of sexual abandon burning within her lower belly.

Chapter 7

They trained Erin. There was no other word to describe it. Emily was caught between wicked arousal and sympathy for her sister as she looked on. Erin remained blindfolded, helpless, as the other girls beat and abused her day after day.

Erin was forced to give long, slow tongue bathes to all of them, including, without her knowledge, Emily. She was taught in the arts of pleasing female bodies with her mouth and tongue, and penetrated with thick, long dildos of strapped to the girls' loins. She was also slapped, strapped, cropped and beaten repeatedly for any hint of resentment or hesitation to the orders she was given.

While it was the girls who carried out much of the punishment, Mistress Claire and Suzanne were the ones overseeing what was done. The first evening, after Erin had been gang raped by both the girls and the masters, Mistress Claire brought Emily with her as she and Suzanne went down to see to persuading Erin to obedience and discipline. Emily was forced to take part as they bent her sister over a low table and strapped her legs apart.

"It is women like you, Black, who make life so much more difficult for the rest of us," Claire said, motioning to Emily.

Anxiously, the blonde girl pushed a finger against her sister's swollen sex, wriggling it deep inside.

"You are a prisoner of your own genitals," Suzanne added. "A wake, sluttish captive of your desire for penetration."

Emily pushed a second finger into her sister, pumping them in and out.

"We will train you out of that need. We will make of you a person of discipline and inner strength, who can resist those perverted callings you feel to degrade yourself with men."

Emily pushed a third finger into Erin's pussy, pumping them slowly. Suzanne took her wrist and forced her to pump her fingers more quickly while Clair knelt to put her face closer to where Erin's cheek rested on the table.

"Do you so love being penetrated, Black?" she growled. "Is it so wonderful for you to have your sex filled?"

Suzanne bunched four of Emily's fingers together and jammed them against Erin's sex, thrusting them in and glaring at her until she pumped them herself.

"Don't you realize the true pleasure centres of a female are outside the vagina?" Claire demanded. "You do not need men to pleasure yourself, girl. You need only a soft, loving woman."

Suzanne pressed her thumb in tight against her other fingers, jamming her wrist forward. Emily blanched, and looked up at her, and the woman glared, then bent in and kissed her roughly on the lips. She gripped her hair, twisting her head up and back and bit lightly down along her throat, still pushing her fingers forward.

Erin moaned and twisted, her shapely, well-stripped bottom rolling and grinding as she tried to pull free of the straps holding her legs open.

"We will show you that penetration is not all you think it is, little slut," Claire whispered. "We will show you that penetration is degrading and hurtful to a true woman."

Emily's five fingers pushed roughly against her sister's opening as Suzanne pumped and twisted them in and out. Her knuckles were grinding hard against Erin's pussy lips as Suzanne tried to force her sister's opening wider. Emily just stared, enthralled by both the sight, and the realization of what the woman intended. Erin gasped and moaned and begged for them to stop, but Emily hardly heard her.

Then the bound girl screamed in pain as Suzanne forced the heel of Emily's hand through her taut pussy opening and Emily felt a wild thrill of wonder as she realized her hand was about to pass fully into her sister's sex. She pushed forward on her own, trembling with excitement as she felt her sister's soft pussy flesh squeezing down around her wrist. Suzanne removed her hand and slid it down between Emily's legs, her fingers stroking expertly against her swollen clitoris, and Emily almost cried out in pleasure.

She pushed her hand deeper, her fingers prodding and twisting inside Erin's belly, more of her wrist sliding through her twin's tight pubic lips and down into her abdomen. Erin was warm and tight and Emily kept pushing deeper, sliding her forearm through the girl's opening, her questing fingers searching higher in Erin's belly as Claire bent over, whispering to the girl, telling her how painful it was, how dirty and degrading to have a dripping wet male cock inside her.

"Ungh!"

Emily's finger found the end of her sister's sex. She brushed her fingers along it, wondering if she was actually feeling Erin's cervix, amazed, shocked at her own wickedness. Suzanne was chewing lightly on her ear, fondling her breast with one hand and fingering her pussy with the other. "Deeper," she whispered. "Pull your hand into a fist and push deeper."

Shaking with lust, Emily did as she was bid, slowly drawing each finger into her palm until they formed a tight fist in her sister's belly. Then she pushed deeper, almost coming at Erin's shuddering cry of pain as she watched more and more of her forearm sliding through her sister's opening.

"D-Don't! Please!" she whimpered, her voice dazed and exhausted.

"Don't? But it's so big, dear," Claire whispered. "If a man had a cock so big you'd be dripping with the need to have it all inside you."

"Fist her," Suzanne growled. "Fist fuck the little whore!"

She gripped Emily's arm and thrust hard, so that Erin cried out in pain. Then she yanked it back and pushed it forward again. "Fist fuck the slut."

Emily had never heard the term, but the sight and feel and even the sound were so wildly hedonistic and perverted that her own passion and heat caused her to obey at once. She began to pump her fist in and out of Erin's belly, grinding and twisting and pumping her own hips in time as Suzanne's fingered and stroked her.

"Doesn't that feel wonderful?" Claire whispered.

Emily dazedly pumped her fist up and down inside her sister, grinding her knuckles against her cervix each time she forced herself deep, shuddering in excitement at each groan and cry which emerged from Erin's lips. She knew she must have been hurting her sister quite a bit. Erin had already been raped repeatedly that day, and now - her pussy would be terribly sore for days.

Claire, and then Suzanne sat on the table; legs spread, and pushed their pussies into Erin's mouth, twisting her hair until she performed. But her tongue and jaw were aching and sore and weak from the overuse they had been given by the girls earlier. And both women had to slap and pinch and pull her hair repeatedly to force her to perform.

"I can see we will have to work on that tongue," Claire said as they finished.

Suzanne handed her a clamp and pincers and then yanked on Erin's hair to force her mouth open. Claire reached in with the pincers and caught Erin's tongue, yanking it painfully. Erin screamed and her head twisted, but Claire slowly drew the tongue out between her lips and then let the clamp bite down on it. This drew another shriek of pain as Suzanne moved to unbind her legs.

The two women led the sobbing, whimpering girl forward and then pulled the clamp, which was attached to a wire, upwards, binding it to a chain overhead. Erin was left standing, trembling, on the balls of her feet, held up by her tongue alone.

"But what if she falls?" Emily asked worriedly as they moved up the stairs.

"Then she won't be telling anyone about it," Claire said, as Suzanne snorted in amusement.

"And since your sister performed so poorly you will have to make it up to us," Suzanne said. "Yes. It's time you learned how to please a woman properly, as well," Claire added.

They brought her back to Claire's suite of rooms, and there taught her - demonstrated on her - how a woman pleased another woman with her mouth and her fingers and her body.

"I've had a wonderful idea," Vicky said.

"What?" Emily asked warily. She had come to know enough to be suspicious of any "wonderful ideas" any of the other fem girls had.

"I'll show you. Come on."

They were walking down the small, stone corridor near where Erin was being kept. She had been there two days now, having spent the previous night on the balls of her feet, her nipples clamped to chains above her head.

When they threw open the door Emily saw to her shock that Emily was no longer blindfolded. Her sister was bent back across a large barrel as Brianna flogged her breasts and belly and groin, but her eyes were clear and wide as she saw Emily being led in. Their wide eyes met in shock, and then a ball gag was thrust into Emily's mouth and Vicky and another girl forced her arms up and back against shackles set against the wall, laughing as they stripped her thin "dress" from her body and left her nude.

Her legs were spread wide and strapped in place, and then Erin was unchained and led over, on her knees, ordered to perform on her sister. At first she refused, but a vicious cut across the breasts with a crop made her scream and sob and give in. Hands bound behind her, she began to lick at Emily's bare sex, her tongue swollen and sore, but the threat of the crop forcing her to lick and lap at Emily's soft pussy.

Emily couldn't help herself. Though ashamed, at first, the sight of her bound sister kneeling between her legs was intensely arousing, and her body began to respond to Erin's tonguing so that it became harder and harder not to show just how aroused Erin was making her. She realized that the whole idea was for her to pretend she was being forced against her will, so that Erin would not know she was a willing participant in her rape and degradation, but her body sang with elation as her sister's lips suckled on her clit and her tongue made her head pound with wildfire excitement.

And then it became impossible. While her ankles were bound she was still able to roll and buck and grind her hips into Erin's licking mouth, and her body began to thrash and twist and hump in mindless sexual heat as the hunger and excitement burned away at her mind.

After she had climaxed - very obviously and visibly, they forced Erin to give her a tongue bath, to lick and suckle at her bare toes, to lick her way up her ankles and legs, to suckle on her nipples and lick and chew on her breasts. Then she licked her to another orgasm, and another.

And then it was her turn to return the favour as, hands bound behind her back, she was made to kneel between Erin's legs and lick her sister's pussy. Erin did not speak as she watched her, and Emily could not think of anything to say to her either. She did her best to arouse her, however, using everything the women had shown her to date, licking, sucking and massaging Erin's clit until her sister's eyes began to close and her hips began to roll slowly but rhythmically against her.

It took long minutes, but she was finally gratified to feel her sister's body stiffen beneath her, to stiffen and shudder as her pussy spasmed around her pumping fingers.

Claire and Suzanne arrived, then, and Emily was unsure as to how she was supposed to act. Brianna and the other girls led Erin away to a far corner as Vicky pulled her to her knees and held her before the two older women.

"So, Black," Claire said, scowling. "Did you enjoy licking your sister's pussy?"

Emily turned to look at Erin, worried what she would hear, and then gasped at a sharp slap to her face. She turned her face towards the two, ear ringing, and felt the tight bounds around her wrists.

"I-I - no, I mean, I ah - ."

Claire slapped her face again, rocking her back on her heels, and Emily stared at her in shock, feeling betrayed. She did not understand why they were suddenly treating her as if - and then she saw Master Philip smirking at her from behind them, and her eyes turned quickly to see the scowls of anger on the women's face.

"I-I don't understand," she gulped.

"You don't understand?" Claire growled. "Then perhaps we should show you so that will no longer be confused."

Vicky dragged her back with the three following.

"I reserve special punishments for girls who attempt to deceive me, Black," Claire growled.

"I just want her pussy," Phillip said.

They drew her arms up and out and placed heavy leather restraints around her wrists, then extended her arms wide and shackled them in place. Claire brought over what looked like a huge club of some sort. It was only when she stood before her that Emily could see it was a wooden post carved into the shape of a penis, though a wicked looking penis indeed.

It was wider than Claire's bare arm next to it, and while it had a normal mushroom shaped head, there was what could best be described as a row of teeth, as from a saw, on one side. Philips and Suzanne spread gripped her thighs and lifted Emily into the air as Claire knelt before her and fit the end of the penis post into a notch on the floor. They then manoeuvred her forward so that her pussy was pressed down against the thick, rounded head.

"No! It's too big! Please! No! It won't fit!" she cried, wriggling and twisting helplessly.

They spread her legs wide to either side, so wide the tendons in her thighs burned and ached, yet they let her weight crush her soft mons down against the round head until she felt bruised and sore.

Vicky appeared, then, with a jar of some slippery, creamy substance, and they lifted Emily up until the girl could smear it over the head and top of the post. She was lowered once more, and cried out as she felt the hard, wooden nose sliding slowly into her body, felt her pussy lips slowly, achingly forced wider and wider until the head was able to slide inside her body.

Her pussy lips burned and screamed where they squeezed tightly around the fat head, and she felt, with amazement, the immense thickness of it filling her entrance.

They released her legs and they fell closed, her thighs and ankles immediately locking around the wooden post as she desperately tried to keep herself from sliding down farther.

"We'll see just how determined you are to keep a cock out of your pussy," Vicky said with a sneer.

Emily could hold herself in place, but only barely, and she blanched as she saw Erin being led back to her on all fours. She was placed on her knees before her, and Vicky and Brianna knelt to either side of her guiding her face into Emily's pussy, whispering to her to lick along the taut lips, and up to her hard little clitoris.

"She was the one who fist fucked you, Erin," Vicky whispered. "And she loved doing it."

"She rode your face the first day," Brianna cooed. "She rode your face and licked your pussy and she came. She found your beating exciting."

Erin's pink tongue pushed up across her clitoris, and Emily shuddered, her legs spasming around the thick post. She was not a strong girl anyway, and it was growing more and more difficult to keep sufficient pressure on the post. Her sister's tongue did not help. Slowly, her aching thighs slipped and she sank downwards onto the post. After the fat head came the thick body or shaft, with the sharp little saw teeth, which made her moan and gasp and whimper as they ground through her pussy opening.

She felt the head pushing deeper and deeper, then felt it grinding against her hymen, pushing harder and harder. She moaned and whimpered, her thighs clutching the post tightly. Erin placed her lips against her clitoris and sucked fiercely and she shuddered, her legs spasming, and jerked downwards.

She screamed as the wooden cock pierced her hymen, tearing it aside, and the backwash of pain and shock loosened her legs still further, so that she slid down several inches until her toes reached the floor.

Brianna and Vicky knelt, then, each taking one of her ankles and forcing them out to either side. She groaned in pain as she sank lower and lower, the thick post thrusting deeper and deeper inside her body.

With her legs spread wide, her toes trembling as they fought to keep her from sinking lower, they shackled her ankles in place, and Claire held out her hand for a whip. It was not one of the flogs such as they had used on Erin, but a true whip, a long, thin, curving length of rounded leather which she shoved into the wide eyed girl's face.

"You wanted to pretend you were strong, Black," she growled. "Now we shall show you how weak you truly are, cock lover!"

Phillips sat back smugly to watch, rubbing at his cock as Claire moved behind her.

She's going to whip me!

She heard the crack an instant before the blow struck her back. She screamed and jerked violently against the restraints holding her as fire screamed along her back. Her toes lost their purchase and her thighs stung as her legs spread wider. Her pussy sank deeper onto the thick post, and she shuddered, breathless with the pain as the tip of it jammed against the deepest pit of her belly.

Another crack echoed through the stone room as the whip sliced into her back a second time. Again she screamed and shook violently, now tearing desperately at the bonds.

"Don't! You can't! No! Please!" she screamed.

The whip slashed across her back again and she shrieked and thrashed frantically.

"No! I'm sorry! Don't! I haven't done anyth -."

The whip slashed across her lower back and she howled.

Erin's mouth moved forward and began to lick at her clitoris once again.

Emily was stuffed, absolutely stuffed to overflowing by the thick wooden cock. Her insides felt hard and solid and bloated by the monstrous thing she was impaled upon. Yet the pain was a dull thing compared to the sharp agony of the whip as it sliced her back again and again and again, and then began to curl around her body.

The long whip struck beneath her armpit, slicing down onto her right breast. The pain was a wild, howling thing, which shook her like a rag doll. Laughter followed, and then another blow, as the whip sliced across her back, curled beneath her left armpit and snapped into her other breast. She shrieked again, and then someone shoved a gag into her mouth. This was no ball gag, however, for the inside was a long, thick penis, which prodded at the entrance to her throat, so that she had to fight off gagging.

The thing was strapped around her head, and the whipping continued, with the whip curling around her ribs more often than not, slicing up into her soft breasts to set them jiggling and shaking. Then the whip curled lower, to cut across her belly and abdomen, and someone yanked Erin back so that it could move lower still.

The flesh of her mons was hard and stiff, her pubic lips straining tautly around the thick girth of the wood beneath. Her clitoris bulged, swollen with heat, pushed out by the pressure of the wooden cock beneath her labia. The whip sliced down across her right hip, down across her abdomen, the tip striking her clitoris directly.

Pain did not begin to describe the sensation. The world turned over and she was caught in a howling flare of agony so intense it nearly consumed her. She lost herself, lost her sense of whom she was and where she was and what was happening even as applause rang out around her. The whip sliced forward again, curling across her other hip and down across her abdomen to snap at her pussy, yet it was off by a fraction, and struck the hard wood just beneath her pussy lips.

Yet the next blow struck directly once more, and she thrashed in wild, animal agony, eyes bulging, head twisting and writhing, convulsions wracking her body.

Again and again and again the long whip sliced around her hips and chest to bite at her nipples and breasts and pussy and clitoris, until she hung dazedly, sweat dribbling down her heaving body, eyes dazed slits, chin hanging on her chest.

"Only the start, Black," Claire promised. "Only the start."

Emily spent the night on her elbows and knees. Tight leather sleeves pinned her hands back against her shoulders and her ankles back against her thighs. Her bottom was pressed firmly against Erin's, who was bound in mirror fashion, and straps around their thighs kept their buttocks pressed tightly together. Thick, double headed dildos pierced their pussies and rectums, driven deep into their bellies. Their hair was pulled back in long tails and bound together.

Their clitorises were actually touching, and to keep them that way Claire had pierced them with a long needle and forced a ring through the two. Their nipples had also been pierced, and ringed, and tight wires ran down from Erin's nipples to rings set in the floor beneath, then along the floor to another set beneath the Emily's nipple rings. Their tongues were thrust up and out, clamped, and held by chains.

The next day they were hung together by their wrists, breast-to-breast, and flogged, then forced to perform on all of the fems before being given over to the masters. Each girl was draped back across a small table barely large enough to support their torsos. Their legs and arms hung down low and were bound together beneath the table, and their heads hung over one side, their hair pulled back tautly and bound beneath.

"I am so going to love this," Phillips said as he thrust his cock down into Emily's raw, aching pussy.

Yet if it had been the intention of Claire that she not enjoy her first cock it had succeeded admirably, for she was so sore that his cock pumping in and out of her made her sob with pain.

The sobbing was muffled, however, for her throat, like Erin's, was filled with cock. The masters were showing them how to deep throat, and doing it roughly and forcefully by ramming their spit wet cocks up and down inside their throats.

Chapter 8

"Good morning, Grandmother," their voices chorused.

Gran looked dourly at the two girls before her, both dressed identically in heavy, floor length black dresses. The dresses had very high, ruffled collars, and even capes to hide any shape of their upper torsos.

Gran had come to visit and to see to their progress. She was startled when they both slid to their knees before her, heads bowed.

"We beg your forgiveness for our sluttish ways," they said. "We have learned to conquer the carnal urges of our bodies and discipline our minds against lustful thoughts."

Their voices were toneless, their face without expression, though perhaps their eyes seemed somewhat clouded, somewhat glassy. Still, near sighted as she was, gran noticed nothing but that they were, for once, properly dressed, as she saw it, and without any sign of rebellion.

Had she seen and heard them an hour earlier she would have been shocked. Indeed, they had been shocked themselves - repeatedly, bound back naked, spread-eagled, electrodes attached to nipples and the steel pipes thrust into their pussies, twisting, writhing and thrashing as the electricity tore through them.

"They have made tremendous progress," Mistress Claire said with a smile.

"Tremendous? I would say they are like different girls," Gran said, pleased.

"Yet their new behaviour is not yet fully set in their minds," Claire warned. "At this point they will backslide very quickly if we release them."

"But, well, surely they've, uhm, graduated," Gran said. "I mean, and they're adults anyway. How can I keep them in school?"

"But education is not our intent here," Claire said, smiling graciously. "It is to turn them into a young ladies who can behaviour properly in life. Surely that is of far more value than having them return home, lounge around the house, and perhaps seek jobs in the retail industry."

"Well, yes of course but -."

"Another six months and the changes will be so firmly set in place they can be released without fear of backsliding."

"Do you really think so?"

"We wish to stay so that our manners can be corrected," they said in tandem.

"Well - of course if that's the right thing to do."

"Let us sign the papers and the girls can get back to their studies," Claire said, taking her hand. "There is so much for them to learn, after all: art appreciation, poise, hair and makeup and manners for formal dinners."

She led the old woman from the room and Suzanne turned to the two girls.

"Stand," she barked.

They rose slowly and unevenly and Suzanne moved forward. She removed the capes, then unbuttoned the dresses at the back and let them drop to the floor.

Beneath, each girl was nude, her arms shackled behind her from wrist to elbow. They wore metal slave collars and anklets and had weighted metal balls dangling from pierced nipples and clitoris. The thick base of two enormous dildos protruded from their pussies and anuses, too thick to slide out, the skin straining around them.

They turned and were marched back into the lower corridors, where only a select and terrified few of the girls ever found themselves. Yet they alone lived there, crushed and broken, used and abused by the fems and masters until they thought of nothing but obedience. They were the sexual playboys of all who were in on the secret inner workings of St. Anne's.

The next day their ears were filled with cotton and a heavy hood was strapped over their faces so they could no longer see. They spent the next three months in that fashion, guided by slaps, pinches and pulls to their nipple and clit rings. They were taken out of the school and passed around at various social occasions for trendy upper class men and women with low morals and high sex drives. Often separately or in tandem, they were the centre of attention at discrete gatherings of like-minded men or women - or both - belonging to leather and bondage clubs.

After three months they were driven north to the large estate of a titled man of wealth, and their hoods removed so that they could see and hear once again. They were warned, of course, that such privileges would be rescinded should they displease any of those they came into contact with.

Both were clad in specially designed thigh high leather boots. The insides of the boots were sharply angled, as with stiletto heels, yet instead of a heel the base of the boots were rounded like hooves. Their arms bound tightly behind them in leather sleeves, they were fit into leather straps which criss- crossed their chests and hips and were trained to pull a large cart as pony girls.

During the evenings they were released to perform sex acts together in front of the lord and his friends. Emily's hair had been dyed and styled to match her sister so that the familial resemblance between them was even stronger, and people two and three times their age watched, smirking, leering, aroused, as they made lewd, passionate love together.

When they had finished pleasuring him and his guests they were led to their cages and let to sleep until morning.

After three months they were moved to another residence. Their gran had been shown pictures of them in each other's lewd embrace as evidence of how they had backslid, and agreed to another term. Now the two girls were given over to a wealthy and jaded woman in France. She too had a cart to be pulled about her large estate, but they did so on all fours, their tongues pierced and dangling over their lower lips as a weight pulled on them.

Each night they were hung by their wrists one at a time, and forced to flog each other front and back. Then one sister would be knelt and the other would use a thick, painfully studded strap on dildo and mount her, thrusting hard and fast until permitted to stop.

They crawled at all times, and ate from bowls placed on the floor.

They were passed on to an American, who made strong use of them, and took numerous pictures and videos of the girls alone or together, pleasuring each other with fingers, fists, dildos and tongues. These were placed on the Internet, and found a wide and appreciative audience.

After that they were moved to Brazil, where a dour old man used them seldom and so, as their three months neared an end, gave them to the farmers and miners who worked for him in order that he receive his money's worth. For the final two weeks of their stay the girls were chained to bunks in the back of a large van, which drove around to the man's properties. At each mine or farm the male workers lined up eagerly to make use of them, dozens, even hundreds at a time.

Five minute time limits were set for each man, who thrust vigorously in order that he climax before his time was up and the next man stepped into the back of the van. When there were particularly large crowds the man in whose charge they had been placed - a practical man - arranged their bodies so they could be used two men at a time, or even three.

Dazed, bruised, battered and exhausted, they were returned to St. Anne's, there to be greeted by Claire, prostrating themselves on their bellies before her.

"St. Anne's has missed you," she said. "Though the money you have earned has been a more than satisfactory replacement. Now it is time you stayed with us once again for a time. We have need of two new mistresses, two new teachers to train recalcitrant young ladies, to mould their soft minds into the proper manner of discipline and respect we require."

Emily looked at Erin, and saw her eyes were somewhat glassy. She looked up at Claire and swallowed.

"W-will we get our old room?"

Claire smiled fondly and held out her hand for the girl to lick.

The End